

"I want a few things from you today." Your dominant said, leaning over you. "I want to see each and every one of your mental faculties strain, and warp, before finally snapping under my control." They placed a kiss on your lips, before straightening back up.

"I want to see how your mind reacts as I push you further into bliss." They were smiling at you, that wicked, sadistic smile that you loved to see. "I want to see when your brain will stop functioning." A shiver ran up your spine as they said that. You wanted it so badly.

"When you'll just be left as a blank, blissed out plaything, smiling blankly up at me, because it all just feels so good to be so braindead." They paused, turning away for a moment, and examining the table next to them. After a few moments, they looked back at you.

"Don't worry. I'll make sure to put you back together again once I'm done with you." They reached down, and grabbed a crystal pendant from the table, holding it up before you. "But for now, just follow the crystal. We both know how easily I can drop you.

"But that's not what today is about. Just stare at it for me." Their tone became commanding, pulling at your attention. It was so tempting to start giving in already, to start sinking into trance. but they kept speaking. "I want you to fight to stay up for me."

I'm going to use your triggers, but you need to stay up, and alert, and aware. You can do that, can't you?" They asked, peering at you.

"Mhm, yes, my dominant." You said, staring at the crystal.

"Good puppet." They said. "Good plaything. Watch it, and let's start with... *Drop.*"

You felt the trigger affecting your mind. Dragging at your eyelids as your thoughts slowed to a crawl. But you pushed back. Forcing yourself to think, forcing yourself to blink, and open your eyes again. They were smirking at you. "Good job. *Drop.*"

Again, your mind tried to shut down. You barely held on, as your body and mind felt so sluggish. They laughed, seeing you clinging on to awareness. "That's it. Just keep watching the pendant. You're doing so well for me." You were still fighting off the suggestion.

You were having to focus so hard on thinking, on staying out of trance. "*Drop.*" They said, a third time. And something in you snapped. Your focus couldn't keep up, couldn't compete with the heavy, mindless feelings, and you sank down into trance. "Good toy. That's stage one."

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