

“Awh, honey, are you running out of thoughts to think? Is it hard to string anything together?” Your hypnotist placed a finger to your lips, as you strained to look at them, your body so very relaxed. “Shh, pet. Hold on a little longer. Let me hunt down the last of your thoughts.”

They pushed you back into the chair, smirking. “Think of me as the hunter of your mind. Taking my prey down slowly, enjoying it. Each word is the tightening of the trap. You can’t escape this, pet.” Their smile turned warm, inviting. “But I know you don’t want to.”

“I know you want to succumb to my words. To my control. To be caught in my net, ensnared and bound to me.” They leant forwards again, hand on your chin, softly holding you so that your gaze met theirs. “And I want that too. I want you mindless. Your last thoughts snuffed out.”

They blew gently in your face, and you felt what was left of your mind wobble. Crumbling, collapsing as they blew your thoughts away. “That’s it.” Your body slumped, held up only by their hand as your mind sank. “Give in. I’ve caught you. And I’ll take such good care of you.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #induction #obedience