

“What’s up honey? Do you like this view?” Your hypnotist asked, kneeling over you on the bed. Your eyes were locked onto theirs, as they smirked down at you. They had you in their power, and they knew it. “Just floating, and drifting, me above you. As I should be.”

Your brain was reeling from their proximity. They brought a hand under your chin, one nail digging in, a point of sharpness that kept you alert enough to stay focused. “That’s it toy. Just keep on staring. And sinking. Letting your mind switch off for me. You don’t need it right now.”

Their other hand was behind your head, cradling you. The softness of one hand versus the sharpness of the other was pulling your mind in two directions. Focus, and thoughtlessness. Attention, and haziness. “And I can see how weak you’re getting, sweetie. Mind going blank.”

Your eyelids fluttered, as their hands continued to cradle you in that disorienting space. The nail in your chin pressed a little more. “Ah, ah, ah, toy. Eyes open. Focussed on me. As hard as it’s getting, and I know how hard it’s getting... Stay here. With me.”

Obediently, and with some difficulty, you kept your eyes open, letting their words wrap tighter around your mind as you struggled to resist the urge to slip down into trance. “That’s it. Such a good toy. Already so obedient. Holding onto my words. Following instructions.”

The hand at the back of your head pulled back a little, you felt yourself tip. Your mind lurched, but they caught you. “Nearly there, sweetie. Ready for me to say it. Ready for me to tell you to...” The hand lowered, and your head, then body, then mind went with it. “Drop.”

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