

“Such a sleepy, mindless toy for me.” Your hypnotist’s finger brushed under your jaw, the slight tugging sensation drawing you forwards. You teetered, mind wobbling, your muscles too relaxed to provide any support. The only thing holding you up was their finger.

“And you only get sleepier, more mindless, the longer you hang on to my every word. The longer you’re left, dangling on the precipice of trance. It’s so hard to think, isn’t it? It’s so hard to comprehend anything. You’re my sleepy, mindless toy.”

The finger slipped out from under your chin. For a second you were in free-fall. Slumping forwards, mind vanished like a puff of smoke. And you continued to fall, until their other hand pulled your head to their chest. A soft landing. “There we go, that’s better, isn’t it?”

They were brushing one hand through your hair. Each repetitive stroke dragged your thoughts a little deeper. “So deep. So mindless. So wonderfully blank for me. No need to think, just need to sink, and slip, and drift away, into sweet, blissful, pleasant dreams.”

You were struggling to maintain awareness. The rhythmic brushing of your hair, the soft tone of their voice, it was all lulling you into a vague blankness. “Just dream for me. Dream of pleasure, and submission, and obedience. That’s a good, sleepy, mindless toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #submission #brainwashing