

“Awh, honey, are you getting confused yet?” Your partner said, pulling you closer to them, so you were more comfortable, before going back to brushing your hair with one hand, whilst the other slipped between your legs. They laughed as you let out a soft moan.

“I know, two different feelings at the same time. The brush dragging you down, and down, and down.” They said, timing the brush strokes with their words. “And my hand causing your pleasure to rise higher, and higher, and higher. Is it making you excited?”

You couldn’t answer. Your mind was failing, collapsing under the blissful sensations mixing together. “That’s okay sweetie. You don’t need to tell me. I know it is. You sink deeper, and get more turned on. More pleasure, and more heavy relaxation. Such a good toy for me.”

Their hand between your legs sped up, just as the brush began to move slower. “So good, and mindless. Just a pleasure slut for me. Letting my words slip deeper and deeper as your mind gets pulled in two different directions by two different sensations.”

You could feel their words imprinting themselves on your psyche. Your body was limp, your mind was open to their control. “And it feels so good to be my mindless pleasure slut. You want to feel it over, and over again, isn’t that right? Nod your head for me.”

Without conscious control, your head moved, up and down, obediently. “Good puppet. It feels so good to give in. So good to let go. My pleasure is best. My pleasure makes you sink. So just keep sinking, even as I stop brushing your hair. That’s it. Deeper.”

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