

“Awh, toy, you look adorable like this!” Your hypnotist said, their feet appearing in your vision, on the floor before you. “Scrubbing, and scrubbing, and scrubbing that floor, just as your brainwashing scrubs your thoughts away...” They giggled at you.

“And the maid dress is so cute on you.” They continued. A part of you would have blushed with embarrassment at that, it wasn’t a particularly empowering outfit. But you weren’t exactly empowered right now. No, your mind was blank, and empty.

“But... I need to talk to you, toy. So, come up!” They snapped their fingers, and you blinked. You – The floor beneath you was nearly spotless, though you could spot a single corner that you hadn’t got to yet. You gave your hypnotist your attention. “Good toy.” They said.

“I’m about to go out. I’ve put list of tasks that still need doing, okay?” They gestured to the kitchen table. “Set a timer on your phone, for you to come up at five o’clock. That’s the latest I want you going until. And don’t rush. Take your time. Enjoy your service.”

They were smiling at you. “You don’t need to get it all done today.” Their voice was soft, reassuring. You smiled back at them, and nodded. “Good, well, back to it. *Maid mode*.” The trigger took effect instantly, your mind was focussed on your tasks, unable to think of anything else.

As you got back down onto the floor, your mantra re-entered your brain. Your lips were moving, repeating the words, over and over. “Cleaning makes my brain clean.” You wanted a clean mind for them. Ready to be made dirty again, in your nightly worship.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #cleaning #submission