

Quicksand LUNCHBOX



MzD

MP3

SUBL

You think about it. I know. Escape. You find yourself overwhelmed by Me. By your obsession with Dominica. Obsessed. Dominica. Obsessed. Dominica. All day. Every day. You crave. You crave Me constantly. Your thoughts turn to Me, even when you're trying to concentrate on something else. When you're working. When you're driving. When you're brushing your teeth. In your mind, you see My cascading blonde hair... My spiral green eyes... and My red, shiny lips. You watch Me blow you a kiss... and feel Me trail My long, polished fingernails, gently down your cheek. I arch My brow, smiling wickedly... And you hear Me speak a single word. Your sex grows instantly aroused... and yet you cannot quite remember what the word was! It happens over and over... Even in your sleep... It's too much. You're afraid of losing yourself. Losing yourself to My green eyes... To My tall, shiny boots... My glittering hypnotic crystal, swinging back and forth... making you so sleepy... so sleepy and obedient... Breathing in My sleepy hypnotic smoke, and going to sleep. You want to free yourself. Get away. Run away. Escape. Yes, escape! Up the long tunnel from My dungeon, down the hallways of My mansion, out through the big double door. Outside, where you can be a free person again. You can do it! Yes, you run away, feeling Me just behind you, hearing My Voice. You can resist My call. Of course you can! Run... down to the forest, down the pathway, between the trees... My Voice echoes in your head. Echoes in your head. You try to resist, and run... feeling your mind grow fuzzy, your vision begin to blur. Run, and try to block out Dominica's Voice, while your eyes try to close... while your sex grows so hard and dripping. Your steps slow down, as the pathway begins to blend into the forest, trees everywhere like My Voice is everywhere. Slower... and slower... panting with the effort. Is it the strain of trying to run? Or of trying to block out My siren call? My Voice that keeps telling you to sink. Sinker. You need to sink. Sinker... Sinker... Suddenly you realize you simply cannot run anymore. Your feet won't move. They won't support you. You feel yourself sinking, deeper and deeper. Quicksand! Yes, you have stepped into quicksand, finding yourself slowly sinking. Sinking helplessly. That's right, try to resist! The more you struggle, the faster you sink. Down, deeper... sinking so fast! You cannot escape. You cannot even run... for there is quicksand everywhere... Everywhere you go... Sinking beneath you, pulling you down... pulling you back to Me. Pulling you back to Dominica, Dominica, Dominica!

Length 25 min

Our price: \$25.00