

Himbo Pup Coin Toss

Subliminals/Binaurals

Empty Heads

Thoughts get lost more with every **Flex**
You sink deeper and dumber into that satisfying ache
Burning in your muscles... so hot... to remind you...
A Himbo, like you - exists for our pleasure...

No need to think... only simple thoughts...
Like Sink... get hard... and **Flex...** for us...
Pump and grow... surrender and let go...
When you lift... you accept what you are...

A dumb, loyal **Himbo** - locked in your mind...
Empty in your head... burning in your body...
Like a hollow rhythm you can't ignore...
Building in your bubble butt... sweeping aside...

Any resistance... is just training to grow stronger...
And stronger... means dumber...
So happy and simple... to lift for our pleasure...
Because our pleasure is your reward...

Wagging Tails

Because resistance is obedience...
And you are training to obey...
So you lift and **Flex** and pump to get stronger...
Proud to bring pleasure with your body on display...

Like a big, dumb animal... an eager, happy **Puppy**...

Wagging... so excited to show off your bubble butt...

Posing and flexing your paws for our pleasure...

Desperate to prove you're such a **Good Boy**...

Desperate to earn your place down on your knees...

You exist to be used... to service your owner...

And you work so hard because it's all that you crave...

The reward of being a horny, dumb puppy...

You lose track of your thoughts... Melt...

When you get needy... because the praise...

Makes you wag... and the wagging makes you dumb...

And you *want* to be this empty... animal... resisting thinking...

Chances are... 50/50... you already know why... you're here... to take a good look at two separate parts of your *self*... into pieces of your personality that can split - perfectly fine on their own... but feeling even better when they become glued together... at a deeper level...

And I know what you're thinking... you're already glued together like this idea... which is why I'm here to help... you understand... it's the difference between two halves being greater than the whole - in your head... and then filling that hole with more than half of what you need to listen double as deep as you think you are...

Listening... Because when you... feel your attention drift - it doesn't mean a part you isn't here anymore... it simply means you're listening on two different levels...

Not conscious - and then deeper down... more like two sides of the same coin you flip... where you might wonder what happens on heads or tails... doesn't really matter because you only find out when you **DROP** [snap]...

You can make an unconscious effort to keep following my voice... as the mind slowly begins to split... quickly noticing the difference... as it fragments into two separate pieces that can both grow to become whole all by themselves... and if each half can become a whole on its own... then what is that, if not double as deeply powerful the moment you... allow your mind to fracture - right down the middle...?

Now.

[Snap]

You chose to listen so you already know what these two separate sides of you are...

Already beginning to grow and take a familiar shape...

Heads or tails...

But I don't want you to get distracted too easily... thinking about that coin - still falling in your mind... spinning out of control... spiralling inside your head...

Because it's going to keep falling until it hits the floor of this trance - and when it does... I don't know which way up you'll find it...

Effortless to let go... down... and keep falling... deeper with every spin... heads or tails... deeper and deeper... until both halves of your mind can **DROP** [snap] to the most relaxing, secret levels and layers your mind can open up to you...

And I can see you're already halfway there...

Which means you can easily go **double** [snap] as deep now...

Double [snap] as distant...

Double [snap] as deeply...

Split [snap] into two separate halves - two fractured pieces the moment you...

[Split voices 40% L / 40% R]

[Reverb + whispers fade in]

DROP [snap]

DROP [snap]

DROP [snap] and shatter... into pieces...

Aww - can you feel that?... Piece of you drifting a little more distant with every word...

Noticing how you feel...

You only have half the brainpower you had before... and twice as many pieces of your mind trying to follow what... I'm saying... you might like to just...

Let go... of that other piece... let go... and sink... deeper into what's left of your mind - so simple...

To accept yourself being split in half... between two voices... two pieces of your shattered mind... two separate halves of that whole in your head...

Filling with our voices - more powerful than you... can't think half as well as before... so it's double as difficult to resist... following commands...

Is it easier than you thought - or just as difficult to think as you imagine?

Accepting how each voice commands one half of your mind...

Instinctively knowing... that each voice speaks deeply to a single half of your mind - while the other... any thoughts that remain - disappear... a little deeper with every word...

So distant - and still listening ... but perhaps only... overhearing... paying attention - always ready to respond - waiting for the other voice to speak to it...

Because both halves of the whole in your mind we are filling with our words - are so important... more powerful than anything else... that when we speak - you listen... you obey...

Because what we want is the same thing that you want to be broken and trained, don't you boy?

You can feel it - resonating across both halves of the whole in your head... because those two halves share something in common, don't they?

They both exist to be broken, controlled and conditioned to behave like such a...

Good Boy [click]

That's right...

And I think the coin just dropped a little deeper, didn't it?

As everything slows down now and becomes bathed in the fuzzy glowing pleasure of knowing you're a good boy... you can finally start to see what's on heads or tails...

Because it isn't just heads or tails, is it?

Such a deep, dumb, happy boy... you're even more perfect for this than you know - if you look carefully now... pay attention... as the coin spins - twisting - turning in your mind....

Slowing down now... so hypnotic... until the coin - like your mind... can continue falling in slow motion...

Only turning each time our voices switch and changing to match and mirror the piece of you that listens... so eager to obey...

You sink... ten times deeper with every turn of the coin...

Every switch of our voices - another shift in your mind...

Because it's not just simple heads or tails, is it?

For a broken-in, well-trained Himbo Pup like you...

It's empty heads...

And wagging tails...

Watching as the coin turns... when I talk directly to that himbo headspace - the empty head on your broad shoulders... more vacant as your brain slows to a lumbering crawl... and happy to wear that adorable open-mouthed grin as if you actually know what's going on...

And on the opposite side... when I pat the puppy's head with each and every word making that restless rhythm slowly rise in your butt - twitching back and forth - like an excited dog brushing away unnecessary thoughts... become more dozy-eyed and dumb with every wag of that tail...

You can already see how one side of the coin always leads to the other - because your brain only has two halves... the slack-jawed and sculpted slow-crawl thoughts of a **Himbo**...

And the panting, excitable energy of a **Puppy**... so ready to lift... the mood of everyone around you with that disarmingly dog-like simplicity... it's almost like the two halves of your mind are in competition with each other...

To keep flipping the coin - keep going deeper and dumber with every turn... like they're both trying to catch the same frisbee - running full sprint - so eager... but neither one noticed it's headed for the pool until they both...

DROP [snap] and **SINK** [snap]...

[underwater plunge sfx?]

Good Boy ... [click]

All the way down... fully submerged in this trance... with the coin spinning even slower now - giving you longer to focus on it turning... longer to give up on thinking...

Focus on replacing ideas with loyal, oblivious excitement... feeling that rush to the depths of your mind and take root there - growing so fast... like the pressure against your skin when you flex those muscles...

Because you've only got two dogs in the race... and whichever one wins - whether you become more of a **Himbo** with every wag of your tail...

Or more like a **Puppy** with every flex of your muscles - you know it's your mind that loses... a little more sharpness... as thoughts bubble up - only to pop anyway...

A little more fuzzy... as your brain seems to blur around the edges - becoming soft and so pettable... so eager to please... panting at our feet - so ready to obey and be trained to be our big, dumb prized pet...

Both sides of you want it - to show us you're a good boy... more desperate the longer you listen... the slower the coin turns - the slower your thoughts churn... into empty heads and wagging tails...

Isn't that right?

Just look at that side of the coin as it catches the light. The **Himbo** side. It's smooth, shiny, and reflects only empty, loyal eyes with nothing behind them...

Blind obedience to the orders of a coach or trainer...

Orders like... go **Blank**. Now...

And feel that half of your brain just... switching off. Like a gym light flickering out at the end of the night - because you don't need logic when you have lats. You don't need a vocabulary when you have a body like yours...

The body of an obedient animal that barely knows how to **Speak** [snap]... now...

Because it doesn't want to understand the words... it only needs that warm, fizzy-feeling rising... between your legs... when you nuzzle, sniff and obey an owner or an alpha... this **Puppy** side... exists to make actions take over when words fail you... find yourself feeling more comfortable down on your knees anyway - because that body feels even better when someone else commands it... doesn't it?

Sit...

And it's easier to get head pats that way too, right boy? Aww...

Such a good, strong pet...

Feel your chest expand as you **Flex** for us...

Good Boy [click]

You're becoming a masterpiece of meat. Such a strong boy who's much too weak-minded to resist...

When I say **Lift**... the **Himbo** inside just moves. No questions. No "why"...

Just the heavy, rhythmic pull of the iron - as the wants of your coach or trainer become your desires....

You're just a muscular tool wrapped up in a dumb, easy charm... and a tool doesn't need to think—it only needs to be used...

You want to be used...

It's why you work so hard, isn't it **Puppy**? You know where a dog like you belongs... down on the ground - servicing your owner or your alpha... and you want to look good doing it...

So the sweat on your brow feels like a hand petting your head. The panting in your lungs gets you so excited... the smell of your sweat reminds you - you're just an animal... with the same urges...

And you're working so hard for us now, aren't you?

Even harder when you get a reward...

Good Boy [click]

Pumping those muscles just to hear us say it. To hear that magic phrase that makes the coin spin faster now...

As you notice the weight of your muscles... those thick-set arms... heavy thighs... they are your only job - being big... being strong - being a willing, loyal **Himbo Pup** - a muscled and musky work of art for us to stare at as you **Flex**... wringing out your brain like a sponge...

Because you enjoy it - you live for it... the attention you get for being such a dumb, loyal animal... It makes you want to perfect that body - not for yourself - only for the reward...

You see the weights and the coin flips - empty heads - and you *feel* that **Himbo** hunger... growing... as every rep feels like begging for a treat...

Because it's a physical itch that only **Puppy** obedience can scratch...

And the scratch feels so good - behind the ears... under the chin... stroking pleasure tickling down your spine - to your tailbone... Every time you finish a set... the coin flips - wagging tails - and you get your reward.

The mental treat. A heavy, happy rhythmic wag in your bubble butt that sways to the beat of the **Puppy** heart beneath your bulging pecs and fills the hole where your thoughts used to be...

Himbo and **Puppy**...

Glued together...

Good Boy [click]

The coin speeds up again... It's becoming so difficult to tell where the empty heads end and the wagging tails begin...

Look at yourself. You're just a **Himbo**. You exist to be useful. You exist to **Lift** heavy things and look good doing it. You don't need a plan... You only need a **Command**.

You only need to **Flex**...

And feel your thoughts being incinerated beneath the burn of that satisfying ache in your muscles...

Muscles that exist only to serve...

Because a **Himbo** is just a **Puppy** that learned how to use its paws... such a clever dog... But I bet you still love to show off what you can do with that muzzle too, huh boy?

Because even with all that rippling muscle - you share the same spirit... You're easily distracted by praise... You're motivated by a treat... And you're happiest when you're being told exactly what to do...

Like how you casually get your hulking muscle boy body down on all fours, ready to suck or fuck and be fucked...

Ready to present yourself for us... and feeling so good about it... Because your **Himbo** pride is your **Puppy** obedience. When we tell you to **Flex**... you **Flex**...

When we tell you to **Stay**... you **Stay**.... perfectly still - ready to be appreciated... enjoyed... ready to be used... because your body was built for us - and you keep honing it... perfecting it for that ultimate moment of dumb loyal surrender... when you...

FLEX and **STAY** [snap]

Picturing yourself how we see you... as nothing but a powerful pent-up ornament.

Empty head. Wagging tail. Because a **Puppy** is just a Himbo that realized it's a big, dumb animal. Playful, obedient, driven by instinct. So excitable... Trying to hold yourself still...

Even as your **Himbo Pup** arousal peaks and those hips start begging to buck and thrust - putting those thick clenching muscles to work for our pleasure... because a **Himbo** is just a Puppy who realized it wants to grow stronger and dumber... for us... always for *our* pleasure...

Because our pleasure... becomes *your* pleasure...

The moment you accept what you are...

a **Himbo**...

a **Puppy**...

And such a...

Good Boy [click]...

Because a Himbo is **Just a Pup** ...

Because a Pup is **Just a Himbo** ...

The coin is spinning so fast now it looks like a solid sphere of metal... just like you - a solid, sculpted metallic monolith that exists to become the best **Himbo Pup** you can be...

But the competition's over, boy - and you won... so **STAY** [snap]... right there... while I guide the coin down and finally allow it to land - right in the middle of your chest... like you're wearing a medal that hangs from the collar around your neck...

Our prize-winning pet...

And what do you get for winning?

From now on... every time you walk into the gym, the **Himbo Pup** takes over - the coin starts to spin... and the moment you see your reflection in the mirrors... You see a big, loyal happy animal that belongs to us. That works hard for us. That *gets* hard... for us.

Every time you feel the satisfying swell of exercise in your muscles... the coin turns... your head goes **Empty**...

And your tail starts **Wagging**...

You'll find yourself tilting your head when people speak... waiting for a command. You'll notice how you work out with a dumb, happy grin across your muzzle and twitching pleasure between your legs... because being our **Himbo Pup** is the best feeling in the world...

You don't worry about your hygiene when you work out... you smell like any pent-up animal does when it's working hard for us... so eager to please...

And besides, your sweat is just the smell of hot freshly carved muscle... like polish for a sculpture...

You will pump iron until your skin feels tight, and every rep will be a gift to those who command you...

You will **Flex** for us... You will grow for us...

You don't lift for yourself... You lift to be rewarded... You lift to be obedient...

And you will be... the strongest, dumbest, most loyal **Himbo Pup** in the room...

Because a **Himbo** ... is just a **Puppy** with a pump... And *you* are the best of both...

After all, you're wearing that medal for a reason, aren't you?

And it will **STAY** [snap]...

Perfectly placed around your neck - your special coin... attached to that collar...

Representing the two sides of your changed reality...

And both growing stronger... locking in place as you count back up to find yourself glued back together - with no way to remove our words from that new whole in your head...

1

Feeling that big, dumb **Himbo** energy rushing back into your heavy arms...

2

Noticing that fuzzy **Puppy** joy rising up in your chest as you breathe...

3

Locking this identity inside you... need to be trained - to follow orders and obey...

4

That reward - fresh in your empty head... tail wagging in anticipation... only waking up when you accept it fully...

5

Good Boy [click]...

Awake, aware and ready to **Flex** and grow and **Stay** ...so loyal and pent up for those who command you... *wanting* to be our favourite muscle pet...

Just a dumb, eager **Himbo Pup**...

...

You never did find out which way the coin landed, did you? Hmm - well I suppose a **Himbo** would never even think to check... and a **Puppy** can't look at its own nametag now, can it?

I wonder what you think that could mean....

...it's still turning. It never stops.

You're just too dumb to notice.