

“Ah, ah, ah. Hold back, pet.” Your hypnotist said, their finger still tracing a spiral before your eyes. “Don’t give in just yet. Float along on this soft, sweet trail of haziness and fogginess.” The finger went up, and your eyes followed, your mind cleared slightly.

And then the finger moved downwards, your mind sinking just as your eyelids drooped. “That’s it. So easy to lead along in this space. Not entranced, just drifting for me. Feeling so nice, and relaxed, and comfortable, isn’t that right?” They asked. You nodded.

It was all you could do, words were too hard right now. They laughed. “Good. That’s a good pet. Just dangling on the end of my control. Dancing under my power. So hard to look away. So easy to stare. To sink. To drift.” The finger kept on going, up, and down, round and round.

Your mind was crumbling, their words filling in the cracks, pushing your thoughts out of your head. “It’s okay. You’ve done such a good job for me. It’s nearly time. Just stare a moment longer and...” The finger slowed. “Drop.” They clicked their fingers, and your eyes sank down.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnoticinduction #eyefixation #obedience