

Your hypnotist's hands worked over your bare back. Rubbing, massaging the tension out of you. Just as they had to your arms, and legs. Your whole body felt so wonderfully heavy. So peaceful. Each movement of their hands filled you with more relaxation.

"That's a good toy. So heavy. So relaxed." Their hands moved up to your scalp. Massaging, rubbing, gently pressing. "Your whole body and mind, just putty in my hands. Soft as clay, so easy to break down and reshape. Your thoughts are so malleable right now, sweetie."

You let out a soft moan at their words, as the pressure of their hands squeezed your free will out of your brain. Your eyes rolled back. You felt so good. "There we go, toy. Give in to me, let my words and my hands deep inside your brain. Let me make some changes."

Their hands kept moving, your mind kept on melting. "That's it, such a sweet toy. Putty for me to play with. Just give in. Just sink, and drift. Feel me pulling your obedience to the forefront of your mind." Their hands moved towards your forehead, gently pressing.

You felt something shift inside your brain. It felt good to do what they told you. What they wanted. It was so easy to give in. "That's a good toy. And feel that obedience grow, as I massage it. Feel it expanding. Taking up more and more room. I want it to overtake you, toy."

The sensations were pushing out all other thought. You should obey. Of course you should obey. It just made sense. "Can you feel it, sweetie?" You nodded, slowly, and heard them laugh, gently. "That's a good toy. So eager to be controlled. So ready to be mine."

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