

“Shh puppy, pets don’t talk.” Your partner said, snapping their fingers. And instantly, your speech was revoked. They smirked down at you on your knees, and you whined up at them, meeting their gaze. “Awh, what’s wrong? Am I being mean? Shh, it’s okay.”

They pressed a finger to your lips, and you felt the slight indignation die. Replaced immediately by arousal, as your puppy headspace took over. They must have seen the change in your demeanour, as they laughed. “That’s a good pet. So very well-conditioned.”

Their hand went to your head, giving you scratches, which you leant into eagerly. They felt so good. “So very well trained. Lie down.” They said, pointing downwards. You dropped obediently to all fours, the idea of not doing what you were told a distant memory.

This headspace always made you so very focused on them. They became the centre of your attention. “Good puppy.” They snapped their fingers, and a jolt of pleasure ran through your body at the praise. “Now, roll over.” They made a small circular motion with their hand.

Your body moved without your conscious effort, pushing you onto your back, where they smiled down at you. “Such a good puppy for me.” They snapped their fingers again. A moan left your lips as the pleasure intensified. “And now I get to play with you.” They said, kneeling down.

Their hand slipped between your legs. Your moans turned into cries of pleasure. “That’s it. Just my pet. My plaything. So eager and open to my pleasure. No words. Pets don’t talk. Pets just obey, and play. Such a good, eager, responsive puppy. My good puppy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnotictrigger #pleasure #petplay