

You were losing this contest, and you knew it. Even worse, your opponent knew it too. That infuriatingly shiny, pretty pocket watch that dangled from their fingers was too hard to resist. “Awh, honey, are you sure you want to keep trying? You can just give up.”

“I- I-” The words wouldn’t come, your brain was stalling, more and more with every swing of the watch.

“Shh, silly. I can see your brain slowing down. Switching off. Why would you want to stop it? You know how nice it feels, don’t you?”

You raised a wavering hand, trying to find any energy to resist the soporific feelings washing over you. They placed a single finger on top of your hand, and gently pressed down. “Just sink. Feel yourself falling into that submissive headspace that you love.”

The watch was still swinging. Your mind was still reeling. There was no way out of this. You couldn’t resist. A part of you didn’t want to. And with that realisation, you knew you had lost. Your eyes closed, your body relaxed, and you heard the watch stop swinging.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #switchoff #pocketwatching #control