

Your hypnotist raised a hand, facing upwards, with a single finger pointed at you, and beckoned. "Come closer to me, my weak willed plaything." They said. Your feet moved, slow, clumsy steps. Your mind was so dazed. So blank. It was impossible to think.

"There we go. Closer to me. Closer to my power. Now, kneel before my chair." They pointed downwards with that finger, and again, your body obeyed. Obedience was the only thing that made sense. You didn't have a brain to comprehend resistance. Only their will mattered.

You felt their hand on your shoulder. "All the way down, hands and knees for me." They adjusted your position manually, leaning forwards in their chair. Once you were where they wanted you, you heard them lean back, and felt their boots come to rest on your back.

"That's it, plaything. You get to be useful for me. You get to be an object I can get some relief from, even if it's just for a moment. So let your body lock into this position, object. Just a footstool, for me to rest my feet on. Switch your mind off, and sink into your new reality."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #objectification #control #freezecommand