

“Awh, plaything... You wanted to get off? Too bad. I told you that you could have all the pleasure that you could handle. Not that you were going to get to cum.” Your hypnotist smirked down at you. “You can feel *pleasure*.” They snapped their fingers.

The trigger sent shockwaves through your body. “We have all month to enjoy this, pet. This pleasure.” They snapped again, you let out a moan as the bliss flooded your mind, blocking every other sense out for a few moments. When you came back, they were laughing.

“And at the end, if you’re lucky, you get to cum. Though... Who knows, maybe we could push it further. The three month trifecta.” Their grin had turned downright predatory. “Locktober, ‘No’vember, and Denial December. Just imagine it.”

They leant down, their hand brushing down your chest. “All that pleasure.” Another snap, another burst of pleasure. “I can’t wait to see how needy you get. How feral with need and desire you become. All because I keep feeding you pleasure.” There was no snap this time.

“With no release.” It wasn’t needed. The word itself by this point was pulling you deeper into phantom sensations, and sparking neurons that sent your arousal into overdrive. Your hips bucked, but that just made them laugh again. “You’re so fucked, toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #denial #chastity