

Your hypnotist slid the headphones onto your unresisting ears, and hit play on the track. A fun little beat played, before the lyrics started. “Up,” Your mind came up a little. “and down,” Your brain plummeted. “and up, and down, and up.” Your mind was following along.

Each repetition of those words made everything a little hazier. And the song kept going. “Up, and down, and up, and down, and up, and down and up, and down.” Just those three words. Looping. The beat made them tolerable. You were enjoying the song.

Though that might have been something to do with what it was doing to your brain. Fractionating you past the point of awareness, obliterating your conscious thoughts. It was very hard to think. So easy to sink, and drift, and drop. Each “up” was a little less impactful.

Each “down” was another anchor, weighing on your mind, dragging your thoughts to a standstill. Eventually, the song ended on a “down”. Your hypnotist pulled the headphones off your head. “There we go, toy. I’ve always wanted to use that song for that.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #fractionation #musicalhypnosis