

“Awh, what’s wrong honey?” Your partner said. “Did you forget what we were talking about?” You nodded, mind feeling so foggy. “That’s okay, just keep sinking, and drifting for me. You don’t need to focus on what I’m saying. Just let the words float into your mind.”

Their words felt like a warm blanket, settling over your brain. “Doesn’t it feel good, sweetie? Can’t you feel the pleasure? The bliss? The delightful touch of my control on your mind?” You could. You let out a soft moan of delight as you sank deeper.

“And don’t you want more, toy? More pleasure? More of this? I know you do. Touch yourself for me, toy.” Their words were like strings attached to your muscles, moving you as they desired, hands drifting between your legs, easily. Obediently. They were smiling down at you.

“That’s it. Just touch, and rub, and forget. Forget what we were talking about. Forget your thoughts. Forget the worries and stresses of daily life. Just keep sinking, and drifting, and dropping for me. You don’t need to think. You just need to sink. You just need to forget.”

You were drowning in the pleasure, in the mindlessness, in the foggy haze of forgetfulness. You heard their fingers click, and everything crystalised for a moment. “Fade, toy.” And then it was a new moment, you were lost. “Awh, what’s wrong honey?” your partner said.

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