

You're standing on a cliff, overlooking the ocean. Your hypnotist holds your chin, making you look into their eyes. You're falling, plummeting. The waves rushing up to meet you. Your hypnotist's laugh echoes in your ears as your mind sinks.

You're drowning. You can't think. You can't begin to fight it. All you can do is drop deeper into the ocean, caught in their grasp. Pulled down more with every second that passes. Engulfed in their power. Engulfed in their control.

Until you're back, bobbing on the surface.

Your thoughts start to realign. Only to be pulled back down, dragged under once again, as their hand brushes down your cheek. Their words reverberating through the liquid medium of your mind. And then back up again. Bouncing from awareness, to slumber, and back down again.

And later that day, long after you've come back up, they come to you, one hand on the back of your neck, tickling at your mind. And with one word; "Ocean." You're back. Dropped into the engulfing abyss of their seas. Theirs to do with as they will. Helpless. Mindless. Theirs.