

Your hypnotist pulled you against them on the sofa with one arm, as the fingers on their other hand danced before your face. "Oh, it's okay toy." They cooed. "I have you. I will keep you. You don't need to go anywhere, do you?" You shook your head, softly.

"No, exactly..." Oh, look at you! You are just so cute." They squeezed you into them. They were so comfortable to lean into. You didn't need to do anything but stare at their fingers, moving, dancing. "But, yeah, just sink, just drift, just fall into me."

The relaxation made it so easy to just lean into them. "That's it. All blank. All mindless. All head empty." Your brain was so fuzzy. So hazy. "And you love it, don't you?" You nodded again, and they laughed, gently. "That's it. Just keep following my fingers."

Their hand moved up, and you lifted your head, following. "Keep watching. Let your body relax. Don't worry, I've got you. You aren't going anywhere." That felt so nice to hear. You were safe. You were secure. You were theirs. "You just get to relax and slip for me."

Slipping into trance was so easy. "Doesn't it feel good?" Their fingers moved up and down, your head followed, nodding. "Yeah. So comfortable. So relaxing. Let your brain switch off, good toy. Let me weave my words into your mind. Rewiring your brain. Good toy."

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