

Your hypnotist's voice was a soft, soothing blanket, covering your mind, smothering the flame of your thoughts. Starving your brain of the mental oxygen it needed to think, until there were just embers. And it felt so nice. To have your thoughts be snuffed out.

It had been slow, at first. The pressure on your brain, dragging you downwards, spiralling into the yawning void of mindlessness. But you had clung to a few thoughts. Small sparks, serving to illuminate just how empty your mind had become.

But as they had kept on weaving their words around your brain, those sparks had begun to grow dim. The enchantment that spun, and danced, and flittered around your head was so easy to get lost in. So hard to notice as the fire of thought went out.

Until you were here, in this space. Dim, barely glowing embers, suggesting the remnants of thought. The possibility that a mind had existed at some point. But now, you were blank. Now you were mindless. An empty-headed plaything, and that's how they liked you.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #brainwashing #induction #submission