

The patterns your mind was conjuring felt... A little too real. You didn't mind. The slowly swirling pattern on the wall opposite you was pleasant to watch. Whatever your dealer had given you was the good stuff, it turned out. You lay back in bed, relaxing.

And the spirals moved, staying in the same place in your vision. You closed your eyes. Still, faintly, the spirals turned. Slowly spinning into oblivion. But then... It wasn't just a spiral. The upper half of a person was protruding from the centre. They smiled, beckoning you forward.

You blinked. Looking at the person. They were submerged in the spiral, it was flowing into them, slowly, easily, bringing your attention back to them every time you thought about looking away. They laughed, a musical sound. "No, no, silly. That's not how this works." They said.

"Didn't you ask about the name? Spiritual possession? No?" They seemed closer now, they looked enchantingly beautiful. And every time you went to reply, the spiral caught the thought and helped it float away. "Were you just looking for a good time? It's okay."

Their voice seemed to encompass your mind, washing over you, rinsing away any tension, any thoughts. They were even closer now. Almost close enough to touch. They raised a hand. And you felt your own arm lift, mirroring the motion. "You're going to have a great time, with me."

They began to roam their hand over their body, and your hand was still mirroring, matching every movement. "Awh, such a silly puppet. It's okay. No more thinking. No more self control. I'll give your body back, once we've both had our fun. Until then, just enjoy yourself."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #ghosts #pleasure #spirals