

“Sometimes, I think you want me to break you.” Your hypnotist said, as your eyes rolled back in your head, your mind crumbling from their snap. “You claim that you want to put up a fight, but then I snap my fingers a single time and you’re blank, and brainless.”

As you managed to right your eyes, so you were looking forwards, you found their fingers, dancing before your face. They caught your attention, holding your gaze. The movements further muddled your mind. “I mean – If you wanted me to drop you, all you had to do is ask, silly.”

They paused, and you could feel their own gaze on you. Eventually, they spoke again. “But... No. You don’t want to ask, do you? That would be the equivalent of giving away your power.” Your mind wasn’t able to agree, or disagree. There were no thoughts in your head.

“No. You want to feel me rip your control from your hands. You want me to strip away your choices, your free will, and to have no option other than to give in.” That did sound nice. You wanted all of that. Or – was that because it was what they were saying? You couldn’t tell.

“I understand you pet, I see you. Of course I’ll show you over and over again that I’m stronger.” Memories half surfaced, of this happening time after time. “That you can’t resist.” It only took one trigger, and you dropped. “You’re all mine, sweetie. And we both love it.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #obedience #snapped