

“What do you want me to do to you, toy?” Your hypnotist asked, smirking down at you as they walked slowly past you, going to grab their glass of water. You thought. What did you want? Several thoughts crossed your mind, but you held back, what if-

“Speak, toy.” They snapped their fingers as they gave the command.

Your mouth opened. The fantasies spilled out. “I want you to make me moan your name. I want you to break my mind down piece by piece until there’s nothing left of the original me, then remake me.”

You tried to bring a hand up to cover your mouth, your face turning red at the fantasies you were openly admitting to them. But your hand didn’t move. More annoyingly, your mouth wouldn’t stop moving. More and more salacious, erotic thoughts left your lips.

Each wishful fantasy left you feeling more embarrassed, more ashamed. Your hypnotist stepped closer, and placed a finger to your lips. Your mouth stopped moving. They were smiling, smugly. “That’s better, you’ve given me a few things I can work with there.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnotictriggers #control #fantasies