

“And freeze, toy.” Your hypnotist said, snapping their fingers. Your hands froze in place, between your legs, along with the rest of your body. You wanted to moan. You wanted to squirm as the edge rolled over you. But the freeze trigger was total, and overwhelming.

“Was that mean, sweetie? I can see that look in your eyes. The frustration. The need. The endless desire. Gods, you want to cum so badly, don’t you?” They paused, looking down at you, expectantly. “Well? Do you?” They asked, a smirk playing across their lips.

You wanted to scream that you did want to cum. You wanted to beg to be allowed. But that freeze trigger held you firm, unable to move, or speak. Not even able to shift your weight. They brushed a finger down your chest, now smiling maliciously.

“If you won’t say you want to cum, then I won’t make you cum sweetie. Don’t worry, I’ll be nice. I wouldn’t make you have an orgasm when you clearly don’t want one. I mean, if you did, you’d be telling me yes, right? And you’re not. So you can’t want to cum.”

A strangled noise came from your parted lips. Not a word. Just a harsh outpouring of breath. Your hypnotist placed a finger to your lips. “Hush, sweetie. I know, you can thank me by... Sucking.” Another snap of their fingers, and the finger on your lips slipped between them.

Your mouth formed a seal as the finger slid into and out of your mouth. “That’s it, my sweet, slutty toy. If you don’t want to give me your pleasure, then I’m sure there’s other ways I can get some enjoyment out of you. Like fucking your mouth until you can barely breathe...”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #freezetrigger #denial #oral