

“Sweetie, plaything, darling.” Your partner said, staring adoringly down at you. “You shouldn’t strain yourself too much. If you think too hard, who knows what might happen? Too much pressure and your brain could just... snap.” They clicked their fingers as they said the word.

Your body slumped into the chair as your mind switched off. Their giggle echoed through the room for a moment, before they stepped closer to you. “Or I could snap it for you. We both know this is where you prefer to be. No thoughts. No pressure. Just blank, empty headed bliss.”

Their hands brushed down your chest as they straddled you in the chair. “And I love having you like this. A mindless fuck toy – I get to use you, you get to be used... We both win when I take control. It’s why you don’t even try to resist.” They continued to tease you with their hands.

“I mean, you never did really try to resist all that much. You’ve always been such a good, obedient plaything. But nowadays? Oh, pet, you’re a toy for me to use whenever I want. And I *love* it. I love just switching your brain off, and having my way with your body.”

They ground their ass down on your lap, and laughed again. “I mean, I also love that we have enough trust for this. I know that if I go too far, you’ve got safeties in place, and you know that I love and respect your boundaries. But those boundaries are quite wide, honey.”

You felt them place one of their hands on your forehead. “And... yeah, I think I want to keep this one to myself, hon. *Mindwipe*.” They dragged the hand on your forehead down, and the moments began to melt together, as your memories were stolen from you.

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