

“Don’t fight this, toy.” Your hypnotist said, as you struggled to find any purchase on your resistance to their power over you. “You can’t fight it. Just let my words slip over your mind and pull you deeper into my control. Resistance is futile, sweetie. So, you might as well enjoy this.”

You wrenched your heavy eyes away from theirs, trying desperately to not sink into the soporific slumber. Their hand slipped under your chin, pulling your gaze back to them. Back to their eyes. “Ah, ah, ah... Naughty, toy. You’ve got to resist. But you’ve also got to obey.”

That... Didn’t make much sense to you. Though nothing was making much sense right now, as their eyes captured your attention, your mind, and your thoughts. “Just stare. And sink. But keep struggling. Don’t fight it. But resist.” You blinked. Your eyes were heavy.

“What’s wrong, sweetness? Are you getting confused? Don’t get confused. That’ll make it so much harder to resist fighting. So easy to struggle against staying up. Even as my words pull you deeper, you don’t want to slip too easily, do you toy?” They let go of your chin.

All thoughts of – well, anything – but specifically resisting, had fled your mind. They smiled, and you mirrored their expression. “There we go. I was telling you to not fight it, but really, you didn’t want to fight my power, did you, toy? You just wanted to sink for me. Such a good toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistance #confusion