

“You don’t need to cum, pet.” Your hypnotist said as you let out a moan, brain leaking out from between your legs. “Just watch my lips, follow my voice, deeper into trance with every bit of pleasure. You don’t need to cum. You need to stay on the edge.”

Their words were so tightly entangled in your mind by this point that they were indistinguishable from your own thoughts. They had so much influence that they might as well be your thoughts. “That’s it. Just keep touching. Keep going. Always closer to the edge.”

The pleasure was making it so hard to think. So easy to let them lead you deeper into this blissful oblivion. “Sink deeper. Impossible to do anything but edge, and goon, and leak all those silly thoughts away for me. Just let yourself become my sweet, obedient pleasure puppet.”

You felt the orgasm rising inside you. Building. Reaching towards the crescendo. One small, irresistible part of your brain wanted it, was so eager. But just before you were about to really hit the edge, your hands pulled away, out of your control. You let out a desperate cry.

All your hypnotist did was laugh. “What’s wrong, pet? Were you going to cum? Did some small part of your brain still want it? Shh...” They placed a finger to your lips, quieting you back down. “We’ll keep going until your entire brain submits to the idea of not cumming, okay?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #brainwashing #edging