

"Awh, plaything, shh." Your hypnotist pressed a finger to your lips, towering over you, bound, naked in your chair. "You trust me, don't you? Of course you do. That's why you've let me put all these triggers in your brain." Their finger on your lip slipped down to your chin.

As they tilted your head up, up, up, forcing your eyes to meet theirs, they also lifted their other hand, holding their fingers pressed together, ready to snap. "So many triggers. Which will I use? There's *pleasure*." The word caused a slight tingling to run through your body.

But without the snap, there was nothing else that came with it. "Or *obey*." A trickle of desire, a twinge of submission. "Or *freeze*." They said, smirking as you went still as stone for a single second. "But no. We both know what I'm going to use. Those others will come later."

They were telling the truth. You did know what was coming. You were anticipating it with every fibre of your being. That feeling of being free from thought, and responsibility, and energy. An empty shell, to be played with. Their fingers snapped, as they said one word. "*Drop*."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #hypnotictriggers #droptrigger