

"You think this is denial?" Your hypnotist asked, meeting your eyes. "This isn't denial, my sweet toy. You will get your pleasure, your climax. Just... Later. This is delayed desire, understand?" You blinked at them, confusion crossing your foggy, hazy mind. You wanted to touch, to cum.

They smiled as they leant down, one hand tracing down your bare chest, the other cupping your chin, making sure your heavy, sleepy eyes stayed fixed on theirs. "You're so helpless, sweetie. I love it. I know how much you ache right now. The need, the desire."

Their hand on your chest came upwards, and they pressed a finger to your lips. Each touch was another pulse of pleasure, rolling through you. "I know *exactly* how badly it burns. How you want nothing more than pleasure, that I'm delaying you from having."

Their finger slipped between your lips. "Suck." They commanded, and obediently, mindlessly, your lips gripped on, and you began to suck on their finger. It felt good to have your mouth occupied, it was something else to focus on than the growing need.

"Isn't that better? You can just focus on what's between your lips for a while. Ignore the desire. The arousal. The heat, spreading through your body and mind, until... Hey, toy, *focus*." They snapped the fingers of their other hand, which had released your chin.

And in an instant, the neediness was occupying all of your brain space again. Your hips bucked, and you let out a soft moan, around their finger. "That's it. Let it consume your mind, sweetie. You're all mine, understand?" Their finger moved up and down, nodding your head.

"I know, I know, you want pleasure. And you'll get it. Just not right now. Those desires you have are delayed right now. You will be able to act on them, when I decide you're ready. For now, just focus on the here, and now, my good toy. Just obey."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #denial