

“Oh, honey, no... You don’t get a choice. You just get to sink deeper, and deeper into my power.” You could hear the smile in your hypnotist’s voice. “You’re just my obedient plaything. So you sink deeper, and further. Let my words hold you here. Under my control.”

Your eyelids, which had been fluttering, trying to stay open, trying to resist, fell still. “Awh... Such a good toy. You said you wanted to try to resist. But we both know that you can’t. We both know that you want to *give in*. So you do. You just give in. Over. And over again.”

It felt too good to resist. You knew it. You knew that they were right. You had tasted the sweetness of blank, empty mindlessness, and you could never get enough. So, no matter how much you tried to test yourself by resisting, you both knew that it was impossible.

“And each time you give in, it gets harder to resist. It’s inevitable at this point, you’re my good toy. My good plaything. My puppet. And I can just keep on taking control. Each and every time. Because every time I do it reinforces the truth. That you’re weak for me.”

Their words were resonating through you. Echoing in your blank mind. You were weak for them. You were blank. And empty. Their plaything. Their puppet. Their toy. “But I want you to keep trying to resist. It’s always satisfying to see you fail, and fall for me. My good toy.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistance #obedience