

“Braindead... Sexdumb.” Those two words, looping in your brain. Falling from your lips. Over and over again.

“That’s it...” Your hypnotist said. “Sinking into your mantra, toy. Sinking into the repetition. Just letting yourself get lost in the sensations it creates.”

“Braindead...” Was the next word from your lips.

They laughed at you. “You *are* braindead. Stupid... Dumb... Ditzzy.”

Their words inflamed a horny part of your brain. It was responding to them, not you. “Sexdumb.”

“And Sex dumb... Yeah, that’s appropriate.” You felt them cup your chin, examining you.

Braindead... Sexdumb...”

“Your sex is doing all the thinking for you after all.” They said. “Any thought your brain tries to have gets redirected, arriving between your legs as a wave of pleasure and arousal.” As they said it, you felt it. The pleasure, the lust, trickling in.

“And it just feels so good, to brainwash yourself deeper. The more you repeat those words, the more totally they encompass your mind, until there’s nothing left.”

“Braindead. Sexdumb.” Nothing else exists.

“Braindead, sexdumb.” They said. “Good toy. Deeper and deeper.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #pleasure #mantra