

Your hypnotist's voice was winding its way through your empty head. "I need you to understand, toy. You *are* a toy. You aren't a person right now. No. You're just a puppet." Each word they said pulled you deeper, made their control more powerful. It felt incredible.

"You are a plaything, for me to use for my amusement. An object for me to toy with, and bend, and break." They laughed, softly. "And what's so funny to me is that you don't get to think about it anymore. You said yes." You had, that was true. "And maybe that was lip service."

You had agreed to all of this. You wouldn't change that, even if you could. "Maybe you didn't think that I'd actually change you into a toy for me to play with. But I want you to feel it now. Feel the human part of you shutting down." You felt something shifting in your brain.

"Every thought, every piece of free will, all of them going offline." Your awareness reduced. It was just their words now. Other sensations were muted. "You're a toy, silly." You felt their fingers on your body, touching you. That cut through the numbness. "You're my toy."

You were their toy. That was the truth. Your truth. "And I am going to use you, over and over again, until you're worn out. And then, if you're lucky, I'll make you back into a human again. Or I'll just throw you out. Either way, you're not going to be a human for a while."

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