

"Ah, ah, ah." Your partner said, holding up a hand. As they leant over you on the bed. "Stop moving, toy. I said stop moving." You couldn't help it, their hand between your legs felt too good. They sighed, and placed their other hand on your chest. "Freeze."

The trigger took hold instantly. You lost control of your body as every muscle froze in place. "That's it. That's better. None of that squirming." Their hand continued to tease between your legs. The arousal continued to grow, but you had no outlet for it. No way to escape it.

"No useless thrusting." They took a moment, to look down at you. "I know, I know. You think you're helping. But I don't need you to be a living, breathing, person right now." They moved, situating themselves between your legs. "I just need a toy. An object I can fuck myself with."

"So don't move." They paused, savouring the moment as they towered over you. "You can think. Think about how good it feels, to be my object, to be useful for me, as I-" They began to move. "Aaah. There we go. That's it. Such a good obj-mmm-object for me."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #freezetrigger #objectification