

“Awh, what’s wrong?” Your hypnotist asked, an evil look in their eye. “Is your brain all turned around? You can’t remember what you were thinking, can you?” Your brain was having trouble gripping your thoughts. They kept slipping away from you. You whined.

Your hypnotist pressed a finger to your lips. “Shh, it’s okay.” Your thoughts froze, held in place by their control. “Listen to my words. I can tell you the truth.” That – that made sense. Your own thoughts were so ditzy. “I can help you understand what’s real.”

Their eyes were like magnets, pulling your attention, pulling your awareness away. “You just need to follow my voice, deeper into this bliss.” They were smiling. It felt so lovely, to be so helpless before them. “If you can’t trust your own thoughts, well, you can trust my words.”

You did trust their words. Of course you did. “It’s natural to accept my words before your own thoughts.” It was natural. “It’s perfectly reasonable that my words are your source of truth.” It was reasonable. “This is the way it’s always been.” You nodded, agreeing.

Their words were sinking so easily into your open, receptive mind. “You get confused, and stupid, and I tell you what’s happening.” Their hand was on your chin, nodding your head up and down, in agreement. “I tell you what you like. I tell you what to think.”

It was all falling into place. Of course they knew what you liked. What you should think. How could anything else be true? They were so smart. You grinned, happily, dreamily. “And you just nod, and smile, and agree. Because you’re my good, obedient toy.”

Your smile widened, and they were grinning down at you too. “That’s a good plaything. My good plaything. Just listening, just agreeing. Just sinking. It feels so good, knowing that I’m so safe, so reliable.” You felt so warm. So treasured. “You’re all mine, it just makes sense.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #control #domination