

“Oh, you can say I manipulated you, sweetie.” Your hypnotist said, smirking at you, as you squirmed, bound to the bed. “You can say I used hypnosis, my words, to influence your mind.” They paused, scratching their chin, thinking. “That’s... True, at least partially.”

And then they leant down, climbing onto the bed with you. “But what is also true is that this all started with a choice.” They reached down, taking your chin. “Your obedience began with you saying... ‘Yes, I do want to do what my hypnotist says.’ I just... Built on that choice.”

Their fingers squeezed your chin, forcing you to look at them, to look into their eyes. “Because it feels good to obey, doesn’t it, plaything?” A part of you wanted to say that it was their hand, nodding your head. But then you would be lying to yourself.

“Yes, sweetie. It feels good to sink into sweet submissive bliss. To be blank, and mindless, and all mine.” It did. You nodded again, and they smiled. “Yes.” They cooed, softly. “So, whilst you can pout at me, saying that I’m pushing, and pushing, and pushing...”

They paused again, leaning down, getting so close to you. Their presence was overwhelming. Their scent was fogging your brain. “You always have the option of a safe word.” They said, smirking. “And until I hear one... I’ll push all I want, thank you, my sweet, submissive toy.”

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