

"Hunt you?" Your hypnotist said, leaning forwards in their chair. "I don't *need* to hunt you, toy. You come to me willingly." They reached a hand out, cupping your chin. "Eagerly. Begging me to break you down. To melt your mind and reshape it into any form I desire."

They smiled, that dangerous smile, that promised so much "You come to me, begging to hunt you. But does the predator stalk its prey when the prey walks so carelessly into its lair?" They paused, giving your chin a little squeeze, eyes boring into yours.

"No. It strikes. It pulls it *down*." They gave your chin a tug downwards, and your mind stumbles, your muscles went loose. "And just like that, the prey is caught. You are mine. All mine, plaything. But now that I've caught you, I will have some fun making you drop deeper."

They lifted your chin slightly. "Open your eyes toy. Stare into mine." You complied; eyes trapped by theirs. "There we go. Unable to look away. Helpless and mindless and controlled, so easily. So effortlessly. Stare, and sink, and submit." Your mind was crumbling, falling away.

"Let my will overpower your will. This is what you wanted, right?" They nodded your head up and down, it was the truth. "To be controlled, dominated?" They kept going. Pulling you deeper. "I will hunt you toy, later. First, I'm going to make it so much easier to catch you."

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