**The Hypnotist**

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Jim Morrison cringed as he suddenly heard his wife's voice raised above the normal hub bub of the conversation in the room.   
  
"Oh my God," he thought. "Not again."  
  
It was the night of Jim's firm's annual dinner. Breton, Bergman and Simms were a leading financial institution in the city. Jim was an account manager and he should have already been offered a partnership by now. He was good at his job, but his wife Marion was the stumbling block.  
  
She was intensely disliked by the majority of the company, especially many of the company wives. The problem was she was the grand-daughter of James E Breton, one of the founders of the company. The main reason she was disliked was for her opinionated views, something she tended to express openly, not caring whom she hurt.  
  
Things had been different ten yeas ago when Jim and Marion were first married. But the marriage had turned out to be a loveless affair, partly because of Jim's high workload, but more so because of their inability to have any children.   
  
Things turned from bad to worse when after a medical examination, it was discovered that it was a problem with her that could not be rectified. She became bitter and refused Jim any sexual pleasures. "What's the point if I can't have children?"  
  
Now at 35, Marion was still an extremely attractive woman, with a figure that would turn heads on the street. She devoted all her time and energy to her causes and charities for which she worked tirelessly. But even her good work caused friction and endless arguments among the other members because what Marion said was always correct and she could never make a mistake.   
  
She had an opinion about everything, which she usually made very pointedly. This came over when Jim informed her one evening that Andre Casson, the well known hypnotist and magician, had been booked to appear as part of the entertainment for the firm's annual dinner.   
  
"That charlatan!" she exclaimed. "He's nothing but a con merchant. Why can't they book a decent act like a coral group or a good string quartet? They would be much more up market."   
  
Jim did not say anything as he did not want to get into an argument, but he knew that the annual dinner was an excuse for everyone to let their hair down, and a coral group or a string quartet would add very little to the evening.   
  
Now Marion was making her views known to everyone around her. "Andre Casson." she said. "It was all a set up. He puts people in the audience. No one could hypnotize a person against their will and make them do silly things." She would show them--she would show him up as the charlatan he was.   
  
After the dinner, they all moved into a small lounge. Chairs had been placed around a small stage. Waitresses moved around supplying everyone with drinks. When everyone was served, the lights dimmed and the audience became hushed. A spotlight lit up the centre of the stage, and from off stage, a voice announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, would you put your hands together for the man of the evening, Andre Casson."  
  
A polite round of applause came from the audience, and a tall imposing man in an immaculate evening suit appeared on stage. He smiled a welcome to his audience and began his act with a selection of intriguing card tricks.  
  
Then he addressed his audience and explained to them about hypnosis. "There is," he said, "a theory that a person under hypnosis won't do anything that is against their normal nature to do. You might not get a hypnotized person to commit a serious crime, but there are secret desires in all our minds and I wish to show this to you tonight."  
  
There were murmurs from around the small audience, and Andre held his hand up for silence. "First, I would like a volunteer." Before anyone else in the room could move, Marion, much to Jim's and everyone's surprise, moved quickly from her seat. Andre smiled down at her and held out his hand to help her up onto the small stage. She was a little surprised as he did not seem at all concerned by her eagerness to help.  
  
He asked her name and then asked if she were willing to be hypnotized. She told him her name and said that she was quite willing. She stood there on the stage and smiled at the audience.   
  
She would show them just what a fake this man was. She watched as Andre took a large gold watch from his waistcoat pocket. It had a gold chain on it. He held it up and began to swing it before her eyes. She was still confident as she stared into Andre's dark brooding eyes.   
  
Everyone in the room smiled when he stopped swinging the watch and placed it back in his pocket. Marion stood there quite still looking at him. He waved a hand in front of her eyes and she didn't move or blink. He turned and smiled at the audience. "Marion is now in a state of deep hypnosis." Jim smiled as he heard a whispered comment from behind him that she ought to stay that way.  
  
Andre turned to the audience. Before I wake her, I will give her a trigger word, a word that whenever she hears it, will send her in into the state of deep hypnosis again. The word I am going to use is 'Hope'. He then spoke quietly to her, and when he had finished, he said, "I am going to count back from ten. When I get to one, you will awaken and not know anything about what we have been doing." He began: "Ten, nine, eight," and when he got to one, Marion opened her eyes and looked around her.   
  
She had been proved right. He was a fraud. She smiled at the audience. "I guess you couldn't put me under," she said smiling. "You see I'm not one of your stooges."  
  
Andre smiled. "I heard before you were not convinced of my power."  
  
"What power?" she said with a smirk. "You're just a fraud and a charlatan."  
  
Andre did not look in any way upset by her comments. He smiled, and said, "I hope you didn't mean it."  
  
On the word hope, something seemed to change in Marion. She stood there not moving, looking out into the audience, but not seeing them.  
  
Andre turned to her. "Marion, it is bed time. You are in your bedroom at home getting ready for bed."  
  
To the amazement of the audience, Marion stretched her arms and yawned. There were smiles that slowly turned to shock when Marion began to unfasten her dress. With the zip undone, she reached down for the hem and slowly drew the dress up over her body.  
  
As mentioned earlier, Marion at 35 was still a very attractive woman. There were gasps from the women and nudges and smiles from the men as Marion eased the dress over her head and displayed to everyone her expensive undies. She may have no longer been interested in sex, but she still enjoyed the feel of sexy undies next to her skin.  
  
A tight white lace bra encased her large breasts. That and the white lace thong, along with the suspender belt, were all purchased from Victoria's Secret. Dark stockings with lacy bands around the top contrasted excitingly with the whiteness of her shapely thighs.  
  
Andre produced a chair and Marion seated herself upon it, and after unclipping her stockings, slowly rolled them down. By now everyone in the room was transfixed by the sight of the haughty and obnoxious Marion undressing herself on the stage before them.   
  
She then unclipped her suspender belt and dropped it on top of her other clothes. Andre spoke to her quietly and she smiled and stood up. She walked slowly across the front of the stage, an interesting sight in her brief undies, her eyes looking unseeingly at the dumb struck audience.  
  
Andre looked across to where Jim was seated. He saw not surprisingly that he seemed to be enjoying the spectacle. "Shall we go on?" he mouthed in Jim's direction. Jim smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Two of the men seated beside him patted him on the back.   
  
Andre again spoke quietly to Marion. She stopped in the centre of the stage, and to the awed amazement of the audience, she removed her bra, exposing her large firm breasts that sported large brown areolas and budding nipples. She dropped the bra with her other clothes and slipped her fingers in her brief lace thong and eased it down over her hips. The tiny item slid down her long legs and she stooped and picked it up and placed it with her discarded clothes. By now some of the women in the audience were becoming embarrassed. They did not like the woman, but this was going a little too far. Some of the others just smirked and held tightly onto their partner's hand.  
  
As Marion stood there on the stage now completely naked, every male eye in the room was staring at the sight of her exposed pussy. It was shaved totally bald; the protruding outer lips were slightly parted exposing the wet pink inner lips.  
  
Andre again spoke to her. This time the audience could hear him. "Marion, you feel dirty; you need a shower. Here, let me turn it on for you."   
  
Everyone watched amazed as Marion stepped into the imaginary shower and began to wash herself. She washed her breasts, lifting and caressing them, then turned, and displaying her delicious rear, washed slowly between her legs. When at last she finished, Andre handed her an imaginary towel and she stood in the center of the stage drying herself.  
  
The audience was now totally amazed at the power he had over her. At last he told her that she was going out again and must get dressed quickly. Obediently, she went over and picked up her clothes and dressed herself. Once she was completely dressed, he brought her out of her trance like state telling her that she would not remember anything of what had happened to her.  
  
The audience was applauding as she looked around. Were they applauding her success in not having been hypnotized by this fraud? Andre shook her hand and helped her down from the stage. She couldn't quite understand the looks she was getting, especially from some of the men.  
  
Jim said nothing to her as they drove home. He had thoroughly enjoyed the sight of his haughty wife exposed and naked in front of everyone, and he had suddenly seemed to be a more popular guy among the guys who were at the dinner.  
  
The following day Marion's performance was the talk of the office. There were several mobile phone videos of Marion's erotic performance, and some of the guys said they would only be too happy to let Jim have a copy.  
  
It was mid afternoon when the chairman came into his office. "Good night, last night, Jim. I hope you were not embarrassed by the whole thing."   
  
Jim smiled and shook his head. "Not at all, sir. She's been a bit of a bitch over the last few months. When I finally decide to show her the video, it might put her in her place."  
  
The chairman smiled. "You are a good sport, Jim. I was wondering if you would care for a round of golf with me tomorrow. I think we need to talk."   
  
Jim was over awed. He had never been asked to play with the chairman before.  
  
"I'll pick you up at around eleven," the chairman said.   
  
Jim nodded. "That would be fine, sir."  
  
The following morning, Jim was almost ready when the chairman knocked.   
  
Jim asked him in. "Won't be a moment, sir; just looking for my putter."  
  
The chairman smiled at Marion who was in the hallway all dressed up and ready to go out. She was wearing a tight white button through top that showed off her breasts, and a pretty flowered skirt. "Off shopping?" he asked.  
  
Marion nodded.  
  
"I hope you enjoyed the do last night."  
  
He was surprised to see a glazed look come over her face and he stared at her in amazement as she slowly stood there and began unfastening the buttons of the top.