

Your mind was so hazy, so foggy. You were lying in bed, cradled in your partners arms, as they gently ran a hand over your chest. "You look so good like this, toy. All mindless, and cozy." They said. Their hand moved up to your chin, tilting your head to meet their gaze.

"Look at you... Not a single thought in that brain." You were staring into their eyes. They looked so good like this, above you. They laughed. "It's okay. You don't need a thought. You just need to be my good, mindless, blank plaything. Isn't that right?" They asked.

Their hand on your chin nodded your head for you, agreeing. The slight motion shook your mind deeper into foggy haziness. "Still, I'm sure you want to be a good toy for me, don't you?" Their hand nodded your chin again. "Well, I know how you can be good for me..."

They pointed to the top of the bed. "Lay down." You moved, your body feeling like it was being dragged by unseen strings, a puppet to their power. They were stripping off, and once they had, they moved up the bed. "Good toy. So obedient, so eager to please."

Your mouth opened, eagerly. You knew what was coming next. They straddled your head, their thighs around your ears, and they tilted their hips, angling themselves so they were just out of reach of your tongue. "Ah, ah, ah, toy. I didn't say to start yet."

One of their hands grabbed your forehead. "I want you to want this. I want you to need this." You did want it; you did need it. Pleasing them, pleasuring them, was what you lived for, in these moments. Head empty, ready to serve. You heard them laugh. "What a good toy you are."

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