

The spiral flickered before you, holding your attention, spinning your thoughts away. Right until your partner told you to “Drop.” Your eyelids closed, your body went limp in the chair. That captivating swirl of colours was stolen from you, and your mind went so blank.

“And up”. You opened your eyes. Eager to stare again. Your mind didn’t get much chance to reassert itself. Instead, you were just staring, just watching, just focussing on the spiral. “And down.” *No... You wanted more.* But your eyes were already closed.

Your hypnotist laughed. “I know, it’s such a shame you can’t just stare, and stare, and stare. But I want you fractionated. I want it to be a struggle to come up. The spiral is the reward for making it back to the barest bit of awareness... Up, toy.” They snapped their fingers.

This time, your eyelids felt heavier. Your mind was more sluggish. You had to fight to get yourself out of trance. Eventually, you did. You grinned, dimly, as your eyes fixed on the spiral. It was so nice to watch. So nice to “Drop.” You let out a soft whine, but your eyes shut.

“I know. I’m being mean...” Your partner said, as your mind sank deeper than before, further into the empty mindlessness of trance. “But this is about making you go deeper, and just staring isn’t going to get there quick enough. But don’t worry. You’ll have plenty of chances. Up.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #fractionation #eyefixation #spirals