

Group Sissy hypno session.

Description

Live in Berlin

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My phone reminded me that this time last year I was running a sissy hypno session with 40 wannabe Sissys at Taboo festival in Berlin

This is a story about that

The bass thrummed vibrating up through the soles of forty pairs of heels, boots, and stockinged feet. I stood on the platform in the Berlin dungeon, my fingers hovering over the mixing board. The theta wave generator hummed perfectly calibrated to lull the conscious mind into that twilight state where suggestion becomes reality. Beneath it, layered like silk over steel, came the wet, rhythmic sounds of women pleasuring themselves—gasps, moans, the slick music of fingers sliding through arousal. My creation. My symphony.

“Welcome” I said, my voice carrying through the surround-sound speakers, mixed at a perfect level with the erotic, hypnotic soundscape “Tonight, you surrender.”

Forty sissies sat on the floor before me, Their outfits were exquisite—maid costumes, babydoll lingerie, latex dresses, each one a fantasy made flesh. Their makeup was immaculate. Their eyes were already glassy with anticipation. They’d come here for this. They’d paid for this. And they would get far more than they expected.

“Breathe in,” I commanded, watching forty chests rise in unison. “Hold. And breathe out.”

The exhale was a collective sigh, forty voices releasing as one.

“Each time you breathe out, you drop. Deeper. Further. Full surrender. Full feminisation and surrender to your fantasy feminine self.”

I watched their eyelids flutter. Some swayed gently. Others had already gone limp against their neighbors. The theta waves were doing their work, opening neural pathways, making minds plastic and receptive. The wet slippery moaning sounds created arousal without focus—need without direction. They were floating in a sea of imagined sensation and pleasure.

“Again. Breathe in. Hold. And out. Drop.”

The second exhale took half of them under completely. I saw it happen—that beautiful moment when the jaw goes slack, when the shoulders slump, when the eyes roll back just slightly. The others were close. A few fought it, clinging to consciousness with white-knuckled determination. They would be the most fun later.

“Once more. Breathe in. Hold. And out.”

The room went silent except for the music and the moaning. Forty sissies sat in deep trance, their breathing synchronized, their bodies loose and open and . Mine.

“Now,” I said softly, pitching my voice to that frequency that bypasses the conscious mind entirely, “in your mind and with your eyes closed and relaxed, so, so relaxed you see a door. A glittery pink door. It shimmers. It calls to you. You must open it.”

Forty dreamers reaching for forty phantom handles.

“Open the door. Step through. And descend.”

I paused, letting the theta waves deepen their state.

“Ten steps into the basement of your desire. With each step, you go deeper. With each step, you leave another layer of resistance behind. Ten. Stepping down, feeling the cool air on your skin. Nine. Deeper still. Eight. Your body is heavy but your mind is light. Seven. Six. Five. Halfway there, and already you are more relaxed than you have ever been. Four. Three. The sounds of pleasure surround you, fill you. Two. One.”

I let the silence stretch for three heartbeats.

“Zero.”

The word dropped like a stone into still water.

“You are in the basement now. Your basement. Your deepest self. There is nothing here but truth. No shame. No fear. No masks. Just you, your fantasy sissy self and my voice.”

I studied their faces in the low light. Blissful smiles. A few were subtly grinding their hips, the arousal soundtrack working on their bodies as their minds floated in the void.

“Now,” I said, stepping closer to the edge of the platform, “your first command.”

I paused, letting the anticipation build. The theta waves pulsed. The wet sounds continued their relentless rhythm.

“Confess.”

The word hung in the air.

“I will instruct you to open your eyes on a count of three and then turn to the partner you chose in the room, sissy A will soeak first and then sissy b, you will confess, confess in a quiet whisper your secret fantasy. The one you have never spoken aloud. The one that burns inside you. Feel it rising within you. Say it now. Speak it to your neighbour. Speak it now on the count of 3.”

1, 2 3 ..

A strange babble of voices began rising and falling like a gentle ocean and adding to the already rich soundscape

“I want to be passed around at a party,” a voice said in the front row. Soft. Trembling. Honest.

“I want to be dressed as a bride and taken on my wedding night,” said another.

“I want to be a doll. A toy. Used and discarded and used again.”

“I want to be made to beg to be used.”

“I want to be used as a worthless slut , good for nothing except for sucking and taking cock

The confessions lapped out like gentle waves on the shore of a fantasy island . 20 voices, 20 secrets, 20 fantasies that had never seen the light of day. Some were poetic. Some were filthy. All were vulnerable.

“Good,” I murmured when the last voice died down . “Such good girls.. Now switch partners and repeat the exercise and then the real fun begins.

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Date Created

June 11, 2026

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