

Your hypnotist laughed at your defiance, eyebrows raised. "Oh, you're in control right now?" They asked. "You're just following along because you feel good?" They leant down, meeting your gaze, unwavering. "Then how about you try to stop that hand of yours from teasing yourself?"

They paused, eyes flicking downwards. "Just pull that hand out from between your legs." You were trying. But no matter how much you willed your hand to pull away, to lift up, even to stop moving, you couldn't get it to do what you wanted. They laughed again.

"What's wrong, sweetie? You can't? Is it stuck?" You nodded. "Awh, of course it is, plaything." They said, taking hold of your chin, staring deeper into your eyes as they brushed your cheek with their thumb. "I told you to touch, and your body obeys me. I'm in control, toy."

You felt a... Realignment, as they spoke. "I'm in control of your body. Of your mind. Of every part of you." You could feel that control. Pulsing in your brain. Trickling through your nervous system. It felt incredible. "So when I want you to touch, you touch."

Your hand was still moving, out of your control. They tapped you on the forehead. "When I want you to drop, you drop." Your mind sank. "When I want you to stop, you'll stop. But not until then. So just give in to the pleasure, toy. Let it take you deeper, further."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #resistancefailed