

“Honey, you’re going to have to be more sensible than this. It’s less fun when you want me to punish you.” Your hypnotist smirked at you. “And that means I’m less likely to do it.” They leant down towards you. “But when has that ever stopped us? Drop for me, toy.”

Your eyes closed, as your consciousness faded away. Memory and awareness were stolen from you. And then... They were hitting you. Strikes landing on your exposed butt and thighs, over and over again. “You wanted to be punished so badly, toy. Who am I to say no?”

This continued. An endless pummelling that felt so very intense. So very rough. And even as you asked them to stop, they didn’t. You were begging. Pleading. But the pain continued, radiating into every pore of your body. And then, they were standing over you, smiling.

They raised a hand, and you shied away, cringing. The pain was still so fresh. “I- n- no.” You said, through tears. “That was too much.”

Their smile fell, slightly. “Hey, slow down hon. Okay. Remember.” They snapped their fingers as they said the last word.

And suddenly, your memory shifted. The pain faded. They hadn’t been hitting you. They hadn’t touched you. But that didn’t stop the tears. You looked up at them, hovering nervously over you. “Do you want a hug?” They asked. You thought, before nodding.

They wrapped their arms around you. It felt safe, warm. As they pulled you in, you placed your head on their shoulder, tears slowing. Their presence felt so very grounding. “I’m sorry, I must have not worded it carefully enough.” They were rubbing small circles on your back.

You let out a deep breath. “I – yeah.” You said, centring yourself. “Are you okay if we take a break? I’m not mad, that wasn’t your fault I’m just... That was a lot.”

They were smiling as you lifted your head. “Yeah, of course. Let me know what you need.”

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