

“You’re really focusing on the wrong thing, plaything.” Your hypnotist said, their tone sounding almost musical. “You keep talking about how you’re going to resist my control. But it isn’t my control that’s going to take you under, silly.” They tapped you playfully on the nose.

“It’s your own control, slipping away from you. And my control has nothing to do with that. My control just rushes in to fill the void.” They paused, giving you a soft smile. “No, you need to keep a firm grip on your control, which I can see you’re struggling to do.”

They were right. It was just so easy to listen to them. “You’ve gotten lost in my voice, which I can hardly blame you for.” They took on a soothing, sympathetic tone. “I’ve trained it to distract and entice my prey. So of course you’re just following along.”

You tried to fight, but it was impossible. “Even now that you’ve noticed, you’re not doing anything to stop me. And why would you? It feels so good to follow my words. To slip, and sink, and drift. Just let go, my sweet plaything. All you have to give up is your own control.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #brainwashing