

Your hypnotist came closer to you, sitting next to you on the couch, leaning into you. "Now, toy, you've been so good lately. So obedient. I think I'm really getting inside that brain of yours." Their fingers tapped up the side of your head, for emphasis.

"So, let me show you just how obedient you can be. How submissive you are." They pulled your face around so that you met their gaze. "Stop breathing." You had been taking a breath in, which suddenly stopped. Halted mid flow. You met their gaze, and tried to whimper.

But there was no air to whimper with. They were grinning. "Oh. There you go. Look at that, it's like I've just taken over your lungs." You could already feel pressure. The need to breathe. "No more airflow for you. Not right now." They sat back, still watching you, and waited.

The need was growing. You could feel your heart beating in your chest. You had to take a breath. You tried, but nothing happened. Your hypnotist leant forwards again, smiling. "Awh, is it getting difficult? Do you want a breath?" You nodded, desperately. "Yeah? Mmm... Okay. Breathe."

Air flooded your lungs, and it felt incredible. You were smiling. "There you go. Doesn't that feel nice? Knowing that I have the control. Knowing that I'm giving you breath? That every breath you take is with my permission? That's what I thought. Such a good toy for me."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #breathplay #control #obedience