

“Awh, honey, shh – stop trying to think.” Your hypnotist said, pressing a finger to your lips as they shushed you. “That’s for people who have brains. And you don’t have a brain. Not right now.” Your thoughts, which had been struggling, stalled completely as they spoke.

“No. You’ve got a messy of fuzzy, hazy fog in your head. So, you can’t think, silly.” You made a noise, and they pressed their finger harder to your lips, more forcefully, silencing you effortlessly, as you looked up into their eyes. “Shh. No. I know, I know, you think you can think.”

Their smile widened, and they continued. “But if you really stop and take the time to think about it, you’ll realise that you aren’t thinking at all.” The circle of logic made what was left of your mushed up thoughts fizzle out. “You’re just repeating my words in your brain.”

You were just repeating their words in your brain. “Because that’s all you can do.” It was all you could do. “All you can do is absorb my willpower. My control. So just shh, toy. Slip into trance for me. You’re all blank. All mine, to program. To control. My plaything. My toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #thoughtstop