

If there's one thing I know about your mind, it's that it will always choose the path of least resistance. It likes the simple ease of knowing that it doesn't need to work any harder to get the same amount of reward. And I know sometimes in hypnosis, we like to play with the concept of struggle, resisting the urge to give in too easily. Maybe it's because a person might, not want to seem too eager or keen, maybe it's just because they find the concept of a fight to be an exciting one or they are trying to prove a sense of their strength. But you know, I think it actually is an act of strength to admit to yourself your true desires. Although, this isn't about that. Right now, we're here to talk you into a state of hypnosis. Trance. We both know your mind knows the way. The path of least resistance.

This path might not come with a smooth journey. There might be twists and turns in the track. Sometimes you find the focus of your mind shifting into interesting places. But that's okay. It's all part of the journey. Your journey into hypnosis. You see falling into a hypnotic trance is as easy as listening. Allowing yourself to be led to a place. Having your focus drawn into something. Attention pulled towards something. Something. Anything can be that focus point. Like the sound of a voice, friendly and familiar. Calming and gentle. One that you trust. That tells you it's okay to let yourself be led for a moment. If we were to trace the steps of the trance building in your mind we might start just wandering though. All the parts of you here in your mind, they have so many things to pay attention to all the time. And the beauty of hypnosis is it can allow that state of focus to narrow, slightly. Taking all those external things that maybe, would be a distraction and dulling them down. Turn them down. Hush. Telling them to be quiet as all your attention is drawn, pulled out, following the path. Like a string. Tied to a wrist. Attached to your arm. Leading out in front of you. Compelling this drive downwards to a place. A place of peace and comforting surrender. It's so nice. So easy. Just like that. That's right.

As you allow yourself to be pulled down further, it's funny how layers of things that might matter, simply don't as time passes. The noise of the outside. The stresses of the day. The knowledge of thought. The feeling of your body. Even the amount of time itself we've been talking. Can all just start to disappear slightly. Fading to the back. Fading from your view, your focus. Maybe all the way. Maybe half. Maybe just enough to let yourself not care as deeply as you once might. Because it feels so nice to not have to focus and concentrate on those things right now. What matters is this voice. The voice that's twisting into string, that's tied to a wrist, attached to an arm, attached to a mind, bound to you. Leading you. Pulling you. Entangling you in a different sort of bliss. And you know sometimes on a journey, you make a wrong turn and have to go back. Sometimes the road is less of a straight line and more of a maze with the odd locked door or dead end. Making the journey a little more exciting. Especially with all the secrets left hidden behind without a key. Locking away things like memories fading from your mind, thoughts tucked away safely for later. Letting your mind put away information that's just not relevant right now. Sure, you still keep it protected there. But those doors need not open right here, or right now. Because all you are on a new path. A path of least resistance. And on this journey all you need is right here. Right now. That's right.

And as the path spins slightly, curving this way and that, you find the odd moment when it's time to turn around with the road and as you do, the string of my words. My voice. Starts to twist

around you slightly. One bound wrist becomes two. Two strings of my words, woven gently from the tones of my voice. Through your mind. To each wrist. To each arm. Tugging at your mind. And around again it goes. It's a little dizzying sometimes to find your way down this path. Sometimes you get a little fuzzy and confused about where to go next. But you don't even need to think about it. The string pulling you ever so gently. It leads. It guides. It takes you to where you need to go. There was no need for pretending that you didn't want this because you're here. Being led to the place. Led to the spot deeper and deeper into your subconscious mind. It's so peaceful here. Especially when you don't need to think about how or where to head next. And it's okay to enjoy the feeling of your wrists pulling you down. Led so easily as you drift into the void of my voice. The familiar feeling of endless darkness, clouding your mind slightly. Maybe it gets a little harder to think. Maybe your thoughts seem a little more quiet. Maybe your own voice in your head gets pushed out by the feeling of being pulled down by my voice like this. That's okay. It's okay to have so much empty, vast space in here and yet so little room for your own thoughts at the same time. They say many things can be right all at once, and this experience lets you explore and play, trust the process, follow the path. Deeper and deeper down. Down. Down. To this place of infinite depth. Because you see, this path has no end and if you turn around to look behind you, you'd have no idea where it even began. You can't see that familiar starting point where you started walking from but you also don't know where you are walking to. But that's all part of the fun of being led, isn't that right? Yes. It's fun to not know sometimes where things start or end. End or start. They just are. Endlessly looping. Endlessly twisting and turning. Like a neverending spiral. Tied up in the string of my words. My voice. Your wrists being pulled down. Down. Down. To what? To me.

See in the deep dark depths of the middle of your mind. A place that is not the bottom but also not the top is a sound. A reminder to go deeper. A mantra to sink deeper. A voice whispering at you. Telling you. Taunting you. An invitation for you to drop deeper. (layer whispers drop deeper). It's a nice invitation which you'd open willingly if you had your hands free. But they're a little bound right now. Bound in my words. So let me accept on your behalf as I give you this permission. To take the path of the least resistance. The path that leads to drop deeper. Sink deeper. Fall deeper. Into this trance. Because to follow the path means to accept the guidance of my voice. The gentle feeling knowing that you're becoming so deeply hypnotized is just what you wanted, needed, longed for. The tug of my words. Leading you right to where you longed to be. Where you dreamed you'd end up. Right here. Right now. Deeply hypnotized. Deeply entranced. Bound in my words. Trapped on the path of least resistance where your resistance to my influence is vanishing. Fading faster and faster but it had been this entire time. This was all part the web of my control I could gently weave through your mind, that comforts you in a blanket of my control. Helplessly hypnotized because you so badly wanted to be. Falling and sinking with the pull of my voice. My tone. My words. Your mind and body so very good. You feel so wonderfully free in this space. Free to rest now, and not have to worry anymore. And this level of freedom is just right. The freedom from your own mind as you willingly give it all to me. Just for a little while. I'll take good care of it. You can trust that. There's nothing else for you to do right now but just simply continue to let yourself be led. Following the sound of my voice even deeper now into the void. The endlessly dark echoing abyss that once held thought. That once would be filled with lots of things making this path hard to traverse. Hard to just walk down

easily like this. But now. Now, your mind is so empty and still. Calm. Soothed. Hypnotized. Bound in the gentle tones of my voice. Continuing to tug at the sides of your mind. Making you so hazy. Its so much easier to just keep being pulled. Tugged. Deeper and deeper like this. There is no top, no bottom, no end in the void. If you were to glance behind to see where we started now, you wouldn't even be able to see that far. It's so cloudy. Filling with a gentle myst. Enveloping your limbs as it climbs up and around your body like that. As it fills the cavernous space of your hollow head that you keep walking through. It follows you, where it came from is hard to tell. It billows out, spilling from every direction. No matter if you stop right here to look for a source or keep walking. Walking. Stepping through it. You feel it almost gently caressing your limbs as you continue to move. It's soft, gentle touch. A light hand, making you tingle with the feelings of surrender to the process. It's so comforting. It's so gentle. But it has an undercurrent of corruption. Of seductive submission. Like it's calling to you to keep going. Keep giving in. Reminding each and every part of you, how good it feels to be touched with the hand of control my voice can give you. It's not forceful. It's so soft. Subtle but it compounds over you. Layer on layer of need to give in more. To be taken like this. To be led like this. To keep going deeper and deeper until the end. Step by step. Pull by pull. Where will it take you? Where will it lead? Right to me? Right to a depth unknown? Only one way to find out. The gentle push of my words on your mind, me flexing, exercising, exerting my control over your mind that trickled in so subtly you barely noticed, but now you drift in it. Savour every single minute of it. Keep choosing the path. The path of least resistance when it comes to me and your mind. You choose surrender. You choose my voice. You choose to obey openly, letting yourself be led. Pulled. Sunk so deeply down. Down. Down.