

Your hypnotist laughed down at you, kneeling on the floor. "God, you're such a loser. You're such a pathetic little weakling." They said. You blushed. They weren't wrong. They made you feel so small. "All I have to do is snap and you're wrapped around my little finger."

They punctuated their words with a snap of their fingers, and you felt your mind splitting, melting and focusing at the same time. "It's a good thing for you that I like pathetic weaklings. I love it when you're all desperate, and eager, and hopeful that I'll give you what you want."

You looked up, eyes struggling to focus with the hypnotic haze coating your mind. "And I can make you more desperate, even needier, all I need to do is snap again." Another snap of their fingers. "And again." Your mind was crumbling. They were all that you could focus on.

"And again." You let out a soft little moan. They laughed. "Awh, you look like your brain is melting into a puddle of desire." You nodded, not sure if it was just obedience, or actual agreeing with their words. "Good. The more turned on you are, the less you think."

They placed their hand on your chin, their thumb caressing your cheek. "The less you think, the more I can think for you. So go ahead." They snapped again with their other hand. "Think less. And hey. You're not just a loser. Not just a weakling. You're all of those things, for me."

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