

“Three, halfway back up, out of trance.” Your hypnotist said. Your fingers shifted slightly. You had been so deep. Now they were building you back up, pulling you back out of trance. “Four. Nearly there...” Their voice trailed off. They paused. And then they laughed.

“Awh, did you think I was done with you?” They asked. You felt their hand tangling in your hair. “Zero. Drop, toy.” They said, pulling your hair gently. The lucidity that had been gathering fled. It felt like the floor had dropped out from beneath your consciousness.

“Back down into obedience. Into mindlessness. Mine. My plaything. My toy. Mine to do what I want with.” They said. You could feel the heat of their body as they leant into you. They kissed your cheek, and then let go of your hair. “Shh, just sink, dear. Drop. And drift.”

Your mind fell deeper into trance with every word they said. Your body was limp. Your thoughts had disappeared. “That’s it.” They said. “You’re safe. No need to think. Just sinking. Just drifting. Floating on my voice. It’s so easy to do what I say. So easy to obey. Repeat.”

“So... So easy to obey.” You said, falteringly. It felt odd to speak.

“Good toy. Again.”

“So easy to obey.” It was the truth. It was easy to obey.

“Keep repeating.”

“So easy to obey.” Your mouth moved obediently. “So easy to obey.” You couldn’t stop. They were in control.

You kept on repeating. And with each repetition, your mind became more accepting. Where moments ago you had nearly been out of trance, you were now a blank, obedient plaything for them to use. And you didn’t want to be anything else. Just theirs.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #mantra #obedience #control