

Inspired by @hypnanosis

You were frozen. You had met your partner's gaze, your legs were intertwined. And then you had felt two sharp pricks at the side of your neck. Their nails, though claws, or talons might be more appropriate for their sharpness. The sensation had you stuck.

The visceral sharpness, against such a tender, vital part of your body was... Intense. You were breathing, hard, a soft whimper rose from your throat. And your hypnotist laughed. "Oh, that's it, my pretty little plaything. Such a sensitive part of you. So easy to touch..."

One of the nails dragged over your skin a little, and you gasped. It was like your entire body had shrunk to just those two points of contact. It was... Overwhelming. But you couldn't move. "So easy to hold you still. I know you're focusing right here."

They pressed harder. You moaned, arousal and fear mixing. They laughed again. "Sweetie, it's adorable how helpless you get. Feel yourself being drained by your nails. Your willpower. Your self-control. Your strength. It's all fading. And you can't pull away, can you?"

You couldn't even shake your head to answer. You were stuck. Lost in waves of desire and arousal. And you felt so... Weak. So mindless. And that weak mindlessness only grew, the longer their nails stayed at your neck, holding you still. Paralysed by desire.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #nails #submission #control