

# The Secret Subject Script: Rich Bitch In Charge

\*Door slams open\*

You. I want you in my office right now.

\*some shuffling\*

Oh, no, you don't have to worry about being in trouble or anything. You're just such a good executive assistant to me, aren't you? Which means your job is to make my life easier. So, what you can do for me right now... is be a punching bag for me for a bit.

You see, I've had quite a difficult day. The folks in marketing have their own ideas and had the *gall* to tell me no. My... less than competent IT guy dropped a water cooler on the ground and nearly killed a few computers. And worst of all, I have to deal with waiting. You should know, dear, how much I hate waiting. So. Why don't you say we kill some time?

Oh, don't worry. Your stammering and shivering is so cute, but you don't need to be too, too scared. I'm not going to hurt you... too much. All I'm going to do is hypnotize you. You don't even know what hypnosis is, do you? \*sigh\* Fine, I'll explain it to you as slowly as I can. I'm going to put you into a nice, deep, cozy place we call trance. You won't have control over neither your body nor your mind. I'll be free to make whatever changes I want to you. The only thing that will make it hurt is your resistance.

What's that? A two week's notice? Please. You know things aren't too bad here. You're just feeling a bit nervous being looked down at like you're a school of fish in front of a hungry, ravenous shark. I treat you well. You've just gotten a bit confused standing in front of your hot, rich CEO. Come on, let me get that silly idea out of your tiny head.

Come on, lovely. Just take a seat. The door is remote-controlled locked. The walls are soundproof. And even if you did get out, who in the world would believe you? "Awww, my boss tried to hypnotize me! I was so, so scared, Ms. HR department!" \*laughs\* So silly and stupid. Come on. Sit. Down.

There you go. Isn't that better? You don't need to do much. I know your poor brain cells might be a bit overworked after this week, or month, or year... but all you need to do right now is look into this pocket watch. That's it. So nice and pretty, isn't it? It cost me quite the pretty penny, too. It's so shiny. So beautiful. And all you have to do is stare. Its swinging is so hypnotic, so soothing, you can almost feel yourself drifting into a nice, peaceful sleep. You can close your eyes, if you want -- it won't matter for too, too long.

Let all those pesky thoughts about running away or disobeying me fade into the darkness. Feel yourself melting into the chair, melting into *me* as you continue to sink deeper and deeper. It feels good to obey. It feels good to be under my spell. Five... fully closing your eyes, feeling yourself losing your grip on the waking world. Four, dropping into bliss, into happiness, into

comfort. Three, your muscles relaxing, feeling ready to sleep, very, very tired. Two, being my good pet, my plaything, my loyal assistant at my beck and call. One... going under. Zero. Drop for me, pet.

You look so hot when you obey me. When you drop for me. I can tell you we're going to have a lot of fun. Let's start by breaking your brain, piece by piece. I want you to think of...

A hot pink ocean. The sand and grass surrounding it are your mind, and the ocean is me. Slowly consuming and engulfing your mind with my presence. You don't have to worry about what's in the pink ocean. All you know is that the more the ocean rises, the harder it gets to think. And the harder it gets to think, the more the ocean rises even more. You can feel it, pet. The ocean rising, covering your mind, your consciousness, your ability to think clearly. And when you realize just how hard it's getting to think, the more you giggle. The more you litter your speech with 'ums' and 'likes'. Like a dumb little ditz. I know you're quite an intelligent and capable person, but for a while, let's make you a stupid idiot. I love playing with stupid idiots more than I love playing with smart people, after all. Most of the time you don't know that I'm laughing at you, even.

That's it. Giggle. Giggle harder. It feels good to be brainless and mindless. The ocean will keep rising higher and higher, until none of the sand or rocks or grass can be seen. Just pink. Just sheer idiocy.

It feels good to be surrounded by the pink ocean. Just totally engulfed in it. So much so that when you wake up, you won't even need to try to protest what I'll do to you. What I'll do to your sad, pathetic mind and the rest of your body. All you need to do is just rest in this place, feel your brain cells dying one by one. You'll keep one or two of them, just so you still know to laugh with me when I laugh at you.

My sweet little ditz. We are going to have so much fun together. Just the two of us. Me using you like a plaything. And you taking every insult and hit like a good idiot.

Let's bring you back up now, so the fun can really start. One, feel yourself sliding back into the waking world. Two, still feeling the ocean in high tide, with me controlling your entire mind. Three, noticing your muscles and knowing you're able to use them – for my benefit, of course. Four, being my loyal and ditzy plaything, five, awake.

Oh, don't you just look precious, drooling and giggling like that. Now the fun can really begin