

“It’s not my fault that you’re so weak, and helpless, toy.” Your hypnotist said, smirking. “It’s not my fault that when I talk down to you, you get wet.” You whimpered. “No. But I will take advantage of it. I will push you deeper into blissful arousal, further into my control.”

Your thoughts were already so fuzzy, and their tone just made it harder to think. “It’s funny, isn’t it? You’re just a mush brained piece of shit, who’ll take whatever I give them.” Oh. Oh they were being mean. You wanted them to be wrong about you.

But they weren’t. “Because you’re wired wrong, toy. Because being insulted makes you feel good.” It did. It really did. “It feels nice to be beaten, and brainwashed. You’re a messy fucking slut, sweetie.” They took your chin in their hands, smirking at you.

“But hey, it’s okay. I’ve got all the control.” Your head sank into their chin. “All the power.” You had no self-control. You were a writhing bundle of need and desire, for them to play with. To toy with. “All you need to do is sink, and submit.” They let go, and you dropped.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #degradation #control #brainwashing