

“Focus on my lips, toy.” Your partner said. Your gaze travelled down their face, from their eyes, to their mouth. “Can you feel the pull? Tugging at your mind. At your thoughts?” You nodded. You could. You felt the urge to kiss them, growing every moment.

You leant forwards, but they planted a finger on your lips. “Hush, sweetie. Hold back, just for a moment. Let yourself fixate on that kiss. That sensation. We’ve kissed so many times before, but this will be a special kiss. It’s going to steal your thoughts. Your mind.”

Their words weren’t reducing your desire to kiss them. “You’ve heard tell of mythical creatures that steal people’s souls with their kisses, right? It’s such a common trope that it’s practically cliché. Well, this is like that. Consider me your succubus for tonight, and come kiss me.”

Their finger on your lips slipped downwards, to your chin, tugging you forwards gently. Your lips met theirs, and your mind slipped away, thoughts drawn out of you by the greedy kiss that was pulling at more and more of you the longer it lasted. You didn’t want it to end.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #induction #hypnoticcouple #hypnotickisses