

“Awh, toy, are you okay?” Your hypnotist asked, looking you over as they sat down. “You look a little out of it. Here, have another shot. That’ll pick you up.” They pressed the glass to your lips, and you took it, eagerly. You’d take anything they gave you, in this moment.

Your mind grew hazier, and foggier, as the liquid tumbled down your throat in a mad rush towards intoxication. Your hypnotist was laughing. “Oh, you’re so stupid, toy. Here, have the bottle.” They placed it into your hands, and you lifted it to your mouth.

The first gulp tasted sweet. But then another came. It was too sweet. Spilling over your lips, down your chin. You lowered the bottle as you swallowed, and you teetered, dizzy, mind spinning. Your hypnotist took the liquor from you, as your brain spaced out.

“There you go. I love that this doesn’t need to be real to work on you, toy. Your mind is so fucking weak. So susceptible.” They pushed your body, weakened by the ‘alcohol’ backwards onto the bed. They giggled. “And now I’ve got you right where I want you.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #forcedintoxication #perceptiontrigger #submission