

Your hypnotist slipped their fingers under your chin with a smile, eyes burning with a passionate intensity as they studied you. Their lips looked so soft in this light. "Would you like a kiss, toy?" They asked, obviously noticing where your eyes had gone.

You nodded into their grip on your chin, as they tilted your head back, pulling you up, up, up. "Very well. Come here." Their other hand reached round behind your head, they had leant down. And then that hand tangled in your hair. As it pulled, your mind fell away.

The hair pull was an old trigger. Something from a few months ago. But it was no less effective. The sensation was recognisable, and your brain knew exactly what to do with it, disappear. You sank back into the chair, as your hypnotist laughed. "You looked so eager, toy."

They brushed a thumb down your cheek. "So desperate for a kiss. And who can blame you? They feel nice. In fact, when you come back up, out of trance, you'll be wanting a kiss more. And that will repeat, every time I drop you and bring you back up. The need will only grow."

You could feel it now. The yearning for their lips to meet yours. The desire to be locked together, breath mingling, so hot, so desperate. "And awake!" They snapped their fingers, grinning eagerly as your eyes opened. "Well, toy. We both know what's going to happen..."

Their hand was on your chin again, tilting your head back. "But you don't care, do you? You just want it. The kiss. It's going to feel so good. Maybe I'll let you have it this time..." They tapped you on the forehead with their other hand, making you drop again. "Or maybe not."

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #desire #suggestion #droptrigger