

Your eyes rolled back in your head, as your hand continued to bring you to ever rising heights of pleasure. Your hypnotist laughed at you, as you moaned. "That's it..." They said. "There's nothing wrong with being my weak little plaything, is there, toy?"

You... You couldn't find anything wrong with it. Not that you could really think right now. "No... Not when you feel so good. That's it. Just keep moving your hand, fucking yourself into a sweet, susceptible state. I want you desperate, and needy, and oh so fucking weak for me."

Their words sounded so nice. So easy to listen to. "Because when you're like this, you're at your most malleable. You're not on the edge, you're just floating in a sea of pleasure for me. And you'll agree with anything I say in this state, won't you?" You nodded your head.

You felt so eager to obey. So willing to submit. "Good toy, that's it. Just sink deeper into the pleasure. Let my voice, my words, get more deeply intertwined with your brain. You're so easily mouldable, toy." Their hands moved to your head, gently massaging your thoughts away.

"If I wanted to, I could take away the idea of cumming from your brain. You wouldn't know what it was. You'd just be a pleasure puppet, lost forever in this bliss." That sounded so fucking hot. To be so controlled that they took away something like that? Incredible.

"But I wouldn't do that... Would I?" They paused, still massaging your scalp. "Maybe I would. Maybe I'd break your fucking brain into pieces, take out what I deem as non-essential, and then replace it all with whatever I see fit. You wouldn't have a choice, would you, toy?"

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