

You were staring dreamily up at your hypnotist. From your position on your knees, they towered over you. You had just been telling them that you couldn't get them out of your head all day. "Gosh, I love knowing that I'm on your brain so often. It's like you're obsessed with me!"

You blushed, but didn't move. They moved their hand, dancing it in front of your eyes, capturing your attention, making your thoughts begin to slow down. "It's okay. I love having a cute little simp like to you to take advantage of." They laughed, and your blush deepened.

"It's so fun, knowing that I can ask for nearly anything, and you'll just nod your head and give it to me." Their dancing fingers stopped, resting on your forehead, just a little pressure, tilting your head back. "Your orgasms?" They released some of that pressure.

Your head began to nod, obediently, mindlessly. "Your free will?" You couldn't stop your head's motion. "Your phone?" You heard them pick it up. "All mine. I'm going to make you into such a good little brainwashed, obsessed plaything. And you're going to love it!"

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