

This was your happy space. Head empty, letting your hypnotist sink their claws into your brain. "You're better off like this, toy." They said, as you sat, limb, relaxed, in the chair beneath them. "Trapped in trance, mindless for me. Letting me do all your thinking for you."

It felt so good. To be blissfully blank for them. "You don't have to worry here, do you? No, you just relax, and let me take charge." Their weight, pressed against your legs, was keeping you centred on who was in charge, and it wasn't you. You didn't want to be in charge.

"Give up all your willpower, all your responsibility. It feels best when you're not in control." They paused, their hands brushing down your bare chest. "When I'm in control. So, sink deeper, toy. Let your brain absorb my presence. My power."

It felt like your brain was a sponge, soaking in warm water, absorbing their voice, their control. "Let yourself be overwhelmed by me. This is when you're happiest, isn't it, toy? Happy, and blank, and brainless. Owned and controlled. Such a good toy for me."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #submission #control