

You should have run when you had the chance. When the screen first flicked on, the spiral first appeared. But something compelled you to stay. Something held you rooted to the spot. It felt so... Right, to stare. And then came the noise. Barely audible.

Maybe there was a voice in there. You couldn't tell. You had no concept of the passing of time. Your brain felt like it had melted, and your body was still frozen in place. Things were slipping from your grasp. What you had been doing before this. Where you were. Who you were.

You were... Who were you? What were you? A toy. A plaything. Those words sounded right. Something to be used and experimented with. The spiral switched off. Hands held you, tightly, marching you from the room. Your brain still wasn't working.

Your body was out of your control. And it felt wonderful. No responsibility. No willpower. Just blank, empty-headed obedience. A puppet, controllable, poseable, useable. You were sat in a seat, there were other people in other seats around you. It was bright.

Someone was calling out numbers, placards were being raised. You smiled, there were people watching you. You wanted to be watched. You needed to be displayed. You were a pretty object. It just made sense. Someone took your hand. You were theirs. You understood.

This was your entire existence now. You loved it. You couldn't remember anything else. Why would you? It felt so good to be useful. To belong. To be a pretty object, a pleasure puppet, to be used, and toyed with. You were so glad you hadn't run. It just made sense.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #slave