

“Good toy.” Your partner said. “Feeling all that pleasure from that bubble, cascading through you. Letting it take hold in your mind. I want you to make another bubble of pleasure for me. Capture it. Let it multiply, filling up the bubble with all that delicious pleasure.”

Your mind slowed down as the pleasure was caught again. Trapped in the bubble in your mind.

“That’s it, feel that bubble in your brain. And let it shrink a little. Getting smaller. The pleasure just as potent, just not taking as much space up in your mind.”

The pleasure was still there. A memory of delight. But it was trapped. Hidden, unable to course through you like you wanted it to. “And then, feel that one bubble become two.” In your mind, two concentrated bubbles of pleasure bobbed. “And then four.”

They multiplied again. “Eight. Sixteen. Thirty-two. Sixty-four. More and more bubbles of pleasure in your mind. Replacing themselves, each time they... Pop!” Their finger tapped your forehead. A bubble of pleasure burst, and your body was filled once more with bliss.

“Pop!” Another tap of their finger, your eyes rolled back as another bubble burst. “Pop! Pop!” They kept on tapping. The pleasure felt incredible. “And with each pop, another bubble appears in your mind, ready to be popped. Ready to fill you with pleasure.”

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