

Your hypnotist let you sink back into the bed, eyes closed, body limp. Your mind was empty, except for their words. "Now, toy, do you understand what comes next?" They said, one hand idly brushing down your chest. The sensation felt so good. A soft tingle of warmth.

"You've been ever so good for me, sinking so blissfully into sweet surrender. Letting me pull all those silly thoughts out of that head, and breaking you into nothingness." Their hand on your chest came up to your cheek, holding you tenderly, gently. You melted into that touch.

"Well, plaything, now that you are all blank, and brainless, it's time to refill that brain of yours. But don't worry, I won't be giving you back your original mind." They laughed, and their hand slipped down to your chin, gripping slightly tighter. "No, that's mine."

Their voice sank into your mind. "I want to drag those sweet sensations of submission and obedience to the surface. I want you eager, and desperate to be told what to do. Because a good toy finds purpose in service. And you are going to love how good it feels to be my good toy."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #control #submission