

Your partner's words were honey, a delicious nectar, covering your brain. Your thoughts felt sticky, and slow. "That's it, plaything, so hard to think, so easy to go blank, and sink, and let my words carry you away." They leant over you, one hand running down your chest.

The bed beneath you felt like it had you trapped, sucking you in to the softness and refusing to let go. You couldn't lift your arms, your legs, or your head. Not that you wanted to. You wanted to stay still, and let your partner pull you deeper and deeper into their sweet, blissful voice.

"Just let my voice carry you deeper, and deeper. No thinking. Just sinking. Slipping away into mindlessness for me. Let my voice fill the space in your mind where your thoughts used to be. Let my words take over. Let me take control. You don't want self-control, do you toy?"

You didn't have the words to answer. Their words had drowned out your thoughts long ago. You felt their hand caress your cheek. "I love seeing you like this. Helpless before me. Unable to resist. Mind and body, under my control. Ready to be played with. Toyed with. Used."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #trance