

Your partner brushed a hand up your cheek, and your eyelids fluttered open. Your mind was hazy, thoughts obscured by fog. But you came upwards, floating, drifting out of trance. "Hey there sleepy." They said. "How're you feeling? Like your mind is falling down?"

Their hand brushed down your cheek this time. Your eyelids slid closed, mind tumbling further into that foggy haziness that coated everything. "That's it. No thinking. Just sinking for me. Drifting and dropping, so blank. So open. More and more every time you come up!"

Again, their fingers brushed up your cheek, dragging your eyelids open as they did. Your mind felt like it was cotton candy, dissolving in the rain. But there were a few thoughts, floating through the haze, which only increased as your partner's fingers dragged down again.

It was like weights were attached to your eyelids. Each moment was a struggle to maintain awareness. "Awh, such a sleepy, mindless little toy. So easy for me to play with!" Your partner said, their fingers coming up, and down, and up, and down in quick succession.

Each movement of their hand was another layer of trance. It felt so good. Your mind more fractionated by the second. Your thoughts were dissolving. "Are you at the point where you're not thinking, toy?" They said, fingers gentle on your cheek. "Once more, just to be sure."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #fractionation #brainwashing #mindlessness