

You let out a little moan, as the pleasure rose again. You were on the edge, held there by a hypnotic trigger. No matter how much you wanted to, you couldn't get off. "P-please, please can I cum?" You plead. Your hypnotist smiled, a wicked grin, full of malicious delight.

"Oh, no honey. There's no escape from this. That pleasure stays with you. It's a gift. I don't want it gone already." They towered over you imperiously as you were sprawled in your chair. "We decided together that you weren't allowed to cum." They said the word slowly.

They were savouring this. "We didn't say that you weren't allowed to touch yourself. So of course I'm going to keep on flooding you with arousal, and pleasure." They traced a hand down your chest, still grinning at you, delighting in your desperation.

"Each word I say makes you more needy. But you know that already." You did. It wasn't a quick rush of desire. More a slowly ratcheting tension, building and building. "Mmm, I love hearing you like this. Desperate. Moaning. Pleading. Say please for me, toy."

"P-please..." You whined, between shallow breaths.

They laughed. "Oh, you can do better than that. Say please again. Mean it."

"Please..." It was barely louder, your hands were still moving.

"Tut-tut, toy. Once more. Come on, make me feel your desperation."

"Pleeeaseeee!" You did as you were asked, pouring your desire into the word.

They smiled, leaning down, face close to yours. "Such a good, obedient toy. And despite all of that... The answer is no. You don't get to cum. You don't get to stop. You keep making yourself feel good, because it amuses me. It's hot, to know how much power I have over you."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #denial #pleasure #obedience