

“Oh, toy, you really haven’t figured it out yet?” Your hypnotist said, as you met their gaze, hand stuck between your legs. Well, keep on trying to cum, plaything. That’s it. Touch yourself for me. Feel the pleasure swell. You want to cum, you need to cum, you have to cu-”

Your hypnotist snapped their fingers. “Up, plaything. Come on. You were touching yourself for me, remember?” You... Did you? It was so hard to think, the arousal that burned in your brain was impossible to ignore. They giggled at you. “It’s okay if you don’t. Start touching.”

You hastened to obey, following their commands. The pleasure felt so good. Your hands found the perfect pace, and each movement carried you closer to the edge, to the orgasm you so desperately needed. You reached the edge, felt it overwhelming you, and-

“Up, toy. You doing okay?” Your hypnotist was smiling at you. You couldn’t understand why. You also couldn’t understand why you felt so desperate. The session had just started, hadn’t it? You nodded at them, you were doing good. They smiled at you. “Good.”

They snapped their fingers. “Touch yourself for me, toy.” Instantly, your hands obeyed. The neediness was familiar, something felt so recent, but you couldn’t place the memory. And the arousal pushed those thoughts away so quickly. “Faster. I want you to cum for me.”

You hastened to obey, mindlessly, eagerly. Your hands settling into the rhythm that pulled you towards the edge. And it was approaching fast. You felt it come upon you. The sensations becoming so intense, and then... Your hypnotist snapped their fingers. “Up, toy.”

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