

“Can you feel yourself crumbling, plaything?” Your partner said, a smirk playing across their lips. “As you *drop*.” You felt a pressure on your mind, a tugging, but you resisted it. “There you go, your trigger. Awh, you’re doing so well resisting, but I want you to *drop*.”

Your muscles longed for relaxation. That armchair was just behind you. It’d be so nice... But no. You had to resist. You had to fight the urge to sink. “And you will. I can see your eyes fluttering, your mind stumbling, you won’t be able to resist for long. Soon you’ll *drop*.”

You felt the sensation again, stronger. Your eyelids danced, weights pulling them downwards. But you pulled them back up. Your partner’s smirk widened. “Oh very good, toy. But I can see the cracks forming. You won’t be able to resist the urge to *drop* forever.”

Your thoughts derailed. You were meant to be resisting. You- Weren’t you? You were. You forced your thoughts back into motion. “And when you do, your mind is going to be wide open for me to play with. Come on. Keep on trying. Don’t *drop* just yet.” It was getting harder to fight.

Each time they said that word, your mind gave in a little more. Your eyelids grew heavier. It was getting harder and harder to resist. “Awh, is it getting difficult, honey?” They cooed “Keeping those eyes open? Staying standing?” It was. You felt so... Hazy. So... Suggestible.

“You could sit in the chair, you know. Let yourself feel comfortable, and relaxed. Why don’t you just *drop* into it?” Your legs gave out, and you half stumbled back into the comfortable chair, the fight draining out of you. “There you go. That’s better, letting me direct you.”

It was. They reached forwards, placing a finger on your forehead “Such a good toy. Just *drop* for me.” They pressed that finger forwards. Pushing that last few thoughts out of your head. “Give up. Give in. Surrender.” Your eyes drooped “*Drop*.” And then they closed.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #dropttrigger #induction