

“Awh, you want me to make you worse, sweetie? Did I hear you right?” Your hypnotist asked, meeting your gaze.

In that moment, there was clarity. Certainty. You wanted them to make you needier. Weaker. More desperate. To flood you with porn and pleasure. “Yes dominant.” You said.

They smirked, raising a hand before your eyes. “Good. Then drop.” They snapped their fingers. “I will make you worse, toy. I’m going to slip my control so deep into your mind that you won’t be able to ever escape my grasp.” Their hand brushed down your cheek.

“And you won’t want to. You’re going to feel so good. So perfect. So blissed out that you won’t be able to think what I don’t want you to think.” You felt your mind fluttering, dancing, no longer sinking, just floating in trance, until their hand moved downwards once again.

“Just keep sinking, toy. This is going to be a long process, but it’ll be very worth it. I am going to make you worse. I’m going to make you so needy, so desperate. But not just for porn. Not just for pleasure.” Your hypnotist paused, and you could almost hear their smirk.

“For me. All for me. I know that you’re attracted to me. It’s why we’re here. But I’m going to make that stronger. An infatuation, an obsession. Consuming your every waking thought. Porn of other people isn’t going to interest you any more, toy. It’s all about me now.”

As their words continued to sink into your brain, you felt images of them in various poses, memories of their touch, all bubbling to the surface of your mind. You let out a soft moan as their hand went between your legs. “Oh yes toy. This is going to be so fun, for both of us.”

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