

A moan left your lips. You could feel your hypnotist's words controlling you. The pleasure reached an edge and Your hands moved away, leaving you moaning, and writing, and aching. Your hypnotist laughed, sadistically. "Awh, what's wrong honey? You said you wanted pleasure."

You met their gaze, and tried to mutter a retort, but it was cut off by another moan as your hands returned to their task between your thighs. "And... I told you I'd give you the pleasure you sought. I just... This leaves my hands free for other things..."

They traced one finger down your chest, a light touch, but the pleasure that followed felt like they had been digging their nail into your skin. You felt your body trembling, the pleasure threatening to overwhelm you. But just as that edge began to crest over the wave...

Your hands once again slid away from your sex. You let out a groan, which caused your hypnotist to laugh harder. "Awh, what is it, toy? Is it frustrating? Irritating? That's okay. You don't have a say in cumming anymore. I'll let you cum when I feel like it."

They placed a finger on your forehead, and began to rub small circles. "Of course, it's a question of how much of your mind will be remaining by that point." Your eyes rolled up as their touch on your forehead rubbed your thoughts away. "Or if that point will ever come."

As your hands began pleasuring you once again, you felt a very clear sensation. One of control. Their words, feeling like cuffs around your wrists and ankles, holding your limbs in position, like strings attached to your fingers, making every deliberate movement.

And they kept on rubbing your mind away. The finger on your forehead felt like it was muddling your thoughts into nothingness. That just added to the pleasure. "You look so good like this." They said. "And you're doing so well. Unable to avoid your fate, my good little edgslut."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #edging #hypnotictrigger #pleasure