

"There are so many metaphors I can use for you losing your brain, and your thoughts, plaything." Your hypnotist said, leaning over you, sat in the comfortable chair. "I could talk about your mind, dripping out between your legs." Their eyes flicked down your body.

"I could use my fingers, and rub your mind away through your temples with gentle circles." They ran a hand down your cheek, their thumb pausing just next to your eye. "But today... I think I want you to drool your brain away." They met your gaze, and smirked.

"I want to see you looking so dumbfounded. So confused, just drooling, and staring, and sinking for me." They pulled their hand away, squatting and getting level with you. "And that gummy I gave you is probably already working on you." It was. There was so much saliva.

"I can see you swallowing more than you usually do." Their smirk widened. "Just focus on my voice. I'm going to ask you to open your mouth in a moment. When you do, each bit of saliva that falls out is going to be another piece of your brain that's slipped out of your control."

They took a moment, eyes fixed on yours. "Are you ready, toy? Does that sound fun?" You nodded, and their smirk became a little less sadistic, more eager. "Okay, open your mouth for-" They didn't get to finish the sentence, as a large globule of drool fell from your mouth.

As it did, everything seemed to dim for you. It was like a connection had been severed, thoughts were gone, awareness was on standby. "Oh. Wow. That is a lot." You were still, motionless, and thoughtless. "Toy? Can you hear me?" You couldn't respond.

"Oops, silly toy. That was so much. Did your brain just get switched off? Are you just a blank, empty headed dummy? Staring, and stupid? You're still drooling. Stick your tongue out." You obeyed. "Good toy. You look so cute like this. Let me get my phone, I need a picture."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #drool #braindrain