

“Closer to the edge, pet, closer to your climax, closer to the end of this spell I’m casting on you.” Your hypnotist’s hand continued to move mercilessly between your legs. “You’re going to cum for me. And when you do... You’re never going to cum for yourself, or anyone else, ever again.”

You let out a soft moan, as the pleasure danced across your empty mind. “Oh, you’ll be able to get off. It’s just that I’m going to be imprinted on your mind, plaything.” Your hips bucked, and they let out a laugh. This half edged, half tranced headspace felt magical.

“It doesn’t matter if you’re by yourself, or with another person, as you get to the brink, to the edge, you’re going to see my face swimming before your eyes. You’re going to cum picturing me.” Their hand sped up. The edge was approaching, your climax was rising.

“And every time you do, you’re going to know exactly who owns your mind, your body, and your orgasms.” They leant over you, eyes locked on to yours. “So, get close, toy. Get closer, and closer, right on the brink. Three. Look me in the eyes, toy. Two. Mind so obedient.”

There was no backing down now. You were going to cum. It was unavoidable. But then... You didn’t want to avoid it. You wanted to cum for them. Over, and over, and over again. “One. Body so willing. Zero. Cum for me.” Your eyes rolled back, your body trembled, as you came.

They were smiling, you could see, through half closed eyes. “That’s it. Burn this image into your brain. Me making you cum your mind away. The same image that’ll return to you, every time you cum from here on out. Just be glad I don’t make you moan my name, huh, sweetie?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #orgasmcontrol #pleasure #brainwashing