

“Up, and down, and up, and down.” Your hypnotist said, snapping with each direction. “Each up brings you up less, and each down just yanks you deeper into trance. Deeper into mindlessness. Deeper, deeper, deeper. And up.” They paused, studying your face.

Your eyelids were fluttering, struggling to open. It would be so easy to just sink back down into trance. But their command to come up was still present in your mind. Even if the waking world felt like a thousand fathoms away. Even if trance was so comfortable.

They laughed. “You look so cute like this, puppet.” You were vaguely aware of them peering down at you. “Trapped, halfway between mindlessness and waking. A twilight realm of blissful blankness.” They tapped you gently on the forehead. “And down.”

Your eyelids slammed shut, your body relaxing, going limp. Sinking easily into the chair. “There we go. So much easier to drop. To drift. To sink down. Fractionated past understanding what direction you need to go in. Up, down, left, right. They all take you deeper now.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #fractionation #deepener #trance