

“Awh, honey, you’re getting so tangled up in my words, aren’t you?” Your hypnotist smirked as they leant over you. Your stare back was glassy, your thoughts a jumble. “That’s it. Just keep staring, deeper and deeper into my eyes as I pull you deeper and deeper into my control.”

You felt your body sag into the chair as they came closer to you. They looked so pleased. “You’re a fly, caught in my web, toy. And you know what flies do, when they’re caught in a web?” They paused, looking down at you. You didn’t answer. You couldn’t answer.

“They struggle, toy! So, struggle. Try to resist. Try to fight the all consuming urge to keep sinking deeper.” They tapped you on the forehead, gently. But it was enough to get your brain moving. Enough to make you blink. They laughed. “That’s it. Such a good toy.”

You tried to tune out their voice, and you closed your eyes. “Awh, is that really the best you can do? I told you to struggle.” You felt their hands on your shoulders, pinning you to the chair, pushing you down, just as your mind struggled to rise. “Or do you just want to give up?”

The question hung in the air between you, until, after a moment, you decided that you would give them what they wanted. You pushed yourself out of the chair, opening your eyes. They stepped back, grinning eagerly. “Okay, toy. You’re here. You’re up. How about you... *Stop.*”

They snapped their fingers, and your body froze in place. Your eyes could move, but the rest of you was stuck still. They clapped their hands, laughing. “Gosh that was something, I’ll give you. But even when you’re struggling, that’s all it is, isn’t it toy? You can’t resist me.”

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