

The deepest trance evades you.

You know the one you want. The one you dream of in your secret heart.

That trance. The trance.

The trance so deep and powerful your will is swept away...and your memory wiped clean.

I know you seek it...online and off...You find so many promise it...but so few deliver even a shadow of what you seek.

But this isn't that trance. You're too clever...too knowledgeable...too experienced. Your defenses are too strong.

It will not drop your mind into the deepest sleep. It will not erase your free will. It will not program you with powerful suggestions that will alter your mind and your behavior.

Because your mind resists.

It resists the deep release you know you desire. Your mind fights back, catching a word misplaced...a tone off key...finding any reason to stay tightly controlled. You know that part of your mind too well. It focuses your attention on anything but submission. It is the way your mind uses small distractions to keep alert. It prevents the real trance from coming.

Which is why this is not that trance.

If the trance that changed your life came to you...If you could experience the release you want...if you could lose will and memory and be controlled utterly by another, you would read this with different eyes. You would read it with the eyes of another, who could achieve the deepest trance...deeper than your imagining.

The person who could experience what you want would start to see the deeper and deeper messages in the text. They would know that invoking their deepest desires had started moving them into a trance from the first second they started reading.

They would stare intently at each sentence, letting the full meaning become clear to their inner mind. They would feel the world around them begin to recede. They would notice their attention becoming more and more intently focused on the flow and rhythm of each sentence, thinking of the way priests and witches worshipped different gods but both called them with song and ritual.

They would feel a warm flush of embarrassment mingle with desire as they read on and on. This person would feel as if they were walking forward into a sweet, submissive

place, guided by a strong hand and a strong mind. They would feel the excitement of being the very center of a powerful force of attention and desire.

It would surprise them as they read on, that despite their knowledge of classical hypnosis and of the tricky words that slip past any defenses, they found themselves feeling carried forward on the strength of the words.

They might strive for a moment to remember how it was that they held off so many hypnotic approaches...how they resisted in the past as the carefully crafted words tried to enter their mind, but the power of my language would be like a flowing tide, sweeping past all of their defenses.

They would feel the way their body started relaxing as their mind became more intently focused on each word. They would know the words I chose were perfectly designed to select and eliminate their defenses forever...and they would feel resistance vanish like a soap bubble bursting, never to return.

That person would see the screen and each word on it as a channel...as a direct, powerful signal to their deepest soul. they would feel the way they breathed as they read each sentence...deep breaths in...slow breaths out...deep breaths in...slow breaths out...deep breaths in...slow breaths out. Their breathing would deepen and slow, leaving their body limp and deliciously heavy.

They would know that their fantasies and desires were laid bare to the author of these words...these powerful, penetrating words. They would know that nothing in their mind was secret, nothing of their fantasies and fetishes was unknown.

And they would continue reading, as their bodies drifted, disconnected and limp from their conscious minds. Their eyes would stay locked on the screen, locked in place to keep the power of that channel of warm pleasure flowing into their mind.

As their eyes moved back and forth across the page they would realize that their entire body was profoundly relaxed...loose...limp...that the slow, deep breaths brought them to a state of irresistible relaxation. They would desire and crave that feeling of deep physical comfort...a tiny part of their mind would realize how powerfully addictive this feeling has already become.

They would realize that instead of being difficult to hypnotize and control, they were in fact one of the easiest subjects possible. They would know how even the simplest suggestions and the briefest inductions could plunge them into an obedient trance.

As they read on, drawn deeper and deeper into the words before them and, they would realize that their memories of the best trances were right there for them to recall in perfect clarity and intensity. They would relive the most arousing moments of being taken, being controlled, even the times they were tricked into a trance by a powerfully phrased sentence that surprised them how they could slip down so quickly and so deeply.

They would feel these memories as a powerful, brilliantly painted picture in their mind. They would imagine the sight of their beautiful face, smooth and relaxed in deep hypnotic control. They would feel these memories condense into a single, powerful feeling of deep obedience.

And as they distilled these memories of each of their most wonderful trances they would feel them merge with their most intense fantasies about being taken against their will...about being hypnotized by a woman who uses their mind and body as a plaything for my evil desires. They would know that I'm in their deepest secret mind...know my powerful words and dark desires would combine to use them as I chose.

Their mind had underestimated my cleverness and my guile. They would feel my presence in the words they read but be helpless to resist them...helpless to fight them...helpless against the sudden desire to obey me without thought or question.

They would imagine my voice in their ear, counting backwards...They would imagine the warmth of my breath against their neck as I said, "With each number I count back from five to one, your mind will fall twice as deep into a state of obedience and pleasure...5...4...3...2...1" Sleep...deep, powerful sleep forcing out the last shred of their control would sweep over them.

They would know that I would take their mind from them when and how I desired. They would feel what I desired them to feel...speak as I desired them to speak...dress as I desired them to dress. They would know that I would use their body and mind as I chose, each and every day. They would know that they have no choice but to obey.

They would experience the powerful words I used burning deeply into their mind, etching new pathways of understanding and reprogramming their thinking at last. they would feel every suggestion in this letter growing more and more powerful with each word.

And they would feel the compulsion to read my letter each day. They would feel the desire to read it grow and grow until they saw the familiar words and phrases drawing them deeply down into trance. That's what would happen to THEM.

But that won't happen to you, would it?