

“And you just love feeling *pleasure*, don’t you?” Your partner pressed the clicker as the pleasure trigger hit you. Your mind barely registered it, as the pleasure washed over you. “Yeah? Does *pleasure* make you feel good?” They pressed it again, smirking.

They kept on going like this, the trigger, and the clicker, in tandem. Until eventually, they didn’t need the trigger at all. “What’s wrong, babe?” They asked, as they watched the results of them pressing it. Moans spilling from your lips, body shuddering with bliss.

And then they pressed it again, and again, and again. The sharp *click* resonating through your mind and body, drawing *pleasure* out, filling you more and more. Eventually, the session was over, you were gasping, desperate, begging to cum, but they left you denied.

A couple of days passed, they resisted your encouragement to use the clicker, and kept a close guard over it. That distance just made you more eager. You had had that pleasure. You wanted more of it. You begged, you pleaded, but they just kept on denying you.

And so, the day after you had begged, you were making lunch, preparing a sandwich, when you heard them come into the kitchen, behind you. You went to greet them, not turning round, when that *click* hit your ears. All the waiting had been worth it.

As another *click* rang through the room, and then another, you took a step back, away from the counter, feeling your limbs turn to jelly as *pleasure* pulsed through you. You sank to the floor, quivering, as more and more *clicks* came, until, finally, they stopped.

You were so needy. So desperate. You looked up at them, towering over you, finger still on the clicker. Their smile was framed by the ceiling light behind them, making them look almost radiant. “Okay, you asked so nicely. Cum for me.” They said, pressing the clicker once more.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnotictriggers #pleasure #clickertraining