

Your date had asked you to come to the art gallery – there was an exhibition there that they were really excited about: ‘The mind – a deconstruction of the self’. They hadn’t said much on what it was about, but with a title like that, you had expected something quite... Out there.

It hadn’t been too much when you had first arrived. A few pamphlets, extolling the virtues of mindlessness. A few different paintings, of people in compromising positions. Several screens were set up at different points in the room, but they were blank.

And through all of it, there was a slowly lowering tone, that never seemed to come back up. A ‘Shepard tone’, your date had called it, hanging on your arm as they excitedly showed you around. It was easy to follow them. Their excitement was undeniable for this.

So why not let them take the lead? Finally, after showing you around all the bits you could see, they pulled you over to a bench, which was placed facing a screen. As you sat into it, you noticed that it felt surprisingly comfortable. When had you gotten so tired?

You didn’t have time to answer that question. As soon as you had sat, the screen in front of you flicked on. A spiral spun, and you found yourself transfixed, unable to look away. Your date was whispering in your ear. You felt so comfortable. Why would you want to look away?

As you left the gallery, holding your partner’s hand, everything felt... Wonderful. So much simpler than before. You knew your purpose. You knew what you had to do. And it had been so easy to accept it. So easy to learn. There was no going back. This was your life now.

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