

“I’m not sure what gave you the idea that you could resist, my sweet plaything. You’ve slipped under my control too many times at this point.” Your hypnotist’s words settled over your mind like a fog as they changed their tone of voice. “You just keep sinking. And dropping.”

They ran a hand down your cheek, and that soft downward motion pulled you deeper. You had been trying to fight them, hadn’t you? Trying to resist this control? It felt so... difficult. Each word they said was another weight, dragging you into trance. They were smiling.

“You can let go now, sweetie. I’ll look after you. I’ll make sure that you’re safe, and secure, and oh so brainwashed. You want that, don’t you?” They said. You met their eyes, and time seemed to slow down, as you tried to comprehend their question.

Their command to let go was interfering. Your eyelids were fluttering, your muscles were shutting down. You managed to give them the faintest nod, before you dropped. They laughed, softly, before they straddled you. “Good, pet. Because I want to see how deep you can go today.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #failedresistance