

"Awh, honey, you're going to have to try harder than that to stay up." Your partner said. They snapped their fingers. "Up!" You opened your eyes, slightly blearily. They smirked at you. "Come on. Fight against trance. Or, at least try to." They paused for a second.

"We both know it's difficult for you to do so. We both know how much you *want* to slip, and slide into trance for me. But really. Try. Try harder to resist me." They said. Your eyelids had already started fluttering, but you shook yourself, trying to push the foggy feelings away.

They smiled widely. "Good. That's it. Put all your effort into resisting. Focus on not listening to my words. On not feeling heavy, and sleepy, and weak." They leant over you in the chair, still smiling. You did as they asked, redoubling your efforts to not get lost in their words.

"Oh, and don't get lost in my eyes. But do look me in the eyes, pet. It's rude not to look at someone when they're speaking to you." You had looked away for just a second, but you were drawn back, instantly. Slightly confused. You had to look, but not get lost?

They reached down, one hand brushing your cheek. "That's it. Good pet. Doing so well for me." You started to sink into their touch, but then remembered you were trying to resist. "Awh, is it hard to remember to resist?" They asked. You met their gaze, feeling slightly stunned.

It was hard. They had so many hooks in your mind by this point that resisting took so much effort even think about. You felt exhausted already. You nodded at them, and they cooed softly. "That's it. You've been doing so well, resisting for me."

They put their hand behind your head, leaning closer. Their eyes were magnetic. "And in doing so, you haven't been resisting at all, have you? You've been obeying me all along." You blinked, confused. In that instant, they pulled you forwards, with no resistance. "Drop."

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