

"Oh, sweetie, you're joking, right? You think you're able to just duck and hide away after telling me that? Letting slip that you've been holding off on cumming for the last week... Why?" Your hypnotist met your blush with a smile. Encouraging you to speak again.

"B-because I knew I would be seeing you, and it doesn't feel as good unless I cum for you." You Looked away as you muttered the last few words, stringing them together, trying to get the admission over with as fast as you could. That made them laugh, and put a hand on your cheek.

They pulled your gaze up to meet theirs. "Oh, toy. I'm very glad you told me. But if you're going to tell me this, be proud of it. I like the initiative. The knowledge, that you've been storing up your pleasure for me to use. Have you been touching at all? Any edging?"

"I..." A part of you *hated* this. Being forced to admit things. But you had wanted to tell them, and that included details. "Yeah, I have, I've edged a couple of times a night to your voice notes... I was... Conditioning myself to feel pleasure at your voice."

They blinked, they almost looked stunned for a moment, before they regained their composure.

"Mmm, honey. That is delicious. So, as I'm speaking... How are you feeling?" Their tone had dropped, into what you called their hypnotic voice, and it was so easy to... Sink.

"I- " Your words had almost abandoned you. "Feeling good. Weak."

They smiled, leaning into you, their eyes taking over your vision. "Of course you are, plaything. And you're going to get weaker, and weaker, the more I talk. What a lovely predicament you've made for yourself."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #brainwashing #conditioning