

Film night had become somewhat of a ritual with your friend. You'd go to their house, put a film on, and watch it with them. You kept meaning to ask them where they got their sofa from though. Every film night, without fail, you'd find yourself falling asleep.

You trusted their judgement in films, so as they put on some arthouse piece that they assured you had a really strong message, you settled into the softness of the cushions below you. The film that came on wasn't – well. It wasn't what you were expecting.

A spiral had filled the screen of the television. You found your eyes glued to it, unable to look away. A part of you wanted to ask what was going on. But another part of you was starting to pull at the threads of newly unlocked memories. You didn't get very far with either.

You felt your brain come to a stop. Stalled by the spinning, spiralling pattern on the tv. You felt your friend settle on the couch, one leg propped over yours. They were so close to you. It felt... So natural. So right. "I decided to skip the pre-amble this time. You've been responding so well."

Every time a memory of other film nights began to come to you, it would be obscured by the fog that was now coating your brain. Your friend was still speaking. "I love how quickly the spiral shuts your mind down, toy. You just fall so easily. I'm so glad we decided to do this."

Their words tugged at your brain. Or maybe it was their tone of voice. Or... You couldn't tell. But you felt the pulling sensation, dragging you downwards. Your body felt so relaxed. Your mind was at ease. You wanted more of this. As your friend leant in closer, you felt... Arousal.

A wanton need was spreading through your body. As their hands began to trace over your skin, their voice continued to tickle your brain. It felt good to be lost in their words, their control. You didn't know where this night would take you, but you trusted them to take you there.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #hypnoticfriends #hypnoticamnesia