

You had to get out. To escape. It was getting closer. A mass of writhing, inky tendrils, slowly approaching you. You pressed desperately up against the door, which did not yield. It held firm as you hammered on it, calling for someone, anyone, on the other side.

You didn't turn around, you knew it was getting closer. How close was it now? You couldn't bare to look. The thought of- A tendril wound around your leg. It was sinuous, and strong. It dragged, having found something to latch on to. You were being pulled backwards

Another tendril wrapped around the same leg, and then one wrapped around your waist. They each added to the strength that was pulling you away from the door. You were feeling numb – or – No. You were numb where the tentacles had latched on to you.

The tendrils were still coming, but you knew that you had to fight. You grabbed one of the tendrils with a hand, and pulled, but your fingers fell slack, where they had touched the inky flesh of whatever this was. You lurched away from the door, supported on one leg.

More of them were wrapping themselves around your body. As more of you went numb, hanging limply in its grasp, you knew this was it. It had you. It dragged you away from the door, turning you around to face it. There was a glassy orb in the middle of the tendrils.

It began to flash bright colours, as the tendrils continued to envelop you, like a second skin. As they wrapped around your head, they left your eyes open to the world. They were pushing at your ears. The world began to dissolve into... Pleasure, as the tentacles invaded your mind.

The colours swirled, and all thought of escape was forgotten. Why would you ever want to escape this? The colours began to fade, but you could feel your body moving, with your awareness pushed away, hidden inside your own mind. You had lost control, and you did not care.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #mindcontrol #alien #brainwashing