

Your hypnotist had their finger on your chin, holding your tired, sleepy gaze on them. “Come on pet, stay up. Stay with me. I know, I know, you want to drop.” They let the finger lower for a second, before bringing it back up. The sensation sent your eyelids fluttering.

“To sink. To give in.” They kept on lowering and raising their finger. Raising and lowering your chin, your whole head. Your thoughts were mush by now. It was so hard to think. So easy to stare. So simple to lose control. Their finger was the only thing holding you up.

“Soon you will sink, pet. Soon you will give in. But for now, just stay with me. Hanging from my finger. Held in my gaze. Mind continuing to crumble. I know, I know. Your body’s dragging you down. Your brain’s sinking into non-existence.” Everything felt so heavy.

“You’re on the tipping point. Between deep, deep, sleep, and awareness. And it’s coming. Soon I’ll let your head fall. Let you fall. Into my power. Into my control. But – Now.” They slipped their finger away. Your chin hit your chest as your head fell forwards, as you fell, into trance.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #hypnoticinduction #delayeddrop