

You lay on the bed, exhausted, but proud. Your partner sat over you, smiling down at you. "There we go. Three hundred edges. You've achieved something remarkable, and in such a short time." They looked over at the calendar on the wall. "An entire week ahead of schedule."

You followed their gaze, to where the calendar had marked, in seven day's time, just the word 'cum', circled a couple of times. After a moment, you both looked back at one another. "Now, what do you want as your reward? I'll give you something, for doing such a good job."

Their words hung in the air between you. "Think carefully. You only get one request."

You took a moment, before saying "Well, no more edging. An orgasm? Please?"

They smiled. "Predictable, pet. But very well. Your wish is my command. You can have an orgasm. In one week, when we agreed."

The world seemed to freeze as you processed their words. In a week? But you had asked for an orgasm... You should have specified a time. "And in the mean time, no edging." They said. "As per your request. I'm sure I can give your mind some suggestions to help with that."

You met their gaze, and opened your mouth to protest. They silenced you with a single finger, pressed to your lips. "Shh, toy. Just shh. No trying to think. Just sink. You've done such a good job, but I'm not ready for you to cum yet, sweetie. So, I'll give you what you wanted."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #edging #monkeyspaw