

“And open your eyes, toy.” Your eyes opened as your hypnotist commanded. They were standing before you, smirking.

You tried to ask them what was funny. But nothing came out. Your mouth didn’t move.

“Ooh. Just saw your eyes widen. Did you try to move, hon?” They asked.

Their smirk had widened, as they stepped forwards. Walking around you, tracing a hand over your arm, up your bare shoulder. You became aware of the texture of the seat on your bare ass. Naked. Bare before them. You tried to adjust yourself in the chair.

And found yourself still stuck. Immobile. Helpless to them. As they stalked around you, eager. They ran a hand through your hair. “You’re mine to use, plaything. Mine to tease and toy with.” The hand in your hair gripped, pulling your body back against the chair.

“And you can’t do anything about it.” They moved back around to the front of the chair, to face you. They bent, leaning down, lips inches from yours. “Kiss me. I know you want to. Do it. I’m right here.” You wanted to. You tried to move, tried to think of a way out of this.

But you couldn’t. You were trapped in your body. Aware, but unable to move. Able to feel every touch, every torment, every pleasure they could inflict on you. You were immobile, except for your eyes. You could look around. You could blink. Just as you could think.

It felt strange. Being up. Aware, completely capable of unimpeded thought. But you couldn’t move. Your body was a statue. Your hypnotist pulled away, then began to trace their hands down your body. “I’m looking forward to this. Safe word if you get uncomfortable, okay toy?”

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