

Hypno Anthology - Visor

Owen found himself tapping nervously on the steering wheel as he drove to the address that he had been given, looking out the windshield at the trees passing by while he made his way up the road to his destination. It was the first time he had ever been to a hypnotist; he had been starting to get stressed out on his job and when he mentioned it to one of his co-workers he was told that there was someone that dealt in relaxation therapy. The one he talked to had never tried it but he was pointed to the website on offer and as he clicked through the profile of the white tiger on the screen he found that they specialized in a lot of different hypnotic techniques.

Though he had already talked with the man, whose name was Sinclair, and had made his appointment he still felt nervous about meeting him for the first time. It was quite the trek up to the estate where the man lived and he hoped that he wasn't making his way up there just to be told that he wouldn't be able to help him. The cheetah hypnotist assured him that he used the best techniques available in order to make sure anyone could be put under and that he would see once he got up to his lakeside house. At least he knew he was good at his job if he could afford a place up here, Owen thought to himself as he finally reached the driveway that he was supposed to go down and turned in.

After another short drive Owen finally parked in the driveway next to the house and stepped outside, the wolf stretching his legs as he looked around the property. It was a rather nice house that Sinclair had complete with a pool that sat next to it while overlooking the lake itself. He would love to have a property like this one day and was one of the reasons he was working as hard as he did, though that was what had put him there in the first place. As he thought about it though he realized that he had no idea on what to pay this guy for his services, though that didn't deter him from going up to the door and ringing the bell.

It didn't take long before Owen found the door opening for him, looking inside to see the white tiger standing there with a grin on his face. "Ah, you must be Owen, right on time," Sinclair said as he motioned for the wolf to come inside. "I do hope that you'll forgive the mess, along with meeting with clients for relaxation techniques I also do a bit of tinkering and research on the side that sometimes gets the better of me. If you'll just move with me I can bring you to my office and we can begin."

"You have a very lovely home," Owen complimented, trying not to look at the mess as he was escorted further into the home. While not terribly dirty he could see that there was some areas of clear neglect when it came to doing chores. "So how do we do this, do I sit down and let you hypnotize me?"

"Well that would certainly be the end goal of this entire endeavor," Sinclair replied with a chuckle as they were led to the one clean area of the house that appeared to be the feline's office. "Of course things have progressed quite a bit from the pocket watch and induction days; one of the things that I've been tinkering with is the means to get even those that are the hardest to put under to embrace hypnotic technique and fall into a trance. That's why I'm currently offering services for free in exchange for allowing me to test out my new technology on them."

Owen found himself pausing slightly as he heard that. While he had been told that this would be a free service he didn't realize that it was because he would be a guinea pig for some sort of mind altering technology. The white tiger seemed to sense his trepidation and turned back to him with a smile and continued to beckon him forth. He continued to move forward and eventually found himself lying back on the couch trying not to grit his teeth as the feline worked around him.

"No need to be nervous," Sinclair stated as he took a metal briefcase and opened it. "Even with the technology it's still hypnosis at its heart, it's not like I can program you to be a robot or something like in the movies. Unless of course you wanted that to happen, but that would be something that would likely be saved until a later session, for now why don't we get you used to the idea of being entranced while wearing one of my latest and greatest creations."

When Owen looked to the side to see what it was he was surprised to see the white tiger holding up what looked like a simple visor that would go over his eyes. "Uh, what does it do?" Owen asked as he saw there was no straps or anything to help it stay on his head. "Is it like one of those eye masks?"

"This may look like just a normal visor, but I assure you that the technology that's packed into this thing would rival most VR headsets," Sinclair boasted as he slowly put the device over Owen's eyes, the wolf feeling the flexible material pressing against his fur and surprisingly staying place. "It'll stay on even while underwater and while you can see completely through it I can project images on there in order to help you with your relaxation journey, so all I need you to do is stare straight ahead and let the lenses calibrate to your eyes."

Though Owen still felt a little strange on having something like the visor pressed against his face the wolf continued to lay there, inhaling and exhaling as he waited for the eye piece to actually do something. At first he thought that it might somehow be broken or that whatever the hypnotist was trying to do to him wasn't working, at least until he began to see text appear in the visor. It flashed by too fast for him to see but there was definitely something happening and as the last of the programming was loaded into the glass he finally saw something that he could see. Sinclair instructed him to just do what the visor told him and

as Owen watched he suddenly got a prompt to follow the dot that could be seen on the screen.

It took a while since the instructions were a bit vague but when Owen finally realized that the dot was in his field of vision superimposed on the background he finally locked on with it, watching as it moved back and forth while instructing him that it was to calibrate the eye sensors. In the background Sinclair continued to tell him that he was doing a very good job and to keep watching the dot, which as he glanced over from it he could see that the white tiger had a tablet on his lap and was inputting something into it. He couldn't see what it was as the visor prompted him to look back at the dot the hypnotist told him to do the same. Once more Owen went back to staring at this dot just going back and forth on the screen and as he did he saw more words appearing prompting him to relax his muscles and breathe.

After a few minutes passed by the words calibrating disappeared on the screen and just left the dot, though as Owen continued to watch it bounce back and forth he noticed that something was happening to it. The words that had remained, the ones that continued to flash relax and also dictate his breathing, were almost pulled into the dot like a black hole as a spiral began to emerge in the center of it while it floated around. When he tried to ask what he was supposed to do Sinclair just told him to keep watching and that he was doing a great job. Being told that caused him to tremble slightly despite himself and as the swirls of the dot began to grow more colorful in nature different words began to appear on the visor.

Good boy... it was something he had not expected, but just like when Sinclair told him something similar there was that feeling of pride that had been in his chest. It was an almost surreal feeling considering he had never really thought that way before about such a compliment, but the white tiger seemed to sense what he was thinking and told him that we all looked for praise and felt pride when we got it. As Owen thought about it he guessed that made sense, his eyes continuing to mull over what he had been told without even realizing that his eyes had continued to follow the roaming dot even without him trying. At this point his gaze was glued to it and he couldn't pull away even if he wanted to, which seemed to trigger the next phase of the visor as the dot suddenly went in the middle of his vision and expanded outwards.

Owen felt his jaw drop slightly at the sight before him as what he saw was more than just the growing spiral; it started to feel like he was flying through time and space and as Sinclair leaned in to tell him to let his subconsciousness hear his words while his higher thoughts were occupied by the enthralling scenery. The voice of the tiger was so smooth Owen could tell that he was very well-practiced in what he did, especially as he was practically shivering as he was told to go deeper and deeper into the tunnel that was being shown before him. The wolf couldn't tell exactly what was being shown to him as the words that he had been able to see before whisked by too quickly for him to read, though some were still the same like obey and sink and trance. It was getting hard to focus and track them though and soon he felt his body just lying back on the couch watching as the spiral once more enveloped his vision.

He hadn't even realized that Sinclair had been talking to him and counting him down while he was going through the virtual tunnel, his muscles relaxing with each number as the wolf's focus remained completely on the show given by the visor. By the time everything in his vision had collapsed back to the spiral Sinclair had reached one and watched as the other man's body completely slumped against the couch he rested on. "That's a good boy," Sinclair said as he put the visor into the programming pattern, keeping the wolf's mind open while his conscious mind was preoccupied with the flashing colored lights and ever changing patterns that would keep it overloaded. "How do you feel Owen?"

"Relaxed..." Owen replied, the wolf responding automatically even though he hadn't formulated the thought to do so. It was like his mind just knew what it had to say and he found himself trusting it as the majority of his focus was pushed to the visuals in front of his eyes.

"Good, that's exactly why you came here, right?" Sinclair replied as he shifted his positioning, the hypnotist growing more eager as he tried to not let the excitement on his face show. "You wanted to be relaxed, to rid yourself of the stress of the world. You trust me to get rid of that stress, isn't that right?"

"Yes..." Owen once more said, his voice becoming slightly more distant as the programming in the visor expertly kept his mind open. "I trust you Sinclair."

"That's very good," Sinclair affirmed. "Because deep down you know that all the stresses that you carry come from your job, and that you are looking for something like this in order to finally free you from that burden. Does that sound like something you would be interested in?"

There was a moment of pause from the wolf as his mind tried to comprehend what was being asked of him, though as his body shook slightly from the attempted effort he heard Sinclair tell him to just answer honestly while putting a hand on his shoulder. "Yes... i would like that," Owen finally said, letting out a gasp as though having held in a secret. "Be free from the burden of working."

Sinclair smiled and told him to just relax and allow the spirals to once more envelop his mind, telling him to go deeper as he began to prepare the next phase of the treatment. Though Owen was unsure of what was going on he found it mattering less and less to him. It was like being slowly dipped into a bath of warm water and as he heard the hypnotist tell him to just keep sinking deeper and deeper he found himself doing so. While he did he watched as the spirals began to contract back on

themselves, except instead of the usual vision of the outside world there was nothing but blackness.

It really did feel like he was completely sinking down, and the more he felt it the more Owen could hear the words of the white tiger echoing in his mind. Keep relaxing... keep sinking... just breathe... it was all weighing him down more and more as the darkness artificially crept over his vision. Finally he heard a single word come from the hypnotist as the last vestiges of the spiral finally disappeared from view.

Sleep.

When Owen awoke again the wolf found himself lying back against the couch, his entire body practically sprawled out over it as he slowly regained consciousness. As he began to pull himself upright the wolf realized it felt like he had just had the best sleep in his life to the point where he would almost want to try and go back to bed. But as his mind caught up with his surroundings he realized that he was in someone else's house. He had fallen asleep at the hypnotist... just the thought of it caused the wolf to blush with slight embarrassment as he rubbed the white and grey fur of his arms before getting up.

He wasn't quite sure of where to go since it appeared Sinclair was no longer in the office with him, slowly making his way out towards the main living area. As he looked around he found that the area was still as messy as ever and as he continued to make his way around he found a need to just clean everything up growing on him. While he had never been too concerned about keeping spaces tidy, though his own apartment was ages better than this one, it was almost bothering him how much stuff there was around. The wolf began to pick up the trash that was clearly scattered about and as he did he had to pause as he thought he saw something flash, only to look around and find nothing that was there.

Once he had finished with picking up all the loose litter and getting it in the bag Owen decided to put it out to the trash himself. Even though he had never visited the rest of his house the wolf had the instinct that they were probably in the garage and it didn't take him long to get there. As he put the bags away he suddenly felt another shudder go through his body that caused him to have to grab onto the sides of the bin while he panted slightly. That was strange... as he could feel his tail wagging he swore that he thought someone had called him a good boy, but that was impossible since there was no one around.

Even so Owen still felt the warmth of feeling like he had just done a job well and with it a feeling of satisfaction that pervaded his senses. It almost made him want to go out and do more in the living room, but as he thought about it he shook his head of the notion. He had fallen asleep in someone's house and then wanted to clean it for him? That was something he was pretty sure he couldn't explain if the white tiger caught him attempting to do something like organize his bookshelves, which as he thought about it he would definitely do by title.

With the strange sensation slowly passing Owen renewed his search to try and find out where the hypnotist had run off to. It was strange that he had just let him fall asleep in his office like that and as he went around he finally found the man lounging out by his pool. That was rather unusual and as the wolf found the sliding door he saw that the water was about as dirty as the rest of his place. While he clearly wasn't going to take a dip in the leaf-riddled waters any time in the near future that hadn't stopped Sinclair from lounging out while dressed only in a speedo while the sunlight glinted off his white fur.

"Sinclair?" Owen asked as he slowly walked around to face the man.

"Ah, I was wondering when you would come around," Sinclair replied with a smile on his face as he adjusted his sunglasses. "Could you be a dear and go grab me a glass of iced tea? You know where everything is."

Though Owen was about to question the validity of that statement he found himself standing there silently for a few seconds, his mouth opening and closing a few times before he just turned away from the lounging tiger and making his way back into the house. Even though this was the first time he had gone to the kitchen in the house he once more found that it was easy to find, the layout almost intuitive as he made his way towards it. When he got inside he immediately went to the kitchen and found the pitcher of iced tea that the tiger had talked about waiting for him.

But even though he wasn't thirsty himself Owen found the desire to pour a glass, needing to make sure he got it full up without spilling a drop. It was a very careful pour and as he made sure that he had gotten everything filled he put the container back in the fridge and got a straw to put into it. Once everything was prepared he was about to grab it and head outside when he got that same sensation that he had experienced when he took out the trash but somehow even more intense than before. As he did he also had a faint sensation of his vision swimming before he realized that there were colors that were flashing around.

Owen quickly shook the feeling off and knew that he had to get going before the iced tea he had just poured warmed up. He wasn't sure why he had to do it that way but he knew that it was urgent. He made his way back out to the backyard with the iced tea in hand and as he slid out through the door he found that Sinclair hadn't moved a muscle. As the hypnotist looked up at him the wolf knelt down and gave him the glass, which the tiger took a sip from.

"Hmmm, no ice, but we can work on that," Sinclair said as he set the glass down.

"Wait, what's going on?" Owen asked as he found his vision getting fuzzy again, but as he did he found that there was something on his face that he hadn't even realized was there before. It was the visor... it was still on his face, and as he came to recognize that he heard a chuckle come from the feline. "I'm still wearing it."

"And you wear it so well too," Sinclair said with a chuckle as he leaned over to look at him. "I was surprised that you took so well to it, and with what your co-worker said he could tell that you would be perfect for my little experiment."

Owen was taken slightly aback at that, though as Sinclair sat up on the lounge chair he reached into the nearby towel area and pulled out a tablet. "Wait, are you saying that this entire thing was just an excuse for me to use this visor?" Owen asked. "Why?"

"I told you, I needed someone to test my experiment to see if the visor actually worked," Sinclair explained. "Normally that was all it was going to be along with that relaxation session that you were going to get, but as soon as I saw how deep you went under and after hearing about your workplace satisfaction from the other man I decided to see if you would appreciate a change in venue. My work keeps me so occupied and as you see things sometimes gets out of control, so I could really use someone to help me out..."

"You hypnotized me so that you can have someone clean your house for you?" Owen asked. "Why not just hire a service?"

Sinclair held up a finger and then held up the tablet to him, which as Owen looked at the screen he found that there was nothing but gibberish on it. At first he thought that somehow the visor was screwing up his vision but when he looked down at the writing that gave away the model of the tablet he could read that just fine. "As I'm sure you could guess I have a lot of proprietary information on these inventions," Sinclair explained. "I needed someone that would be a good boy, a good servant that would not be able to interfere with anything even if he tried."

As Owen listened to the tiger he could hear the cadence of the hypnotist shift, once more feeling that smooth tone infiltrate his ears. The wolf gasped slightly as he realized that he was still being hypnotized and not once had he attempted to remove the visor to stop it. Even with this revelation he found that he... actually enjoyed it, though whether it was something that was inside him that he didn't realize or a manufactured emotion of the tiger he wasn't sure. The only thing he could focus on was that his master called him a good boy... and while he didn't realize he had thought of the other man as such he found that the feeling of knowing he had been praised had caused his chest to swell.

"See how good it feels, how relaxing it is..." Sinclair continued to coo, typing on the tablet while Owen stood there in slight shock. The colors could now clearly be seen in front of his vision as well as words that hadn't been there before. "You know that this is your place, that you could be so happy here serving me and enjoying the euphoria of constant enthrallment."

It was hard for the wolf to even think about anything other than what his master was telling him. He could feel the sweet submission flowing through him and even as he was pulled deeper into trance he found himself wanting to let go. It was so relaxing to not have to worry about anything, to take care of this tiger and be devoted to him in exchange for having all his needs met. This man clearly had the means to take care of him and he did find there was a certain pleasure that came from making sure that he was alright.

"I can see that you're warming up to the idea," Sinclair said with a grin. "There are many that would be more than happy to be where you are right now, to serve someone like me in exchange for a carefree life in a nice house like this. Why don't you head to your room and give it a think, and then meet me back at the pool here."

Owen nodded and thanked him, though he wasn't sure that it was something he was supposed to do as he slowly turned and left. The spirals were starting to get more intense and he could see that the white tiger was working on the tablet, pushing more words and thoughts into his mind that he was absorbing deep into his subconscious. With every step he could see something highlight in the visor, a list of things that could be done in order to make his mas... the tiger's life easier. The wolf could feel his mind clearing a bit as he stepped away from Sinclair and as he got to a room that the visor had designated as his own he found that it was actually rather nice, almost better than his own apartment.

As he looked around there was only one thing that stood out to him aside from the bedding, seeing a single piece of fabric on the floor that he felt he would be a very, very good boy if he put on...

A few hours later Sinclair had finished what he was working on, still lounging back on the chair while he saw the sun slowly starting to set over the horizon. Another day where the white tiger had spent staring at a screen... which one notable exception. He had finally done something in order to make do with the problem he had about never spending any time making sure that he was fine. It was a bit of work but he believed that he had come up with quite the reasonable solution as he looked up and saw the wolf dressed in a speedo as well while he finished skimming the last of the fool to reveal the clean water beneath it.

"Wow, you did a great job there," Sinclair said as he got up and inspected the water. "I haven't seen the water this sparkling

since... I got this place."

"Thank you sir," Owen replied, the visor on his face showing the spiral that was currently rewarding him for doing a good job as well as his master. "Do you wish to go for a swim before dinner?"

"Nah, maybe later," Sinclair replied with a chuckle. "You can join me later though, that visor is waterproof."

The wolf nodded and immediately made his way back inside, knowing that dinner would be next and that he should start getting it prepared. As the white tiger made his way inside the house as well he could see that there was already more that was picked up and could hear the laundry machine processing through the first of many loads that needed to be done. It was honestly one of the reasons that he had gone into the speedo other than showing off the one thing that he did work on, though as he could hear the wolf starting to cook he found that he was starting to get a little heavy. With the pool clean perhaps he could work off a few pounds as he continued to tap of the screen to tweak his hypnosis program.

Owen meanwhile continued to make dinner for his master, the wolf standing there stock still while the visor fed him the means to make a perfect meal. There was no need for him to talk or emote, not when it was not needed as he was fed more of the same latent hypnotic suggestions that was fed into his brain. By this point his master had been so good at what he did that there was no need for extraneous thoughts, not when the white tiger had made it so he didn't need to think at all since everything was piped directly into his mind. Though he could be snapped out of this trance state it was only if Sinclair would want to engage in conversation with someone other than his drone.

There was no need for any of that at the moment though as Owen looked back to see Sinclair walking into the kitchen to get back to the table. Though this was their first meal together the tweaking that he had been doing to Owen assured that he would make for a faithful and dutiful drone. This was just the first meal too and he knew that there would be many more with how well he was taking to the hypnotic suggestions. Even though he was acting a bit stiff at the moment he could already tell that the wolf was also more relaxed than he had been in his entire life. It was quite the effective partnership and he looked forward to many more meals like this as the wolf sat down opposite him with the visor on his face glimmering while he put the two plates down.

"So Owen," Sinclair said as the wolf began to eat, the pleasure that came from food and his company shining through even if he didn't show it. "How are you enjoying your first day in your new occupation?"

"I couldn't be happier sir," Owen replied. "Why do you ask, has my performance been sub-optimal?"

"Oh no, happier than I've could have possibly been," Sinclair replied with a chuckle. "I just want to make sure that you're not overwhelmed in your tasks, last thing I would want to do with my good boy is burn him out and not experience the pleasure of simpleminded service. If you work out very well but still need help for your tasks then perhaps we could find someone else that needs some relaxation, this is a big house after all..."