

“You’ve been letting my thoughts linger in your head, haven’t you, plaything?” Your hypnotist asked, eyes greedily roaming over your frozen form, laid out naked on the bed. “Didn’t I warn you about that?” They had pulled the earphones from your ears.

You could still hear their voice, in the file you had been listening to. Your brain felt... Squishy. Malleable and weak. “You keep on sinking, you’re going to keep on wanting to sink. And the more that happens... The more you’re going to feel that you need it.”

They placed the earphones on the bed, and then began to trace one hand down your body, slowly. “But... We both know you want that. You want to be needy. You want to be helpless. Addicted. Mine. I guess it’s my fault. And you always did like things that were bad for you.”

Their hand had slipped between your legs. A light touch that elicited a gasp from you. It felt so good to be touched by them. “There we go. You’re still so fucked up from the file. If I wanted to, I could have you eating from the palm of my hand. You’re lucky I’m nice, toy.”

Another touch, another rush of pleasure that dragged a moan from your lips. “I’m so nice. I let you feel so good. I give you so much pleasure. And all it costs you is your mind. Your control. Your power. You give it all to me. But you don’t care, do you? It feels too good.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing