

“What’s wrong honey?” Your hypnotist asked. You met their gaze for a moment, before looking away, feeling nervous. They took your chin in their hand, and pulled your eyes back to meet theirs.

“I... I’m worried that I’m getting too addicted to you. To your control.” You said.

It was the truth. They were occupying your mind more and more after every session. You caught yourself daydreaming about them. Longing to be kneeling before them, tranced out and mind fucked. Every day was spent counting down the hours before you next saw them.

They paused, looking down at you. A devilish smile crossing their lips. “That is... Delicious to hear, pet. That my control is seeping into your every waking hour? Lovely.” And then they faltered. “That said... I want this to be healthy. For you. For both of us.”

A moment passed. “Is it getting in the way of your day to day life?” They asked.

You shook your head. “No. I- not really. Honestly it’s kind of nice. I get to think about you and it makes my mind feel clear, blissful.”

“Not whilst you’re doing anything important, I hope.”

You shook your head. “No. No. Just... When I’ve got a moment, I like to think of you. Being under your control. It feels really good.” You said.

They smiled. “Then... If it’s not affecting your day to day life, and you’re happy with it, we can keep going.”

Their hand, still holding your chin, squeezed slightly. “If it starts to become a problem... Tell me. Okay?”

You nodded, quickly. “Yes dominant.”

A smirk curled their lips. “Good. Now, let’s get you more hooked, shall we? More desperate, more obedient. You’re mine, pet. All mine.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #checkin #hypnoticaddiction