

“This is a good look for you, toy.” Your hypnotist said, walking around your prostrated form, as your body quivered, moans falling from your lips at the submissive pleasure that coursed through you. “On the floor... Helpless. Mindless. Lost in my control.”

Every step they took resounded through your hazy, foggy brain. “That’s it...” A boot appeared before your face. Their boot. Inches from your lips. “Kiss. Lick. Clean, toy.” They commanded. And mindlessly, eagerly, you obeyed. Each lick was another wave of submission.

It felt incredible. That submission coiled around your arousal. Directing it. As the boot lifted, you followed, still licking. You hadn’t been told to stop. Finally, you were looking up, at them, lips still on the tip of the boot. They were grinning down at you.

“Yeah, this is exactly where you belong. At my feet. Mindlessly worshipping. There isn’t a thought in that head that wasn’t place there by me, is there, toy?” You shook your head, slowly, and they laughed. “Good. So submissive. So malleable. Continue.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #submission #bootcleaning