

CW: Addiction

You leant back in your bed, and hit play on the file your hypnotist had sent you. Their voice began playing through your headphones. "Awh, what a good toy you are. Opening this without me telling you what it was." You blushed, they knew you too well.

"That's okay. I knew you wouldn't be able to resist. I know how much you love my voice. How much you need it. Each one of my words dripping into your emptying mind, filling you with pleasure." They were right. You could feel your thoughts draining away before their words.

And it felt so good. So easy. So right. "You're my good toy. You just give in. You just submit. My voice takes control. You don't need to think, you just need to sink deeper." Each phrase was one you were conditioned to, and each one pulled you deeper.

"Touch yourself toy. I know how needy you are. How weak you are. Just touch, and brainwash yourself with pleasure." Your hands moved obediently, slipping between your legs. "My voice, your hands, intertwining to send your body deeper into bliss."

You could feel their control filtering through your mind and body as pleasure began to mix with the comfort of their voice. The feeling of slipping into subspace was almost intoxicating. It felt wonderful. "That's it, toy. Just keep sinking deeper. You crave this feeling."

They were right, you did crave it. "You need my voice filling your mind more, and more, and more. Because it feels too good to stop. You need to give in over and over again, until you've got no more self-control. No more free will. Just my helpless, addicted toy. Mine, forever."

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