

"You might as well give up, I've got you again." You said, pushing your hypnotist back onto the bed. They were still struggling to push you back, but you were confident in your ability to leverage them. You had them by the wrists, which did leave their fingers free to-

A snap hit your ears, as they said a single word. "*Weaken.*" Your hypnotist smirked as they managed to get the word out. Your muscles felt like they were made of jelly. As your muscles went slack, your hypnotist began to push back. "Not so sure of yourself now, huh?"

They laughed as you tried to regain control of the situation, but you couldn't resist at this point. You managed to roll with them as they pivoted, stopping them from landing on top of you. "Good try, but I'm not going to give up just li-

They snapped again. "*Freeze.*"

It was just one word. But the trigger worked immediately. Your muscles went still, stuck in place. Your hypnotist laughed, slow, and sinister. "Oh, sweetie. You've got to stop bragging about your skill when I can just turn your mind and body off at will. It's just not smart."

They were on top of you now, holding your hands above your head by the wrists with one of their hands. "*Unfreeze.*" They said, snapping with their other hand. And now you were stuck. Properly. Unable to move. They smirked. "Awh, you lost again!" They laughed at you again.

"You should really stop letting me pin you, silly toy. It's so easy for me to control you when I'm on top." They leant down, relishing in their victory. But... Wait. Again?

"I- You haven't won until now though. What do you mean again?" You asked.

That made your hypnotist cackle. "Oh, you sweet, stupid plaything." They traced their free hand down your chest, idly drawing circles around your nipples with a nail. "I just let you think you win, every time. And then I remove your memory of losing. It gives you hope."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnotictriggers #hypnoticamnesia #wrestling