

“Brainwashing? You think I’ve been brainwashing you?” Your partner asked, looking up at you as they set their cup of coffee down on the table. “Awh, that’s so silly.” They stood, and cupped your cheeks with their hands, softly. “No... I’ve not been brainwashing you.”

You blinked, trying to remember... you – this hadn’t always been like this – right? Your mind was crumbling. “You just like doing what I tell you. It feels nice, doesn’t it?” It... It did. Where had your righteous indignation gone? “It feels so wonderful to let me decide things for you.”

You couldn’t get their voice out of your head. You couldn’t resist the feeling of bliss that was flowing through you. “So of course you give in. Of course, you accept my choices. Like what clothes to wear. When to work out. What to eat.” That made sense. Of course you accepted.

Your resistance had crumbled. You didn’t remember why you had been resisting your hypnotist. That was so silly. “You just surrender and accept my words.” Your head felt so heavy. Like their hands were the only thing holding you up. “Like you’re doing right now.”

They smiled, and you felt your brain grow fuzzier. Hazier. “You’re not brainwashed, toy. No. You’re far beyond that. You’re owned. You’re all mine.” A small flicker of that resistance sparked again. But it wasn’t enough, you sank back down. “Doesn’t that feel good?”

After a few moments trying to think, you nodded. “Yeah, that’s what I thought. Oh, I guess I told a lie, I had been brainwashing you. Back when you needed brainwashing. Now I don’t need to. You already do whatever I tell you. Because you’re such a good plaything, aren’t you?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistancefailed #brainwashing