

Your hips bucked, as your hypnotist snapped their fingers, setting another wave of pleasure racing through your body and mind. “That’s it, pet. Feels so good, doesn’t it?” They said, a smirk playing over their lips as their eyes traced over your body.

“Just let yourself sink deeper, and deeper for me, deeper into pleasure with every snap.” They snapped their fingers again. Your eyes rolled back, as your head tilted upwards. It was like a current of energy, growing with every – another snap. More pleasure.

It was melting your mind. Shocking your senses. You had no way to keep your mind together, the pleasure felt too good. Their words were slipping through your mental defences so easily. “Such a good plaything for me. You sink so easily, so helplessly into my pleasure, pet.”

They held up a hand, right in front of your face, and began to snap, over, and over again. Each snap was a bolt of bliss, frying your neurons, eroding your ability to think. All that existed was pleasure. All that existed was them. No resistance. No willpower. Just their pleasure.

At some point, the snaps stopped. Your mind felt like it had been fractured, spread out and separated into so many tiny pieces. “There we go, pet. Pleasure’s such a fun way to break you. Because now I get to put you back together so that my pleasure’s all you’ll ever want.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnotictriggers #fingersnaps #pleasure