

“Awh, do-gooder, you’ve fallen into my trap.” The voice came from behind you. You hadn’t noticed your opponent, your villain, approaching. You hadn’t been able to look away from the screen, you hadn’t been able to stop touching yourself, the pleasure washing over you.

“But that’s what you get for trying to enter my home without my permission.” They said. You were stuck, on your knees, staring into the spiral, pleasuring yourself. “You thought you were so clever, figuring out where my lair was, didn’t you, do-gooder?”

A soft whimper escaped your lips as you felt them slipping a collar around your neck, and fastening it in place. “You didn’t notice the soft subliminals that I have playing through this place. The gentle scents and perfumes, designed to relax you. No. You thought you could just walk in.”

The collar felt so good. It was so easy to listen to their words. “Did you ever consider that I wanted you to walk in? Unafraid? Unguarded. All I have is powers of manipulation. Nothing compared to the strength of your own powers, am I right?” Their hand went to your hair.

As they nodded your head, up and down with one hand, and kept the collar pulled just enough to make you notice it with the other, you felt something in you shifting. A small flicker of resistance. This wasn’t you. You could resist them. “You’re right.” You said.

Their laughter was cut short as you managed to finally pull your gaze away from that damned screen. The spinning spiral. The pretty colours that were so easy to- no. You had to not think about it. “Thanks for coming out of your throne room to meet me.” You said.

They had stopped laughing, although their smirk was still playing across their face. “Oh, but of course, I had to see my latest plaything.” They said.

You took a step closer to them, the leash in their hand going slack. “I’m not your plaything.”

Their smirk widened. “Oh no?” They met your gaze. You could see the spiral reflected in their eyes. You looked away.

“I’m taking you in.” You took a step closer, and felt them pull the leash downwards.

“Kneel, pet.”

With those two words, and that pull, you felt yourself crumple. A faint buzzing sensation was filling your brain. A fog that warped your thoughts, made them impossible to cling on to. You looked up at your villain, trying to find that spark of resistance, but it wasn’t there.

All that existed was adoration, and bliss. Your hands slipped back between your legs as they laughed down at you. “Awh, silly little do-gooder! Your days of being a hero are over. You’re going to do good for me now. And the first part of that is accepting more brainwashing.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #herovsvillain #pleasure #brainwashing