

"It doesn't take much, for your suggestible mind to start to slip under my control, does it, pet?" Your hypnotist asked you, leaning closer to you with a smile. You met their gaze. "I mean, my triggers don't help. They *pop* into your mind. Make you so *sleepy*, take you *down*."

Your brain reeled as the triggers rolled over you. Arousal, then lethargy, then mindlessness. "And *up*." They said, pulling your brain back out of trance, feeling disoriented. "But you're ever so easy without them. You sink so easily, your mind can't help but give in."

You blinked, your brain struggling to stay up. Their voice sounded so nice, and the words were so easy to follow. "That's it, my dear. Just sink. Just stare into my eyes." They put a finger to your chin, pulling your gaze back to theirs. "Wrapped up in my control, aren't you?"

They were smirking, watching you struggle to form a sentence. The finger on your chin went to your lips. "Shh... Just focus on me, pet. Just focus, and give in. You don't need to think right now. You can just be my good, floaty, drifty, dazed, obedient toy. That's right."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #induction #eyefixation