

Journey into Submission
By Hypno-slave P

The door opened and I was looking into a vaguely familiar face, her eyes fixed on mine.

"Ah, you arrived on time. Good - do come in" she said in a warm, husky tone.

Moments later we were sitting in her lounge, me on the sofa and her in a chair across from me. A second woman, a maid I assumed, was cleaning the corner of the room but left as we sat down.

She seemed to have been expecting me but I had no idea why I was there. Summoning the will to speak (which was strange as I was usually quite confident) I asked hesitatingly if she could explain...

"Why you are here? Ah, I didn't think you would remember - of course" she said cutting me off, a look of amusement in her eyes.

"You remember being in Chester park don't you? Around 2 weeks ago?"

I thought back and remembered being there. However I wasn't prepared for what came next - she explained calmly and without any apparent awareness of how strange it sounded, that she had hypnotised me as I sat next to her on a park bench, and given me a suggestion to come to her house on this day.

I was taken aback by this: although I had always been slightly intrigued by hypnotism, I had never believed it to be anything more than a simple stage trick; certainly not something that happens in real life.

I started to object, beginning to stand with the intention of leaving. However at that moment she directed her hand to her chest and a pendant hanging between her breasts. I found myself strangely captivated.

"That's right, now you remember, follow me down with 10-9-8..."

As she counted, I found myself strangely transfixed on the pendant, my body relaxing with the numbers as they counted down, my train of thought vanishing. The last thing I remembered was the number zero. And then there was nothing but icy hypnotic oblivion.

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"And 10, eyes wide open, mind completely awake"

On that my eyes shot open.

I was stood against a wall in a room empty apart from a large chair in which she was sat. I was facing her, my arms pulled together in front of me. Most confusingly though, I was dressed only in my underwear.

"Hello, welcome back"

I started stammering a question about what was going on but a look from her (Mistress?) somehow made me lose my train of thought.

"Now, before we continue with your induction, I'm going to need you to be fully naked. Take off your underwear".

I have always been fairly proper and the idea of taking of my underwear in a stranger's house wasn't something I was about to do. I began to make that clear when...

"Hypnoslave-P, obey my command"

Suddenly my objections vanished and I found myself removing my underwear and standing up straight before her, completely naked.

"That's better. You see, I am what is called a hypnodomme, and for the last hour or so I have been...preparing you. For your new life of submission to me. Now assume your position of servitude"

With than my arms jerked forward in front of me as before, wrists tightly snapped together as if bound by rope. And, most confusingly, I felt my cock rising and growing hard.

"Good boy. In this position you are at your most suggestible. Your arms locked in mental submission. Your arousal making you more submissive and obedient, as becoming more submissive and obedient is making you more aroused. Now it is time to continue your programming. Hypnoslave-P, fall deep for me as you become helpless on 10-9-8..."

At the count of 5 I saw her hand go to her breasts, hidden behind a green shirt and slide between the buttons to what I assumed was her nipple and at that moment my mind went blank just as I felt another rush of blood heading down my body....

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"and rise up out of trance"

I opened my eyes to find myself stood, naked, in front of her throne again. The maid was back, standing just behind her, watching me. Both had an amused look on their faces as I stood before them in my nakedness. I felt tired, as if I had been stood for a long time.

"Very good" said Mistress (for that was the label my mind automatically gave her). You performed well in that last session of programming.

At that I felt a sense of profound happiness, and again felt myself growing hard.

"Yes. Affirmations from your Mistress are the greatest joy you can receive, and incredibly sexually stimulating for you. And as you know, arousal only increases your feelings of submission to me. Isn't that right, Hypnoslave-P?"

"Yes Mistress" I replied meekly, overcome by the need to submit to Her. All feelings of embarrassment at my naked and aroused state had left my mind completely. This was where I was meant to be, and I knew I was exactly as my Mistress wanted me.

"Now, as you know I obliterate your conscious memory of my programming after each and every session. Your waking identity does not need to know what your hypnoslave identity knows. However, there are some things I want you to be aware of in your conscious state."

When Mistress spoke the word "obliterate" I had an image of Her gloved hand passing lightly over my forehead, as if to wipe all of my memories away. I realised that this was what She was doing, literally brushing my conscious mind aside.

"I had been watching you for some time before I approached you in the park that time. Yes, did you really think it was your choice?. You seemed suitable to join my growing stable of hypnoslaves. All of you continue in your daily lives oblivious, but when called by me, you will respond without question to my instructions. I do have plans for you. But in the meantime, you are my plaything and I intend to use you for my enjoyment. And that of my assistants". She nodded at that to Her maid, whose smile broadened.

"I have programmed you with many triggers and posthypnotic suggestions, and once these have bedded in you will be returning here for more programming. In time, you will be so bent to my will that a single command from me will be as if it came from your own mind. You will have no choice but to obey and no notion that any other action is even possible. I do not just control your mind, Hypnoslave-P. When I want to, I AM your mind."

"And in order to ensure your compliance, I have installed certain...triggers."

She looked over the maid and I thought I noticed a look pass between them. The maid stepped forward and approached me.

"It's time to demonstrate your subservience to me, and to my staff."

The maid looked me in the eyes and without warning lifted her short dress to reveal white panties.

"Pleasure me Hypnoslave-P. With your tongue" she announced, the first time she had spoken.

I didn't move. I was still captivated by my Mistress and I couldn't imagine doing such a private thing to this other woman whom I had never met.

The maid smiled, and lowered her chest towards me, at the same time tugging down on the neckline of her low cut t shirt to reveal a large cleavage running for what seemed like forever. "Now obey" she said.

I felt my cock instantly harden further (if that was possible) and that the same time a wave of desire to please this other woman over took me. I found myself sinking to my knees.

"Good", my Mistress announced from Her throne behind. "Your programming is taking. The sight of large cleavage makes you deeply aroused, which in turn makes you obedient to me, or my assistants."

The maid peeled back her panties, and for what felt like an indeterminate amount of time I pleased her obediently on my knees. Time lost all meaning as I was entirely wrapped in the task at hand, aware only of my instructions, my own arousal, and my need to please my Mistress and those She had chosen to command me in Her place.

With a final sigh the maid's orgasm subsided and she rose, patting me on the head.

"And become helpless as you sleep".

....

"5"

I awoke, this time lying on a bed. Mistress and the maid were standing over me. My arms were again fixed together by some invisible thread, perhaps only present in my mind, but totally impervious to any effort to overcome it, resting bound together on my naked torso.

"Very good, Hypnoslave-P. Your initial programming is complete. The next time you awaken, you will be at home, feeling wonderful. You will have no conscious memory of this day, but buried in the back of your mind will be the back door I have established to let myself in. "Peter" will be your waking identity, a necessarily confident and assertive persona. But when I trigger you, you will become Hypnoslave-P, my willing and obedient submissive servant, ready to follow any command that I or my assistants give you, whether in trance or in your waking time. This is your life now. It is as it has always been, and as it always will be. It is what you have always wanted. Do you understand? Do you obey?"

"Yes Mistress" I replied weakly. "I understand. I obey".

"Good. Now, a final test of your programming".

The maid stepped forward and, without another word, lifted her top entirely, revealing a perfect pair of large, full breasts, and large warm nipples, like two saucers staring down at me.

My mind instantly turned to putty, as an obedient wave swept over me. At the same time, I felt an overwhelming urge to touch my cock which was now heaving upwards. But my hands remained restrained in place. Mistress and the maid stood over me, smiling down.

"You seem...caught between a rock and a hard place, Hypnoslave P" announced my Mistress. "Obeying one command would leave you to disobey another. As that is now impossible for you, you are stuck".

The waves of compulsion and pleasure increased as did my need to obey, and I found myself convulsing on the couch, as waves of need and pleasure filled me.

"This is what service to me is for you, Hypnoslave-P. Pure pleasure and pure submission. Pure obedience. You will listen to the recordings that I instruct you to purchase from my website and you will listen to them in the order that I instruct, so that you are ready for your next programming session here, with us. And you will feel this pleasure as you sink deep into trance, removing every last shred of your resistance and leaving your mind totally suggestible and open to us."

The maid whispered something to Her.

"Yes, I think it is time to put him out of his misery. Hypnoslave-P?"

I was still convulsing in frustration and pleasure, but at hearing my new designation, my body calmed as if readying itself for its next instruction.

"Your arms are free"

With that, She turned and walked back into the shadows, while the maid continued to watch as I furiously masturbated, oblivious to all around me. As the climax of a lifetime finally subsided, I fell back into post-hypnotically induced slumber. The last words on my mind were my Mistress's:

"Remember to Forget, Forget to Remember".

I awoke in my house, feeling relaxed and happy, and feeling like I had spent the day constructively and enjoyably. It didn't strike me at all strange that I could not really recall what had happened during the day. This seemed fine, and in any event, when I tried to remember specific details, I found myself momentarily confused, as if my mind could not hold onto the thread of my thought, followed by an overwhelming feeling of arousal which completely threw my mind off any thoughts of what had happened that day.

It was only a few days later when I opened my email to see the following words.

"Title: New instructions". "Sender: Mistress Carol".

As my hand moved robotically to open my email of instruction, a wave of obedience passed over me, and my cock began to harden, as I reverted to my true designation: Hypnoslave-P.