

"Oh, look at *you*, toy." Your hypnotist said, looking down at you as you knelt before them, pleadingly. "Back again. Desperate. Wanting." They reached down, cupping your chin. They pulled your gaze up to meet theirs, and you let out a whimper. "You pathetic thing."

Their words, their attention felt like a soothing balm. "You need me, don't you?" You nodded, and they grinned. "You need my words. You need my control. You need to feel the blissful feelings washing over you, again, and again, and again, don't you?"

You nodded again, eagerly. Just being in their presence made you feel good. They laughed. "Gods, toy. Remember when we started this? You said you weren't gonna get addicted." You... Did you remember saying that? You that felt like a different century.

"You said you were made of stronger stuff. But now look at you, hanging on my every word." They were right. You couldn't fight against their voice, flowing into your brain. You didn't want to. "Letting me change you, shape you, mould you." You wanted more.

"And you just can't get enough, can you?" They shook your head for you, still smirking down at you. "No. You're spiralling deeper into this addiction. Deeper into my power." You let out a whine. "Shh, I know, I know, it feels so good. Just keep sinking, dummy. You're all mine."

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