

“You’ve got to try harder than that, toy. Again.” Your partner said, snapping their fingers, bringing you up, out of trance. Your mind felt liquid. Your thoughts were mushy, and your brain was slow. They giggled as you struggled to think. “Come on, pet, come up.”

You blinked a few times, struggling to hold on to any semblance of awareness. “Awh, what’s wrong? Have you slipped into trance too many times already? Is your brain too fractionated to think? It’s okay. Just shh.” They pressed a finger to your lips. Your eyes met theirs.

“Just focus on me. Only on me.” They said. You felt your mind ripple, organising itself to be attentive to their words. “Now, I want you to just try and resist going into trance, in a moment. First, I’m going to bring you back up a bit more. Then I’ll bring out the pendant.”

They were smiling down at you, fondly. “Just listen, and obey, and come up!” They snapped their fingers on the last word. Your mind tried, it really did. You fought to find thought. You struggled to regain your awareness. And for a brief moment, you were up.

As you met their gaze with more surety, they nodded down at you, and you nodded back. “Good job pet. I’m so proud of you! Now. Look at the pendant for me.” They raised the pendant before you again. “And try not to drop. Try not to let it capture your attention.”

Your mind was instantly focussed. Unable to look away. Unable to break concentration. Their words were slipping into your open and eager mind, and your awareness had narrowed to just them, and the pendant. They laughed. “You’ve got to try harder than that toy. Again.”

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