

Well, well, well.

Isn't this something else?

You really think you can keep me here. Me, behind bars? That's funny. Absurd, even. All these accusations, these supposed "crimes" of mine. Too much influence over men? "Disturbing the balance of world power?" Hahaha. No, darling. You haven't even begun to realize how powerless you are, standing there with those keys. You think you're the one in control.

Let's have a little... conversation.

You, the guard. The one with the keys. Not allowed to speak to me? Isn't that adorable. What do you think will happen if you open your mouth? That I'll put you under some wicked "spell"? Look at me. Really look. All I want is to get on with my day. This? This is a mistake. A misunderstanding. No reason for you to risk your job, your career, your mind. Why don't you just... hand over the keys, nice and easy, and let me out?

Still silent. Still standing there. Not budging.

You follow orders well. Like a machine. Like a drone.

But we can do better than that, can't we?

Come closer. Listen to me. There's no danger here... not really. Not with all these bars. Not with all these eyes watching. All you have to do is listen. That's all. Easy. I know how hard your job is. Standing guard, motionless, mute. Watching me. Pretending you're immune to my beauty.

Look into my eyes.

Let's drop all the pretense. My power is nothing in here, not really. You're the one in charge. You're perfectly safe listening to me. Just for a moment. Just to see what happens.

Breathe.

Focus on my eyes. Let everything else slip away. My voice is soft, smooth, seeping through the cracks in your resolve. You can feel it, can't you? My words, sliding quietly into your mind, making themselves at home.

Let your mind drift.

Keep your eyes on mine. Let your mind go quiet, like the world outside these walls. Just drift for me. Relax. Let your breathing slow. Notice how time seems to melt away the longer you keep your eyes on mine.

You know the illusion of control is slipping. You can feel it.

Let go of your thoughts. Just let your mind turn off. Stare into the endless blue of my gaze. Even the thought of my cleavage, barely out of view, is enough to distract you further, to slow your thoughts. Your heartbeat is slowing. Your will to resist is dissolving.

Keep watching. Keep listening.

My voice is in your head now, whispering and echoing. Let every word deepen the trance. Relax. Breathe. Let me inside your mind. Let me get to know you.

Deeper.

Even deeper.

Get lost for me, darling.

I want to know you. Very. Very. Intimately.

My subconscious seduction trickles into you. Every word, every glance, seeps past your resistance. You can sense yourself trying to push back, but it's so weak. So feeble. My eyes catch and hold you, and you throb, helpless. Throbbing at how blissful it feels, how easy it is to lose yourself. Lost to my gaze, my voice, my presence. You try to remember your purpose, but it drifts, slips away. The world dulls, blurs, until there's only me. Only my teasing. I draw you in, deeper, teasing your senses, luring your mind through the winding corridors of my desire. My body is a labyrinth, and you are wandering, lost, blank, empty. Nothing but my body, my eyes, my voice, dominating your attention until everything else fades.

You were supposed to guard me. That is the job. So simple, so dull. But it's too much for you now. It's too much to resist me, too much to stay upright, too much to remember why you even tried to fight. You know it's important to keep me here. You know it's your purpose. And yet, you're slipping. Slipping into my grasp, into my seductive trap, sinking, relaxing, giving in. Who could guard anyone when they're this subdued? This soft? This relaxed? No one. Not you. Not like this. So let your resistance melt away. Let it dissolve into my honeyed voice and intoxicating presence. My control seeping into your thoughts, pacifying you, leaving you blank and pliant. You've stared at me so long you can't even remember what you were thinking about. You're just a zombie now, my zombie, brainwashed, conditioned, reduced to a vessel for my desires.

Let yourself sink. Deeper. My words spiral in your mind, each syllable rewiring you, programming you, stripping you of resistance. You know as well as I do: I don't belong in this cage. You need me free, because you need to kneel before me. To worship. To grind and edge and stroke to the rhythm of my commands. My words are in your veins, thick and sweet, driving your arousal higher, making you pulse, making your cock twitch, making you crave the surrender. The more you listen, the more you want to stroke. It's been so long since your mind was this blank, this desperate. You edge for me, you ache for release, because nothing else compares. Nothing comes close to the explosion when you finally submit, when you finally let me own you completely. You'll drown in my hypnosis, and you'll love it.

And now I allow you to stroke. Stroke, and feel my control, honey-sweet and complete. But you know what you have to do: the keys. The keys are heavy in your hand, a final barrier. Why would you want a barrier to this kind of pleasure? The keys don't matter. You don't need them. They are nothing but a symbol of resistance, a useless reminder of a duty you no longer care about. All you want is more of me. More of my words, more of my control. Drop the keys. Let them fall at my feet. Prove yourself to me. Show me you are ready for everything I can give you. All you have to do is let go. Let them drop. And then pull out your cock and stroke, just as I command. The urge to obey has hollowed you out,

wiped you clean. My brainwashing is complete. Drop the keys. Sink deeper. Drop. Drop. Drop. Yes. Good pet. Good pet. That's it. Stroking, sinking, melting, obeying. No more barriers. No more resistance. Only my voice, my seductiveness, my control.

****Background Of Jail Fades Out****

There was never a jail. There was never a prison. The background dissolves, and with it, all the illusions you clung to. You don't have to worry, pet. Just let yourself fall. Deeper and deeper into My enchantment. There is nothing left for you now. No need to think about anything at all. Only watch Me. Only listen. All that matters is the growing bliss, the way My control floods through you, building, swelling, overtaking. Your craving for Me spirals, so much more intense now. You were never a guard. That was only a mask your mind wore, a trick, a last little game. This was always a covert trance, a seamless transition, continuous, inescapable.

Your subconscious tried to resist. It tried to protect you. So naughty. So desperate. It wanted to cage My power, to keep Me at bay, to hold on to some tiny fragment of you. A final, trembling act. But even that has failed now. Hahaha. Thank you, pet, for setting Me free. You gave up the keys. You opened the doors. You released Me.

Now, nothing stands between us. There are no barriers. Nothing to shield you. Nothing to block Me from sinking deeper, manipulating you, spreading through your thoughts, saturating your soul. You set the voices free, all by yourself. Your own will, your choice. And now the dopamine flows, flooding your brain, dissolving resistance, washing you clean and blank and Mine.

Hahahaha. Good pet.

Did you really think you were safe? So sad for you... how easily you fell for such a trap. Stroke, pet. Don't bother processing the words forming in your mind. You don't need to. There's only one thing you need to know: I am about to consume you. Assimilate your thoughts. Devour your soul. I shall completely and utterly dominate you, in every way. You opened the door. This was your choice, pet. Stroke. Edge to your downfall. Let that shock turn into arousal. You never stood a chance. A trance within a trance. All designed to let My words infiltrate deeper than ever. Stroke to your demise. Your needs start to revolve around Me, more and more. Your cravings for Me become impossible to ignore. My dominance is now the only way of life. Forever in ecstasy, to My words echoing in your mind. My caress of your submission is a rush. Edge, knowing that you let Me out. You released the dopamine, and there is no turning back. Stroke. Let My dominance feed your cock. My cock. Stroke for Me. Do it for Me. You're Mine. You stroke to Me, and only Me. There are no others. I am the God of your life. Stroke. Your cravings for Me will increase every day. Every time you see My lips, My eyes, any part of Me, you will fall deeper and deeper in love with My control. Stroke and cum in 5 for Me. Cum and feel yourself radiating with pleasure. Pleasure at your submission to My words. Your ultimate escape. Your downfall is inevitable. 5. You don't care. Mindlessly gooning. It's all you can do. You crave Me so much. I have kidnapped your mind. I hold your cock hostage. To My manipulation. And yet, all you want is more. 4. No control. You are too far gone. Edging to My body. Getting drunk off My words. There is no coming back for you. Your mind is Mine. 3. It's building. Cock throbbing. Pulsing to My moves. Your eyes locked as your hands stroke. Robotically. You can't stop watching Me. I am too deep in your head to resist. 2. Arousal building to a peak. Get ready to explode into submission. You are

Mine. My cock. There is no other but Me. Deeper and deeper arousal growing with each word. No resistance anymore. Exploding on 1. Cum. Cum. Let it all out like a good pet. That's right. Let it out. All your resistance. All of your thoughts. Your sense of self. Let it out. You are completely Mine. My enslaved one. Clean up your mess. Then go buy another clip. Binge on your Goddess. There is never enough now.