

Your hypnotist crouched down to where you were knelt, on the floor, and cooed softly in your ear. "Awh, look at you." They said. You turned, slowly, to look at them, but they pressed a hand to your cheek, and pushed your gaze back to the glass surface in front of you.

"No, pet. I mean *look at yourself in the mirror*. See those glassy eyes? That vacant stare? The way your jaw hangs open?" They let out a soft laugh, as your brain focused on each feature in turn. "You look so dumb, and hypnotised right now." That was true, you did.

It's because you were. "There's nothing going on inside your head. But that's okay. You don't need to be smart. You can be dumb, and empty headed for me, can't you?" They slipped a hand under your chin, and pressed upwards, making your head move up and down.

"Just nodding along, completely braindead for me. My power. My words, wrapping around your mind, making you into such a good toy for me." They let go of your chin. Your eyes were still fixed on your reflection. This creature in the mirror, full of obedience. That was you.

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