

Time had slowed to a crawl, as you dangled on the precipice of trance. Each moment was stretched into blissful, hazy fog. And still they kept you, barely conscious, barely aware, just dangling, like the pocket watch was dangling from between their fingers.

It was so hard to keep your eyes open. So hard to keep yourself looking. But you couldn't stop. You had to stare. Had to focus. It was the most important thing in the world, that pocket watch. Well, that and their voice. Both working in tandem to make you feel weaker.

More submissive. More eager to sink, and drift, and drop. Hanging by a few threads that were growing more taught, you could feel your mind crumbling. Buckling. Ready to collapse. Finally, the pocket watch fell, and your mind, and body, and eyelids, sank with it.

#erotichypnosis #microfictions #erotica #control #hypnoticinduction #pocketwatching