

“Drop, toy.” Your hypnotist said, snapping their fingers. Your hazy, foggy mind teetered for a moment, eyelids fluttering, before they shut down, and your thoughts dissolved into nothingness. Your chin sank to your chest, unable to find the energy to stay upright.

“And up!” Another snap of their fingers pulled you back up, like a string was attached to your brain.

“And down.” Your mind hadn’t even begun to form thoughts, it just plunged into empty bliss.

“And up!” You blinked, trying to find a passing scrap of awareness.

“Down.” There weren’t any to be found. No thoughts. No will to remain actively conscious. Just a yawning maw that swallowed your mind deeper and deeper with each down.

“And up.” And each up felt less and less like a real return to wakefulness. It was so hard to find any thoughts.

“Up.”

“Down.”

“Up.”

“Down.”

They were going so quickly now.

“Up.”

“Down.”

“Up.”

“Down.”

It was impossible to think.

“Up.”

“Up.”

Your brain tried to find a moment to comprehend two up commands in a row.

“Down.”

“Down.”

“Deeper down.” It didn’t matter.

You felt their hand on your forehead, and with a gentle push, they said “up!” Your mind came up as your head returned to an upright position. Your brain felt so hazy. They were smirking at you. “Right. Time to really play with you, toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #fractionation #brainwashing