

“Eye contact, toy. It’s important.” Your hypnotist said, fingers tracing a path from your eyes to theirs. You were already staring. “Even if it makes your brain shut off. Even if it makes your mind go blank. You don’t want to be rude, do you?” You didn’t. That wouldn’t be nice.

“No...” They said, eyes still locked onto yours. “So, you should just stare. And sink. And not look away.” You realised that your eyes felt stuck. Unable to move. And that felt good. “Not even for a second.” Their eyes had become your whole world. Captivating. All encompassing.

“If you look away, your eyes might realise how heavy, and sleepy they’re getting. They might get too heavy to keep open... And then, you wouldn’t get to see my eyes anymore.” Even as they said it, your brain twisted. You didn’t want to be without their eyes.

“So, it’s best for you to keep staring.” That was the truth. You had to keep staring. Keep sinking. “Keep focusing. Getting lost in my gaze. It’s so easy to do. Just be blank, and obedient, and let me keep on directing you.” You loved being directed. “Such a good toy.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #eyefixation #obedience