

“Awh, plaything, does that feel nice? Your hypnotist asked, hand brushing gently through your hair. You nodded, words were difficult right now. “Good. Such a good pet. Letting me just brush those silly thoughts away. Brushing your mind into blank, blissful oblivion.”

Your eyes closed as you sank into the foggy, hazy sensation that was settling over your brain. “Such a brainwashed plaything for me. You just let my fingers get deeper into that mind, wiping away more and more.” Their fingers brushed a little harder. Not unpleasantly.

It was... Controlling. And that felt good. Each movement of their fingers was another thought dislodged. Then it became memories. What you had for breakfast this morning. What you did last night. And they just kept on going. It was like your mind had been flat pool.

Reflective, and clear. And now, with every brush, more ripples appeared, more distortions, removing thoughts, and memories, and feelings, until finally, you were just blank, and brainless, and theirs. Completely open. Completely helpless. And you loved it.

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