

The pleasure was overwhelming. Your mind was crumbling, dissolving, coming apart at the seams. Your legs were trembling as your hands continued to tease and torment you, drawing you inexorably closer to the precipice of blissful release. Until a single word hit your ears.

“Stop.” Your hypnotist’s word was law. You couldn’t help but obey. You were panting, still trembling. But your hands, obediently, had withdrawn. “Good. Let me get a look at you, toy.” They took your chin in their hand, tilting your head to either side.

“You’re such a mess. But you know that, don’t you?” Their thumb trailed across the drool on your chin. “And it’s not like you can do anything about it. No. A brainless pet like you just gets messier. Gets weaker. They had leant down, their eyes boring into yours.

The eye contact made your brain, which had been trying to reassemble itself, turn to liquid, melting into mindlessness all over again. They grinned, chuckling gently. “Good. I love knowing that you know your place. Beneath me. Mindless. Messy. A blank, brainless pet. Mine.”

They stood back up. “Continue.” They said. Instantly your hands returned to teasing you, one between your legs, the other roaming over your body, finding places to touch, to drive you wild. They laughed again. “Messier, and messier. Such a good pet for me.”

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