

“Awh, plaything – this was too easy.” Your hypnotist said as your eyes slid closed. “I love it when your brain does the work for me. When I can just suggest that you’re feeling weak, and mindless, and your eyes begin to flutter without any real effort on my part.”

Their hand traced a small pattern in your back, as your mind continued to slip into trance. “You’re so suggestible. It’s cute. You’ve been conditioned to drop so easily.” A tiny part of you remembered all the trances before this one. The ones they had conditioned you in.

“And I *love* taking advantage of that.” Their tone was so eager. “Pushing your thoughts out effortlessly. Your brain does half the work for me by now. It makes it so easy for you to sink, and slip, and drop. And you just keep on dropping further into trance!”

Your mind was falling into the bottomless abyss of their words. They laughed gently, their hand on your back continuing to move. “Honey, you need to try to resist more. I could be so mean to you in this state.” The gentle pattern was infused with their nails.

The pain made you let out a soft moan, and they laughed again. “I could take away your memories, your thoughts, I could reduce you to a blank, empty shell. A hypnotised puppet, only able to follow my orders.” They paused, just for a moment. “But you’d like that. Wouldn’t you?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #brainwashing