

You blinked, opening your eyes as the newcomer stood back up. “Now, toy, what do we say when someone does something nice for us?” Your hypnotist asked, running their hand down your buttocks, where the marks the stranger had left were still stinging.

“Th-thank youu...” You managed to say. Thinking was difficult, especially with the trigger your hypnotist had put on you for this party. Every impact, from anyone, pulled you deeper into a blank, brainless, bimbo headspace. You giggled, the pain sparkling across your backside.

“Such a good toy...” Your hypnotist said, before turning, and bidding goodbye to the person who had been hitting you. As they left, your hypnotist sat back down on the bed, next to you. “I think it’s nearly time to wrap up, plaything. People are heading home in half an hour.”

They wrapped an arm around you, pulling you into them. “And we need to do aftercare.” You pouted. You had been having so much fun. You had lost track of how many people had been hitting you. That said, counting was quite a bit beyond you right now, so that wasn’t saying much.

Your hypnotist recognised your body language, and pulled back slightly, letting you have the room you wanted. “I’ll give you some more time in this headspace, but in ten minutes, we need to start getting you back to your usual self, yeah?” They cared, so much. It made you smile.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #playparty #impact #aftercare