

"Welcome, plaything." Your hypnotist said, pushing you into the chair in the middle of the room, as their friend dimmed the lights, until there was just a single spot of illumination left, over you. "This is going to be a world of torment for you. Don't worry, you'll love it."

The cold steel of the chair's seat on your bare ass was a whispered promise of the torment that was facing you. Your hypnotist bent down, grabbing your ankles, pushing them to the chair legs, as their friend pulled your arms behind the chair, putting your wrists together.

"Let's start with you being stuck like this, pet." They snapped their fingers as they said the word stuck, and you felt the trigger take effect, locking your wrists together, and your legs apart, attached to the chair legs. Your hypnotist smiled, sweetly. "That's so much better."

They ran a hand up your chest. At the same time, you could feel their friend's hands on your shoulders. The touch of their fingertips on your skin sent shivers up your spine. "That feel good, hon? Let's play with your sensitivity levels. How long before you beg us to stop?"

You held your breath as they raised their hand before your eyes. "Sensation buttons, on." They said, snapping their fingers. This trigger caused a strange sensation. Not unpleasant. It was like there were a series of buttons running up your arm, with the one at the wrist currently pressed.

"Where are you at right now, plaything?" Your hypnotist asked.

"About a one." You said, quickly.

You felt their friend's breath on your ear. "Good. We have so far to go. You're going to love every second of it." They said.

The two of them shared a look over the top of you, and then they set to work.

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