

“And *pop!*” Your hypnotist said, giggling, as the trigger affected you. You felt your brain flood with one thing, arousal. Your breath hitched. You met their gaze, and you were full of want, desire, need. Before you could act on those feelings, your hypnotist’s hand was on your chest.

As they pressed you back into the bed, holding you still, they winked. “*Pop*, toy, *pop!*” Your eyes rolled back, your hands gripped the sheets. You could feel the primal lust flickering inside you. A soft growl emanated from your throat, and they laughed again.

“Oh, toy, what’s wrong? Are you all full of wanton desire?” They asked, tracing a single finger along your neck, trailing it backwards. You knew what was coming, but you were in no place to stop it, even if you wanted to. They found the spot on your neck they were looking for.

And as their nail dug in, your body froze, as pleasure crystallised through you. You were held, stuck in place on the bed, as arousal and pleasure blossomed within you. You met their gaze, and for all that primal desire you felt, you knew, in that moment, that you were their prey.

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