

Each moment that passed could have been a century. The bliss of their touch was moving through you, achingly slowly. Pulsing, pressing, squeezing each nerve in your body until they were taught, tight, and desperate for more. But your hypnotist knew you well.

They knew the signs of your impending climax. And whilst they could have just instructed you not to cum, this scene had begun with them wanting to show you how well they knew your body. since then, they had pulled you into trance, and made each nerve feel so much more sensitive.

So now, as they pulled their hand back from between your legs, you didn't have time to sigh in desperation before their fingers tracing up your thighs sent pleasure dancing through your body again. They laughed as your moans became a little less desperate.

The edge, that you had been rapidly approaching, receded. "That's it." Your hypnotist said. "Letting me play with your body so easily, so effortlessly. Letting me read each and every signal your body gives me. And I can do this for as long as I want."

You blinked, eyes rolling as their hand slipped between your legs again. As you opened your eyes again, they had a slightly sadistic smile on their face. "I'm wondering something, plaything. How long before this stops being pleasurable? When will this start to hurt?"

You let out a small whimper at their words, and they laughed again. "Awh, would that be mean of me? Making you an aching, denied, messy, little toy?" Their hands found the sweet spot, spurring you on to greater pleasure. Your breath hitched, as you moaned louder.

"Oh, I know, it feels too good to care about later, doesn't it? My weak minded little pleasure puppet. You just want more, more, *more!* And that's okay. You can have as much as you can take. And after that? We'll keep going. Let's see how much you can really stand."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #edging #sensitizetrigger