

You woke up, feeling needy. Desperate. You squeezed your legs together, trapping your quilt between your thighs. You grabbed your phone, looking for something to watch. You didn't know if you wanted something to distract you, or something that might bring you relief.

Memories of last night came back to you as you tried to decide what you wanted. You strapped to the bed, whilst your partner held a pocket watch over you. Brainwashing you with their words and its swaying. Their touch filling you with lust, and arousal.

All whilst you were strapped down, unable to move. Unable to touch yourself in spite of the growing arousal. At first you had been moaning. Each touch like liquid bliss slipping into your veins. Then You had begun to beg, spurred on by them. Begging to touch.

To allow yourself some relief. To make yourself their empty-headed pleasure puppet. But they had just laughed, and denied you. They just kept filling you with pleasure, and need, and arousal. And then they had finished with their meanest suggestion.

Which led you to this morning.

Still unable to touch.

So full of desire.

Of needy lust.

And yet if you tried to bring your hands between your legs, you knew that they'd automatically move away again.

So, finally, you sent them a message. One word. *'Please.'*

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #denial #pleasure #edging