

You knelt, looking up at your hypnotist, pleading. "What's wrong, sweetie?" They asked.

"I... I can't get you out of my mind..." You said.

They laughed. "Awh, can't you get enough? Can you feel that need, constantly pulsing in your brain? You can, can't you? Oh, honey. I *warned* you."

They leant down, and held their hand up, before your face. "I said that I'd get in your head." They said, beginning to dance their fingers in front of your eyes. Instantly, your attention was captured. "I said that I'd ruin you, and make you mine. But you didn't care."

You let out a moan as your mind began to shut down. "You said you wanted all of that." Their hand paused, and so did your brain. "Well... Here we are. Here you are. Desperate for more. Aching for more, and I... I have to decide if I'll give it to you."

They laughed again, the sound echoing in your mind. "It's too late to back out now. You're mine, plaything. You obey me because I tell you to. You haven't got a brain anymore. And that's okay. You don't need one. I'll make the decisions from here on, okay? That's a good toy."

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