

Your hypnotist had bound you to the bed, with a simple instruction. "Don't give in, don't become mine." That was all they had said. You had started out strong, managing to avoid slipping into trance. Concentrating on not letting their words weave their way into your mind.

But that was before their hands had gotten involved. Before their fingers had begun to tease. Now you were fighting off the urge to moan, to thrust your hips, as their words began to sound more appealing. "Come on sweetness, let yourself feel good." They said.

"I won't!" You said.

They laughed. Your mind was feeling fuzzy. It was hard to think. The pleasure was tempting, so tempting... But you had to resist. "That's it toy, just let your mind sink a little. Don't think about how good my touch feels." You tried to find some focus.

But each bit of focus, every shred of determination to not give in wilted away before the teasing, tormenting pleasure they were bringing you. "I- mmm..." You let out a moan, trying to hold off the bliss. But it felt so good. Your hips jerked upwards, unconsciously.

Your body wanted more. Your mind was struggling. It had all become too much. You were drowning in a sea of endless, mindless pleasure. Their words wrapping around your mind, making it easier and easier to want more pleasure. Less control. And then the touching stopped.

It was like being thrown into a cold shower after being cozy in bed. You met their gaze. "P-p-please..." You said.

They leant down. "Tell me you're mine, and I'll give it to you." They said.

You tried to resist. You failed. "I'm yours." You said.

"All mine." They said, smirking.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #obedience #pleasure #resistance