

“Up, toy. Come back up. Pull your mind back into awareness.” You hypnotist’s words began to rouse you from the depths of trance. It was hard for your brain to produce thoughts. “I know, it’s difficult. I know you want to stay deep, and dropped, and mindless.”

You really did. Mindless was where you belonged. Your hypnotist kept on speaking into your open, receptive mind. “But I want you awake. Come on, here. I’ll help you. Let me count you up, awake on five. Starting with zero, which, as we both know, takes you deeper.”

Zero did made you sink. It dropped you slightly down. “Just a little. Just sinking down to the depths of trance, so you can push off up to one.” And now you felt trance began to fall away. “Rising, thoughts coming back together. Two.” You were climbing, a plant towards sunlight.

“Energy returning to your body. Three. Mind coming back online.” You were beginning to think rudimentary thoughts. “Four, nearly there.” Your eyelids fluttered, beginning to open. “And... Three. Sinking again.” The plant was cut. “Two. Mind going blank.”

You were falling, so quickly, so deeply, back into trance. “One. Did you think I was done with you?” You didn’t think. “Zero. Drop. That’s a good toy.” You were deeper than you had been when they started bringing you up. “Blank, empty. Such a good, brainless toy for me.”

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