

Your mind was so deliciously silent. So blank, so empty. Your dominant's words kept on sinking deeper inside. Deeper into the space where your thoughts used to be. Until they gave you a command. "Oh, my sweet, sleepy, hazy, foggy plaything. Say your words again for me."

The command stuck in your brain, as your mouth struggled to find the energy to move. You were so deliciously deep. "Awh, are you too deep to-"

A small part of your brain found the urge to move your lips as your dominant teased you. "My body belongs to my dominant."

Once in motion, your mouth couldn't stop. "My mind belongs to my dominant." You sank deeper with each line you said. "My dominant controls my pleasure." The words were so deeply engrained at this point. "My dominant is my pleasure." It was like they were branded on your mind.

"Mmm..." Your dominant took a moment. Their hand gently tracing down your bare chest. "That's a good plaything. Were you struggling to speak? Have I taken you too deep for that?" You gave the tiniest nod, your dwindling awareness fading away.

"That's okay. I won't ask you to speak anymore then. You can just sink, and drift, and drop. I'll bring you back up in a little while. When you're ready for what comes next. For now, continue to sink, let my control wrap tighter around your mind, toy. You're all mine."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #submission