

Your hypnotist was laughing at the defiance in your eyes. "Come on, loser. Did you really think you could resist now? After you've already given in so much?" They had been fractionating you, emptying your mind. "Oh, my mistake, you didn't think about it, did you?"

And now you were trying to resist their control? That didn't make sense. "No... You gave up your ability to think when you dropped for me." Your mind was emptying as they spoke. "You gave up your self-control when you admitted that you were mine."

You remembered those words passing your lips, ten minutes ago. "And you are mine, toy. All mine. To tease, to toy with. *Freeze*." Their fingers snapped. You felt your muscles lock in place. They laughed at you, their hands tracing over your body, hungrily.

Their nails were leaving scratches wherever they went, and it felt incredible. To be this helpless, this defenceless before them. "There we go. A toy, a puppet, and I hold the strings. I can bend you, and break you, however I want to. And you want me to, don't you?"

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