

"Awh, honey, I know, I know, it feels good, doesn't it?" Your partner asked, their hand moving, teasing between your legs, meeting your gaze as you moaned desperately. "And you want it to keep on feeling good, right?" They weren't really asking. You didn't get a say.

Your mind was breaking under the pleasurable pressure. They had teased you earlier that they were going to edge you all afternoon. An hour in and you had stopped being able to think. At the second hour, you lost track of your moans, they were just another sound.

And now, here, three hours in, pleasure was all that existed. Sometimes it would stop for a moment, before shifting slightly, becoming a toy, their mouth, their hand, or something else entirely. To your mind, swollen with pleasure, it didn't matter. You just wanted more.

"What a good plaything you've been, sweetie." They were saying. "Even if you understood what an orgasm was at this point, it wouldn't matter. The denial trigger's too strong. Isn't that right? Just nod your head for me." You nodded your head, obedient, eager, brainless.

"Good toy. I wonder what's going to happen when I finally stop?" Your eyes rolled back in your head as they scanned their gaze over your body. "I love how fucked up you get when you're this deep. Take over, plaything. Obey." They snapped their fingers. You felt a jolt of desire.

And your hands obeyed, moving between your legs to keep on edging yourself silly. "Just a gooned out, brainwashed plaything. You can keep going another fifteen minutes though. Then we'll see about an orgasm. Or just leaving you denied. It's not up to you."

They laughed as they stood up, massaging their wrist. "Not that you can make decisions right now. I'd be surprised if you could even form words. Not that you need to. No, my good, sweet, obedient toy. You just keep diving deeper into pleasure. I'm making the decisions now."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #gooning #brainwashing