

It had started out slowly. That familiar hazy, foggy sinking feeling. And then, with a snap of their fingers, it was like shards of their control had crystallized in your mind. The slow, meandering thoughts you had been having were divided, cut off, and conquered.

Now, with every word they said, you felt your mind being rewritten, remade to their design. Your resistance was drained, in its place, they inserted obedience. Submission. Arousal. The more you obeyed, the more you got turned on. It felt so good.

The more aroused you were, the harder it got to think. And because you were struggling to think, the easier it was to accept their words, and obey. An easy loop, that pulled you deeper. More tightly bound by their control. And then came the pleasure.

Not yours. Theirs. As your tongue moved, as your lips worked, you felt their pleasure, finishing the work of overwriting your mind. Replacing every independent thought with better ones. Ones that circled back to pleasing them. Obeying them. You were theirs, completely.

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