

You looked down at your partner, smirking. Knowing that the longer they stared at your fingers, dancing before their eyes, the further their mind sank into trance. You could see the way that their eyelids were fluttering. You should let them drop fully...

But then again... Why? They look so good like this. Why deprive yourself of looking for a few more moments? You could drop them in a bit. For now, you continued to make them feel so weak, so heavy, so mindless. Their eyes were still open tho- "D-d-drop."

They had spoken, a single word. Their voice slipped into your ears, and effortlessly wound around your mind, tight. With a resounding tug downwards, you felt yourself slammed into trance. Your arm had fallen to your side, your head had lowered, your eyes had closed.

You heard them giggle. "There we go, honey. Just had to find enough scraps of thought for one word. But that was enough, wasn't it? It's so cute, seeing you think you're in control. Seeing you lower your defences when you think you've won. But that's just it, sweetness."

Their hand brushed down your cheek. "Even when you think you've won, you're still my good plaything. You're still my sweet, obedient toy. So, no matter how deep you think I am. How dominant you feel. All it takes is a word, and you just crumble."

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