

The pleasure vibrating through you became more intense as they counted upwards. "Five, six, seven... Feels so good, doesn't it?" You nodded, the hypnotically induced bliss making it hard to speak. "Eight, nine, teee-one." The pleasure faded, down to a faint hum.

You let out a moan of distress, of rage. They had been doing this over, and over again. Flooding you with pleasure, only to deny you more. "Hmm... I know, I've been mean. How about this? Nine." Your eyes rolled back as the pleasure flared back up.

A moan fell from your lips as they began to count. "Eight, seven, six." The moan became a whimper, as you felt the pleasure receding. "Five, four, three." You wanted to beg them, but your mind still wasn't processing words. "Two, and one."

A low hum, a trickle of what you really wanted. That was all you could feel. "P... Please." You managed to say.

That made them smile, sadistically. "Okay. Since you said please. Nine." Your moans returned, even as they began to count down again. "Eight, seven, six."

And then they paused, as they reached "Five." They gazed down at you, trapped in pleasure, and tapped their chin. "You know, I wonder what's meaner? Counting down, then jumping up, or counting up, and then jumping down? Nine." The pleasure rushed back in.

You felt like they were studying you. "When I count up, you get the anticipation of what you want, what you crave, only for it to be ripped away when I jump back down again to one." You writhed in need as the pleasure was taken away. Like a hole, ripped into you.

"But when I count down from nine..." The hole was filled. Your moans returned. "Eight. Seven. Six. Five." They were being slower. More deliberate. You could feel each number as another layer of bliss being peeled away from you. "You know what you're losing."

They leant down, peering at you. "What feels worse? The anticipation of losing everything you want? Or knowing that you're losing it, piece by piece? An alternative is to skip the counting. Treat your pleasure like a switch to flick. From one, to nine. Over and over again."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #teasing #denial #counting