

Your mind was foggy. Hazy. Each thought took too long to get through. Each moment stretched a little, before being pulled back into your mind. "What's wrong, pet?" Your hypnotist said. Their voice cut through the stillness of your perception. "Feeling a little weak?"

You looked up at them, from your position, kneeling on the bed. They put their hand to your cheek, and smiled. "You're such a good plaything." They said. You nuzzled into their touch, surprised at how good it felt. You didn't want to stop. "That's it. Just get lost for me."

Their eyes seemed to sparkle with light as their smile widened. "Get lost in me, pet. I know it's a struggle to think right now. But you don't need to think. You need to sink. Isn't that right?" The hand on your chin slipped down to your chin, nodding your head up and down.

It felt good to have them make you agree. The movement of your head made the world around them feel even hazier. But they stayed in focus. They were your focus. And it felt good to realise that. "Excellent honey. Such a good pet. No thoughts. No willpower."

They leant down, planting a kiss on your lips. "And that's just how I like you. A little dopey, a little brainless. No thoughts. Head empty. Just my good little pet. So eager to please. So eager to obey. So, keep on giving in. Keep on submitting. Be mine, okay?"

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