

“Okay, honey. One last time.” Your friend’s friend said. They had an easy charm about them, though that might be the point, you thought. An easy trance, to lull people into... Trance. That’s what they called it. And you had been so sure that it was nonsense, but...

“You keep on failing to resist, and it’s cost you.” They leant in, cupping your cheek with their hand, guiding your gaze back to theirs. “Hey, you doing okay? You can go if you want. This is all just part of the scene, okay?” Their tone had shifted. From casual dominance to concern.

That made you look at them, really look at them. You had been initially gauging them as someone to disprove. The way your friend had been talking made them sound so... Beyond natural. But in this moment, you were staring at a face that was very human, and quite concerned.

“I- yeah, I’m good to carry on. Why, you nervous?” You asked, trying to project some bravado. You didn’t need them to be concerned about you.

Their smile returned to their face. “Oh, no. Not nervous. Just... Well, first you lost access to your body.”

You remembered, being stuck in place, and blushed. “Then your mind...” The memory of being blank, and empty headed returned, your flush deepened. “How about next, I take away your memories?” You looked at them questioningly, but... There was a part of you that was eager.

“Yeah, fail to resist trance this time, and I’m going to remove everything that makes you, you.” You blinked, trying to piece together what that would feel like. “You’ll get it back, when we’re done, but you’re going to know what it feels like, to be my blank, obedient drone.”

They leant away a little, looking you over again. “And I know you’re going to love it. Unless that’s too rich for your blood? In which case you can walk away, knowing that you’re in my power. Knowing that I’ve managed to get to you too, just like your friend. Well, what do you say?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistance #checkin