

# From Behind a Mask of Ennui

## EXCERPT

### Chapter Two

Rio

*The man on the plain metal surface struggled to regain his senses, a task that occupied his tired mind for several minutes before he could finally focus on the world around him. Finally, he had started to shake off whatever it was that they had given him, a narcotic that left him feeling physically powerless and mentally bewildered.*

*That he was in an infirmary; that was certain. Had he been in an accident? Where were his memories of injury and harm?*

*No!*

*He was here, in this semblance of a hospital because of the distorted needs of others.*

*He was here because he had lost control over his life, his body and his future.*

*That something had been done to him, well, that was pretty certain as well! He could move his head a little, just a few inches, to see a bag of fluid from which depended a narrow tube that disappeared out of his sight. The sight of the reality of his plight brought a tear to his eyes and blurred the angular spread of white polished tiles that covered the wall.*

*A test of the restraints that fixed him to the table allowed him to discover no weak link that allowed more than a little movement. He just had to await his fate, a fate that others now determined. All of his options had narrowed to a single straight track, a road with no turnings, no alternatives but to obey the depraved couple who now moulded his future.*

*He rested and relaxed, strength was starting to return, the physical effects of the drug lingered longer than the mind numbing lassitude. His memory was returning. It was a memory of a golden time when he controlled his own destiny. The splinters started to rearrange and the form of the story solidified into a whole.*

*The metal was warm from his body and something soft had been placed under his head. He was comfortable, he was not in pain, he was warm and he was at rest. These were certainties that reassured him, made him relax. Made him accept reality as being what was here and now around him.*

*Gradually it all came back.....*