

It was a soft touch, that brought you back up from trance. A gentle caress of your inner thigh, awakening a tingling desire in your core. A want for more touches. You made a soft moan, moving your leg towards that initial touch, and your hypnotist laughed.

“Yeah? Does that feel good, toy?” They asked. You opened your eyes, meeting their gaze, and nodded, gently, mind still reassembling itself. “Good.” They said, smiling down at you, beneath them on the bed. “But I asked you a question. And good toys answer questions. Speak.”

“I’m your good toy.” The words were out of your mouth before you could process them. You let out a blush. At the admittance, or the lack of control, you couldn’t tell.

The touch on your thigh had paused. Your hypnotist raised an eyebrow. “That’s lovely to know, plaything.”

They leant down. You couldn’t look away from their eyes. “But that wasn’t what I asked. I asked if that felt good. And I want to know, does it? Go on. Speak.” They snapped their fingers this time, the command hitting you like a lightning bolt.

“I’m your good toy.” You had tried to say something else that time. But confusingly, your mouth hadn’t said what you wanted.

Their smile widened, looking pleased. “Oh, I know you are.” Their hand was brushing your thigh again. Just enough to be distracting. “Say it again.”

The need was growing with every moment. Their eyes. Their touch, the lack of control over the words coming from your mouth... You were very aware of how turned on you were. And your mouth was moving, out of your control. Saying the same words. The only words available to you.

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