

Inspired by @bimboxbunni

“Okay, try this one, toy.” Your hypnotist said, popping another of their chocolates in your mouth. As you bit into it, the strawberry filling coated your tastebuds, and you felt your fogged up brain flood with lust. They giggled, looking into your eyes.

“I can see the desperation, toy.” They said. This was the second of their chocolates they had given you. The first had been pure chocolate and had made your brain fuzzy and heavy. “I hope you’re enjoying your Valentine’s Day gift, toy. A sweet treat, to make you my sweet treat.”

The next was orange flavoured. This one caused your body to lock in place. The arousal still pulsed within you, even as your mind moved like your thoughts were swimming through molasses. They laughed. “You look so good like this, toy. It was worth setting up those triggers.”

They peered into their box of sweet delights, and pulled out another pure chocolate one. “Let’s see if your brain has made the effects additive, or multiplicative, shall we toy?” They said, a twinkle in their eye as they held it up to your mouth. You couldn’t stop yourself taking it.

You didn’t want to, either. You were having too much fun, letting them feed you chocolate, feed your mind commands, and triggers. Even as your mind crumbled deeper into trance, all vestiges of thought fading away, you couldn’t help but smile.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnoticfood #hypnotictriggers #obedience