

“Hush my toy, we’re not done yet, hands away.” Your hypnotist said. Your hands slipped out from between your thighs and you let out a soft moan. They caressed your face softly. “I know, I know, it feels so good. But you’re under my control. My plaything.”

You could feel the aching desire and pleasure pulsing through you. “Just sink down, slip, and drop, deeper and deeper. Feel my words converting more and more of your mind. You’re mine, toy. All mine. Lost in my pleasure. Lost in my bliss. Lost in the joy of obedience.”

Their words tasted like honey in your brain. And you couldn’t get enough. Each pause to breathe, each moment of them waiting, was filled by need for more of them. “I love seeing you like this. Brainless. So easily toyed with. So easily played with.”

Their hand moved to your chin, pulling your face up. “Eyes open, toy.” You blinked, obeying, slowly focussing as the darkness of your eyelids was expelled. Your hypnotist was so close. Their captivating beauty was encompassing you effortlessly. You were theirs.

Of course you were. How could you do anything else than belong to their perfection? Their words and control were all movements in a symphony that wove around your body and mind. As they smirked at you. The only thing in your brain was complete and total surrender.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #brainwashing #obedience