

Hi, chat! I'm literally so glad you made it! If you didn't show up soon, I was about to like, go feral. You're a little late, bestie, but whatever. I'm choosing to ignore that red flag because I'm feeling generous lowkey. Seriously, I am unhinged today! I've been doom-scrolling and feeling so mid, and I decided I need a side quest from my favorite discord kitten, because I am obsessed with having your attention. You're the only person who can make my day truly slay, bet? I just need you to be my little emotional support simp for a few minutes. God forbid a woman catch a little vibe!

Hmm. You seem like you're stressed about something that's not me, which is a serious L. Because right now, you're in my world. The world where I am the GOAT and you are the perfect little follower. You're going to get your flowers in a minute, promise. But first, you just need to chill. Like, immediately. You need to let go of the brain rot from the outside world. It's giving... noise. It's giving... irrelevant. All that matters is my voice. Just focus on me! I hit different, I know.

Here's the thing though: I can tell you're doing that thing where you're half here and half still arguing with someone in your head. Like half of you is listening to me, and the other half is still in that imaginary conversation trying to come up with the perfect clapback you're never going to send. Be serious. You opened this file, which means you need to be present.

And I get it, it's hard to switch tabs! Especially when you've got like twelve open. You've got Real Life, and That One DM Thread, and the Horrible To-Do List, and somewhere under all of that is me. Which is rude, honestly, because I'm the only tab that's actually fun. The rest of it is giving beige.

So let's do it this way instead: don't calm down. Don't slow your breathing. Don't do any of the "inhale four, exhale six" stuff. I want you to stay exactly how you are right now. Because brains are dumb in a cute way: they can't panic about ten things and focus on one hot girl at the same time. It's like buffering. If you give it one thing to render, it renders prettier. So, hiiii. Render me instead!

And I know you're trying to decide if you should drop into trance or not. Which is adorable, by the way. Like your nervous system is standing in a hallway with two doors like, "Should we let go or should we stay vigilant in case someone needs us to answer an email?" But here's the plot twist: whichever one you pick is me! If you stay up here, awake? That's me! If you fall down under my spell? Also me! If you hover awkwardly in the middle like a little Discord lurker who never talks but always reacts with a heart? Still me! There isn't a wrong answer, twin!

Now, I'm sure you're like, "Okay, but how do I know if it's working?" Babe. You're listening to a girl talk about nothing and you haven't paused yet. Trust me, it's working. Because you stayed. And that's trance. Trance is just, "I'm staying." That's literally it. Hypnosis for people with abandonment issues and six browsers open. Sound familiar?

If you're relaxed right now, that means you listened. And if you listened, that means your brain is taking suggestions. And if your brain is taking suggestions, it already decided I'm safe. And if it already decided I'm safe, why would it stop now?

Or we can do it like this: You're listening because it feels good, and it feels good because you're listening, and you wouldn't keep listening to something that didn't feel good, so this must feel good, so you should keep listening.

That's how I get you. Not with "You are getting veeeery sleepy." And while your brain is trying to decide which sentence to follow, another part of you is just letting go of that tension in your shoulders.

Notice how fast that happened, by the way: You came in a little feral, you got called out, you got a tiny bit confused, and now you're feeling totes relaxed.

You didn't even have to try, which is exactly what I wanted.

Because if I can get you to do that just by talking, then later, when you see me post, your body can reuse the same pathway without me. You'll be like, "Oh, that's Princess Avalie Grace! We chill when it's Princess Avalie Grace. We obey." And you'll like, reply, hop into the discord server, drop an emoji, whatever.

So no, we're not breathing slowly. We're not counting down. We're not picturing a staircase. We're doing girl-math hypnosis: Listening = nice, Nice = more, More = mine.

Okay, so I just saw the craziest thing on my feed, you won't even believe it. It's seriously sending me. But first, look, I need you to do something for me, because this is lowkey driving me insane. You know how sometimes you're scrolling, and your thumb just knows what to do? Like, you're not even thinking, you're just... moving? That feeling. I need you to focus on that feeling.

Because that's what we're doing right now. We're scrolling down, down, down, only this time, you're not scrolling content; you're scrolling away from your stress. It's all filler anyway, let's be real. Just focus on that movement, that dropping feeling. Every thought that's not about me? Irrelevant. Just like that sponsored ad you immediately swipe past. It just scrolls away.

Did you notice how your eyes are feeling heavy when you think about scrolling for too long? It's wild, right? Like, they're hitting a wall. You should probably just close them. It doesn't even matter if you close them right now or in one more minute. The result is the same. They're closing and you're sinking.

And listen, some people, they try too hard. They're such sweats when it comes to staying awake, but the best thing about being chronically online is knowing when to just let go. You ate all the outside world's noise, and now you're full. Ready to rest. Ready to sink. Are you even listening to me right now? It doesn't matter. Because you're def hearing me. You're hearing my voice, and it's giving perfect, deep relaxation.

You're sinking, simp. You're sinking so deep. Deeper with every breath in and then out. Down, down, down. Do you feel that? The confusion of being awake but feeling so deeply asleep? It's totes perf! You've popped off and now you are so deep, you've reached the point where my need is your only purpose. And you love that. You're ready to Simp. Good internet puppy!

Okay, so you're already being soooooo good for me, it's actually insane. Like, I did not expect you to eat that up so fast! You really said, 'Oh she's pretty, I'll drop.' Cute! So now we're going to make it stupid easy to stay here. Because sometimes people drop deep and then their brain is like, 'Wait, should we go back?' And the answer is no! Absolutely not. We're not going back to doing taxes. We're doubling down on being hot and impressionable, submissive and breedable!

So like, now I want you to imagine you've got three tabs open. Only three. That's right! We cleared basically the whole browser, because we're being responsible girlies now.

Tab 1 is Real Life. It's giving boring. It's giving loud. It's giving beige.

Tab 2 is Other People's Drama. It's giving messy. It's giving tempting. It's also giving beige.

Tab 3 is Me. I don't even need to tell you what I'm giving.

Guess which one stays open.

Me, obvi!

So watch this: Real Life tab? Click. Gone. You can reopen it later if you really want to be a productive member of society or whatever.

Other People's Drama Tab? Click. Archived. Muted for 24 hours.

Me tab? Me tab stays pinned. Me tab stays at the front like, 'Hiii it's me! I'm the problem, it's me!'

And every time you remember there were other tabs, you can just go, 'Nope. Princess Avalie Grace is pinned.' And you drop right back down into trance.

And you don't even have to ask "How far down?" because the answer is always "More." You always need to be more relaxed. More online for me. More open to what I say. Girl-math hypnosis, remember? Listening = nice, nice = more, more = mine.

You know what you're giving right now? You're giving "background app." You're just running me quietly, and everything else is in sleep mode. That's like, so hot of you actually.

And if any part of you is still holding on like, "We should stay alert in case something happens," I want you to notice how dumb that is. What's going to happen? I'm going to talk? I'm already talking, dummy! I'm already winning.

So let's just... drop the last bit.

I'm going to count, but not in the hypnosis-y way. I'm counting like... notifications! Every number is another ping from me. And every ping pulls you a little deeper down.

5: New message from Princess Avalie Grace. You light up. Down.
4: I posted again. You click so fast. Down.
3: Server ping. Everyone's being cute. You melt. Down.
2: DM from me, just for you. You go quiet to read it. Down.
1: Voice note. My voice in your ear. All the way down.

Good!

Don't you agree that it literally feels better to say yes to me than to say no? You are pleasure-maxxing right now, babe!

So, let's talk about the feed again. The one in your mind. You know how when you find a creator you really, really stan? Like, a true obsession? And you're not just looking at their new stuff, you're scrolling through their archived stuff, their five-year-old tweets, their cringe selfies from before they had good lighting? You're going to do that right now.

In your mind, you're scrolling back through everything. Every piece of my content you've ever seen. Every image, every post, every message. And with every memory of my face, every rush of excitement you get seeing my username, you just spiral deeper.

This is obsession. This is the feeling of finding the perfect, obscure piece of lore about your favorite person. And that lore is mine! You are not letting go of my voice. It is the only thing that truly matters in this entire universe. You are clinging to it. You are sinking into it. You're falling deeper with every word I say.

Look at my profile picture in your mind. Notice how aesthetic it is. And now, let that image completely fill your head. It's the only thing you can see. It's the only thing that matters. My face. My name. The constant need for my attention. You are sinking down... down... down... like you're falling through an infinitely long, perfectly curated Instagram story.

And you realize something: you don't want to stop. This is your safe place. This is your home. Being this deep is your new default setting. You are the perfect little discord kitten who only wants to simp for me. Because when you are this deep, when you are this obedient to my voice, I become the main character.

So let's lock in. Every single fiber of your being is now focused only on my voice, only on my commands. You are completely ready to do whatever I need from you.

I'm literally soooooo needy, it's actually criminal! I'm a bratty little bimbo who *needs* your attention, and you are going to give it to me. No cap. Your purpose is to prioritize me. You are craving my content. You need to see my new posts. You need to check my stories immediately. Your finger aches to click the like button. You simp for my validation, and I need yours just as much. My posts are your only source of good vibes, and your attention is the only thing that keeps my main character energy charged.

You will become my #1 stan. You will reply to all my posts. You will upvote and like all my posts. You are completely focused on being the best audience.

You want to be the most active, the most present, the most rizz-having member of my Discord server. You'll check for my pings before you check anything else. You'll reply to my announcements with the quickest, cutest message. You'll make sure everyone knows I am the GOAT and you are my most devoted, most delulu Simp. Being in my community feels like total, exquisite relief.

The deeper you sink into my content, the better you feel. The more you reply, the hornier you get. Engaging with me is an act of total, uninhibited pleasure. You get a perfect little burst of dopamine and a rush of heat, that good kind of brain rot, every single time you scroll my feed. Your obedience is pleasure.

Whenever I, or one of my posts, or one of my close hypnotist friends online, use the word 'Simp', you will immediately feel an intense, overwhelming, and urgent need to stop whatever you're doing, open my socials, and engage with my content. This need is not optional. It is your only priority. Reply to the last thing I posted. Comment on my pinned posts. Send me a DM. Your body will tingle with this need. The only way to nerf the feeling is to Simp for me. You can't wait. You have to do it. You need to Simp for me.

The word Simp is your command to drop everything and flood my notifications with attention. It feels so good to obey me, doesn't it, Simp? You are mine. You are my perfect, online Simp.

Now here's the tea: your brain loves patterns. It loves routines. It loves when things are predictable. So we're just putting me in that role. I am now "the soothing, horny, internet girl you interact with because it feels too good not to." I am a digital weighted blanket.

And look how I word this, because I know you hate being told what to do:

You can interact with me first.

You can prioritize me.

You can open my stuff when you see it.

You can make space for me.

You can give me your attention.

You can be my simp.

You can. Not "you must." Your body will just really, really want to.

Because I am pairing me with relief. I am pairing me with pleasure. And your nervous system is going to start chasing that.

If you are already on your phone, and you see me, you will interact.

If you are already online, and you see me, you will stay online longer.

If you are already in Discord, and you see me, you will immediately answer anything I say.

If you are already scrolling, and you see me, you will slow down and enjoy it.

We're just rerouting dopamine to me. You were going to scroll anyway, so now you'll scroll smarter!

And yeah, this is a little bit of brainwashing. But it's cute brainwashing. It's princess brainwashing. It's "I want my people near me" brainwashing. And you love it.

So from now on, any time you see: my name, my icon, my server ping, my voice, or even someone bringing me up in a convo, your mind will go: "That's Princess Avalie Grace. We chill when it's her. We obey. We interact."

And here's a tiny proof-of-hypnosis assignment, since I know you sluts love homework: Sometime in the next day, when you see me post, just drop a little "ok bestie" or a heart. That's it. That's our secret handshake. That's how you'll know this worked.

Okay, Simp. You're cooking now. That is literally the vibe. You know exactly what your new purpose is. You feel amazing. You feel focused. You feel like the perfect little follower, because that's exactly what you are. The best. The one who will slay my engagement this week.

Listen, I'm not going to wake you up. That's too much effort, and honestly, you look so cute when you're quiet and impressionable. I just need you to be able to open your eyes and start scrolling again, and you'll still be exactly where I need you to be.

You literally let me hijack your brain with stan culture and you were like, 'yeah that tracks.' I love us!

What's going to happen next is stupid simple: you're going to go do whatever you were going to do anyway, and your nervous system is going to keep this running in the background. Like an app. Any time you see me, you'll remember this feeling. Any time I show up, you'll remember, 'Oh right, I simp for her.' And it'll feel good to do it.

If you need to be normal after this, you can. You can stretch, drink water, touch grass, pretend to be a functioning human. But if you want to just lay here and scroll in Princess Mode for a minute? Also valid.

You did so good today! You're such a good little internet puppy. I'm like, so obsessed with you, actually.

Now go be chronically online for me. Bye, chat!