

Your partner held up their hand in front of you, fingers splayed out. "Time to count you down, sweetie. Feel how heavy your eyes get as we start with five."

You felt it immediately. You wanted to keep staring ahead. But your eyelids were suddenly being dragged downwards.

"Four. Heavier and heavier. Harder to think. So easy to sink. Try to keep your eyes open, toy." They said, lowering a finger. Your eyelids were fluttering. Like lead weights had been attached. Your mind was stumbling too. Focussing on keeping your eyelids open.

You weren't really seeing what was in front of you anymore. Not consciously. "Three." Another finger lowered. "So hard to resist the downwards pull, isn't it? Down into trance. Down into sleepiness. Down into mindlessness." Your eyelids were almost impossibly heavy.

They were slowly sinking downwards as they fluttered. "Two." Your partner said, giggling as they watched you. "You look so helpless like this. Keep trying. You're doing so well for me." Your mind was struggling to keep up. You just wanted to close your eyes and drop.

"One." One finger remained. It felt like there were concrete blocks attached to your eyelids. The pull was irresistible. You couldn't keep them open, no matter how hard you tried. "And zero. Let your eyes close, toy. There we go. Just sink, and slip, and drop for me."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #hypnoticinduction #countdown