

“Awh, look at you, toy.” Your hypnotist said, standing over you as you knelt on the floor. “So fucking weak. So fucking helpless. My good plaything. Are you ready to be mine?” They cupped your chin, lifting your head, as you nodded, eagerly. You were so ready. So willing.

They laughed. “Good! I like an eager plaything. Now...” They tapped you on the forehead. “Drop for me, toy.” Your eyes rolled up, and then closed, your body relaxed into the kneeling position. “That’s it. You’re already mine. I don’t actually need to do anything.”

They were walking around you as they talked, you could hear the click of their shoes on the floor. “But where would be the fun in that? I love seeing you mindless, so that’s what I’m going to do to you. Break your brain, piece by piece.” They laughed.

You felt their hands on your head. They were stood behind you by now, and their fingers began to tap, gently on your skull. “Feel the vibrations, with each tap, toy. Feel them rippling through your brain. And each tap destabilises your thoughts more, and more.”

The rumbling rhythm on your skull was sending your mind into blankness. “Feel it chipping away at your brain. Breaking you, just like I said. Piece by piece.” They laughed, continuing to tap, tap, tap away at your mind. Your brain was coming apart, and it felt incredible.

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