

Your hypnotist's eyes were like jewels. So pretty. They were smirking at you. "You feel that compulsion, don't you, toy?" The compulsion? You... You tried to think, and struggled. "That eager need and want to give in to me. The compulsion to stare into my eyes, silly."

Oh. Yes, you felt that. It was the driving force in your brain right now. "Like you can't get enough of them." You never wanted to look away. "That's because you can't get enough of them." More. More. More. You blinked. Were their eyes watching you still, behind your eyelids?

"They consume you. Breaking your brain" Your head was getting fuzzier, the longer you stared. "Making you weak. Making you helpless." A soft whine left your lips. Their eyes were your focus. "And you just can't stop staring." For a brief moment, you considered looking away.

"No matter how much you might think you want to... And let's be real, you don't want to." The moment passed. You had forgotten it. You just wanted to stare. Could do nothing but stare, and sink, and drop. "If you wanted to, you'd have looked away already."

You didn't want to look away. "But you're still staring. So, you must want to stare, huh?" You wanted to stare. You needed to stare. "That make sense, doesn't it? Especially to a silly little mind like yours." Your brain felt so hazy. "So, keep staring. You can stare as much as you want to."

Their smirk had become a grin. "I want you obsessed with looking into my eyes." That obsession was blossoming in your brain. "Being my blank, brainless, staring, plaything." Every word made you weaker. "The compulsion will only get stronger. But you don't mind, do you?"

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