

The MILF Hypnotist



Olga was a stunning MILF over 40, perfectly sculpted body, gorgeous, long slightly wavy hair. And me, Jenny, I was 25 at the time, blonde, with a serious thing for Levi's jeans.

I met Olga when I worked at one of her many businesses. We got involved and started a hot little romance.

Besides being wildly successful, she was also a hypnotist and mesmerist. Her seduction skills were unmatched. She could have anyone stripped naked and dripping with arousal using nothing but seduction and her hypnotic techniques.

We were at a pub one night when a beautiful 21-year-old guy walked in. Olga leaned in and whispered:

“Tonight, Jenny, I’m going to show you in practice everything I’ve been telling you these past few days. I’m going to make a complete stranger take off all his clothes, get completely naked, clean my house, and thank me for it. Watch closely. I’m going hunting.”

She left her drink on the bar and walked straight to him. I couldn’t hear what they were saying, but in just a few minutes he was following her back to me like a puppy. She smiled and said:

“Jenny, this is Travis. He’s coming for a ride with us. Shall we?”

We left the pub and got into Olga’s white BMW 320i. I slid into the back seat, Travis took the front passenger seat next to Olga. And that’s when things started getting really good.

Travis’s eyes had already been glassy since the pub; Olga had already slipped inside his mind.

She placed a swirling hypnotic spiral on the dashboard right in front of him (one of those visuals that makes people helplessly susceptible and drags them deep into trance), and turned on binaural beats through the car’s sound system, the kind that melt resistance and open the mind wide.

After he’d been staring at the spiral for a few minutes, unable to look away, ears filled with those pulsing beats, Olga dropped her voice low, silky, warm honey pouring slowly over his mind:

“It’s getting strangely hot in here, isn’t it, darling? Even with the AC on full blast... you feel it, don’t you? That heat rising up your chest, your neck... Repeat after me, nice and slow: I’m feeling so very hot...”

Travis murmured, almost against his will: “...I’m feeling so very hot...”

“Exactly. And when we’re hot, the most natural thing in the world is to take off our jacket, isn’t it? Repeat: I’ll feel so much better without this jacket.”

“...I’ll feel so much better without this jacket...”

He was already tugging at the sleeves, obedient. The jacket dropped into the back seat. I caught it with a grin.

“Good boy,” Olga purred. “Now that shirt... feel how the fabric is sticking to your skin? So uncomfortable... Repeat with me: This shirt is suffocating me, I’m going to take it off now and I’ll feel so relieved.”

Travis repeated in a husky whisper, fingers moving on their own, buttons popping open one by one. The shirt fell to the floor of the car.

Olga turned onto a darker, quieter street, traffic thinning out. Left hand on the wheel, right hand resting lightly on his thigh; just a feather touch, but he shivered hard.

“Shoes now, love. They’re squeezing your feet, you feel it? Repeat: My feet need to breathe, I’m taking off my shoes and socks and it’s going to feel so good.”

He bent forward, unlaced, pulled them off. Socks followed. Bare feet on the carpet. Olga let out a pleased little sigh.

“Belt. That clicking sound is so annoying, isn’t it? Click... there we go. Now the pants. Feel how heavy and tight they are? Repeat nice and deep: I’m going to take off my pants and I’ll feel free, light, deliciously exposed.”

He obeyed instantly. Zipper down. Pants sliding down his legs and pooling at his ankles. Now only in his underwear, eyes lost in Olga.

Olga gently pulled over beside a big clothing donation bin on a deserted street, the yellow streetlight bathing his almost-naked body.

She locked eyes with him and whispered something irresistible:

“Last piece, baby. Those boxers are squeezing you so much... Repeat: I’m going to take off my boxers and I’ll feel completely free... completely yours.”

He slid them off, slowly, reverently. The underwear joined the pile. Travis was now completely naked, skin prickling, cock already half-hard just from obeying her.

Olga held out her open palm.

“Wallet, phone, everything from your pockets, place it all in my hand. That’s it. Good boy.”

He handed everything over without a flicker of hesitation.

“Now gather all your clothes, every single piece, and step out of the car. Walk to that donation bin. Put everything inside. Every item you drop in will make you feel lighter, happier, deliciously confident and free.

When you’re done, run back to the car, sit down, close the door... and the instant that door shuts...”

She leaned in, lips brushing his ear:

“...you’re going to feel a wave of arousal so intense, so deep, that your cock will throb and the first thick drop of pre-cum will leak out, just because you’re naked and perfectly obedient beside me. Go. Now.”

He stepped out, completely naked into the cool night air, walked to the bin, opened it, tossed in every last piece, jacket, shirt, pants, boxers, shoes, closed it, then sprinted back, slid in, and slammed the door.

And it hit him.

A deep, guttural moan tore out of him. His body arched against the leather seat, cock rock-hard and pointing straight up, a fat bead of pre-cum already rolling down the head.

Olga started the car again, glanced at me in the rear-view mirror with a wicked smile, and pulled away slowly.

“Good boy,” she cooed. “Now the night is about to get a lot more interesting... we’re only getting started.”

I was in the back seat giggling softly, Olga grinning at me in the mirror, while Travis sat there utterly naked and somehow looking completely confident, as if he were wearing a designer suit.

We got to her apartment.

And there, after the three of us fucked like wild animals, we fell asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, I saw something I never expected: Olga sitting on the sofa sipping tea, and Travis, still completely naked, calmly cleaning her entire house.

So I asked:

“Is he still in trance? Still hypnotized?”

Olga smiled. “Yes, darling. He’ll only snap out of it when I release him. He could stay like this for days, never waking up, never even noticing he’s naked.”

After he finished cleaning, Olga asked for his home address. We put him back in the car (still naked) and drove him home around 10:30 that night.

We parked in front of his house and Olga began bringing him gently out of trance.

She erased from his mind everything about being naked in public and donating his clothes.

She told him he would only fully wake up once he was inside his house, lying in bed, but he wouldn’t remember why he was naked.

He would remember the whole night except the nudity and the domestic service. To him, he had been fully dressed the entire time.

Then Olga placed his wallet, phone, and house keys in his hands, kissed him softly, and told him to get out and go inside.

And just like that, he did.

I drove home in awe of Olga’s hypnotic and mesmerism skills.

But one little question lingered in my mind...

Has she ever done this to me?"