

"Ah, ah, ah, toy. I told you not to drop. Come back up!" Your hypnotist said, mischievously.

Your eyes opened, as your mind reassembled itself. Your hypnotist was grinning at you. "Yeah, but you also told me not to look away from the pocket watch. It's hardly fair tha-"

They pressed a finger to your lips, cutting over you. "Fair? Who said anything about it being fair? Fair isn't what I was going for, toy." They pulled their hand back, and lifted their pocket watch again. "I wanted to see how well you resisted. So, let's try again. Stare."

You did as you were told. Truthfully, the moment the pocket watch started swinging, you couldn't tear your eyes away. "That's it. Just watch. Try to resist. Try to fight the feelings my voice creates in your mind. The sensation of sinking deeper with every swing of the watch."

Your eyelids were already feeling heavy, and fluttery. They were smirking at you now. Enjoying this. "Come on. Don't give in to sweet, sleepy submission yet. You can do better than this. Resist!" Their words felt so tempting. That tone of voice they used was... Sneaky.

It wasn't that noticeable. But the slowly shifting into a lilting tone of voice just made it so easy to sink. So easy to focus on nothing else but their words, and the pocket watch, and... and... "Awake!" They had snapped their fingers. You opened your eyes. When did they close?

"Once more, plaything. You're barely even trying to resist. Come on. Give it some effort." The pocket watch was already swinging as they spoke. "Or are you already giving it all the effort you can? Is it too late for you? Are you too programmed already? Can you resist?"

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #resistance #pocketwatching