

“Awh, look at you, my sweet little plaything!” Your hypnotist said, their fingers curling under your chin, pulling your blank, glassy gaze up to meet theirs. “So perfectly mindfucked. So blissfully brainless. And the more I speak, the more you *stare...*”

They bit their lip, looking eager, wanting you. “The deeper you fall into my power. Into my control. Into trance. And I want you falling deeper, toy. I want you blank, and mindless for me. It makes you easier to program. Easier to break, and shape, and control.”

Their words were rolling over your mind, smothering your thoughts like a blanket. All that was left was your submission, your obedience. Your arousal. It felt so good, to be blank, and mindless, and obedient for them. They laughed at you, still holding your gaze.

“You look so pathetic like this, toy. You’re drooling. You’re barely able to keep your eyes open. The only thing that’s holding you to conscious awareness is me. I’m the thread, that you’re dangling from. But you’re going to drop deeper, toy. You’re going to plummet.”

Their hand was pulling away from your chin. “And when you do you’ll be completely open to my words. To my power. Ready? Go.” Their hand slipped away, and your chin dropped, your head followed, and your mind sank with both, into nothingness.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #obedience #submission #droppingdeeper