

The captivating stranger had allowed you to join them in a booth at the back of the bar, and you had spent the last hour chatting. You had noticed them sliding closer to you, and you welcomed it. Their presence was... Intoxicating. Like nothing else mattered right now.

Finally, they had leant in, and as your lips met theirs, the world seemed to be melting into a sea of unimportance. The only thing you cared about was them. This moment. They broke the kiss with a finger to your forehead, pushing you back against the upholstery.

As they straddled your lap, a small part of your mind wondered if you should care if anything saw what was happening. But then the finger pressed to your forehead turned translucent, and sank through your skin. Then your skull. You could feel it.

Cold. Pressing. You wanted to scream. This was – who – what? Before you could formulate any thoughts, the sensation spread out, through your brain, going from cold to a pleasant warmth. “Hush, human. This is going to feel good. You don’t need to worry about what I’m doing.”

Their voice had changed. It resonated through your mind, rumbling and shaking your thoughts loose. Your eyelids fluttered as your muscles went limp. “There you go, found your motor functions. You just let me remake you. You’re going to be such a good slave for us, human.”

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