

“You’re so very deep in trance toy, that I have to wonder, what’s left of you?” Your hypnotist asked. Anything? Nothing? I know your body is still before me, but... That’s not the same, is it?” A part of you was aware of them leaning over you on the bed.

“It’s not the same as your mind, which is currently in tatters.” That was true. You were so deep that thinking was a distant memory, and memory was even more distant than thinking. “Each and every word I say pulls another thread from your thoughts and sends it spiralling away.”

So, where does that leave you, toy? Blank. Brainless. Unmade.” Each of their words hit the space where your mind had been, exerting pressure that pushed you further into this state. “There’s nothing left of you. But you don’t need that, do you?”

They brushed a hand down your chest, feeling you. The sensation felt alien. “You don’t need to exist, right now. You can just be an object, your body, there to fulfil my desires, my needs. I’ll give you your mind back, don’t worry, toy. I just need to make some... Adjustments.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #deepness