

“Freeze.” Your hypnotist said, snapping their fingers. Your body locked in place, and they let out a slow, merciless laugh. “Oh, plaything, you’re going to have to learn to do as you’re told. Or I’m going to just strip away permissions from you, over, and over again.”

They had leant in, smirking. “Did you think you were clever? I decide when you touch. I decide when you feel pleasure. I saw those hands moving, and I knew... I knew that your brain was getting too eager. This is why this has happened, plaything.”

It was true, your hands had been, almost absent minded, drifting down between your legs, as their words had stoked your arousal, your desire. But this felt... Better, almost. Not able to move, only able to listen, to feel their words flow into your ears, around your mind.

Your eyes, the only part of you still able to move, met theirs. “This is me taking away your permission to move. But I could just as easily revoke your permission to think. Or how about I remove your permission to decide things?” Their hand brushed down your cheek.

“Maybe you’d like that. I can see the flush on you. This is turning you on, isn’t it? How much of you could I take away before it became too much?” They caught your chin between their thumb and forefinger, turning your head to the side. “Would you like to find out?”

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