

"I'm just being nice!" You said, as your hypnotist smirked at you. "I'm just doing what you say because I'm not rude." Their eyebrows raised higher. "I... Yeah." Your reasoning died on your lips. Their eyes were locked on yours, and their smile had turned malicious.

"Is that what you think? It's just niceness?" You smelled their perfume as they leant in close. Their teeth seemed to gleam in the soft light. "Are you really thinking about it? Can you even think?" Their arm reached up, their hand gently caressing the back of your neck.

You were very close to them. Your brain was stalling. They were so pretty, so overwhelming. "If it's only you being nice... What happens when I tell you to do something not nice? Slap yourself." The sound of their fingers snapping rang through the air.

Your hand came up and struck across your cheek. That was more than you had expected. You struggled to think. "I- what-"

"Again, toy." Their hand was pinched on the back of your neck, holding you still. Your hand came again, slapping yourself on the cheek.

You couldn't tell if the embarrassment or the slaps themselves stung more. But you weren't slapping hard enough to really leave a mark. You were just... Obeying. That realisation made you feel weak in the knees. Now you were thankful for their hand at your neck.

"You see, toy?" They said, loosening their grip slightly, becoming less menacing as they leant back from you. "I can make you do whatever I want, whenever I want you to. Because I've hypnotised your brain to obey me. It's only right after all. You're my plaything, right?"

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #slapping