

“Look at me, pet.” Your hypnotist said, cupping your cheek, gently. “Open your eyes, and look at me. I know they’re heavy.” You complied, struggling to force them open. “Good pet. I know you haven’t got a single thought behind that glassy stare.” They were smirking.

“But I want you to stare. I want you to look at me. Take every part of me in. I’m going to be your new obsession. I’ll be your first thought each morning. And the last thing in your mind when you fall asleep. And it’s going to feel so good.” They were smirking.

As they took a step back, allowing you to really see them all, they laughed. “You look so dazed, pet. That’s okay. It just lets each word sink deeper into that empty head. I want you to be obsessed with me. My pleasure. My desires.” They turned, showing different angles.

“I want each part of me burned into your mind. Feel your obsession heating up. A brand on your mind. My name, glowing red hot. You’re mine. You’re my toy. My pet. My plaything. And you’re obsessed. And each thought you have of me will make you feel good.”

You were reeling, your mind beginning to overflow with thoughts and images of them. “You’re all mine, pet. And I’m going to make sure you stay that way. An obedient, obsessed plaything for me to toy with.” They stepped closer. “Doesn’t that sound nice?”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #obsession