

“Oh, plaything, feel it for me.” Your hypnotist’s words sounded so good “Feel how deep you’ve sunk, and feel how much deeper you can go. Let each and every one of my words be another weight, another chain, dragging, pulling, tugging you deeper and deeper and deeper.”

Your mind had gone blank some time ago. Now it felt like something empty, and floaty, being dragged around by their words. “You don’t get to resist. You don’t get to think about why I’m doing this to you.” Your hypnotist let out a soft laugh. “No...”

You felt them press a finger to your chest. “You just get to sink into my control. Sink into my power. Sink into the sensation of your willpower slipping out of your grasp.” Your body fell deeper into relaxation. Your self-control had fled some time ago.

“I hold the strings to your mind now, toy. I can make you dance to my tune, and as you sink deeper, I want you to feel a word, blossoming in your mind.” They tapped on your forehead. “Taking up the space where your thoughts used to reside. That word is: ‘Obey’.”

*Obey.* “Feel it, resonating in your mind.” *Obey.* You could feel it, bouncing around your mind, like an image on a screensaver. “Growing, filling up the space.” *Obey.* It was instantly bigger, more noticeable. It was taking over your brain, that word. *Obey.*

“Now, whenever I tell you to ‘Obey’, you’re going to feel that word in your head again, overwhelming everything, flooding you with the need to give in.” You could already feel that need. *Obey.* “And you will. Because you’re my good toy. Because you obey.”

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