

"There's a battle going on in your mind right now, isn't there toy?" Your hypnotist said, smirking down at you. "Two urges. The urge to obey, to keep looking me in the eyes, as I've told you to do..." They leant closer to you, their eyes holding your attention.

"And the urge to drop, to sink, to drift." Your thoughts were crumbling. It would be so nice to just let go. But they had told you to keep on staring. "Which will win, hmm? They're both getting stronger." You wanted to keep staring. But you also wanted to drop.

"I can see in the way you're desperately trying to keep eye contact with me, even as your eyelids are fluttering, your jaw is hanging, loose, limp. Here, let me help." They reached out, a single finger on your chin, holding your head up. "There you go. I've got you."

They said it with a smile. That did make it easier to keep your eyes open. It felt like, by supporting your head, they were supporting your mind. "Good... And then, I can just..." They laughed as they let go. The support vanished, just like their finger did.

And now there was no question as to which urge was winning. The implication was clear. The support for your mind was gone. So, you were expected to drop. You were expected to fall. Your eyelids closed, as your chin sank to your chest, your mind going blank.

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