

“You’ll think about it?” Your partner asked, one eyebrow raising quizzically as they put their book down. “Oh, plaything, that’s so cute. You don’t think, remember?” As they reminded you of that fact, your brain fogged up. The retort you were going to give died on your tongue.

“That’s it toy. That’s better. You’re so much happier when you just accept. When you don’t think about it. When you let me lead, and you follow.” A soft smile had crept across your face. It really did feel nice to not think. To just submit, and accept.

“I mean, when we look back, you were never much good at thinking, were you? No... You always did struggle. And now you’re my hypnotised plaything, decisions are so far beyond you that it’s laughable.” They did laugh at you then, and your face flushed.

“So no, you won’t think about it. You will sink, and submit, and I’ll think about it.” They went silent, pondering. “I’ve got it. Marry me chickpeas. That’ll be dinner. When you wake up, you can do the washing up, can’t you toy, whilst I get things ready?”

Slowly, you nodded your head. Their smile widened. “Good, good toy. Of course, you say yes. You love making me happy, doing the tasks I don’t want to do, because it pleases me. Okay, up on three. One, two, three!” They snapped their fingers, you blinked, awake.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #decisions