

It had become another part of your night time ritual. Just before bed. You would brush your teeth, get into your pyjamas, and then take your pillows off the bed, and kneel on them. Centring yourself for a few moments. Recalling the feeling of your partner's control.

The feeling of staring into their eyes. The sensation of your mind being pulled away from you. The blissful echoes of their voice, dancing through your head. Each moment just leaving you more obedient. More submissive. More completely theirs.

And then you begin to chant. Mantras falling from your lips. A pre-programmed pattern of words that solidify their control over you. Making you their obedient plaything. And once you began, you didn't stop. The words kept coming. Your mind kept sinking.

Each moment you spent chanting was another moment not thinking. Another moment of blissful pleasure that crept through your brain. Thoughts were gone. Now it was just blank blissful pleasure, echoing through your mind. And then they'd join you.

Towering over you, also ready for bed. Smiling down at their obedient plaything. Your partner looked incredible. Powerful. Dominant, even in their nightclothes. You were their pet. Their toy. Their plaything, and as they reached out to you, you felt so wonderfully owned.

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