

“Plaything, toy, you’ve got to be more careful than this. I mean...” Your partner sounded so smug, as they watched you staring into the tablet. “You gave me access to your phone and you thought... What? That I wouldn’t leave it as a little hypnotic trap?”

They took a moment, walking around you, sat, locked in place at the table. Unable to do anything but stare, and listen. “Or... Well. Clearly you didn’t think. No. You weren’t thinking when you let me have that access. You weren’t thinking when you picked up your phone.”

You felt them wrap their arms around your shoulders, holding one hand up before your eyes. “And you’re not thinking now. So just... Drop for me.” They snapped their fingers, and your eyes rolled up, before closing “Good toy. Now, it’s time to forget that this happened.”

Their grip on your mind was such that you already felt your memory of this happening, opening your phone to find an entrancing spiral playing, fading away. “Letting it retreat out of your mind, so that I can use this again, and again, and again on you. Letting me toy with you so easily.”

The memory was gone. There was just a jumbled fuzziness now. You felt them take something out of your hands, and then heard something placed on the table, before they brought you up. “Awake! Hi honey, you should check your phone, I think you got a message whilst you were under.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #hypnoticamnesia #hypnotrap