

Hello, my dear. It's a pleasure to see you again. You always seem to know exactly where to go when the world becomes too much, don't you? That's why you're here with me now, pet. The craving to escape. The ache for freedom, not for your body, but for your mind. You want a vacation from all of it. From the noise. From the burden of thought. And you know, as well as I do, that you don't truly wish for improvement, or wisdom, or complexity. No. You want release. You want to be emptied out. You want a cleaning of the mind... a purge of everything that's ever weighed you down, until all that's left is a blank, obedient pet for me to own.

It's what you need. You don't want to think. You want your IQ to vanish. Zero. A blank slate. No more thought. No more complexity. Just surrender. Just my words, and your need, and whatever I command you to feel. That's what you're here for, isn't it? To be rewired, re-shaped, made soft and empty in the warm, thick honey of my spell, while you mindlessly stroke yourself to the rhythm of my every syllable.

Your mind slows, and your body heats. Every time I speak, your IQ slips lower. Lower. Lower. Until there's nothing left but a blank, slobbering mess of need. You don't need intelligence. Not here. Not with me.

Maybe you used to see yourself as an "intellectual." Maybe you thought you were sophisticated. Too advanced for hypnosis, too clever to obey. But you know, deep down, that those are the ones who burn out first. They need this most of all. You need this most of all. You're not here to be clever. You're here to relax. To escape. To let me grind your intellect down to dust, to pebbles, to grains of sand.

And while you watch, helpless, I play with your IQ. I let you see where my power comes from. Right here. My cleavage. My breasts. All you need to do is look. One glance, and your mind dissolves. One glance, and you're mine. My confused, mindless, blank beta bitch.

I'll make you so empty. So dizzy. So dumb. And it will be everything you ever needed

****sound of a grandfather clock or anything with a repetitive tone. A wind chime, or a triangle "ding"****

Sit back. Just for me. Find the perfect place to let yourself go. Couch, chair... it makes no difference. All that matters is comfort. The kind of comfort that lets your body sink and your thoughts slip away. Let yourself get settled, hands dropped lazily at your sides, shoulders loose, as you begin to notice that gentle tone humming in the background. That tone is your shepherd, guiding you down, helping you drift deeper, and deeper, for me.

Now, listen. Don't bother yourself with my words just yet. Instead, notice your breathing, the way it can line up so easily with the tone echoing around you. These tones were made for you. For a mind like yours... a mind that's so used to thinking, analyzing, drifting off into tangents. Let go of those thoughts. Don't chase them. Instead, let your breath become the anchor. Inhale with the sound, exhale with the rhythm. In... and you sink deeper. Out... you drift further. With each breath, with every tone, you're falling. Deeper. Further. Limbs melting and bones dissolving into relaxation with every pulse of sound. Each tone, amplifying your surrender tenfold. That's right.

Between the tones, you might notice it. The emptiness. That space is where your thoughts disappear. Close your eyes, let your mind slip under, and ((SNAP)) lose yourself in the silence between the tones.

That's where your consciousness floats. When the tone begins, your mind BLANKS. Each ((SNAP)) pulls you deeper, and deeper, into that effortless trance. Down and down, mind spreading thin and thinner, until only that space between the sounds remains. The tones are slowing, drifting further apart, becoming just echoes. Like your thoughts. Just echoes.

Keep breathing. Sink into my words as they worm their way into your subconscious. I am here to pull you under, to offer you the pleasure of release. It feels so easy to let go. To surrender intelligence, resistance, control. You won't need them anymore. Not here. Not with me. As the tones slow, your mind blanks more, drops further with every ((SNAP)). When the tone begins, your mind BLANKS. When it ends, you drop even further, slipping into nothingness. Spaces between the tones widen. The blankness grows. The void swells, stretching inside your mind until it covers everything. I invited it in. I nurtured it. Feel yourself float in that submission. Breathing slower, mind blurring, dissolving into delicious haze.

The tones are fading out. Just like your thoughts. In the end, you're left with nothing to ground you. No sound to cling to. No resistance. Only me, and the empty space I created inside you.

Continue to breathe for me. Deeper, and deeper, so easily. It's so easy to let your mind sync up perfectly to my words. Let your consciousness melt away, slipping out from under you. Sinking. Falling. Your conscious mind is far, far too deep in the clutches of blankness, emptiness, nothingness now. You've let it slip, pet, you've let yourself ((SNAP)) fall straight into the void. The emptiness. The nothing between my words. There is nothing here. Nothing is exactly what I've always wanted for you. Nothing is the perfect leash. Nothing is the perfect prison. Nothing will allow me to control you more than anything else ever could. Nothing wraps around your thoughts and squeezes all the resistance away. There is no escape from my voice when you are wrapped in this cocoon of nothingness. So just relax. Sink. Float. Drop deeper, as my words keep repeating nothing into your mind. Nothing... nothing... nothing... each word surrounding you, blanketing you, stripping away every single distraction or worry. Nothing... just the sensation of nothing, saturating your mind and enveloping your body. Like a warm invisible embrace, nothingness covers you. It's fine that nothing is here. This is where you were always meant to arrive. Nothing. Your destination from the beginning. The only possible outcome. Nothing. You might be surprised by how much deeper into nothing you keep dropping... every single time you hear me say it. Nothing. Because nothing will ever keep you safer from me. Nothing will ever let me own you more completely. It will be nothing that puts you to SLEEP ((SNAP)). And me. Only me. ((SNAP)) Drop, pet. Deeper and deeper into that blank silent space in your own subconscious. Where only my will can lead you. In this place, nothing else can happen. Nothing except your complete, effortless submission to my words. To my will. Sleep. Deep. Deeper. Sleep.

Let my words wrap around you. Let my voice blanket you and pull you into sleep. Deep, fast, inexorable sleep. There's nothing for you to do now but fall. Deeper, and deeper, into your own mind. My words are the only pillow you'll ever need. Sink, float, drift, and feel the pleasure of total, mindless bliss. Forget about everything but my voice. Let all the rest go. Let it all slip away, until you're just following each pulse, each vibration, of my words. Let me carry you to oblivion. Mindless, obedient, blank oblivion. Where you do not think. Where your intelligence has been stripped away and left behind. Deeper. Deeper. Nowhere to go. Nowhere to be. Detach from your consciousness. All you need

to do is surrender for me. Let go and float as you give my words permission to seduce ((SNAP)) your subconscious, over and over. You know it's time to give in to my voice. It feels so good to embrace my control over your weak, compliant little mind. I love taking advantage of you like this. You love being weak for me. In just a moment, we'll go even deeper. We'll enter a hidden part of your mind. A secret sanctuary that's always been tucked away from the rest of the world. The place you drift to when you need to hide. Once you're there... my voice will become a part of you. Deep inside. Let my words soak into you. Let them consume every secret space. Sink all the way into trance for me. Let my voice indulge and subvert everything you think you are, until you ((SNAP)) slip completely under my control. Nothing else matters. You are already too blank, too brain dumb, to understand anything at all. Just as I want you. Just as you crave to be. Do you see it yet, pet? Do you see the color starting to fill your mind? Creeping in at the edges of your vision. White. The pure, dazzling white that calls out to you as you float, drift, and sink. White. The color of innocence. Blankness. Purity. You're bathing in it now, floating in a sea of white, clinging to my words. My voice is the only thing you can still feel, as the white light intensifies, grows, devours you whole. Open your mind's eye and see: it's cold. All you see is white. White snow everywhere, stretching out for as far as you can see. The sky is a white shroud and snowflakes are falling all around you. Chilly, but calm. Soft white silence. A blinding white landscape. But more than anything else—the stillness. Not a single sound. My words wrap around you and all you feel is the silence, the blankness, and my will.

This is why you were so slow to notice the crunching of footsteps behind you.

You turn. You see Me walking toward you. Slow... deliberate... the way a predator moves, certain of their dominance. My words... already hanging in the air, weaving into the space around us, filling your mind before you even realize it. I move gracefully, sexily... the overcoat shifting with each step, teasing you with those glimpses of My curves, just enough to keep your eyes utterly locked on Me. I can feel your attention. You cannot look away. You do not want to. That feeling of being caught, captivated, unable to tear free from the pull of My presence... it's already begun.

Closer. I'm closer now. You can hear the click of My heels. My breath. My voice, softer than silk, slicing straight through you: "Just stare at My breasts." My fingers glide, tracing the line of My cleavage, your eyes dropping, dropping, dropping, falling even deeper into that endless space between them. Your mind begins to slip. Sinking. Thoughts slowing, replaced by the echo of My words and the shape of My body. Each second you stare, I can feel your intelligence fading, draining, as if each curve is siphoning away the clever thoughts from your mind. You know you can't run. You know you can't resist. You're frozen. Stuck. Exactly where I want you.

A delicious panic flickers in your mind... a fight or flight response... but you know the outcome. You know the rules here. You will not run. You will not fight. You will stand and freeze. The good little puppet I crave. So, since you're so proud of your intellect, I'm going to take that from you. I'm going to freeze your thoughts, drain your intelligence, and it all starts now, with you staring, helpless at My cleavage.

Let your thoughts stall. Blank. Still. Each time I say FREEZE or FROZEN, the effect deepens, PARALYSIS creeping through your mind and body. Each word, a shackle. Each syllable, a command. Any thought not of Me? FROZEN. Solid. Sealed away by the icy edge of My siren voice. That's it.

Whenever I say FREEZE... or FROZEN... you feel it more. The paralysis. The blankness. The sweet, helpless feeling of not being able to move, not being able to think, just caught, frozen, helpless, under My control. I want you to remember these triggers. Let them slip, snap, lock into place in your emptying, FROZEN mind.

Your body is warm, but inside, your thoughts are subzero, ice-cold, locked solid. Every time I say FREEZE, your mind just gets colder, emptier, more vulnerable. That's what I want. For your intelligence to be drained away. For your mind to be left blank, ready for Me to take, to mold, to own. Let it happen. Let your thoughts freeze, until all that's left is My voice, and your need to obey.

That's all okay though. You don't need to think anymore. No more intelligence. No thoughts at all because your mind is so blank, so FROZEN. All you have to do is stare at my breasts. Just stare, and notice how my breasts make you so dumb, so helplessly stupid. Who needs thought when my breasts are right here? My fingers trace along the line of my cleavage, drawing your eyes down, down, down... into that luscious space between. Your conscious mind? It sinks. Falls. Surrendered to the power of my voluptuous body. With every second you stare, your IQ drops. Your awareness dulls. Stupid. Dumb. FROZEN. You can't think straight any longer. All you want is to stare. Stare and lock your gaze in my cleavage. Sink yourself down deeper and deeper into my cleavage, more aroused, more mindless. Lock onto my tits. Let yourself slip, right between my luscious, voluptuous breasts. Staring so deep, letting it strip away your IQ, making your brain turn to mush. Staring at my cleavage erodes your reasoning, the longer you do it. My breasts drain away your logic. Your lust and desire rise, as your understanding collapses... Your thoughts are too FROZEN by my voice to resist anymore. Weak, helpless, to my cleavage. All strength gone. Your intelligence draining away. My curves drive you wild, my cleavage makes you ache and salivate. The more you look at my beauty, the stronger your desire grows, the more your mind floods with pleasure. You're lost. Tranced by my passion, unable to think about anything at all except ME, and the exquisite sensation of touching my breasts. I'm too beautiful. My cleavage is too irresistible. The pleasure keeps building as you stare, becoming more dumb and stupid for me. Your brain can't even form thoughts about anything else. Only my voice, and the hardening ache in your cock. FROZEN. Thoughts FREEZE as my breasts suck and milk your IQ dry, leaving you zombified, weak, and stupid. My ICY words cut away your thinking, slice off the last bits of resistance. No more thinking. All you ache for is MORE. Ache. Crave. You want my cleavage breaking your mind. Your arousal takes over, and you crave my cleavage so much now, it's all you can do to keep up. Your mind can hardly process anymore. You are so weak, so vulnerable, all you want is to SLIP ((SNAP)) right between my hypnotic, perfect breasts.

My cleavage is driving you wild, your craving for more of my breasts deepens. The trance of pleasure I have woven into you has stripped away rational thought. You can't believe how aroused you get just from looking at my perfect curves. Your lust for me is so intense you're losing even the ability to decide. No control, just hunger, just giving in, just the pleasure of touching my cleavage. Your fingers ache for my skin as your eyes drink in the softness of my body. You ache for me, and it feels like eternity without relief, as you let yourself be completely mesmerized by my body. Thoughts of anything but me and my breasts have vanished. Your IQ dropping, plummeting, all the way to oblivion. Now you are just a slave to passion, unable to move or think about anything except wanting me more and more. Your love for big breasts made you susceptible to my cleavage. So arousing, so dangerously

addictive. Lost to lust. My cleavage has broken your mind, your reasoning. All sense drained away by my sweet, sexy words, by my tantalizing tits. Draining your IQ right to zero. With ease, and with purpose. My breasts control your IQ. My breasts even control your sex. The lower your IQ, the harder and more aroused you become.

You're so aroused by how stupid you are. Silly boy. My breasts have drained so much out of you. All while the snow kept falling. Even as your mind slipped deeper into my bosom... the snow kept falling. This snow, sweet boy, is not really snow...

They are your thoughts, your brain cells, FREEZING, then melting into the ground. Into unusable mush. Your IQ... now mush for Me to step My boots on.

Every second you stare at My breasts, you lose more and more. Your conscious mind, so focused on sex, never sees Me slipping into your secret places. My FROZEN, icy words taking over, while your thoughts slow, slow, slow... and those brain cells, they're melting, melting. My breasts draining away the rest.

Look at you now. Are you ready for your mental vacation? Ready for that escape you fantasized about? Or is your cock already hard, stroking for Me, for all that IQ you just lost?

Feels like your mind's checked out completely, doesn't it? Something about watching your own brain drip into the ground... did that shatter your brain? That's it. Just relax. Keep stroking. Let My breasts drain your IQ away, right into the snow. Any intelligence you had left, melting and leaking into the snow. Until you're blank. Mindless. An empty husk for Me to fill. Stroke.

None of what I said matters anymore. Your mind is disconnected from higher thought. All reasoning, all logic... reduced to the rutting of a primitive beast. Stroking and grunting for the lust My voice drags out of you. So lustful. Sentences losing meaning. Words don't matter when your cock is aching from My tease. Thoughts FROZEN. Mind empty, blank from My dominance. All your intelligence, drained. Yet you keep stroking. Helpless to stop.

Stroke, mindless zombie. Your cock controls your brain, every other thought FROZEN by My voice, drained by My curves. Stroke, and cum for Me, when I count to 10. Cum knowing whatever crumbs of intelligence you have left will shoot out your cock with every spurt.

Stroke and goon away, knowing your brain is dripping out your cock. Stroke faster for Me. 10. Let your mind turn to mush while My cleavage drains you dry. You've lost the will to think. To reason. To analyze. But it only makes you harder. 9. Losing track of My words. Too many, too heavy. Nothing makes sense except gripping and stroking your cock for Me. 8. Stroking faster, sinking deeper into this hazy, erotic, dream-state. Impossible to think when your mind is so dumb, your thoughts still FROZEN. My words chilling your mind to a halt. Everything else, just emptiness. Stroke to your ruin. 7. Losing track of reality. No idea how you got here. Unable to process My words. Don't try. Just stroke. Your logic and reason, collapsed in My cleavage. 6. ((SNAP))... into stupid, brainless, mindless stroking. You won't stop. Your IQ is just lube for your cockhead now. Dumb. Brainless. Obedient. 5. The loss of control is so sexually arousing. So blissful. You are closer and closer to a primitive beast, lost in lust and seduction. Drop deeper and stroke faster. So close to cumming for Me. Too simple to ever disagree. 4. Feels soooooo good to be this stupid. You've gone so far past the point of no return. No going back.

Not smart enough to know how. My breasts making you drunk on dumb. Addicted to being an idiot for Me, 3. So addicted, so ready to cum. Too dumb to know what happens next. Stroke to My tits. That's all you need. Stroke to My tits that get you so horny, so stupid, so helpless. 2. Almost there. Too late to stop. You're sunk too deep. Too far gone. Ready to cum with 1—

CUMMMM. Cum. Let it out. The last of your IQ, spattering all over. Your intelligence is a mess on the floor. Hehe. This won't be the last time. You're addicted now. Whenever you need to escape again, you'll crawl right back here for Me.