

“Slow it down, toy. We shouldn’t rush into this. The slow erosion of your mind should be... Savoured.” Your hypnotist was smirking as they licked the lollipop. “Which is why, as you watch me lick, and lick, and lick your mind away, you are going to keep on watching.

They took another lick, and you felt your brain tremble, feeling their tongue running over it. “That’s it. I want you to feel as my sweetened saliva soaks into your mind. Infecting you with candied thoughts. So sticky. Making all those thoughts clump together.”

They took a long suck on the lollipop, relishing the flavour. Your eyes rolled up, feeling the pressure, the wetness engulfing your brain. “I love doing this to you, toy. Intention, suggestion, and hypnotic control is all it takes.” Your mind was crumbling.

“Your brain tastes so good, toy!” They said, pulling the lollipop from between their lips, and examining it. “It is shrinking! Good. Soon there won’t be any of your brain left. I’ll have eaten the whole thing.” They held the lollipop up to you. “You’re so weak, pet.”

All you could do is nod in agreement. They brought the sweet back to their lips, but paused, thinking. “I wonder, what would happen if I...” They put the lollipop between their teeth, and bit. With a crack, shards flew off. You could see the lollipop fracturing, disintegrating.

They smiled, and with a crunch, the lollipop collapsed. Your mind was fractured, just like the sweet. They pulled the stick from their lips, and held it aloft. “There we go, toy. Your mind, eaten. I couldn’t help myself. You were too delicious. And now... You’re ready.”

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