

Something was invading your mind. You could feel it, just like you could feel your partner's touch as they urged you to resist. "You have to run, please. Go. You have to fight!" It was so hard, your thoughts felt like a jumbled mess. "You have to... You have to... Give in."

They breathed in contentedly, as they stopped speaking. Their hand slipped from your shoulder, as they stood up straight. "Join us." They stepped closer to you. Their irises glowed a faint orange. The light seemed to shimmer in such a captivating way.

You were still struggling. You took a hesitant step backwards, down the corridor. The smell of damp was still invading your nose, though it wasn't as repulsive as it had once been. "It's okay. It feels good to give in. It feels..." Your partner shivered slightly, smiling. "Pleasant."

You shook your head slowly, taking another step back as they began to advance. Your muscles were proving slow at responding. "It doesn't matter if you give in willingly or not... It's already in your body. You've been breathing it in since we arrived."

They were trying to get you to stop running. You had to keep moving. "Of course, if you'd prefer, I can hold you down and make you swallow every spore that flows through me. Then we can be together, as one." The thing that had been your partner smiled.

But it wasn't the familiar smile you knew. "Am I no longer attractive to you? Do you not want to hold me?" It was using their voice. And that made it so hard to fight. You... You... You did want to wrap your arms around them. To embrace them. To... To do more than that.

Something switched in your brain. "Ahh... That's how to get you mammals to fall in line. Desire." Your partner kept moving. Your legs had frozen in place, as a wave of desire rushed through your body. You let out a soft moan as your partner trailed a hand down your chest.

No. That wasn't your partner. That was something occupying their body. It was going to... that thought dissolved as your partner's hands began to caress you. You so badly wanted to touch them, but... Did you need to run? Thinking was so hard. You had to give in.

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