

“Awh, I know, I know, plaything. This is torture for you. You want to cum so badly, don’t you?” Your partner cooed, cupping your chin with one hand. “Keep going.” Your hands resumed their torturous motions between your legs. “How long have I teased you for now, pet?”

“Do you even remember when this began?” You weren’t able to begin to think of it. They waved their other hand before your face, wafting the question out of your mind. “Regardless, it doesn’t matter. I’ve pushed you to the brink, over and over again.”

That was true. You could feel it. The tingling, all-encompassing pressure. All through your body. “The only thing holding you back from orgasm is my power. My words. My control. But that just makes it feel better.” You let out a soft moan, and they smiled. “Uh-huh, yeah, it does...”

They took a moment to look you over, before their gaze returned to your eyes. “Because you know that no matter how much you want to cum, how much you *need* it. You can’t. Because you’re my little hypnotised plaything.” They said it with a small giggle.

“Only able to touch, unable to cum.” You let out another desperate moan. Because that’s how I want you. Keep touching. I didn’t say stop. We’ve got so much deeper to dive into pleasure before we’re done here. I’m looking forward to seeing how desperate you get, plaything.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #edging