

“Go ahead. Try to touch yourself.” Your partner said. You met their gaze, curiously, before slipping a hand towards your sex. It was a bit of a surprise when you met resistance. You tried to get your hand closer, but no matter how hard you pushed, something held you back.

You looked back up at them, asking. “What’ve you done?”

They smirked, looking down at you like they were a predator, and you were their meal. “Just the next step in my ownership over you. A form of mental chastity. You can’t touch yourself sexually anymore, pet.”

They reached forward, their own hand grazing up your thigh, before slipping effortlessly between your legs. “But I can.” You let out a moan as their hand began to tease you. “I can do whatever I want to you. You’re my plaything. To be teased, and tormented however I like.”

Your eyes rolled back as the pleasure grew. “Because I’m in control. Always. I’m the smart one. Thinking’s too difficult for you when you’re so turned on.” They snapped their fingers. “Arousal.” Your brain flooded with sudden need. Desire. Your moans became a gasp.

They laughed. “I’ve got so many triggers in you. So many buttons to press. You’re my puppet, sweetie. I’ve got all of your strings.” They paused, before pulling their hand away. You squirmed, desperate for more. “Ah, ah, ah, pet. No more. Not for now.”

You gave them a desperate look, and they laughed. “No. No more. We’ll keep the effect in place for... A week, let’s say, and see how you feel about it then. I’m going to do everything I can to tease you. And who knows, maybe I’ll let you cum. Does that sound good?”

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