

Sir Nimja

-by KJ Flammedatter

And so it was one Halloween, late in the night when I was keen
To visit the halls of Nimja Inc. as on many years before;
Silently I came a-walking, suddenly I heard some talking,
A voice that was quite familiar coming from behind a door.
“Why, that is Nimja”, I whispered, “talking right behind that door.
It seems this night won’t be a bore.

Slowly I made my way forward, inch by inch quietly toward,
Careful not to make a single sound as I crept across the floor.
Under the door a shaft of light, in the darkness blindingly bright,
Enticing me like a moth to a flame to come towards that door;
To listen to the voice of Nimja who spoke behind that door—
This I wanted, nothing more.

When in front of the door I stood, I paused and wondered if I should
Turn around and walk back, forgetting I ever stood at this door.
Before I could make up my mind, I found myself to be quite blind,
My eyes overwhelmed by the light from the suddenly opened door.
I scarce could make out the figure of Nimja standing in the door—
I did not know what lie in store.

Into my face he was peering, reaching out he started steering
My stunned body towards the chair that was in the center of the floor.
Sitting me down to strap me in, once in place he started to grin,
As he fastened my wrists to the chair and my ankles to the floor.
“Good”, he said, “I see you have found your way once more back to my door”.
“Now I will drop you deep once more.”

The spinning spiral drew my eyes, Nimja began to hypnotize,
The sound of his voice in control as thoughts from my mind did outpour.
My mind was pleasantly drifting, my consciousness gently shifting,
Into dreams and fantasies the likes of which I had never had before.
Teasing, temptation, arousal and submission all to explore,
This was certainly not a chore.

As my arousal grew stronger, sitting still I could no longer;
My body squirmed and fought against the straps that held me to the floor.
Presently I started moaning, my aching need was intoning,
My arousal so intense I feared it might pool upon the floor.
“Please, Sir Nimja”, moaned I, “Please end it now, for I can take no more”.
Quoth Sir Nimja, “You will take more.”

The spiral continued turning, my arousal ever burning,
As Nimja guided me down into new fantasies to explore.
Once my arousal was throbbing, I could not stop myself sobbing,
“Please, Sir Nimja, this is slow torture. Please grant release, I implore.”
“Please, I beg of you, have mercy. Please let me cum, I do implore.”
Smirked Sir Nimja, “Just a bit more.”

Nimja did the countdown begin, such a relief the number “ten”,
My mind lost and blank and dripped out of me and pooled upon the floor.
Once Nimja said the number “one”, release came brightly as the sun;
My world exploded, my mind’s pieces flung to a far away shore.
Nimja’s voice found me there, as I lay upon that far-away shore.
“I will guide you back once more.”

And so it was that Halloween, late in the night that I was keen
And curiosity led me once more to walk to Nimja’s door.
One thing is more than crystal clear, I will come back again next year,
To let Nimja strap me down and melt my mind as in years before.
All who read this, I tell you now that once you walk through Nimja’s door,
You will be the same –nevermore.

(This poem was inspired by Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Raven” and by Nimja Hypnosis)