

“Oh sweetie, how long has it been? You look so desperate!” Your hypnotist was laughing at you, teasing you. It had been so long since you had cum. “Come on, keep touching. If you’re good, maybe I’ll let you get off...” They leant in, a smirk crossing their lips briefly.

Your hands continued moving, bringing you more bliss, more pleasure. “Of course, even if you wanted to stop... You can’t right now. Those hands are stuck between your legs, stuck in that repetitive motion, until I decide otherwise, isn’t that right?”

You held for a moment, meeting their gaze, before finally nodding. They laughed at that. “Awh, were you trying to decide if that is right? We can prove it. Try to take your hands away. Try to stop touching yourself. Go on.” You did try. At first, you tried to just pull your hands away.

But that didn’t work. You looked down, at your hands. They stayed there as resolutely as if they had been glued between your legs. And so instead, you just tried to slow your hands down. Still, that didn’t work. Your hypnotist laughed again. “I told you to try! Go on pet.”

You looked back up at them, blushing. “Oh. Was that you trying?” They covered their mouth, stifling another laugh. “That’s so cute! It’s actually a bit pathetic. You’re so completely fucked for me, plaything. There’s nothing you can do. I’m in total control.”

They took a moment, taking you in, a grin on their lips. “Just the slightest word from me rewrites your reality. This is how deep you’ve gone. How deep my control runs. You’re so well-conditioned for me, pet.” They planted a kiss on your cheek. “I love to see it.”

You blushed more at their attention, some part of you was still trying to stop touching, but that was a foregone conclusion at this point. “Mmm... Now, let’s see. Have you been good? Do you get to cum?” Your eyes widened, silently pleading, but they held up a hand.

“Ah, ah, ah, pet. Not for you to decide, or influence.” They tapped their chin with a finger, pondering. “Do I let you cum? Or do I leave you denied, and touching, helplessly mine? You didn’t stop touching when I told you to... So no, you don’t. Sorry toy.” You let out a soft sigh.

They were still smiling. “Oh, it’s okay, honey. I might let you cum next time. Hold on to hope, for me. I’m kind, I do give you what you want, sometimes... Maybe someday soon what I’ll give you will be an orgasm. I just like giving you hope. You might cum in the future. Might.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #denial #pleasure #obedience