

You were mid rant. "I mean, yeah, sure, everyone ragged on the prequels when they came o-"

"Switch." Your hypnotist said, interrupting you, snapping their fingers. Your words died on your lips, as you sank onto your knees, looking up at them, and your friends, ready to obey.

Your hypnotist smiled down at you, reaching down, one hand under your chin. "There we go, plaything. Just like that. One word, and this is what you become." You gave them a slow smile, feeling the sensation of their hand, touching you ever so gently.

As your hypnotist took charge, your friends were watching, interestedly. "All these people to watch you slip into your true self, toy. My obedient plaything. No thoughts. No willpower. No resistance. All mine. Eyes down." They pointed to the floor, and you averted your gaze.

As you stared at their feet instead of their eyes, you felt the bliss of obedience fogging up your mind. It was so easy to sink into this sensation. They were talking to your friends, but you didn't need to hear. They'd address you when they wanted your attention.

After a few moments, that attention was required. "Eyes up, and stand up, toy." They said. You stood, and they smiled at you, and then to your friends, before pointing at the table. "Bend over. I've gone over what we're going to be doing, and everyone's in agreement."

As you moved to obey, bending yourself over the table in the middle of the room, you heard the sound of wood, some rustling, and what might have been a chain. "You're going to count the impacts, okay, toy? Let's see how long it takes for you to lose count."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obediencetrigger #submission