

Your hypnotist looked up from their phone, where they had been looking at their calendar. “Awh, plaything, you look so desperate!” They said, reaching out, cupping your chin with their hand. “I know, you’ve been denied for so long, but hey... You’ve only got one day left!”

As they said that, your chest burned with pride. You had made it. A full year, just one more day to go. “One day, and you’ll be allowed to get off. Isn’t that nice? Won’t that be pleasant?” They met your gaze for a moment, before looking to the side, thinking.

“I mean... If you want to get off, that is. You’ve been denied for so long, it’d be a shame to break that streak, wouldn’t it?” Their gaze snapped back to yours.

“Ye- I- Umm...” Your mind was struggling to think. Their eyes bored into yours, and that made you feel so eager to agree.

They nodded, and their hand, cupping your chin, nodded your head for you. “I agree! It’d be so nice to know you’re being so, so obedient for me...” When they put it like that... It would be nice. “So why not, you can go another month?” It sounded so reasonable. But...

“What’s thirteen months when you’ve done twelve already, huh?” Yeah, you could do thirteen months. Just one more. They shook their head, reconsidering. “Though thirteen’s unlucky. We should do fourteen, to be safe. What do you say, toy?” They were smiling at you.

“Thank you, dominant, for helping me choose.” You were blushing, as their attention flooded your weak, subby brain. What else could you do but agree? You wanted to please them, even if that meant two more months of denial. It was an easy choice to make.

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