

“Oh, sweetie, you don’t need to use that brain of yours, not when you’re with me.” Your hypnotist said, smiling as they looked you in the eye. “Just stare, and sink for me. Let each one of my words wrap itself tighter around your mind, as I bewitch you.”

You felt your thoughts stumble, your focus was drawn to them. “You can’t think. You can’t resist. Each word is another layer of my control.” It was like they were layering blankets on your mind, muffling your thoughts more and more, you were drowning in comfortable oblivion.

“Each moment you spend staring into my eyes is another piece of your free will obliterated. You don’t think anything, except for the words I feed into your mind.” They ran a thumb down your slack jaw, and smiled. “Just a helpless, pliable plaything for me to use, to fuck with.”

I could replace your name, your identity. I could make you believe whatever I want.” Their other hand was on your temple, drawing circles, jumbling your thoughts, made it hard to do anything but follow their soporific words. “Lucky for you, I only need one thing from you.”

“All I need you to understand right now is how turned on you are.” As they said it, the dial of desire was turning up inside you. “How each word I say makes you feel more desperate, more needy. You’re mine, toy. And I want to see how flustered and weak I can make you.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #arousal