

“You’re being so silly, pet. I’m not accidentally conditioning you, I’m intentionally conditioning you.” Your hypnotist said, snapping their fingers, causing your mind and body to quiver with pleasure. “I’m just dangling bait out here for you to take.” Another snap rang through the air.

“All these little bits of pleasure that make it so easy for you to follow along and obey me.” They said, smirking, snapping again. You let out a moan this time, as the pleasure pulsed in your mind, rushing through your body. It made you want to touch. To rub.

“And as you take those bits of pleasure into yourself, you find yourself shifting, and changing.” They snapped again. Your hips bucked, and they laughed. “That’s it. You’re bending to my whims. Each snap of my fingers is another burst of bliss that drags you further into my control.”

They held their fingers up before your eyes for a moment, your mouth hung open, hungrily, needily. You wanted them to snap. You needed them to snap. They smirked. “And before long, you’re going to find yourself wanting more, and more, and more of it.”

You let out a whine. “You’ll be walking along, and find yourself needing to hear me snap my fingers. When that happens, I’m looking forward to hearing you beg, and plead. But for now, just keep focusing, just keep listening, and waiting for the...” They snapped their fingers.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #conditioning #pleasure #fingersnaps