

"Oh, my sweet prey..." Your hypnotist said, brushing a hand gently down your arm. "I am the spider, weaving my words as a cocoon around your mind." Every touch of theirs left you feeling more and more peaceful. The sticky web was getting stuck in your thoughts.

"And the longer you sink into this relaxing web of control, the more you're going to be changed." That idea excited you, even as your thoughts continued to get stuck in place. "Transformed into my plaything. My toy. But that won't be a bad thing. It might be... Painful, at times."

Their hands continued to dance over your body, feather light touches that left you more and more immobile. Just like their words immobilised your thoughts. "But it'll be pleasurable more often than that. Feel my words wrapping tighter around that head of yours."

And now you did feel the cocoon. Drawn tight around your mind. Plunging you into sweet, blissful darkness. Constricting, and cutting things off outside of it. "Plucking strings of unnecessary thought like free will, self control, resistance, away. You don't need them."

The transformation felt wonderful. Those concepts scattered from your mind, removed so effortlessly. "Let me replace those strands of you with better ones." They began to draw patterns over your forehead with their fingers. "Submission, obedience."

You shivered as those two slipped into your mind. "An overwhelming desire to give in to me. You're going to feel so good once I'm done with you, toy. So just give in. Let me weave my control around you, bind you to me. And then we'll get to really play, just how I want to."

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