

Inspired by @hypnanosis

"You don't need to worry about your hand, toy. Your hand is beyond your control. Your hand is doing whatever I want it to, which, right now, is making you feel good." Your hypnotist smirked down at you, as they leant over, face close to yours.

"It's touching, and teasing. But you don't need to focus on that. No. You get to focus on my eyes. On my lips." They stood back up, turning around, letting you view as much of them as you could. "On my body. So magnetic. So hard to look away from." They turned back to you.

You felt so good. Your eyes were glued to your hypnotist, and the pleasure was growing, without you having to do anything, really. Each moment was bleeding into the next, as the pleasure grew. They laughed as your eyes rolled back, overwhelmed by the bliss.

"That's it, toy. So easy to get lost, and stare, and sink. Such a good, weak puppet for me. Feel your strings, held in my power." They raised a hand, and for a moment, you felt tiny strings of control hooked into your body. "Empty headed, completely mouldable."

They lowered your hand, and you sank deeper. "A permeable mind that I can just fill with my words. And even as you moan, and squirm, you can't tear your eyes away. You can't regain control of your hand. You're stuck, toy. Stuck, and controlled, and mine."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #eyefixation #pleasure #control