

“And up, toy. How’s that feeling?” Your partner said, their hand still teasing between your trembling legs. You tried to find words, but couldn’t, as the edge rose again. All you could do was moan, and whimper, as pleasure caressed your mind. Your partner was smiling at you.

“That good, huh? You look so cute like this, needy, and desperate. It’s such a shame you don’t get to cum until next week.” They said.

That cut through the haze of pleasure like a knife. “B-but you said that today was the day.” You said, managing to speak through the pleasure.

They laughed, their hand still teasing, still flooding your body and mind with bliss. “Did I? Or is that just what you *remember*?” They snapped their fingers on the last word, a trigger. A new memory floated to your brain. Of you and your partner in a very similar situation.

In the memory, you remembered them saying: “Your brain will think that you get to cum in one week’s time. But in reality, you’ve got to wait for two.”

You faltered, the pleasure still pulsing in your brain. Your partner laughed again. “Awh, what’s wrong pet?” they asked.

“I- I- mmm... I can’t believe you’d trick me like that.” You said, pleasure still crashing through your body, which was obediently holding you on the edge of cumming.

“Can’t you?” They asked, leaning closer to you, smiling. “Of course, that’s not the real trick.”

You raised an eye brow, and they shook their head, before planting a kiss on your cheek. “No, the real trick is figuring out which one of the two memories in your head is real? One week, or two? Did I just unlock the real memory? Or make you remember a false one?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #denial #hypnoticamnesia