

Your hypnotist tapped their chin, looking down at you. "I can never tell, you know? I can never tell if I'm being cruel to you, pet." They leant forwards, examining you, knelt before them on the carpeted floor. Your brain was in a state of... Limited activity. It felt good.

"Like, sure, I've left so many bruises on your body, and I've bent your mind into so many different shapes..." They drummed their fingers on their knee, still puzzling over you. "And even now, I've got your waking mind convinced that it can't cum."

Your tranced brain tried to reconcile the fact that it knew that you *could* cum. It was a strange sensation, being torn towards two different truths. But the thoughts quickly faded. "But, and this is the important part... You've asked me for all of those things."

That was also true. You had asked for them. "You begged me to make you unable to cum. You begged me to punish you, to brainwash you. It's all things that you wanted. So... Am I being mean, by giving them to you? Can I ever really be mean when I'm giving you what you want?"

Memories flashed quickly through your brain, of them denying you after a long day of edging, of being promised that the next edge would be the last, over and over again... They *could* be mean, when giving you what they wanted. But you suspected they might disagree.

"Awh, look at me." They seemed to snap out of their reverie, and looked, seeing you properly. "Waxing philosophical over your blank and brainless mind. I was trying to decide what to do with you, wasn't I, plaything? Give me a moment, just keep sinking deeper. That's a good toy."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #denial #kinkythoughts