

You let out a soft moan as you continued to mindlessly tease yourself. Your hypnotist for the scene, someone new, laughed gently. "You sound so good like this, sweet toy. I love how each touch makes you dumber. Each rub breaks your brain more and more." They said.

"Each movement of that hand just pulls more and more of your brainpower out of that head and down between your legs." They leant forwards, eyes roaming over you eagerly. "But let's be honest, you weren't doing much thinking with your brain, were you?"

They got closer, eyes boring into yours. "No. Your sex has always ruled you, and when I offered you pleasure... You had to have some." Their smile was gleeful. They were loving seeing you unmake yourself with pleasure. Mind too stupefied to stop. "But now you're here."

They leant back, eyes once more scanning over you, seeing how you trembled as the pleasure grew. "Trapped in my spell, losing more and more of your braincells." They paused for a moment, before continuing. "Actually... Trapped isn't the right word, is it?"

With a soft laugh, they cupped your cheek in one hand. "You're too much of a pleasure junkie to want to leave, even if you could. But that's alright. I'm looking forward to hearing what those moans of pleasure become when you've lost everything but my bliss, my new toy."

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