

“Don’t stop touching, and don’t stop repeating your mantra, toy.” Your hypnotist said, towering over you on the bed, eyes drinking in the sight of you, ravenously.

You let out a moan, as you continued to tease yourself. “I’m- I’m a good toy.” That was the only thing in your head.

They smiled, eagerly. “Each bit of pleasure, each repetition drives it deeper into that weak, helpless mind of yours.”

“I’m a good toy.” Another wave of bliss rushed through your body and mind.

“Give in, sweetie. Just let my pleasure push you further into my control. That’s it.”

They planted a kiss on your cheek, then on your neck as you continued to repeat the words. “Over and over again. Who’s a good toy?”

“I’m a g-good toy.”

With a laugh, they sat back up, looking down at you. “That’s right. Keep going. No thinking. Just sinking. Just pleasure.”

Your body was trembling. Everything felt so sensitive. It was so hard to think. So hard to say the words, even as they were dragged from your lips. “I-I’m a good... Good toy.”

Their voice spurred you on to more pleasure. “That’s it. Feel it getting more intense.”

The sensitivity rose. Your voice dissolved into moans for a moment. “Good toy. Feel that edge rising up in your brain, in your body. Unable to stop it. Unable to hold back. You’re all mine, toy. Blank, edged, brainwashed. Unable to cum. Only able to feel more pleasure.”

Your mind was coming apart. “There’s no thoughts left except for one. Just that one. Keep repeating toy. Each repetition feels better. Each repetition erodes your mind more. There won’t be anything left by the time I’m done. You’ll be a blank slate, ready for me to program.”

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