

You smirked at your hypnotist as they towered over you. Your eyes met theirs, but you shrugged off their words. "Just sink, and drift, and drop, toy." They said. Your grin widened.

"You're going to have to try harder than that today." You said. You were resolute.

They weren't going to bring you down so easily.

They smiled, leaning down over you. "Oh yeah? Are you sure about that?" they were very close to you. "Are you sure that I'm going to have to try? Or will you break, like a good little plaything?"

You tried to keep your eyes on theirs. But they were so close to you. Their presence felt so overwhelming. You broke eye contact, and they brought a hand to your chin, pulling your gaze back, immediately, effortlessly. Their smile widened. "That's it. Just stare."

They gave your chin a soft squeeze, and you felt your mind buckle. All those ideas of resisting were flitting away, drifting into nothingness, at their touch. It felt like their touch was draining you of energy, of willpower. You let out a soft noise, and they laughed.

"Is that it, toy? I just have to be a little firmer with you, and you can't help but giving in? It's okay. We both know how easy you are. How weak and blank and mindless I make you." They pulled you closer, planting a kiss on your lips. "It's okay. You're mine. All mine."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistance #obedience