

"Is it any wonder that you keep coming back for more of this?" Your hypnotist asked, their hand running through your hair as you knelt on the floor before them. "You always look so happy, blissed out and blank for me. Full of the pleasure of my control."

Their words felt so good, slipping deeper inside your mind. "Just sink and drift deeper, and deeper down for me, my good toy. Just let yourself give in. You know how good it feels." As they spoke a small bit of tension fell away, and you sank a little deeper into this position.

"That's right. Just letting go of all your cares. All your worries. You don't need them when you're with me. You don't need your thoughts, your independence. All you need is me. My words. My power. My pleasure." They stopped running their hand through your hair.

You felt them crouch down in front of you. "That's right toy. Just keep going. Letting each word pull you deeper." They paused for a second, before continuing. "You look so peaceful like this. It's a good look on you. No stress. No worries. No thoughts. Just listening. Just obeying."

Their fingers pushed your chin up slightly. Your body was unresisting. It felt good to be moved, adjusted, handled by them. Each movement they gave you was another blissful bit of control. Another task to obey. And obedience was pleasure.

"No, I know exactly why you keep coming back. And I don't blame you. I want you to keep coming back. I love seeing you, so obedient. So docile, and mindless for me." They let go of your chin and stood up again. "I love having you down here. So deep. My good toy."

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