

You felt so deep in trance. So mindless, so blank. So completely helpless. Your hypnotist leant over you, smiling eagerly. "Say your words, toy." They said.

"I-I'm a... I'm a good toy..." Your voice felt so weak, just like your thoughts. It was so hard to muster the energy to speak.

Their smile became a laugh. "That's it. It's so hard, isn't it? So hard to speak, so hard to do anything but fall deeper for me. Say them again, toy."

"I'm a... I... I... I'm a good... toy." Somehow it had become even more effort. Everything felt like such a weight on your mind.

Your hypnotist's hand brushed down your cheek, before taking your chin, pulling your gaze up to theirs. "Again, toy. Say the words for me."

"I'magoodtoy." The words fell from your lips in a jumble, as your hypnotist let go of your chin, letting your head and mind sink back down.

They were so close to you. It felt like you were drowning in their presence. You had sunk so deep down into mindless trance. "Once more. Say the words again."

And this time, there was silence. Your mind was too far gone. The words crossed your thoughts, but your lips were still.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #repetition