

The world narrowed to a single point. The tip of your hypnotist's finger, underneath your chin. It was all that was holding you up. All that was keeping your mind from slipping into oblivion. "I know, sweetie. You want to drop for me." They lowered the finger.

Your eyelids fluttered, but they brought it back up, catching your chin, holding you in this liminal space between mindlessness and thought. "But I like seeing you like this. On the edge of trance, barely thinking. It's cute." They leant down, almost studying you.

"And don't get me wrong, there's a few edges I love to see you on. But this one? Where you're so weak, and helpless, being strung along by my words? It's... Delicious to see. Knowing that at any point I could just..." They lowered their finger slightly but brought it back instantly.

"Letting you sink, deciding if you get that bliss... That's what I love. Knowing how much control I have over you. Knowing that I hold all of you up on my finger? That's so much power to give me. And it's such a rush. So no, you can't drop yet. Not until I say so. Okay?"