

“Awh, what was that? You want to cum?” Your hypnotist cooed, as you looked them in the eye, desperate, unable to control your hand moving between your legs, keeping you trapped in this pleasurable abyss. They smiled wickedly, leaning over you.

“You told me you wanted me to ruin you – didn’t you, plaything? You told me to take total control, and break you.” You did. You couldn’t deny that – it had sounded like such a hot idea at the time... But now... The pleasure felt good, but the arousal was rising. The need. The desire.

“And...” They paused, looking curiously at you. “Well, sweetie, it sounds like you’re doing an awful lot of thinking for something broken.” You let out another moan, before starting to beg again. They pressed a finger to your lips, silencing you. “No, no, no. Shh.”

The finger was withdrawn, but you didn’t start speaking. “Stop trying to think so much.” They said. “Just keep touching yourself. I know. I know you want to cum. But this isn’t about what you want. This is about what you need.” That – you were struggling to follow their words.

The pleasure kept on distracting you, with every movement of your hand. “And you need me to fuck you up. You need me to break your brain. You need me to ruin your mind until there’s nothing left but a desire for pleasure, a desire for me. For my control.”

They leant in closer to you, hands brushing over your chest. “You need me to keep on going until you don’t remember what it feels like to cum. Only edging. Only pleasure. So, stay there, on the edge, for me, puppet. You can’t stop touching yourself. You can’t cum.”

They were right. Your body wouldn’t let you disobey. “All you can do is dive deeper into pleasure. Deeper into bliss. Deeper into my power. You’re mine, plaything, and I’m going to make sure you can’t escape, ever. Nothing will ever feel as good as this, pet. You’re fucked.”

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