

Your hypnotist caught your chin, pulling your gaze to theirs. "Staring contest, toy. Don't blink. Don't look away, just stare, okay?" You nodded, as much as you could with them holding your chin, and they smirked, nodding approvingly. "Good. Three, two, one. Go."

You locked in, focusing on their eyes. How pretty they looked. How easy it was to stare. You could see their smirk growing in your peripheral vision. "That's it. Keep going. Keep staring, plaything. We both know how much you love to stare. How much you love to sink into my gaze."

That – that wasn't playing fair. Your mind stumbled, and your eyelids fluttered. "Umm, hey, that's..." You tried to speak, to argue, but as you kept staring, your words faltered.

"Awh, I didn't say I was going to play fair, did I, toy?" They said. "No... It's more fun this way."

You couldn't look away. You couldn't blink, even if you had wanted to. Months of programming were at work inside your brain, melting your mind. You could feel yourself sinking, even now, just from staring into their eyes. "Awh, you've sunk so deep, with your eyes open!"

The sensation of your mind liquefying intensified with every word they said. "But we both know how good it'll feel when you close your eyes. They must be so heavy." As they said it, it became true. It was like there were lead weights, dragging them down.

"Just let them close, my good toy." A part of you tried to resist. Tried to keep them open. But it was a tiny part of you undertaking a Sisyphean task. Your eyelids were closing, slowly, but surely. Your hypnotist laughed. "There we go, sweetie. Give in. I win, again."

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