

Musings

My first experience with hypnosis was maybe three or so years ago now. I don't have the best memory, but I remember most of that night surprisingly well. Or, at least, I remember the parts of that night that I was conscious for. I don't remember anything said or done while in a trance.

Anyway, we were watching some TV show or movie, my boyfriend and I. Can't remember what exactly we were watching, but I do recall it looked cheaply-made. So probably a low-budget TV show. Whatever it was, there was a scene involving hypnosis.

I laughed, told my boyfriend how dumb it was. At the time, I didn't think hypnosis was real - that it didn't really work.

I fully expected him to laugh along and agree with me.

What I was not expecting was for him to tell me that I was wrong, and that hypnosis did work. I remember him pointing to the TV screen, telling me it didn't work like that, but it was real.

I'm stubborn. And I don't like to be told I'm wrong.

You can blame both of those traits on my father, who is, if anything, even more stubborn than I am. I can't really explain why, but when someone tries to correct me on something, even if I know they're probably right, I refuse to back down on it. It's not even that I refuse to accept that I'm wrong. Internally, I'll accept that I'm wrong and that the person I'm arguing with is right, but I'll still argue as if *I'm* right and *they're* wrong.

So, when my boyfriend challenged me about hypnosis being real, even though I knew he - a student of psychology - was probably right and even though I wasn't at all invested in the topic, I couldn't stop myself from arguing about it.

I say argue, but don't get the wrong idea. There was no shouting or name-calling or anything like that. It was more like a debate where one person knew a lot about the topic, and the other knew nothing at all and was talking out of their ass. Can you guess which one I was?

My main argument was something along the lines of 'But how can you *prove* that it works?'

To which my boyfriend would start talking about different scientific studies involving hypnosis.

Which I would interrupt with something like 'But how do you *know* they weren't making it up?'

Eventually, my boyfriend gave up the argument and, for a brief moment, I thought I'd won.

And then he offered to hypnotise me.

Ya know, to prove that it worked. I couldn't deny it if I experienced it myself. And, if it didn't work, I'd prove that I was right and he wasn't.

Honestly, I was taken aback by the suggestion. But I refused to back down, stubborn idiot that I am.

I agreed.

And spent the next hour poking fun and joking around as he looked 'how to hypnotise someone' on google.

Eventually, however, he was ready, and we got underway.

Neither of us was sure it would work. I mean, instructions from a random website doesn't exactly scream 'reliability'. Still, we gave it a shot and I followed his instructions, part jokingly at first, then being a little more serious.

And, simply put, it worked.

I can't claim to know how a hypnotic trance feels for other people but, for me at least, it's dreamy. Have you ever been so close to sleep that you felt like you're not fully

there, and still awake enough to realise it? Hypnosis is like that, only more. It feels like floating, but more than just that. Like your body is mist, ready to flow away into nothingness at any moment.

Describing the sensation isn't easy. It's like trying to remember a dream. Some things are there, but the rest isn't. And you don't have enough to go on to really know what happened, only that something did.

So yes, my boyfriend hypnotised me successfully.

In the minutes that followed, both being in a trance and shortly after being brought out of it, I have absolutely no memory of. Vaguely, I remember thinking that I'd fallen asleep and just woken up. I'm not sure if I truly believed that, or if it was just an attempt to feign ignorance and win the argument.

'I wasn't hypnotised, I was asleep. You can't prove otherwise.'

Except, while I'd been in the trance, my idiot boyfriend decided to play a prank on me.

After I'd gotten back to being myself, and continued to claim that I was asleep and that he hadn't actually hypnotised me, my boyfriend snapped his fingers.

And immediately, he looked like someone else.

A famous male actor. A very attractive, famous male actor. I won't say who, but suffice to say, a guy I'd had a crush on since my teen years.

And there he was, standing in front of me where my boyfriend had been a moment before.

I knew what I was seeing wasn't real, that my dumbass boyfriend was doing this. But it was still surprising, still shocking and terrifying and breathtaking.

God, I'm getting embarrassed just thinking about it.

In my defence, anyone meeting a celebrity they'd had a crush on for their entire adolescent-to-adult life would react like a dumb, shy schoolgirl. All stuttering and blushing and cringe-worthy awkwardness.

Yes, I knew it was really my boyfriend. And yes, I realised that I was just seeing things. But my brain was not thinking with any kind of logic or common sense. It was losing its shit.

And my boyfriend, the fuck, was loving every moment of it.

Thankfully, the star-struck teen idiot in me faded after a while. I told my boyfriend to cut it out, to go back to being himself. He raised his hand, snapped his fingers.

And nothing happened.

The fucking idiot hadn't left an 'undo' instruction. He'd told my subconscious that, when he snapped his finger, I'd see him as so-and-so celebrity. But he hadn't said anything about turning back to himself afterwards.

After much of me laughing and him panicking, we decided to wait until tomorrow morning. If it hadn't worn off by then, he'd hypnotise me again and sort it out.

I went to bed, told him to sleep on the sofa.

As much as I had a crush on the unnamed celebrity, and as much as I knew it was really my boyfriend, I still felt really uncomfortable at the thought of sleeping in the same bed as him looking like that.

The next morning, after waking up from a lovely sleep, my boyfriend was back to looking like himself.

So yeah, that's the first experience I ever had with hypnosis. Not the last, not by a long shot, but I figure the first time is probably the most important.

It was a few weeks/months after that night before the second time.

Basically, the whole experience was so bizarre, so surreal and odd, that I couldn't help but want to learn more about it. I looked up hypnosis online, found a lot of shit about the science behind it, applications in psychology and the like. Soon enough, I was

searching for casual hypnosis, more amateur light-hearted stuff. It wasn't long before I found my way to erotic hypnosis and mind control kinks.

Not gonna lie, at first I was a little weirded out by it. I mean, putting ideas in people's heads, controlling them like a puppet? That's kinda unusual to say the least.

Still, something kept me going, kept me reading.

Curiosity? Maybe. Being intrigued and wanting to know how and why and what? I suppose. Arousal? At first, I don't think so, no. But, as the days went on and I allowed myself to fantasise and imagine, I couldn't help but find myself enjoying the eroticism of it all more and more.

There's this thing that happens with people. We grow up being told what's right and what's wrong, what you should and shouldn't do. I think it's human nature for an older generation to want to instil their values in a younger one, and I think it's human nature for a younger generation to rebel against the norm, to question those values and to test them. Rebel isn't the right word, I don't think. How can I put it that would make sense?

All my life, I've been taught that men and women are equal and neither one is above the other. I've been taught that relationships are all about working together and supporting each other. And I agree completely, and wouldn't have it any other way.

Yet there's still something kinky in the idea of being submissive, having a master. Or even being one, being the dominant and pegging some submissive guy. Those thoughts are kinky to me, even if they're 'wrong'. Probably *because* they're wrong.

Erotic hypnosis and mind control, for me, is like that. Only a hundred-times kinkier.

I'm not saying I *want* a man to hypnotise me, make me into his own personal cock-loving sex slave. But neither am I saying I haven't brought myself to countless orgasms imagining it.

Am I making sense?

Hypnosis - the idea of being controlled - was arousing.

And so, one day, I went to my boyfriend and talked to him about it and I asked him to hypnotise me.

As much of an idiot as he can be at times, he's always been really good at knowing exactly what I want without me having to tell him. Even when I'm not sure exactly what I want myself, he seems to know. And after telling him that I wanted him to hypnotise me and have his way with me, I had no doubt in my mind that I was going to experience something great.

He told me to give him a few days to read up on hypnosis, learn how to do it properly so he didn't make mistakes and didn't accidentally turn me into a brain-dead vegetable. And, when he was satisfied he knew enough, we did it.

In retrospect, knowing all the wacky, crazy shit we've tried since then, that first erotic hypnosis session sounds tame. But, at the time, it was insanely kinky and unbearably erotic for me.

We went into our bedroom, me laying down on the bed and him leaning against a wall. He guided me slowly into a trance.

The next thing I was aware of was waking up.

Those gaps, the void between moments of awareness, is really odd and can be quite uncomfortable and scary at times. I would not recommend doing this kind of stuff with someone you don't trust implicitly.

So what did my boyfriend do, you might be asking. What suggestions did he implant in my mind? Like I said, this is tame compared to some of the stuff we've done since. So don't go expecting anything extreme!

Basically, he left a trigger in my mind. Whenever he said the words 'good girl', I'd feel a wave of pleasure. Physical, sexual pleasure.

I told you not to expect the extreme.

But, for me at the time, it was amazing. It's hard to describe the feeling, the lack of control over your own body. My boyfriend, without even needing to touch me, brought me to several orgasms just by saying those two words multiple times. And it wasn't just him saying it randomly, he'd always have me do or say something before 'rewarding' me.

He'd ask me to get him a snack from the kitchen, call me a good girl when I got back. He'd tell me to sit on his lap and kiss him, or to stand up and turn around on the spot so he could get a better look at me. And every time, he'd say those two words as a reward for me obeying.

Before long, he ran out of things to have me do and just started teasing me with the words. Not that I was complaining. By that point, I was desperate to hear more and inch closer to the mind0-blowing orgasm that'd been building.

Finally, it came. And I came. And I came again.

I cannot put into words that feeling. Someone having total control over you, the ability to make you lose your mind with pleasure without even needing to lift a finger.

But yes, that was the first erotic hypnosis session we had together. And, as I said, it was tame in retrospect.

Maybe one day I'll share some of the more extreme sessions.

Maybe.

I hope you enjoyed reading this. I know it's a little different from the usual stuff I put up.

Until next time!

- M