

Pink, sparkling bubbles filled your mind. You tried to think, to wrest some control of your situation back to yourself. But thinking was an alien concept right now. Your body wouldn't do what you wanted it to. Your brain was like a light bulb that wasn't getting enough power.

Occasionally, a thought would come through, but it would be half formed, nonsensical. Not that you knew what that meant. You just knew that you looked good. That you felt good. That the cutie in front of you was paying attention to you. That made you feel even better.

The thought of riding them floated to the surface of your brain, and you giggled, leaning forward, hand resting on their arm. They asked something that you – floating on crystalline clouds of pleasure and laughter – didn't hear. But your body knew the response.

Whatever was guiding you, controlling you, knew what it wanted. And as the two of you stood up, you looping an arm round theirs, the tiny part of you that could still think despaired. You didn't know how much longer you could keep on thinking of a way out.

This thing, this entity, that had infested you, was too powerful. Too strong. Too strong to beat by yourself. That gave you a small thought. But it was coherent. You needed to bring more people to it. Together you could win. That made you feel better, as you left the bar.

Though, was this the right person? They had been easy to convince. Easy to bring out here. A bit of skin, the right remarks, the hint of what you might do with them. A few suggestions laced into helping them relax, and they had been putty in your – its – hands.

That didn't matter. You just needed another. And if that wasn't enough, then another. And another. Wait. That didn't sound right. Or – No. It was good. If there were more of you, you could have company in this. You let out a giggle. That was right. You were such a clever drone.

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