

Something sweet dripped onto your tongue. It tasted good. You could feel your thoughts turning sticky as it slid down your throat. Another drop landed. The sweetness intensified in your brain, it was cloying, clumping your thoughts together. Making it hard to think.

Another drop. A part of you wondered if you should let this continue. But... Why did you want to stop? It tasted nice. And... Mmm, as another drop landed on your tongue, you felt something else. A soft lick of arousal. You didn't mind that your eyes were covered.

You didn't care that you were restrained. You didn't care that you had gotten lost in the hive. No. All you cared about was having more of the sweet, sweet honey. You could hear the hive's buzzing in your mind. It seemed to pulse, driving your thoughts away. That was nice.

You knew the creature that was administering it would be another drone for the hive. A person who used to be like you. Transformed by the honey. The idea of that transformation excited you. Not having to think. Belonging to the hive. It was... Thrilling.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #hypnotichoney #brainwashing #dronification