

"You've done so well to resist so far, plaything." Your hypnotist said, leaning over you as you sat in the chair, a hungry look in their eyes. "But I think it's time I stopped playing nice. It's time for me to focus on overpowering your weak little mind." They came in closer to you.

"Because we both know you can't resist. Not really. Not when you know how nice it feels to give in. To submit to my power and the pleasure I bring to you." You tried to keep on resisting. To keep on fighting the urge to get lost in their eyes. "All you need to do is surrender."

Your mind was stumbling. "Doesn't that sound nice? Just stare into my eyes, plaything." You found your gaze locked on to theirs, as they smiled. "That's it. Stare and feel your thoughts really begin to unwind. Let my words penetrate deeper into your mind."

You blinked, your eyelids felt so heavy all of a sudden. But... No, you had to try to resist. Didn't you? "There you go." Their hand brushed through your hair, the other was on your cheek. Their touch felt so good. "No need to think. All you need to do is sink. Sink for me, sink into me."

Your thoughts were falling apart. "Sink until there's no light left visible in your mind. Just my power. Just obedience to me. There we go. I told you that you couldn't resist when I really gave it my all." They were proving that more and more correct with every passing moment.

"When I really pushed you into trance, it was simple. All I had to do is commit, and you crumbled so easily. But that's alright. It's what I expect, sweetie. You're not strong enough to resist me. And why would you want to resist? It feels so nice to be my plaything."

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