

“Awh, look at you, such a weak, sleepy little plaything for me. A puppet, dangling on my strings. All I need to do is lift a finger and you...” Your hypnotist lifted a finger – specifically tied to a command. You knelt before them, and they smiled. “That’s it. So obedient.”

They made a vertical circular motion with one hand and your body prostrated itself before them. You felt yourself completely out of control. There was no... willpower left within you. The sound of their foot tapping on the floor signalled your body to crawl forwards.

You heard them laugh. “That’s it! You’re such a good toy. So well programmed. There’s so many triggers in that little head of yours, and you don’t even need to recognise them. Your body just follows along automatically.” They tapped you on the top of the head with one finger.

That was the trigger to kneel up. And now... Now they were sitting right in front of you. Seeming to tower over you in their chair, like a god on their throne. They leant forwards, smirking, their hand reaching under your chin, tilting your head back.

“And there’s nothing behind your eyes. Just blank, empty headed mindlessness. It’s so hot to see you like this, sweetie. All wrapped around my fingers, unable to think. Only able to follow the commands I’ve programmed into you. You’re a robot. A puppet, for my amusement.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #hypnotictriggers #programming