

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." The words were flowing helplessly from your lips.

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." It was impossible to stop chanting your mantra.

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." It felt so good to repeat.

"Yes you are, my good toy. Unable to touch. Unable to think. Only able to sink, and drift, and drop deeper into trance. Each repetition makes you sink deeper. Each repetition drills the programming in more. No touching without permission. My pleasure is your pleasure."

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." You continued to chant as your hypnotist's words flowed into your brain.

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." Your mind was shutting down, giving in.

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." Their good, obedient toy.

"And it only gets easier to sink. It only gets easier to drop. Because your body and mind want to obey me. So they take over, when you decide to be naughty. When you try to touch. They just drop you back into trance. Repeating your mantra. My good toy."

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." It felt so good to obey.

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." So good to give in.

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." So good to be blank, and brainless.

"I'm a good toy, I obey my programming." Programmed for their pleasure.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #mantra #chastity #brainwashing