

“Ah, toy, you’re trying so hard not to sink.” Your hypnotist said, one hand cupping your chin as you peered down at you. “I can see it in your eyes. The fluttering light of defiance.” They were smiling, an easy smile, in the face of your determined resistance.

“It’s cute, honestly. Because you’re staring right into my eyes, and we both know what happens when you do that. How my gaze drains your energy, makes you sleepy, and weak.” You blinked, and for just a second, your mind stumbled. Your concentration was broken.

“Ah no, keep staring. Keep showing me how good a job you’re doing at resisting.” You forced your gaze back to them. They wouldn’t make you cave. You could resist the urge to sink. Their smile widened as your eyes met theirs. “I want to see the moment that light goes out.”

They took a moment, studying you. “It’s coming. We both know it. Your resistance is like a wall without mortar.” Their hand brushed up your cheek, and then a finger came to rest on your forehead. “It might be strong at first, but with enough pressure, it crumbles.”

They began to push that finger. “And my eyes are pressure.” More force. “My words are pressure.” Just a bit more. “My power is pressure.” You tried to maintain your concentration. But everything felt overwhelming, as you focused on it all. You blinked again.

It was so much work to open your eyes. “So, slowly, ever so slowly, you’re going to feel your resistance crack, then crumble, piece by piece.” Their other hand cupped your chin again. You felt so close to them. Surrounded. “That’s it. It’s already happening.”

You tried to fight the feelings. Too late. “I can see your expression softening. You’re hanging on my words. Letting me guide you. That’s okay. It feels good, doesn’t it? Yeah, that’s it. So just keep staring, toy. Let yourself sink. Give in to me. That’s a good plaything.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #resistanceplay