look at you, sitting there pretending you don't already know exactly what i'm going to say. like you're not absolutely *dying* for someone to tell you how pretty you'd look with a camera pointed at you while you're getting off.

don't pout, baby. you know it's true. i can see it all over your sweet little face; that hungry, curiosity about what it would feel like to let yourself be watched by strangers. to make something you can replay again and again until you can't even pretend you're shy anymore.

you love the idea of performing for me. don't you?

showing me every desperate, slutty second.

and i love it too. i love imagining you all dolled up, maybe with your lip gloss a little smudged, so desperate to be seen and praised and maybe even a little teased for how fucking gorgeous you look when you come undone.

it doesn't matter what kind of body you have, angel. it doesn't matter how you label it. i want all of it. every inch of softness and hunger and ache.

i want to watch you turn your own pleasure into something sacred. something filthy. something *yours*.

and if that makes you blush… good.

because you're my favorite little exhibitionist-in-training and we're just getting started.

you know what i think is kinda funny? how you pretend you're shy about this. like, you act all sweet and innocent, but i can *see* it. that little shimmer in your eyes when the idea of showing off comes up.

it's adorable, honestly. you trying to hide how much you love the thought of someone watching you. how much you want to be… i don't know… captured. preserved. like the most perfect, filthy little art project ever.

mmm. you're doing it again, you know. that thing where your breath gets all soft when i talk like this. it's cute. i could probably just keep going and watch you melt all the way down without even trying.

like right now, do you notice how your shoulders have already started to relax? how your lips part a little when i tease you?

you can pretend you're just listening. pretend you're not getting all floaty in your head. but i think you know exactly what's happening.

and it's okay. i like watching it happen. i like knowing that even when you're trying to stay composed, you can't help but sink into this feeling.

that slow, warm heaviness pooling in your chest. that sweet little hush spreading through your thoughts.

mmm, there it is. you feel it, don't you?

it's like every word i say smooths you out a little more. makes you softer. makes you more honest with yourself.

you don't have to fight it. you don't have to pretend you're above it. you can just let yourself get comfortable here with me, while i keep talking to you about all the dirty, beautiful things you might let yourself do.

good. just like that.

keep listening.

you know, i think that's my favorite part about you. the way you get so quiet when you're turned on. like your brain just goes all soft around the edges. like it doesn't really matter what excuses you were making before, because right now you're just here with me. listening. letting yourself sink a little deeper every time you breathe out.

see? there it is again! i could ask you almost anything in this state, and you'd probably just nod for me, wouldn't you?

it's okay if you would. and it's okay if that makes you a little embarrassed. that's the part i love most. that flush in your cheeks when you realize you don't really want to pretend you're shy. you want to be seen. you want to be praised. you want to be so perfectly exposed that you can't hide how much you need it.

and baby, you do need it. you need to be reminded how stunning you are. how irresistible you look when you're honest. honest about how curious you are. honest about how much it turns you on to imagine yourself putting on a little show.

mmm. i know you feel it now, that feeling in your chest, the one that makes you squirm when i talk. the one that makes you wonder if maybe… just maybe… this isn't a fantasy anymore.

maybe it's something you're ready to make a reality.

and if you are, you don't have to say a word. you don't have to explain yourself or justify why this makes you wet. you can just stay here. keep breathing slow. keep letting your mind soften.

because the softer you get, the easier it is to imagine how it would feel. the way your body would look under good lighting. the way your voice would sound when you let yourself moan without holding anything back.

and you don't have to decide anything right now. you don't have to do anything except listen. and keep letting yourself drift.

just like that.

so good.

you know what else i think is so fucking precious? the way you pretend you're not already picturing it. like you're not imagining yourself all dressed up, camera on, hands shaking a little because you know i'll be watching. because you know you'll be watching later too, replaying every second until you can't even pretend you're above it anymore.

i can almost feel that little flutter in your stomach right now. the one that says *yes, please.* the one that makes your breath catch every time i remind you that you're allowed to want this.

and you are, baby. you're allowed to want all of it. the attention. the praise. the ache. the honesty that happens when you stop pretending you don't crave being seen.

you don't have to pretend with me. that's why it feels so easy to listen, isn't it? that's why every word i say sinks in a little deeper, like it's melting straight into your chest.

you don't have to keep trying to hold yourself together. i promise, it's so much nicer to let the edges of your thoughts blur while i keep talking about everything you're too shy to admit out loud.

and the more you let yourself imagine it, the easier it gets to believe it's real.

you, with your lips parted, your voice all shaky, eyes wide and a little glassy. your skin flushed while you press your thighs together, knowing exactly how pretty you look in that moment.

because you do look pretty, baby girl. you look perfect when you're this open. when you're this close to letting yourself be known.

and you don't have to do anything but breathe and listen. you don't have to agree out loud. your body already knows the truth.

it's in the way your shoulders are so loose. the way your head feels a little floaty. the way every thought you try to catch just slips right past your fingertips.

you can let that happen. you can let yourself drift exactly as far as you want to go.

because the more you drift, the more obvious it becomes that you were meant for this. meant to be seen. meant to be admired. meant to be adored.

good. you're doing so perfect for me.

it's cute how you keep trying to pretend you're just listening, when we both know you're way past that by now.

you don’t have to do anything but let yourself sink a little deeper. every time you breathe out, you can feel the edges of your thoughts getting softer, fuzzier, easier to let go of.

it’s okay if you can’t remember exactly what i said five seconds ago. that’s what i want. i want you drifting so deep into this trance that your head feels all slow and syrupy, like you couldn’t pull yourself out even if you tried. because you don’t want to try, do you?

no, baby girl. you want to stay right here with me. all melty and pretty and perfect.

you can feel how easy it is to let yourself get carried away by this. by me. by the way my voice keeps wrapping around you, warm and close, like the only thing that matters.

and maybe it is. maybe, right now, the only thing that matters is this. the way your chest rises and falls. the way your whole body feels heavy and loose. the way you don’t have to think about anything else.

there’s no rush. no pressure. just the slow, delicious surrender that happens when you stop trying to stay in control.

feel how your mind keeps drifting further every time you breathe.

it’s almost too easy to imagine that nothing exists outside this moment. no worries. no expectations. just me. just my voice. just the quiet certainty that you are exactly where you’re meant to be.

and the deeper you go, the more you realize you don’t have to do anything but let yourself *be*.

you don’t even realize how pretty you look when you get this quiet.

mmm, i bet you’d melt even deeper if i told you exactly how obvious it is. the way you’re trying so hard to look like you’re still thinking clearly, when we both know your head is already empty.

and that’s okay. you don’t have to pretend you’re anywhere else right now. you can just be right here with me, all warm and floaty and so, so easy to control.

feel how heavy your limbs are getting? that sweet, delicious heaviness that spreads from your chest down to your fingertips, like gravity itself is in love with you. like it just wants to keep you right here, pinned under the weight of my attention.

you don’t have to move. you don’t have to prove anything. you can just let yourself be adored.

and i know how much you love that. you love being the center of attention, even if you pretend you don’t. you love the idea of being so open, so honest, that you can’t hide how much you need to be seen. need to be praised. need to be told exactly how pretty you look while you let your thoughts drift away.

that's why you feel so good right now, baby. because you're finally giving yourself permission to just stop. stop thinking. stop pretending. stop holding yourself up like you're supposed to be so put together. you don't have to be put together for me. i like you better when you're a little undone. and god, you *are* undone right now, aren't you?

it's okay if you don't know. you can just trust that the more you listen to my voice, the deeper you'll go. deeper into trance where everything feels easy. where the only thing you can really feel is how good it is to be here. so good to let your thoughts slip out of reach, one by one, until there's just this. my words. your breathing. the warmth in your chest spreading all the way down to your toes.

and you don't have to do anything but let yourself drift. just a little deeper. just a little heavier. like you couldn't move even if you wanted to, and you don't want to, do you? no, baby. you want to stay right here. so perfect. so pretty. so deliciously blank.

good girl.

picture this, baby: you, sitting somewhere private. maybe your bedroom, or your bathroom, or any little corner where you feel safe. the lighting is just right, soft, warm, flattering, and you've got your phone in your hand. your clothes are sitting in a crumpled mess on the floor. every curve of your perfect body is on full display.

you're so pretty like that. i can see it already. the way your breath comes in these sweet little shaky sighs because you know exactly what you're about to do.

and it makes you tingle, doesn't it? that little rush in your belly when you think about pressing record. when you think about capturing yourself exactly the way you are in this moment, needy, beautiful, perfect.

because that's all it is. it doesn't matter what kind of body you have. it doesn't matter what words you use to describe yourself. every inch of you is allowed to be seen, to be celebrated, to be desired.

and the more you imagine it, your phone in your hand, your body on display, the easier it feels to know this is something you *can* do. something you *deserve* to do. because you deserve to feel adored. and you deserve to have evidence of exactly how gorgeous you are when you give yourself permission to simply be.

so here's what i want, my perfect little show-off slut:

any time you hear me call you an "exhibitionist slut", whether it's from this recording, or in your own mind replaying my words, you're going to feel that warm, electric spark in your chest. that spark that whispers: *maybe i should film myself. maybe i should show off how pretty i am when i'm turned on. maybe i should let myself be a little bit famous for how perfectly filthy i can be.* and that thought is going to feel good. like a jolt of electricity lighting up your whole body.

because it *is* good. it's delicious. it's honest.

and if you ever do decide to press record, if you ever find yourself with your camera aimed at your perfect body, you'll feel that same rush of pride blooming in your chest. like a reward for being brave. for being honest. for letting yourself be the exhibitionist you've always secretly wanted to be.

and it's okay if that makes you blush. it's okay if you feel shy. because you can be shy *and* be a slut. you can be bashful *and* be the hottest thing anyone's ever seen. you can be soft and sweet and still make porn that makes you proud.

mmm. you're doing so good for me. you're so perfect. so ready.

remember, baby: every time you hear me call you an "exhibitionist slut", you're going to feel that desire to be recorded. to be watched. to be known.

and every time you imagine yourself showing off, you'll feel even more sure that you were meant for it. because you are. you were meant to be adored. you were meant to be remembered. and you were meant to be so fucking hot, exactly as you are.

you don't have to make any decisions right now. you don't have to do anything at all except let yourself feel how good it is to have this part of you seen. this delicious, exhibitionist part. the part that wants to be adored. the part that wants to be watched. the part that wants to be celebrated exactly as you are.

just take a slow, steady breath. feel how floaty and warm you still are, like all the edges of your thoughts are soft and glowy.

and when you're ready to come back, you can just start to notice the room around you again. the way your body feels, heavy and sweet. the way your breathing settles.

there's no rush, baby. you can take all the time you need.

you're still my perfect little exhibitionist slut, even when you open your eyes. even when you stand up and stretch and go about your day.

that part of you doesn't go away. it's yours now.

and any time you want to feel this again, all you have to do is come back here, press play, and let yourself sink.

when you're ready, you can take a nice, deep breath in… and exhale all the way out.

and when you open your eyes, you'll feel more awake, safe. maybe a little tingly in all the best ways. and you'll know you're exactly who you're meant to be.

good girl.