

“Put this on, my love.” Your partner said, holding out their hand. Dangling from the end, swaying slightly in the cool evening air, was a blindfold. The rustling of the hedge maze’s leaves felt quieter as you focused on them. On the blindfold. Obediently, you took it.

Once it was securely covering your vision, you felt them take your hand. Their warmth was a comforting feeling, against the autumn chill. “Right, follow me, toy. Follow my voice, and let me lead you into the maze of your mind.” They gave a gentle tug, and you started walking.

As you followed them, you could feel the coolness of the air intensify, the shade of the hedges having blocked light all day. “Okay, right, we go left first.” They led you along the path. “And then right.” They said, speeding up slightly. You lengthened your stride.

You were putting your trust in them. But that was perfect. You did trust them. “Just keep following my voice, toy. As we make these turns. Twisting. Moving. Flowing down passages. Just like my voice flows through your mind. But, this is a maze.”

They paused as they walked around you, turning you around as they held onto your hand. “Each change of direction is another chance that you’ll become lost. Just like you’re losing your thoughts to my voice.” They started walking again. “But it’s okay. I’m your guide.”

Their words pulled at your mind. You felt the wind blowing past you as you walked. It felt like each gust was snatching away thoughts. But they squeezed your hand. A reassuring presence. You weren’t keeping track of where in the maze you were. They had you. You were safe.

The blindfold was securely covering your vision. You couldn’t find the thoughts to consider taking it off. “Okay, toy. Let’s go left.” They said. You felt them dragging you right. Your brain was confused, and for a moment, you tugged back. “What’s wrong, toy?”

“L-left...” You said, struggling to speak, suddenly aware of how dazed you had become, how deep you were in trance.

They giggled. “I said right, silly. Are you getting confused?” Their tone was soft, kind. They wrapped their arms around you.

You softened into the hug, your thoughts growing hazy. “It’s okay.” They said. “You don’t need to think. You don’t need to do anything but follow. We’re nearly there. Just sink, and drift, and follow me deeper into your mind. Deeper into the maze. Deeper into trance.”

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