

Your hypnotist ran a finger down your cheek, as you stared, blankly into space. "I've often wondered what the limits of my power over you are, toy. What changes can't I make to your mind?" Their words flowed through the space where your thoughts used to be.

"I can change your name. Your memory. I can make you physically weaker than me with just a word. " As they said each one, a memory of them doing just that entered your head. "Even now, I've stopped all the thinking that usually happens in that brain." They said, giggling.

"What can you do, huh, toy?" Their hand moved up to your hair, gently gripping. "You can't resist. You can't fight. You don't want to." That was true. This was perfection. Why would you fight it? "You want me to do whatever I want to you." Their hand in your hair gripped tighter.

They moved their hand, nodding your head for you, agreeing with them. And you did agree, because you were nodding your head. Of course. "Because you're such a good, obedient plaything, aren't you? How far could I push you? How much could I reshape you?"

Silence filled the air for a moment as they thought. They leant down, close to your ear. "Could I replace your memories?" You wanted them to. "Fundamentally alter your values?" Please. Fuck. "Mmm... No. I wouldn't. But I know I could, and that is just as hot."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #control #submission