

“Careful, toy. You’re getting so close to slipping, and drifting, and dropping, and I told you not to do that, didn’t I? I told you to resist. No matter how tempting I was. How Alluring.” Your partner leant down, eyes boring into yours. You had to fight not to stare.

“Good. You have to resist. You have to fight the urge to slip into trance and give in. And you want to, don’t you?” Their eyes twinkled as they stood up, towering over you again. “You want to obey. You want to resist. So just resist. Resist giving in to my orders.”

They smiled down at you as you felt your mind wobbling, their words trying to push you into trance. “Resist doing what I tell you. Resist my commands to drop. Resist my commands to surrender. Resist my command to resist. That’s it. Resist my command to resist resisting.”

Your head was spinning, the word resist was echoing, but you were losing track of what you were resisting. “Are you getting confused? It’s okay, you should resist the confusion. But also resist resisting the confusion.” You let out a small noise, as your mind got overwhelmed.

They cupped a hand to your cheek, still smiling. “Awh, is this making your head spin? It’s okay. Just *drop*.” They snapped their fingers, the sound cutting through your jumbled thoughts like a sword through a knot. Your mind unravelled, and sank into empty mindlessness.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistance #confusioninduction