

The haze over your mind was fading slightly. Rather than being blinding, it was just... Present. You blinked, trying to sit up. The warm, cozy lighting made everything look so inviting. You heard soft footsteps behind you, and after a moment, turned your head to see your handler.

"Hello there subject, did you have a pleasant nap?" They asked, holding up a clipboard.

You opened your mouth to respond, before remembering – A screen, stuck into the grass. A spiral, capturing your attention. The fading glimmer of hope. You thought about not answering.

It was the only thing you had left to you. Your voice. They couldn't-

"Speak, subject." They pressed a clicker, and the sound reverberated through your mind, shaking your defiant thoughts loose.

"Yes handler, my nap was wonderful." You said, unable to try to resist.

They smiled as they made a note on their clipboard, before meeting your eyes. "Well, I'm glad to see you're responding so well to your triggers. Though you didn't respond until prompted. Maybe we should schedule in some more brainwashing this afternoon. Does that sound nice?"

"I'd love that! Please, brainwash me as much as you need." You couldn't control your mouth. A small part of you was panicking. But it was a very small part of you, and that just made it panic even more. You should be plotting your next escape, it was saying.

But the rest of you wasn't listening to that tiny, insignificant part of you. "Oh we will, don't worry, you silly subject. Whilst we're in there... No. You're not ready for personality reprogramming yet. We'll break any remaining resistance before beginning that."

You blinked, their words rolling over your fractured brain, and they smiled. "Don't worry your sweet head about it. Let's get you set up for some deeper conditioning, huh?" They walked to the door, their Institute lab coat swaying as they walked, before turning, and beckoning.

#erotichypnosis #microfiction #erotica #control #brainwashing #hypnotictriggers