

“And stop.” Your partner said, placing a hand on your arm. You let out a whine of desperation, but felt your arm stop moving at their command. They chuckled. “Awh, did you want to cum, pet?” they asked. You nodded, looking up at them, and they smirked down at you.

“That’s too bad, sweetie.” They leant down, pulling your chin upwards, forcing you to stay looking into their captivating eyes. “Because I want you needy. I want you desperate. I want you edged, and leaking all those silly little thoughts out between your legs.”

They planted a kiss on your lips. “Okay, keep going.” Your hand began to move again, teasing more pleasure out from between your legs. “But keep looking me in the eyes, and repeat your mantra for me. Let your thoughts slip away as you sink deeper into my control.”

The words came floating to the forefront of your empty mind, and your lips moved. “Good edge-toys don’t cum. I’m a good edge-toy.”

They took a moment to look you over, before returning their gaze to your own. “Excellent. Again.”

“Good edge-toys don’t cum. I’m a good edge-toy.”

The pleasure was building again. Their eyes held you still, focussed, as what little of your brain remained drained down, in between your legs. It felt so good to be like this. Empty headed. Malleable. Manipulable. “I love you being like this.”

Their words cut over yours, even as you kept on saying your mantra. “Because you’re so easy to take advantage of.” They continued. “Even little things. You said you didn’t have long, that you wanted to get some yard work done... But it’s been an hour, pet. You’re still here.”

A part of your mind recognised that. Realised that they had kept you here longer than you had meant to be here. But another, much larger part of you didn’t care. There was time for yard work later. Now it was time for pleasure. “That’s it. Just give in. I know what’s best.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #edging #hypnoticcouple #mantras