

“Plaything, come on, we both know you’re already a hypno addict.” Your hypnotist said, smiling easily at you. I can see it in the way your mind so readily moulds itself to my suggestions. The way your eyes widen if you stare into mine for a fraction too long.”

They paused, staring into your eyes. You began to feel your brain spacing out as you sank into the sofa. “But that’s not enough. No.” You didn’t pull your gaze away. “I want you addicted to being mine. I want you desperate to hear my voice, day after day.” They leant forwards.

“I want you to be obsessed with the feeling of my hands on your skin, between your legs, in your hair.” Their hand brushed up your thigh. “I want you to be unable to get my eyes out of your mind.” Those beautiful eyes of theirs had you pinned. “And you want that too.”

You did. You couldn’t have denied it, even if you hadn’t been sinking into mindless bliss. “You want my influence branded on your brain. You want my power constantly eroding your willpower. The rest of the world won’t know.” Their hand on your thigh lifted off, as they pulled back. “

“You’ll be your regular self, day to day. But underneath? You’ll be a subby little mess. A plaything, always ready. Always eager. So needy for me. Are you ready to get started?” You nodded, and they laughed. “Of course you are. Sit back. Get comfortable, and stare into my eyes.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #addiction #brainwashing