

“Awh, honey, don’t worry.” Your hypnotist said, brushing their hand down your cheek. You’re more fun this way. Dumb, blank, mindless for me. Horny and humping your brains into mush. I like you like this. When you can’t answer back. When you can’t resist.”

Your hands and hips were working together, out of your control. Just like the rest of you, really. “When all you can do is just follow my words, and sink deeper into a blissful stupor for me. When my power is all you know. All you can feel. And it feels really good.”

You let out a soft moan as their words drilled deeper into your mind. Etching themselves onto your brain. “So, you don’t stop. You can’t stop. Just keep fucking yourself into oblivion for me. Until we start to do some real brain damage.” Their hands brushed down your body.

That touch felt electric. Amplifying the pleasure you were bringing yourself. “I’m altering your brain chemistry. Soon you’ll realise that nothing will ever feel as good as my control. My power. So why stop?” They let the question hang in the air, your moans filling the silence.

You had no space for thought. No ability to comprehend what they were asking. “You don’t want to stop, do you?” They took your chin, and shook your head back and forth. “Well, you can’t stop. Just keep going. Get more fun for me. More fun to play with. My sweet, stupid toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #brainwashing