

With the collar secure, your hypnotist tugged downwards on the leash. You sank to your knees, staring up at them. "Okay, toy. You're going to have to learn. Learn how to obey. Learn how to submit. Learn how to drop, and drift, and submit to me."

They pulled on the collar again, dragging you closer to their legs. "But you can do that. I know you can. I mean, it helps that the collar makes you feel so submissive. So obedient. So weak that you can't begin to think of a reason not to follow a command..."

You just knelt, obediently watching them. Your brain felt like it was being rewired, the longer you wore the collar. Not that you minded. You wanted to be obedient. You wanted to submit. You wanted... Wanted... Was that what you wanted? Or what the collar had instilled?

You couldn't tell. Your confusion must have crept onto your face, because they laughed, bending down, and planting a kiss on your lips. That kiss made every thought in your head freeze in place. "That's better toy. It's so much easier when you stop thinking, isn't it?"

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