

Their smile disarmed you. How could someone who smiles so sweetly be mean? That was what you had asked yourself. So, you hadn't asked many other questions about what they were asking of you. The money. The time. The service. It all felt so good to be so useful.

They leant into you at the table, gesturing to the till, telling you to pay for dinner. "Such a helpless plaything, you are. Just open your mind, as you open your wallet. You don't need to think, just hand it over. Pay for me, plaything. That's what you want to do."

The text came in at 10pm.

*"My place, now."*

Disobeying wasn't a glimmer in your mind. They ordered, you obeyed. So you arrived at theirs, thirty minutes later, and they pulled you to the bedroom, then between their legs, eager to taste them, eager to make them feel good.

Sure, you hadn't seen some of your friends as much as you should. And sure, you weren't putting your money into savings anymore. And yeah, maybe they did call on you at any time of the day. But you weren't worried. You wanted all of it. Your mind was theirs. You were theirs.

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