

“What were we talking about? I can’t remember.” You said.

“Remember?” Your hypnotist laughed. “Of course you can’t remember. You don’t need your memories right now, I’m here. And so, you can just be a blank, mindless little plaything for me to toy with, can’t you?”

“I... I-” Your brain stalled as they leant in, pressing a finger to your lips.

“Shh. Go blank. No thoughts. No memories. Just this moment, right here, with me. Just blank, blissful obedience. Submit, toy.” They pressed you backwards, and you slumped into the sofa.

“That’s it. Just sink. You sink so easily for me by this point. You’re all mine. My plaything. My toy. Helpless before my words, before my power.” Your thoughts had disappeared so quickly. Their control was like a leash, bound tight around your mind.

“I love doing this to you, plaything.” They planted a kiss on your cheek. “Wiping your mind. Erasing your memories. Leaving you as a blank slate. A shell of a human that I can program. Because that’s what I want. What I need. And all you need is my control.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnoticamnesia #control #brainwashing