

“Honey, I’m not going to sugarcoat this, you might not come out of the other side of today entirely the same.” Your partner’s voice was soft, kind, gentle, as they outlined their plan for what you had asked. “I’m going to break your mind down, piece by piece.”

A few minutes later and you were fighting to keep your eyes open, following the pocket watch. “Back and forth and back and forth, each swing wiping away another layer of thought. Plucked and flung away. You don’t need to think anymore, toy.” They sounded so eager.

“And up.” Your eyes opened, fluttering, mind still so foggy. When had you got to this point? Where had the time gone? “And drop.” Their fingers snapped. Your eyelids closed, and you sank back into trance. “Deeper and deeper every time. Mind coming apart with each fractionation.”

“Open your eyes, plaything, but stay deep in trance.” The room was dark. The light of the setting sun was gone. But you didn’t process this. You didn’t need to. It wasn’t important. The only thing that mattered was following their instructions. Listening. Obeying.

Time had lost all meaning. There was just the next moment. The words flowing from their lips. The feel of their touch on your skin. You were no longer a person. Just an object. Just a toy. For them to use, and reshape, and remake, over and over again. Exactly what you had wanted.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #fractionation