

“Careful toy. I’m not going to be good for you.” Your hypnotist said, leaning forwards, eyes glittering dangerously. “I own things until they’re all used up, and drained. And then, they’re useless to me. I throw them out.” Their hand brushed over your thigh.

Their heat was intoxicating. Their gaze was impossible to pull away from. “But you don’t mind, do you? You want to feel that intensity. That passion. Melting your thoughts into mindlessness. Where you can’t think. Just following my commands. My good toy.”

Your brain fluttered, their words tugging on your awareness. They knew how powerful they were. How easily their voice could get you to make... Decisions you wouldn’t normally make. “That’s it, toy. You want this. You want to be silly, and stupid.”

Their hand travelled higher up your thigh. Their eyes were burning into yours. You could see their inviting smile in your peripheral vision. Your mind stumbled. You stopped caring, you didn’t want this to end. “That’s right. My good toy. Just sink, and obey.”

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