

Your hypnotist held your chin in their hand as they stared into your eyes. "You're so sleepy honey. It's so hard to think." You blinked, eyelids feeling like lead. "And you just keep on getting sleepier and sleepier. It's getting harder and harder to think, isn't it?"

They nodded your head up and down. It was the truth. "Don't worry, I can think for you, my sweet toy." They leant in, smiling. They were so beautiful. "I can make all those difficult decisions. Like how deep you should sink. If you should resist. What you should become."

They pulled back, still gazing into your eyes. "You should sink as deep as possible, toy. Slip into silent submission as my words wrap around your brain." The hand on your chin pulled down, and your mind sank. "That's the first decision I'll make for you. Slip under my control."

They pulled you forward, so you were resting on their chest, their arms wrapped around you. "And then the second... Don't resist. Why would you want to? It feels so good to give in." Any vague semblance of your free will was dissolving. They brushed the back of your head.

"It feels so good when my words are the only path before you, leading you deeper into my power. You never want to resist. You just want to obey, don't you?" You did. It was all that made sense to you. "And finally... What you should become." They held you tight for a moment.

"And this is a really important decision to make." They said, softly. Sweetly. "There's so many things you could be for me. My obedient toy. My good pet. My sweet, ditzy bimbo. My needy little slut. So many possibilities. But they all have something in common. They're all mine."

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