

“Awh, plaything, you really can’t blame me for breaking your brain when your brain is so easy to break!” Your hypnotist laughed as you looked up at them, submission aching through your brain, mixing with a burning humiliation. You didn’t mean to be this weak.

“I mean, look at you, you’re helpless. It’s hopeless to resist.” It was. You met their gaze, and felt your mind wither. They cupped your chin with their hand, still smirking. “I can just slip my words inside your brain, and make your thoughts fall apart.” Your eyelids fluttered.

“And you look so good when you’re like this, toy.” You blushed, mind so foggy. Their touch felt so nice. “Look at you, all blank.” The few thoughts you were thinking had scattered to the wind. “I can see how desperate you are to sink, how weak you are.”

They paused, studying you. “It’s honestly a little pathetic, toy. Most people don’t want to be mindless playthings for other people.” They were grinning, looking down at you. You felt so small. So weak. So overwhelmed. “But then... You’re not most people, are you?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #degradation #submission