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Hypnovember 2023, Day 25: Parasite/Virus(Brainslug takeover)

Themes: ear-entry / brain-drain / slime / rapid orgasm / puppeting

Word count: 1,211

Not every morning starts off all sunshine and rainbows, of course.

But you never expected to have one start off with a dozen bizarre slugs oozing
all over your body!

You let out a scream and launch out of bed, frantically reaching to pry each of
them off your pajamas.

They're remarkably large for slugs, about 6 inches long and nearly 2 inches tall.
They're a strange speckled purple, and have left prominent yellow slime trails
everywhere they went, including your body.

You hastily pull them off one by one, tossing them aside... off your chest, your
arms, your legs, your back... one had even been sitting on your crotch, which
you REALLY don't care for.

Finally, you've gotten them all that you can see. They all lie scattered on the
floor now, reorienting and trying to make their way toward you, but at far too
slow a pace to worry about now that you're conscious.

You examine how you're feeling... could they have been poisonous in some way?
Other than a faint revulsion at the thin slime painted onto your skin and
clothes, you feel perfectly fine.

Except... your hearing seems a little off. Sounds feel oddly weighted to the right.
And does your head feel... heavier than usual? No wait, that's...

Your left ear is PLUGGED with something.

You're mere seconds too late, as one final slug, which you'd completely missed, lunges straight down your ear canal, somehow stretching its body so far that it manages to fit through that tiny space.

Your entire body shudders. You can FEEL the thing squelching and squirming inside you, traveling deeper inside you. You desperately try to reach inside, but your fingers can't get more than an inch inside. All you can do is brush its slimy tail before it wriggles too far in to ever reach with bare hands.

Ohhhhhh god... you clutch your head with terror. Is it going to gnaw on your brain? Dissolve your bones? Block your blood flow like a tumor? So many ways it could ruin you from benea-

Your body stiffens. But... that wasn't you...

You gasp as you feel the thing's CONTROL wash over you. Like stepping into a cold shower, except the sensation blankets the INSIDE of your body, somehow. You can REALLY feel it inside you now... the slug clinging directly to your brain, undulating and excreting its slime onto it. Hijacking it, somehow.

Before panic manages to set in, you feel a strange *tugging* sensation. The next moment, your mind is out like a LIGHT. Your eyes roll upward, your mouth hangs open. Your arms go limp, and you just shiver continuously. You feel like your thoughts have been turned off... your mind vacated.

Then, in the midst of that emptiness, a single, hesitant word drifts into the forefront.

Friend...?

Friend... you... you know what that word means. You like friends.

Friend!

The word came directly from the slug... the brainslug, rather. You feel its primitive thoughts trickling into your mind, taking over your faculties.

Friend... friend.....

You feel a gentle tickle on your toes. You look down, seeing the multitude of slugs on the floor, all converging on you at their leisurely pace. Two of them have oozed onto your feet and begun to climb up.

Brainslug is... friend! Friends are fun!

An overwhelming compulsion hits you. You find yourself stiffly bending down, and reaching out with abrupt motions to pick up a slug in each hand. You squeeze them with excessive force, due to your new "friend" struggling to manage your strength. But that's okay, they're extremely flexible! One of them managed to fit in your ear, after all~

Friends, friends!

The slug inside you chants that same word over and over, and you could swear the rest of them are joining in for a chorus. Your... friends!

A dopey smile creeps onto your face, as you place them in random spots on your body, enjoying the way their forms squelch against your skin. Like the soft caress of a lover!

You hasten to help the rest of your friends up, attaching them to your person. They can all come along! You feel your close friend pulling and tugging, seemingly exploring what ways it can affect you.

Friends... feel happy!

The slug senses the corresponding trigger in your brain, and yanks on it.

You immediately break out into a VERY wide grin, dopamine flooding your system. Your body goes even more ramrod straight than before. You LOVE this! You LOVE your new friends!!

You dimly notice a certain other thing being triggered, as collateral from that sudden downpour. Your friend senses it too! Time to investigate.

You stiffly pull your garments off, careful not to disturb the slugs clinging to your legs. Your cock pops out, erect and twitching.

Friends feel... pleasure...

The slug finds that other trigger, and pulls. You whine in reflex, feeling your cock THROB. Who needs rubbing when your friend can just deliver that pleasant sensation directly?~

Your enthrallment is all the encouragement the brain-slug needs. It pulls harder and harder, sending pulse after pulse of INTENSE pleasure, only amplified by the constant rush of pure joy.

Is it... natural to feel this strongly? Of course it is!! Who wouldn't be happy to be with their friends?~

The slugs' simplistic mindset soaks into your brain just as easily as the slime. Smoothing your mind over, ironing out all complex thought, making you into a perfect little host.

And you stand dutifully straight and still, arms to your sides, hands pointed outward. Completely helpless to prevent it even if you wanted to!

Pulse... pulse... PULSE...

Your arousal builds alarmingly fast, like you used a cheat code! Only seconds in, you're already dribbling like crazy. Huffing furiously, smiling like a fool, staring intensely at nothing in particular. It doesn't take much longer for you to break.

Friends are BLISS!!!

The slug heaves onto that trigger, and you cum explosively, completely hands-free. Your brain abruptly hard-wired to deliver as much pleasure as possible. A moment of pure ecstasy. Basking in the company of your adorable, wonderful friends~

Once it finally passes, you somehow find yourself transmitting a brief signal BACK to the slug:

Thank you, friend~

You then deflate like a balloon, relaxing into a slack zombie-like posture, though your legs somehow keep you upright still. Your capacity for ecstasy expended for the moment, your mind settles back down into a sleepy, empty-headed trance. Not outright joyous or pleasurable, just... deeply peaceful.

Friends...

Your feet begin to walk of their own accord. To where, you can't imagine. But your friend must have an idea. At this point, the brainslug's figured out how to tap into your memories, and soak up the information there. Not processing all of it, of course... just focusing on one thing, the only thing it knows.

Frieeeeeeends~

Your friends, that is. The ones you already had before you met your new ones.

Your body plods along, completely oblivious to your exposed lower half, your cock dripping with seed, and the random slime trails painted across your body.

One final, lazy thought crosses your mind before, in spite of your body still being in motion, unconsciousness claims your mind.

They would make excellent hosts too...~