

Your hypnotist leant over you, as you lay naked, on the bed. "Oh, you stupid, braindead plaything." They said. "You're so cute when you're like this." They reached down, one hand trailing over your bare chest. "Mindlessly panting." You let out a soft whine of need.

They laughed. "Yes. A needy creature, who can't resist the urge to touch, to feel good." Their hands reached out to hold your wrists, laying useless at your sides. "But you're fucked, toy. Every word I say makes those limbs heavier. Makes that mind melt more into blissful desire."

You felt so powerless. So weak. So fucking horny. "There are no thoughts. No willpower. No resistance. Just the urge to give in to me. To the arousal." You wanted to touch. You wanted to fuck. You wanted pleasure. "And yet... You can't. You're stuck."

All you got was the simmering arousal, begging you to do what you could not. "Held down by the weight of my words." Every word they said felt like more pressure. Both to touch, and to remain still. It was agonising. You couldn't stop moaning. It was your only release.

"You're stopped by the fact that you gave me control over your body, and I want you needy." They were grinning, that dangerous grin. "Desperate. Aroused out of your mind. So, no movement. Just lust. Just desire. Let your mind succumb." Your hips bucked, slightly. "That's it, toy."

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