**Nudus Profugit**

by[terri\_pop](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2138823&page=submissions)©

Gary finished the challenging NY Times Sunday crossword puzzle in less than thirty minutes. When done, he tossed the magazine onto the coffee table and put his feet up, leaning back on the couch. Kate entered the living room shortly just then, amused to see her long-time partner with a look of satisfaction on his face.  
  
"What's up?" She asked. "Win the lottery?"  
  
Gary grinned, and then shrugged. "I might as well have," he said, "I finished the puzzle in record time, and I'm married to the best-looking woman on the block."  
  
"Just on the block?" she replied, in mock distress. "That's a pretty low bar!"  
  
"You're right! Please forgive me," Gary said, contritely. "You're the best-looking woman in the whole subdivision."  
  
Kate laughed at the joke. She sat down at the other end of the couch. "So, you have any plans for today?"  
  
Gary smiled and covered his lap, still tented with an erection, discreetly with his right hand. "Well, I thought I might read up a bit on hypnosis. I thought that comedy-hypnosis show last night was pretty interesting."  
  
Kate smirked. "I mean, it was funny, I'll give you that. But those people were all faking. It was so obvious. After a while that gets kind of old, don't you think?"  
  
"Not in the least. You faked it pretty well!" Gary asked.  
  
Kate looked at him with confusion. "What do you mean?"  
  
"When you went up on stage with the hypnotist, you had everyone fooled." Gary repeated.  
  
"What are you talking about, Gary. I didn't go up on stage." Kate said, with a dismissive tone.  
  
"Yeah. You did." Gary replied. "You went up on the stage. He spent ten minutes working on you and another woman. Don't you remember?"  
  
Kate scowled. "Yeah right. Dream on."  
  
Gary continued, "And after you were under, whenever he said the word 'pullum', you both acted like chickens: clucking for all you were worth! But you were just playing along, right?" Gary asked.  
  
"You have such a vivid imagination, Gary" Kate said, shaking her head.  
  
Gary gazed at her intently. After ten years of marriage he felt like he knew her well enough to know when she was lying. And to him she seemed sincere.  
  
"I'm telling you, Kate, you went up on stage, got hypnotized, and flapped your arms and clucked across the stage." Gary said emphatically. "I thought you were just faking it. You mean you really can't remember?"  
  
Kate furrowed her brow. "Get out of town!"  
  
"He did say you were supposed to forget the whole experience of being hypnotized, so I guess it makes sense that you don't remember." Gary said, suspiciously. "Before he woke you up he brought me and the other husband up onto the stage. He told us he would make you forget being hypnotized. Then we all left the stage and sat back down and he woke you up."  
  
"Good try, Gary," Kate chuckled. "But I call 'bullshit.'" She smiled, "I did enjoy the show though. That hypnotist had a great sense of humor."  
  
"That he did." Gary agreed.  
  
The thing was, she had gone on stage with the other woman. She had stood still while Dr. Facinare had worked his hypnotic magic. And she had clucked like a chicken at his command. Gary knew all this. He thought she had just been playing along. But now he wondered whether she really didn't remember.  
  
Of course, that would mean she also didn't remember the rest of the show, or the exchange that Dr. Facinare had had with the husbands who came on stage to retrieve their hypnotized spouses.  
  
After ushering the husbands to the stage, Dr. Facinare turned them toward the audience and announced that their spouses would continue to cluck like a chicken every time someone said 'pullum', even after the show ended, unless their husbands tipped him. The other husband laughed, shook his head, and said he'd enjoy having his wife do that for company. Gary, who was sure his wife was just pretending, decided to play along. So, he reached into his wallet and pulled out two twenties. Handing them to Dr. Fascinare, he said, "No more clucking for my wife, please!"  
  
The hypnotist then shook Gary's hand and sent the other woman and her husband back to their seats. He brought Gary over to Kate, who was standing mesmerized nearby on the stage. Kate was on Gary's right side, and Dr. Facinare on his left side. Dr. Facinare turned toward Kate, and said, so the whole audience could hear: "You will no longer cluck like a chicken at the command 'pullum'. But instead, you will from now on respond to the command 'nudus profugit' from your husband. Whenever he says 'nudus profugit', you will take off whatever clothes you have on. You will not feel the least bit shy. You will stay naked until he says 'vestiet'. At that point, you will put back on whatever clothes you took off. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes. Dr. Facinare. I understand," Kate said flatly.  
  
The audience cheered wildly.  
  
Dr. Facinare tuned to Gary. "Shall we try it out now?"  
  
Gary' eyes widened. He glanced at Kate, but saw no reaction: she continued to stare forward blankly. Would she really keep up this charade and take off her clothes on stage in front of all of these people? He was tempted to test her resolve. He knew she would never strip down to her birthday suit in public in front of hundreds of strangers (all with cell phone cameras!), but he knew also that she was something of a closet exhibitionist, and might just push things to get a thrill and to call his bluff.  
  
"Thanks, but no." Gary said. "I'll save it for later!"  
  
The crowd jeered and booed.  
  
But then the jeering stopped as the hypnotist raised his right hand to silence them, and put his left hand on Gary's shoulder. "As you wish," the hypnotist said. "But you do remember the commands, right? Especially important is the one to get dressed again! I can't tell you how many times husbands have called me after commanding their wives to take off their clothes, only to realize they had forgotten the reversing command!"  
  
"Vestiet!" Gary said, smiling, "I'll remember."  
  
"And the other command?" Dr. Facinare asked, turning Gary to face him.  
  
"Nudus Profugit", Gary answered.  
  
"Perfect," Dr. Facinare replied. "Now I'm sure you noticed that the crowd took issue with your declining to test out your new powers on stage! I certainly understand, but perhaps you would like to give them just a little entertainment. After all, that's what this show is about!" He paused. " Can't you find it in your heart to try it out ever so briefly? You have the power to stop it at any time. Where is your sense of showmanship? Your wife would understand, I'm sure!"  
  
Gary was looking at the hypnotist, who held a firm grip on his shoulder and held his gaze through this conversation. Consequently, Gary was kept from noticing that behind him, immediately after he had uttered the magic words, his wife had kicked off her shoes and begun to unbutton her blouse. The hypnotist's long-winded persuasion was meant only to distract him! Dr. Facinare continued, saying, "So, are you sure you don't want try out your new powers just a little?"  
  
Gary shook his head, but then noticed that the crowd, instead of jeering, had begun hooting and cheering! By the time that he turned around and broke the hypnotist's hold, his wife had taken off her shirt completely and dropped it to the floor. She was now reaching behind her back to unzip her skirt!  
  
"I said no!" Gary yelled with some urgency as he turned back toward the hypnotist.  
  
"No, I believe you said you said 'Nudus Profugit!'" the hypnotist corrected, winking at the audience as Gary watched his wife's skirt fall to the floor.  
  
Camera flashes were everywhere. Gary at that moment understood that Kate might not be pretending. She was standing nearly naked on a stage in front of a room full of strangers, some who might even be neighbors, and many were snapping pictures of her calmly disrobing. Her face was completely blank as she reached behind her back to undo her lacy white bra. The crowd roared.  
  
"Vestiet! Vestiet!" Gary yelled out. Without a change of emotion, Kate stopped working to unclasp her bra and instead picked up her skirt, stepping into it, pulling it up, and zipping it.  
  
The crowd booed. Kate reached down to pick up her shirt from the floor.  
  
"Tardo!" said Dr. Facinare into his microphone, while again raising his hands to silence he crowd.  
  
Kate froze, while bent over and reaching toward her shirt.  
  
Dr. Facinare said. "Come now ladies and gentlemen. Let us not jeer a man who is simply protecting his wife's modesty. I think you managed to see quite a bit of her treasures as it is! Can we not have a hand for this great couple?"  
  
And the crowd responded, slowly at first, but then in a more fervent applause. All the while. Kate remained frozen.  
  
Dr. Facinare smiled. "That's better! Thank you." And Gary, I have another parting gift for you. You have already seen it in action. From now on, when you say 'Tardo,' your wife will freeze. She will move only in response to your touch. Like this." The hypnotist walked behind Kate.  
  
For a moment, Gary was concerned. His shirtless wife was bent over, her cleavage prominently on display, and the hypnotist was just behind her in what might be considered a compromising position. But instead of going for the cheap laugh, the hypnotist gently reached forward and pulled lightly on her shoulder, bringing her to a standing position. Then he grasped her upper right arm and wrist and moved them into a static position of a wave. Next, he took her left arm and wrist, and moved them into a position of blowing a kiss. Finally, he pinched her lips into a pucker.  
  
"Viola," said the hypnotist. "A perfectly molded sculpture. She blows a kiss and waves to her adoring audience." He picked her shirt up from the floor, and draped it across her shoulders.  
  
"And to get her to come back to life, you simply say 'Motus,'" the hypnotist explained. Upon hearing the word, Kate relaxed her arms, unpuckered her lips, and then reached up to grab her shirt from her shoulders. She put it on and buttoned it, while the audience clapped vigorously. After her shirt was buttoned, she slipped her feet into her shoes and then stood erect and faced forward, staring as if still in a trance.  
  
The hypnotist shook Gary's hand again, and whispered to him: "Good luck! I think you've got some good times ahead! Go on and take your wife back to her seat and I will break the mesmerizing spell. She will remember nothing."  
  
Gary took Kate by the hand, said "Motus", and then led her off the stage, back to their seats. All the while, the crowd continued to applaud. When they were seated, the hypnotist said. "Thank you, Kate and Gary, for being excellent subjects. And now I release you, Kate: 'Liberatio!'"  
  
Kate shuddered, blinked, then began clapping.  
  
The Hypnotist asked for three new volunteers. Kate and Gary settled in their seats and enjoyed the rest of the show.  
  
Now, back in the living room, Gary was convinced that Kate was telling the truth. And that could only mean one thing: She remembered nothing of her experience with the hypnotist. But was she still susceptible to the commands? Gary' first thought, of course, was to go with 'Nudus Profugit.' Why not? But on the chance that she was baiting him, waiting to mock him for trying to get her to strip, he came up with a more measured plan.  
  
"A great sense of humor, sure. But I thought he was a little Tardo," Gary said.  
  
Kate stared blankly at him from the sofa. She was stuck in a trance. He waited five, ten, then fifteen seconds. She didn't move. It worked!  
  
Gary stood up, and walked over to her. He waved a hand in front of her face. Nothing. He licked a finger and stuck it in her ear. A wet willie. She absolutely hated those. No way would she sit still for that unless she was truly under.  
  
Then he gently bent down, reached under her armpits, and guided her to stand up from the couch. He raised one arm, and then the other, so that they were extended horizontally by her sides. Then he lightly tugged on her right nipple through her tee shirt. She made no movement and did not change her expression. Gary kissed her on the mouth. "Oh, I think I'm going to like this." He said.  
  
He guided her arms so that they extended straight up over her head, then lifted her tee shirt up and off, exposing her pert breasts. Then he lowered her arms and positioned her so that each nipple was pinched between her own thumbs and a forefingers. He stepped back to admire the view. He took out his phone. Raising it, he snapped a picture. "Perfect screen saver," he said. Through it all Kate stared straight ahead.  
  
Gary put her shirt back on, and repositioned her on the couch. He wasn't sure what would happen if she woke in a different position than the one she had been in when frozen so he decided the safe thing to do was to reposition her as closely as possible to where she was.  
  
Then he took his position on the couch, and said 'Motus'. Kate shuddered slightly, blinked, and said. "Excuse me? You thought he was a little too what?"  
  
"Corny," Gary replied. "I mean, who believes in all that hypnosis stuff?"  
  
"Just a minute ago you were trying to convince me that I was hypnotized, Gary!" Kate said, with exasperation. "Now it's too corny to believe?"  
  
"I was just testing you," Gary smirked. "So, I'm guessing then that you don't believe any of those people really got hypnotized?"  
  
"Of course not. They are playing along. That's what people do. It's fun to play along," Kate said shrugging. "But no, I don't believe anyone can really be hypnotized."  
  
Gary smiled. "Then it would be OK with you if I tried to use a hypnotic suggestion that Dr. Facinare said he planted in you?" Gary asked?  
  
"Knock yourself out," Kate laughed. Then she stopped laughing and furrowed her brow. "Wait, what kind of hypnotic suggestion?" she asked  
  
"What's the difference? You don't believe in hypnosis," Gary replied.  
  
"No, I don't, but I'm curious as to what kind of hypnotic suggestion has got you so anxious to test," Kate said. "What do you think you can make me do?"  
  
"I can't make you do anything. We both know that. But the hypnotist did leave me with a little tip about how I might use his magic, and I just wanted to make sure it was OK with you," Gary responded.  
  
Kate shook her head. "It's definitely OK for you to try, buddy. But it's pathetic. And I will humiliate you when you do."  
  
She gave him a snarky look, rolled her eyes, stood up and walked toward the kitchen. "I'm going to toast a bagel and make coffee. You want in?"  
  
"Thanks yeah," Gary replied. "It's a nice day, should we eat breakfast out on the deck?"  
  
"Absolutely!" Kate agreed, still walking away.  
  
Gary stood up. Kate was now out of sight. He picked up the paper, walked toward the glass slider, and went out onto the deck. "Great, I'll meet you out there. Oh, and Kate?" He asked.  
  
"Yeah?", she replied from the kitchen.  
  
"Nudus Profugit!" he said.  
  
Gary sat at a chair around a cast iron table on the verdant deck. Lilac bushes surrounding the six-foot high walls made it relatively private, though nosy neighbors were not far in any direction. A stairway to the yard from the deck left some exposure, but it was shielded by two tall juniper trees from any direct line of sight to the neighbors. After about ten minutes, Kate arrived with small tray holding two toasted bagels, two mugs of coffee with milk, a tub of cream cheese, some cherry preserves, two butter knives, and a pile of napkins.  
  
She was buck naked.  
  
Casually, she unloaded the tray and then sat in a chair next to Gary, picking up a piece of the paper. "There's a new O'Keeffe show at the museum," she said, nonchalantly.  
  
"Yeah we should check that out," Gary agreed trying desperately to stifle his excitement.  
  
After breakfast, Gary cleared the dishes, leaving Kate to relax and read the paper, au naturale.  
  
When she came in, still naked, he smiled. It had really worked! Reluctant to push his luck, he said, "Vestiet, Kate".  
  
Kate said nothing, but gathered up her clothes and put them back on.  
  
Gary was stunned. His mind raced with possibilities for his newfound powers! And he wondered how long they would last. Certainly, as long as they did last, his beautiful wife was going to spend a lot more time in the buff!  
  
He went back to the den, and opened up his laptop. He searched web to learn more about hypnosis. He'd really never believed in it. But now...  
  
A couple of hours later, there was a knock at the front door. Gary got up to answer, but Kate was already ahead of him. "That'll be Jen," she said cheerily, "She's helping me with my project today. And she'll be staying for lunch."  
  
Jen was friends with Gary too, but the real pairings were gendered. Kate was friends with Jen, and Gary was friends with Jen's husband Seth. Gary and Seth had a longstanding poker game that coincided with Kate and Jen's book club nights.  
  
Gary left them in the kitchen to chat, settling in the den again with the Sunday paper, this time in the rocker. After about a half hour, the two women joined him in the living room. "Hey Jen, good to see you," Gary said. Kate and Jen sat down on the couch. Gary put down his paper.  
  
"Nice to see you too, Gary," Jen nodded, as she sat.  
  
"Can I get you a cup of tea," Mary Kate asked Jen, as she stood up. "I think I'm going to have one."  
  
"Sure," Jen answered. "That would be great."  
  
"Gary?" Kate asked.  
  
"No, I'm fine, thanks," Gary replied.  
  
After Kate had left for the kitchen, Jen turned to Gary. "I hear you saw a hypnotist show last night."  
  
"Yeah it was awesome," Gary replied. "Kate got up on the stage and clucked like a chicken."  
  
"Oh my God! He hypnotized Kate?" Jen said, covering her mouth. Then she yelled, loud enough to reach the kitchen. "Kate, you became a chicken on stage??!"  
  
Kate came into the room, scowling at Gary, "No, that's Gary's idea of a joke. I did no such thing."  
  
Gary shrugged. "We have different memories of the evening."  
  
"Yeah, yours is a fantasy," Kate said, shaking her head. "Don't fall for it, Jen." Then she headed back into the kitchen.  
  
"That's so funny," Jen said to Gary. "Are you teasing her or did she really go on stage?"  
  
"Oh, she went on stage." Gary nodded. "But he made her forget. He was really good."  
  
"Did he do anything else with her? Or was it just the chicken?" Jen asked, wide eyed.  
  
Gary paused. He knew he should just clam up, but Jen had a way of dragging out details from him. "There was some more, but let's just say I don't want Kate to hear about it. She might get a little embarrassed." Gary said.  
  
"Oh, now you have to tell me," Jen admonished him. "I want details!"  
  
"Sorry Jen, but a man has to have some discretion." Gary said. "But I can tell you that he did leave her with some subliminal triggers. And because I'm such a good tipper, he gave me an inside track on how to use them!"  
  
"Get the fuck out!" Jen said. "You mean to say that you can make Kate cluck like a chicken?"  
  
"Actually, no," Gary admitted, "That one he squashed for good. But he gave me a couple of others."  
  
"Such as?" Jen smiled.  
  
"I don't think I want to say", Gary demurred.  
  
"You're so full of shit, Gary." Jen said petulantly.  
  
"Maybe so." Gary admitted with a coy smile.  
  
"Tell me one! What's one thing you can make her do?" Jen begged.  
  
"I can say one word, 'Tardo', and she will freeze."  
  
"Did you already try that on her?" Jen asked  
  
"I did," Gary replied, boasting, "and she froze like a stone."  
  
Jen laughed. "How do you know she's not just playing along to jerk your chain?"  
  
Gary shrugged. "See for yourself." Then he yelled out, "Kate, can you come in here for a minute?"  
  
Kate came into the doorway. "What?" she asked.  
  
"Tardo," Gary commanded.  
  
Kate froze, staring, one arm propped on the doorway, the other on her left hip.  
  
Jen jumped up and walked over to Kate. Waving her hands in front of Kate's face, she asked "Kate, can you hear me? Kate? Helloooo!"

She turned to Gary. "If she's faking, she's doing a good job!"  
  
Gary nodded. "Yeah, that's exactly what I thought."  
  
"And how do you get her to move again?" Jen asked, her eyes locked on her friend.  
  
"Motis," Gary commanded. Kate shivered, then repeated her last word: "What?"  
  
"I changed my mind. I think I will have some tea, please," Gary said politely.  
  
"Sure, Darjeeling or Mint?" Kate smiled.  
  
"Darjeeling, please. Thanks Kate," Gary said. Kate turned and left.  
  
After Kate left, Jen looked wide-eyed at Gary. "Cool!" Then she paused. "You said he gave you a couple of triggers to use. What's the other one?"  
  
Gary pursed his lips. "I'm not going to say. You wouldn't believe it anyway."  
  
"Come on, I won't tell." Jen pleaded. "Is it oral sex? You men are so predictable!"  
  
Gary laughed. "That would have been a good one. But no. I'm afraid he didn't give me a BJ trigger. All I can do is make her take her clothes off."  
  
"You can make her strip? Anywhere? I know you've already tried that" Jen said.  
  
"Not yet," Gary lied. "But I'm pretty sure it'll work just as well as 'Tardo.'"  
  
"I'll bet it depends on when you give the command!" Jen replied. "I've always heard that hypnosis can only make you do things would do anyway. It not likely that Kate is going to get naked just anywhere. I mean, she's not going to get naked at lunch today, no matter what magic words you use!"  
  
"I think she would," Gary replied coolly. "In fact, I can test it out, if you'd like."  
  
"I'd bet you anything that she won't do it," Jen replied, with an edge of irritation in her voice. "Freezing? Sure. Stripping? Not going to happen."  
  
"She will if I command it," Gary replied, shrugging.  
  
"No. She won't. Here's how sure I am. If you can make her strip by saying your magic words, then I'll make it a two-fer. I'll strip too. You can have lunch with two of your favorite gals, in the buff. There's no way I'd let her do it alone, anyway." Jen let the words sink in.  
  
Gary's heart skipped a beat. He knew that Kate would strip on command, and it looked like he was about to be treated to a pair of naked beauties for lunch!  
  
Jen saw the wheels turning, and grinned at Gary. "But, if you can't get her to strip, then you've got to get into your birthday suit and serve us lunch today!"  
  
Gary nodded. "Look, Jen, the hypnotist told me that she would not notice being naked, but I don't think that extends to her not noticing her friend being naked! I don't know how she'll react."  
  
"That'll be my problem," Gary. "Anyway, it won't matter, cause she ain't stripping. So, is it a deal?"  
  
"Absolutely," Gary nodded. "Deal!"  
  
Just then, Kate came into the room, carrying a tray of tea cups.  
  
"Kate," Gary said, "Nudus Profugit".  
  
"Gary," Kate replied, scowling, "I'm not stripping with company over!"  
  
Gary's mouth dropped.  
  
"Wait, what?" he muttered. "You mean..."  
  
Kate tilted her head, and raised her hands to shrug. "Hypnosis is fake, honey. We've been over that!"  
  
"But you were almost naked on the stage, in front of all of those people..." Gary said.  
  
"Yes, and that was a thrill! I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't been so gallant to keep me from stripping off the last bits. But I was counting on your chivalry. And you did not disappoint." Kate walked over and kissed Gary on the forehead.  
  
"Did he tell you he stripped me for breakfast?" Kate asked Jen raising her eyebrows. Then turning to Gary, she said, "And he froze me an took a topless picture! Go ahead, Gary, show her the picture!"  
  
Gary sheepishly took out his phone, brought up the snapshot of Kate pinching her own nipples, and showed it to Jen.  
  
"You dog!" Jen laughed.  
  
Gary then put the pieces together. Turning to Kate, he asked, "Did you get Jen to set me up?"  
  
"Set you up to do what?" Kate asked, innocently.  
  
Jen laughed again "Gary bet me that he could make you strip, and the stakes were that he would strip and serve us lunch if he couldn't."  
  
"Really, Gary? You did?" Kate asked with mock surprise. "Well, I suppose a promise is a promise."  
  
Gary said, "You did set me up."  
  
Kate smiled. "Now honey, do you remember when I told you 'It's definitely OK for you to try to trigger me with hypnosis, but it's pathetic, and I will humiliate you when you do.'"  
  
Gary closed his eyes. "Yes, I remember."  
  
Kate hardened her voice just a little. "Well then I didn't set you up. I told you exactly what I was going to do. This is the part where I keep my word. And for you, Gary, I have only two words..."  
  
Jen couldn't help but complete Kate's sentence: "Nudus profugit!"