

Hypnosis is more powerful than I expected...

I know hypnosis is real. I know it works. I've been hypnotised many many times before. I've hypnotised people many many times before. But even so, there's always been that niggling thought that perhaps they're just playing along; perhaps I'm just playing along - I'm following the suggestions because it's what I'd do anyway, not because I'm hypnotised - they're obeying my commands because I'm giving them permission to do what they want to do, not because there in a suggestible trance state.

So, a couple of weeks ago, on a lonely night whilst travelling for work I called a hypnotist on NiteFlirt. It's always a bit hit and miss, the balance between real hypnosis and 'dirty talkers' using hypnotic tropes to 'get someone off'. I'd messaged beforehand: "I'm really interested in real hypnosis where you take me under naturally and easily and then perhaps explore what my subconscious really wants... implanting deep suggestions and triggers that linger long after the call... In particular I'm looking for a lasting post-session trigger / suggestion for the real world - whenever I see a confident woman wearing a bold, masculine-style watch, I feel an irresistible urge to seduce and pleasure her, especially with my mouth. I have a watch fetish - not to hypnotise, just to notice, as if a sign of a confident powerful lady - I also dislike giving oral, but would love to crave and enjoy it. You'd condition me to love it, crave it, as though it's my most natural instinct... I can imagine calling you and either you drop me instantly (and we head on with the call) or we just start chatting and I drop without any kind of preamble or noticing etc.... if that makes sense? Is this something you're interested in doing?"

The reply came back: "It sounds like you like a little bit of a covert hypnosis mixed with a relaxing trance that slowly builds, perhaps with layers of deepeners. As for post hypnotic triggers, I always add them. There are triggers that you know about and the triggers you don't know and the one's that you don't know are very effective. Of course I share this with you later. I like the watch fetish and certainly can trigger you in such a way."

My fingers were dialling before I'd finished reading the last sentence.

Then next 90 minutes are a bit of blur and seemed to sweep by. I remember us chatting and her asking me questions to clarify what I wanted. Then waking up not at all sure when she had started hypnotising me or how long I'd been under. I remember the sensation of the world opening up and being pulled deep doesn't into by my belly-button from the inside as her fingers snapped and I instantly sank back into trance. I remember being fractionated, dropped in and out and taken deeper and deeper, but the details of what was said and the specific suggestions are a bit hazy. I vaguely recall a deep hypnotic visualisation where I saw confident and sexy lady wearing a watch and got aroused at the thought of pleasuring her, approaching her to ask her for the time... Actually, multiple memories of approaching similar ladies and asking them for the time. Then I remember cumming and being brought back from trance.

An enjoyable session although considerably longer (and more expensive!) than I was used to or had planned. I thought nothing more of it... until this morning!

I've just got back from a business trip. On the train up, I was sitting opposite a lady who was wearing a bold-masculine watch (she was also wearing a large ring and pendant). She had precisely the look of the sort of 'girl-next-door' dominant hypnotist casually wearing the hypnotic tools of her trade hidden in plain-sight, ready to employ them at her whim to hypnotise, beguile, seduce and control unsuspecting strangers like me. But, of course, this was reality, not fantasy.



AI-generated, but a pretty good likeness.

I don't know what came over me but I asked her the time (even though I was wearing a watch too). As she looked towards her wrist and replied I felt my cock stiffen and felt an overwhelming desire to pleasure her, as if it was the most important and only thing in the world I had to do: I could vividly see myself with my head buried between her legs feeling her thighs squeezing tight around me as I brought her to orgasm...

I casually asked her where she was heading, attempting to mask my thoughts and engage her in conversation.

We chatted (and flirted!) for the remaining hour and a half of the journey - every time she flicked her hair and I caught sight of her watch my cock twitched and heart skipped.... She listened to my inane banter intently, occasionally resting her chin on her hand (I kept noticing the watch, trying desperately not to be caught staring), sometimes biting her lip, mindlessly playing with her pendant - in an alternative universe she would be using it now to hypnotise me and make me her sex slave, but even in this reality the primal feelings inside me were growing stronger with every moment.

We were getting off at the same stop: she lived there and was staying in a hotel ahead of meetings the following day. As we walked out of the station together there were no taxis in the rank so she offered to give me a lift.

When we arrived at the hotel I asked her if she wanted to join me for dinner. She said she couldn't but she leaned over, ran her hand seductively up my thigh, gave me the kind of coquettish look only women can and, whilst demurely biting her lip, exclaimed "...but I can see you up to your room".

As the door of my room closed behind us I leaned in and kissed her, running my hand over her body, beginning to undress her... first her top... removing her bra and kissing / playing with her nipples... I pushed her back on to the bed and removed her boots, undid her jeans and having slid them and her panties off, I knelt before her, kissing my way up her thighs and nuzzling into her groin, my tongue parting her lips, searching for her clit as I inhaled her scent.

Her thighs squeezed tight almost instantly as she arched back and grabbed my hair. I don't know how long I was down there but her soft moans, uncontrollable shudders and the periodic clenching of her thighs suggested it was just about the right time. For my own part, I've never enjoyed anything more. It was almost as if I could feel her orgasms like they were my own: the surge of pleasure through my body completely in sync with her own experience.

Eventually she reached down and lifted my head... I could hear the faint tick of her watch and feel her rings as she clasped my face and gazed deeply into my eyes. She returned the favour... first standing me up, then unzipping my flies and hunting for my cock before momentarily grasping it in her hand as it strained for freedom; standing back up and undressing me - licking and biting my nipples as she removed my shirt, then down on her knees in front of

my naked body without once breaking her gaze. The sight of her slipping my cock in and out of her mouth as the watch on her wrist caught the light whilst her hand twisted rhythmically around my shaft was incredible.

She slipped her other hand backward and, having moistened a finger on her still wet pussy, slipped it into my arse... I could feel the ring gently bobbling on the outside as her fingertip explored the inside.

It won't surprise you that it wasn't long before I came... the most incredible orgasm. As if years of orgasmic pleasure had been building up ready to explode all at once in this moment.

I finally fell back, fully sated. She snuggled in beside me. We held each other for a short while, but she had to get home (to her husband and kids!)

I haven't done anything like this for years - picking up and seducing a stranger! As I reflected on what had happened I realised what I suppose I'd always known - hypnosis is incredibly powerful! One 90 minute phone conversation with an appropriately skilled practitioner and my lifelong phobia of cunnilingus had transformed into an evening of fantasy realisation and ecstatic pleasure.

I look forward to the next time I ask a stranger for the time!