

“Oh, my sweet, silly plaything.” Your hypnotist said, running a hand down your chest, listening to your moans as you continued to touch yourself. “You really should have paid closer attention. I told you that you weren’t going to be allowed to cum tonight...”

They looked from your crotch, to your face, smirking. “And yet you still wanted to touch yourself. You wanted to feel pleasure. That’s what you said. Well, I’m just giving you what you asked for. You asked for pleasure, you get to receive it. So, stop whining.” Your moans continued.

They gave you a stern look, and pressed their hand to your cheek. “Stop whining, sweetness.” They leant in, as you were still moaning, unable to quieten the pleasure of being edged for so long. “Be quiet.” Their eyes were boring into yours, as you tried desperately to hold back.

They then smiled. “Oh, I can see you trying. But I can hear your moans still. So... Stop touching.” They said, snapping their fingers. Instantly, your hands fell away from your legs, causing you to moan again, in frustration, rather than bliss this time. That just made them laugh.

“Awh, such an obedient body. A shame your mind doesn’t share that obedient spirit. It’s okay, I’m sure your brain will catch up, especially when you drop for me, toy.” They snapped their fingers again, and your eyes rolled back in your head as you sank into trance.

“That’s it. Sink, slip, submit. Let my power overwhelm you.” Your mind had shut down so quickly. “Now... You’re not going to be able to touch yourself for the rest of the night, sweetie. No matter how much you want to, it’ll be impossible.” You felt their hand between your legs.

Their touch felt incredible. You let out a soft moan, even in your tranced out state. “And let me tell you now, you are going to want to touch. Every second that passes, the want, the desire, the need to touch will grow. And your hands will be... Unable to get between your legs.”

They pulled their hand back. “Unable to touch yourself in that way. Now, come back up, up, up for me.” You opened your eyes, and looked at them, slightly sadly. They smiled. “Awh, what’s wrong? Don’t pout, pet. If it gets too much, I’m sure you can beg me to change my mind.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #punishment #pleasure #denial