

"You're such a good toy, sweetie." Your hypnotist said, one hand brushing softly down your cheek. "So easy to play with. So easy to make weak, and helpless. But that's just natural, isn't it? With every gentle word, you sink deeper into my control. Deeper into my power."

"Do you know when you lost the ability to think for yourself? Do you care? Of course you don't." Your eyelids fluttered, but remained closed. It was too much effort to try to contradict them. "You think what I tell you to think. You care about what I want you to care about."

Their hand on your cheek moved to the bridge of your nose and began to make soft, slow strokes, down to the tip. "And right now, all you care about is sinking deeper. Under my thumb, under my spell." Each brush of their finger brought you deeper. Made it harder to think.

"Do you have any hope of resistance, pet?" They let out a soft laugh, that tinkled through your brain. "Of course not. Not anymore. Not unless I wanted you to." The brushes down your nose stopped, but you didn't open your eyes. You didn't do anything.

"I don't want you to resist. I want you to be blank, and empty, and mine. A good toy for me to play with. And I will play with you, pet." You heard them lean closer to you. The softness of their as they studied your face mixed with their perfume to clog your mind even more.

"Pleasure. Pain. Every trigger I can cram in that weak, helpless mind. So much brainwashing, and programming. Anything and everything I can think of. You're all mine, toy. So I'm going to turn you into whatever I want you to be, and you're going to love it, isn't that right?"

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