

"It's so cute, that you think you can think. Or, well, no, you don't think that, do you?" Your hypnotist was smirking down at you, strapped to the chair. "There's activity in your mind, sure, but it's only there because I put it there. Understand?" You were confused.

As you blinked up at them, they laughed. "Oh, what am I saying, of course you don't. And even if you think you do, that's just because of what I've allowed to remain in your mind." That – what? It was so hard to think. They looked so hot, towering over you. So domineering.

"You're a programmed plaything, toy. No thoughts of your own. No willpower of your own." That made sense. You didn't have to think. You didn't have control. "Do you even make your own decisions anymore? Or are they all the decisions that I've made for you?"

That gave what was left of your mind pause. Or, wait, was it your mind? No, it's their mind, they own it. "Do you remember asking what you should do? What you should eat? What you should wear? Of course not." They brushed a hand down your cheek, before cupping your chin.

"You don't get to remember it. But you live according to my rules now, sweetheart. And you're such a good, obedient plaything. It makes you feel so good. So why would you stop?" They smiled down at you. "Of course you wouldn't. It's not like you could, even if you wanted to."

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