

“That obedience is a seed that I planted in your brain, toy.” Your hypnotist said, brushing a hand through your hair. Their touch felt wonderful. “And every session, every voice note, every text, has been water, and sunlight.” They looked down into your vacant eyes, smiling.

“We’ve been letting it flourish, and grow its roots deeper and deeper inside you. It’s why you keep coming back.” They tapped you on the top of your head, and you almost felt what they were describing. The seed, the roots. Your mind couldn’t process it.

“After a little while, it begins to thirst for the nourishment of my voice. And so, you keep on returning to me. Letting me grow my seed inside you.” You knew that feeling. The intense desire. “And by now it’s too late to stop. My control has taken root too deep within you.”

“Any really, why would you want to stop?” You couldn’t think of a reason. You didn’t want one. “It feels too good to resist. Too good to do anything but just give in. So do it, toy. Give in to me. Surrender and let me take away every care, and replace them with pleasure.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #addiction