

Your hypnotist's hands were teasing. Filling you with such delightful pleasure, as their words drifted through your head. "Melt for me, darling. Melt into blissful pleasure." Your body sagged against them, as their hands found every spot that you wanted to be touched.

"You don't need to think. You just need to sink, and drift, and drop." Your eyelids rolled back, mind switching off as their ministrations continued. "Let my hands coax you into a stupor, where I can pour my thoughts into that silly empty head of yours."

Your head was empty, of thought, of reason, of willpower. "Because you don't need your own thoughts, no. You just need pleasure." Your hips bucked as you felt arousal blossoming within you. "You just need bliss." Their hands felt so good. It was so easy to get lost.

"You just need to let me break that brain with every movement of my hand. Deeper. Further. Harder. You're such a good, brainwashed plaything for me." You let out a whimper, then a moan. "That's it. Give your mind up to me, baby. I'll take such good care of you.""

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #teasing #brainwashing