

Debunking Hypnosis

**By
Prime Mover**



Cynthia Barrows used the short cab drive from the campus to her destination to compose herself and to finalize her plan of attack. This was going to be one of the most difficult interviews she had ever had to conduct, and she knew she had to be sharp.




The cab dropped Cynthia off at the front door of what could only be described as a mansion, despite the fact that it was located smack dab in the middle of the city. She stood for a few seconds taking in the opulent surroundings and then rang the doorbell, which she then heard echoing around the interior of the mansion like the bells of some massive cathedral.

After a short wait, the door slid silently open revealing an elegant foyer. The door had been opened by a red-headed woman wearing an extremely revealing outfit who then turned to address Cynthia.



Can I help you?

Despite her surprise at the way the woman was dressed, Cynthia answered her question in what she hoped was her most professional demeanor.

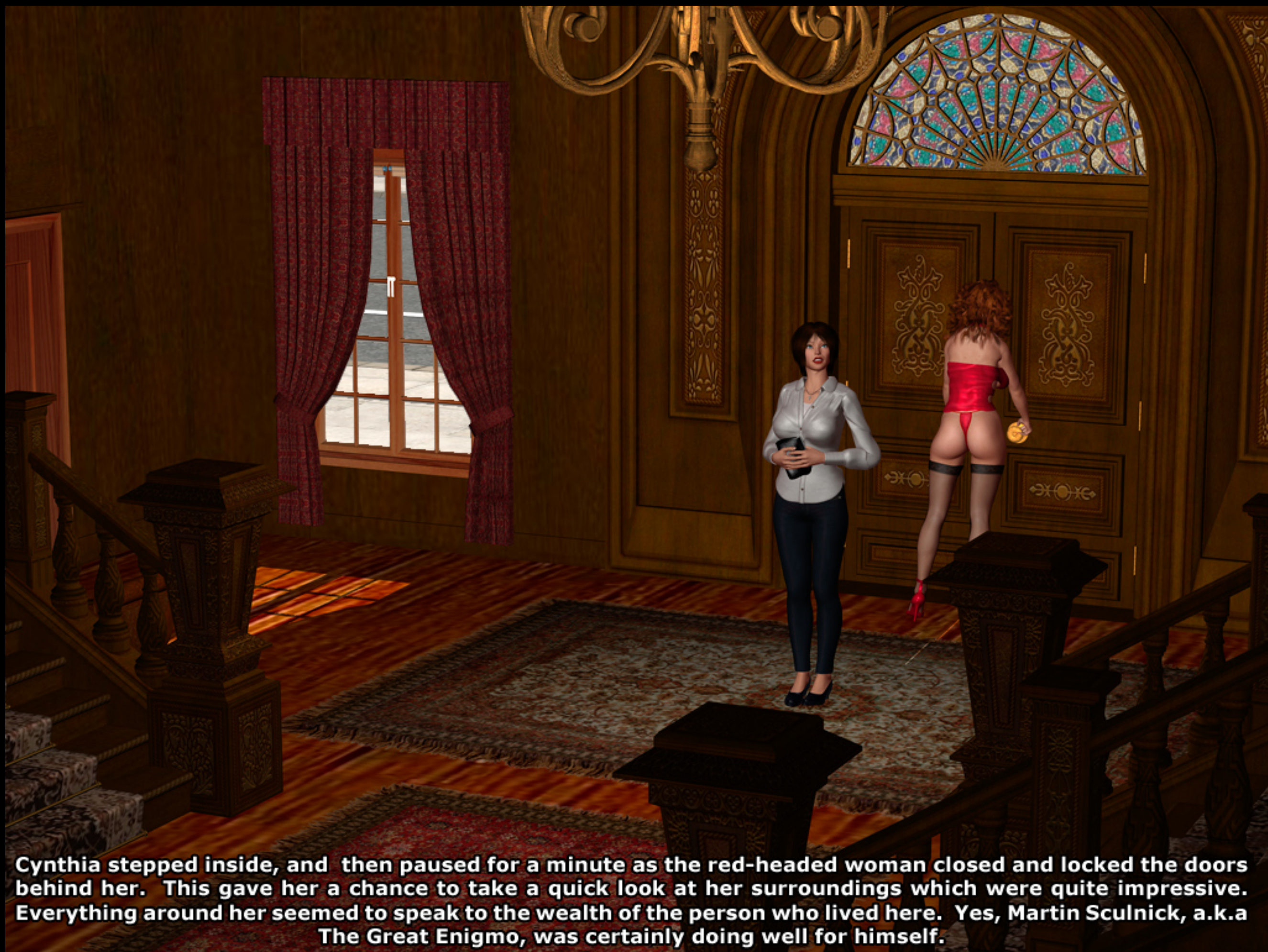


**My name is Cynthia Barrows.
I have an interview scheduled with
Martin Sculnick at 1 today.**

The red-headed woman nodded her head and motioned Cynthia inside.



**Of course.
The Great Enigmo is
expecting you. Will you
please come in.**



Cynthia stepped inside, and then paused for a minute as the red-headed woman closed and locked the doors behind her. This gave her a chance to take a quick look at her surroundings which were quite impressive. Everything around her seemed to speak to the wealth of the person who lived here. Yes, Martin Sculnick, a.k.a The Great Enigmo, was certainly doing well for himself.

After she had secured the doors, the red-headed woman asked Cynthia to follow her. She then led Cynthia through a doorway leading right off the foyer which led into another room that was larger than Cynthia's entire apartment and whose furnishings were, if anything, even more opulent than those she had already seen.



Lounging on a large couch in the center of the room was Martin Sculnick. He was sandwiched between two women who were fawning all over him like he was the most attractive man on earth. Cynthia noticed that the women wore outfits similar to that of the red-headed woman.

For a short time the room was silent as Skulnick looked Cynthia up and down in a way that made her squirm. When Skulnick finally did speak, his tone was genteel, but he still maintained the same lecherous look in his eyes.




Cynthia sat down directly across from Skulnick in a couch identical to the one he was seated on. The two women flanking Skulnick seemed to have eyes only for him and took no notice of her.

Before we begin,
is there anything I can get for
you? Coffee or tea perhaps?

No thank
you. I'm fine.

All right,
then we can begin.

Cynthia glanced briefly at the two women pressing themselves frantically against Skulnick like two she-cats in heat.

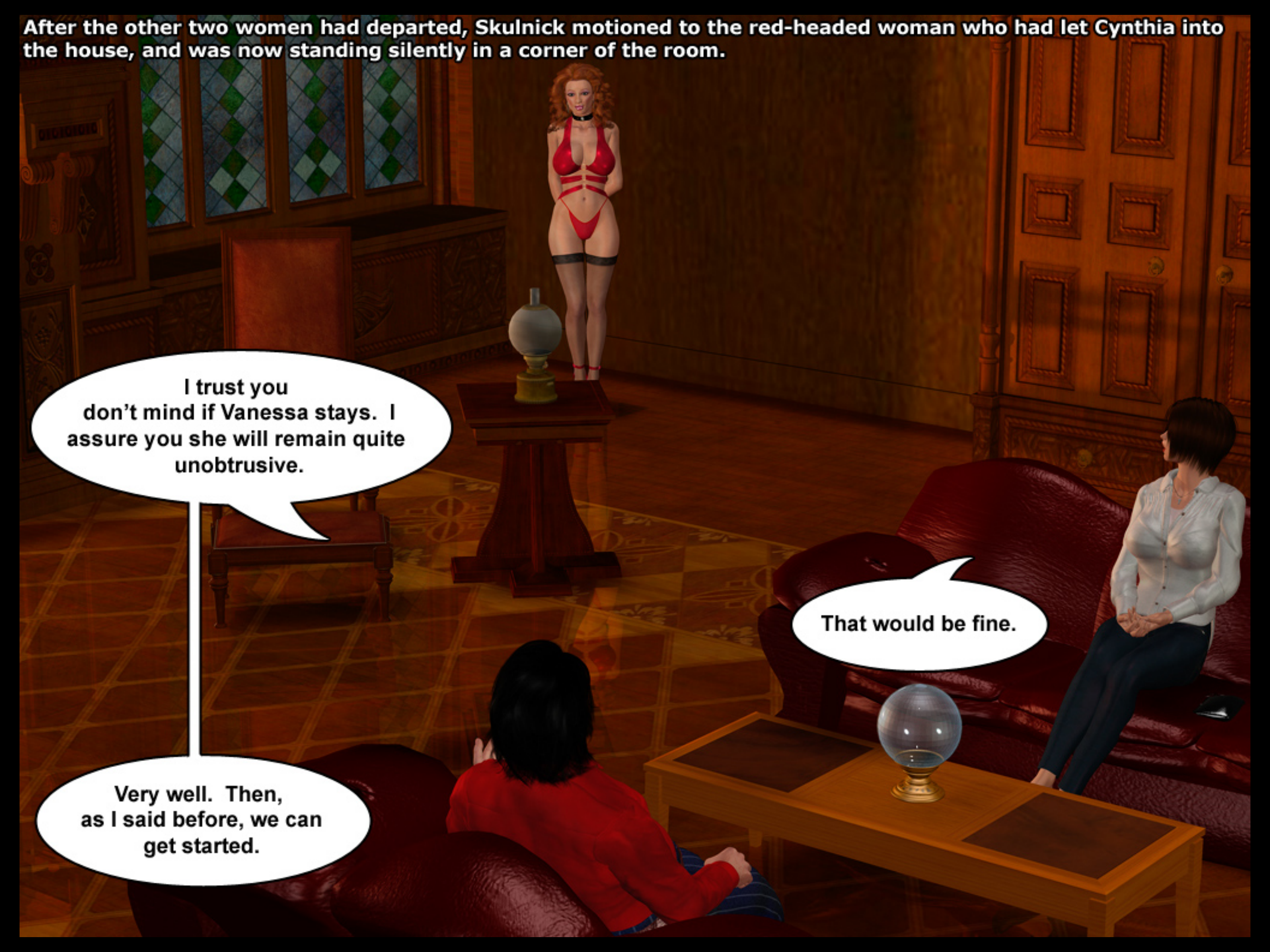


I don't want to be rude, but ... do they really have to be here?

Oh, of course.
I apologize. Mei Ling, Jasmine,
please leave us now.

With visible pouts on their faces, the two women reluctantly pulled themselves off of Skulnick and soon had vanished somewhere into the vastness of the huge house.

After the other two women had departed, Skulnick motioned to the red-headed woman who had let Cynthia into the house, and was now standing silently in a corner of the room.



I trust you
don't mind if Vanessa stays. I
assure you she will remain quite
unobtrusive.

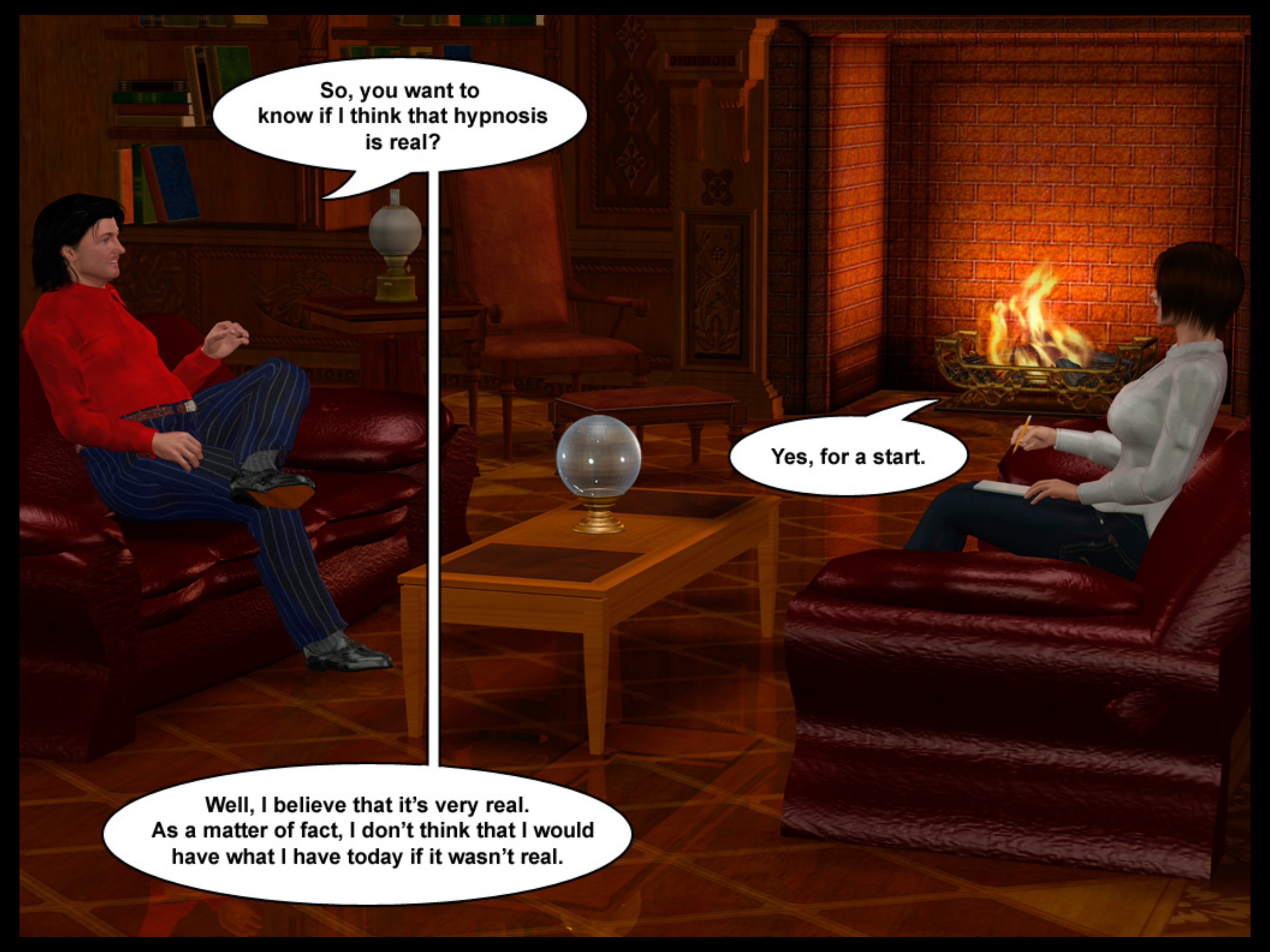
Very well. Then,
as I said before, we can
get started.

That would be fine.

This was always the hardest part of the interview for Cynthia. She pulled out her notebook and started immediately into her introductory speech.

Ok, as you know from my phone call, I am a graduate student in psychology at state college. I am writing my master's thesis on hypnotism. Briefly stated, it is my view that hypnotism, mesmerism, whatever you want to call it, does not really exist in a clinical sense. My interviews have mostly been with doctors and psychiatrists some on one side of the issue and some on the other, but when I saw the ad in the paper for one of your recent performances, I thought it might be interesting to talk to you and get your viewpoint on the matter.

Cynthia took a deep breath. She had chosen her words very carefully in an attempt to give Skulnick some idea of why she was here while hiding from him her true purpose, and she hoped that he bought it. Everything that she had told him was, in fact, true but what she didn't tell him was that her paper was entitled "Debunking Hypnosis", and its intention (other than getting her her doctorate, of course) was to expose charlatans like Skulnick, some of whom took advantage of innocent victims who believed that hypnosis was real.




So, you want to know if I think that hypnosis is real?

Yes, for a start.

Well, I believe that it's very real. As a matter of fact, I don't think that I would have what I have today if it wasn't real.

Cynthia had been hoping that Skulnick would respond exactly the way that he did. She was ready for him and pounced.



But, Mr. Skulnick, how do you explain the fact that I have interviewed renowned doctors and psychiatrists all who have said that hypnosis does not exist? They have shown me electroencephalographs of test subjects allegedly in a state of deep hypnosis, and their brain waves were no different from those of other test subjects who became deeply involved as they watched their favorite television program.


**I don't claim to be a doctor, but I know what hypnosis can do. Perhaps a demonstration would show you what I mean.
Vanessa, come here.**

Cynthia heard the sound of high heels on the hard wood floor as Vanessa made her way over to Skulnick, who was now standing. When she reached her destination she stood at attention with her shoulders back and her breasts pushed out. She had a look of total devotion on her face.

There's something
I want you to do for me. I want you
to SLEEP NOW.

Yes, Sir.


Vanessa's first reaction to Skulnick's words seemed to be one of shock, but then she emitted a loud sigh and her head dropped slowly down until it was leaning against her right shoulder. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be breathing deeply.



Vanessa here is an excellent hypnotic subject. I had just started my career when she came to one of my shows. She practically sprinted to the stage when I asked for volunteers, and she went under almost immediately. After the show, she came to see me, and admitted that one of her fantasies had always been to be a hypnotized slave. She said that she wanted me to be her master.

Naturally, I was flabbergasted, but ... look at her ..., how could I say no, so I made her my hypnotized slave. From time to time I have encountered other women with similar desires ... like the two women you saw earlier ... and I have made them my slaves as well.

Skulnick paused a bit before continuing as he noticed the look of surprise and shock on Cynthia's face.



Oh, it's nothing like you think. I treat them well. I don't abuse them, and they live a lifestyle better than most women ever will.

I'm not here to discuss your lifestyle, Mr. Skulnick. You said something about a demonstration.

Cynthia's lack of concern was feigned. This woman was precisely the type of person that was victimized by perverts like Skulnick, but she would deal with helping her and the other women later. Right now she wanted to slam dunk this bastard.

Skulnick walked over to a side table and picked up a candle which he then lit. He then walked back over to Vanessa and held up the candle in front of her.

Now, Vanessa.
I want you to open your eyes, but you
will still be deeply asleep. Look deeply
into this candle flame. This is a very
special flame. It is a cold flame. The
flame is like ice.

That's right.
A cold flame. Now I want you to pass your
hand through the flame. As long as you stare
at the flame and listen to my voice all you will
feel is the cool, cool flame.

Cold ... cold flame.

With her eyes fixed on the candle flame, Vanessa passed her hand repeatedly through the flame. She showed no signs that she was in any kind of discomfort.

How does your
hand feel, Vanessa?


Cold ... Icy.

Good.
You may stop now.

Vanessa, lowered her hand, but she continued to stare into the flame.



Skulnick extinguished the candle and placed it on the nearby coffee table. Vanessa looked a bit confused for a second, but then her gaze was drawn back into Skulnick's eyes.




Now, I'm going to count to 3. When I reach 3, you will awaken. Do you understand?

Very well.
1 ... 2 ... 3 ... Awaken now.

Yes, Sir.

Vanessa blinked a few times. Then, she resumed her original position, her stance and expression exactly as they were before Skulnick put her to sleep.



**Yes, Vanessa.
You can go back to your
station.**

**Will ... will
that be all, Sir?**

Very well, sir.

After one last longing look at Skulnick, Vanessa pirouetted on her impossibly high heels and walked back to her position in the corner of the room.

Skulnick sat back down across from Cynthia, a smug expression on his face.

I think that my little demonstration speaks for itself. She put her hand right in that flame, and she felt no pain. I don't see how you can explain that without acknowledging the reality of hypnosis.

I can explain it. I've seen people walk across hot coals without even burning their feet. I've seen people stick needles into their skin and not wince, all without the benefit of hypnosis.

The brain is a remarkable thing, and somehow these people are able to convince themselves that the coals are not hot or that the needle does not hurt, no hypnotist needed. I admit that these are extreme cases, but your so-called demonstration is just a lesser example of the same phenomenon.

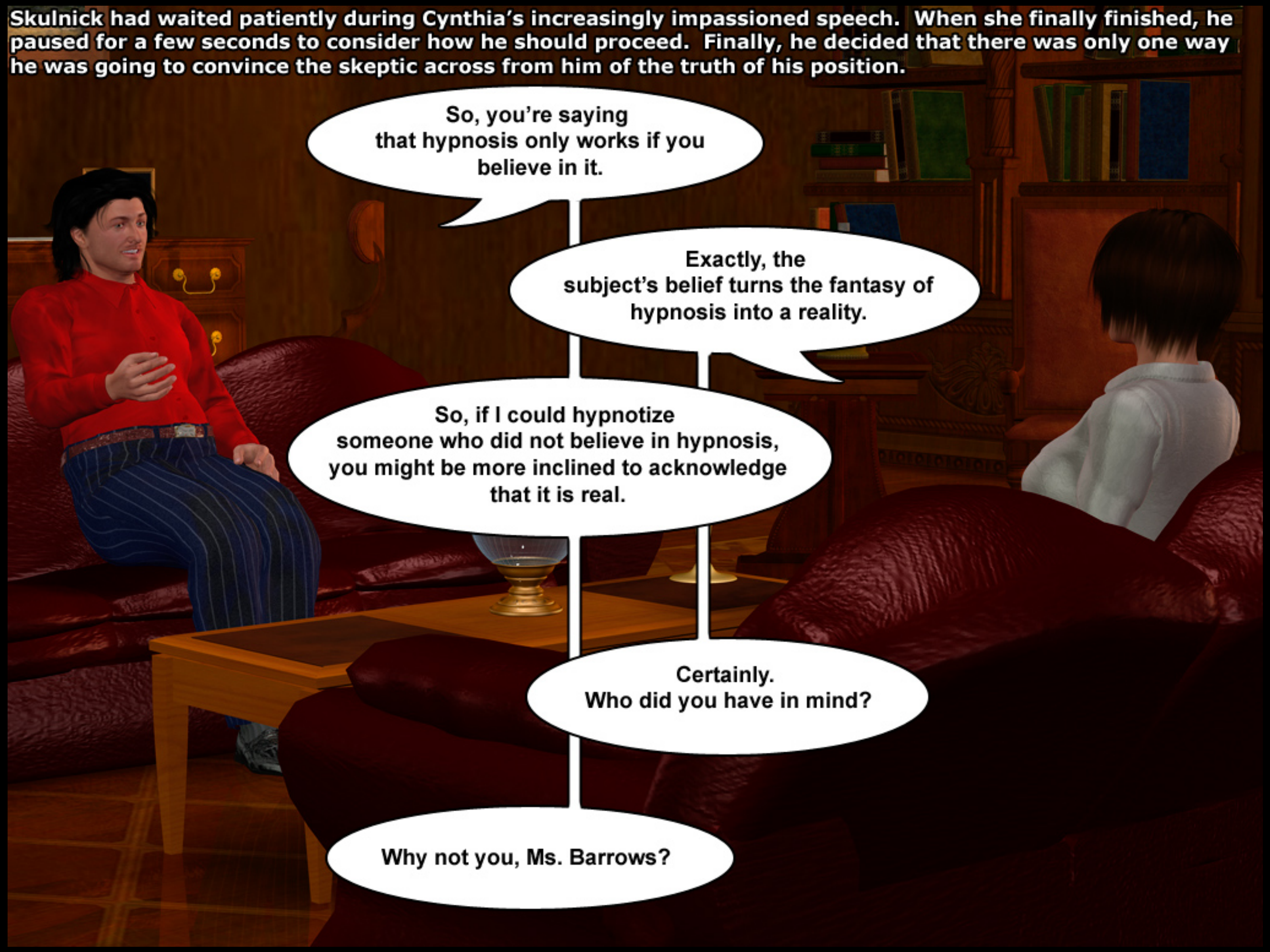
Cynthia turned to look at Vanessa.

You already told me that Vanessa here wanted desperately to be hypnotized. Because of this, you were able to convince her that she was hypnotized. Once she thought she was hypnotized, you were able to play on her pre-conceived beliefs about the nature of hypnosis. She obviously had interest in the subject before she came to see you. You made her believe that a hypnotized subject had to do what the hypnotist told her to do, and had to believe what a hypnotist wanted her to believe.

That's how you were able to make her believe that the flame was not hot, but it was her own mind that made it happen. Hypnosis had nothing to do with it.



Skulnick had waited patiently during Cynthia's increasingly impassioned speech. When she finally finished, he paused for a few seconds to consider how he should proceed. Finally, he decided that there was only one way he was going to convince the skeptic across from him of the truth of his position.



**So, you're saying
that hypnosis only works if you
believe in it.**


**Exactly, the
subject's belief turns the fantasy of
hypnosis into a reality.**

**So, if I could hypnotize
someone who did not believe in hypnosis,
you might be more inclined to acknowledge
that it is real.**

**Certainly.
Who did you have in mind?**

Why not you, Ms. Barrows?


Skulnick's proposal caught Cynthia by surprise, and she was not sure how to reply.



That ... would
be highly irregular,
Mr. Skulnick.

Oh, come on, what
do you have to fear. Hypnosis doesn't exist,
right, and if I can't hypnotize you, it would
prove your theory.


Cynthia considered her options. If Skulnick tried to hypnotize her and failed, it would prove her theory, but what if he succeeded. No, of course that wouldn't happen. Skulnick was a charlatan, and she was going to prove it.



**Alright.
I accept your challenge.**

**Very good. Now,
to begin I want you to find a comfortable
position in the couch. Put your hands at
your sides and try to relax.**


Cynthia did as Skulnick requested. She was confident that she would succeed, but still she could not shake a vague feeling of uneasiness about the whole thing.



Now, there are a couple of aids I use in my stage act to help my subjects enter hypnosis. First, I use music that is specially designed to produce a mental state conducive to hypnosis. Let's start by just listening to it for a few minutes.

Skulnick produced a remote control and pressed a button on it. Immediately, strange music began to reverberate through the massive room. It reminded Cynthia of the new age music that played at the organic food stores that she sometimes shopped at.

As Cynthia sat listening to the music (which of course did not affect her) she couldn't help smiling to herself. If this was the best he could do, she would win this challenge easily.



After the
music has put the subject in the
proper state of mind, I use the
perfume.

What?




Cynthia had been so preoccupied by the music that she did not notice that Vanessa had left her position in the corner of the room and was now standing just behind her, holding an expensive looking perfume bottle. At a motion from Skulnick, she proceeded to spray the perfume very liberally all over Cynthia's neck and cleavage.



Cynthia tried to rise to protest, but it was like her body suddenly weighed a ton, and she had barely moved before she collapsed back into the couch. The perfume seemed to be lingering all over her like a sweetly smelling cloud, and as she breathed in its fragrant vapors she began to feel an increasing sense of euphoria.

As he waited for the perfume to take full effect, Skulnick filled Cynthia in on some details.



Normally, my assistant for the performance is wearing the perfume and spends some quality time near my subjects before I hypnotize them, but in your case I thought a stronger dose might be needed.

The perfume can have a strong effect on some people. When they're exposed to the perfume they can find that it is getting very hard to think, very hard indeed, but a strong-willed woman like you needn't worry about that, of course.

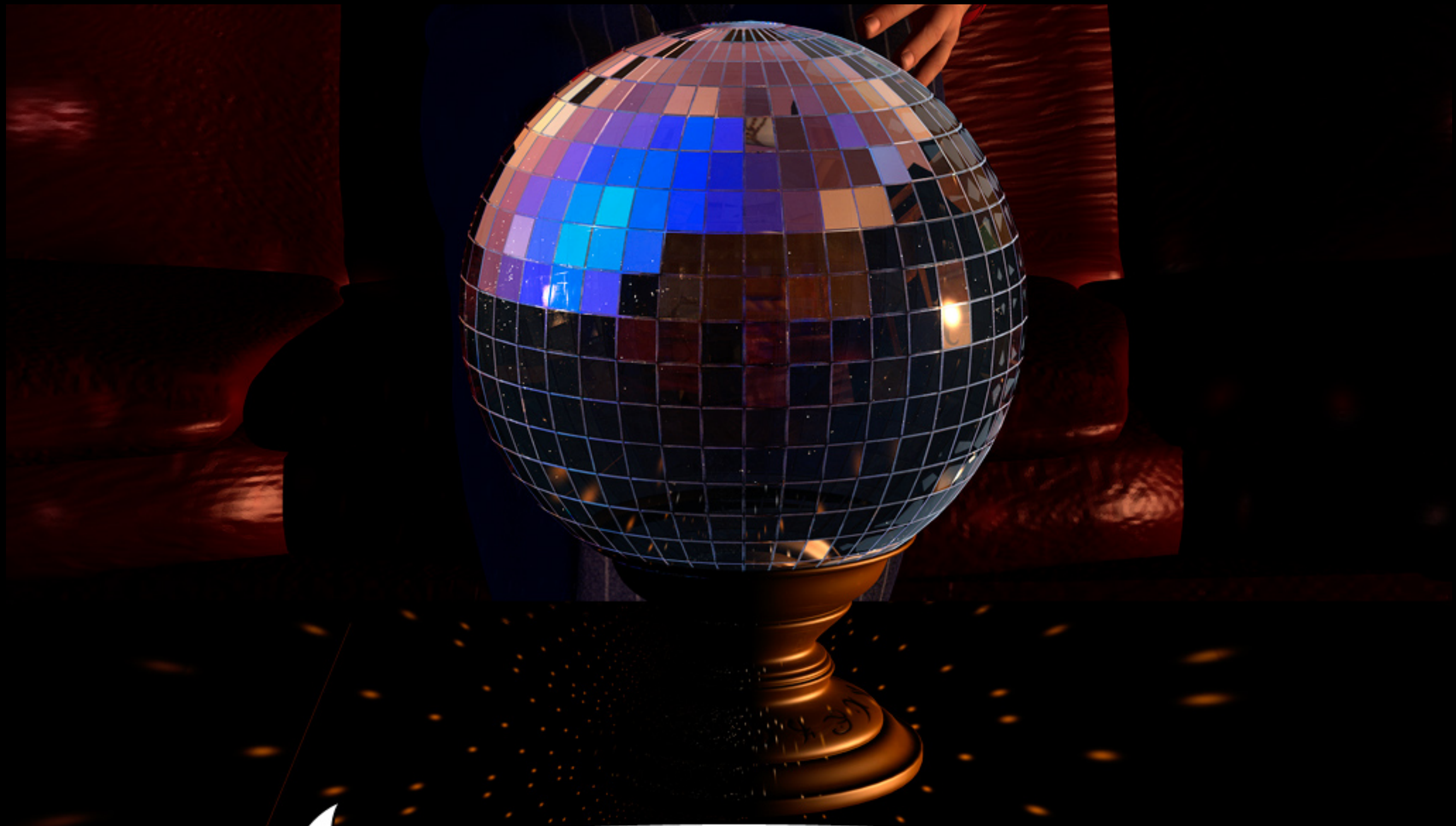


As Skulnick talked, Cynthia had to concentrate just to understand what he was saying, but after he had finished she knew he was right. She had nothing to worry about. She was too strong willed for the perfume to affect her, so she let herself relax and drift in the wonderful perfumed cloud.

Skulnick knew that the effect of the perfume was only temporary, so he quickly moved on to the next stage. He pressed more buttons on his remote, causing the lights in the room to dim and a crystal ball on the table in front of her to come to life and start to spin.



Now, the final thing that is needed for hypnosis is a fixation object for the induction, like this crystal ball, for example.



I want you to look very closely at the spinning crystal ball.
If you were a weak minded person, you might find that looking at the ball was very relaxing.
You would notice that every once in a while the ball would shine a beam of light directly into your eyes, and when that happened, you would feel even more relaxed. You would find it so wonderful to concentrate and relax. Concentrate and relax.

Cynthia looked at the spinning ball. The way it caught the light and shot it off into so many directions did make it interesting to look at, but she didn't feel any different. She especially liked it when the ball would send a beam of light directly into her eyes. Every time this happened she found herself hit by a wonderful wave of relaxation. She was finding it harder and harder to keep her eyes open.



She was about ready to finally close her eyes completely when a sudden realization came to her. He was hypnotizing her. He was actually doing it.

She couldn't let this creep hypnotize her. Who knows what he might do with her. For the first time fear came to Cynthia, and it was this fear that cut through her muddled thoughts and allowed her to pull her gaze away from the relaxing crystal ball. She even found the strength to rise to her feet.



Skulnick was impressed with Cynthia's show of willpower. He had thought he had had her for a minute there, but willpower or not, he wasn't about to let her off the hook that easily. He started to talk to her again in a calm reassuring tone.

You don't want to leave.
You came here for an interview, a
very important interview, didn't you?
You need this interview for your
thesis, don't you?

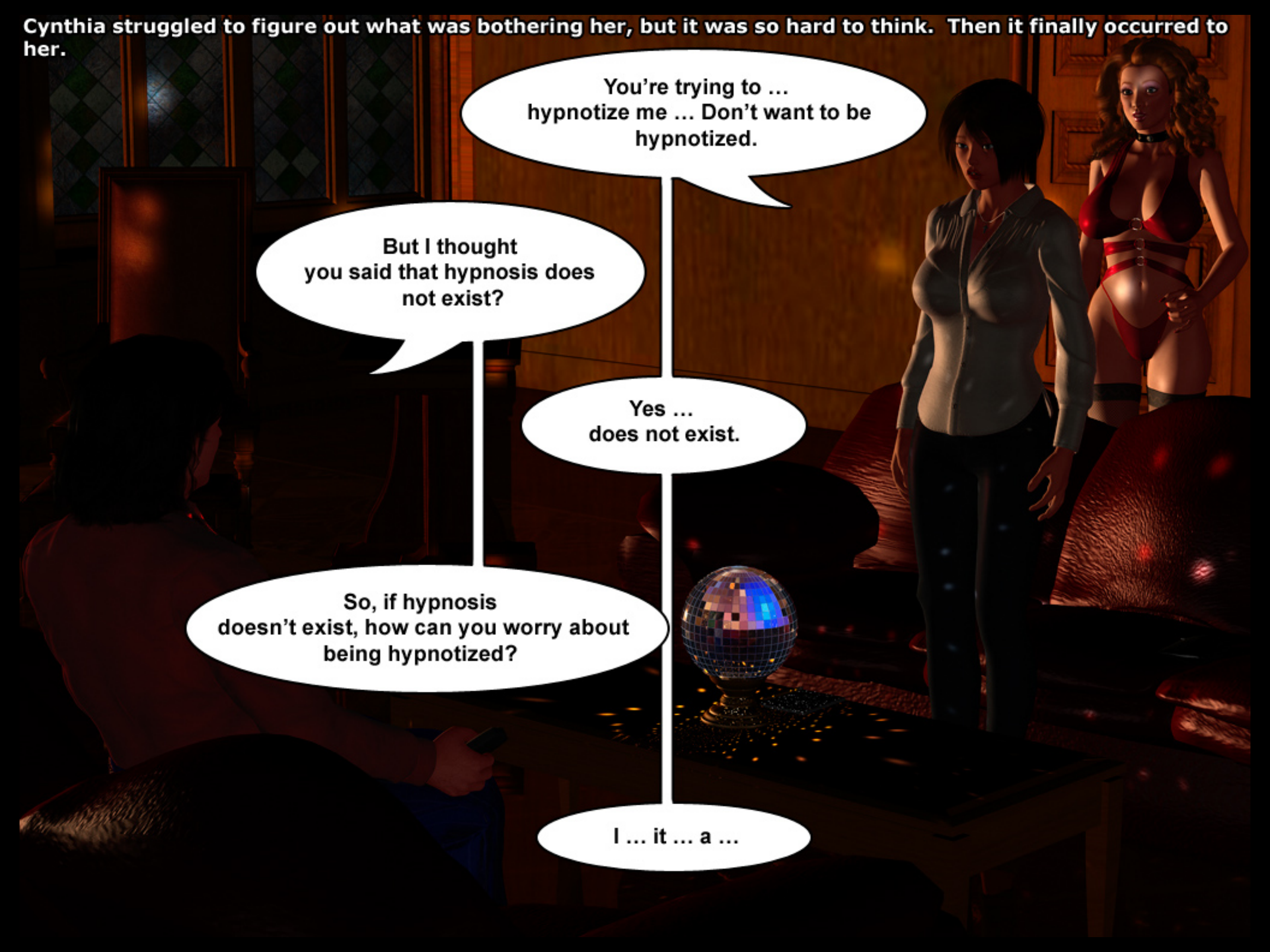
Y ... yes,
interview ... Thesis,
but ...

You came here to
talk to me about hypnosis, didn't you?
You came here to learn about hypnosis,
didn't you?

Yes ... Hypnosis.

Cynthia couldn't deny what Skulnick said. Even with her muddled mind she remembered that she had come here to interview him about hypnosis, but there was something wrong.

Cynthia struggled to figure out what was bothering her, but it was so hard to think. Then it finally occurred to her.



You're trying to ...
hypnotize me ... Don't want to be
hypnotized.

But I thought
you said that hypnosis does
not exist?

Yes ...
does not exist.

So, if hypnosis
doesn't exist, how can you worry about
being hypnotized?

I ... it ... a ...


Skulnick knew that the moment had come for him to pounce. He had to take advantage of her state of confusion.



I know all this has you very confused, but I know how to take away that confusion. Just look back at the relaxing crystal ball. Remember how relaxed you felt when gazed into the relaxing crystal ball.

Yes ... no ... crystal ball.

Cynthia's eyes moved back to the crystal ball. She knew in the back of her mind that there was some reason why she shouldn't look at it, but in her state of muddled confusion, she couldn't come up with it, and it was so relaxing to look at. As she continued to look at the ball, her confusion dissipated, and the wonderful feeling of relaxation returned. Slowly, her eyes locked on the spinning ball, Cynthia collapsed back into the couch.



That's right. As you look at the relaxing crystal ball, you become more and more relaxed, and your eyes become more and more heavy. Finally, the point will come when you are so relaxed that you can no longer keep them open, when you can no longer keep your heavy, heavy eyes open, and when you close them you will feel the most wonderful relaxation you have ever felt.

Skulnick waited patiently for several minutes, occasionally helping things along with another suggestion. He knew this part of the process could not be rushed (and he had to admit to himself that he found it exciting to watch an attractive woman slowly surrender to his suggestions). Then, finally, he smiled in triumph as Cynthia's eyes closed and her head fell off to the side.

Skulnick turned off the crystal ball, and turned the lights in the room back on. He kept the music playing, however.

Yes, you feel so wonderfully relaxed, but you want to feel more relaxed. You would feel more relaxed if you were lying down. Why don't you lie down on the comfortable, comfortable couch.



After a short hesitation, Cynthia let out a soft sigh and lay down on the couch.

Skulnick walked over and knelt close to Cynthia, then he leaned down so that his head was mere inches from her's, and talked to her in a quiet, calm voice.

That's right. As you listen to the relaxing music and lie on the comfortable couch, you become more and more relaxed.

But you want to feel still more relaxed, don't you?

Good, then I want you to imagine that you are in an elevator. You look up at the display to see what floor you are on, and it says 10. Can you see it?

Yes ... relaxed.

Yes ... More relaxed.

Yes ... Elevator.



Now, I am going to start counting down slowly from 10 to 1. Each time I say a number you will see the elevator drop to that floor, and you will become more and more relaxed, and when I say 1 and the elevator reaches the ground floor, you will relax 10 times more than you did before, do you understand?

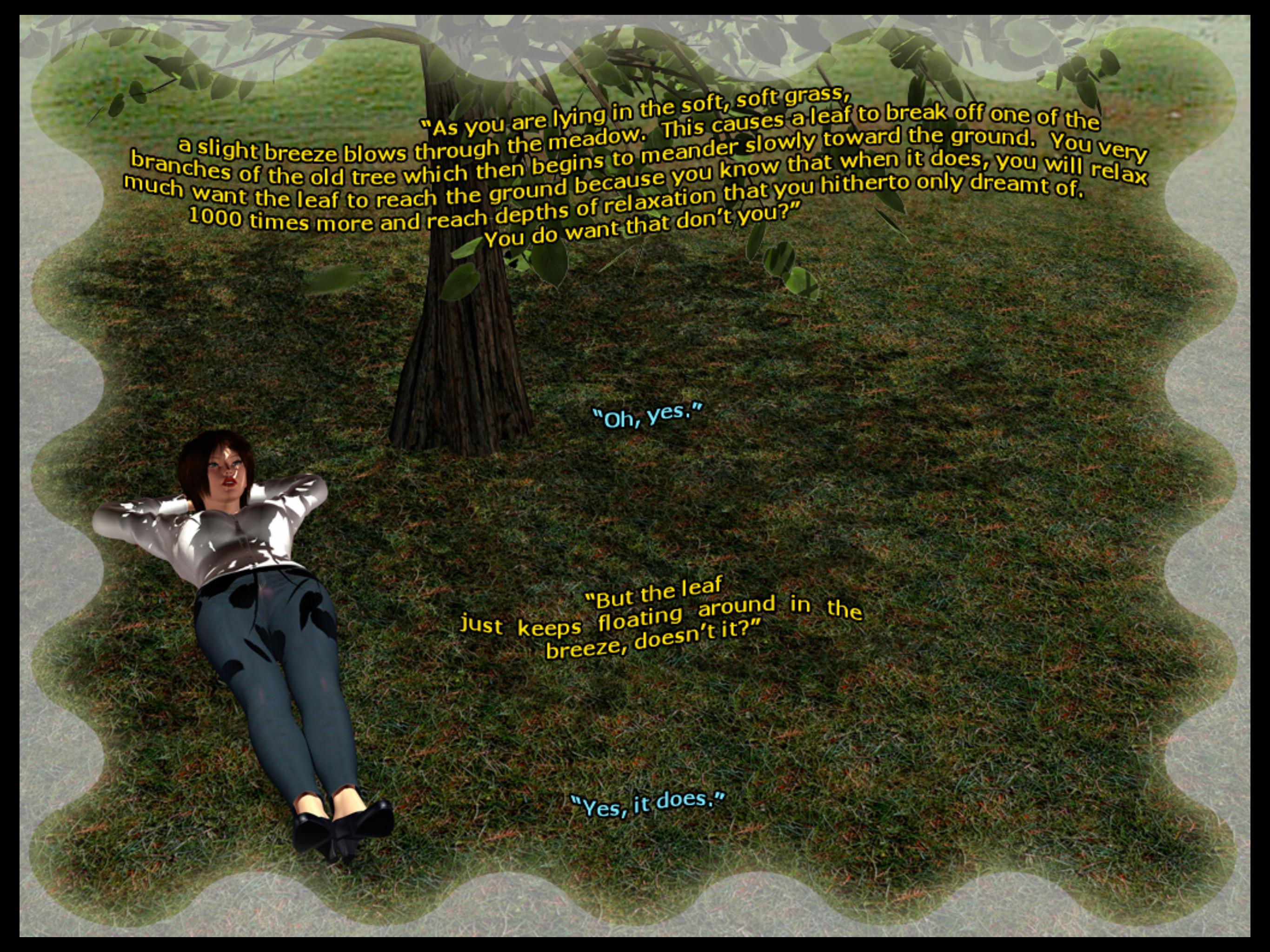
Good, then let us begin. 10 ... 9 ... 8 ... 7 ... 6 ... 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1. Ten times deeper now.

Yes.

Skulnick watched as Cynthia let out another deep sigh and relaxed even deeper into the couch.



"Now that the elevator has reached its destination, the doors open, and through them you see a wonderful, peaceful meadow. You walk out into the meadow, and as you feel the soft grass under your feet, you become even more relaxed. You spot an old tree in the middle of the meadow, and you walk over to it. You know it would feel so wonderful to lie down under the shade of that tree, so you do so. As you lie down and sink into the soft, soft grass, you become 100 times more relaxed than you were before".

A woman with short brown hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and dark blue leggings with a black leaf pattern, is lying on her back on a green lawn. She has her arms behind her head and is looking up. A large, dark brown tree trunk is visible in the background. The entire scene is framed by a decorative, wavy-edged border.


"As you are lying in the soft, soft grass,
a slight breeze blows through the meadow. This causes a leaf to break off one of the
branches of the old tree which then begins to meander slowly toward the ground. You very
much want the leaf to reach the ground because you know that when it does, you will relax
1000 times more and reach depths of relaxation that you hitherto only dreamt of.
You do want that don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"But the leaf
just keeps floating around in the
breeze, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does."

Skulnick knew that the moment of truth had arrived. He needed to complete just one more step, and Cynthia would be his to do with as he pleased, but this last step was also the most difficult, and it had to be handled just right.




I know how you can make the leaf hit the ground. Do you want me to tell you?

Yes, please.

In order for the leaf to hit the ground you must make your mind completely blank. You must clear your mind of all thoughts. Concentrate only on the leaf and the sound of my voice, and let your mind go blank.

Blank ... no ... scared.

Cynthia began to stir uneasily on the couch, and her face took on a troubled expression.




There's nothing to be scared about. Lie back in the soft, soft grass and let the wonderful relaxation wash over you again. You feel safe and warm and protected. You know nothing can harm you as long as you are in this beautiful meadow lying in the soft, soft grass under that old tree. You feel safe, don't you?

Y...yes.

How do you feel?

Safe.

Skulnick watched with satisfaction as her fidgeting stopped and her face took on a more serene expression.

A woman with short brown hair and blue eyes is lying on her back on a grassy field. She is wearing a white zip-up jacket and blue jeans. Her arms are raised behind her head. In the background, there is a tree with green leaves. The scene is framed by a wavy, cloud-like border.

"Now the leaf is still floating around up in the air, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And you want it to reach the ground, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And what must you be for the leaf to hit the ground?"

"Blank."

"That's right. Clear your mind of everything but the leaf and the sound of my voice. As your mind becomes more and more blank the leaf dips lower and lower. Finally, the moment will come when your mind is completely blank. When that happens you will say 'I am blank'. At that moment the leaf will hit the ground and disappear, and you will relax 1000 times more than you are already. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Cynthia mouthed the word 'Blank' to herself several times before the moment that Skulnick had been waiting for arrived. Her face took on a totally blank expression, and she uttered the words that he had been hoping to hear.



She then let out her deepest sigh yet and sank (if it was possible) even deeper into the couch.

Skulnick smiled in triumph. Just a few small touches and it would be time to have some fun.

You feel totally relaxed don't you, Cynthia?

And how is your mind?

And what are you aware of?

And anything else.


Yes ... Relaxed.

Blank.

Your voice.

No.



A woman with short dark hair is lying on her back on a lush green lawn. She is wearing a white long-sleeved top and dark blue leggings with a white floral pattern. Her arms are raised behind her head, and her legs are slightly bent. In the background, there is a large, dark tree trunk and some green foliage. The entire scene is framed by a decorative, wavy-edged border.

"And you must remember that if you wish to stay in this wonderfully relaxed state, your mind must always be blank. The only thoughts there can be the ones I put there. Do you understand?"

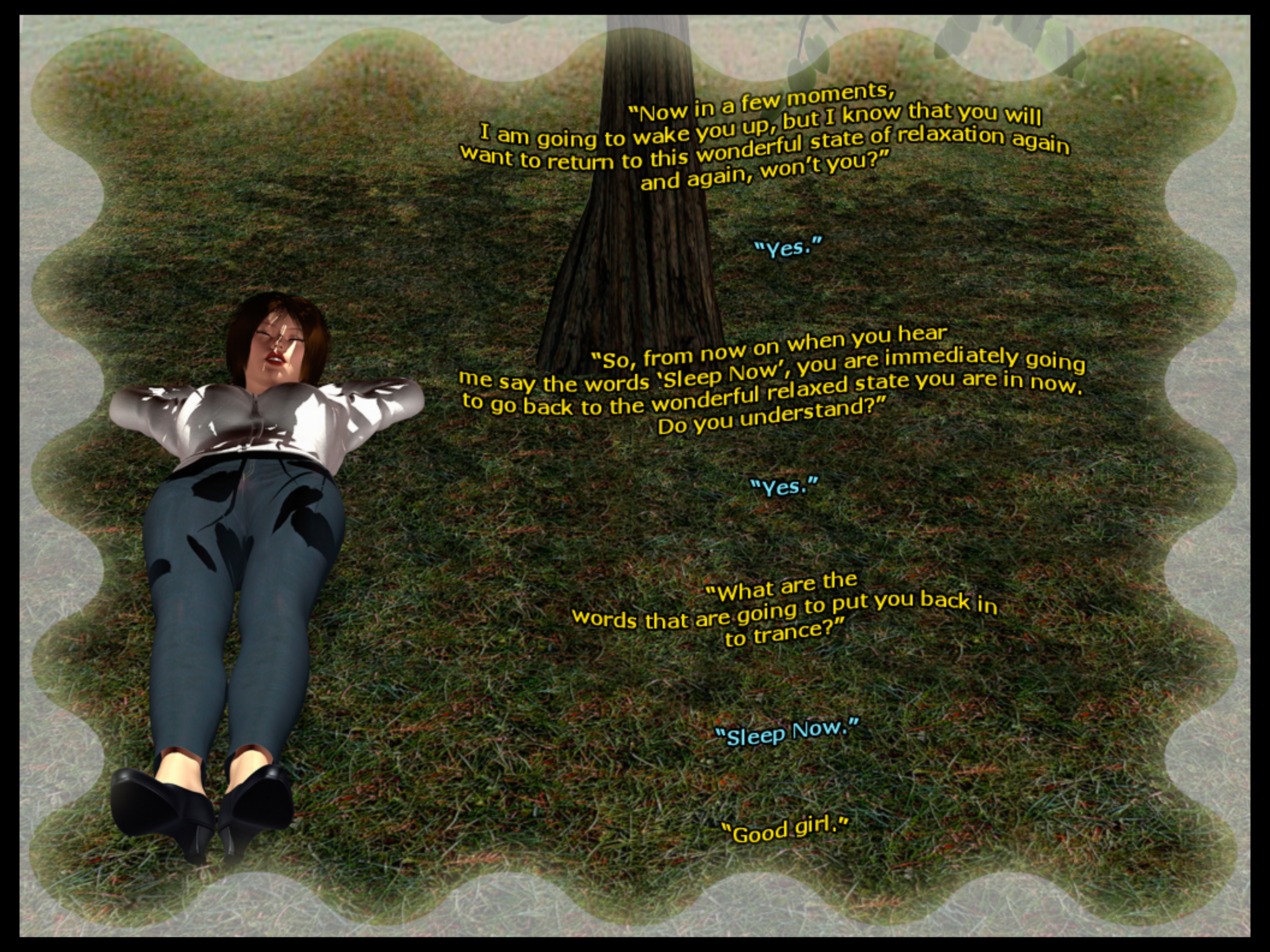
"Yes."

"So if ever a stray thought should enter your head, you're going to want to get rid of it fast."

"Yes."

"When that happens I want you to say 'I am blank' to yourself over and over until the thought goes away, and you are wonderfully blank again. Do you understand?"

"Yes."



"Now in a few moments,
I am going to wake you up, but I know that you will
want to return to this wonderful state of relaxation again
and again, won't you?"

"Yes."

"So, from now on when you hear
me say the words 'Sleep Now', you are immediately going
to go back to the wonderful relaxed state you are in now.
Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"What are the
words that are going to put you back in
to trance?"

"Sleep Now."

"Good girl."

Skulnick paused for a few seconds as he pondered what he was going to do first with his new plaything. When he finally came to a decision, he began to talk to Cynthia again.


Now, Cynthia, I am going to wake you up, and we are going to continue the interview. When you are awake you will not remember that you have been hypnotized, and you will still believe as strongly as ever that hypnosis is not real, do you understand?

As you begin to ask your questions, you are going to start to notice that you are becoming sexually aroused, more aroused than you have ever been in your life before. Do you understand?

Yes.

Yes ... aroused.

Skulnick noticed with amusement that at the mere mention of arousal, Cynthia had started to breathe harder, and her legs had spread slightly as she lay on the couch.



"You are going to need to satisfy this arousal. You are going to want to massage your breasts, but you won't be able to do it through your bulky shirt and bra, so you are going to take them off, do you understand?"


"yes."

"You will see nothing abnormal about this. You will just take off your shirt and then your bra and massage your breasts while you continue the interview as if nothing unusual is happening, do you understand?"

"yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"Take off shirt and bra ... massage breasts."

A woman with short dark hair is lying on her back on a lush green lawn. She is wearing a white long-sleeved top and dark blue leggings with a black leaf pattern. Her arms are raised above her head, and her legs are slightly bent. In the background, there is a large tree with green leaves. The entire scene is framed by a decorative, wavy-edged border.


"Now, your breasts will feel better, but your overall level of arousal will continue to increase, and now your pussy will demand attention. You will want to massage it, but your pants and panties will be in the way, so you will remove them. Do you understand?"

"Yes ... remove pants ... panties."

"And once again you will not notice anything unusual about this. You will continue the interview as if everything was normal. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Good girl."



When you are naked
and massaging your breast and sex, you will have the most
wonderful orgasm. It will be the most powerful orgasm
you have ever had.

And when the orgasm
finally subsides after what seems like
an eternity, you will slip back into trance
and find yourself back in the meadow,
your mind completely blank.
Do you understand?

And remember that
the entire time, until you fall back into trance
you will be completely unaware that anything
unusual is happening.

Good, then
I want you to sit back up in the couch,
and we can get started.

Yes ... Oragsm.

Yes.

I understand.

Cynthia sat back up, and Skulnick slowly brought her out of trance. When she was fully awake, she looked around confusedly for a second and then turned to Skulnick.

I'm sorry. I seem
to have lost my train of thought.
Where was I?

You were
telling me why you think
hypnosis is fake.

No.

Oh, yes.
Have you heard of the
Prufgooder study?

I think I alluded to it in my
opening speech. Professor Prufgooder did electroencephalographic
scans on a group of subjects supposedly under deep hypnosis and
compared them to similar scans of a control group who were merely
watching television.

Skulnick tried to keep a straight face as Cynthia stood up, removed her shirt and then began massaging her breasts. All the while she continued to speak as if nothing unusual was occurring.

The brainwaves of the “hypnotized” group were similar to those of some members of the control group who had become particularly engrossed in a TV program, and yet no one in the control group ever was or claimed to be under hypnosis.

That doesn't surprise me.
All hypnosis is is a state of directed trance, and we enter into trance all the time. More often than you might think, in fact. The subject watching TV probably became so engrossed in what he was watching that he actually put himself into a trance, albeit a light one.

All through Skulnick's reply Cynthia had been busily massaging her breasts. Skulnick also noticed that she was beginning to breathe more heavily.

Cynthia had heard this line about natural trances before, and she was ready with a reply (but first she took off her bra and began to massage her breasts even more intensely).


Oh, come now, Mr. Skulnick.
Are you telling me that I can go up to someone
engrossed in a TV program, tell them to bark like
a dog and have them do so.

I never said that.
I merely tried to explain why the results
of the study may have come out the
way they did.

Is that so, well maybe
you can explain why it was that test subjects in the
study who said beforehand that they believed in power
of hypnosis went into trance easily while subjects who
were skeptical had a hard time going under or did not
go under at all.

Cynthia was starting to visibly pant now, and one of her hands was starting to wander down from her breasts to her crotch.

Skulnick held off his reply as Cynthia masturbated before him, and after a few seconds, he got what he wanted. Cynthia stood up and removed her pants. Then she sat back down with her hands now over her breasts and pussy.



That doesn't surprise me either.
Certain people are more easily hypnotizable than others. The fact that some of the subjects were pre-disposed to believe in hypnosis probably would have made them easier to hypnotize. And the fact that some of the subjects could not be hypnotized at all probably was just due to the fact that their hypnotist was not very good. It doesn't mean that hypnosis does not exist.

Come now, Mr. Skulnick,
just admit the truth. <pant> The subjects who believed in hypnosis were only 'hypnotized' <pant> because they believed in hypnosis. <pant> That is the whole point of my thesis.<pant>

People believe <pant>
in hypnosis <pant> like they believe <pant> in the Easter Bunny <pant> or Santa Claus. To the people <pant> that believe <pant> it is real <pant> it seems <pant> real and <pant> can have <pant> real effects. <pant> That does not <pant> mean that it <pant> actually exists. <pant>

Cynthia's head was now rolling back and her eyes were half closed as her hands worked over her breasts and sex at a mile a minute.



The Easter Bunny is not real.
I have seen the effects of hypnosis,
and they are very real.

I ... <pant> I ... oh, God.

With a loud moan, Cynthia stood up again and practically tore off her panties. Then, she sat down again and began to masturbate even more rapidly.

Cynthia had been masturbating again for mere seconds before an escalating series of cries announced the fact that she was orgasming.



As Skulnick watched Cynthia writhe and moan for what seemed like forever, he began to wonder if he had gone too far, but then she finally started to calm down.

As soon as the last aftershocks of the orgasm had subsided, Cynthia settled back down on the couch, and was quickly back in a state of deep trance. Skulnick noticed that even while in trance, Cynthia was still softly massaging her clit.

Yes.

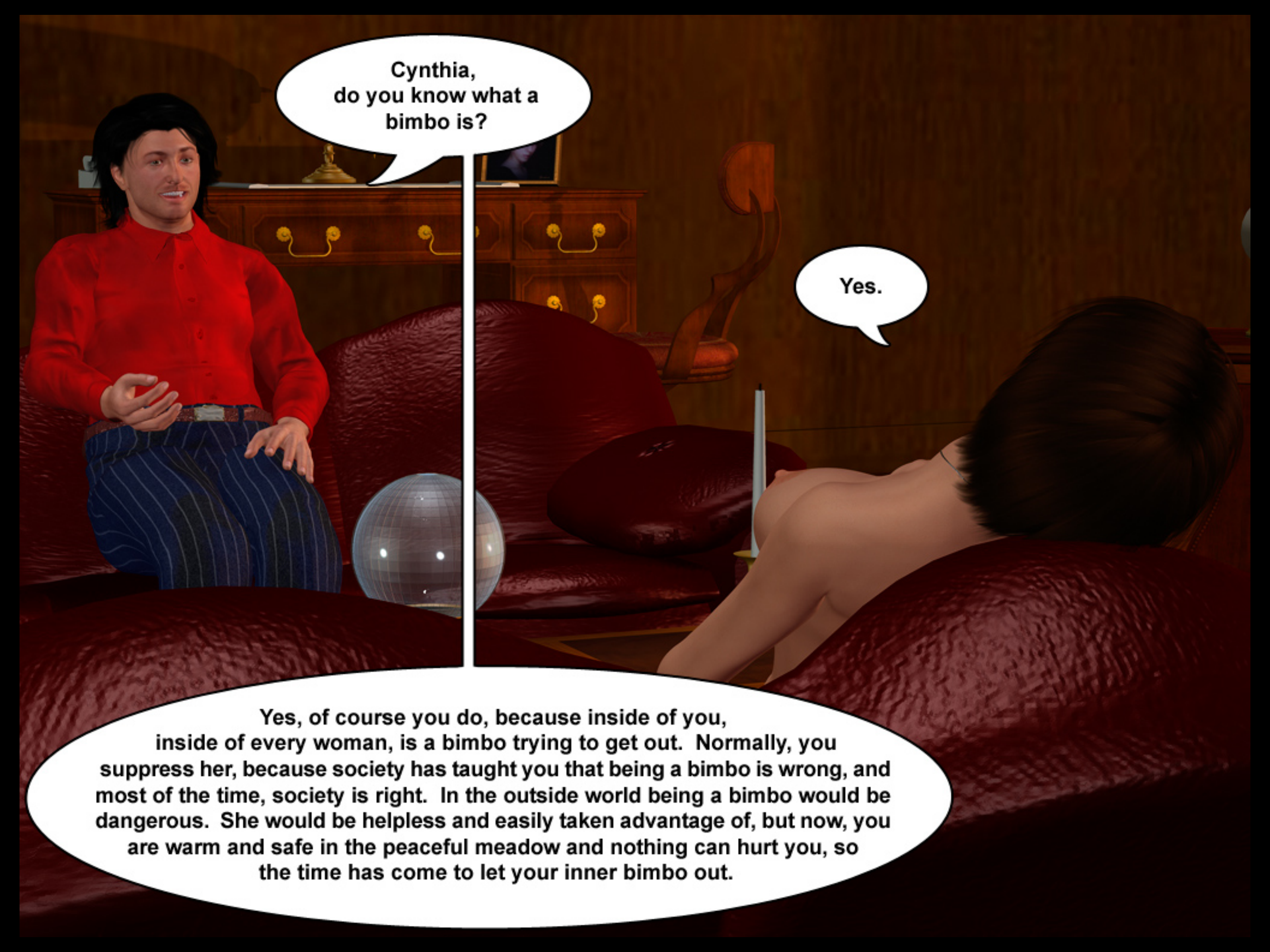
You are back
in that wonderful relaxed state, aren't
you, Cynthia?

And your mind
is completely blank except for the sound
of my voice?

Yes.

But we can't
leave you blank, can we? That
would be uninteresting.

Uninteresting



Cynthia,
do you know what a
bimbo is?

Yes.

Yes, of course you do, because inside of you,
inside of every woman, is a bimbo trying to get out. Normally, you
suppress her, because society has taught you that being a bimbo is wrong, and
most of the time, society is right. In the outside world being a bimbo would be
dangerous. She would be helpless and easily taken advantage of, but now, you
are warm and safe in the peaceful meadow and nothing can hurt you, so
the time has come to let your inner bimbo out.

Skulnick rose to his feet and made his way across the room until he was standing directly behind Cynthia. He then bent down and continued to talk to her softly.

Now, Cynthia, in a few seconds you are going to begin to feel a wonderful sensation on your breasts. It will not startle you, and it will not wake you out of your trance. In fact, as you let yourself get swept up in this wonderful feeling, you will begin to descend even deeper into trance. Do you understand?

Yes.



Skulnick reached down and began to softly massage Cynthia's breasts. She reacted slightly when his hands first made contact, but then she quickly settled back down, her relaxed expression now mixed ever so slightly with one of arousal.

Yes ... Wonderful.

Yes ... Relaxed.

**The sensation on
your breasts is wonderful, isn't
it, Cynthia?**

**It is helping
you become more relaxed,
isn't it?**





Don't know ... scared.

Yes ... Meadow ... safe.

Free ... Bimbo ... don't know.

Now, Cynthia,
are you ready to let you inner
bimbo out?

There's nothing to be
scared about. You are lying in the
peaceful meadow, warm and safe,
aren't you?

And think about it.
Wouldn't it be great to be a bimbo, just
for a while, as long as it was safe? No
worries. No cares. No responsibilities.
Free to be the dumb bimbo that you
always dreamed of being.

Skulnick knew that he had arrived at a moment of crisis. He could see that Cynthia was still hesitant about taking the next step. He needed to push her over the edge now or he may never be able to.

Skulnick increased the pressure he was applying to Cynthia's breasts, and began to pay particular attention to her very sensitive nipples. As he did so, Cynthia's body visibly reacted and she let out a moan of arousal. Skulnick knew this wave of arousal that Cynthia was feeling would make her even more vulnerable to his suggestions, but only temporally. He needed to act now.

Now I want you to repeat after me: I want to be a dumb bimbo.

I want to be a dumb bimbo.

Again, I want to be a dumb bimbo.

I want ... to be a ... dumb ... bimbo.

I want to be a ... dumb bimbo.

I want to be a dumb bimbo.

Each time Cynthia had repeated "I want to be a dumb bimbo", Skulnick had massaged the sensitive tips of her nipples in a way that he knew would drive her mad with arousal, and each time she had repeated the mantra more emphatically. After the third repetition, Skulnick decided he could move on.

That's right.

You want to be a dumb bimbo, and what does a dumb bimbo think about? She thinks about sex and clothes and makeup, doesn't she?

So what do you think about?


And she isn't very intelligent, is she?

Yes.

Sex and clothes and makeup.

No.





She's just a silly,
giggly, sexy girl, isn't she?

Repeat after me:
I'm a silly, giggly, sexy girl.

I'm a silly,
giggly, sexy girl.

Again, I'm a
silly, giggly, sexy girl.

Yes.

I'm a silly ...
giggly, sexy girl.

I'm a silly,
giggly, sexy girl. <giggle>

I'm a silly <giggle>,
giggly, sexy girl. <giggle>

As Cynthia repeated "I'm a silly, giggly, sexy girl", Enigmo could swear that he could see the intelligence leave her face.

It feels wonderful
to be a dumb bimbo, doesn't it?

And that's all
you are now, isn't it. A
dumb bimbo.

Repeat:
I am a dumb bimbo.


Again,
I am a dumb bimbo.

Yes. <giggle>

Dumb bimbo. <giggle>

I am a dumb bimbo.

I am a
dumb bimbo. <giggle>




Now, Cynthia
is not a very good name for a dumb bimbo
like you. Let's see ... Why don't we call you
... Kiki ... That's it. We'll call you Kiki.
What is your name?

That's right.
A sexy name for a sexy girl.

Kiki. <giggle>

Sexy girl. <giggle>

With Cynthia's bimbo conversion complete, Enigmo stood up and went back to his position sitting directly across from her.

A 3D-rendered scene. On the left, a woman with dark hair, wearing a thin necklace and no clothing, is sitting on a plush red sofa. She is leaning back with her eyes closed and a slight smile. On the right, the back of a person's head and shoulders are visible; they have long dark hair and are wearing a red garment. They are sitting at a wooden desk. On the desk, there is a small globe on a stand and a pen. The background is a dark wood-paneled wall.

Now, in a few seconds I am going to snap my fingers, and you will wake up. You will have no memory of anything that has happened to you before you woke up, but this will not bother you. All that will matter to you is that you continue to feel as wonderful as you do now, and you will know that if you continue to obey me that will happen. Do you understand?


Yes.

And you will continue to remember that when I use the phrase 'Sleep Now' you will drop immediately back into trance just as deep as you are now. Do you understand that?

Yes. <giggle>

Good girl.
Now it's time to wake up.

Skulnick snapped his fingers, and the sleeping Kiki immediately sprang to life. She looked around confusedly for a second, but then she caught sight of Skulnick, and a wide smile came to his face.



Hello.
I'm Kiki. <giggle>

Hello, Kiki. Do you know
who I am?

You are
ahhh ... I don't know. <giggle> ... I
forgot ... <giggle>

I'm The Great Enigmo,
but you can address me as
Master or Sir.

Master
Enigmo. <giggle>

That's right.
Why don't you stand
up, Kiki.

Kay.

As Kiki stood up, Enigmo motioned for Vanessa to walk over so that she was standing right next to her.

Kiki, this is Vanessa.
I want you to follow her and do whatever she
says. She is going to find some nice sexy
clothes for you to wear. You would like that
wouldn't you?

Yes <giggle> ... sexy
clothes

Vanessa, dress her
in one of the bunny costumes. Put her
in a blonde wig, and use the largest natural breast
forms that we have. Be sure to use the temporary
adhesive. This one is not a keeper. She's just
a catch and release. Too bad. She's
got quite the body.

Yes, sir. Follow me, Kiki.





Vanessa led Kiki to a nearby dressing room and made her over to Skulnick's specifications.

A little more than an hour after they had departed, the two women returned to the living room. Kiki wore a long blonde wig along with heavy makeup and was dressed in a knock-off of a playboy bunny costume. The breast forms she was wearing combined with the costume's built in push-up bra made it seem as if she had enormous breasts while the costume's built in corset shrunk her waist to minuscule proportions.



Very sexy.
Turn around for me, Kiki.

Kiki giggled and spun around several times on her pencil thin heels.

When Enigmo had taken in enough of Kiki's new appearance, he gave her the 'Sleep Now' command, but ordered her to remain standing. Kiki responded by emitting her now familiar sigh before her head dropped slowly down until it was leaning against her right shoulder.

Kiki, in a few minutes you are going to hear some music start playing. When that happens, you will wake up, and you will be the world's greatest exotic dancer. I will be your rich and handsome client who has paid a fortune to have a private dance from you. You will dance for me as sexually and proactively as you can. You will find that you know exactly how to move to turn a man on. Do you understand?

As you dance, you will find that you are becoming incredibly turned on. I am the most handsome you have ever seen, and you will have the strongest desire to suck my cock, however you will know that you cannot do so unless I give you my permission. You will begin to make contact my cock in your dancing as frequently as possible, hoping that I will get the hint. Do you understand?

When you start to suck my cock, you will find that you have all the knowledge you need to give me an expert blow job. You will also find giving that blow job incredibly arousing, and you will have another huge orgasm when I come on your face. Do you understand?


Yes, master.

Yes <giggle> ...
Suck cock.

Yes ... orgasm.
<giggle>



Enigmo removed most of his clothes, freeing his penis which was already partially erect. Then he picked up his remote and was just about to start the music when he got a sudden inspiration.

A man with dark hair, shirtless, is sitting on a wooden chair in a room with a fireplace. He is wearing grey socks and black shoes. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red corset and black stockings, is standing in front of the fireplace. She is holding a small white object in her hand. The room has a wooden floor and a brick fireplace with a fire burning inside. A lamp is on a table to the left of the man.

Kiki, I want you to listen to me very carefully. When you hear me say the name Cynthia ... Cynthia, Cynthia will take over control of your mind again, but Kiki will still be in charge of your body. Cynthia will be totally oblivious to what Kiki is doing. She will think that she is still conducting her interview, and everything will seem perfectly normal to her. Do you understand?

Yes, master.

While Cynthia thinks she is doing her interview, Kiki will still do exactly as I have commanded her to do. She will dance for me exotically and then give me a blow job when I allow it, having an orgasm when I come in her face. Do you understand?

Yes. <giggle>

Good Girl. Finally, when you hear me say the name Kiki ... Kiki, you will become Kiki in both mind and body again. Do you understand?

Yes, master.

After dismissing Vanessa, Enigmo started the music. Immediately, Kiki sprang to life, and began dancing, using moves that would make any exotic dancer jealous.




As Enigmo watched, he simultaneously massaged his cock, and it was soon proudly erect.



As Kiki danced she found that Enigmo's cock was drawing her in like a magnet. Merely looking at it was making her incredibly aroused, and she found her mouth watering at the prospect of sucking it. Eventually, she found herself dancing just inches from Enigmo, where she rubbed against his cock with her crotch whenever possible as she wantonly massaged her own breast and clit. She needed to suck his cock so bad, but she knew she could only do so if he gave her his permission.

Enigmo could see that Kiki's arousal was reaching volcanic levels, but he wanted to let her simmer a little longer before letting her off the hook. He waited until she was gyrating on her knees before him, her eyes fixated on his cock, before he uttered the words she had been longing to hear.



You're really turning me on, baby. Now get that slutty mouth of yours down here and give me a blow job.

Oh, goodie.
<giggle> Kiki loves to suck cocks.




Kiki practically inhaled Enigmo's cock. She then proceeded to give him a world-class blowjob. She knew just what to do to bring him to the brink of coming, but then pull him back at the very last second.

Enigmo let her go for several minutes before he tried out his latest suggestion.



When Enigmo said 'Cynthia', he could see the light of intelligence come back into Cynthia's eyes, but she continued to suck his cock exactly as she did before.

Over the next few minutes, Cynthia continued her interview with Skulnick. She would briefly take her mouth off his cock to speak (making sure to keep massaging it with her hand) and then suck his cock back in when he was speaking.



I can only tell
you what I've experienced
and what I've seen with my
own eyes.

I am not a scientist.
I don't claim to be, so I don't
know exactly what would meet
your standards of scientific
scrutiny, but I've seen more
than enough to make me
a believer.


You may need
real proof, but I'm sure Kiki is a
believer, aren't you, KIKI.

So, Mr. Skulnick,
you still insist that hypnosis is real
despite all the evidence to the
contrary. <suck>

But do you
have any real evidence? <suck>
Anything that would stand up to
scientific scrutiny? <suck>

But that's not
good enough for me, Mr.
Skulnick. <suck> I need real
proof. <suck>

There was a brief look of surprise on Cynthia's face, as the personality transfer took place, but then, as Kiki took over, that was replaced by her familiar expression of sexual lust. Kiki reluctantly removed her mouth from Enigmo's cock and looked up into his eyes.



Kiki will believe anything you want her to if you let her suck your big, beautiful cock. <giggle>

Of course, baby. Go right ahead.

Kiki let out a delighted squeal, and pounced on Enigmo's cock yet again.



Finally, the moment came when Enigmo could hold out no longer. He pulled his cock out of Kiki's mouth and pointed it at her just in time to spray enormous quantities of semen all over her face and upper body. The moment the first drop of cum hit her face, Kiki had a tremendous orgasm.

When Kiki finally came down from her orgasm she looked up at Enigmo with an expression of total sexual satisfaction on her cum covered face.

That was great baby. How was it for you?

I have something else in mind. I want you to get up and follow Vanessa again.

Wonderful, master.
<giggle> Will you fuck Kiki now?

As a visibly disappointed Kiki stood up, Enigmo addressed Vanessa who had re-entered the room and was now standing near Kiki.

Vanessa, clean
her up, then dress he in a
French maid's outfit along
with a red wig.

Yes, Master.
Come along, Kiki.



This time it was a little more than an hour before Kiki returned to the living room. This time Kiki wore a red wig, and she was dressed in a French maid's uniform. Enigmo wasted no time in putting Kiki back into trance. When he was sure she was completely under, he started to give her a new set of instructions.

Now, Kiki, when I snap my fingers, you will awaken, and you will be a maid. I will be your rich and handsome master. You will pick up the feather duster on the table in front of you, and you will begin dusting, but you will be constantly aware of my presence in the room.

You will know that the only reason you became my maid was in an attempt to make me love you enough that I would marry you, so that you could live a life of luxury as my wife, so as you move around you will be sure to show me plenty of your breasts and cleavage, and as you dust you will bend down as far as possible to give me the best possible view of that sexy behind of yours.

At some point you will sense that I have come up behind you. When this happens you will continue dusting, but inside your excitement level will be reaching a peak. What you will want more than anything else is for me fuck you. When I do so, it will be the most incredible experience you have ever had, and when I finally come, you will have an orgasm that tops any you have had today. Do you understand?

Yes, master.



Good Girl.

At some point you will once again hear me say the name 'Cynthia'. When this happens Cynthia will take over control of your mind again, but Kiki will still be in charge of your body. Do you understand?

This time, Cynthia will be completely aware of everything that is happening, but it will all seem completely normal to her. She will continue to conduct her interview as if nothing out of the ordinary is happening. Do you understand?

Finally, when you hear me say the name Kiki ... Kiki, you will become Kiki in both mind and body again. Do you understand?

Yes, master.

Yes, master.

Yes, master.
<giggle>





Enigmo snapped his fingers. This caused Kiki to spring to life, pick up the nearby feather duster and begin to dust. Following Enigmo's suggestions, as she went about her work, she was sure to put a sexy sway in her walk, and whenever she dusted something, she bent down as far as she could giving Enigmo a fine view of her un-pantied derriere.

Enigmo watched Kiki for a while, and then he stepped up behind her as she dusted a small table and boldly grabbed her breasts. Kiki let out a short gasp, but then returned to her dusting.

You look very
sexy when you are dusting.

Sexy enough to fuck.

Thank you,
master. <giggle>

Oh, yes, please.
Kiki needs it so bad.



Not wasting any time, Enigmo lifted the skimpy hem of Kiki's dress and drove his cock into her already dripping wet pussy.

You like
this, don't you, baby.

I wonder
what CYNTHIA thinks
about it.

Oh, yes,
master, yes.

Oh, yes,
master. More than
anything.



There was a brief pause in Kiki's responses to his fucking, but otherwise there was no sign that anything had changed. Enigmo thought that maybe the suggestion had failed until he heard the familiar voice of Cynthia begin to speak.

I don't think that we can go much further with this interview, Mr. Skulnick. *<moan>* It seems ... oh , yes right there ... that you will not be convinced by the preponderance of the evidence ... go faster baby ... that hypnosis does not exist. *<moan>*

As I said before, what you call evidence *<moan>* would never stand up to scientific scrutiny ... oh, you're so good ... admit it, Mr. Skulnick. *<moan>*

I think that I've shown you ample evidence today, Ms. Barrows. It is you that refuse to see the truth.

I guess you're right. I'd like to talk with KIKI again now.



There was a brief interruption in the way Kiki responded to her fucking, but then, as her bimbo personality regained control, she began to push back against Enigmo's thrust even more frantically than before.


Harder, master.
<moan> Faster. <moan>
Keep fucking Kiki.





When Enigmo was about to come he pulled out of Kiki and walked around the table so that he could once again spray come all over her face and chest. As before this caused Kiki to have a tremendous orgasm.

After she recovered from her orgasm, Enigmo allowed Kiki to clean all the remaining cum off of him with her mouth and tongue. Then he told her to stand, as he turned to speak to Vanessa who had re-entered the room a few minutes earlier.



Clean her up
and dress her as she
looked when she first
came here.

Yes, master.

About an hour later, Cynthia was back in the living room dressed and made up as she had been originally. Enigmo ordered her to sit down on the couch exactly where she had been originally, and triggered her into trance.

In a few moments,
I am going to wake you up. When
I do, you will have no memory of
anything that has happened since
you were hypnotized. Do
you understand?

The only thing that
you will remember is that you
arrived, came in here, sat down where
you are now, and we had our interview.
When you need memories of the inter-
view, you will make them yourself from
your memories of other interviews and
from your expectation of this one.
Do you understand?

You will notice
that it is more than 5 hours since you
arrived, but this will not seem strange to
you. That is just how long the interview
took. Do you understand?

And, most importantly,
you will have no memory of seeing any
other women in this house. I was alone.
Do you understand?

Yes, master.

Yes.

Yes, master.

Yes, I understand.



Enigmo dismissed Vanessa and then continued.


Ok, when count to 3
and snap my fingers you will wake up, and
you will be completely out of trance. All the commands
I have given you while you were hypnotized will be mere
words with no more power over you than any other
words, but you will have the memories I have just
given you. Do you understand?

Yes, master.

OK. 1 ... 2 ...



Enigmo was about to wake Cynthia up when a devilish grin came to his face.

A man with dark, shoulder-length hair and a red button-down shirt is sitting on a bed with a dark red, textured blanket. He is looking directly at the camera with a wide, slightly mischievous grin, showing his teeth. He is wearing blue and white striped pajama bottoms with a brown belt. His right hand is resting on his lap, and his left hand is raised slightly, palm facing up. In the background, there is a dark wood dresser with several drawers, each with a brass handle. On top of the dresser is a brass lamp and a small framed portrait of a woman. A portion of a wooden chair is visible on the right side of the dresser.

**Wait a minute.
Before I wake you up, there's just
one more thing. I want you to listen
to me very carefully...**




Some time later, Cynthia was in a cab on her way back to her dorm and was going over the interview in her head. Everything had gone exactly as she had thought. She had slam dunked that idiot but good. The one thing she couldn't understand is the she hadn't taken any notes. She was usually a copious note taker, but as she turned page after page in her notebook, she couldn't seem to find anything. Then, finally she encountered a page with only one word written on it.

As she pondered the strange word, a thought began to reverberate through her head. She suddenly had an irresistible urge to say something.

**I OBEY
THE GREAT ENIGMO!**





What was that, Ms?

Ahh ... nothing.
I was just ... talking to myself.

Very well, Ms.

A very puzzled Cynthia looked back down at her notebook, but this time the word seemed to have no effect. She finally came to the conclusion that she must have let all of Skulnick's talk about hypnosis being real get to her, but, in any event, everything seemed to be back to normal now.

A few minutes later the bizarre incident was all but forgotten as Cynthia planned the final additions to her thesis. She was planning an entire section on charlatans like Skulnick, and he had provided her with all the ammunition she needed to expose perverts like him for the phonies that they are.



Yes. It had been a very successful interview.

The End

**A
Prime Mover
Production**