

“Sweetie, plaything, just feel yourself switching off.” Your hypnotist said, one hand brushing gently down their cheek as they straddle you in the chair. “You don’t need to be anywhere else right now. You don’t need to think. You don’t need to worry, or stress.”

Their weight over you felt like a comforting blanket, pushing you down, holding you down. “You can just relax into my voice. Relax into my control.” They dragged your chin up, so your eyes were staring into theirs. “That’s it. Sink, and slip, and drift into that sweet space.”

The world outside of the chair, beyond the two of you, was fading. “That space where my words can just encircle your mind, and drag you into the depths of blissful oblivion.” They pressed your head back, your eyes rolled upwards. “Where there’s no outside world to trouble you.”

They were smiling, as you sank. “You can just be my good, obedient plaything, following along, into my control. And the deeper you sink, the more total my control over you becomes. And we both know how good my control feels. So, let go, toy. Sink, drift, drop, and submit.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #induction #submission