

Your mind was focused on your hypnotist's lips. Venomous words dripped, slowly, softly from them, into your mind. Each one like a drop of water, eroding your willpower. Washing away your control. And you couldn't tear your eyes away. Couldn't shut them out.

You didn't want to shut them out, if you were honest. If you could be honest, if you could find any space in your mind that hadn't been flooded by them. They had moved closer now, brought their lips towards you. The proximity made every word that came from them feel... More.

More real. More powerful. More all consuming. And there was a shine to their lips. A softness. You weren't really paying attention to the words they were saying. They were just flowing into your mind, making the changes that needed to be made. But that didn't matter.

They leant down, planted their lips on yours. The moment elongated. It could have been a few seconds, or a minute, or an hour, you didn't know, you didn't care. It felt incredible. And then you were slipping, eyes closing. Still picturing their lips.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #worship #fixation #obsession