



DEEP HYPNOSIS

Chapter II – A Rough Night



BecomingBabyAgain

James stood outside that nondescript grey building. He was very nervous. Should he discuss openly with Lady Sapphire what had happened to him that night in the bar or should he keep it to himself. Surely, she needs to know, after all, he did 100% feel the rush of confidence that she had promised when he approached women. There was a tiny seed of doubt in his mind.

“What if it was her mind stuff that caused me to wet myself?” but he quickly pushed that thought out of his mind. At last she appeared and opened the door.

“James?” she looked calm and professional in a tight suit with an open blouse, “Would you like to come in?”.

He stepped through the door and followed her into the foyer and into that room where it had all started for him. James sat deeply in the chair.

“I haven’t managed to find a receptionist yet!” she laughed, “so everything’s a little chaotic at the moment but I’m sure it’ll calm down”. James saw as she picked up a little cardboard file and opened it.

“So, would you like to tell me a little about your response to last weeks session? How did you feel immediately after it? Any strange thoughts or moods, or just anything at all that seemed slightly odd?”

James shuffled slightly in his chair, “No no, not that I can think of, everything was fine”

“Great! And confidence was something I talked a lot about last time, did you notice any significant changes during the week in any social situation’s perhaps”.

Again, the nerves welled up inside James. “Well, I went to this bar the other evening and I figured that I would just try to talk to a couple of women. Each time that I kinda engaged in conversation with one of them I felt a real rush of you know, confidence and energy!”

“Fantastic” she interrupted him, “sorry, please continue”

“Yeah well, I mean it’s a little embarrassing I guess”

“James, please feel free to discuss with me anything that you feel comfortable with. I want this to be a safe space for you and your mind where we can talk openly about any problems or issues that arise.” Her voice was silky, almost like caramel as it drifted through James’ head.

“Well, I had a little accident”

“accident?”

“I don’t know what it was but every time I spoke to a women that I had my eye on, I just... well I wet my pants a little bit.”

“James, thank you for telling me this, I can tell it’s embarrassing and uncomfortable for you but it’s important we discuss this. How big was your accident?”

“Well at first it was just a little spot on my pants, but then it grew a little bigger until I just looked down and I was just totally pissing myself. I ran to the bathroom, but it was too late to do anything, so I just ran out and drove home in shame.

“James, I don’t think this is anything too serious. I think that perhaps this new feeling of confidence and the whole unfamiliar environment of talking to lots of women in a crowded and loud bar was probably quite a stressful experience for you. There’s a lot for your mind to process and it just didn’t manage it all together. But this was just a first time and you’ll learn to process these things! So, there’s nothing to worry about.”

To James, simply listening to her soft voice was a weight lifted off his shoulders. He felt more relaxed. Everything she said made perfect sense to him, and she was the expert.

“May I ask you a personal question?”

“Umm... yeah go ahead”

“Are you only interested in women? Or do you have a broader sexuality?”

“Oh, no I’m totally straight”. Although James thought she probably could have worked that out for herself the amount of times she had glanced at him as he was looking at her open blouse.

“That great, and I think that perhaps in this session we should discuss stress. Maybe if that’s something that we work on a little then that will help your mind to process things a lot more easily and avoid any embarrassing accidents in the future.”

Just as she had in her last session, Lady Sapphire started to place him in a relaxing frame of mind. Her voice became slightly deeper, with a soft gentle tone as she let him drift down into a relaxed trance. James sank deeper in his chair and his eyes drooped carefully as he let his mind drift. Focusing totally on her voice. Falling deeper, deeper, and deeper.

You’re focusing on my voice, and only my voice. Let all of your cares and worries be carried away on a train of deep thought. I want you to fill your head with my voice and only my voice. You’re in a safe space. I want you to feel totally at ease whenever you’re in this room and whenever you’re with me. You can only focus on my voice, feel everything else drifting away. Stress. Worry. I want you to let these anxieties and feeling drift away. You know that you are better than those. You need to accept everything that I say. My words are truth.

James’ eyes closed as he let his mind become that warm fuzzy blank that absorbed her entire speech.

Sleep is deeply important. A tired person is all stressed, and full of pent up rage and emotions that confuse and anger him. A calm well rested person has a totally focused mind that helps them to distinguish all of their feelings and actions...

A smirk appeared at the corner of her mouth as she wormed in her true message.

Little accidents are okay. Don’t feel to worried or stressed about these things. If you wet you pants, or your bedsheets, then that’s okay. These things happen to everyone. You’ll feel

deeply embarrassed and humiliated, but you can accept that this is part of you and your life. Try and not to focus on it. Let any wet patches and puddles become part of your daily life. If you accept them then they'll become normality.

James slumped back in his chair, totally unaware of the messages that he was absorbing into his head.

Or perhaps the stress is coming from elsewhere? Is there something you are hiding deep within you? Let it out. Your stress and that little accident that happened when you talked to women, maybe that's a clue. Are you really straight? Don't you feel more comfortable with men? Men don't scare you or make you worried. Men of all shapes and sizes. Huge gym guys with huge muscles, you can't help but stare at them. You think, deep down, that they're attractive. Don't you? Or do you prefer larger men? Older men? Any men. You know that I'm just dragging the truth from deep down inside of you.

Try to focus on this stress. In the future, your stress will all drain away as you begin to transfer your focus over from scarier women over to more comfortable and open men. How they talk, sound and smell. What's under their clothes...

James woke in a start. Lady Sapphire had brought her out of his trance with the snap of her fingers and he sat forward in his chair. He glanced quickly at his watch and say that he'd been there around an hour and a half! Much longer than the last session.

"I've been here a long time?" he asked

"I felt it important to talk about where the stress was coming from and how we can get right to the roots of the problem and cut it out at the source."

"I see"

She rose from her chair and stood up, offering her hand up to the door. "Well James, it's been lovely to see you again. Would you mind coming again at the same time next week? We don't have to have any more sessions if you wish but it would be interesting for me to look at any affects my work has had and how I can apply that to my own work in the future with you or other clients"

"Yeah... no problem".

James was ushered out the door and said goodbye to Lady Sapphire. Walking to his car he saw that the evening had become darker. The session had left him rather tired and drained, so rather than doing any of the errands he had planned to do that evening he drove straight home to bed. He flung open the door and dropped his keys and bag by the door ready for tomorrow. Every step he made towards his bed, the more tired he became. A message ran through his mind that said that he would be more focused if he was well rested rather than stressed. He took off his clothes one by one as he walked leaving a trail of clothes to his bed

and almost collapsed into it. His eyes closed as soon as his head hit the pillow. James fell into a deep sleep. He was dreaming.

He was standing in a totally white landscape. There were no walls and nothing in the distance, everywhere he looked was plain white, almost heavenly. He walked around in a circle, but nothing changed. There was nothing and there was nobody. Suddenly a woman appeared out of nowhere. It was the first woman he had spoken to in that bar, the same clothes, and the same phone in her hands. She looked up from her phone and looked deep into his eyes.

“You’re the guy who wet himself, aren’t you?”

James turned around but in front of him was one of the other girls he had spoken to.

“Hey, this guy pissed himself!”

James looked down, and rather than being naked as he went to bed, all of a sudden, he was dressed in the same outfit from that evening with totally wet trousers. With the white floor, he could see a yellow puddle forming and spreading out at his feet. Never stopping, as he looked back up the whole landscape was filled with women laughing and pointing. Getting louder and louder. He shut his eyes tightly and held his hands over his eyes in a desperate attempt for it to stop.

When he opened his eyes again, they had all gone. He was left alone with the same outfit with soaked pants and a dark yellow puddle under his feet. A man appeared. James didn’t recognise him at all. This stranger was dressed in grey sweatpants with a tight white vest, his muscles on display for all to see. He had a well-built face with a light stubble beard and dark hair. He approached James and spoke.

“Hey buddy? Are you okay?”

James was surprised to see how friendly this guy was. He seemed genuinely caring unlike that crowd of girls who laughed and jeered in his face. More and more men appeared one by one, just appearing in mid-air. All types of men from younger twinkies, to older men. Some with defined muscles and others with beer bellies. Dressed in all manner of outfits from suits to casual wear, tracksuits to swimming trunks. They all seemed very supportive.

“It’s okay man, it happens to all of us” a couple said

The first man spoke calmly in front of him, “lets get you out of all these wet clothes, shall we?”

James’ didn’t know what to do, he didn’t react as the hands surged forward. They slid his shirt over his head leaving his chest out. Others pulled down his wet pants as they rubbed and soothed his body.

“Relax, it’s okay”

He looked around; he wasn't worried at all. These men were kind and helpful, most of them were even quite good looking! The pants came off until he was just stood in his wet boxers with rough male hands rubbing up and down his body. He didn't know why, or even notice at first, but he started to get an erection. A little tent started to form in his boxers as the men noticed.

"Let's get rid of those nasty wet things, shall we? Don't want to fuss over them or get stressed, just relax" someone said as the pulled them down to his ankles. James looked down and he was totally naked, his cock was totally hard, but he didn't make any attempt to hide it or to run away. He just stood staring down at it. When he looked up, every single man was naked too.

He saw their hairy chests, nipples, and man boobs. He looked at their cocks, each one as hard as his standing proudly in the air. James stared round at each one, some were thick and long, veiny, and almost twitching, others were much smaller and almost hidden under a large stomach.

"What are we waiting for?" the very first stranger said, "Let's play!". The man lurched forward to grab at James' cock.

James loud out a huge cry "Wait, I'm not gay!"

Suddenly he woke up and sat bolt upright in bed, still shouting. "Gay! Gay! I'm not gay!". He felt something stranger, he threw back his sheets and found himself lying in a cold puddle. He had wet the bed.