

“You should know by now, that you’re going to give in eventually, honey.” Your partner said. “It’s inevitable. Each moment spent resisting my words, each second your mind keeps on trying to think, is another moment closer to collapse. To your brain switching off.”

Their fingers were drifting back and forth in front of your face. “Because it’s so tiring to resist, isn’t it? Each time you try to resist the urge to shut your eyes, to blink, you get a little weaker. Your eyelids become a little heavier.” You struggled to keep your eyes open.

You had to blink. It gave you a moment of relief, and then the struggle to keep your eyes open increased tenfold as you forced them back open. Your partner smiled. “Why keep on trying? Wouldn’t it be so easy to let those weak, heavy eyelids close down for me, and sink?”

They drifted their hand downwards, before your eyes. The motion was so easy to follow. And then your eyelids came too. An inexorable downwards pull that had your mind sinking as your eyelids drifted closed. As they shut, your partner laughed. “That’s what I thought. Good toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistance #hypnoticinduction