

The machine was drawing pleasure from you. Each rhythmic motion of it pushed another few thoughts out of your brain. You had lost track of time. Every now and then you became aware of the outline of a person, standing, watching you. But the machine kept on going.

Not enough to make you cum. Just enough to keep you desperate. Hungry for more. A needy mess, with an open mind. The translucent mask that was covering your face made it difficult to see. And you were far too comfortable to think about moving.

So, you stayed, letting the machine work. Lost in the pleasure. Lost in the bliss. No other sensations registering. You didn't notice the headset being slipped on, covering your ears. The pleasure pumping into your brain as words began to fill your head.

A voice that was soft. Easy to listen to. Easy to follow. Easy to agree with. Letting the voice implant things in your brain. It felt good. Why would you resist? You didn't need to resist. You just needed to let go. To sink. Just letting the machine make a good machine out of you.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnotech #pleasure #brainwashing