

“Open your eyes, toy.” Your hypnotist said, their hand gently cupping your chin and pulling your gaze up to meet theirs. “Focus on me. What are you?”

Mind still reeling from trance, you struggled to speak, but the words came out. “I’m- I’m your good toy...”

Your voice was monotone, emotionless. They smiled. “Good toy. What do you do?”

“I... I obey.” The words felt natural. You did obey.

“Who do you belong to?”

“I belong to you.” As those words fell out of your mouth, a slight hint of desperation fluttered into your voice.

That desperation was echoing the pleasure that had begun to hum through your body.

Your hypnotist’s smile widened. “That’s right. You’re my good toy. You obey, and you belong to me.” They planted a soft kiss on your lips. “And I’m going to make sure your entire being knows it.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #repetition #mantras