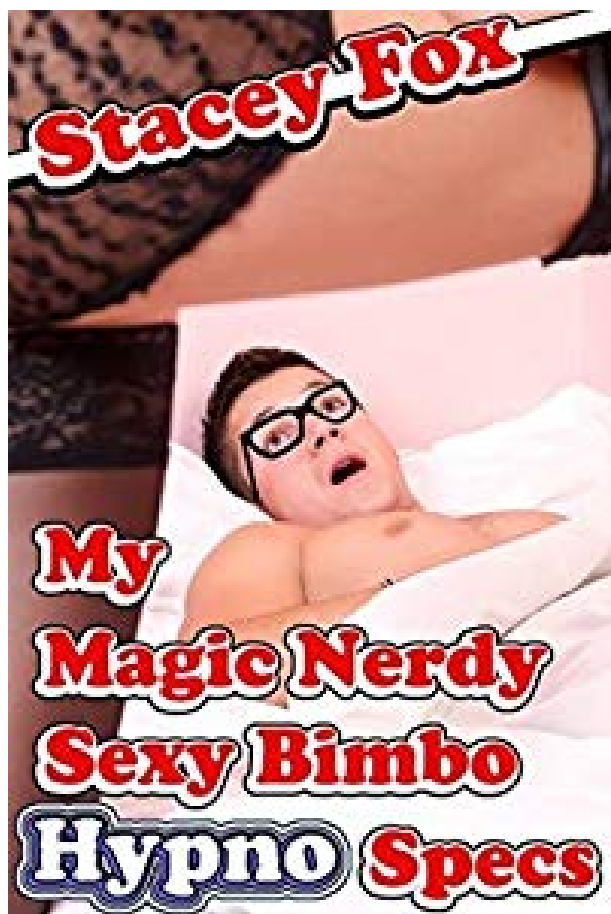


# My Magic Nerdy Sexy Bimbo Hypno Specs (Erotic Hypnosis)



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Colin leads a pretty unspectacular life. A lifelong nerd, he studies geology at university during the day and spends the rest of his time working in a sex shop. When his boss buys some tatty old boxes of stock off the internet, Colin is drawn to a mysterious, dark wooden box that he can't seem to open. When he does, all it appears to contain is a boring pair of glasses, but as Colin soon discovers, these glasses are not all that they at first seem, and soon he finds himself turned into a ravishing stud who has to fight off the sex crazed women driven wild with desire. Can anyone resist the power of the Magic Nerdy Sexy Bimbo Hypno Specs?

\*\*\*WARNING\*\*\* this 9400+ word short story contains wild, uninhibited sex crazed women driven insane with desire.

There is nothing too extreme or dirty that they won't do under the power of the Hypno Specs, so this story should only be read by persons over the age of 18, and only if you too think you can resist the power of the hypno specs.

All persons in this story are over the age of 18.

SAMPLE EXCERPT – I opened the legs up and put them on. The glass didn't seem to magnify in any way that I could tell, but weirdly it seemed to make all the colours in the room more vivid, more "alive". I got up and went to the window and looked outside. It was a clear and warm evening, and the glasses seemed to breathe life into the sky. The sun was beginning to set in the distance, and the orange of its rays seemed to burn like fire in the evening sky, displaying a thousand shades of orange and red and yellow as it dipped behind the buildings on the far skyline. I walked around my apartment, picking up everyday objects like a cushion or a saucepan and gazed in fascination at the colours they displayed. These glasses we're amazing. It was like my eyes had never "really seen" things before until now. They seemed to draw the beauty out of everything. My front doorbell rang. I walked to the front door, gazing at the lush, deep blood-red of my hallway carpet as I went. I opened the door. Standing in front of me was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen in my life!! She had long, waist length blond hair and a stunning figure.

Her beautiful full breasts we're almost spilling out of her almost non-existent, tight white bra-top. Long, slender thighs flowed from her round, curvy hips which we're almost clad in a skimpy little pair of denim shorts. She was stunning.

And I knew I had to have her. I knew there and then that I WOULD have her. Somehow my confidence was raging, and I knew instinctively what to say to make her want ME. "Well, I don't know what I've done to deserve a visit from a beautiful woman like you at this time of the evening" I said, leaning against the door frame, "But I suddenly feel like the luckiest man in the world." I...er....what are you on about boy?" she replied. "Would you like to come inside? For a coffee, or something stronger perhaps" I said. "What? What is wrong with you boy? I'm just here for my rent money. Have you got it yet?" Now, my mind registered that I was talking to Mrs Mazlowski, but my eyes didn't see that. My eyes we're overriding any messages my mind was trying to send to make sense of what I was seeing, but the messages we're coming through muddled, like a badly tuned radio station.