

The colourful ball hung in the air, before you. A light in the darkness, capturing your attention. As you opened your mouth to speak, it began to move, shifting, first one way, then the other. A pendulum of colour in the void – although – that wasn't really true, now that you looked properly.

Someone was holding that ball, suspending it. The glow illuminated their legs as it moved past them. But before you could think more on it, the ball began to shift its colour, first pink, then green, then blue, then yellow. It was hard to keep track. But it was easy to watch.

And it became even easier as the ball moved faster, before it began to spin. Moving in a lovely circle of colour, the flashing, shifting hues leaving after images in the darkness. You couldn't look away. You didn't want to look away. It was just so... pretty to look at.

The ball's orbit began to rotate, shifting around to behind the person making it move, illuminating their silhouette, for a second, before the ball began to dance. That was the only word you had for it. It seemed to raise, and drift, and float about, almost with a mind of its own.

You were vaguely aware of a presence behind you, but you couldn't bring yourself to tear your eyes away. There was a soft whispering in your ear. All you could do was stare, and drift, and float, following the ball, as it moved one last time, down into trance.

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