

Your hypnotist smirked at you, as you stammered, trying to find the words. "Awh, what's wrong, toy? Am I that beautiful that I've rendered you speechless?" They laughed. "I only asked how I looked." They reached out, and brushed your cheek. "Look at you, speechless."

You couldn't tear your eyes away from them. You were awestruck. Looking at them, drinking in the sight of them eagerly, hungrily. You couldn't pull away from them. "Good to know that this look does this to you, toy. Leave you open to my words." Their hand moved before your eyes.

As their fingers began to dance, your mind was reeling, rolling, spiralling down into nothingness. "I love leaving you speechless. Because when you're speechless, you're usually thoughtless, and when you're thoughtless..." They grinned at you. They looked so beautiful.

"I can slip my own thoughts straight into that mind of yours. And you welcome them. You want them. You need my words, inside that head, don't you?" Their hand moved up and down before your eyes, and your head followed the motion. "Good. Good toy. So obedient for me."

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