

"I think it's time we test this, toy. Open your eyes. Come up for me." Your hypnotist snapped their fingers, and you felt your mind jerked upwards. Ripped from the comfortable, heavy trance space that you had been in. "There you are." They said, smiling at you.

They were sat in a chair, on the opposite side of the room. About ten steps away from where you were sat. They raised a hand, and beckoned you. "Come here, plaything. Let me get a better look at you." The command was so easy to follow. You stood.

Your mind was clear, your body refreshed, the way it always was after trance. You took a step, and then another. On the third, you felt it. The dragging on your mind. Like it was wading through waist high water. A resistance. A weakness, that spread through your body.

A fourth step, and your body felt so very tired. You weren't even halfway there. Your hypnotist smirked. "What's wrong, honey? Getting weak? Mindless?" They beckoned again. You felt that motion in your brain, tugging you forwards. You took a fifth step and stumbled to one knee.

You felt the weakness in your muscles. The sluggishness in your mind. Everything was so much effort. But your hypnotist had beckoned you forward. So, you tried to keep moving forward on your hands and knees. "That's it. Struggle for me. Even as it's so much effort. Keep going."

They towered over you in the chair. You looked up at them, met their gaze. The moment elongated as you sank into their eyes, helpless. You had no way to resist this. You didn't think you wanted to. You didn't think. They beckoned you again. You ended up on your stomach.

You crawled forwards, on the floor. Inch by inch. It was so much work. So tiring. You kept losing concentration. How long had it been? A minute? An hour? You felt their shoe on your head. "There you go, toy. You made it. Rest. Drop. Drift. Beneath me, as you should be.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnoticsuggestion #weaknesstrigger #control