

Your hypnotist's hand was gripping your collar, pulling you close. You looked up at them, mind foggy, hazy, filled with blissful obedience. They were grinning down at you. It was a grin of malicious intent and evil delight. "Are you ready, toy?" They asked.

Anything left in your brain flickered out, as they pulled downwards on your collar. Your mind tangled up, wrapped around their fingers, feeling them gripping your mind, just like they were gripping your collar. "Sinking, dropping, drowning in mindless bliss for me."

Your world was fading away, as you sank onto all fours. They had crouched next to you. Their fingers cupped your chin, pulling your head up. "You're so blank and brainless for me, aren't you toy?" They nodded your head, up and down, still smiling. You felt so weak. So helpless.

"Because I'm in control. I'm the one in charge of that body, of that mind. I direct, and you follow." They stood back up, towering over you. Your eyes trailed up their legs, and your mind felt so very small. "Stay down, toy. You belong on the floor." They pointed, and you obeyed.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #domination