

"I can't think, my eyes are shut, I'm a dumb hypnoslut!" The words came easily to your mouth, spilling enthusiastically from your lips. You heard your hypnotist chuckle, brushing a hand down your cheek.

"Yeah you are, toy. Again. Let those words really sink into that brain."

"I can't think, my eyes are shut, I'm a dumb hypnoslut!" You giggled. You felt silly, and mindless, and oh so fucking good.

"That's it. Just keep going, plaything. Chant the words, let them resonate in your mind. Let them become the absolute truth." Your hypnotist was enjoying this. You could hear it.

The way their voice was egging you on, as you began to repeat the phrase, over, and over again. You were a dumb hypnoslut. You couldn't think. You didn't want to think. You wanted to be blank, and empty, and needy, and programmed. All for them. Their hypnoslut.

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