

“Awh, honey, what’s wrong?” Your partner asked, walking up behind you and wrapping their arms around you. Your eyes remained focused, resolutely, on the spiralling lights cast onto the wall before you. “Getting lost in my pretty patterns again? It’s okay. That’s what I wanted.”

You nodded, mind struggling to think, but knowing that it made you giddy with bliss when you agreed. “Good. Keep staring. Keep getting lost. My good toy.” They planted a few kisses on your neck, before coming round to your side, to look at you. “You look so good like this.”

The lights changed their pattern, and your attention was drawn deeper into the movements. You heard your partner chuckle, softly. “That’s it. Let your jaw hang loose. Let your mind be blank for me. Feel each one of those thoughts drawn out of your brain. You don’t need them.”

They took a step closer to you. “You just need to sink. You just need to be my good, obedient, blank little plaything.” They wrapped their arms around you, and whispered softly. “And drop for me.” They tugged you into them. You couldn’t resist their pull.

Your mind shut down as they supported your body. Holding you up. But your mind kept on plummeting. Deeper and deeper. Into the inky darkness of trance that surrounded your awareness. Replacing the patterns of light. Just their control. Just their power. It felt so good to submit.

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