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Hypnovember 2020, day 5: Visor(Rubber Rocket Recruitment)

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"Umm, are you sure this is such a good idea Mark?"

Erin the wolf fiddles with their hair nervously, hesitating in front of a looming, decrepit doorway, as their Zeraora friend stares in wonder. Are they seriously going to go and sneak right into a Team Rocket facility? An abandoned one, sure, but still...

"C'mon Erin, it'll be fun! Just think of all the crazy little tidbits we'll find in there. Might even be something valuable to make off with! Not like it's any better in their hands anyway."

Mark tugs eagerly on Erin's arm, and reluctantly they give in and follow him into the unknown. "Fine... but if something happens in there you owe me big time, got it?" The Zeraora only responds with a playful smirk as he switches on his flashlight and is otherwise swallowed by darkness.

The pair of them trek through what feels like miles of mundane industrial hallways. They come across a few bunks and offices, but anything that they'd consider intriguing or valuable has been cleared out. Erin is just about to try to convince Mark they should leave, when they emerge into a much more spacious room than any they've seen before. A computer room, with rows and rows of monitors and control panels, as well as a few large screens built into the wall. None of them seem to be functioning now, however.

"Huh, now this is a bit more interesting!" Mark walks down an alley of computer desk, flicking and tapping random buttons to see if anything happens. Nothing does, but his careless antics still put Erin on edge.

"Mark, careful... you could give us away, or trigger something."

"Aw, come on... there's no one around here! We'll be fine. Sayyyy, what have we got here?" Mark grows visibly excited as he points out a pair of strange objects sitting on a desk. As Erin nervously draws closer behind him, he makes out a pair thick mechanical looking bands lying open, each attached by a pair of thick tubes to a glassy visor.

"Dude, these things are awesome! What do you suppose they're for?" Before Erin can object, he snatches one and places the visor over his eyes, causing the metal apparatus to dangle behind him. He places his paws on his hips and grins at his companion. "How do I look?"

"Pretty goofy, not gonna lie." Curiosity gets the best of Erin, however, and they pick up the other visor to examine it. They can't find any sort of button or display anywhere on the device, only a strange light on the metal disk. They peer closer at the smooth, transparent glass...

Suddenly, it lurches out of their paws, directly onto their face! At the same time the metal ring homes in on their neck and snaps shut, locking itself in place. "Wahh!"

They yelp and quickly pull on the visor in a startled attempt to get it off, but it holds itself firmly to their temples and doesn't budge an inch. They try to pull the metal ring, a heavy-duty collar, back open, but it's plain to see that no amount of brute force is going to make it budge.

"Erin, are you okay? Wh-whuhh?!" Another loud 'click!' resounds through the empty room as Mark's collar fastens to his own neck.

"Can't... get it... off!" Erin growls, tugging harder and harder against the equipment to no avail. "What's going on? I-is this a trap? Dammit Mark, why'd you have to drag me down—"

"INTRUDERS DETAINED. COMMENCING ROCKET GRUNT INITIATION."

They both cry out, startled by the booming electronic voice. Then, to their dismay, Erin feels the gentle hum of electronics whirring to life, and the visor suddenly bathes their entire field of vision in a bright red hypnotic pattern!

"AH! N-no, stop it! What are you... errgh..."

But the fiendish device is far from finished. The LED light positioned at the front of their neck flashes red, and they feel something cold and slimy oozing down their neck, and over their shoulders and sternum!

Erin whimpers and shudders, utterly terrified at the sight of some sort of black shiny substance dissolving their clothes and smothering their gray and purple fur. Surely they don't mean to... to...

But sure enough, just before the relentless spirals become fully opaque and block off their vision, Erin notices that the screen behind him has turned on. Its display reads: "Rocket Grunt Initiation; Subject A progress: 5%; Subject B progress: 20%", with an accompanying progress bar for each statistic. There's no question; they're being forcefully hypnotized and converted into Team Rocket grunts.

"N-no... Mark? Mark, you gotta resist... d-don't..." Erin can't force their eyes shut for some reason. They begin to pant gently as the inescapable hypnotic void looms before them, drawing them in ever so slowly... penetrating their thoughts... so pretty...

Mark doesn't respond; he only stares wide-eyed at his own display, his kitty maw already hanging slightly open. He's always been a lot more susceptible to this kind of thing. He huffs and moans as the black goo swiftly crawls through his fur, already covering his entire torso and moving on to the rest of his body. He moans in overt lust as it closes in on his twitching cock, giving it a nice little coat as it extends to its full length. Already the visor cuts off his ability to see his surroundings, but he hardly finds it in himself to even worry about that. The patterns and swirls are just... so lovely...

The goo doubles down on its advance along their bodies, reducing their clothing to dust along the way. Within moments, their entire bodies are completely coated save for their heads. Their dicks stand ever proud, twitching and ever

so slightly leaking. As it begins to solidify into pure firm rubber all at once, the portions covering their arms and legs swell and grow pale to form big white heavy duty gloves and boots. A silvery belt forms around each waist, and on each chest the big bold emblem of Team Rocket sits proudly, impossible to miss. The proper look of a Team Rocket grunt, permanently fused to their bodies.

Mark collapses onto the floor, huffing like crazy at the torrent of sensations, rapidly giving in to the visor's spell. He feels thoughts being spoon fed to his mind... Team Rocket is good and just. And stylish, too! Why shouldn't he join up? And why should he ever think of leaving? The Zeraora grins a dopey grin as he stares mindlessly into the all consuming spirals, all thoughts of resistance gone, eagerly letting himself be reprogrammed into a good little grunt.

Erin, meanwhile, takes a little more convincing. They pant and moan, still clutching their visor as if expecting that their still waning strength will somehow come through. They know they need to fight back... don't let them into your head... be stoic... be... a good grunt... serve Team Rocket forever- wait, no... stop it... d-don't... resist... be a good grunt... obey... need to... stare... and serve... no thoughts... yes...

It's all just so overwhelming. The wolf's open maw begins to twist into a gradual smile, their mental barriers cracking and breaking under the multifaceted assault on their senses. The suit... oh g-god, it feels so wonderful. It fits their body perfectly, seamlessly, like a second skin. And that lovely little squeaking sound it makes with every movement is just so soothing... they belong in this outfit. They belong to Team Rocket.

Erin receives a command. They don't see, hear, or feel anything different... but they somehow simply know beyond doubt what they are supposed to do. The words relay themselves into their mind, then out their mouth. "G-Glory... to Team Rocket..."

"Glory to Team Rocket..." comes Mark's voice, apparently having received the same imperative. It's not long before their voices sync up to repeat the mantra a second time.

"Glory to Team Rocket..." Erin's hands finally slip away from the visor, and their body begins to straighten.

"Glory to Team Rocket." Mark slowly picks himself back up, and stands next to Erin in perfect formation despite being unable to see his surroundings.

"Glory to Team Rocket!" The last of their silly rebellious thoughts fade away under the sheer weight of their intense lust and newly unshakeable conviction that this is their rightful place.

"Glory to Team Rocket!" Their enthusiasm mounts with every repetition, standing stiffly and proudly in military fashion, fists at their sides and a big wide grin on each face. There's no coming back from this.

Suddenly, the spirals become partially transparent once again, still permeating their vision while allowing them to see once more. A figure stands before them... a Luxray, in his own full Team Rocket attire, grinning smugly with a clear air of authority.

"ATTENNNN-SHUN!"

Without hesitation, both grunts thrust their right arms up into a salute, belting out a spiel without any prior thought as their dicks fire off in unison. "RUBBER ROCKET GRUNT REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR! REPORTING SUCCESSFUL CONVERSION AND ERASURE OF PRIOR IDENTITY, SIR! GLORY TO TEAM ROCKET!"

The grunts return their arms to fists at their waists, stoically standing rigid as cum arches out onto the hard floor, every ounce of their focus on the Luxray. He snickers at their enthusiasm, stepping up to them in a casual manner and waiting until they're finished.

"Mmm... what fine little units you two have turned out to be~ looks like you found a few of our little prototypes, eh? Nice to see that they still work. Although..." he frowns down at the creamy mess they've made. "It appears we hadn't quite figured out proper motivational techniques back then... no matter. You two can simply be nullified later."

"As you wish, Sir! Glory to Team Rocket!" The mindless grunts once known as Erin and Mark continue to grin for all they're worth, displaying no autonomy whatsoever.

"Good, good. Now then! I think it's time you two came back to the real base to get properly oriented. You'll be wearing those visors 24/7 for a few more weeks until we're certain you're ready to display utter loyalty without their persuasion! And one more thing... no more names from now on. You two will simply identify as "grunt". Do I make myself clear?"

"SIR YES SIR! LEAD THE WAY, SIR!"

"Good grunts... come along now. And glory to Team Rocket~"

"GLORY TO TEAM ROCKET!"