

“Awh, plaything, you look so weak like that. Your hypnotist was smirking down at you as you stared up at them, mind blank, ogling them, unable to look away. “Your jaw slack, your tongue hanging out. You’re practically drooling over me! And I can’t blame you.”

They laughed, turning, giving you another angle to view them from. “No, not when I’ve brainwashed you to be obsessed, and desperate for me.” You let out a whine. You were obsessed. You were desperate. “You’re always eager for more.” You nodded, slowly.

“So of course you’re looking pathetically up at me. Like your brain’s turned to mush the second I started flaunting your favourite parts of me.” Their hands traced over their body, making sure your attention was on those parts of them. “It *has* turned to mush.”

Your brain wasn’t really responding at this point. “This is just the power I wield. Not that you mind, huh toy? No. You want to get worse for me. You want me on your brain 24/7. And before long, as you keep sinking deeper into blissful obedience, and obsession, I will be.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #obedience