

“Brain dead, desperate toy.” Those four words were all that existed in your mind. “Brain dead, desperate toy.” They kept falling from your mouth. “Brain dead, desperate toy.” Each time they did, you were rewarded with another wave of pleasure.

“Brain dead, desperate toy.” Your thoughts had stopped long ago. You weren’t really aware of your body. “Brain dead, desperate toy.” All you could do was repeat your mantra. “Brain dead, desperate toy.” All you wanted to do was repeat the words your hypnotist had given you.

“Brain dead, desperate toy.” With every repetition you sank deeper into the mindless pleasure. “Brain dead, desperate toy.” Further into blissful obedience. “Brain dead, desperate toy.” You had lost control so long ago. “Brain dead, desperate toy.” And you didn’t care.

“Brain dead, desperate t-.” You were silenced by a finger, pressed to your lips.

“Shh, toy. You’ve done such a good job, brainwashing yourself for me. Looping your mantra, over and over again.” Your hypnotist sounded pleased. “Now, care to show me how obedient you’ve become?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #obedience #brainwashing #mantra