

“And yeah, honestly, it was a lovely weekend, how about yo-”

“Freeze.” Your hypnotist said, cutting you off with a snap of their fingers. They were smirking as they stood up. You couldn’t move, your body was locked in place, frozen mid-sentence. “That’s it. So very stuck for me.”

They walked over to you in your chair, looking you over. “You look so good like this. Helpless before me. Mind obedient, holding your body in place. I know we normally talk for a little while longer. But you mentioned this a while ago, and I’ve wanted to do it ever since.”

Your mind was racing at those words. What could they mean? Your hypnotist took hold of your wrists, which to you felt like they were stuck in place as if carved from marble, and lifted them above your head. “Sensitize.” They said, with another snap of their fingers.

You felt your body become so much more aware of every sensation. The clothes on your skin. The chair pressing into your back and butt. Their hand, letting go of your wrist. “Remember, you can safeword whenever you need to, toy.” Your hypnotist said.

And then they began to brush their fingers down each of your arms, moving towards your shoulders. The sensation delighted your nerves, the sensitivity trigger causing each touch to ripple outwards. And they kept on moving. Downwards. Until they reached your armpits.

They met your gaze, smirking. Holding still. You knew what was coming. You knew what was next. You remembered what you had asked for, maybe a month ago. And there was nothing you could do now. Their fingers began to dance, tickling you.

You couldn’t squirm. You couldn’t move. You could breathe, but laughing was difficult. All you could do was take it. You felt so powerless. So helpless. So weak. And they just kept going, and going. The sensations were growing stronger the longer they tickled you.

“That’s it, toy. Does it feel good? Or has it gotten too much yet?” They said, not stopping their cruel ministrations under your arms. “Oh, silly me. You can’t speak.” They shrugged as they spoke, but pulled one hand down, finding that spot on your flank.

And that was when it became almost torturous. Each moment was like a mounting pressure, pushing you into an overwhelmed headspace that left no room for thinking. Just the sensations. Finally, it became too much. “Yellow.” You said. The triggers slipped away.

You could move. Your skin’s sensitivity returned to normal, and they pulled their hands away. “How was that?” They asked, after giving you a moment to catch your breath.

You met their gaze, grinning in a submissive haze. “Fantastic.”

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