IDOLSDOWN

This story contains adult content. Do not read if you are under the age of 18. This work exists in a fantasy setting and is not a faithful representation of hypnosis or appropriate consent practices. Non-consensual sex/sexual acts and non-consensual hypnosis in real life are highly immoral and illegal, and we do not condone such acts. All characters in this story are above the age of 18. By Skaetlett © 2025: do not repost without explicit permission.

Aria Quill knew things were going too well. The captain of famed idol resistance group Hello Daydream knew to keep her superstitions in check, not wanting the other members to catch onto her hesitation and uncertainty. Dakota Bloom, a fellow peppy idol, noticed her nerves and tried to calm the captain down, but that didn't stop Aria's nerves from firing off.

Every concert was a risk. But this was different. In years past, idolatry was entertainment. A way to bring joy and smiles to people all over the world. Idols would go on tour, bringing their song and dance to the masses. An important mission if a simple one compared to all else. But after the Empire began cracking down on the resistance, idols took on a very different role — and one infinitely more important. Idols kept hope alive. They kept things like love and passion alive. Things that went against the empire, of course— as they began to target any form of media that didn't fit in with their sick and twisted visions of the future. Art and entertainment that conformed to the tight standards were cold, bland, lifeless. Idols were supposed to sing of things that blatantly went against the regime— and so, idols were some of the first to be targeted. Already some groups were being torn apart, or even kidnapped in full.

All members of Hello Daydream — the leader Aria Quill, Dakota Bloom, Ember Glow, Kyra Stardust, and Luna Vesper — learned to fight back. Those who had gave up their very name to become an idol now prepared for the possibility of giving up their very lives.

They learned hand to hand combat, how to use various weapons, and perhaps most importantly, how to pilot and fight within a mecha suit. Things they never wanted to learn. None of them wanted to put their lives on the line, but their song and dance were some of the thin strands holding people's heads high. And they learned to continue bringing their concerts even as they fought and protected their friends and audiences.

They needed their machinery to match up with the empire's. Miraculously, for a while, their mechas consistently outpaced and even took down some imperial technology. The work of their most dedicated fans, obviously.

For the most part, staying hopeful was easy. But then the unthinkable happened—

Reese Nova — Aria's biggest inspiration and most fierce rival — was taken in plain sight. She fought back valiantly, but it was all in vain. That was three months ago. She hadn't been heard from since. Rumors spread. Hope began to fade away even in the most passionate of idols and fans. Memorabilia was put away and groups disbanded.

And yet, Hello Daydream stood, bringing the spirit of joy and revolution all in one concert filled to the brim with energy and perfected dance routines. But each concert had more backlash. More times they'd narrowly escape the clutches of the empire. More near-death experiences than Aria was comfortable with.

Aria tried to tell herself over and over that this was just a concert. Just another day. Their job was to perform. Nothing was going to stop them.

And yet, the stark gray metal walls imprisoning Aria spoke of a very different reality.

Separated from her fellow idols, Aria refused all food and looked at none of the soldiers in the eyes. The few times she was forced to acknowledge anyone, she still smiled. Not out of kindness, or sympathy, but out of sheer defiance. They could take her freedom and lock her in shackles, but they couldn't take her smile. It was an idol's job — her holy duty.

But one day, even her smile was taken away from her.

Over the weeks, her teammates had faced torture and verbal abuse. Aria always found it weird that she was left alone. For a few days, they'd all fought back, but the wait for any potential rescue crew diminished. Four of the five idols had lost hope. And just as things couldn't get much worse, one night — who knew the exact hour — a sudden loud voice startled all of them out of their light sleep.

"Oi, I need some stress relief! Bend over, girlie!"

Came the voice a maintenance woman— or a low level soldier. Aria didn't know or care. But what happened next was a whole different kind of sickening.

Dakota, known for her feistiness and inability to give up, fought back. At first.

Then Aria heard the click of a key locking. Metal shackling around metal. Aria could only guess what was going on. Her worst fears came true.

Then she heard Dakota's fighting cries turn to pleas of mercy.

"Stop!! Stop, it hurts!! Please stop!!" Came her chilling sobs, echoing through the halls of the jailing facility. The screams went on in similar fashion for… Aria didn't know how long. If it was a few seconds, her terror and grief made it feel like an eternity.

And then Dakota screamed something that truly shook Aria to her core.

"N-no! Not inside!! You're going to get me— hnnghh!! *Noooooo*!!"

Aria had to hold back vomit. They were going to impregnate her idol team member? Her friend? They were going to use her as a vessel?! Aria felt vibrant rage, then devastating.

After way too long, it stopped. The maintenance woman huffed as if she was inconvenienced in some way. “That’s some tight hole you have there. I never knew what idol pussy felt like, but it was so much better than I ever could dream! I’ll be back for some more, beautiful.”

And then she walked away. The halls felt much more silent than they had before. She hadn’t even bothered to unshackle Dakota.

The worst part was, Aria knew why Dakota was targeted.

Aria had been commanded to stop humming her songs multiple times. Dakota was subjected to such cruelty — no. Rape. It was rape. She was subjected to rape, and potential impregnation, all to intimidate Aria.

Aria’s gut churned. After Dakota’s sobs stopped as she cried herself to sleep, Aria finally broke. She openly wept for the first time since her kidnapping. She hadn’t sung or even hummed anything since.

~~

Aria wasn’t sure how much time had passed. Memories of how she’d reached the top of idol fame flew through her mind, memories that hardly mattered anymore. She heard less and less of her teammates. Had they been moved? Or silenced in some way? She felt like she’d know if they were gone, but… but she couldn’t tell. Aria prayed for her friends to come back. For the resistance to save them.

One day, late at night (definitely past midnight), Aria was jolted awake by a key unlocking her cell, followed by belligerent shouting.

”Hey, get up,” the gruff voice of some soldier, “She requests your presence.”

Aria didn’t know who ‘She’ was supposed to be, but she obeyed. She stood. She didn’t smile. She just nodded once, and did as she was told.

As she was led out of her cell, Aria looked towards the other jailing cells. She didn’t see any of Hello Daydream. Maybe they were hiding out of sight? Maybe they were moved to other cells. Aria didn’t want to think of any other, worse scenarios. But the waking nightmares drifted through her head anyways.

She and the guard walked in silence for a long, long time. Aria didn’t know where she was being led. It didn’t particularly matter.

——-

OUTLINE:

- Aria is brought before the Handler, who tries to have a conversation with her. Aria fights back, obviously
- Handler brings the 4 brainwashed members of Hello Daydream in front of her. They're all wearing cat ears and muzzles with cat whiskers and they perform a "concert" for Aria Quill. The lyrics are twisted, and the dance is a lot more seductive, eventually just turning into a mini orgy. They all say how much happier they are on the Empire's side, even though their eyes are empty.
- Handler beckons Aria to accept the brainwashing. Aria, shocked and disgusted, refuses.
- Handler brings in her hound — Reese Nova, Aria's rival and biggest inspiration. She does the normal handler/hound stuff, i.e. punching Reese Nova who then kisses the hand
- "You've wanted her this whole time, didn't you?"
- Aria tries to get through to Reese, begging her to remember what being a real idol is like. Reese begins kissing Aria, starting to pleasure and worship her as Aria continues to try to talk sense into her.
- Aria is being held up by Hound. It takes more effort, but Aria still refuses. Handler sighs, says she didn't want to do this the hard way, but commands Hound to hold Aria down to the chair.
- Handler walks up to the side of Aria, who's struggling and stuff, and sticks two large needles into her skull. Drilling noises come from it, basically becoming like ear rape breaking Aria as her brains get moved around.
- The thing that breaks Aria is Hound letting her go, then kneeling before her to eat her out. Aria begs for it to stop, the overstimulation, everything, and once she orgasms, it ends.
- Cut to a few weeks later, after Aria has recovered, they are doing a concert together, all on the empire's side, performing for tired and stressed out soldiers. Then they offer their bodies, and serve the soldiers as told.
- Handler brings Aria to her room, asks her stoically if she was happy seeing those smiles, and Aria smiles mindlessly and says "yes — and I want to see your smile the most, Miss" Handler gives a sick smile, says she thinks Aria deserves a reward. She says she thinks she wants another Hound to train. She sticks the metal things into Aria's skull, and everything goes to black.

Inspired by Kallidora Rho's WARHOUND setting and done for the Mechsploitation Jam! Thank you to Sable Lockhart for making the post that inspired this story!