

The second session followed much as the first had. The headset went on, and your mind sank once again into relaxing colours, and sounds, and that voice that was so easy to follow. What you hadn't expected was the pleasure. Gentle, warm pleasure, moving through your body.

It came with a promise. More pleasure. More bliss. It would explain how later. For now, you just had to feel the pleasure. It felt good to listen. And again, as you came up, you found yourself wishing to stay down in trance. This time, there were instructions.

They were simple. Just a request for a cup of tea. And that was – you wanted to be helpful. So, you made the researcher a cup of tea, as they specified. They accepted it with a smile, and told you to close the door on your way out. You did as they asked again.

By the fifth session, you were ready to learn. You craved more of the pleasure. And the voice let you know how to get more. All you had to do was obey. And that was easy, wasn't it? Pleasure was so attainable. You just had to do what you were told.

The instructions at the end of this session started with you kneeling. You obeyed easily, and marvelled at the pleasure that rushed through you at doing what you were told. The researcher viewed you for a moment, seemingly satisfied, before dismissing you.

Another few sessions, and you were ready to leave the experiment, you had been a wonderful success for the programme. It felt good. You received your payment, and left. Returning to your everyday life. It was nice. Pleasant. But a part of you longed for more of that pleasure.

It was a few months later, when you received the phone call. That same voice. "Hello, test subject. Are you ready to obey?" It asked. You confirmed, and felt pleasure rushing through you. "Good. Listen to my instructions. This will bring you so much pleasure."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #brainwashing