

“Pulse.” The word echoed through your brain. Tingles of pleasure ricocheted through your body. Your eyes closed, as if not being able to see your hypnotist would make the feelings less intense. That wasn’t how it worked, of course. But logic wasn’t a part of your mind right now.

“Pulse.” Their name fell from your lips. A breathless plea for more pleasure. More bliss. A recursive loop of delight that moved from your head, to between your legs, and sparked back up your spine. They were laughing. “You look so good like this. All wound up.”

Your hypnotist’s hands were roaming over your body. “And it only gets more intense, with every Pulse.” You shook as the pleasure blossomed through you. It felt so good. It was consuming your mind. Your thoughts, your everything. They pressed a finger to your lips.

“Shhh, pet. Take a moment, let the pleasure subside.” They put a finger under your chin as your moans stopped. “Are you feeling okay?” They asked. You nodded, and they smirked. “Good. Well then, I guess you can take some more, can’t you? Pulse.”

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