

“Pulse.” You let out a moan as the pleasure washed over you. Your partner smiled, their hands continuing to tease you, only encouraging the next “Pulse.” The trigger reinforcing itself in your mind with every “Pulse.” You couldn’t think. You didn’t need to think.

You just need another “Pulse.” Of pleasure. A “Pulse” of bliss. And they kept on repeating it. One word. “Pulse.” Driving the pleasure higher, as your mind sank deeper. “Pulse. Pulse. Pulse and...” Your partner paused, their hands slowing. Allowing you to catch your breath.

It took some time, you were still reeling from the sensations that had been dancing through your body. But just as you were starting to piece your mind together, their hand brushed your cheek, took hold of your chin, pulling your vision up to meet their gaze. “Pulse.” They said.

And your eyes rolled upwards as another wave of pleasure crashed through you. A blissful deluge that pulled a moan from your lips, scattering thoughts before it. You had no way to resist. No desire. Why would you? It felt too good. You just wanted another “Pulse.”

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