

Resolutions

God, I love New Years.

Correction, I love the first two-to-three weeks of January. You know, that period of time after people have made their New Years Resolutions and before they inevitably break them. Those few weeks mark a noticeable spike in income for me.

See, people are lazy shits. They want to quit smoking, or start working out more, or lose weight, but they're not willing to put in the actual effort required. So they come to me, addiction expert and hypnotherapist extraordinaire. They're too lazy, or simply lack the willpower to effect change themselves, so they pay me to do it for them.

And I'm very good at what I do. The best, I dare say.

I'm an addiction expert, did I mention that? Very good at healing addiction in my subjects. Or, well, not so much 'healing' as 'replacing'. It's easy. Replace one addictive impulse for another. Child's play. Someone comes to me with an addiction to nicotine? Sure, I can help with that. How does an addiction to hypnosis sound instead?

Rhetorical question. I never actually give them the option.

I mean, why would I, right?

In many ways, the clients I get from New Years, if treated properly, will pay my bills for the rest of that year.

But that's not what you're interested in, is it? A lucrative scam is all well and good, but what's the point if there's no pussy to be had?

Trust me, friend. There is pussy aplenty.

I get my fair share of lookers throughout the year, mixed in with the usual, boring and bland crowd. But, for some bizarre reason, the hottest bitches always appear in January. All with the same, or similar, stories. Wanting to keep their New Years resolution to lose weight or stop smoking or what have you.

Me? I'm a solid 5 out of 10. Plain, ordinary. The kind of guy you wouldn't notice in a crowd. Not ugly, not attractive. Just me. On a good day, I might be able to score a 6 or, if I'm very lucky and they're very drunk, a 7.

The girls that appear in my office in January are solid 9s and 10s. We're talking super-model, sex on legs levels of good looks here.

And they came to me, asking to be put into trances.

How could I resist?

Meet Janea. A chocolate beauty.

Mixed race, from what I could tell. Black and white. Her skin was a soft, milk-chocolate brown. Hourglass figure; slim waist with a huge ass and tits that were out of this world. We're talking bigger than her head kind of big. Black hair, long and wavy. And dark green eyes - though they were hidden behind closed eyelids right now.

A 10 out of 10, easily. Hell, I might even be willing to give her an 11, depending on how good those full lips of her were at sucking cock.

Janea wanted to lose weight gained over the holidays.

What weight she wanted to lose, I had no fucking clue. Save for that jiggly ass and those monster jugs, it didn't look like the woman had an ounce of fat on her body. And I certainly had no intention of helping her get rid of those wonderful assets.

It was simple enough to hypnotise her. Almost always was.

When people come to me to be hypnotised, when they arrive knowing that is exactly what's going to happen, fully expecting and ready for it, it makes hypnotising them a lot easier. Their mind is already prepared for induction. Every now and then, there's a pain in the ass who has difficulty going under. But most don't require anything more than the most basic, simple inductions.

Once the job of putting her into a trance was done, it was time to inspect the goods.

I rose from my desk, circled around Janea.

She was wearing a red and white Christmas sweater that clung tight around her tits. Under that, it looked like she had a t-shirt on. Not ideal.

When a person is in a trance, their mind is still on and still awake. Only their ability to actively think was turned off or, more accurately, muted. Think of it as a kind of auto-pilot. Usually, a person was their own pilot and controller. When they were in a trance, that control was surrendered to someone else. But it wasn't absolute.

I could reach down and slap those massive tits if I wanted to, sure. But doing something like that, something Janea's subconscious wasn't expecting - and didn't like - would snap her instantly out of the trance and land me in deep shit.

If, however, Janea knew to expect me groping her, accepted it as normal and fine, that was another matter entirely. All it took was some... convincing.

Alternatively, I could simply have removed her sense of touch and pain, all her senses save for hearing. She wouldn't react to my touching her if she couldn't *feel* me doing it, could she? Of course, that had its drawbacks. After all, who wants to fuck a limp, unfeeling body?

So, convincing...

"Janea, you want to lose weight, yes?" I asked, circling around the slumped, seated woman.

"Yes," she answered softly.

"Losing weight means working out and watching your diet, isn't that right?"

"Yes," Janea repeated, voice barely above a whisper.

"But you don't have the time or energy for all that nonsense. Keeping track of what you're eating, spending hours every week exercising. Doing that is unreasonable. That's why you're here with me, isn't it? To lose weight the easy way."

"Yes."

"Did you know that massages can help a person lose weight? All they have to do is lay there and relax while someone massages them, and the weight just disappears. Doesn't that sound great to you, Janea?"

"Yes."

There was the bait, now time for the hook.

"You know, I'm not just a hypnotist. I'm also a master at giving weight-loss massages. Isn't that amazing?"

Once you know the ticks, it all becomes easy. The simplest thing in the world. Men have been telling women what they want to hear since the beginning, all in order to trick them into bed. I'd just taken the art form to a new level.

It wasn't long before my hands were on her body, massaging her shoulders while I told her calculated lies. Soon, my hands moved down from Janea's shoulders, sliding softly over those mountainous funbags of hers.

"You want to lose weight, don't you Janea?" I asked, gently massaging over her Christmas sweater.

"Yes."

"I'm a master masseur, aren't I?"

"Yes."

"Massages can help you lose weight, right?"

"Yes."

"Massages that help you lose weight work best when you aren't wearing clothes. Since I'm a professional, like a doctor, it's okay to be naked around me. Yes?"

There was a pause. Janea's eyelids fluttered, her mouth twitching slightly. Finally, she answered.

"Yes."

I suppressed a sigh of relief. If she accepted that, she could be convinced of

anything I wanted. That was the difficult part done with. Now for the fun.

"I'm going to remove your clothes for the massage now, do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good. Very good."

Now, there's a trick when stripping a hypnotised woman. If you're not careful, the motions and movement will snap them out of the trance. Which, in this case, would be bad to say the least. So I talked and talked, stopping only for breath. I kept her mind occupied with my words of encouragement, lies and half-truths and manipulations, as my hands found their way to her hips, the hem of her sweater. If she was too busy focusing on my words, her mind wouldn't have time to question anything else I was doing.

Slowly, with steady fingers, I began lifting it.

Inch by inch, the sweater came up. Pulling it over her head, removing her arms, was the most difficult part. But I'm no novice at this. Years of experience guided my fingers and words. Sexy little Janea had no chance against me not from the moment she'd slipped into my trance.

Underneath the Christmas sweater was indeed a t-shirt. This one was even tighter on her body. Plain white. More difficult to remove, but that didn't stop me.

Once the t-shirt was out of the way, I was greeted with a wonderful sight.

A black bra. Thin and transparent. Lingerie. Interesting.

More than the bra, my eyes were drawn to the humongous tits Janea was blessed with. As I've said, each one was easily bigger than her head. Dark, protruding areola topped with big, hard nipples. They looked absolutely delicious.

Unhooking the bra required me to get in close. Not a complaint, getting near those tits was hardly a downside.

All the while, my client remained stationary, unmoving. She didn't flinch when I set her bra aside, nor when I began kneading those wonderful jugs.

From massaging, it was a short step towards 'oral' therapy. A few lies about the effects of saliva on the body, how it makes skin softer, helps dissolve fat, and I was soon sucking and kissing and licking Janea in very unprofessional ways and places.

And, from there, it was only a matter of time until I had access to *all* the goods.

All thanks to New Years Resolutions.

God, I love my job.