

“Okay, toy. Just sink. Just slip into trance for me.” Your hypnotist said, one hand brushing down your chest. Their words, their tone of voice, their touch made your brain go blank, so easily. “That’s it... You’re ever such a good plaything. Let your brain turn off for me.”

Your eyes were rolling upwards, as your thoughts melted into nothingness. “You don’t need to think. No, you just get to be blank, and obedient.” Their words were filling in the space where your mind had been. “It feels so good to be mindless, doesn’t it toy?”

Their hands were tracing over your skin, each touch, each downward brush of their fingers pulling you deeper. “Nod your head.” You nodded, agreeing with them. “Yes, good plaything. Just blank, and empty, and oh, so agreeable.” You wanted to agree. You wanted to obey.

“And the more you sink, the better it feels. You love this feeling, don’t you toy?” You kept nodding. Kept agreeing. “You love it when I make you feel like this. Helpless, weak, submissive. And you just keep sinking deeper, with every word I say. Such a good toy for me. “

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #submission #obedience #induction