

“Awh, plaything, you look so cute like this!” Your hypnotist said, pulling your chin so your gaze was directed to the mirror. You barely recognised yourself. Your mind was struggling to think already, but that... Creature in the mirror, so needy, so desperate, was barely you.

Their hand brushed down your cheek. The thing nuzzled into it. Their touch was something that your brainwashed brain could comprehend. Soft. Warm. Enticing. “That’s it cutie. Give in to your desires for me. Let go of your inhibitions. Touch.” A light sparked in the creature’s face.

Joy. Its hands were slipping between its legs, touching, hungry for the pleasure, unable to resist. So eager to give in. Your hypnotist was smiling. “That’s right, so easy to let go for me. To give up being a person. You don’t want to be a person. Just my plaything.”

And that’s what you were. The only thing your mind could comprehend. You and that creature in the mirror were both your hypnotist’s plaything. Pleasure ruled both of you, and your hypnotist controlled that, looped around your mind like the collar at the creature’s neck.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #dehumanisation #control