

## A LITTLE REMINDER

It's another beautiful day in the city and you're heading over to visit Clive Enfield, the feline inventor. You had been visiting him a few times over the last several weeks to help with some of his inventions, and honestly you found it a lot of fun. Clive was always enthusiastic to have you around and his excitement that bubbled over whenever something happened just as he wanted was infectious, and so his lab was always a blast to visit.

Today however, things did seem a little different. Usually how it would go is he would call you up and specifically ask if you would like to stop by and help him with a project. This time though, he'd called and asked you perhaps more casually if you'd like to come over, but didn't go into any further detail. Perhaps he just fancied hanging out with a friend, which while not unlike him, was still maybe unexpected. Still, you were free, so you decided to visit and see what was up.

Heading down the corridor to his room, you notice some tape adorning the door, indicating that it had been damaged at some point. Thinking it kind of strange, you knock on the door anyway. Instead of his voice coming through the intercom as usual however saying you could come in, a slightly surprised noise comes from within, followed by quick footsteps coming up to the door and opening it.

There stands Clive himself, perhaps looking a little different than usual. His hair, usually well maintained was kind of scruffy, and he was wearing neither his goggles or dress coat that was essentially his trademark. Either way, he beams at you once he sees you behind the door.

"Oh, it's so good to see you! How've you been doing, good, I hope? Please, please, come in!" he chirps happily, ushering you inside.

"I must apologise for not greeting you in the usual way, I recently had a break in, so the door is still kind of broken, it's being replaced later this week. Plus, all the mechanisms I put in there are broken, so I'm a bit more blind to visitors than before."

Seeing your slightly worried face at him mentioning an attempted robbery, he laughs sheepishly and quickly says "Oh don't worry, I'm fine! Nothing was stolen and no one was harmed, it's all been taken care of! Course I'm a little shaken by the whole affair, but who wouldn't?"

Steadily you both make your way through his home towards his couch, recently cleaned it seems, and he sits down on one end, patting the Cushing next to him gesturing for you to sit, which you do.

"I must thank you for agreeing to come over on such short notice, there was something I wanted to check up with you quickly. Nothing bad, I assure you! Just something I'm curious about that I'd like to run by you."

Slightly confused by this cryptic remark, you ask him what he's getting at exactly.

"Ah, well, you see I've been... doing a couple experiments on my flying machine, and...well..." His pauses are slightly odd, as if he was rehearsing a line. "I wanted to see if there was a way to increase buoyancy on it so that if it... crashes into a lake, for example, it doesn't just **sink**..."

The last word seems to take you off guard slightly, as if an electric shock went through you like a flash of lightning, your train of thought being derailed as a brief flash of purple and yellow cross your mind. You stiffen up slightly, then try and relax yourself a little.

“Are you quite alright? You seem a little pale.”

You reassure him you’re ok, though you note that perhaps you’re a little more tired than you had been a moment prior.

“Well, it kind of links to my issue with the landing gear” Clive continues, his smile returning with a certain degree of smugness. “I’ve been trying to find a way to keep the thing flying gracefully so it can land with ease, instead of going down in a steep **drop**, and—ok, are you *sure* you’re doing ok?”

Your world is spinning, your muscles going slack and your mind fogging up. You shake your head to clear it, but it never fully goes away, it always comes lumbering back to interrupt your thought process. The purple and yellow are more prevalent now as they throb through your mind, making it hard to think. This is so strange, it seemed to be coming out of nowhere! And yet somehow, it felt so familiar...

“You sure? By all means, you can have a lie down if you’re not feeling so well.” Clive says, his face awash with a concern that... doesn’t seem all too genuine.

You again shake your head and try to reassure him that all is well, dispute your obviously contrary state. He doesn’t push it, however, and goes back to his discussion, his grin even bigger and taking on a markedly sinister tone, though you can’t bring yourself to be very concerned.

“It’s funny, isn’t it? A masterwork of engineering, capable of such amazing feats, but remove one domino, overlook one discrepancy, one tiny little thing comes along that you don’t expect, and it’ll all... just...”

At this he takes hold of your shirt collar and lightly pulls you in closer, his lips at your ear as his next word takes up your whole world...

**“ F A L L . ”**

Immediately your eyes glaze over with those purple and yellow spirals, your mind empties into a numbing nothingness and your muscles completely give out as you tip over. Despite yourself, you immediately recognise what’s happening now as the feline’s other, rather swirly, trademark as Clive catches you quickly and props you back up onto the sofa, making sure you’re comfortable.

**“There we go, *theere* we go. Don’t worry, I’m here. I know you might be confused, but don’t be scared. You’re safe. You can trust me.”**

You relax despite yourself, your fear at the situation dimming slightly as you slowly turn to face him, his feline face curled into a smile, but this one is not sinister. It’s understanding. Reassuring. Calming.

**“Let me explain what’s happening to you. Over the last few times we’ve visited, as you might recall, I’ve dabbled in hypnosis, using you as a test subject of sorts. You’ve been amazing in that regard, helping me solve certain hurdles in my research. Last time we tried it, however, I added a few trigger words hidden away as I was bringing you back up, which when spoken by me, would bring you back into that trance state. I also made sure you didn’t remember them, so they were fully an unconscious fragment.”**

Trigger words? You cannot recall anything like that happening, but considering the circumstances, that's probably to be expected.

**"That's why I asked for you to come over. I wanted to see if, after a period of time has passed, they would hold true, and the evidence of my success sits before me. Once again, you have proven yourself to be a wonderful little subject!"** Clive beams in earnest, his genuine demeanour helping to dissuade any lingering fears in your mind of potential danger.

You're safe. He's here. You can trust him.

**"I appreciate you being such a big help with all of this, so I thought I would maybe take this opportunity and ask you something genuine, which I'd like you to answer more lucid, and free of my control. Do you truly enjoy being hypnotized by me?"**

The fog in your mind out somewhat, allowing you space to dwell on the question. True, he did usually surprise you with it, but he always made sure you were safe, always made sure you were never in any danger from anything, and it *did* feel nice, thinking about it. Very nice in fact, like a really really good dream. Plus, if you really had been averse to it, you would've asked him to stop, which you're certain he would oblige considering your friendship. Finally making your decision, you nod in confirmation, and he beams again with happiness.

"I'm delighted to hear that! Especially that you've enjoyed You're so good at falling for me, it's such a treat to do something like, oh I don't know..."

**\*SNAP\***

The snap of his fingers brings the gloopy feeling back to your mind as the spirals intensify again.

**"Yeeeeeess, just like that. You're such a wonderful subject! So submissive..."**

He **\*SNAPS\*** his fingers again, and the fog only gets thicker, the bliss getting stronger...

**"So attentive..." \*SNAP\***

You relax further, your swirling and spiralling eyes going cross eyed as your mouth opens and a line of drool starts to leave your lips, which have curled into a dopey smile.

**"So obedient..." \*SNAP\***

You can barely tell where you are now, your entire world is swirling colours, aside from the sound of Clive's voice and the sound of his snapping fingers.

**"So... malleable..." \*SNAP\* \*SNAP\* \*SNAP\* \*SNAP\*...**

The sudden onslaught of constant snaps is too much for your mind to handle as you slip into a state of unconsciousness, laying your head on Clive's lap as you drift off into mental oblivion, the only sensation still coming through being Clive as he keeps ahold of your unconscious mind.

"Isn't this simply delicious?" Clive chuckles as he runs his fingers through your hair, allowing you to slumber under his watchful eye. "You being so deep under my power, under my will, knowing that you can trust me to keep you safe from harm. Isn't that right?"

You don't respond, your mind too far gone to answer him right now. You don't need to, however, he knows he's right.

"I could keep you under this hypnotic sleep for as long as I wanted, allowing you to drift in the soup of bliss I have created. Alas, I must bring you back to a more functional state..."

He clears his throat and lifts his fingers from your hair, raising his hand above his head as he prepares for another...

**\*SNAP\* "Stand obedient for me."**

Waking from your sleep, but not your trance, you open your eyes, revealing your submission to the world once again, and you get up off the sofa. You stand before him robotically, ready for any orders he may wish to give you.

**"Excellent, *Excellent*. You are indeed a treat to puppet to my desires. Please wait here, I have something I want to show you..."**

Quickly getting up and disappearing into his bedroom, you wait attentively as you hear a few scuffles coming from within, before Clive returns with a package.

"It's for you. **Open it, if you please.**"

You do so quickly and cleanly, freeing whatever is kept within, which, when fully unwrapped, reveals itself to be... a purple and yellow maid outfit, lined with lace and frills all over and a bow on the back, a pair of yellow and purple striped stockings, and a pair of dainty purple maid shoes.

**"Beautiful, isn't it? It's a little something that I had custom maid, so I could try it out on a particularly submissive subject. And as it happens, that lovely subject is you. I would like you to put it on, if you wouldn't mind."** You vaguely note a slightly bashful blush forming on Clive's face.

Nodding obediently, you follow him back to the bedroom where he gestures you inside and shuts the door behind you, giving you some privacy. The room is full of books, vinyl records, and a general mess of his clothes which lay haphazardly all over. You quickly shed your clothes and begin to put the uniform on. It's a perfect fit, and the fabric feels simply lovely to wear. You're careful to make sure it's all neat and the bow is properly done up, so you can impress your feline master as much as possible.

Once ready, you take a quick look in the standing mirror and pose a little. Not to toot your mesmerized horn, but you look fabulous in this, Clive's spiralling colours all over the outfit as if a symbol to your current predicament. You step back out into the sitting room as Clive stands there, his back facing you. This creates a slight feeling of worry. Does he not want to see how you look?

He turns around, and takes one look at you before his face comforts into pure glee and he squees with such saccharine delight that it's nearly impressive. "Oh my GAAAAAWWWD, you look so amaaaazing!!!" He runs forward and takes you into a great big hug, savouring your look for all its worth. You hug him back, thrilled that you have pleased your master, and then some.

The two of you hug for some time, before Clive finally pulls away, his face getting back into the dominant role, but still looking incredibly adoringly in your direction. **"We're going to have a lovely time today, my little hypno maid. Tomorrow, I shall return you to normal, but today you shall cater to my every whim, and in return I shall shower you with as much praise as you want. And, should you ever wish to return to this role, all you need do is ask it of me, and I shall deliver. How do you like that?"**

You enthusiastically chime "Yes master!", excited to be filling this role for a day.

**“Splendid! Then let’s get started, shall we? How's about you make us both some tea, and then maybe after that you could show me some of your baking?”** Clive says as he takes your hand and you both make your way to the kitchen. You’re determined to bake him the finest pastries and cakes he’ll ever eat, and in return he’ll make his little hypno maid feel appreciated.

After all, you’re safe. He’s here. You can trust him.

**THE END**