

“You’re such a good, brainwashed pet, toy.” Your hypnotist smirks down at you, giving you a look that fills you with want. “All I need to do is start dropping my voice, and your mind follows the direction, sinking, drifting.” Your eyelids flutter, a shiver runs up your spine.

“I can hardly blame you. I did this to you, after all. Made you suggestible.” They tap you on the forehead, your eyes close. “Pliable.” They press their fingers to your scalp, massaging away any remaining thoughts. “Weak.” You are weak. Pliable. Suggestible. For them.

“You’re all mine. So of course, you sink. Of course you let my words take over your brain.” Their fingers continue to move in circles, making your mind into mush. “You’re helpless for me. And this is what I mean, when I call you a good, brainwashed pet.” They let go of your head.

Your weak neck can’t support your skull, you flop forwards, and they catch you. “Try to stay up, yeah?” You blink. It feels so alien, having your eyes open. “Try to resist the way my words make you feel.” It’s so hard to resist. “Deep.” Your eyelids are already fluttering.

“Drowsy.” You can’t help but begin to sink again. “Blank.” That last word makes your brain shut down again. “That’s it. Feeling the sensations, even as you try not to.” There isn’t a shred of resistance in you. But you do try. “Even as you slip a little deeper, with every word I say.”

There’s the barest idea of thought, still in your brain. “I know, you’re trying to resist.” They brush their fingers through your hair. “And resistance is tiring. It’s so comfortable to relax into my words.” To sink into my control. Stop trying, toy. Good job.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #obedience #brainwashing #resistance