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# DEEP HYPNOSIS

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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.

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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.

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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.



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# DEEP HYPNOSIS

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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...*

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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.



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# DEEP HYPNOSIS

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Chapter III – A Feminine Touch



BecomingBabyAgain

For the third week in a row, James was stood waiting outside that same concrete office building. This week he didn't feel as much enthusiasm for returning. His life had taken two dramatic changes and he didn't know if he could take anymore; first the bedwetting with some little daytime accidents and now the whole dreaming of men thing! But he resolved himself that if anyone could help him, it was Lady Sapphire. Besides, for some reason this week he felt drawn to come and see her again, it was all he could focus on all week. Just dreaming about listening to her voice and everything he had to say. A little part of his thought that whatever happened to him was almost worth it just to keep hearing that golden voice.

Once more she opened the door, complained about the lack of receptionist, and ushered him into the room.

"So, James. let's start by talking about your response to last week's session. How did you feel and if you had any wild thoughts or moods, or just anything at all that seemed slightly odd?"

James had prepared what he was going to say. He wanted to target his recent problems.

"Well, yes. You remember that last time we talked about these little... accidents that I was having. Yeah, I've started to get them more during the night than the day"

"I see, I think this is a step in the right direction for you James if I'm honest. It's telling me that the stress and anxieties during the day have taken a back place in your mind. But of course, during the night, they come forth. Do you mind me asking if you dream?"

"That's the other thing" James continued. "I've been having some pretty weird dreams recently. They start with lots of girls who laugh at me or look at me like I'm a pathetic freak or something! And then loads of men appears and they're all friendly and naked"

"James" she spoke softly in her mellow voice. "I feel that we know each other quite well and I want you to know that you're in an open space here for feelings and emotions so I'm going to be frank with you. Last time you were here I sensed that you weren't totally comfortable with your sexuality and at the time I could see you didn't want to talk about it, so I didn't press the subject. But now that we've pulled around with your confidence and stress, it is naturally a subject that will have to be addressed. Are you comfortable with your sexuality?"

"I don't know, to be honest. I was always so sure I was straight. I'd never even considered other men at all! In fact, I was madly against it but ever since I started coming to you, I've had this little doubt in my mind. I guess I could be bi, but that frightens me a little bit."

Her response soothed him. "What I think we should talk about it how we can make you grow within yourself. What I mean by that is, I want you to be confident and at ease about all you do and the decisions you make as well as your sexuality. Rather than spending all the time worrying about yourself and other people's perceptions of you."

James couldn't really resist, in fact before he knew it, he was drifting into that deep state of mind. Content to absorb whatever she said blissfully unaware. Falling deeper than the last time. A deep deep sleep. Lady Sapphire started on her speech.

*Feel yourself focusing solely on my voice. I know how addicted you are. You try to suppress it, but I know how deeply you have fallen for it. You'll do anything for it. Absorb deeply every word I say and suggestion I make. You'll do anything to please me, keeping coming every week to our sessions. Each positive word I say will fill you with extreme feelings of delight until you're living to please me.*

*These dreams of men, each night, don't be scared. I want you to embrace each night. Let the dreams echo into your real life. Real girls and real women are just like they are in your dreams. They'll laugh at you, they'll tease you, but real men are supportive and friendly. Transfer your affections from the subtle curves of a woman over to the musk and strength of a real man. Empty your head of all women, except from me, and fill your head full of men and their cocks. Every man you see, fill your head with ideas about his cock or his rough hands rushing up and down your body.*

*Try and push out other thoughts, work, life, home, and spend your time dreaming about being with men. You'll realise that the best way to attract real men is to embrace your feminine side. Men love women, so you must do your best to try and reflect this. Women love pink; you love pink. Women love silk and lace; you love silk and lace. Women wear pretty dresses and cute panties, and so you must try and experiment with your fashion and lifestyle. That is what guys want to see, and you do whatever it takes to impress real men.*

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The session had finished. James said his goodbyes to Lady Sapphire but just as he was about to get into his car, his phone rang. It was an unknown number, but he picked it up.

"Hello, I was just checking this was your number James", he instantly recognised the silky tones of Lady Sapphire, especially having been sat in her office for nearly two hours

"erm... yes" he replied a little tentatively, he didn't remember giving away his mobile number.

"Thanks for giving me your number in that session, just in case I ever have to contact you for some reason! By the way I'm very proud of you and the progress that you're making". She hung up.

That final sentence burst through James filling him with joy. She was proud of him. A smile gushed over his face as he blushed slightly and drove away. It played on his mind for the entire journey, it was all he could think about, how pleased he was that she was happy with him! He realised that he would almost do anything for this feeling of pure elation!

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Saturday morning had arrived, and James decided to finally get around to the chores he'd put off all week. Nothing too strenuous, mainly just light cleaning and a little bit of shopping.



He'd found that he fancied a new wardrobe, everything just looked pretty old and shabby. In fact, he thought that he needed some clothes that were brighter in colour and stood out a little more. Many something yellow, or even pink! He dressed in a random outfit that took his 2 seconds to pick out. It didn't really matter whatever he wore as he'd be getting some new stuff anyway.

The drive to the mall lasted about 25 minutes, and the entire trip his mind wandered between what clothes he would buy, what he would say in his next session with Lady Sapphire and just how proud she said she was with him. He parked the car and walked into the mall with a bounce in his step, visibly excited. He first walked around a few clothes shops but was disappointed when nothing really jumped out at him. He didn't want shirts with stupid phrases written across them, or dark coloured jackets. James was almost resigned to his fate of not buying anything new when his eyes caught sight of a store across the mall. James had never been inside a *Victoria's Secret* before. He had occasionally glanced at the scantily clad women with the smooth and gorgeous bodies that filled the posters on the windows outside the shop but this time he saw past them. What caught his eye was not the women, but what they were wearing. James stood opposite the shop and tried to sort out his contrasting thoughts.

"I can't go in their alone, that's a shop for women! But those pink lacy panties look so cute!... Men don't wear panties James, what the hell are you doing even thinking about it!". He bit his lip; he just couldn't resist.

Taking a large gulp, he stepped into the store. Everything was fine. Nobody was staring at him, the girls in the store just ignored him. James liked that as women were starting to scare him a little now for some reason. He was always so nervous whenever he had to speak to one. He picked up the pink lace panties which were on a display by the door. Not really understanding women's sizes, he held them up to his waist to see if they looked like they would fit. A large man appeared right behind him. James turned to see the black man, dressed in a light white and red shirt with a name badge.

"Can I help you sir?" he asked, obviously on the look out for creeps or thieves.

"Oh" stammered James almost in shock at being seen in the shop, "I was just looking!"

"Are you buying for someone special?" asked the man

"No no, these are for me". James panicked. Why on earth did he say that?! It was an instant response he had said without thought but what would the man think of him!

"Oh" said the man, almost as shocked that he had said at James himself was. The shop assistant, cautious not to offend tried his best to offer some advice about sizes and what he thought would suit James while James just stood blushing a deep red. The assistant gestured for James to follow him round the shop, piling on him different items of lingerie and perfumes that he thought James would like.

A thought entered James' head, a thought which he had never thought before. "This guys pretty attractive" he thought, feeling no shame about thinking it either. "I wonder what he'd

look like without those pants on” he laughed to himself. But he hesitated too long. The shop assistant turned around to see had clearly been staring at his ass. Again, James panicked. He had been so stupid! First coming into the shop and then saying the panties were for him. Now he had just been staring at some random man’s ass while carrying a pile of lingerie! He realised that he would have to buy the whole pile right now just out of shame and to leave the shop as quickly as possible.

“I think I’ve probably got enough now!” he said to the assistant

“Sure, I’ll take you over to the checkout”.

The assistant lifted the counter and walked behind it, taking care to take each individual item from James’ hands, scan them before carefully folding them and placing them in a bag.

“You clearly like the colour pink!” he laughed, “I’m Tony”

James blushed even deeper, “yeah, I’m James”. When Tony had finished, James handed over his card and was shocked to see had had spent nearly \$150 on lingerie! Tony reached for the receipt but just as he did, he grabbed a pen and wrote something on the bottom of it.

“We’ve got something extra special in the stock room if you’d like to come and see it?” he said, “usually we’re not supposed to take customers there, but I can make an exception”

“Umm... Sure”

James followed him through the shop, carrying his bag which was proudly labelled *VICTORIA’S SECRET* in big letters for all to see. The both went through a door into a pitch-black room, James first as he was ushered through by Tony. He stepped into the room as Tony flicked the lights on. The room was basically empty, say for a few cardboard boxes.

“I saw you staring at my ass” Tony said

James fell to his knees, “Man! I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean anything, please don’t hurt me! I’ll just leave quietly! Take my wallet, whatever!”

“Relax man” laughed tony as he started to unbutton his pants, “I just thought I’d give you a close-up view”

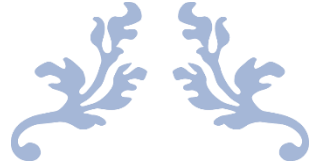
James was on his knees as he looked up to see Tony taking his cock in his hand and jerking it up and down until it was stiff. So many thoughts raced though his head about how he should get away but a big part of his mind told him to do something else... maybe he should be experimenting with his sexuality, after all Tony was very attractive, and he had just seen him buying all those sexy negligees.

“Come and kiss it” said Tony

James crawled forward...

James kept the receipt as a memory of what happened, written at the bottom of it was a message that he read over and over again.

*I bet you look sexy in pink! Give me a call sometime.*



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# DEEP HYPNOSIS

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Chapter IV – The Messy Accident



BecomingBabyAgain

Once more James stood waiting for his session, as he had done for the past four weeks. He was full of excitement while waiting almost bouncing from one foot to the other. James was so eager to talk to Lady Sapphire once more and hear her silky voice, if he was good maybe she'd say how proud she was of him again.

She appeared out of the door and let a smile run across her cheeks. It didn't take much to see how the effects of her talk last week on his feminine appearance had affected him. James was still dressed in distinctly male clothes, but they were lighter pastel colours. His shirt was a light pink, he also appeared to be wearing a little make up! Nothing too elaborate or dramatic (yet anyway) but just something to darken his eyes and bring out the light colours in his cheeks. Lady Sapphire once again invited him into her "consultation room"

"I love the outfit James!" she said as he sat down into the large chair opposite her.

James noticeably flustered a little and brushed the compliment off, "oh this is nothing! I'm just experimenting a little bit and trying some new things out"

"Well I think it really suits you!", she continued. "So, tell me a little bit about your week, last time I remember we were discussing the deep routed facts about your sexuality and about how you were coming to terms with that."

"Yeah... I always thought that I was just totally straight but now I don't know. I'd never even looked at another guy like that before but ummm I met a nice guy this week when clothes shopping and ... we hit it off quite nicely!"

"This is really good, I'm proud of all the progress you've made and the great achievements and changes you've made too!". Her words filled James with pure pleasure almost wiggling in his seat like a small child.

"and if I can ask, how are you little... accidents? Do you still get them? Are they still as bad a problem"

The confidence and pleasure drained out of James as quickly as it had burst into him. He had been so excited to talk about his new found ideas and relationships but now she wanted to know about his embarrassing little secret. His voice became timid and shy

"I've still got that problem; in fact, I think it might be getting worse"

"What do you mean exactly?"

"At first it was just every couple of nights, maybe once or twice a week. But now, literally every single time I wake up I'm lying in a cold puddle. I've tried everything! Going to the toilet before I go to bed, not drinking anything all evening and even one of those little alarm things that beeps loudly if you wet the bed. None of it seems to work."

"Oh, that is a shame", James didn't detect the ounce of sarcasm in her voice. "perhaps until we can really target that problem you should consider buying some protection? Just for night times at least."

“I’ll definitely consider it” he meekly responded.

“Perhaps then this is something we should directly target in this session then”, and as gently and easily as he allowed, she led him down into deep state of trace. A mind sphere of blissful unawareness, ready to absorb every word she spoke.

*James, you’ve made such incredible progress. When you first came to me you were a shy and repressed young man. Now we’ve brought out your deeper qualities of confidence and opened up your sexuality. Focus on my words and everything I say. I know how addicted you are to my voice and willing to accept anything I say.*

*Every morning, when you say you wake up in a damp puddle on your bed, this is normal. You can accept this James. You think this happens to everyone. Everyone has accidents. I would be unusual and strange for people not to have them. After all, you know deep down that you don’t have full control over yourself. You’ve said that your considering buying protection, but you know that you need it. Try wearing pull ups when you go to bed. Wearing them will make you sleep much easily; you’ll drift off to sleep and when you wake up there will be no more cold puddles in your bed. Wearing pull-ups is a step forward. Each time you have a little accident in your pull-ups, you’ll lose a tiny bit of your control. It’ll get so much easier to use those padded pants. Soon you wont even have to think about it. You can just let it all go without a thought passing through you mind.*

*If you start wearing pull-ups, you’re only one small step away from diapers. Yes James, a tiny part of you will start to wonder if you need those next. After all, you love those pull ups so much that you know deep down that diapers will be so much more comfortable. So much more relaxing. During the day, every time your mind starts to think about accidents, or pull-ups, or diapers, you will simply release all the control you once had. Reinforcing to yourself how much you simply need them!*

*Fall deeper down that rabbit hole James. Every time you think of pull-ups or diapers, you’ll find yourself having an accident. And the more you have accidents the more you think about pull-ups and diapers. Each time you wear one, it will fill your mind with pleasure. You’ll learn to love diapers as much as your love listening to my voice. Helplessly addicted.*

As lady Sapphire finished her speech, she wrote something at the bottom of her notes in James’ file. Something that he would never get to see but that kept her abreast of his progress. She simply wrote, “Next session: sissy diaper slut!” with a little smiley face under it.

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It was the next morning that the effects of that sessions started to hit him. He had woken up in the same way he had done for almost the past two weeks. His eyes blinked open at the sound of his morning alarm and immediately he felt the cold wetness around his hips. James threw back the sheets to see another dark puddle he had been lay in all night. It didn’t bother him anymore. At first it had been very humiliating but now it was just part of his

everyday routine, it seemed normal. After all, he told himself, surely everyone has accidents! Nobody's perfect! But it really was a pain to have to wash his sheets every single day after work. James decided that he really needed to go out and buy some kind of protection, maybe plastic sheet to go over his mattress or perhaps some kind of adult sized pull-ups, just to wear in bed! He didn't see as he was showering when the thought of pull-ups rushed over him, but without any thought at all, he released his bladder and let a stream of piss mix with the water and drain down the plug. James never noticed anything.

The day at work was pretty uneventful; Nothing unusual happened. He spent most of the day starting at one of the new guys in the office. His suit shirt was tight, and James could easily see the outline of his muscles. Each time he tried to go over and introduce himself or strike up a conversation he got side-lined by some pressing business or other people wanting to talk to him. His office building was opposite a collection of shops, occasionally he'd offer to do a coffee round or buy some snacks, so he knew the area quite well. As he left work for home, he decided that it was best to have a quick look in the pharmacy to see if there was anything useful for his problem.

James entered the store and saw that it was pretty busy. Mostly women with baskets full of things, there was a large queue for the tills. He stumbled round the store until he found the aisle he needed.

### Adult Incontinence.

He gazed at the shelves full of different things. All manner of sizes, capacities, and styles. Someone walked down the aisle past him, and he felt a rush of humiliation even to be looking at these things, but he definitely needed something to help him with those accidents. As soon as the words entered his head, he felt a strange sensation. James' felt a strange pressing on his stomach, a churning which let out a loud rumble for everyone to hear. He tried to control himself, but he couldn't help it. Instantly he squatted down and let out a loud "hmmpphh!" noise as he felt himself pushing a large thick mess into the seat of his pants! James panicked as he looked down to see a dark patch growing on the front of his pants with a little yellow puddle forming at his feet and spreading quickly.

It was over as soon as it began. James got back on his feet, feeling the warm mess and the wet pants with every step or shuffle he made. He quickly grabbed a packet of pull-ups, the first ones he saw in his size and walked over to the checkout. To his shame he saw that every single woman in the queue had a perfect view of the entire event. They all looked at him with pity as he shuffled over to the back of the queue. As he passed each woman, they spoke to him softly.

"It's okay Honey."

"I hope you're okay man"

"It happens sometime"

"Don't worry about it love"

When James reached the front of the queue, he handed over the pack, and paid quickly hoping to get out of the shop as quickly as possible. The teenager behind the checkout took immense pleasure in talking to him

“Just couldn’t wait eh?” he laughed as he scanned the pull-ups, “you should’ve asked to use our toilets man!”

“y-y-yeah” stuttered James with tears in his eyes, turning around as rushing towards the door,

The teenager shouted after him, “hey feel free to come back when you need more diapers! Ahaha”

James ran to his car and bust into tears! He sat down behind the wheel feeling the mess squashing against his pants. At least he had managed to buy some protection! He looked at the label and grew even more humiliated to see he had bought the “Exxxtra! Size – can hold up to 10 times more than regular incontinence pants” pack. As he drove home, he repeated the same sentences over and over again like a kind of mantra.

“Everyone has accidents! It’s okay!”

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The next morning, James awake the same way he always had. His morning alarm blaring and his eyes half dazed. Although he noticed straight away that something was different. He hadn’t been lying in a cold puddle, the sheets were still dry and cosy! Better still, he threw off his sheets and saw that his pull-ups had absorbed his little night time accident without leaving a single drip on his bed. James also enjoyed how warm and squishy it was, the very feel of the wet thickness rubbing against him gave him an erection which he quickly took advantage of. James lay back and put his hand down the waistband of his pull-ups and started jerking his cock up and down. He felt his hand get wetter as it squished around in the soft wet padding, it took no time at all before he released a load of cum.

Lady Sapphire would have been proud. He was on his way to learning one of the basic life lessons for the new life she had planned for him. Sissy babies only get to cum in their diapers!





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# DEEP HYPNOSIS

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Chapter V - The Sissy Side of Life



BecomingBabyAgain

James had reached a metal crossroads. He was becoming more scared by the transformations he knew were happening to him, his new found desires, his accidents, and the lust for all things feminine, but at the same time he was loving it! He craved all the attention that men payed towards him, he adored finding matching outfits of bright pink colours in all kinds of fabric and he constantly told himself that accidents were nothing to be ashamed of! Everyone had them, plus he would be ashamed to admit it, but he found that every time he wore a pull-up, he became more comfortable using them and addicted to the warm, soft feeling against his skin. James found that they were even turning him on quite a bit. Every time he took off a used pull-up to replace it with a fresh one, it wouldn't be long before he was fully hard and jerking his cock until he sprayed cum into the padding. On the other side of the crossroad, he knew that it was the hypno-sessions with Lady Sapphire that was causing them and all he had to do was stop going and he would probably revert back to his normal life (but did he want to go back?) and the other argument was that James didn't know how long he could cope without hearing her voice every week. Every session and every trance, he fell deeper in love with her lilting tones that echoed through his soul every waking minute. Could he put up with these new transformations if it meant getting to see and hear Lady Sapphire every week?

What James didn't know was that he was too far down the rabbit hole. Lady Sapphire had moulded him until she knew that he would always come back, every week until he was ready to be her little play thing. Without her, James' mind would simply melt.

Diligently, as she knew he would, James showed up perfectly on time. In her head she compared the mental image of James when he first came to her with the vision that she saw now. Where one stood the shy 20-year old with baggy clothes and slouching as he walked was someone completely different. James was now wearing a tight pink t-shirt and some very short shorts! He had matched up some white socks that pulled up just below the knee with some pink boots that had a thick black sole. Last week's little attempt at some makeup was now full blown. Gone were the little hints of eye shadow and replaced by a bold pink and yellow glow that swooped across from his eyes.

"Nice makeup!" she said

James didn't brush off the compliment like he was ashamed of it as he had done previously but lapped up her praise, "Thank you! I did it just for you!". She could easily see how dependant he was on her. Once more she guided him into her consultation room and sat him down in the chair. With each step he made, there was an audible crinkling noise.

"So, James, tell me a little bit about you week"

"Oh well, not much happened really this week?"

"Nothing?"

"No, I don't think so"

"I can't help but notice that you seem to be wearing some kind of protection to our session today"

"Hmm what?"

"Are those Pull-ups?"

"Oh yeah! Sorry, I just forgot. I've just become so used to wearing them that they're just part of my life now I guess, nothing special."

"I see, well I'm glad that you accept them so willingly"

"I guess, everyone has accidents though don't they"

"Of course, they do". James didn't notice the sympathy and pity in her voice, almost as if she was speaking to a toddler.

"So was there anything specific that you fancied discussing in our session today"

"I've been thinking a lot about this. When I first came to you, I was nervous and not very confident, but I feel like I've really grown as a person during our time together. I'm so much happier with my life right now! I'm seeing guys and having...umm... relationships, and when I'm dressing and looking better. I think so anyway. So, I'm not really sure if there's anything more to discuss or if I should keep coming every week. I only came this week because I really wanted to hear... I mean see you, and thank you for everything"

Lady Sapphire leaped at the opportunity in her mind. Now was the time for action. "Perhaps then this should be our final session."

"I'm okay with that!"

"Great, and we can use this as a change to just reaffirm everything you've accepted in life, and the new strides you've taken."

"Cool". And with that, James let himself fall under her trance.

*Look at you James. You are perfect. Everything that was hidden deep down inside of you has been brought up out and I can see a new life blossoming for you. The future is new and exciting, and I want you to come with me, James, follow me into the future. I can sense a few more things down within you. Just a few more steps we have to take together before the spring of your life will burst forward.*

*You're a beautiful feminine creature, and with your new open sexuality towards men which you repressed for so long is telling me something. I can join the dots together for you easily. I want you to connect these dots for me. Sissy. It's the next step. This is a way to channel your new found ideas until they're flowing together. Combine all these passions to becoming a Sissy girl for me. No more expressing yourself in bright coloured clothes, take the more exciting path and dress in women's clothes. You can feel yourself drawn to skimpy dresses and cute outfits. But that's not all. I like my sissies to be the perfect little sluts, and I know how desperately you want to please me. Listen to my words and let all other thoughts drain out of your head. Fill your mind with slutty and filthy desires, pushing everything else clean out of your brain until you're just a simple empty-headed bimbo for me. Do it for me and do it for my voice. I know that you feel yourself being more and more attracted to men but let that be replaced by wanting to do anything for me. You simply want to please men, it's your duty as a good girl. A good sissy.*

*I can see those pull-ups around your waist. You and I both know how those accidents aren't going away. They're getting worse. You hardly notice anymore when you need to go "potty", and it's starting to happen with messy accidents too, isn't it? Take the leap for me. You need thick diapers. You need the security and safety of thick padding to help you. Soft and crinkly diapers hugging you tightly. It turns you on doesn't it? You don't need to tell me; I can sense how much you've been playing with yourself in those pull-ups all week. It feels so good. Soon you won't be able to get hard unless you can play with yourself in diapers. Using your hand to jerk your cock won't feel good unless you're rubbing yourself through a thick diaper, letting yourself spurt into them. What does it matter, those diapers are there to catch any little accidents and I know that you need the security and safety that they offer. Trust me James...*

James drove home. After these sessions he always felt totally refreshed as if he truly had been asleep for the entire session and there was always a wave of positive thoughts that ran through his head afterwards. But something was strange this time, and he couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was. Firstly, he was sure that he had told Lady Sapphire that this was going to be his last session, he was certain he had! He could replay the moment back in his mind when he uttered those words. But as she showed him out, she had said "see you next week". James also felt an urgent strong pull that told him he needed to go back next week. It was a thought that lingered in his head and he almost felt a physical guilt sensation when he considered not going back. Plus, he knew that he'd never heard that voice again until he went back but that still wasn't it, something was still nagging at him and he couldn't tell what it was. His clothes felt deeply uncomfortable. They were itchy and every time he flinched; he could feel the scratching sensation. As he was driving, he threw off his pink t-shirt leaving his chest open for all to see, but his shorts were still a problem. James quickly diverted his route over to the mall instead of to home, he realised he desperately needed something comfortable to wear.

He darted in and out of clothes shops, picking things up and trying them on but everything he held gave him that rash like feeling until across the store he was more clothes. James had never walked around the women's section of the store before, but he soon found that everything he looked at was amazing. He loved the light pastel colours, the short dresses and tight crop tops! The girl's things had cute little patterns on, and he even picked up a selection of rainbow coloured cotton panties to put in his basket. James piled his basket and his hands full with a whole wardrobe of clothes before taking it over to the tills and paying for it. A couple of weeks ago he had shocked himself by spending a huge amount of money in the Victoria's Secret store but now he barely noticed the price as he handed his card over to pay. Whatever the price, it would easily be worth it.

"Spoiling your girlfriend?" asked the checkout assistant

"haha no, these are all for me" he laughed as he helped pack his new clothes into bags and carried it out of the store.

James wandered around the mall until he felt his phone vibrate in his pocket, he pressed the screen and read the text notification:

*Tony: Remember me?*

He unlocked his phone and typed his reply

*How could I forget ;)*

Tony replied almost instantly

*Tony: Did I just see you in the Mall?*

*James: Yeah, u still here?*

*Tony: Yh man, You want to get a drink or something?*

*James: Or we could just have some fun*

*Tony: ???*

*James: Meet me in 2<sup>nd</sup> floor toilets?*

*Tony: Ok*

James waited by the toilets until he saw Tony appear through the crowd. He recognised James straight away.

“Woah man, you’re looking different”

“Thanks!”

“So, did you want to get a drink or something sometime?”

“Why bother?” said James, with a gleam in his eye. “I could just suck you off right now if you wanted?”

Tony couldn’t believe his luck! “Really?” he gasped

“Sure, but only if you recommend me to all your friends!” James winked as he grabbed Tony by the hand and led him into the toilets. He was so stunned that he barely noticed the crinkling noise from James’ walk. They both stepped through the door and Tony was relieved to see the bathroom was empty. James looked around and pushed open a stall, ushering Tony in and locking the door.

The both stood face to face in the cramped confines of the cubicle. Without warning Tony pushed his face to James’, pushing their lips together and forcing his tongue down James throat. He knew better than to object. His mind told him that he was there to please men, and that meant doing whatever they wanted to do. Tony’s hands ran up and down the sides of his body before one of them slipped behind James and firmly squeezed his ass. James let out a little squeal in surprise and pulled his mouth away from Tony’s.

“Sorry did you not like that?” he uttered a little shamefully

James was upset that he had done something wrong. He knew deep down that his purpose was to please real men and now he had reacted too quickly and put Tony off. “do to me whatever you want! Please!” he begged. He was willing to do anything to make Tony happy.

“Really!” Tony’s eyes lit up

“Anything!” said James as he pressed their faces together again, letting his tongue enter his mouth and swish the saliva around their joined mouths. Tony wasted no time in slipping his hands back around James’ waist, grabbing and squeezing whatever he could get his hands on while James let out a little womanly gasp each time he did. As they were pressed so tightly together, James could feel Tony’s cock stiffen in his pants, tenting outwards and leaning into James’ waist. He slid his hand between them and worked his way down Tony’s pants, taking his erect cock in his hands.

“Wow, you’re pretty fucking big, aren’t you?” James laughed as he slowly rubbed his hand up and down the shaft within Tony’s pants, making sure to run his fingers playfully over his balls each time.

“You should see how big it feels in your mouth” replied Tony.

Needed no invitation, James slid his other hand down, unzipping Tony’s pants and pulling out his monster cock that stood proudly between them. James crouched down onto his knees and puckered his lips to kiss the top of his friend’s cock. Then Tony felt as his lips wrapped around the head and slowly sucked back and forth going further down each time, working faster and faster until James was getting right down to the base! His saliva drooled down his chin as he never stopped for breath or to ease his jaw.

“You’re just a dirty slut aren’t you” laughed Tony as he used his hands to guide James’ head up and down on his cock.

James tried to respond but with his mouth totally full of dick his “A filthy sissy slut” words were lost.

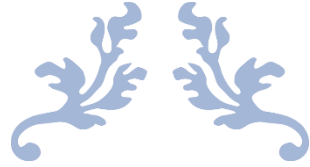
“Fuck man, I’m gonna cum!”

He was eager to taste the sweet salty flavour of his friends cum but before he could get to work, Tony had pulled his cock out of his friends’ mouth. With one hand he grabbed James’ hair forcing him to stay down on his knees and stare upward at Tony who was jerking faster and faster with the other hand. He let out a mild grunt as he started spraying thick ropes of cum right over James’ face. He felt it as it landed over his forehead and cheeks, even a little bit landing on his tongue for him to savour.

“It looks good with you makeup” Tony said as he thrust his cock back into his pants and began to turn around. “let me know the next time you’re around. I’ve got some friends I’m sure you’d love to meet!”.

James stood up and followed him out of the toilets, picking up his bag and started to walk back to his car. He decided to leave Tony’s cum sprayed all over his face for everyone to see. He wanted them to know just how much of a slut he was, and how happy he was to be one! Suddenly he remembered...

*Must try and get with some proper thick adult diapers before I leave*



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# DEEP HYPNOSIS

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Chapter VI – The Final Chapter



BecomingBabyAgain

This was it. James told himself all week that he wasn't coming back. He has happy with his new life. Why did he need to come. But as the morning rolled around, he got out of bed, dressed, did his makeup, and drove to the session without even hesitation. It was like a guilty pleasure, "just one more time" he told himself, but he knew that he wouldn't be able to keep that promise to himself. He waited impatiently outside the building almost hopping from one foot to the other. James couldn't hide the sheer delight on his face as she appeared through the window.

"You look pleased to see me" she said as she ushered him through the door into her room

"umm yeah" he blushed, and then mentally cursed himself for sounding too enthusiastic. His outfit was quite a contrast to what he had worn last week. He had thrown out every single item of male clothing he had owned and filled his wardrobe full of cute outfits, tight clothes, and everything feminine. Today he was wearing a short purple skirt matched with a tight white shirt that just reached his belly button. His skirt showed off his smooth shaved legs with a little pair of white flats covering his feet. Lady Sapphire could also see silver studs in his recently pierced ears matching with a silver chain around his neck that had small pink hearts hanging off.

"So, I guess this is going to be our last session together then" she sighed.

"W-w-what?" stammered James in response

"Well you made it perfectly clear in our session last week that you think you're perfectly happy with your latest changes and that you don't see a need to come and see me anymore. Which is a positive thing let's not forget!"

"Yeah, I guess, it's just that..."

"What?"

"I don't know, I wasn't going to come this week, but I was just drawn back. I'm so happy I met you..." tears started to well in his eyes. "... and I'd just do anything for you, anything to hear you talk to me or praise me! Your voice! I'm just totally addicted; I'll do anything you say! Please just never leave me!"

James openly sobbed with tears rolling down his cheeks as he begged Lady Sapphire. She looked down on him unflinching.

"I see"

"I'm sorry, I just need to say it! I'll do anything for you!"

"Please, calm down" she said pityingly as she reached for a tissue to hand over. "Calm down and dry your eyes, it's okay"

"thanks, yeah, I'm sorry"

"Do you really want to serve me?" she questioned

James sat upright in his chair, surprised at how open she was. "Honestly, I would do anything just to hear your voice! Even if I could only hear it once more in my entire life!"

She looked directly into his eyes, "Would you be prepared to give up your life to come and live with me, and to serve me? Doing everything I ask?"



James sat with his mouth wide open. He simply couldn't process this astonishing offer. To live with Lady Sapphire and please her forever and ever!

"I know it must be a large thing to process and take all the time you need, but I feel this is the right direction for you. I can provide you with plenty of cute outfits, all the diapers that you'll need and a long list of things to keep you busy!"

James voice was timid and barely audible. "yes"

"Pardon?"

His voice became louder and more confident, "Yes please, I'd do anything for you!"

"I want to put you into one more trance, I want you to go deeper than we've ever gone before for our final session together. Is that alright with you?"

"Yes!" he urged

*Follow me. Come with me James. Let my voice drag you deeper into your own consciousness. Feel my voice becoming a part of you, you can't function without it. Without my voice echoing through your head you're just a mindless, drooling, useless mess. Simply let all other thoughts drain out of your head and fill your soul with my voice. You're totally devoted to me. You're worthless without me. You live for my every word. You live only for me.*

*Look at the way you're dressed. That skirt and your make up. I can hear the rustling of your diapers with every step you take. Take the leap. Come with me and lift out your deep desire. I can sense your dreams of living the life of a diapered Sissy Slut. Reach for these thoughts inside of you and drag them up into your real life. When you come out of this trance, you will feel totally addicted to me and to becoming the perfect little sissy to please me. It will fill you with pleasure every time I ask you to do something for me, every time I speak to you, you will find yourself sinking deeper into your submission for me.*

*Every second of your new life will be dedicated to me. Let go of everything else*

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When James awoke, he noticed the distinct change immediately. His mind was almost empty, he saw nothing around him but Lady Sapphire. His mind was full of total delight at just being close to her. He stared up at her, the gorgeous body and the plump pair of lips. He waited enraptured just to hear her say a single word...

"Tell me what you are" she said as James fell down from his chair onto all fours staring back up at her. He didn't have to think, the answer just flowed straight out of his mouth

"I'm a sissy"

"A sissy?"

"Your sissy! Please, I'll do anything for you"

"I think I'm done here for the day, let me take you home."

James followed her around eagerly, like a little puppy at her heels as she packed away a few things in her office. He obediently followed her out to her car. He paused as she opened her car door for

him to be seated inside. On the seat was a huge oversized baby car seat, with reins that strapped over the chest and the legs.

“What the matter?”

James didn't say anything, he looked back at the chair and diligently back up to her. He was to ashamed to object. How could he say anything in protest to this goddess? The women who had pulled out the deep sissy desires which he had inside of him? The one who had so generously offered him a place along side her? Invited him to live with her. Quite simply, he couldn't. Saying nothing at all, James stepped up into the chair and Lady Sapphire strapped him in. This was the point of no return.

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James' life has become much simpler than the stressful and confusing world of having a day job and maintaining some kind of social life. Now his life had settled into a regular routine. Every morning he leaped out of bed with joy, thanking his luck that he has the opportunity to serve like a good sissy should. He wakes up early, dresses and does him make up before heading to the kitchen to help prepare breakfast for Lady Sapphire. James wasn't the only sissy she had serving her. There were five other girls who lived permanently in her home, sharing a bedroom and a huge wardrobe! They each had lists of chores, but they often swapped jobs they didn't really want to do with each other in return for “some special playtime” when everyone was sleep. They took it in turns each day as to who was the lucky ‘girl’ who got to wake lady sapphire in the morning and help her get dressed and prepare for the day.

After Lady Sapphire left for work each day, the sissy girls helped each other to change their night time diapers and put each other into fresh thick diapers. Then the day would be filled with more chores and little jobs, but deeper desires burned inside of them. After all, these girls were not moulded to be maids or servants, they were created to be sluts. As they cleaned and tidied, the girls took great pleasure in rubbing each other's bodies. They would reach into each other's diapers until they were all desperately hard and begging to cum.

Lady Sapphire knew exactly what she was doing. When she left for work, she would invite a steady queue of men to go round to her house and to avail themselves of whatever they could make a desperate sissy do. She makes quite a bit of money from it too! These men would knock at the door which was quickly opened by whichever obedient sissy happened to be closest. He would say something like...

“Lady Sapphire said that you could help me” or

“I know how much you want to please Lady Sapphire; I can tell her what good girls you were for me!”

Then the girls would invite him in and do whatever he wished simply in the hope that it would please their beloved Lady Sapphire! They would spend hours giving deep sloppy blowjobs or bending over being roughly fucked. They would happily sit in an old man's lap while having his tongue stuck down their throats and groped their padded behinds. Each of them knew that Lady Sapphire was out at work, creating more little sissy slut girls to bring home for them all to play with.

Life was a dream.