

“Awh, sweetie, what’s wrong? Is it getting painful?” Your partner asked, looking down at you, kneeling, naked before them. Your hands wouldn’t stop moving between your legs. Each movement ached a little more. You had been denied for so long.

You looked up at them, eyes struggling to focus as another wave of intense pleasure rolled through you. You tried to speak, but couldn’t find the words, instead opting to just nod. They gave you a look of sympathy. “I know, I know it feels like it’s too much.”

Their look of sympathy shifted, becoming a malicious smirk. “But if you stop now, then you don’t get to cum.” They said. You let out a pitiful whine, and they laughed. “I know, but that suggestion I gave you isn’t going anywhere. You’ve got...” They looked at their phone.

“Another twenty minutes before the timer goes off. And then you can cum.” They paused for a moment, thinking. “You can try to cum earlier. If you’d like. Go ahead. Push yourself. See if you can overcome the suggestion. I mean, we both know you can’t. But try.”

They placed a finger on your forehead, tilting your head back as your hands went to work, teasing yourself obediently for them. Moaning, whimpering as the pleasure rushed through your body. The edge was easy to find. Dancing so tantalisingly close.

Their eyes never left yours, as your moaning became ragged, desperate. And just as you reached the edge, your arms went limp. Your pleasure ceased. Your moans and whimpers became a frustrated whine. They just laughed. “Silly toy. You’re far too brainwashed for that.”

As the edge receded, your hands started moving again. “Too brainwashed to cum without permission. Only edging. And moaning, and looping deeper into pleasure. But try again. And again. And again. We’ve got... 19 minutes left. I intend to make it painful.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #edging #hypnotictriggers