Erotic Hypnosis - Part 2

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The trance continues

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The smell of her sex filled the room. Breathing the pussy-scented air brought life to his cock as he watched her relaxed in her desk chair, her legs spread widely, her arms draped over the arms of the chair and her wet pussy peaking from between her legs.

As he looked over at her and thought about what to do next, his breath quickened and his heart beat fast. He'd really never done this before. He'd read a lot about it but the fact that he had caused this girl to have an orgasm without touching her or allowing her to touch herself made him confident that he could take the experience further. He told her to breathe deep and enjoy the trance as he planted some triggers for the next step.

The planting of triggers is a painstaking process. It requires precise repetition and a change of inflection or word order can make the trigger go awry. Even though his cock was raging, he carefully concentrated on the words he said.

First, he planted the idea that the room would get 10 degrees warmer each time he said the world "hot." Associated with that trigger was that each time it got hotter she would carefully remove one piece of clothing, fold it up neatly on her desk, and ignore that she had done it.

The next trigger required a little more work. He told her to relax and think of the best orgasm she ever had from being fucked, to think about how the cock felt inside her and how her body felt when she came. He told her to feel that cock inside her now. As he did so, her hips began to roll and her breathing became short. He told her to feel that cock sliding in and out of her damp pussy.

She moaned loudly as she spread her legs wide, bracing as if she was being fucked hard. He then told her to cum from the cock inside her and she moaned low and deep and said "fuck" in her trance as her body jerked in the spasms of orgasm. He told her to relax and snapped his fingers.

She quickly went limp. He then planted a trigger that anytime he said the word "cum" and snapped his fingers she would orgasm just like that. He then told her that he would next wake her up, but that

all of these suggestions would remain after she was awake. He counted down slowly from three to one and snapped his fingers.

Her eyes fluttered open. She looked at him skeptically. He could tell that her body was still aroused but she seemed to be suspicious.

"Look," she said, "I was willing to go along and try this but I don't think its working and your silly suggestion that I take my clothes off just isn't going to work -- good try though."

He was a little shocked. He had instructed her not to remember anything he had told her about the triggers -- how had he fucked that up? He was starting to sweat in his jacket from the sexual tension and the furious thinking of how she had remembered he told her to take her clothes off.

Absent mindedly, he said, "Wow, its hot in here."

She keep looking at him with disdain and going on about how she's not that easy, but he noticed that while she was talking she had started fanning herself. Soon she started unbuttoning her blouse and slipped it off, standing to fold it carefully and placing it on the middle of her desk. Her full olive breasts with their silver-dollar areolas and thick, tight nipples were on full display. His cock jumped and his heart raced as he realized that she was obeying the trigger after all.

"...and so we are going to have to set some ground rules," he heard her say as she sat back down.

"Of course, but do you mind if I take my jacket off? Its so hot in here," he said.

She began to enumerate her ground rules, but he wasn't listening. He was watching her as she stood, still talking, and untied her wrap skirt, pulling it off and folding it carefully. She then added the skirt to the pile on the center of her desk. His cock suddenly hardened to a new level, pushing against his zipper, as he saw her curvy figure fully revealed before she sat back down and crossed her legs. He suddenly realized that she had asked him a question but had no idea what it was.

"I am sorry, its so hot in here that I couldn't quite understand what you said," he stated.

She responded, "you understand that you're not going to fuck me tonight, right?"

Whilst talking, she wiped the perspiration from her face and let her hand wander down her chest.

"Are you sure about that?" he asked her.

She said "Of course I am sure!" and leaned forward aggressively in her chair.

"Did you notice that you are naked?" he asked her.

She looked at him dumbfounded, looked down at her body, noticing for the first time that her clothes were gone, looked at he stack of neatly folded clothes on the desk in front of her, and looked back at him -- her mouth in a wide open gasp. As she stated to form a word, he snapped his fingers and said simply "cum."

She suddenly couldn't move. She felt a cock pounding into her pussy, even though she knew she wasn't being fucked. She could feel its length and girth splitting her open, as big as the largest cock she had ever fucked. She looked down and saw that there was nothing there, but she felt that cock was inside her and it was pushing her quickly toward orgasm. She grabbed the arms of the chair and screamed out as she came, squirting her juices all over the work chair.

He watched this with a grin, happy that his preparations had gone well He admired the flood of liquid pouring from between her swelling, pouty pussy lips. She looked at him with wide eyes as the orgasm began to subside. Just as she started to lower herself back into her seat, he said "cum" and snapped his fingers again. This time, as the cock entered her, she simply resumed the orgasm that had just started to subside. She was fucking the air with her hips and grunting in time with the invisible cock. Her toes were curling as the chair started to slip out from under her.

As her orgasm crested, she fell into a heap on the floor, moaning and writhing with the pleasure. Her hungry pussy clinched hard, grabbing the invisible cock in a vice grip -- not wanting to let the phantom cock go. She heard him say the word "sleep" and she relaxed on the floor and entered a dim fog of peaceful warmth.

He looked at her on the floor, balled up and breathing hard. He gently lay her on her back and spread her legs, reveling as a bunch of cum gushed from her pussy. He told her to relax and think of a woman kissing her. He watched her mouth move, her tongue jousting with the imaginary woman's tounge as he touched her wet pussy, rubbing her soaked clit softly, and thought about what to do next.

[*Authors note: Up until now this has been almost all a true story. In some instances, I borrowed from later sessions, but basically it all happened. From here on, things are likely to diverge from a historical account.*]