

"D-don't-" You were struggling to find your words. You knew what you wanted to say, but your mouth was rebelling against you, the pleasure was too much.

"Opposite." Your hypnotist said, snapping the fingers on their one free hand. The other was between your legs.

And it was slowing down, you had been tantalisingly close. So near. You couldn't help but beg.

"Please, stop." the words came from your lips, and your brain took a second to catch up. That wasn't what you had meant to say. "I... No, please, don't continue."

Your hypnotist had stopped moving their hand, and was looking at you, quizzically. "But you looked like you were enjoying it. Are you sure you want me to stop?"

You shook your head. "Yes, please stop touching me!" You let out a soft moan of frustration.

But your hypnotist had begun to smile, as you glowered up at them. "Okay, sweetie. I'll stop touching you, if that's what you want. Opposite." They snapped their fingers again.

"That was fucking rude." You said.

They raised an eyebrow. "What was that, toy?"

"Nothing."

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