

You couldn't move. Your whole body was immobilised. Held still by a thousand strands of your hypnotist's control, wrapped around you and keeping you from doing anything but letting them touch you. But that wasn't the strangest thing about your predicament.

The much odder feeling was that of... Nothing. You were aware of a sensation between your legs. But it wasn't pleasure. You could feel the wetness, your body was turned on, but you... You felt none of it. It was like you were watching a boring tv program.

Those two sensations, being frozen, and being controlled, were such an odd combination. You knew that you were being controlled. Touched. Toyed with and teased. But other than the feeling of immobility, your body wasn't feeling much of anything.

Even the feeling of the bed beneath you was dulled. Until you heard a click of your hypnotist's fingers. And two words. "Feeling restored." From them.

The first thing you felt was the bed. It felt more... Intense than usual. Like there were ten, no, a hundred beds beneath you.

But then came the pleasure. The sensation of their hand returned. And then began to multiply. Like a chorus of hands between your legs, all at once. Phantom touches that felt so real. Pushing your pleasure higher and higher. Spiking, rising, dancing up, and up, and up.

You were still frozen in place. Still stuck, as the pleasure overtook you. And it had nowhere to go. No release. You couldn't squirm. You couldn't moan. Their control had you firmly gripped in place. And you felt your mind melting under the onslaught. Breaking. Crumbling.

And the pleasure wasn't slowing down. It was rising. A tide through your body, bringing you closer, and closer to the edge. Until you couldn't hold it back. And you let out the tiniest squeak though your frozen vocal chords as you came. Lost in pleasure. Held so perfectly still.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #desensitization #pleasure #freezetrigger