

Screens flickered to life. You had a single moment to decide on your course of action. You had seen your friend, staring, blank eyed at a screen like the one that had switched on in front of you. So you closed your eyes. You could see some faint, flickering light, behind your eyelids.

But you couldn't see whatever your friend had seen, that had reduced them to the mindless, drooling thing they had become. "Well done, subject. You have gained yourself more time, before you become brainwashed. It's fascinating to think how many don't close their eyes."

The voice seemed to emanate from all around you. You felt behind you for the door you had walked in through, and found... Nothing? That couldn't be right. But no, there was just brick work. You began to feel along the walls, desperate. "What's wrong, subject?"

You tried to ignore the voice. "Are you looking for a way out? That won't be possible, we're afraid. We need some time to talk to you." As they kept speaking, you realised there was actually two voices, speaking at once. "But by all means, keep looking, subject."

Their words harmonised, beautifully, reverberating around the walls, getting stuck in your brain. You- You needed to keep on searching for an exit. "If you get tired, feel free to stretch. Or to sit. We know how tiring looking for an escape can be. You can trust us on that."

You had already gone down three of the walls. There was only one left. "You see, we want to provide you with an escape. An escape from the drudgery of your life, subject. All those hours, spent doing the same things, over and over again. Isn't it tiring?"

It was. This was. You felt fatigue, washing over you. "That's what we thought, subject. It's so tiring, thinking about what to do all the time. It's so much easier when other people can do the thinking for you, isn't that right? Shh, just nod your head yes."

You caught yourself, you had been about to nod along with the voice. But you held back, you resisted, with some effort. "Oh, that's well done, subject. Good job on resisting us. But the more you resist, the weaker you get. Before long, you will submit. Why delay?"

The fourth wall had revealed nothing either. So you went to the floor, on your hands and knees, feeling around. But it was hard work. And as your hand brushed something soft, and pillowy, you stopped moving. "Oh, you found the bed, subject! Go on, take a rest..."

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