

Your vision felt... Off. Every time you tried to look away, you felt your eyes being guided back to watch your hypnotist. Even when you weren't trying to look. Sure, they were beautiful. And sure, they captured your attention a lot usually. But this was more than that.

As your eyes returned to resolutely staring at your hypnotist, they took notice of you. "Is there something you want, toy?" They asked, slipping a book mark into their book, and closing it.

There was nothing, your eyes just couldn't look away.

That was what you had wanted to say. But it's not what your mouth said. "Please brainwash me. I need to be broken and remade by you." Those were the words that slipped from your lips. And you... You agreed. Even if it wasn't what you had meant to say.

Your hypnotist laughed, checking their watch. "Oh, I suppose it has been a while, hasn't it? Very well. I'm glad to see the trigger working." They stepped over to your chair, and bent down, tilting your head back, so you were still looking into their eyes.

"I'm glad you asked me, plaything. You do need regular brainwashing. Without it, you get ever so silly. Thoughts of independence creep in. And that just won't do! So go ahead. Stare deeper, and let yourself sink. No thinking. Just letting go for me. Drifting. Dropping. Good toy."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnotictriggers #brainwashing #hypnoticamnesia