

Your hypnotist straddled you in the chair, pinning you down. "Okay, loser. Give in." There was nowhere to go, nowhere else to look but at them. "We both know you want to. We both know that you can't help but stare into my eyes whenever I talk to you like this."

As they said it, you found yourself looking them in the eyes. "And we both know how it makes you feel." Your thoughts stumbled. "Your brain turns into mush, and you lose the ability to think rationally. All that exists in your head right now is the word 'yes'. Isn't that right?"

As they said it, it became true. "Yes." The word fell from your lips.

They laughed, leaning back a little, looking you over. "Good. You're just a brainwashed plaything, aren't you?"

"Yes." It came out quicker this time. You wanted to agree. You had to agree.

"You want to sink deeper into your addiction to me, don't you?" A small part of your brain was suddenly struck by how attractive they were.

"Yes." And you did. Your conscious brain kept on fantasising about being their addicted plaything. Desperate for more of them.

They paused, still looking you over. A mischievous smile crossed their face. "What's your name, toy?"

You answered without thinking. "Yes- Mmm." But then your brain caught up. That wasn't an answer to that question. That was more complex a thought than you could have.

They cupped your cheek as you blushed. "Oh, it's okay, sweetie. I know, that's too complex a question for you right now." They nodded your head up and down in agreement with them. "You can't think of a silly thing like your name." You whimpered, and they grinned.

"Don't worry. I've got a name for you." They leant down, planting a kiss on your forehead before continuing. "Toy. That's your name from now on. Just toy." They looked you in the eyes, your mind spiralling into acceptance. Because you're my toy, aren't you?"

"Yes."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #eyefixation