

CN: Degradation

“Awh, plaything, you’re looking so weak like that...” Your hypnotist smirked down at you, their hand cupping your chin, pulling your gaze up. “What’s wrong? Is the arousal too much for you? Do you want to touch?” They laughed at you. “Well, too bad.”

They let go of your chin, letting you slump back, into the chair, quivering as each word they said delivered more arousal into your brain. “Someone stronger than you wouldn’t need permission. Someone smarter than you would have figured out a loophole.”

You whimpered as the arousal burned into your brain. “But you’re not strong. You’re not smart. You’re my stupid, weak, little plaything. It’s why you let me make the decisions for you. I mean, even me calling you this... Anyone else would have told me to stop.”

They were smiling at you. A hungry smile, like they would just snap you up and devour you. “But you’re not anyone else. You’re mine. My toy. You get wet when I’m mean to you. It turns you on, knowing how little control you have. You’re fucked, sweetie.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #degradation