

“Resistance? Oh, of course I can help you with that, sweetie.” Your hypnotist leant forwards, eyes almost twinkling with mischief. “I can help you learn to resist hypnosis. It’s really easy, okay? You just need to focus. Focus on my words.” You felt yourself tuning into them.

And as you did, you felt – this was trance, wasn’t it? Your confusion must have shown on your face, because they cut across your thoughts. “Ah – I know, you’re sinking into trance. But, paradoxically, learning to resist begins with just that! Sinking into trance, does that make sense?”

You tried to make sense of it, but already your mind was feeling sluggish. “No?” They asked, reaching forward, brushing a hand down your cheek. “That’s okay. That just means it’s working!” You opened your mouth to speak, and they pressed a finger to your lips, silencing you.

“Shh... No more speaking, honey. Just focus on my eyes.” You let yourself be pulled into their gaze. “Let me stare into your soul, and just twist a few things around for you. Let’s think about being up – If you’re up, and aware, then you’ll be listening to my voice.”

That made sense. “Which will take you down, right?” That also followed. “And if you’re down, your mind shuts off, so you stop paying attention to my words.” You- wait- Mayb- “And you don’t want that, do you, toy? No. So you come back up.” Your mind floated upwards slightly.

“Which drags you back down.” And then plummeted. “Because being up means that you’re down, and being down in trance means that you’re up, and awake.” You found yourself oscillating, up, and down, a self-perpetuating mental motion of fractionation.

They laughed, softly, as your mind was getting blanker by the second. “Awh, honey, Are you confused yet? Do you even remember what you came to me for? No? That’s okay. I’m sure we’ll figure it out. Just keep staring into my eyes, and drop for me, good plaything.”

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