

“Awh, loser, you look so good like this!” Your hypnotist’s hand slipped beneath your chin, to the thick chain collar around your neck. “So weak. So helpless! So *pathetic*.” They pulled downwards on the collar, which dragged you downwards, physically, and mentally.

Your eyes rolled as they laughed at you, kneeling before them. “Oh, you’re just so pliable. So brainwashed.” Their hand slipped back up to your chin, pulling your head upwards, your gaze towards the heavens... Where you were able to look into their eyes.

They were grinning down at you, satisfaction on their face. “You’re just so easy to push around. Your brain doesn’t even try to resist me anymore. And I can hardly blame it! Not when being my good, desperate little plaything feels *so good*.” Their hand moved upwards.

You let out a moan as they formed a fist in your hair. As your mouth opened, they swooped, spitting in your mouth. “Say thank you, plaything. Say thank you for the gift I’ve given you.”

You were whimpering, but you managed to get the words out. “Th-th-thank you...”

They let go of your hair, and you slumped down, resting on your knees, mind stunned, head bowed. “You’re so welcome, toy. I love how easy it is to order you about now. Though I guess that’s to be expected, I did spend ever so long brainwashing you, after all.”

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