

Your hypnotist held their finger up, hovering above your forehead. You couldn't look away. Your mind was feeling slightly melty as you hung on to their every word. "Are you ready, toy?" They asked. "I'm going to start tapping on your forehead soon."

They wagged the finger gently, emphasising the imminent contact. "And with each tap, you're going to feel it sinking deeper into your brain. Scrambling your ability to think. To resist. To comprehend or process anything. Does that sound good, my sweet toy?"

You nodded slightly, grinning a little. It sounded so hot to your hypnotised, blank mind. "Of course, it won't be a purely comfortable experience. You might feel a little pain, with each tap. But that's okay. Because pain is pleasure, isn't that right, honey?"

"Pain is pleasure." You said, the mantra echoing in your head.

They laughed, softly. Sadistically. "Good toy. Now then. Let's begin." They said, leaning closer to you. Their finger made contact, and you felt it resonate through your skull. Vibrating the few remaining thoughts loose.

Even as they retracted their finger, you could still feel it. And as it tapped again, you felt a small jolt of pain, that rippled down your body as pleasure. Your mind was trembling. With the third tap, the pain increased, but so did the pleasure. A moan left your lips as your brain crumbled.

On the fourth tap, your eyes had rolled back in your head, as you felt their finger piercing deeper into your skull. Further into your brain. Deleting your mind, your free will. The fifth tap came, and your brain was disintegrating, vibrating into their finger, and coming undone.

They paused, wiping away a little drool that had fallen out of your mouth. Their finger was still on your forehead. You moaned again as the pleasure and pain rippled through you. "Does that feel good, toy? I can see that it does. Don't worry. We're just getting started."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pain #pleasure #mindfuck