

"I..." The words were stuck in your mind. The wheels in your brain weren't turning. "I..." They were there. They were the truth. You just couldn't say them. It was an itch that you couldn't scratch. "I..." But you *had* to say them. You needed to. If only they could be unstuck.

Your hypnotist tapped you on the forehead, and said a single word. "Release."

"I'm your good toy." The words were unleashed. "I'm your good toy." Rushing from you, easily, effortlessly. "I'm your good toy." It felt so good to finally be able to say them.

"And pause." Your hypnotist said, tapping you on the forehead again, with a giggle. "Awh, you looked like you were enjoying yourself there, sweetie. Like you could have gone your whole life without saying another sentence. But now I've locked your mind up again..."

Their smile was teasing. They knew exactly what this was doing to you. The need, the desire. They had given you a command to repeat those words. A compulsion. And they were interfering with that compulsion. "Release." They said, finally tapping you on the forehead.

Your mouth opened. "I'm you-"

Only for them to tap you on the forehead immediately after. "And pause."

Your brain felt like it had been sent through a loop de loop. You blinked a few times, and then pouted at them, which made them laugh. "Come on honey, didn't you expect that?"

They leant down, still smiling. "You're so much fun to tease, and torment. You give these cute little expressions. Those sweet moans. Like you're begging, pleading for more. And I give you more. More of what you want. Because you do *like* to be tormented, don't you pet?"

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #teasing