

“Awh, sweetie, plaything, you really want more pleasure, don’t you?” Your partner asked, hand brushing over your thigh as they leant over your immobile form on the bed. “But you’re frozen right now. Stuck in place. And feeling more and more helpless with every second...”

They let out a laugh as they came closer to you, their hand brushing up, over your hip, finding that soft, ticklish spot just at your waist that send shivers of sensation cascading through your body. You wanted to writhe, to let out a little scream of delight.

Unfortunately, that wasn’t an option. Your breathing had quickened, your eyes were pleading. But that was all the movement you had. You couldn’t squirm. You couldn’t escape their wandering hand. “I love seeing you like this, toy. At my mercy. So secure. So mine.”

Their hand trailed up your chest now, leaving a tingling trail of bliss behind it. “And as much as I know you want more pleasure... I also know that what you want isn’t relevant right now. I want to see you more brainwashed. So, I want you to...” Their hand had reached your face.

One finger was hovering over your forehead. They paused, and time felt like it slowed down. Your gaze was fixed on the tip of that finger, as it dangled, so close to your skin. You could feel the warmth. Knew what was coming. They tapped your forehead. “Drop!”

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