

“Just focus, toy, on each wave of pleasure. Each little burst of bliss.” Your hypnotist’s hands were gliding over your body, teasing all the places you loved to be touched. Their voice had already captured your attention, now they wanted to really get deep into your brain.

“Each touch just wipes away more and more of you.” One of their hands slid between your legs. You breath hitched, you heard them let out a laugh as they began to tease in earnest. “You don’t need memories. You don’t need self control.” Their words were drilling down deeper.

“Your personality, and identity are just wasted space that could be pleasure, and obedience to me.” You had no way of resisting. They were in control, you were in their power. “Give them up, my sweet toy. Offer them up to me, as the pleasure grows.” You were moaning by now.

“Let me unmake you, piece by piece, more and more with every incredible piece of delight that I feed into that unravelling mind of yours. You’re all mine toy. You’re my plaything. and I’m going to make sure you can’t remember anything else by the time I’m done with you.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #pleasure #control