

“Drift for me, toy. Further and further away from awareness.” Your mind felt like it was drifting in an ocean of bliss. “More and more mindless for me. “Every word that your hypnotist said pulled you further away from the shore of consciousness.

Now you were floating, drifting on the surface of mindlessness. “Such a good toy. So eager to follow my words. Sink for me. Drop for me.” You felt your limbs drop, limply, onto the bed. Your mind plummeted. Further away from the surface of mindlessness, now you were sinking.

And it felt so good. “No need to think. Just sink deeper. Just drift further down. Feel my words wrapping around that brain of yours.” Their words were ropes, chains, weights that pulled you deeper, and deeper. “And it feels so good to sink, doesn’t it toy?”

If you had had any strength, you would have nodded, but you couldn’t. You could just sink deeper. Floating on a current of their words that dragged you further under. There were no thoughts. Just their words. Their control. Their commands. You didn’t want to be anywhere else.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #deepener #submission #mindlessness