

"Hush, toy. I told you to be silent." Your hypnotist said, one hand pressed to your forehead, moving your head back and forth, making you so dizzy. It felt so good, you had been moaning softly. "No whimpering. No fussing." You went silent, obediently. They had commanded you.

"No desperately clinging to consciousness, and awareness." You felt your mind slip, somehow deeper. "I want you empty. Brainless. Switched off and blank for me." That hand on your forehead pressed, and your mind sank at the pressure. Deeper. Further.

"And that's exactly what you are. Because I said so." Their words were pulling tight around your brain, dragging it out of your control. "An empty-headed object, for me to fill with whatever I want. Obedience, desire, arousal, pleasure!" As they said each word, you felt the sensation.

"All of it. Anything I want." Your thoughts were breaking down completely. "Because you're mine. My toy. My plaything. I claim you, toy. I control you. You are mine. Say it."

It was so hard to speak. But they had commanded. "I-i-I'm yours..."

"Good toy." They purred. "Sink deeper."

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