

Each number was another layer of sensitivity, as your hypnotist continued to tease, and tantalise your body. It had started at five. What your hypnotist called your baseline. And they had just reached ten. Another wave of blissful arousal danced through you with the number.

“There you go, toy. Feels good, doesn’t it? Feeling the pleasure you crave course through you. Each number’s another wave of pleasure at this point. Eleven.” Their fingers slipped between your legs, and you let out a moan of desire as the new number hit you.

“No need to think, no need to do anything but sink, and feel. Feel the pleasure consuming you. Consuming your thoughts. Consuming your mind. Consuming your personality. There’s nothing else right now but the pleasure, and your desire for the pleasure. Twelve.”

Your hips bucked, desperately, needily. You had lost control of your body. Your limbs hung, limp, weak, helpless. “Such a greedy toy. You’re barely even a person at this point. You’re just a conduit for the pleasure. A void, sucking in sensation, filled with desire. Fifteen.”

The jump in numbers made your awareness short out. It felt so intense. So overwhelming. Their words became noise, except for the numbers, which stood out as bright slivers of burning pleasure. “Twenty. Twenty five. Thirty.” Each one came with another rush of bliss.

You needed more. You wanted more. You had to- “Zero.” It felt like the floor fell out beneath you. There was no sensation. No pleasure. You could feel their hands, but not the bliss. Your eyes opened, you met their gaze, desperate, pleading. You had to have the pleasu- “Forty.”

Your head flopped back, your eyes rolled up, your body went limp, as every thought in your still ailing mind switch back off. They were laughing, and as your awareness faded, you heard them speaking. “Oh, you look so betrayed. It’s okay, you can continue to feel this bliss.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #pleasure #numbers #brainwashing