

“Cogito, ergo sum, toy.” Your hypnotist was standing over you, supporting your chin with a single finger. “Do you know what that means? No? You might know it in English.” They leant down, and planted a kiss on your forehead before continuing. “I think, therefore I am.”

You continued to stare blankly up at them. Thinking was impossible right now. They carried on explaining, to your empty mind. “First written by Decartes in 1637. It’s the core of knowing anything. When you don’t know anything else, you know that you think, and so, you are.”

They smirked down at you, still holding your head up. “But... You don’t think, do you, plaything?” They let go of your chin, and your head slumped, your mind reeling, unsupported. It had been blank already, now it was descending. “No... thinking’s so very far beyond you.”

“So, do you even exist?” Their words rippled through your mind, pushing you deeper into subspace. “Are you a person? Or are you an object, a toy, a thing to be used?” Their fingers slipped under your chin again, and pulled your gaze back to meet theirs

“Well... As we already covered, you don’t think, so you aren’t.” They giggled, as your mind crumbled further. It was so confusing. But as they said, you couldn’t think. “You’re not a person. You are a toy. And that’s all you’re going to be. Just an object, for me to use.”

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