

Your hypnotist leant down, looking into your eyes, as you slumped, naked, in the chair. "Awh, toy! You look so cute like that. All braindead." They snapped their fingers, laughing, as your eyes rolled back. "Mushbrained." Another snap, and your mind was shutting down.

"Sleepy and docile." With a third snap, your eyes returned to look at them. Only at them. You couldn't look away. They giggled again. "It's okay though. You're not completely lost yet though! All you need to do is make sure that your hand doesn't slide down your body."

Their eyes flicked downwards for a second, as if they knew how wet you were. "If you start touching yourself, then that's when you know you've lost control. And you don't want that, do you?" They asked, reaching out, cupping your chin, and nodding your head for you.

"Oh, you do? Then you should touch yourself for me." Their other hand gave a soft tug at your wrist, and that was all it took. "Yeah... You should let all those pretty thoughts and all that self-control leak out from between your legs." You let out a moan. "Good toy."

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