

“Bound, and helpless. That’s what you are.” Your hypnotist said, leaning over you, as you squirmed on the bed, unable to move. “But you’re even more helpless than those words would suggest, aren’t you, pet?” They were smirking, as you tried to separate your wrists or your ankles.

And as you did, you only found them pulled tighter together. “Because it isn’t ropes, or cords, or chains binding you.” They clambered onto the bed, hovering over you, like a predator before its prey. “It’s nothing physical.” Their hand traced down your bare wrists.

“No, it’s just my words.” That was the truth. A simple suggestion they had given to you, holding your limbs together. “My power, your weakness. And you are so very weak. So helpless. Immobilised by my words held tight by my control.” You had stilled, as they spoke.

“And you feel so safe.” You did. “So secure.” Like you were in a cocoon of warmth. “So protected.” So comfortable, it was so easy for you to let go. To let yourself be bound by them. “Encapsulated by my words.” They settled onto you, straddling your waist.

You let out a gasp as their hands began to roam. “Held tight. A good, obedient plaything for me to toy with.” They leant down. “And I will toy with you, as much as I want to. You’re going to love it. Feeling my words bind you tighter and tighter to my will. You’re all mine, toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #boundsuggestion #obedience