

Your hypnotist smirked at you, watching your eyelids flutter. “Oh, plaything, I *know*... You want to drop for me, don’t you?” You really did. Everything felt so hazy, as their words infiltrated your mind. “You want to feel those fuzzy, floaty feelings coalesce into your blank mind.”

Your eyelids began to flutter closed, only to be interrupted. “But not yet, nope. Up, up, up. I want you to stay awake.” With some effort, you wrenched your eyes open again, keeping your gaze fixed on theirs. They were smiling, mischief etched into their face.

“I want you to appreciate every word I’m slipping into that sweet, soporific, sleepy mind of yours. So, no matter how heavy your eyes get, how slow your thoughts feel, you stay up, and awake for me, okay?” You nodded, slowly, and their smile widened. “Good toy.”

Your eyelids felt so heavy. Your mind and body were so relaxed. “And I know, you’re getting sleepy. I know you’re feeling weak, and helpless. But I don’t care, silly toy.” They reached out, fingers brushing down your cheek, tenderly. “I’m not done with you.”

The world was foggy, but not fading away. You hadn’t completely sank, as much as you wanted to. “Not yet. So, you don’t get to drop. The induction isn’t over, until I say it’s over. Stay with me, as my words wrap effortlessly around your mind. I’ll let you fall into trance soon.”