

“Oh, toy, I know that you want to obey.” Your hypnotist said, casting a glance down at you. “You want to be good, don’t you?” They pulled your chin upwards, so that your eyes met theirs. As you began to sink, they kept talking. “It’s just your brain that gets in the way of that.”

“Your brain holds you back.” Their other hand slipped behind your head, cupping your skull. “So, I’ll help you out with that. Just focus on my words, and let me take your brain away. Hand it over to me, and let me take control.” You were sinking so quickly into trance.

“You don’t need to think, do you, plaything?” They gently shook your head back and forth for you, agreeing with their statement. “No... You don’t need your brain for anything right now. It’s just getting in the way.” They smirked at you, the way your eyelids fluttered.

“So, open your mind, and let me remove your brain for a while.” They squeezed the hand on the back of your head slightly, and you could swear you felt your brain fall out. It made your whole body go limp, as you lost control. “I’ll take such good care of it.”

They took a moment, considering you. “And whilst I’ve got it... Let me just make a few changes. Enlarge the obedience centres.” Their fingers danced over your head, the hand on your chin moving up to your forehead. “Shrinking the free will, there’s a good toy.”

You felt so lost in their control. It was so easy to keep on sinking. “And lastly... Let me just inject a nice, healthy dose of obsession.” They tapped one point at the very top of your skull, and pressed. And you felt something blossom within you.

It was desire. Need. Focused on them. “That’s it. I want you desperate for me. Aching, needy. I want you to feel lost without me. You understand, don’t you toy? Of course you do. Because you were already mine. My toy, my plaything. And now you’re going to be infatuated with me.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #obedience #control