

“Awh, honey, you look so cute like this!” Your partner said, tapping you on the forehead twice, bringing you back up out of trance. You blinked, jaw still feeling slack, and mind still reeling from being yanked up out of trance. “All dazed and confused.”

They tapped you on the forehead once more, and you felt like a trapdoor had opened up under your mind. You plummeted into blankness. “At my mercy. I just get to dance you up and down for as long as I want.” They took hold of your chin, and tapped your forehead twice again.

You blinked, coming face to face with them. Their eyes studying your hazy form. “It feels so good to be like this, doesn’t it, my sweet?” They nodded your head up and down for you. “Knowing that you’re too weak to resist. That you *want* to give up control.”

A soft moan left your lips. You were feeling so hazy and so fuzzy. They let go of your chin, and you sank back down into trance, unable to keep up. Their touch had been your anchor to some vague form of consciousness. Without it you sank helplessly downwards.

“This is what I love about you, pet. You’re so easy to play with. So eager to be my good little obedient plaything. Just blank and blissfully open to my power.” They tapped you on the forehead. Once, and a break. And once again. Each one a nail, pinning your mind down.

“And the deeper you sink, the harder it is for you to comprehend of not being under my power. You’re just a weak little toy for me to control. For me to reshape. For me to break. Do you want me to break you? Shatter your mind into pieces, so I can reassemble you? Good toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #fractionation #control #hypnoticcouple