

“Oh, plaything, are you feeling confused? Is it hard to think for me? It’s okay. I don’t need you to think. I just need to you answer.” Your hypnotist’s hand brushed up your chin, then your cheek, tenderly. They held your gaze, almost reverently. “Okay, let’s test this.”

They leant back in their chair again. “Computer, what day is it?” As they spoke, the fog in your brain cleared away, rapidly.

“Today is Monday, my dominant.” The words left your lips, and as they did, you felt joy, rising in your brain. It felt good to help.

That joy remained, even as the ability to think was taken away from you once more, as the question faded from your mind.

“Good, such a good toy.” They said, smiling. “Computer, what year did the battle of hastings take place in?”

Once again, the bliss being able to think, directed thoughts, at least, returned to you. “The battle of hastings took place in 1066, my dominant.”

The words left your lips, and you returned, once again, to thoughtlessness. A blank, empty-headed state, that felt so good.

Your hypnotist’s grin had widened. “Excellent, my blank, obedient plaything. I love being able to just input commands. It’s cute. Now, let’s try something a bit more complicated. Computer, get me a coffee.” The spark of thought returned, and you stood, ready to obey.

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