

The pleasure you were feeling was bubbling out of your mouth, moans falling from your lips. Your hypnotist leant over you, hands continuing to dance, and tease across your body. "Oh, I know, it feels good, doesn't it? That's it. Just keep getting lost in the pleasure."

"The pleasure makes it hard to think." It did. Your mind felt so fuzzy, and hazy. "But that's okay. You don't need to think, do you?" Their hand slowed for a moment, and you let out a whine of desperation, which made them laugh. "No... You just need to feel good."

"So, let go, toy. Sink into the bliss. Submit to the pleasure." You felt yourself being dragged deeper into the feelings that their hands were bringing to you. "Let it soak into your brain, paving the way for my words." You felt your thoughts continuing to fizzle out.

"Once you do, that's when I can start remaking you, reshaping you with pleasure. Doesn't that sound nice, darling?" It did, it really did. "Being my pleasure addled plaything, so blank, and brainless." You could feel it already, you didn't have a brain right now.

"Your mind will be a ready receptacle for my words, carved out by the bliss I've given you." Their hands kept moving, kept teasing. You were trembling, it felt incredible. "Yeah, sweetie. I know, you're going to be such a good subject for me. My sweet, obedient pleasure puppet."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #obedience #pleasure