

“Awh, honey, does it make it hard to think when I do this?” Your hypnotist said, one hand on either side of your face, gently shaking your head to and fro. “Am I displacing all those silly thoughts? It’s okay. You don’t need them. Not right now.” They laughed.

Your eyes were rolling, your mind so fuzzy. Each movement of your head interrupted another thought, which made it harder to think. “And this isn’t even the best bit. I know what else I can do...” They tapped your forehead, and you felt a ripple through your mind.

The ripple jumbled everything in your brain. They tapped again. And then a third time. You let out a moan of bliss as every thought left in your head became a tangled mess. “There we go. Impossible to sort out what you were thinking. It’s so much easier to listen to me, right?”

Their hand moved below your chin, nodding your head for you. “Yes, that’s it, that’s right. It’s so much easier to let me do the thinking for you. Let me make the decisions. I’ve got one for you. You should drop.” They let go of your chin. Your head slumped forwards, as you sank.

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