



DEEP HYPNOSIS

Chapter I – Wet Confidence



BecomingBabyAgain

James saw the advert as a pop-up on another sight. Hypnosis had always been something he had a slight interest, so he clicked it. The advert looked pretty fake. Half of the screen was filled with a picture of a women in a tight bikini and the text was pretty vague and uninspiring.

Interested in hypnosis?

Come and talk to me, Lady Sapphire!

I can make you do and believe in anything!

James was always taught that if it looked too good to be true, then it probably was. He moved his mouse over to the 'X' button to close it, but another little pop up came at the top corner of the screen. It spoke to him. "I know you're interested James" the little message said. At first, James was a little unnerved, but he thought that the computer probably had his name stored in its cookies or from his social media or something. He went to close that little advert when another message popped up "I think we're near each other... call me!" with a phone number printed underneath. He still thought it was some kind of cheap bot, but something drew him too it. He didn't want to risk calling the number in case it turned out to be some elaborate scam or an identity theft case, so he quickly googled the phone number first to check it.

The number, it turned out, was not a "\$2 a minute" line but rather a local landline number. She really was local. He typed the number into his mobile and let it ring. It rung about 5 times until a voice answered.

"Hello?"

"Umm, hi" James replied.

"Who is this?". It was a female voice.

"Sorry, I got this number from an online advert and I guess it's a fake so..."

"Oh" the voice interrupted him. "You're interested in hypnosis?". There was a touch of excitement in her voice.

"Yeah" he stuttered meekly, "so you're genuine?". Their conversation was pretty short. She replied that she was local and gave out her "work address", James muttered something about probably not being able to afford it and she reassured him.

"Don't worry about a fee! I'm still getting started so I'll happily do it for free if you recommend me to some friends". James couldn't believe his luck. They hastily arranged a meeting that weekend on Saturday evening and he put the phone down.

James reached the address she had given him; It was nothing special. It was one building in a row of nondescript grey office-like buildings. He checked the address with the note he

made at least five times to really convince himself that this was the place before walking up to the door and knocking on it. It opened and there stood Lady Sapphire. She was a trim well-built middle-aged lady sporting a tight blue dress, her cleavage was almost bursting out. Her voice was soft and lyrical as it drifted out of her lipstick red plump lips. She had thick black hair that just reached her shoulders and thick black glasses. James stepped inside almost enraptured by her voice. She invited him into her “conference room” which had two leather armchairs which they both sat down and sunk into. She spoke to him with what sounded like a very rehearsed speech.

“Now I want you to be able to relax when you’re in here. I don’t know how much you know about hypnosis but what we’re trying to do here is create a safe space for your mind to absorb new things. There’s nothing negative here, no scrapping things, and no changing things, just positive absorption. Now what have you come to me about, tell me about your life and how you want it to improve”.

James hadn’t expected anything like that and struggled to think of some kind of response. “Well I didn’t really think I’d get this far to be honest. I thought the ad was fake and I only really came down to prove to myself that none of this was true”.

Sapphire nodded along, probably a little offended but showing no external signs of any emotion, she chimed in with some suggestions. “Excuse the personal questions but what about your sex life, are you single?”

“Umm... no that’s fine” he muttered. “Yeah I’m single, I guess I kinda lack a little bit of confidence when talking to women”

“I see” she replied with enthusiasm “well maybe that’s something we can work upon. Improving your confidence in daily life and that should improve your confidence with talking to women and improving the substance in your life.”

“Sounds good”. James saw the whole thing more positively now, not only was this free but at least he’d be getting something out of it. If it didn’t work then he hadn’t really wasted anything except a little time, and if it did work then great! It was a win-win scenario!

She was eager to begin, “Would you like to begin or would you rather we waited for another session?”. James considered going home to think about it, but her voice was so soothing he was drawn in. Surely it would be okay, after all it he had made it this far without anything going wrong. She smirked a little as she started to place him in a relaxing frame of mind. The first sign of any emotion she had shown for the entire conversation. Her voice became slightly deeper, with a lush caramel smoothness as she put him 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 came to me about confidence. Confidence. I’m here to improve your confidence.

She continued to speak in a regular lilting pace as if she were reciting poetry. Her words entered into James' mind and lingered until they were totally absorbed. She went on a tangent that James blissfully accepted.

You're a very confident person. You will feel very confident in life, and in your relationships. Approaching women and talking to them. Feel your anxieties and worries drift away. It's always been easy, and you know this deep down.

James couldn't see in his blank state, but she let a little smirk dart across her lips.

As you feel yourself becoming more confident, something else has to go to make room for all that confidence. You want to be better with your confidence and relationships so desperately that you're happy to sacrifice something. It's a good thing. When you approach women in the future, in bars, in the street, the confidence will fill up your entire head and you'll forget something. You won't even notice it, it's so insignificant! In fact, it will feel so warm lovely as it spreads across your mind...

James couldn't pick out individual words anymore as her speech continued but it was pleasurable. He felt his head was all light and fuzzy listening to her silky tone of voice. He wasn't aware of how much time had passed or anything at all. His mind was literally empty.

And when you're ready, I'm going to bring you out of this trance. Your mind will still be totally focused on its confidence and everything else we discussed. So focused that you feel drawn to come back to talk to me. You're going to love our sessions and feel almost addicted. On the count of three I'm going to bring you back into life. One. You're strong and confident. Two. Positive thoughts, and three...

James woke and sat bolt upright. He felt totally relaxed as if he had just woken from a deep sleep. So much so that it took him a few moments to realise where exactly he was and what he was doing. Until his eyes met Lady Sapphire and he remembered everything. Again, her voice helped him settle.

"How did that feel?" she asked

"Ermm... It just felt like I was sleeping. I heard your voice but after a while I just sorta drifted off and couldn't focus"

"That's a perfectly normal sensation" she responded, "in fact it's a good sign. It shows that your mind is accepting my voice and taking in everything I talked about"

"But what did you say?" he queried

"I'm not going to say it all again, you've been here for over half an hour!" she laughed as James panicky looked at his watch, she was right! "but essentially I talked about how you should draw out the confidence that's inside you whenever you're in a position where you may feel nervous or stress. It's pretty simple stuff."

James shuffled in his seat, still a little unnerved but (almost ironically) he felt more confident about what he was doing. "Is there anything else you'd like me to do" he asked.

“Would it be okay for you to come back at the same time next week? We don’t have to have any more hypnosis sessions, but I’d just like for you and me to discuss the affects of the session and how it impacted you at all during the week.”

“I guess that’s okay” he said, and Lady Sapphire showed him to the door. He felt like he’d only been there about 5 minutes but as she had said, he’d almost been there a full hour! At least the meeting next week would be shorter if there wasn’t any hypnosis.

It was a Friday evening and after work, James was pretty tired. Usually at the end of a busy week he liked to stay in with a take-away pizza and maybe a film or a boxset, but he felt he should make an effort this week. After all, he still had that meeting with Lady Sapphire tomorrow and he hadn’t yet been out in the evening or tried to chat to any new girls. So, James dropped all of his work things and decided to get ‘spruced up’. He had a quick shower before spraying a little *eau-de-cologne* over himself and deciding on an outfit. In the end he settled on a light floral shirt and some chinos for a kind of smart-casual summer look. James gathered together his keys, wallet, and phone for an evening out in town.

James didn’t really go out drinking that much and didn’t really know the best places to go to. Eventually he settled on a random bar that seemed just as busy and noisy as all the rest. He went inside, ordered himself a beer and sat alone in the corner of the bar. After about 10 minutes he saw a girl sat across the room, also alone and scrolling through her phone. He felt the surge of confidence build inside him like a rush to his head. He carried his drink over and sat down opposite her.

“Is it alright if I sit here?” he asked, thought pretty pointlessly as he had already sat down. “I’m James”

She was a little taken aback, “Yeah... sure. I’m Emily”

James wasn’t sure where the words were coming from as he’d never dream of saying anything like it before, but he continued, “and what’s an attractive woman like you doing sat all alone?”.

It played off, she laughed a little and put her phone down. “Ahaha I’m supposed to be meeting some friends, but I think I’m a little early”

“That’s lucky for me” he responded with a razor-sharp wit. Then he felt something unusual. The front of his pants were wet. It was only a small patch about the size of an apple. He looked down and stood up sharply in his seat, raising the wet spot for Emily to see.

“Someone must have spilt their drink on me!” he complained

“Damn!” she responded half-heartedly, with just a hint of sarcasm, as she looked at the damp patch he was quickly brushing. “Well I think my friends have just arrived” she said getting up to leave.

He called after her “Well umm... it was nice to meet you!”. Ames furrowed his brow as he tried to run through the events in his mind. He didn’t actually remember anyone spilling a drink on him. “Maybe it was just some spilt drink dripping off the table and onto my pants” he told himself. Which to him was plausible.

Undeterred by his first failure, he tried again. He scanned the room for anyone else he could talk to. There were a few people standing around idly, yet James was a little ashamed and thought them way out of his league. But suddenly, the woosh of confidence once rose into his head. He told himself that you never know unless you try! He strode over to one of women who was wearing a tight red dress that hugged her figure.

“Hey, can I buy you a drink?” he offered to which she looked him up and down and replied, “Yeah sure”.

James shuffled over to the bar and ordered two cocktail before returning and graciously offering her one. They both drank and shared polite conversation about who they were and their boring day jobs until James felt a strange lightheaded feeling. It only lasted for a second, but his mind became fuzzy and blank as he felt dizzy. He quickly snapped out of it as it was just a strange hiccup. The woman stared at him.

“umm... are you okay?” she stuttered in shock

“I’m fine, why?” he replied unaware.

“Honey” she said, “do you need to go to the bathroom?” and started laughing.

James was about to respond with something about how he sat on a wet table earlier that dripped on him until he looked down and saw the wet patch growing. He was wetting himself, in public for all to see. He quickly placed his glass on the nearest table and ran to the bathroom. When he reached it, he flung the door open, ran straight to the urinal and unfastened his fly. But he had finished. There was nothing more. He turned to look at himself in the mirror. There he stood with a dark stain down both legs of his pants, anyone who looked could see he had pissed himself. James grabbed a handful of toilet paper to try and pat it dry, but it was futile. He just wanted to go home, but to do so he’d have to walk through that crowded bar and the people he’d spoken to in soaked pants! He blushed bright red in shame.

“Where’s that rush of confidence now!” he thought desperately as he bit his lip and stepped back into the bar. It felt like everyone in the room had turned to stare at him, the adult who wet himself, so he briskly walked through the room and back out to his car. It was almost a jog. He cursed himself for parking so far away. Outside, there was a group of teenagers dressed in tracksuits smoking something. They turned and stared at James before hurling shouts of abuse at him.

“Pissed himself!”

“Piss pants!”

“Baby!”

James was so humiliated he almost cried a little while driving home. He flung himself inside when he got home and nearly ripped his pants off and threw them away. He knew he'd never be able to wear them again without being constantly reminded of embarrassment he felt.

Whatever happened, at least he had something to talk to Lady Sapphire about. Her confidence session had worked. How little did he realise that her whole speech had been a success. Things were only beginning to change for James.