

You were floating in bliss. An ocean of pleasure that absorbed every thought you tried to think. Not that you needed to think. Your hypnotist could think for you. It felt good when they did that. They were so close to you. They laughed. "You're such an addict toy." They said.

"Addicted to my voice. To my body. To the way I make you feel." It was true. What had started as desire had turned into an unquenchable need. "I can't blame you. I did this to you, after all." That was also true. It had been their words, their control, which had lit this spark.

"I made you all weak, and needy. I made your mind begin to float, and drift, whenever I started speaking to you like this." Your awareness was dragged deeper down, into this endless abyss of pleasure. "You're just a brainwashed plaything. It's not your fault."

Their words sounded so nice. So appealing. You couldn't help but sink deeper. It felt so good to give up control. "But you can't stop. Not now. Not when you know how good it feels to give in." You didn't want to stop, not ever. Mindlessness was the only thing that you wanted.

"So, keep going. Sink into this blissful oblivion, toy." The chains and ropes of their words bound your mind tighter, dragging you still deeper. "No thinking. Just sinking, and drifting, and dropping for me." You let out a soft moan of bliss. "Good pet, let's see just how addicted you can become."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #addiction #pleasure #brainwashing