

You blinked. Eyes opening as you stared up at your hypnotist. You were kneeling. That realisation made you feel pleasure. The haze of trance was slowly lifting from your mind, though the memories of what that trance had been were fading with it. Something about obedience?

Your hypnotist was smiling, looking down at you. "How're you feeling, sweetie?" They asked.

"Good" Was what you meant to say. And, well, you did say it, but then your mouth kept moving. "toys obey." And you hadn't meant to say those last two words.

Your hypnotist's smile widened.

"I'm glad to hear it." They said.

"Good toys obey." You said, trying to ask what this was. But apparently, your mouth didn't want to say anything else, after those three words.

Something must have crossed your face however, your hypnotist let out a giggle. "What's wrong, toy?"

"Good toys obey." Each repetition sent a small shiver of pleasure running through you. It felt good to say those words. Just like it felt good to stay kneeling before your hypnotist.

"Are you confused about what's happening? It's okay, let me explain, toy." They said.

"Good toys o-obey." The pleasure was increasing. Your breath hitched as your mouth moved.

"Well, this is just some... Assisted conditioning. We both know that pleasure is obedience, right pet? Well, I wanted to show you that. You have your mantra. You know your place."

As they gestured down to you, you felt your mouth open. The bratty side of you tried to close it, but to no avail. "Good toys obey." The pleasure hit you again, stronger this time.

"That's it. I'm just teaching you to obey. You won't be able to resist for long, my good toy."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #conditioning #brainwashing #hypnoticamnesia