

Your hypnotist leant over you in the comfortable armchair. Their presence was intoxicating to your mind, but you were trying as hard as you could to not just give up control immediately. "Awh, sweetie... That energy of yours is a limited resource." They said.

They brushed a hand down your cheek, and you leant away from it. Resisting the urge to nuzzle into their touch. "So, you can try to struggle. Try to think. To move. But every movement, every thought, every second spent resisting, leaves you weaker."

They paused, hand dancing before your face, trying to grab your attention. You averted your gaze by closing your eyes, they'd have to try harder than that. "But if you don't resist, if you just give in... Then you're not doing a great job of fighting my control." They said.

"You are doing a good job though, toy. Resistance looks good on you. Trying to keep your free will. Trying to not just let me consume your mind. So keep fighting. Keep on struggling." Even with your eyes closed, you could feel them lean in close, their voice in your ear.

"Feel how every thought, every movement is working against you. You know that before long you're going to be too exhausted to fight." Your body sagged slightly, as the work of resisting became a little too much. "Too tired to resist." Their hand brushed your cheek again.

You didn't nuzzle into the touch, like you wanted to. But you didn't pull away. "Maybe it's already happening." Their voice was wrapping around your mind. "Maybe you can feel the tendrils of my influence wrapping around your thoughts. Burrowing deeper into your mind."

The sensations were making you moan slightly in pleasure, as they took control. "You don't want to think, do you, my sweet submissive toy? That's what I thought. Just give in. That's right. No thinking. Energy draining away. Until you're blank, and empty, mine to toy with."

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