

A dream I call "The Hound"

hey there! dream story time. So that's a rendition I never actually finished of how I looked like in this particular dream. It was set in a world or place where medieval/feudal aspects mixed with futuristic ones, specially science wise. ¶¶¶ There, a sketchy lord had captured both my best friend and I, wanting to keep her as his wife against her wishes. The fate he decided for me was to be the one to help him keep her captive, by modifying me biologically. You see, that lord in the dream, ran a business by controlling people's minds and will via chemicals or implants and in my case, he injected me something daily that made me forget who I was, forget about my friend, and kind of be in factory settings convinced that I had always been with him as part of his bodyguard and his ¶"hound¶" with enhanced physical skills and ability to track people down, more specifically my friend. I had an unbearable instinct to find her whenever she tried to escape, that was my job and I was 100% it had always been that way. ¶¶¶ Under his command, I kept my friend from escaping his manor multiple times and she of course begged me to remember her and help her. At some point idk how I managed to override that Jekyll & Hyde situation within myself and came back to my senses. I apologized profusely for everything I had done while I was not myself and helped her get away together. We were chased by the lord's guards and where they seemed too close for both of us to make it, I told her to keep going while I bought time. I waited and tried to fight them off but I was thrown to the ground and held there. When I was pinned down, some people in white lab coats stabbed a needle on my neck. It hurt like hell and I knew I was being ¶"transformed¶" again into the hound. I was just hoping that my friend had gotten away and was passing out until I woke up in real life