

Your eyes rolled back as the paddle hit your thigh. The pain radiating in a way that pushed your thoughts away. Your hypnotist laughed. "You look so good like that, toy. Fractionated by pain. Up." Your eyelids fluttered open, as your mind tried to reassert itself.

Only for the next smack of the paddle to wipe your brain blank again, instantly. You sagged back down onto the bed, mind empty, except for the resonating sensation of the pain, creeping up from your thighs. "Awh, toy, see how easily you fall. Up."

You tried to come back up, but the paddle came down too quickly, and so did you. "How easily you drop for me. Up." You were losing track of how to reassemble your mind. The paddle eliminated any progress so quickly. Another thwack, and you were sinking deeper.

"A pause, toy. A moment to think. A moment to sink. Just letting go of your thoughts for me. You don't need them." You were sinking into their words, the pain becoming background radiation, occupying all your other senses. "You're such a good plaything."

Their words ignited a soft glow in your chest, mirroring the heat from your thighs. "Blank, empty, brainwashed, and fractionated. All from some impact play. I know, I know, I gave you the suggestion. But you're the one actioning it, aren't you, toy?"

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #fractionation #impactplay #brainwashing