

Sink. Simply listen to me as I help you realize fantasy. A dream, a desire, one only made difficult by pure unadulterated physiological and mental urge. That urge to cum in the moment of completion. But we'll return to that later.

I invite you instead to simply, in this moment, allow your awareness to drift across your limbs. Down your arms. Focusing in your wrists, and your fingertips. In all the little extremities. If every breath you took in were slowly diffusing oxygen and relaxation throughout your body.

There would be the terminal points. The furthest extent the tips of your toes, the top of your head, your fingertips. All these places where.. the deep slow breathing allows the relaxation to pool. And then extend its way upward through musculature, through nerve endings.

Through.. all the little constituent pieces that make up your body. So often the topic of meditation. But here, simply the topic of our collaborative agreement that you will allow yourself to relax.

Which frees up more mental resources to listen, and to have your focus drawn slowly, free of the insistent pressures of the everyday. Of the requirements and distractions. Liberated, and in that moment, bestowed with more processing power.

Knowing that before you began to listen, you allowed extraneous things to fall away. Having planned to listen for some time. You ensured safety, comfort, and the space to simply sleep.

<SNAP>

Deep. And deeper still. Your body pooling in that relaxation, which is fueled and enhanced by every deep shuddering breath.

(Deep Breath)

Yess... Natural, unavoidable, and given this opportunity to think about it, quite enjoyable. You have surely thought about it before. How you have a default way of being, a need to cum once you crest the point of no return.

A desire to.. Mmmm... allow your body to just arch, cum, be consumed in relaxation and the quiet elated, simple, blankness of post orgasm release, and relaxation. But this competes with a deeper, more sophisticated desire.

I note that the first is very natural. Your body, your conscious mind, your subconscious. Parts of you that physiologically want you to thrust and cum, and feel your body filled with pleasure. The parts of you that want that, understand the sensations and very mechanistic simplistic terms that your body has a default, you have begun to stroke and like anything with momentum, you're going to want to carry on.

The alternative, the experience of letting yourself just begin to cum, and then removing your hands rapidly from your body. Stopping all stimulation. This is a sophisticated desire. More difficult to convey into baser urges and terms that can be mapped onto you.

More difficult, but certainly very possible. And in that moment of suspension, where you've just crested the ridge and you're about to begin the roller coaster descent into twitching, shivering, pleasurable orgasm. And your hands are suddenly no longer stimulating.

You are no longer being stimulated in any way. Perhaps you pulled away from a lover. Perhaps you cautioned another to stop. Whatever action you took, in that moment you find yourself suspended from the pleasure. Distanced from the orgasm.

Nonetheless, left there, reeling, grasping for something, something you will not obtain until the moment is right. Indeed, that's the whole point. To want it. To yearn for the completion of a true climax, but be held at bay by your own deprivation. Left wanting, left to return to arousal more easily the next time.

To return to that.. Mmmm.. absolutely hot under the collar kind of state. That aching want. That void that could be fulfilled if only you could keep pleasuring yourself once you crest the mountain of no return and prepare to slide down into climatic consumption and bliss.

The loss of one's self in one moment of twitching. That elated loss of focus which restores, destresses, and fuels our desires to higher and higher heights. Well.. the act of deprivation of stopping as soon as your orgasm has begun will only enhance the arousal that comes next.

Additively, again and again. And if we recognize that you have a fault of wanting to continue touching once your orgasm has begun, of wanting to.. believe there truly is a point of no return and once you're over it you just have to keep going.

If we isolate that default belief, highlight it, discuss it, and empower a different desire, a different fantasy, a different creeping kind of need, we set up a default toward which you will slide when your duty is complete. When your.. pleasuring motion is done.

Ordinarily, you might only consider yourself done when you finished cumming, when any further movement meets the oversensitive refractory nature. The waiting time in which you're just a little too sensitive to keep touching.

Sure, maybe you could force another orgasm out, but the inclination has by then gone. All we need to do is move the point where you consider yourself done a little earlier, and then your arms would fall by your side. Your body would relax.

Earlier.. A deprivation that is delicious in its scope. Accompanied by the slumping of your body. The almost hypnotic blankness in waiting. Where you withdraw from the stimulation. Your hands, as if bound on rubber bands that you're temporarily unable to move inward.

Slowly pulled backward by the force of your belief that you are done. That this is the right time to cease, and to begin relaxing deeper.

<SNAP>

And Deeper.

<SNAP>

And Deeper.

<SNAP>

An exploration of self. Of taking a little switch inside of you and flicking it to a different setting. So you know what's right to do, and you know how to realize your complex and satisfying fantasy. Desire. Ache. Urge. Because, yes, the simplistic desire to stroke and touch and stimulate.

<DEEP BREATH>

On your own or with assistance until shuddering and shaking, your mind goes over the edge. Well.. that urge is simple, but satisfied. But even more satisfying is the alternative wherein you approach orgasm, you crest the hill, but the moment you reach the point where you cum, you allow one, maybe two spurts to escape but because your hands have fallen back to your sides, as if entranced, as if trained.

Lying there, at ease. Peaceful. The moment that happens, sure you'll feel a moment, maybe a second of pleasure, and then be left bereft, left wanting. Left with a powerful mental urge to touch more. But you'll shortly be horny again. That's what happens when you ruin every orgasm.

Letting it fall away. Knowing that following that command from within. That spring which has been wound in advance. That foregone conclusion will feel better than any completed orgasm could. At least in the long run. Just think about it.

The moment that stroke happens, and you feel the tensing in your buttocks and the flowing of your cum, your hands, as if bound on rubber bands, fall to your sides. Finally losing their tension. Losing their focus in that moment of climax, and being allowed to fall away.

Leaving you sitting there, spurting, useless and powerless to proceed, but powerfully able to feel just how soon you'll need to get hard again. Just how aroused you will get when you once more have that urge. Not only are you edging but instead a true orgasm that is ruined by the removal of your hands. Now there's a powerful urge to keep...

Stroke, stroke, stroking your way through. But your hands will necessarily fall to your sides. Relax. At ease. Peaceful, and you'll lie there, your hips thrusting up. Your buttocks clenching. Yourself spurting... Yes.. And as you feel yourself spurting, it's more than just..

Mmmm..

Those few weak spurts of cum that emerge when you cease your stroking so soon. It's also some of your thoughts. Thoughts other than allowing your arms to fall as if bound, powerfully, and elastically. To your sides, then. Withdrawing your hands, distancing yourself from any temptation to seek more than a mere ruining. Although, the name is appropriate.

Your body twitches. It shudders. Gripped in the throes of pure wanting. Isn't an exploration of that wanting warranted? Isn't there a little part of your mind that yearns to amplify the experiment.

To let yourself indulge and train until eventually you have a time when you're lying there, thinking. "Well it's been fun but I guess this time I'll let myself have a full climax. And yet.. when you arrive and you feel the muscles in your buttocks clench, and your cock spurt.

Your hands withdraw to your sides automatically. And maybe you think at that moment, in an effort to inveigle your way out of the trap. Well, this has been fun but playing along isn't so much fun anymore. And then will your hands to return to your lap.

But with that hypnotic cataplexic experience of lying there, your will simply failing to get to the end of your arms, and then when finally your orgasm has died down your twitching and rigidity has fallen aside.

The very little cum that managed to emerge or perhaps it was more from sheer arousal, has settled. Has remained. And you're left with a sign of your dedication to this exploration of your own libido and the things you have learned about your wanting, rigid cock.

And about the parts of you that are engaged when it becomes hard, spurts, and is left to its own devices. A mere moment after the climax is triggered, your body instructed and then finding something it expected has gone.

Like missing a step when going down stairs, but being caught securely, comfortably. By something other than pleasure. By a different kind of satisfaction, a burning arousal that returns even more strongly when you are deprived in that moment.

And so you've granted yourself something greater. An understanding of twitching, aching, wanting, a feeling your cock issuing commands to your mind that you know you have decided and entrained yourself. To disobey while obeying another higher command.

A fetish and thought and fantasy you came up with when you were completely within your right mind. When you were right headed. When you were absent, the pleading, rigid, shock sending pleasure of your cock hanging in the open air.

Left alone, your hands having elastically fallen back to your side, allowed to remain between your legs only when you are pursuing your goal, and to remain there no longer when you have achieved that climax. Leaving it ruined, hanging, twitching, perhaps a thought that is almost like a whimper escaping your mind.

Even though that first spurt, that tripped trigger in your brain has left you thoughtless. Has left you there, merely able to accomplish a mechanical function you've dedicated yourself to in advance. Envision it clearly. We're taking a thought from your mind. A fantasy, a desire, a thing you wanted to explore.

The epitome of what we are taught hypnotic trance is all about. Doing something you already wanted to do. Realizing it, and then enjoying it. Even though it means needing to set aside some habits you have fallen into. Habits which might interfere with the realization of a dream.

A fantasy.. an ache which nestles inside of you and winds its own spring, and lets itself go. Yes.. that's the apt metaphor. The right thought to invade your mind at the right moment and help you. As you wish to be helped. As you have wished to be helped since the outset.

Listening... relaxing. Feeling yourself go a little deeper, more of your mind freed up. You know that you can trust and predict what's going to come next. Even though the right words coming from me can still excite, can still put you on edge. Can still put you in a place you would otherwise be unable to reach unless it were through edging.

A place of arousal and desperation. Hanging on the next word, just as surely as you hang on the next stroke. Desiring my next little order, next little instruction, which goes to the heart of what you already wanted to do. And desiring it as much as when you are hanging at that climactic peak.

You will desire the next stroke but there's something very different about listening to my voice and letting it enter you, aid you, instruct you. Something very different about allowing my words to help you along.

Versus allowing yourself one more stroke after which you climax. And the difference is simple, you're allowed to allow yourself one more word of my voice. But allowing yourself one more stroke would defeat the purpose of an idea and fantasy that is seeded within you already.

And which absorbs my every word. Speaking directly to the part of you that wants to ruin every climax. Envision with me a series of scenarios, and allow me to elucidate just what you could be enjoying.

To display attractively an idea you've already dedicated yourself to and to add some little tethers to it that will remind you at the moment of climax just where your hands should be. Just how complete the sensation of pleasure should be. In order to.. allow, enable, and build a greater pleasure.

A more intellectual pleasure which seeps into your head and leaves you aroused and aching all day. Rigid, unthinking, knowing that the next time you stroke will be simultaneously unsatisfying and tremendously euphoric.

In its voided, waiting experience, it's ruined pulsing twitching rigidity which returns so quickly, the refractory period reduced by the reduced strain on the musculature as cum forces its way out and is then deprived of your assistance. Deprived of your additional strokes.

Well enough, waiting, stimulating, oozing, even as your thoughts join it and ooze out of your rigid, gradually fading but then hastily returning cock. Yes, the image is attractive. And being drawn to it is desirable, is what you want. It is what you have pursued.

It is what you will pursue, and in pursuing it in the future you will have these words echo in your mind. Another little crystalized thought. A thought to help you, to remind you to instruct in the optimal way to ruin your orgasms. And ruining is one of those habits which needs to be reinforced.

Practiced, repeated, and in reinforcing it, in practicing it, in repeating it, you will create for yourself a habit. Beneficial and broke, and wonderful. Envision as I have invited you to do before, you lying there, hand working away. Cock rigid. Flesh moving below your fingers and the palm of your hand.

Perhaps massaging your balls, inviting what cum can manage to escape in the first spurt to go ahead and try. but your cock, being stroked, rigid, repeatedly again and again, and you feel each little component. The perfect experience which you will recreate every time.

Oh, there are other experiences but focus on this one first with me. Allow my words to enter. To remind, and to take up residence so that what I portray here is something you will reenact and.. Oh, in the moments as it has occurred you may find yourself thinking,

“Oh this is just a fun game. SOmething I could turn off if I really needed to.” But the more you absorb that justification, the more you’re going to find it feeding the thought inside of you. And the fire of pleasure that tells you it’s utterly safe and comfortable.

Completely safe and comfortable to just indulge in the.. Oh, so harmless practice of drawing your hands away. Of letting them fall almost hypnotically by your sides at the moment of climax. Leaving you sitting there, twitching, panting, perhaps gasping.

Your cock pulsing and then hanging rigid and tingling in the air before slowly.. slumping. Only to resurge twice as aroused later. Or perhaps more, depending on just how pent up you’ve gotten. Seeking orgasm. Thoroughly throwing yourself into each methodical stroke.

Each movement of the nerve endings, up and down the shaft. Playing into your mind like some deliciously tempting music, saying, “Just a little closer. Just a little further.” And under it all, that piping lilting tone which tells you, “And this time, maybe we’ll keep going.

This time maybe I’ll stroke myself until, (Moan)” And the mere thought is enough to send you over the edge, only to find that once more that tempting scenario.. that embedded memory, that ceaseless desire has reared its head. Made itself known. Made your hands all limp and loose.

<SNAP>

By your side. Leaving you there, and any attempt to move them back toward your cock in those robbing moments when the shaft and the head are ohh so wonderfully sensitive to the point that a mere touch would enhance your pleasure so much, each touch at that point, but each touch is equally forbidden by the.. goals you’ve set for yourself.

Here, enhanced, and memorably embedded in your mind, embedded as part of you, so.. lets recap. Listen and relax.

<SNAP>

Sleep. But the part of you that listens, that generates these fantasies quite independently from my intervention. That part remains, and waits for the next wonderful verbal tableau drawing itself into a visual on your mind’s eye. Waits and listens. You need it. You ache for it. You desire to go deeper and deeper.

<SNAP>

As a tool, to make it more and more automatic, that resistance. The movement of your hands toward your cock after that first stroke which sets you over the edge would be quite impossible if

your arms fell to your side, limp, loose, relaxed, the moment your buttocks clenched your spine tingled.

Your body felt goosebumps and your breathing deepened at that climactic pulse. And your hand moves away. Allowing the pulses to.. although they are vanishing, rampage pleasurably through your body. Rigidly work your cock from within, but only once or twice before flagging.

Knowing that it will return. That the reason you are ruining is the return of the pleasure. The arousal that sneaks into you, that is generated by a thought we have set into motion, and every time you stroke, envision it you, lying there, breathing deeply.

Body arching a little. Cock in your hand, stroke, stroke, rubbing it from shaft... up to the head, back onto the shaft. Moving flesh enough to make you twitch. And every movement turns the wheel inside your head of an idea that was there.

Your desire to ruin. To explore the deprivation and pleasure of deprivation. They come together as you stroke. Bringing yourself closer, stroke. Working it, and that deprivation is an idea which already existed and is now empowered with certain additional abilities that come from within. When the question is whether or not you will ruin, the question has an easy answer.

If your hands are going to fall loosely by your side. Completing the image you have now built in your head, then naturally you're going to ruin. For the moment you crest that climactic tip. And begin to roll down the other side and twitching, spasms, your hands will have fallen by your sides, unable to continue the stroking.. because you wish to satisfy an idea that... dwells inside of you.. gains power every time.

And you may think, you may attempt to navigate your mind to a.. particular outcome. The idea that oh, I'm just going to refrain from ruining this time, but every stroke of your cock winds up the engine that is already in you. The idea that has a mind of its own. Your mind.

The mind that decided to ruin.. To set aside pleasure for a different pleasure of being on edge. Aroused, rigid, waiting, looking forward to the next opportunity to pit your desperation against your need.

Your desire to continue exploring the world of ruining again and again.. pitted against your ache for a true fully satisfying climax, but being a little unsatisfied, magnifies the pleasure. And if the act of leaving yourself a little unsatisfied each time, causes the next time you ruin after cresting to climax.. causes that next time to be just as good as if you kept going normally, then throwing away your progress would overall defeat the purpose of delaying.

Of waiting til the last moment and then pulling your hands away when you've crossed that barrier. When you've pushed yourself a little further. Each and every time a little further. And that pushing... gives you the ability to understand your aches and urges, and desires a little better every time.

To inspect the quality of the gasping pleasure that riots through your body. Of the powerful instructions for your mind telling you, Can't you just stroke a little more? Competing with the ones that say the better you get at trance, the more easily.. you will sleep.

<SNAP>

As soon as you cum. Causing your hands to fall loose by your sides. And you to lurk in your body, waiting. Every time you attempt to move your arms toward your crotch, your mind will simply remember that refraining from stroking your rigid cock, letting it spurt, cool, and deprived, and untouched in the open air.

Letting you arch and thrust your body but doing everything except stimulate directly. KNowing.. that in so doing you will find heights of pleasure undreamed of. And we add even more. Envision the scenario where your cock is warm, squeezed tightly inside a lover. Mouth or otherwise.

The stimulation around your head and shaft so profound.. Oooh, and the pure bliss of another's erotic attention is enough to make you harder.. More aroused and rigid and ready. All that together and you know you're approaching climax. Inside, you'll feel that resistance mounting.

At that time.. simply instruct your lover that while you would love to pleasure them, you must refrain.. you must ruin. That your practice is to cum only outside and only for a moment. To allow yourself only.. the barest moments of pleasure. Depriving stimulation at the moment of climax. And you'll feel it.

Even if your hips are thrusting away.. or another is moving their body or hands against you. You'll feel that urge to gently.. withdraw your cock, let it be in the air the moment it finishes.. or finish yourself to ensure the exact right feeling.

The continuation of your long.. uninterrupted chain of wonderfully ruined orgasms. Leaving you hot... horny, heavy, waiting afterward. Even with a lover to withdraw and wait. To respect your own wishes. And the idea within you, which lies dormant until you're.. stroke, Stroke, Stroking yourself.

Winding up the internal spring which will carry out these visions we've discussed here. Which will carry out the scenarios we've painted in your mind. You, lying there, stroking, climaxes an inch away.

(Gasp)

You feel it wash through you and your hands droop. Your shoulders, loose. Maybe one hand falls right next to your cock. A mere inch away and yet providing no stimulation. The warmth of your hand is so recently wrapped yourself, so recently working the shaft up and down.

Squeezing the delicate musculature beneath. Moving it. Just enough to send those sparks of pleasure through your system. Just enough to send the pleasure right into your brain. Leaving you on tender hooks, waiting for the next twitch. For the next euphoric ache in your head. For the next full body wave of aroused pleasure.

To invade your senses and Pulse. Pulse. Pulse from that special place somewhere between your buttocks and your cock. Where the seed of your pleasure sends its signals to your brain, saying "Yes. That was the right thing to do. Keep doing that."



And these instructions compete with the instructions of your rational mind, which says, "Relax. Let your body droop. Continue the long pleasurable arousing euphoric trail of bliss. Which, from one ruined orgasm to the next, has caused even your ruined orgasms to be more pleasurable.

The product of a day of rigid walking around. Waiting. Wanting. A moment when the vicious cycle begins. Every... time the wanting reinvades, sets up, and the act of stroking your cock. Of letting your shaft be worked by another, even by your partner or someone else, of even using a toy, using something you can thrust into, any of these things winds up the idea inside your head.

Gives it substance. Gives it form. Plays across your mind, the delicious temptation. The moment will come.. when you will relax. You'll be stroking. Your body growing more tense, pushing up toward your hand. Desperate to do anything to force more pleasure into your limited frame, causing your nerves to just... burst in fireworks of euphoria.

Of release. Of pure satisfaction, framed in your body fulfilling a biological wonderful need that you felt. That caused you to do what you're doing. But that cause and effect is interrupted by.. a desire to satisfy something just.. as potent by yearning with just as much force behind it.

To allow... at the moment when you are about to achieve climax, your arms to fall by your side. Envision it with me, now. You move your fingers, perhaps you wrap them simply thumb and forefinger at the base of your cock so that you can get more energy into each thrust.

So that you can more completely feel the limited scope of just which part of you is moving up and down the shaft. And so each pulse can come in when you hilt your thumb and forefinger against your balls. Letting each stroke resonate in you as if echoing, as if you are Oooh... moving some important part of yourself up and down.

Your thoughts flowing into your cock, into your hand, up and down. Nothing there except the constant steady movement. An almost automatic motion... Although, as pleasure comes into sight.

As the climactic white hot light behind your eyelids begins to descend against your wearied, wonderfully chemicalled by your body's own aroused response, I note, bring each and every stroke might grow faster. Grow more insistent

Despite that, the goal will always be there as you wind up that thought. That idea. That independant need which has taken root and existed before we began. The need to ruin. Knowing that at the exact moment, but the moment is still a ways away.

At exactly the moment when you have crested there, you may find yourself letting your arms fall by your sides. Or perhaps instead, they will come up short and fall to either side of your cock. Leaving it highlighted just how wonderful it is that you've stopped right there.

Just how... blissful it is that you've allowed your cock to lie, cool, bare, in the air, spurting, a few pleasurable, almost useless spurts. Oh.. but they're not though. They're another drop in the vast pool of arousal.. Which moves in to wash away all reason when you think to yourself.

When you allow yourself to think, "Oh god, I've just ruined again, and again." And as you lie there in the aftermath, body tingling, mind racing, it may occur to you, to.. think your way out of your situation.

To think... "I am simply playing along. These things and thoughts are not quite so embedded in me, and I should just stroke. I should just move my hands until I cum, and then keep going. I should allow spurt after spurt to fall on my hands, my lap to spurt into the air.

(Deep Breath)

Or lose myself in another's touch or embrace, or suckle. The thing is.. at that moment, when you reach that powerful... climactic moment, you'll remember here. Remember your attention being drawn to each of these things and though you may powerfully thrust or move or squirm, breathing deeply. Tingling through your whole body.

Your mind saying.. "Yes, yes, yes, yes.." with pleasure and aching. At that exact moment, when you have crested the climactic hill.. when white light is blaring behind your eyelids, and you feel that first spurt, or perhaps half a spurt emerge along with the starbursts of pleasure resonating from your buttocks, your thighs, the space behind your cock, rushing up to your head.

And that happens, you'll remember this. This anchor. This embedded idea that you have been winding up. And you'll remember as your mind thinks, "yes, yes, gonna cum, yes... YESS..." as it exalts in the pure primal glory of an impending climax.

Cutting across it will be the awareness that when this climax hits, your arms will fall by your side and a resonance of two words, as you think "Yes, yes, gonna cum, yes." Your mind will say... "No.." and.. as your arms fall by your sides, leaving you to spurt nudely in the air.

Uselessly... straining to touch, to deprived. The other word will resonate through your mind. Familiar, comforting, reminding you of the little deal we've made here. A compact and understanding that your preexisting thoughts will have the benefit of the little tools that have headed you here.

The word no will cut across your aching desire for orgasm, and then to reinforce it.. The reason for your arms falling by your sides, for your cock pulling away, for your lover being enthused to stop. The word, "Sleep."

<SNAP>

and the Desire for resistance that comes with it. For the drooping of your arms, your eyelids, your mind. To be restored only when the last.. of the orgasmic pulses has stopped. Just as you did.

<SNAP>