

The lights were bright. Shining over the room. Your hypnotist was speaking softly to you. Their words were so pleasant. "That's a good plaything. Just watch, let the light fill you with warmth. It feels so nice to relax, right? So nice to sink, and drift, and drop for me."

The lights were- were there fewer now? You couldn't tell. "Sinking so deeply, toy. Drifting into my power. My control. You don't need to think. You just need to sink. Give in to me. Be a good plaything, and obey." Your hypnotist's words were the only thing in your mind.

The lights were dim. Your hands were between your legs. The pleasure was everything. You kept on repeating your mantra. "Obedience is pleasure, pleasure is obedience." Over and over again. It was the only thing in your mind. The only thing you wanted to think.

The lights had gone out. Your mind was empty. No thoughts. No sensation. Just blankness. A vague awareness of a voice, speaking to your empty brain. Changing things. But you couldn't tell. You couldn't care. It felt good to be like this. Blank. Open. Obedient.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #obedience