

“Freeze, pet.” Your hypnotist’s fingers snapped, and in that instant, you were bound more securely than with any rope. Your muscles were stuck, control had been pulled away from you. And in that moment, as your hypnotist walked lazily around you, you felt helpless.

“You look so good like this...” They murmured, more to themselves than to you. Their hand trailed over your frozen chest as they moved around to your back. “Trapped in my control. You’re not even under right now, are you? Just stuck. Bound in my words, my power.”

They were right. Your mind remained clear, unfettered except for a growing arousal at the situation you found yourself in. “Try to move, pet.” They said. And you did. You tried to move any part of you. Starting with an arm, trying to lift it. You tried to force energy into the muscles.

But it felt like your arm was bound in a hundred different directions by a hundred taught ropes. Holding you frozen in place. And as you moved through the different parts of your body, you found the same sensation everywhere. You couldn’t begin to move.

After a few moments, they spoke again. “Are you trying? I guess you are. You’re an obedient pet, after all.” Internally, you smiled, knowing that they knew you had been obeying, even though they couldn’t see it. “But now you can stop trying.” They came back to your front.

“Because we both know that my power over you is too strong. Too powerful. You couldn’t move right now even if you wanted to. We just proved that. But I...” They took hold of your right hand, and placed it on your left shoulder, effortlessly, easily. “I can move you however I like.”

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