

"And up you come, sweetness. Now, how was that?" Your hypnotist asked.

"I don't think, I'm just a good toy." You said, unconsciously. You met their gaze, puzzled.

Their eyes twinkled mischievously. "That's all well and good." They said. "But I asked how your trance was."

"I don't think, I'm just a good toy." You said again, before you could form a response. As you said it, you felt the truth of the words, even though you weren't sure why you were saying them. You had a few ideas though. Your hypnotist laughed.

"Very good, toy. Okay. If you won't answer that... What's your favourite colour?" They were smiling as they looked at you.

"I don't think, I'm just a good toy." The same line, obstructing any words coming out of your mouth. You tried to speak again.

"I don't think, I'm just a good toy." Something tugged at you again as your mouth formed the words. So that was the only thing you could say.

"Are you trying to piece it together, toy?" They asked. They were studying you, patiently.

You tried not speaking this time. But your body had other ideas. "I don't think, I'm just a good toy." Why were you looking up at them now? When had you gotten on your knees? Was this a part of the trigger? "I don't think, I'm just a good toy." You hadn't meant to speak.

You felt pleasure. Your hands were between your legs. "I don't think, I'm just a good toy." You felt so out of control. "I don't think, I'm just a good toy." You had to keep saying it. You could feel anticipation running through you, but you didn't know what for.

"I don't think, I'm just a good toy." You said again, and again. Touching yourself, looking up at them.

Finally, they responded. "And what do good toys do?"

"Good toys don't think. Good toys edge, and rub, and sink." You replied, feeling your eyes close, as you sank into trance.

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