

The recruiter sat across the desk from you, peering over your resume. The silence dragged, or, you thought it was, until you noticed it. The movement on the desk. The soft clacking. The newton's cradle moving, a ball at one end, then the other, going back and forth.

"So you've been in your current position for eighteen months, correct?" The recruiter said.

You had to struggle to tear your eyes away from the desk toy. "Umm- Yeah, I mean, yes, that's right."

They made a small note on their pad of paper.

"Good, just making sure I've read that right. And how are your skills at focusing, and listening to the required components of a given task. Can you follow through?"

It was a vague question. You cast about for an answer that didn't sound too useless.

"I-" The sound of the cradle felt like it was louder, chipping away at your thoughts.

"Is something distracting you?" They asked, redirecting your attention back to them, as they reached under the desk for a moment.

N-no." Even that word alone was a struggle.

Another note on their pad. "You seem surprisingly easy to distract. But that's not always a bad thing. Being able to capture all the details around you is a useful skill in some areas. Do you think it's what we're looking for?" They met your gaze, and oh those eyes.

You found yourself taking in the details. The multitude of hues, the way their gaze pinned you down. They smiled, putting down their notes. "Not to worry, you've already answered enough. I don't think you're suitable for the position you came in for. But I think we have another opening."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #officehypnosis #distraction #hypnotech