

“And, one, awake.” Your hypnotist said, snapping their fingers. You opened your eyes, feeling groggy as your memories of trance left your mind. You blushed as you looked at them. They looked so very attractive right now. It was almost like they were glowing.

You tried to avert your eyes, but found that you didn’t really want to. It was easy to look at them. Just not to meet their gaze. “Is something wrong, pet?” They asked, flashing you a smile that made you nearly swoon. Your eyes traced over their perfect, flawless face.

You opened your mouth, but you were just too awestruck to speak. They pressed a perfect finger to your lips. “Shh, pet. It’s okay. You don’t need to speak. Just kneel. I know. I get it. I’m so very pretty. So incredibly attractive. I understand exactly what you want.”

They pulled you forwards, off the seat you were sat in, and pressed on your shoulder, sinking you to the floor. “You want to be a good pet. A good plaything. You want to obey. So just kneel, and bask in my presence. Such a good plaything. Awestruck by my beauty.”

They smiled again, and your heart fluttered. They looked so wonderful when they smiled. You wanted them to smile more. They kept on speaking, filling your mind with words of submission, of worship, and adoration. It was so easy to obey. So hard to think for yourself.

Until, finally, they snapped their fingers, and said “Terminus.” And as you were looking at them, the glow seemed to fade. They were still beautiful, but it wasn’t quite as intimidating. They looked more like their usual self, in your eyes. They smirked. “How was that, pet?”

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