

“Trust no one, not even yourself, toy.” Your hypnotist said, smirking down at you, sat in the big, comfy chair. “Because even as you’re doing what I told you, trying to resist my words, worming their way into your head, there’s another part of you, that *wants* to submit to me.”

Your brain froze for a moment, trying to process what they were telling you. They carried on. “That part of you *wants* to feel the bliss of giving in. Because it knows how good it feels.” You could remember how nice it felt to submit, to sink into their words.

“And the longer you resist, the more impatient that part of you is getting. The more desperately your brain wants to give in.” They took a moment to pause, studying you. “So go on, keep resisting, but just know that your mind is working against you.”

Your eyelids fluttered, feeling surprisingly heavy. You wrestled them back open. You had to keep resisting. “Oh. You can feel it, can’t you?” Your hypnotist said, laughing. “I saw the way your eyelids fluttered. You’re fighting a battle on two fronts now, plaything.”

They leant forwards, putting one hand on either side of your head. “But hey, keep trying to resist. The heavy, hazy, blank feelings, creeping through your brain will just get stronger. Your mind wants more of them. Are you ready to submit, pet? You will be soon.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #submission #brainwashing