

“Oh, honey, the question I’m asking is really simple. How much pleasure can I extract from your pretty little mind?” Your partner asked, stalking around you as you sat in the chair. You opened your mouth, but they pressed a finger to your lips before you could speak.

“Shh. I don’t need an answer from you. I don’t need any words from that sweet, slutty mouth, until I want them. I can think of some much better uses for it than speaking.” They smirked, leaning forwards. “But for now, I just want you to... *pulse.*”

The last word coincided with them tapping a finger to the tip of your nose. As they did, you felt a ripple of pleasure run outward, from the point of contact. You gasped as the pleasure enveloped your body, and they laughed. “That’s right. My good little pleasure puppet.”

They tapped you on the forehead, your off switch, and your eyes closed, your body slumped in the chair.

They then tapped your nose again. “Pulse.” And again.

“Pulse.” And they kept on going.

“Pulse. Pulse. Pulse!”

Your body was trembling as each pulse of pleasure washed over you. And each wave just got more intense. But your mind wasn’t responding. Wasn’t processing the pleasure. And that meant it just spent more and more time reverberating through you.

“You look so good like this, puppet. All blank and blissed out. Did you notice your eyes rolling up? Or are you too empty headed for noticing anything right now? It’s okay. We’re just getting started. I’m going to make you feel so very good. And you’re going to love it.”

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #pleasure #hypnotictriggers