

“Stare into my eyes, toy.” Your hypnotist said.

For a second you considered it. But they had told you to resist. They had told you not to just give in. So you resolutely continued to not meet their gaze.

You heard them sigh. “I said... Stare!” Their voice was sharper. A command.

And your mind heard that tone of voice and knew exactly what to do. You had to obey. That was just the fact of it. As your eyes met theirs, your vision passed over their mouth, grinning, eagerly. “That’s more like it.” They said. “Just stare. You can already feel it, can’t you?”

You knew exactly what they were talking about. The sensation of mindlessness, stealing over your brain was proof of that. The way your thoughts had all just melted into nothingness. Your hypnotist pulled you closer to them, one hand on your waist, the other on your shoulder.

Their touch was soft, but irresistible. “Such a good, obedient pet. For me. So helplessly programmed to do what you’re told. Kneel.” The hand on your shoulder gave the slightest pressure downwards, and you sank onto your knees. Their smile widened. “That’s it.”

You couldn’t look away from their eyes. You couldn’t stop staring. They had you, trapped in their control. They let out a soft laugh. “I should really stop asking you to resist. We both know you can’t. You’re too much of a subby weakling to even begin to try.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistance #submission