

Something slow, and insidious, was creeping through your mind. A thought. A concept, that was overwriting everything else. Piece by piece you were being erased. Replaced. Your likes. Your dislikes. Your favourite things. Your wants. Your personality.

The thought kept on multiplying, taking over everything inside your head. You were losing track. The thought had found your pleasure, and was beginning to grow. You felt bliss, trickling through you as more of your brain was rewired. It felt so good.

And the better it felt, the easier it was to give in. To submit. To let every part of you surrender to this. Because it was encouraging you to surrender, this thought. This one word, looping, multiplying, echoing. The only thing in your brain. A command. Forceful, irresistible. *Submit*.

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