

“What hope do you have, plaything?” Your hypnotist’s voice was slightly incredulous. “You’re too weak to resist my voice. We both know that you want to feel the pleasure of submission to me.” Their words rang true in your brain. You did want to submit, but...

“The only thing holding you back is some misguided attempt at defiance. The idea that you still have some willpower that doesn’t crumble when I’m around.” That was it. You had to prove that you weren’t just a blank, brainwashed toy. That you had some ability to resist.

“But that’s a lie, isn’t it?” They had leant forwards, over you. You suddenly felt so very small. So very weak. It wasn’t a lie... No. Even if you were struggling to recall what that lie might be in this moment. “Yeah... You think you have the willpower to resist.”

Did you have the willpower to resist? “All it takes is a little bit of pressure.” Their fingers raised, and snapped. “*Drop.*” Your eyelids fluttered shut, the feelings of awareness, of self control, vanished. In an instant you were theirs, to control, and toy with.

“There we go.” They sounded so pleased, and that made you feel so happy. “That’s it. Suddenly, that defiance feels more like you were waiting for permission.” Of course, that was it. Aren’t you lucky that I’m so nice that I’ll let you *drop* for me, as much as you want?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #resistancefailed #dropttrigger #control