

“Awh, what a good puppy you are!” Your hypnotist said. You felt a spark of excitement, joy, and then confusion at being called that. They brought a hand to your head, giving you soft scratches over your hair. A part of you thought of pulling away, but it did feel really good.

Something must have registered on your face, because they pulled their hand back, and looked concerned. “What’s up?” They asked. You took a moment, still savouring the sensation of their hand tickling through your hair.

“I- I normally wouldn’t like being called puppy.” You said.

They smiled. “Normally? So you liked it when I called you a good puppy just then?”

Again, you felt a rush of excitement at hearing them say those words. “Yeah. I- It felt different.” You said.

Their smile widened. “Good. That just means it’s working.”

“It?” You said, meeting their gaze with confusion.

“Yeah. The conditioning. The work I’m putting in to make you my good puppy.” They raised something in their hand, and pressed. It made a click noise, and your submissive feelings washed over you.

They must have seen how it affected you, because they laughed. “You are so cute like this! I’m glad you said yes to it, even if you wanted me to lock away the memories. So that’s what we’ve been doing, making you a good puppy, without you knowing!”

Your mind was reeling – you couldn’t remember that. But, that was the point, you supposed. They took your chin in their hand, smiling still. “Hush, puppy. You don’t need to worry, or think. Just let your mind sink, and drift for me. Puppies don’t worry. Just be a good puppy for me.”

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