

Your hand was moving of its own accord, trapped between your legs, with no intention to leave. Not that you would have wanted to pull it away. Your hypnotist was smirking. "It's so easy to give in when it feels this good, isn't it, pet?" They said, leaning over you on the bed.

Their words were small bubbles of bliss, bursting in your mind. They kept on speaking. "When every single word makes you squirm with pleasure... And, gods, I *want* you to feel pleasure." Their hand traced down your chest as you writhed beneath them.

They paused, watching you moaning and quivering, a hungry look in their eyes. "You see... This is the dilemma I find myself with. Denial, versus orgasm." Their eyes trailed lazily down your body. "I really enjoy denying you. I like seeing you whine, and moan, and pant."

Their gaze returned to your face. "But then... I *love* seeing you full of pleasure. Overwhelmed by the bliss I'm pumping into your brain. The way your eyes roll back and you are just... Gone." They tapped you on the forehead as they said that word, and your mind sank deeper.

"It's wonderful to watch. And that's where I find myself. Torn between these two options. Both end up with you feeling pleasure. Both end up with you lost in bliss. But..." They paused again, looking you over. You could hear the indecision in their voice.

For your part, you were past caring. The pleasure felt so good, it had washed away your thoughts. "Gods, I just can't decide. You just keep touching for now, toy. Keep on edging yourself into mindlessness, and I'll come to a decision eventually, I'm sure."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #denial #control