

Your hypnotist had asked about the porn you watched, and you, sheepishly, admitted that you had stopped. "I just... You've been making me really good." You said, looking up at them, blushing. Not just the pleasure. The brainwashing, the obedience and submission. It feels so right."

A grin had crossed their face. "Oh, that's adorable, toy. Of course you stopped watching porn. I mean... I'm right here." Their eyes had fixed you with that look. The one that pinned you in place. You've got plenty of material of me to use." Their hands traced idly down their body.

"And I make you feel so much better than any piece of porn could." Their hands moved back up, cupping your chin, holding your gaze one theirs. You felt like your mind was crumbling. Their attention felt so intense. So good. "I can hardly blame you."

They laughed, gently. "After all, I brainwashed you. I made you like this. Desperate. Needy. Helpless. A slut for me, and me alone to use." One of their hands continued to hold your chin. The other was idly moving down your body, teasing you. "To toy with. To break."

You let out a soft moan as they leant forwards. Their presence was engulfing you. Overwhelming your mind. You could do nothing but stare, and sink, and obey. "You're mine, sweetie. So yeah, I think it's only fair that you only get off to me. Nothing else will feel as good, right?"

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #orgasmcontrol #brainwashing #submission