

"You're addicted, aren't you?" Your hypnotist said, smirking down at you as your hands moved between your legs. "Just a mindfucked, mush-brained puppet, addicted to my control." You nodded, you wanted to agree. You had to agree. That just made them laugh.

"Awh, yes pet! You're addicted to my words, as they sink deeper, and deeper into your brain. Because it feels *good* to be controlled." They pressed a finger to your forehead as they said the word 'good', making your thoughts scatter even further, your eyes rolling back.

"It feels good to give in to my words. And every time you give in, it feels better." A moan slipped from your lips, as your brain drowned in bliss. They had leant down, closer to you. "It makes you feel weaker. More helpless. More mindfucked. And that makes you want it more."

Their fingers cupped your chin, holding you, on a precipice of mindless obedience. "Eventually, you'll be trapped in this. A desperate, needy toy, who doesn't even want to escape." You couldn't begin to fathom not being in their control. "You just want to be blank, and brainwashed."

You already felt brainwashed. "Submissive and obedient. My good toy. Because that's what you are. My good toy. My obedient plaything." Their fingers pulled your chin upwards. "Hey, look into my eyes, toy. Can you feel it sinking in? My ownership? You're mine."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #addiction