

"Awh, plaything, you really should come back up, out of trance for me." Your hypnotist's words were the only thing in your brain. You were so very deep. So very comfortable. "I know. I know you don't want to. I know that you just want to be blank, and brainless for me."

They were right. It felt nice to be in trance. Why did you have to come out of it? "I know that if you had it your way you'd never come out of trance." Had that been your thought? Or their desire? "If you got the choice, you'd just go about your life in a mindless daze."

Their hand brushed down your chest as they kept speaking. "Completely controlled, completely obedient. My puppet, moved by my strings." A soft moan slipped from your lips, unbidden, at the thought of that. "And, well... I mean. I am the one who controls you."

They had leant in, whispering in your ear, as their fingers traced circles on your chest. "I'm the one who owns your body, your mind. So, to be entirely fair... You *are* completely controlled." Their fingers pressed, over your heart. "Completely obedient." They pressed again.

You felt it. The obedience. You were theirs. "You're always ready to obey, even if you don't know it." The truth of their words ran through you. "My servant, my slave, ready to do whatever I tell you, whenever I tell you." They planted a kiss on your cheek, and stood back up.

"Just waiting for my word, and you'll obey." They took a moment, and the silence rolled around your brain. Without their words, there was nothing in your head. It felt... Empty. "Now, you do have to come out of trance, toy. On the count of three, wide awake, okay?"

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