

A moan escaped your lips, as your hypnotist tapped your forehead again, popping a bubble of pleasure in your mind. “Feels good, doesn’t it sweetie? Each *pop* of pleasure, bursting in your brain?” They didn’t wait for an answer, just tapping again on your forehead.

Your hips bucked this time as the pleasure soaked into your brain, thoughts growing hard to grasp as the pleasure took hold. “Shh – sweetie. You don’t need to think right now, do you? No. Just feel the pleasure.” They tapped once, then twice, then three more times.

Each tap was another bubble popped. Each bit of pleasure left you feeling less able to think. You didn’t really care though. It felt too good. You weren’t trying to hide your delight, your moans slipped from your lips easily, effortlessly. Your hypnotist was laughing.

“That’s it. I don’t even need to hypnotise you right now. I can just make you a pleasure puppet for my amusement, the result is still the same. No thinking, just sweet, blissful obedience. And that’s all you want, isn’t it? For all your thoughts to turn to pleasure as they *pop*.”

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