

“Oh, toy, you’re sure you want to stop? I’m sure one more shot couldn’t hurt...” Your hypnotist pressed the glass to your lips, and the vodka burned as it went down your throat. Your head was spinning. They laughed, looking down at you in the chair. “You look so fucked right now.”

They leant down, getting level with your face. “You should be more careful, sweetie, letting people...” They pressed a finger against your forehead, sending your mind spinning. “Push you around.” They were grinning. You felt so weak, so foggy headed.

Their presence always made you feel... Less than full of thought. The alcohol was making that worse. Your brain was lost, your mind was unravelling. They laughed down at you. “Oh, sweetie. It’s okay. You can trust me. I’m just going to slip some words inside your head...”

They straddled you in the chair, pinning you in place. “I’m going to make sure that you associate this feeling with me. So any time you get drunk in the future... You’ll feel my presence. Guiding you. Maybe I’ll get you to reveal some embarrassing secrets, huh?”

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