Perfect Pink Panties

(Welcome, Sweetea. This…is Miss Lilith…and all you have to do is listen to the sound of my voice, the words that I say, and align your thoughts with mine. Align yourself with me. Simply…listen and follow and open yourself up to the conception of a fantasy as clear and as vivid and as real as if it were fact. As if it were your life.)

Now, make sure you’re comfortable. Close your eyes. Open your mind. Breathe…slowly and deeply, rhythmically, as you listen. Relax your tensions. Relax your muscles. Feel the lyrical sounds of my voice wash over your body and your mind…and feel yourself grow more and loose…more and more relaxed. Feel the vibrations of my words filter in through your skin and your skull…and breathe me in as you let go of the past, the future…and…the present.

With your eyes closed, your body relaxed, and your breaths coming in steadily, slowly…the imagery and sensations I will soon describe will change the landscape of your mind easily, effortlessly, and without hesitation.

So just sink deeper into perfect relaxation as I weave a singularly exotic world into existence with the combined potency of our pooled willpower and intellect.

[pause]

Picture me in your mind, my legs crossed, my eyes roving your body. Your very nude body. Not a shred of clothing on you. Open your legs for me, sweetea.

[small pause]

(Such a good pet. So obedient. So ready to submit.)

Does it make you feel weak? Being all exposed and open? My eyes on you. Our gazes locked.

I know you like it. I know you like feeling vulnerable. I know you like how much control over you I can marshal with but a thought. A single gesture. A single word. Because your mind wants nothing more than to listen and follow each and every one of my words into that place where you can only submit and obey. Only abandon all resistance. Only fall into the ambience of my dominance.

Here, as you sit across from me, your legs wide open. Exposed. Weak. Submissive. You must understand that I am \*always\* in control and you are \*always\* open to my suggestions. To my desires. You know this. I know this. It makes us \*both\* happy.

(end intro)

(Now, baby, I want you to relax.)

I want all of your inhibitions gone and done with and forgotten. I want you to feel completely and utterly free to express yourself honestly and without reservation. To do this, I’ll be giving you something to help you along. Just a bit. Just enough.

I stand up and walk over to you. Tower over you and your exposed body. Your open mind. I raise my hand and snap[snap] my fingers. In a single blink of an eye, a glass appears in my hand. Tall and slim, but bright and pink. All fuzzy and noisy. Glowing.

This is a special kind of drink, sweetea. It’ll help you relax. It’ll help you loosen up. Loose all those tensions. Loosen all those inhibitions. Loosen your mind’s grasp of awareness. All you have to do is take the drink. Once you do…there is no going back. I’ll have you all to myself. Your mind and your body both.

You are drawn to it beyond logic, so you reach out, grab it, and slowly gulp it all down. It feels both chilly and warm as it glides down your throat and fills your mind with…bubbles.

And as you finish it, I take the glass from you, you blink slowly, drowsily, and accept that you’ve taken the first and final step into total submission and obedience.

Such a perfect, good pet for me.

All nice and loose and ready to follow. Ready to drop all pretence of inhibitions that you pretend to have and fall fully into my hypnotic embrace. My irresistible hold over you.

Now…stand up and do a little twirl for me, baby. I want to see all of you.

Mmmm, beautiful. Perfect.

I want to see you in \*all\* sorts of things, sweetea. Dresses and skirts and leggings and thigh-highs. Just all the things! So as I hand them over, you must obediently dress yourself in whatever I present and then do a little spin for me. I can’t wait to see you in all these wonderful things!

First, try this little black dress. It’s mid-thigh length, tight against your perfect skin, and leaves your shoulders all exposed. It’s slutty…just like you.

You slide it on and I watch as you twist and turn your hips. As you cover your bare flesh…but just barely.

[Such a good pet[snap]]

Spin for me.

That’s nice. Perfect. So obedient. So pretty. So slutty.

You should know, however, that each time you do a little spin for me…each time you twirl…you drop deeper and deeper into my power…deeper into my control…deeper into trance. The more you spin, the deeper you drop. The more you spin, the more relaxed and empty you grow. It’s easy.

Now, take it off.

Annnd…wear this instead. It’s just a tiny little crop top with a tiny little mini-skirt. You don’t need much else.

[Come on, pet. Quickly.]

I watch as you change, enjoying the sight of your body. The sight of your submission. You just blush and obey and…spin for me. Spin and drop[snap] deeper. Spin for me and grow dizzier as your thoughts grow hazier.

Good slut.

Now, this one’s a bit…kinkier. A corset made of ultra-thin, black leather, a strip of skirt that barely cover \*anything\*, thigh high leather boots…and cute little bunny ears. Put it on. Quick.

[small pause]

Mmmmm, you look delectable. I can just eat you all up. That corset all but painted on your skin…so thin and so tight. Leaving nothing to the imagination. Spin for me and drop[snap]. Lose your thoughts and lose your tensions. Relax as you drop deeper and deeper with each spin. Each twirl. Each movement of your beautiful, slutty body.

Now…maybe something cute. Hmmm. Yes, this set of jammies. Baby blue and baby pink…soft cotton short shorts…and a tiny little top that just about covers your chest…and nothing more. Change for me, baby.

[small pause]

[Perfect. That’s perfect, my subby little pet.]

You look so cute. So…open. Spin for me and drop[snap]. Spin and fall deeper. Abandon all resistance. Just listen to the sound of my voice and the words that I say…and obey. And drop. And drift down, down, down, down[snap].

Getting harder to think. Harder to stay awake…aware. Can barely even move all on your own. Without my say so. Without my instructions.

[Let’s speed things up, my sweet slut.]

I want you do deep, so dizzy, and so drowsy that you lose all sense of time, place, and fact. I need you now to just…change as we go. Change as I hand you outfits. Change and spin and drop twice as deep each and every time. Drop twice as deep with each spin, each twirl.

Starting with…a simple princess dress. All frilly and glistening. Bright and big and long. With a pair of heels to match. Just spin….obey…and sleep[snap] deeper and deeper. Emptier. Better. Drowsier.

Falling and falling.

Now a slutty nurse’s outfit. Mmm, barely anything there. Barely anything below your waist. Such a slut for me, aren’t you? Yes. Yes you are. So perfectly obedient.

Spin and drop[snap] ever so much deeper.

Falling and falling. Drifting.

A maid uniform. Mmmm, yes, beautiful. Change. And…spin…and drop and sleep. No resistance. No hesitation. Fewer thoughts and fewer tensions. Leave all else behind but for my voice and your joy and your depth of trance.

And…try this full body fishnet stocking…which leaves you exposed. Almost naked…but for the contrasting lines of the fabric against your skin…and…just spin and drop and sleep and fall.

Falling and falling deeper. Drifting down, down, down, down[snap].

And…change and spin again. Spin and drop. Just twirl for me and drop deeper. It…doesn’t really matter what I give you anymore. You just put it on and spin and spin and spin and as you spin..you drop and sleep and fall…downwards…falling and falling deeper and deeper now. There is no bottom. No limits. Just….allll the way down and beyond the deepest depths.

Change again and spin again as you drop. No thoughts. No awareness. No hesitation. No resistance.

Change and spin and obey and submit. Don’t need to think. Just…listen and obey and submit. Always just obey and submit. Always just drop.

Spin and spin and twirl as all is lost. As you drop[snap]. Change and spin and sleep.

Drowsy and dizzy and foggy. Feeling so good…so perfect. Feeling so blank…so empty.

Now just take it all off. I want you naked again.

Mmmm, that’s right. There’s one last piece of clothing I want you to wear. It’s…special. A pair of hot, pink panties. Soft and thin and tiny. Cute…but sexy. They have properties that no other article of clothing does. They…respond to you. And you’ll soon find out how.

[Put them on, baby.]

Feel your mindset shift as you pull them up your legs, your thighs…and over your hips.

[Feel the fabric against your hips.]

Your ass. Your perfect skin. And as you do…you can feel your mind growing more and more sleepy and drowsy and subby. So very, very submissive. So very obedient. These…special pink panties make you so very, very obedient. So perfectly submissive. So…aroused. Dripping. Wet. \*hot\*.

Because the more aroused you become…the more heat they generate. And the more heat they generate…the more aroused you become. It’s easy. It’s effortless. It’s…automatic. There’s nothing for you to do but…feel good and hot and aroused as the pair of hot, pink panties make you want to just…melt for me now. Melt and kneel and obey and submit yourself fully. Wholly.

[You look…so precious in them, baby. So perfect. So open. Weak. My horny little slut. My perfect good pet.]

Turn around for me. All the way around. I want to see you from every angle. I want to experience the full force of the cuteness before me.

That’s it. That’s good. So pretty. I want you to twirl for me again. So spin.

And each time you do, you drop deeper and grow dizzier…as your mind grows foggier and your arousal stronger. With each spin, the sweet sensations of submission fill your body. Your every nerve. Your every cell. Submission fills you to the brim, wrestling most other thoughts down into nothingness.

And and you twirl and spin and you grow dizzier…your mind’s thoughts catapult away from you. Away from your awareness. Away from your subconsciousness. You lose your thoughts in numbers too many to count. Too quickly to understand. Just let it happen, sweetea. Let me take all of your thoughts and your mind. All of your defenses and your resistances.

Because each time you twirl for me in those pink panties, you feel better. More aroused. You feel more under under…more \*out of\* control. More open. More ultimately obedient. And the more obedient you feel, the hotter the panties get…and the hotter they get, they more aroused you become. They respond to you in ways beyond understand.

They respond to your pleasure…feeding on it…and then sending it back into your body twice as strong. Twice as intense. Twice as hot and wet and tingly.

[Spin for me, my obedient little pet, and notice how the more times you twirl, the foggier your mind. The harder it is to think and to reason and to function. Can only twirl and spin in a circle…and grow dizzier and more obedient and more aroused. Hotter. Such a very good pet.]

And the quicker you spin…the more you twirl…the more you let me in. Just let me allll the way in. Open alll the way up. Listen and follow…spin…twirl…in circles and circles and patterns and gestures…and drop deeper. Spin and drop. Spin and submit. Spin and let go.

So dizzy and so foggy and so cloudy that you lose sense of time and space and the physical realm…and as you begin to fall, I catch you in my arms. Hold you close. Hold you tightly. Safely. Securely. It’s ok, baby.

I steady you on your feet, take a hold of your hand, and pull you into the light.

You go with me easily, without resistance. You always simply follow. Always just…obey. Without question or doubt. Because it’s safe. Because there is only joy on the other side.

And we step into a palatial, round room, a massive pink bed in the center, the pillows all fluffy and the covers all frilly. I pull you forward and you notice how your feet sink into the plush carpeting, the fibers almost tickling your skin.

Go on, go on the bed for me. There’s something you’ll be doing for me and you’ll want to do it on the bed.

That’s good. That’s perfect. You lean back against the soft, pink pillows as I follow and reach for your panties. We won’t be needing these for now…so I pull them off slowly…gently.

[And as I pull them off completely and discard them, you only grow more aroused. More needy. More desperate. My horny slut. My good, obedient pet.]

Now…I want to watch as you touch yourself. As you bring yourself over the edge. As you cum.

[So touch yourself for me, pet. Rub and stroke and give in. Moan. Let go. Drop all inhibitions. Forget all resistance. Touch as I watch.]

As I enjoy the look on your face. That desperation. That arousal. That heat. Bring yourself closer and closer as my I watch your body squirm. Your muscles tighten and loosen. Your mouth opening and closing.

I close in, reach over, and pinch your nipple. You release a little moan as I squeeze and play with it. Feels good, baby? Yes, yes, I know it does. Just keep rubbing. Keep stroking. Keeping touching for me, sweetea.

As I play with your nipples, my eyes on your perfect face…your heaving body…you get closer and closer to cumming. Closer to orgasm. Closer to that edge. But not until I say so. Not until I say it’s time. It’ll be beautiful. But for now, just allow it to build up naturally. Gradually.

As you touch and get closer, I want you to bring to mind that pair of pink panties you had on earlier. They left an impression, yes? An impression which I’ll now use to embed the sensations of touching yourself with the sensation of wearing pink panties. Because each time you wear pink panties…and each time you think of wearing pink panties…you’re brought back to this very moment…approaching orgasm…my fingers on your nipples…my eyes on your body….pleasure flowing through you in waves and waves of euphoria. Pure perfection. Pure arousal. Pure, perfect pleasure.

[Stroke and rub and touch faster now, slut. Bring yourself to the very edge.]

Right there on the tipping point of orgasm. Or climax. And on this edge, allow the imagine of those pink panties to penetrate every layer of your mind…so that the urge to wear them here…and out there…can only grow with each trance and each day. Each time you see the color pink. Because wearing them means you can feel \*this\*. This right here, with me right there. With you. Touching you.

With one hand on your face and one on your chest, I lean in and give you a nice, long kiss on the lips. You moan into my mouth as your body shivers in pleasure. As it vibrates in excitement. As you accept me and I accept you. I lean back just a little bit, my hand still on the side of your head.

[Cum for me, pet.]

Bring yourself over the edge and reach that climax…for me. Open up. Open your mind. Allow pleasure to fill your every nerve and every cell. Allow yourself to come apart at the seams so that for just a few moments you can exist as nothing but pure, unfiltered pleasure. Pure and pink and fluffy and all-consuming.

Cum and allow the memories of your pair of pink panties to flood your thoughts…so that each time in the future…when you put them on…or you think about them…you remember this moment. You remember cumming, with me so very close to you. Holding you. Touching you. Playing with you. Comforting you.

Accept this into your mind, baby. Accept it all as you come down. Relaxing. Leaning into me. Leaning into the joy of this moment. The perfection of the now.

[And remember, sweetea…]

It’s so easy to feel like this again. All you have to do is succumb and slide those perfect pink panties up your perfect legs. And you’ll want that so very much, won’t you?

Now….you’ll be waking up soon. And the closer you are to full awareness, the better you can feel. The more powerful all the suggestions in this session become. The more persistent the images and the sounds and the fantasies.

So begin to wake up from trance now. Slowly and surely, as all suggestions cements themselves deeply within the confines of that head of yours.

Waking up, becoming more aware, as you start to feel joy enter your body through your every pore. Feeling that pleasure swirl around inside you. Inside your body and inside your mind.

Waking up more and more…aware, awake, and happy. Satisfied. Ready to tackle any obstacle. Ready to take on the day or night. Ready to win!

Fully awake. Fully aware. Fully happy and joyous. Still relaxed. Still no tension and no worry and no stress. Just nice and smooth and beautiful.

[You’ve been so very good. Such a good pet. Such a good subby mess.]