

“Have you ever heard of Sto-”

“If you say Stockholm Syndrome I swear to god I’ll punch you,” Eric threatened the interviewer assigned to him. He was half certain that the bespectacled old guy was a therapist of some kind, supposed to help him deal with trauma or some shit like that. The man was undisturbed by the threat.

“Have you been experiencing flashbacks, sudden moments of disorientation, or-?”

“Stop trying to diagnose me, old man. Just let me and my friends go, alright? You don’t want trouble with our crew.”

The old man took a moment to clean his lenses with the corner of his white coat and readjust them on his nose.

“Sir. You have visible bruises that I could see as soon as you entered the room, and I can tell they have been inflicted over a long period. You have not allowed me to examine your body, god knows how serious your injuries are upon close inspection. I am here to help you. To provide medical assistance.”

“Olly takes care of us. If needed, he’ll bring us to the hospital himself even if he has to swim across a frozen sea.” Eric proclaimed, loud and clear, like a dog barking his owner’s praises. The older man didn’t seem surprised.

“Your attitude is consistent with survivors of abuse, I believe that your perception of reality has been warped by your need for survival when you were threatened by your captor.”

“Master.”

“Excuse me?”

“Master,” Eric repeated. “Olly is my master, not my captor. I chose to live with him. I choose to continue this lifestyle every day. I could leave any time I wanted.”

The interviewer piped up. “Every victim erroneously believes that.”

“I KNOW I could leave at will, because every time I just asked, Olly let me go. I came back every time by my own decision.” Eric’s voice rose, getting more inflamed. He pointed his thumb at himself. “If you need to arrest someone here, throw me behind bars or whatever the fuck you

morons do, but you better let Olly go or I'm going to be really fucking mad, okay?!"

"Calm down, sir! I am here to help you!"

"There is only one way to help me right now," Eric said, slamming his hands on the desk between the two of them. "Bring me to Olly immediately."