

An AB Discovery Book

The Hypnotist



Ben Pathen

Best-selling ABDL Author

The Hypnotist

The Hypnotist by Ben Pathen

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Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are a coincidence.

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Prelude

Dr Alicia MacPherson looked at her diary. It was 8:30 am and her workday was just about to begin.

She ran a small practice without the need for a Receptionist. She enjoyed her work and was challenged constantly by the variety of people she worked with and the problems they brought with them.

“Ah, a smoker,” she commented, as she looked at her first appointment for the day. “Easy as...”

She smiled to herself. Smokers were so *oral* in how they behaved and were so easy to manipulate, if not necessarily cure.

Then she smiled again, but it was different. It was a smile combined with a grimace.

This one was going to be work.

Giving Birth



“I want you to hear my words, Sebastian. It is important that you hear my voice and focus on it entirely,” she said softly and slowly.

“In a moment you will begin to feel sleepy. You will feel so sleepy and your eyes will feel heavy and tired. You will need to close your eyes.”

Alicia’s professional, soothing voice filled Sebastian’s ears as he sat in the soft, comfortable reclining-chair.

“You are so sleepy now,” she continued. “You are more tired than you have ever felt before, but not exhausted. Just tired and comfortable. You need to sleep, such a deep sleep. You just want to sleep, Sebastian, but while you sleep, you will hear my voice. You will always hear my voice when you are asleep. You will hear and understand every word I say.”

Sebastian sighed and slumped even more into the enveloping soft leather of the chair.

“You are so tired, so sleepy,” Alicia continued. “You need to be asleep. You are so tired, so sleepy, my voice is making you sleepy, Sebastian... making you so tired, you need to sleep, you need to be in a deep sleep.”

Sebastian Alistair Martin had never been hypnotized before.

He didn’t even think he could be hypnotized. By his own assessment, he was far too strong-willed to be hypnotized, but he was willing to give it a go if it cured his smoking habit. Nothing else had worked. He had tried so many other things to give up smoking, - nicotine patches, sucking mints, but to no avail. This was almost his last attempt.

If this doesn’t work, I don’t know what I will do - probably die of cancer, I guess.

There was also another reason for Sebastian to be here – a hidden agenda.

He wanted to be in the company of Alicia, as she was a very beautiful and alluring woman. On his first visit to discuss the possibility of her curing him of his smoking habit, she had been wearing a leather skirt, just as she was now, and Sebastian loved seeing a woman in leather. It was a big turn on for him. He loved the thought of running his hands all over the leather clothing a woman

was wearing, to be intimate with her and eventually make love to her, still dressed in leather.

He was also afraid that his fantasy might distract him from the hypnosis. After all, it was the main reason he was there, even if the gorgeous doctor made the trip far more pleasant.

Alicia had told him that she was very sure she could hypnotize him and cure his urge to smoke. She was so confident in fact, that she had told him that if it didn't work, he could have a full refund of her fee.

He couldn't lose.

Alicia, however, certainly could lose if this all went wrong. Her profession, her livelihood and her reputation were all on the chopping block. But she was very good at what she did and had judged the risks to be acceptable.

This was actually the third time Alicia had hypnotized Sebastian that same afternoon. The first two times were purely to prepare Sebastian's inner mind, to get him ready for the session that would finally cure him of his unpleasant smoking habit. He hadn't even been aware that he had been hypnotized, even though Alicia told him he had been. The doctor had to prepare Sebastian's mind so that it was ready to take on board all that she said.

Alicia was now sure that her unwary patient was ready to be taken into a deep hypnotic state where he would have no other option but to obey all that she told him. And she planned to cure him of far more than smoking. She planned to cure him of...

Adulthood.

And toilet training.

And masculinity.

And walking.

And talking.

Big things coming Sebastian's way and his eyes were closed to the impending train – infancy.

"I will count to ten, Sebastian," she intoned, slowly and softly. "When I reach the number ten, you will be in a deep sleep and will do exactly what I tell you to do. You will not be able to resist my voice. You are in a deep sleep, one, so very tired, two, so very sleepy, three, in a deep sleep, four, more tired than you have ever been, five."

Alicia stopped. She could see that Sebastian was already in a trance.

She smiled, broadly. She had no doubts about her abilities and always knew she could hypnotize Sebastian easily. So many people think they are beyond that, that their will is too strong, but she always proved them wrong and it was no different with him. He had been easy to hypnotize. She had only gotten halfway with her counting, yet he was now in a deep trance and completely under the influence of her voice.

"You will never smoke again, Sebastian," she said, carefully articulating each syllable. "You hate smoking. It disgusts you now and when you wake up, your desire to smoke will have gone forever and will never return."

Alicia briefly stopped, allowing her words to find their place of residence in his subconscious.

"You will throw away all your cigars. You will never need to buy another packet of cigars again. No more cigars ever again. You will never want another smoke of anything in your life. That desire has gone forever. It will never come back."

Alicia loved the feeling of power she had over someone once she had them under her control, knowing that whatever she said would remain in their minds forever. It was even more special to her to have the male of the species under her control. She had spent five years learning how to hypnotize people. She had given up so much to learn all about hypnotism - no boyfriends, no late nights out. She had dedicated all her time to becoming a very good hypnotist.

"Your desire to smoke has gone forever now, Sebastian," she continued. "That cigar you had before you arrived here, the cigar I am sure you smoked, was your last one. Am I right Sebastian, did you smoke a cigar on your way here? You must tell me the truth Sebastian, it is beyond you to lie to me, even when you are awake, you will find it impossible to lie to me, you cannot help but tell me the truth."

"Yes Alicia, I did smoke a cigar before I arrived here," he answered in a flat, monotone voice.

In his deep trance, Sebastian could still hear Alicia. He could only do as she asked, he was totally under her influence, he could only be honest with her. There was nothing he could do to stop that.

"What will you never do again, Sebastian?" she asked, already knowing the answer.

"I will never smoke anything again."

"Good, well done, Sebastian. You must always be honest with me when I ask you a question, do you understand that?"

"Yes, doctor."

Now was the time to take this train on a different track. A track that led to nappies and a nursery.

"Do you find me good-looking, young man?"

“Yes, Alicia,” he replied, totally honestly, but without emotional content.

“Why do you find me pretty, Sebastian?” she asked in her still soft, slow, hypnotic voice.

“You are very beautiful, Alicia,” he responded in a quiet and yet, very honest and child-like way.

“Is it just my physical appearance that you enjoy, or is there something else about me that you find attractive?”

“I like that you are wearing a leather skirt,” he answered without hesitation.

“Do you like seeing women dressed in leather?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Does it excite you to see a woman dressed in leather?” she asked, seeking out his weaknesses

“Yes, very much so.”

“Just a little bit or a lot, Sebastian?”

“A lot, A whole lot,” he answered calmly, without a physical response.

“Would you like to make love to me dressed in leather, Sebastian?” she asked, without any change in the tone of her voice, despite the highly charged question.

“Yes, I would,” came the reply, which would normally have led to high arousal but this time, no physical response at all. Alicia was pleased. It meant she had bypassed his primitive sexual responses and was now much deeper.

“What do you like about leather? Can you tell me?”

“I love the look, the feel and the aroma of leather.”

He was quiet for a few seconds. “It just looks so sexy to me and enhances the appearance of the wearer,” he explained in detail

Alicia had found out a great deal about Sebastian, all from the initial meeting he had with her some two weeks previous and all the questions he had to answer for her. Now, she had even more knowledge about him. She had noticed on that first visit that he had seemed to be looking at her skirt. It had been very obvious to her and he made little effort to hide it. She was fairly sure that he had a fetish for leather and was now being proved correct. She would use that additional information to her benefit.

Sebastian had been previously told that all his answers were important for her to successfully hypnotize him. She knew he was single, lived on his own, was self-employed and was short of work, and most importantly, had no close family ties. No one would miss him; he was perfect for what she had in mind for him.

It wasn’t ethical. Her plan was against all the rules, and if she was found out, she would undoubtedly be in serious trouble, but then she had no intention of being found out. She was smarter than that.

Alicia had been waiting for someone like Sebastian to turn up at her practice for a number of years now. He was very handsome and had a pleasant easy-going personality. She was quite surprised that he did not have a partner and that clued her into more about his personality. He was thirty-five years-old - just the right age. So perfect in every way.

Sebastian wasn’t the only one with a problem. Alicia had a problem too, not that she thought of it as a problem. It was more of a *deep-seated interest* and desire for something a little unusual.

“I have something else for you, Sebastian,” she continued. “You will listen to my voice and understand and do exactly what I want you to do. Do you understand that?”

“Yes,” he replied, in the same monotone voice.

Although he was in a deep trance, Sebastian could hear and understand clearly what Alicia was saying to him. He didn’t know he was hypnotized. He just thought he was having a strange dream but was unable to wake up and resist her voice and commands.

“You will miss having a cigar in your mouth, Sebastian,” she added. “You will miss it so much, and you need to have something in your mouth. As you can no longer smoke, you will want to have a dummy in your mouth, a baby’s dummy. You will love having a baby’s dummy in your mouth and it will be so much better than a cigar, do you understand me? ”

Then she begged the question of him.

Baby's First Dummy



“Tell me what you want to have in your mouth, Sebastian.”

“A baby’s dummy, please.”

“Good, well done. You will get great comfort from having a baby’s dummy in your mouth and will always want it there. It will be more powerful for you to have a baby’s dummy in your mouth than your previous desire to smoke. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Tell me again what you want to have in your mouth, Sebastian.”

“A baby’s dummy,” he replied automatically, without a moment’s hesitation