

“Awh, sweetie, you sound so delicious like this. All desperate, and helpless, and mindless.” Your hypnotist’s voice was almost musical. Every word flowed into your brain, dragging you deeper into pleasure. “Your hands keep moving, dancing on my strings, plaything.”

You let out another moan as the pleasure rushed through you. “And I just keep teasing you, edging you. How many has it been? Have you lost count yet?” They asked.

You met their gaze, mind struggling to comprehend numbers. “T-t-twenty-six.” You said, after a few moments.

They clicked their tongue, and smiled. “I’m impressed, sweetie. You’re still able to keep count. Let’s see how much longer that lasts, as each edge erodes your mind, more and more. Move that hand faster, plaything. That’s it, you don’t need to think, do you?”

Your hips bucked as your hand sped up. They laughed, softly, as moans spilled from your lips. “Such a good plaything for me. So helpless. So needy. Edge on zero toy. Three.” The pleasure spiked. “Two.” Dancing through your body. “One.” So close. “Zero.”

The feeling was incredible. A wave of pleasure that rushed through you, dangling you ever so close to the edge of orgasm, but never letting you go over. A delightful mix of need, desire, and frustration. “Such a good toy. A few more of those, and you won’t need to count anymore.”

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