

Hypnoaddicts Anonymous

by
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1

"**M**y name is Johan and I'm a..." The bull glanced at the round, perky female cheetah near the front, who egged him on with a few hand signals. "I'm a recovering hypnosis abuse victim."

"Hi Johan!" chorused the other three men in the tiny church basement, all with varying degrees of excitement. The most eager was a lion, large and stocky, his eyes permanently turned upward as if he spent his whole life smiling, a pair of circular glasses resting on his muzzle.

The second, less enthusiastic and much snarkier reply came from a tiger, arms crossed and a mischievous grin on his face. His head was almost always cocked to the side as if everything were beneath him, and his legs were crossed just as often. He wore a sports jersey over his swimmer's build body, toned and muscular, but barely still lean. He was constantly toying with his smartphone every other minute.

The third, practically empty reply came from a wolf who spent his time staring at the tiny window at ground level, imagining the sunset outside. His face was often blank and difficult to read, but he constantly scratched at his neck when flustered. His lazy wardrobe hung on his body that was once kept at peak condition, but was now soft around the edges, though that didn't change his considerable height.

The bull looked over at the cheetah with a groan. "Do we really have to do this?" He was easily the most built of the group, his construction uniform clinging to his body crudely, muscles bulging from his arms and legs.

"You are not compelled by law, no, but please, it'll help -so- much." She said.

Johan let out an annoyed sigh, blowing it through his lips like cigarette smoke, and started his explanation.

"About a couple months back, I was, uh, 'captured' by this asshat who thought it would be a good idea to breed some kind of super bovine army or something."

The cheetah turned back to the other three, shaking her head and mouthing "It wasn't an army."

"And he thought I was good genetic material or something." Johan grunted, leaning forward on the podium in front of the other four. "So he kidnapped me and pumped me full of drugs so I can barely remember anything else. Just a lot of, uh, cumming."

"Rumor has it there's a storehouse where a bunch of his cum on ice." The tiger whispered to the wolf, who shot him a dirty look simultaneously with the cheetah, though for different reasons.

"Pretty drugged up most of the time, last thing I remember clearly was the police arriving and helping me out, and beating the shit out of that bastard." He grumbled more curses under his breath.

The cheetah raised her finger to chest-level and looked at the others, triggering a half-hearted response from them in unison with her: "Thank you for being vulnerable with us," They droned. "Lukas?"

The lion stood up as the bull moved to take his seat. Lukas was easily more comfortable as he stood with good posture in front of them, a wide smile on his muzzle.

"My name is Lukas, and I'm a recovering hypnosis abuse 'victim'." He said, underemphasizing the last word to the point of near silence.

Again came the reply, with no enthusiasm: "Hi Lukas."

"I'm not really from around here. There's a little town back East of the bay that I used to be on the City Council for, and I was runnin' for mayor, but I guess somebody thought I wasn't leadership material! They put tranquilizer in my dinner, and I got abducted a lot like Johan there, and next thing I know I'm in a little basement bondage dungeon. There was a video camera and it recorded everything. I got hooked up to this orgasm machine and just got blam! hit with the brainwashing. Can't even take off my harness these days. Just feels wrong."

"I've seen the video. It's a terrible angle." The tiger whispered to Johan this time. With a grunt, the bull replied.

"You watch a video of a guy getting brainwashed and you think about the angle?"

"SHH!" The cheetah shrieked, glaring at the two of them while Lukas continued.

The lion had unbuttoned his shirt to show a leather strap from an X-harness circling around his shoulder and chest. "Funny thing is I was always into the bondage, but I never wanted it with a guy. They're the only ones I think about now though! But yeah, as you probably heard, the tape got out, and there went my campaign. Course the anonymous tip got traced and it was an associate of my opponent's campaign. Now the old mayor's going on his fourth term." He chuckled, nodding as he stepped down.

"Thank you for being vulnerable with us," came the chorus again. The cheetah looked at the tiger. "Wil?"

The tiger nodded, smirking as he passed Lukas. "How am I supposed to compete with that?"

"Hey, we small town guys are kinky sons of bitches." Lukas said with a beaming smile.

"Excuse me!" The cheetah said, face puffed up in offense.

The lion just beamed at her and said "You're excused, miss. Don't worry about it."

She frowned and decided that was a battle not worth fighting, turning her attention to Wil.

"My name is Wilford, but you can call me Wil, and I'm a recovering hypnosis abuse victim."

"Hi Wil." The reply was more excited with Lukas back in the audience.

"So I got into UCLL on a swimming scholarship, right? So my grades aren't the best, especially in Psych class, but the prof is a cool guy and he says he has an extra credit assignment for me. Hands-on stuff. Normally for grad students, but I needed the points bad."

The wolf chuffed. "I know where this is headed." But Wil talked over him to continue.

"So he gives me a CD to listen to while I'm studying and suddenly I'm making these weird trips to campus in the middle of the night and meeting strangers and having sex and blowing them and fucking them but damn it feels good, you know? And then one day, after like the fifth CD, I go to the prof's place and we just go at it all day like rabbits. And I guess we were really loud or something cause the neighbors called the police...aaaand I transferred schools to UCSN over here but I'm still fucking strang-"

The cheetah cut him off with an early prompt of the "Thank you for being vulnerable with us" line.

Wil rejoined the line of chairs and everyone's gaze meandered toward the wolf who simply stated: "So we're done right?"

The cheetah put on her best weak smile, "I'd really like to have you come up and share with us, Adam."

"And I'd really like you to move on."

"Please, Adam?"

"Not gonna happen."

"Then I'm afraid we can't go to the sponsored happy hour."

Each of them groaned in protest.

"FINE." Adam said. "Only for the booze. Not for you." He stood up and stepped to the podium.

"My name is Adam, and I'm a recovering hypnoslut."

"Please don't use that language, Ad-"

"I'll use whatever language I DAMN well please." He growled back. The other three had their attention held tight on him, afraid to look away.

"Came from a poor family, never really finished high school, got temp jobs after my folks died, yadda yadda. Point is I wasn't a good boyfriend and had a lot of worse girlfriends, with a helluva breakup about five years ago. Got depressed, couldn't really afford therapy, found this freelance guy, except when he did the hypnotherapy he didn't bring me back out, and he knew nobody was gonna miss me. So the guy puts a collar on me and calls me slave for a while and I end up sucking his dick every day while the years go by."

"*Shit*," mumbled Johan.

"He only fucks up once, and it was after all you three got in the media. It's enough to tip the cops off, and they raid the place and spend a week just trying to get my head back to normal while the guy rots his life away in jail. All of a sudden, I'm almost thirty, everybody I know is gone or doesn't want to see me, but I'm living comfortably off of state disability."

He left a pause for a moment.

"Case closed."

Everyone was dead silent as Adam sat back down indignantly, to insult them for demanding the information.

The cheetah was the first to speak up. "Thank you for being vulnerable with us, Adam." The others nodded and muttered in agreement, each sincere.

"Okay." He said.

"Well, now that you all know each other, let's go over and get ourselves some drinks."

"One condition." Johan spoke up.

The cheetah tilted her head with curiosity.

"You leave us alone. We deserve to talk to each other without chaperoning."

Lukas nodded. "We're not children, after all."

The cheetah's face melted downward into a frown, but she nodded. "Very well."

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The bar was about as much of a dive as it could be while still being situated in the rich district of town with its coordinated shopping centers and coffee shops and department stores. Knick-knacks and chotchkies hung along the wall with pride, all as mismatched as the glasses sliding along the bar itself.

Wil brought back four bottles of beer, each with a different label and set them down at a round corner booth. Three were immediately grabbed by Lukas, Johan and Adam, leaving Wil's standing alone.

"So now that we've learned each other's deepest darkest secrets, how about some small talk?"

Adam grumbled, looking over at the cheetah at a lonely table with her Shirley Temple and tablet computer, watching a rom-com while keeping her promise to butt out.

The others thought it was a fair proposition.

"So what do you all do?"

Johan took a swig of his bottle, some dark brew. "Construction."

Lukas beamed. "Freelance Writing. Blogs and such that need articles. Lets me use a pen name, y'know."

Adam crossed his arms, looking at the name-brand light beer before him. "I paint."

Wil smirked. "You paint? Like what, walls?"

"Canvases."

"And you can afford rent on that?"

"Of course I can't. That's what the settlement money is for. Painting just helps me deal."

"Just helps you deal." Wil echoed, "Well, I'm in my last year of school. Hoping to graduate into the workforce and that whole shebang."

Johan cocked an eyebrow. "Shebang?"

The tiger blushed a bit. "My vocabulary is a bit antiquated ever since I listened to those CDs."

He nodded, and the others each in turn drank from their bottles. An awkward silence pressed in on them.

Lukas was first to speak. "I can't be the only one that misses it."

Adam shot a glare at the lion. "Misses it?"

"Getting laid, one way or another." Lukas said.

Wil immediately nodded. "Hell yeah I do. All I get to do is suck the dicks of strangers. Nobody wants steady fuck-buddy status."

Both Adam and Johan groaned.

"Someday you'll get over this obsession, kid." The bull said. "But...yeah. I don't remember much of that, but it was a damn good feeling." And before anyone could interrupt, he appended: "Still have a major problem with the principle of it."

They all glanced at Adam. "No. I don't." He stated with a calm anger.

"Well, still a majority, I guess." The tiger shrugged. "I was thinking, actually, what if we played a little game, huh? Without telling little miss official over there." He gestured toward the cheetah, now cooing at her favorite hunky actor on the tablet's screen.

"Game?" Johan quirked an eyebrow.

"Yeah, we all have triggers, right? So what if we put them all in a hat or a shoe or something and each of us picks one but we don't know whose it is."

"So we know somebody's trigger. What about it?" asked the lion.

"Whoever can put everybody else under at least once first wins."

"Wins what?" growled Adam. "I won't do this for a trophy."

The tiger smiled. "So you'll do it?"

"For cash."

The lion and bull nodded. "Could use some extra" came as a mumble from at least one of them.

"All right, but I'm not cutting into grant money for this. Let's call it a hundred-fifty from each of us?" said Wil.

There was another pause as the others weighed their options.

They each agreed.

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Moments later, they were all scrawling words on napkins with borrowed pens with a fellow patron's baseball cap resting upside down at the center of the table.

Adam was the first to drop his trigger into the hat, followed by Wil, then Lukas, and lastly Johan.

Wil snatched the hat, gripped the side tight and used a hand to keep the slips of napkin from rattling while he shook it.

"How do we know everybody's going to pay up at the end of this?" The wolf asked.

"The winner will know everybody's triggers, he can just make us pay up." Lukas responded.

"You don't sound confident about your chances." Johan smirked.

"Well, I'm not really in this for the money." Lukas grinned back.

"Wait, a few ground rules before we get started." Wil said. "One, no trying to trigger everybody at once. You have to be alone with the guy you're trying it on. Two, if somebody tries to trigger you, and fails in an obvious manner, you get one free chance to do it to them. Agreed?"

"Sounds fair." Adam said. The other two nodded.

Wil extended his arms out and held the hat in front of the wolf, who grabbed a slip. He shook the hat again and then offered it to the bull, who reached in without looking and grabbed another. Then he shook the hat once more, being dramatic about it, and offered it to the lion. Lukas grabbed another one.

Wil snapped the hat back to his chest and grabbed the remaining fragment of napkin.

"Anybody get their own?" He asked. The others shook their heads 'no'.

The one in Wil's hand read "Fondle my package."

Adam held one reading "Stroke down my back."

Lukas held one saying "'Slave Time.'"

and Johan's said "'Sleepy Kitten.'"

They all looked up at each other, glancing around.

Johan cleared his throat. "well...now seems like a good time to, uh, leave."

The others nodded, muttering similar excuses, and they all slid out of the booth and parted ways. Each passed the cheetah sobbing at her hunky actor laid in the leading lady's arms dying, fanning herself.

2

They all assembled once again in the same basement on a Saturday afternoon, carrying bags of varying types and each wearing sunglasses somewhere on their person. Though they all arrived a good five minutes before the cheetah did.

It occurred to Wil that he ought to be remembering her name, but it was so much easier to think of her as 'the other one that was already around.' She wasn't a hypnovictim after all, just a state-appointed group therapist. Or something.

But she hadn't arrived yet. So Wil reached into his bag and broke open a quartet of fur-dye pens, each different colors.

"Quick." He gestured at the others. "Grab one." They each tentatively took a pen, about the size of a highlighter and snuck it into their bags. "If you trigger somebody, get them to mark you back where you can't reach. That way we'll know it's legit."

Adam fingered the pen. "And what if we like our fur the color it already is?"

Wil rolled his eyes. "It's just one mark. And it'll grow out eventually."

The wolf grumbled and pocketed his just as the cheetah burst through the door carrying no less than three tote bags of towels and swimwear.

"I hope you guys are ready for the BEACH!" She grinned.

They all exchanged glances ranging from mild enthusaism to apprehension.

"Don't look so excited." She snarked. "Just kidding! You should! Because I RENTED A VAN!"

Adam rubbed his temples and groaned.

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A cramped 40 minute drive and a few moments' angst of towel placement later, the five of them were spread out on their staked territory of the beach.

Wil lifted his hand to his eyes and peered out at the ocean of towels and umbrellas stretching out as far as he could see down the shore, then turned toward the literal ocean stretching westward.

The cheetah (Her name must have started with L. Lisa. Lilah. Something.) was already parked on a beach chair spread out in the sun, reading a book and obscuring the title with her hands. Wil got the impression she was more of a chaperone on these field trips than a therapist.

"Going in the water, kid?" Johan asked the tiger. Wil turned to look at him.

Goddamn. He thought. The bull filled out his work uniform well, but Wil never imagined the body beneath would look like that. It took considerable restraint for the tiger not to just reach out and touch his muscled chest. He could, however, afford a glance down at his swimsuit. As it turned out, the bull filled that out well too.

All of that happened in a split second, and the tiger recovered with almost no noticeable delay. He chuckled. "That must be a rhetorical question, right?" He slipped off his shirt, and swore he caught the bull looking at his body just like he gazed at the bull's. But he couldn't call him out on it.

Adam and Lukas were already seated, also showing off their upper body. Lukas wasn't flabby, just some extra all around, held against his body firmly. Adam was only a tad better. It was easy to see he kept himself in good condition and recently stopped caring, with love handles and little belly. One of the noticeable aspects of his chest was off-color fur that was bushier and acted as a treasure trail down to his waist, disappearing under his trunks.

Again, Wil almost caught himself staring for too long, and walked with Johan out to the water. Too much public to try anything for either of them, each reasoned, so they decided to have a good time out there.

Meanwhile, Adam found himself annoyed at the cheetah's company, and looked at the lion. "Wanna come with me to the tide pools?" He

nodded at the north end of the beach, rocky and isolated from the crowds.

Lukas was a good sport and gave a friendly smile, "Sure, always wanted to look at those." They stood up and waved toward the cheetah, quickly clearing the crowds as they stepped toward the rocks.

It didn't take long to turn around a corner and feel completely closed off from the rest of the beach. Lukas was genuinely interested in some of the wildlife, pointing out the starfish and anemones as they passed them. Adam shrugged the comments off, eventually standing and looking out at the ocean, his hands in the pockets of his swimsuit.

The lion smirked and stood next to him.

"I take it you're not one for crowds." Lukas said.

"That's about right."

"Or people in general."

"Right again."

"Or me."

"Eh." The wolf shrugged. "You're all right. But you're a politician."

"Former politician."

"We all have our problems." Adam said.

They remained silent, looking at the vast blue infinity in front of them.

"You don't really need that money, do you?" Lukas asked with the subtlety of a hammer to a forehead.

Adam crossed his arms. "Between you and me, no. I've got enough to get by. But it'd be nice."

"But it'd be nicer to win at something, am I right?"

Adam grumbled again. "Yeah."

"You know you got everyone's pity last time, right? Nobody in that room ever felt they had it worse than you."

"Pity isn't going to give back five years of my life."

The lion grinned. A terrible, mischievous grin. "But you don't want them back. You want to go back."

Adam stopped, turning toward Lukas. "Excuse me?"

"Come on, you don't feel like you have purpose anymore. That's why you're all irritable and angry. You miss it."

"Fucking hell I miss it!" The wolf stood up straight and glared at Lukas. "Yer an asshole, you know that?"

"Really?" The lion asked, facetious. "You don't miss Slave Time?"

Adam took the trigger like a blow to the chest, stumbling back, nearly falling off the rock if it weren't for Lukas' quick motion to jerk him back into his arms. Lukas almost pitied the wolf.

The wolf weakly struggled against him, panting quickly. He was resisting.

"Shhh...it's okay. You remember Slave Time." This time the trigger just caused him to lean further into the lion's grasp. "You remember how nice it felt. How easy it is to just trust someone."

The wolf closed his eyes and rumbled, nuzzling against the lion's chest.

"Tell me how it felt before. What was Slave Time like?"

If there was any resistance, it disappeared with that last mention. The wolf's swim trunks were even tenting, pressed up against the lion. "I was happy. Felt good to not think. To just obey. Hated Master, but loved to obey. Loved to pleasure. Loved being slave."

The lion rubbed tenderly along Adam's back. "Been a while since you pleased anyone, hasn't it?"

"Yes, sir." The wolf said, making the lion smile. They'd only just begun and the wolf was already treating him like authority. "Want to pleasure again. Feels good to do it."

Lukas slid his claw along the back of the wolf's neck, eliciting a coo from his mouth. "We're alone here. Call me the title that makes you feel happiest."

"Yes master." Adam mumbled.

The lion pushed downward on Adam's shoulders, causing him to fall to his knees on the smooth, water-beaten rock. Before the wolf could do anything, Lukas tugged down at the waistband of his swimsuit and hefted out his package. Adam grinned, possibly eager, possibly impressed. Lukas hoped it was both.

The interaction had left the lion aroused, but he needed more to get to full length. He whispered encouragement to the wolf, who immediately nuzzled the half-erect shaft, giving the tip a few licks as well as the sides, the lion's fuzzy golden balls hanging loose behind the member.

"This is what you've been waiting for, isn't it?" Lukas said in a commanding tone, as if it weren't a question. "What you've been wanting all along."

"Yes, sir. It is." It might have been the mental conditioning talking, but it was certainly true at that moment.

"Then show me your desire." The lion said.

Adam slipped the entire length into his muzzle and began to bob back and forth on it, a hand reaching up and fondling the lion's balls, causing Lukas to shudder visibly.

"Careful there. Sensitive." He warned.

The wolf took it to heart and instead rubbed at his taint gingerly while he increased the speed. The lion was careful not to be too loud to attract other curious tidepool watchers, but even then the wolf got a groan out of him every few seconds. Adam was so skilled that the lion found himself edging toward orgasm faster than he could have ever expected.

"Shit." He mumbled. "You're...ahhh..." He allowed a long moan and arched his back. Adam took it as a cue to slide the whole length into his mouth and let out a groan of his own, causing his jaw to act like a vibrator.

It proved too much for the lion, who instantly climaxed, his seed flowing into the wolf's mouth, who swallowed without a word until Lukas' flow subsided.

Panting, the lion withdrew from Adam's mouth and stumbled back until he leaned up against a rock and allowed himself to slide down until he sat against it. Adam scooted himself over to sit next to him and nuzzled the lion.

Lukas let out a sigh, sliding his junk back behind his swimsuit with a little blush. "So. What to do with you." He said.

The wolf leaned in and nuzzled again.

"Your conscious self is going to be upset, I imagine."

"Livid." Adam replied with a smile.

The lion bit his lip. "Yeah. Here's what's going to happen." The wolf perked his ear up, listening intently. "You're going to wake up very slowly over the rest of the day. As we head back to the others, you will act like all we did was look at tidepools and, er, bond as friends."

The wolf nodded, absorbing the information.

"No matter what, until this game is over, you won't tell anyone what really happened here. You will find yourself physically incapable of it. Understand?"

Another nod. The lion smiled again, grabbing the dye pen from his pocket.

"Now I need you to scratch my back."

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Johan was toweling off next to Wil and the cheetah, all three of them smiling and laughing as the tiger and bull recounted their escapades in the water. How the tide pulled Wil into the surf-only area and the bull yelled for minutes straight to get him to come back to shore. How Johan was positive he stepped on a crab but Wil assured him it was a pointy rock, and the number of times seaweed slid into their suits for a nasty surprise.

He could have sworn he was having an honest-to-god enjoyable time. Perhaps worse, he was really growing to like the tiger. It didn't seem so bad until he remembered one of them was eventually going to trigger the other, possibly negating the whole purpose of the group therapy.

He began to entertain the idea of calling it off somehow, just bowing out or convincing the others to call it quits too.

Wil pointed toward Lukas and Adam coming back from the rocky end of the shore, and they all greeted them. Lukas started talking about all the starfish he and Adam saw, with Adam mostly nodding along and agreeing.

The tiger smirked at the wolf. "Smiling, dude? Since when do you smile?"

Johan did have to admit that Adam seemed oddly cheery, until the expression disappeared from the wolf's face.

"I was having a good time until you had to screw it up."

Wil backed off and offered half-hearted apologies. The bull kept his attention on the wolf though, and soon enough he became chipper again, eyes almost always on Lukas.

The cheetah mentioned something about being out of time and making it back before sunset, so they all moved to grab their bags and dress into street clothes again.

Lukas kept his face toward the group almost the whole time, but as he reached down and grabbed his shirt, sliding it over his head, the bull saw something that made him freeze in place.

A small "A" written on his back in neon dye.

In that moment, he promised to win their little competition, though he could never articulate his reasons in mere words.

3

Golftown wasn't the kind of follow-up to the beach that any of them were expecting. The cheetah had mentioned something about a budget, and being more strict with activities and blah blah blah. Everything was some kind of neon primary color except for the astroturf in pastel green. The whole place felt extravagant like a Vegas hotel in all the wrong ways. There were even three separate 18-hole courses. Miniature ones.

Johan had his arms crossed, watching the cheetah (Lilia? No, something else) buy one-round passes for all of them. She perked up toward them, handing putters to each.

"All righty, since I got some quality time with Johan and Wil before...Adam, Lukas, hope you don't mind me crashing your game." She said with a smirk and a tone that warned of meddling.

"Sure, sounds good to me." Lukas said. Adam nodded as well.

"What good sports!" She turned toward Wil and Johan. "Well, you two have fun on your own. We'll all meet up back at the arcade once we're done, okay?"

Johan nodded and smiled. "Sounds good."

Wil gave a cheerful thumbs up.

Minutes later, Wil was leaning on his putter like a pimp watching Johan line up a shot involving a windmill three times their height, a door, and a pipe leading out of it.

"So, bonding, huh?" Wil said. "You feel like we've bonded?" He asked sarcastically. "I totally do. We're B-F-Fs now right?"

Johan fired off with his putter and watched his golf ball slide up into the windmill's open door, down the pipe and right next to the hole. "Sure, I guess." He said.

Wil grumbled and stepped up to the tee. He lined up his shot and swung about as wildly as someone can swing at miniature golf. He also completely missed the ball.

"Christ, Wil, it's minigolf not a driving range."

The tiger grumbled. "Right, well, I don't know what that is."

Johan covered his face and faux shame. "Just try again. And hit softer."

Wil did. He tried at least six more times. Two shots missed, one hit the windmill's blade and bounced back to hit him in the chest, and the remaining three were all variations on the theme of flying past the windmill.

"Stop. Just stop." The bull said, Wil's hands gripped the handle of the putter, angled out and upward as if for a fairway drive.

Johan stepped over and slipped behind the tiger.

"Whoa, hey there man."

"Just relax, okay?" The bull said, sliding his arms around the tiger's. "You have to move your arms like a pendulum, got it? Smooth and slow." He moved the tiger's arms and together they hit the ball with a smooth, even stroke that forced it up toward the windmill and into the open door.

The ball slipped down the pipe and gently touched Johan's own golf ball.

"Knew you could do it." Johan said.

Wil smiled, and angled his head back toward the bull. "Damn right."

Johan grinned back at him. "Sleepy kitten."

Unlike Adam's trigger, the effect was instantaneous. Wil's head fell forward and his eyes closed. The bull kept his hands tight against the tiger's, but Wil's grip loosened on the putter, letting it dance between his fingers. From the tiger's mouth came four words:

"I hear and obey."

Johan grinned. "That's right. When you feel my hands come off yours, I want you to follow me behind the windmill, acting normal. Once we're out of sight, go back to this state."

"Yes sir." The tiger said.

Johan could feel the tiger's denim rubbing against his wrist. He peeked and saw that the tiger had a fantastic, raging erection. With a grin, he took his hands off the tiger's.

Wil snapped back into a normal posture immediately and then stepped toward the windmill. Johan jogged up ahead of them until he was in position, waiting for the tiger.

As soon as Wil was in place, out of sight from the rest of the park, he resumed his slumped posture and mumbled out the same mantra, too soft to be heard.

"All right, 'fess up, tigs." Johan said with a grin. "Why did you want to start this thing?"

"Wanted sex." He droned.

Johan quirked an eyebrow, waiting for more. When all he heard was silence, the bull asked again. "That's it?"

"Yes sir." Wil said.

"Just sex?"

"Just sex, sir."

"Well damn, I thought you had some master plan or something." The bull reached his hands down to his denim jeans and began to unzip with a grin. "Would have considered it if you just asked, but seeing you like this..." He licked his lips. "...makes me want payback.

"Shirt and pants off, tigs. And turn around." The bull said. In mere seconds, Wil had stripped himself of his clothes, standing before the bull in only his boxerbriefs.

Johan stepped forward and slipped his hand around the tiger's waist, starting to rub on the tiger's bulge, eliciting a long moan from him. "Damn right. Feels good to listen to me. To do what I say. Doesn't it now?"

The tiger nodded, eyes half closed, his tail lifting up and pulling flush against his back. "It does, sir." He said.

The bull tugged down at the waistband to reveal the tiger's tight rear, heaving out his own equipment and grinding it up against Wil's backside. The tiger let out a rumbling moan, then leaning against the back of the windmill. Johan slid his growing member between the tiger's cheeks, letting out a grunt and getting a lusty whine out of the tiger.

"Quiet. Make sure nobody hears us." Johan said, receiving a mumble in reply from the tiger. He gave his length another few strokes until it was throbbing and ready to violate the feline. It must have been a while since the tiger had gotten any, because as he slid his tip against Wil's

pucker, he felt more resistance than ever as he tried to push inward. That or the tiger just didn't bottom.

Well that would have to change. The bull let out a grunt of satisfaction as he felt the tiger's rear yield at last, surrounding his shaft while he pushed inward. Wil himself let out a high-pitched whine again as he adjusted to the girth of the bull, his legs shivering while he clutched the windmill.

The bull hushed him again, sliding ever inward until he felt the tiger's ring against the base of his shaft. A few moments to let Wil adjust, and then he rolled his hips in circles, groaning as he slid his chest up against the tiger's back. His hands brushed against the tiger's nipples, and Johan felt the fur on Wil's chest straighten while he kept his pace of thrusts.

They both panted and groaned as quietly as they could, the tiger staining his underwear at the front, his own member visibly outlined by the fabric. Johan's thrusts became fiercer, pushing deeper, harder, his body preparing for release.

And at last, he pushed so hard into the tiger's rear that Wil's arms gave out and they both ended up leaning full-body on the windmill, the bull hilted inside Wil as he pumped his load inside the tiger.

They both rested there, catching their breath. Johan slipped both his arms around the tiger, sliding his muzzle next to Wil's.

"Think I've taken a liking to you, tigs."

"Glad, sir." Wil mumbled back.

Another few moments, their heavy panting relenting slowly.

"All right. We're gonna finish up, and you're going to act like this never happened. Like I never triggered you. You won't even think it happened. Hide it in the back of your memory."

"Yes sir." Wil said.

"But before that, I need you to do something." He said, pulling the dye pen from his pocket.

Half an hour later, as the two of them rejoined the group, Johan did his best to hide his satisfaction at the little W written in dye in the small of his back.

4

"Miss Peacock in the study...with the...REVOLVER."

Adam said, looking to his left at Johan. The bull shook his head, turning to Lukas, who also shook his head. Adam turned toward Wil, who held out the "Miss Peacock" card, showing it to the wolf, out of view of the others.

"Dammit." Adam muttered, scribbling a note on his narrow strip of paper with names of suspects, weapons, and rooms.

It was a Saturday evening, and the four of them were seated at Lukas' dining table with a board and several small game pieces spread out between them. It was the first event that wasn't supervised by the cheetah, and distinctively "on the down-low" as Wil wanted to call it. They'd played games for a few hours already.

Clue was usually a game of deductive reasoning, suspenseful and fun for the whole family or whoever was playing it. Usually. That day it was except only for Adam and Wil. They didn't have to keep their guards up. Wil still thought that no one had made a move on triggering any of them, and Adam was entirely at peace with losing, albeit at the suggestion of a lion.

Lukas and Johan though, were playing for keeps. They kept their hands close to their chests, only offering information when circumstances forced them to do so. By this point, it was no longer a game.

Wil smiled, fanning through his cards and double-checking his list. "J'accuse!" He yelled with excitement. The others all looked at him with confusion. "I'm making an accusation." He said, deflated.

"Colonel Mustard in the Dining Room with the Revolver." He grinned and grabbed at the tiny envelope with three cards, pulling them out and groaning. "Nope." He slid the cards back in, and took his piece off the board, crossing his arms.

Johan smirked. "I'm going to make an accusation." The other three each offered a sigh or a groan. "Miss Scarlet in the Dining Room with the Revolver." He took the envelope and slid the cards out, grinning wide as he splayed the cards out on the table, showing his accusation to be the truth.

Lukas laughed, "Damn, well played. I was about to say the same thing."

Adam grumbled, "At least I got the weapon right."

Wil reached down to the ground, below the table, touch his phone, which was charging via an incredibly short cord to a wall outlet. "Thanks for letting me charge my phone, Luke," he said, "Even if I have to break my back to check on it."

The lion laughed. "How's it doing?"

"Should be charged enough for me to go home in a few more minutes."

Lukas smiled, "Well, let's finish off the six-pack and then you guys can all go home."

And so they did, splitting the remaining two beers between the four of them, decompressing themselves after the mildly tense experience that is Clue.

It didn't take long, and soon enough Adam mumbled something about being somewhere the next day, and took off. Likewise, Wil let a yawn be his excuse to leave, giving a cheerful wave to the other two before his exit.

And then Lukas and Johan were alone.

The bull started to stand up from his chair.

"Leaving so soon?" Lukas smirked, cleaning up after the mess they had all made. Johan grumbled.

"Let me make this clear, lion." Johan said. "I don't like you. I tolerate you, and you're lucky I do."

The lion froze in place. "I...had no idea you felt that way."

"You shouldn't have. I've held my tongue." Johan stood up and walked to the door.

"Was it something I did? something I said?" Lukas asked, concern in his voice. He moved to catch up with the bull before he could leave.

Johan did his best to stay calm. He just had to get close enough to try triggering the lion...

...but his anger got the best of him.

"Your whole attitude. Your shitty small-town values that you contradict on a daily basis. The way you shrug and laugh off everything like nothing important exists anymore." The bull glared at the lion's chest.

"And your fucking thing for leather. All the time. Not because it helps you do your job, not even once in a while for fashion. No, because it gets you off so much. That's disgusting." The bull was almost shouting.

There was a moment's pause, where Lukas looked almost heartbroken.

"I'm leaving." Johan stated, his volume back to normal.

He didn't even want to trigger the lion anymore. He'd have another chance. He needed to go home, to let his blood simmer. Even as the lion stepped closer, he let his chance pass by.

The bull turned around and put his hand on the doorknob to leave, but before he could turn his wrist, he felt a single stroke down his spine.

As those fingers slid down his body, a wave of relaxation flowed with them. His hand slipped from the doorknob. His head slumped forward, his eyes closing. His arms hung at his sides, the bull offering a grunt.

Then came another stroke down his back, another wave of pleasant tingling sensations all through his body. Words echoed in his mind. Obedience. All is obedience.

One last stroke and he felt the way he hadn't felt for so long. At peace. Eager to listen. Ready to usher in the future.

"Mating Unit Prime is ready, sir." He said, lifting his head and looking back into the eyes of the lion, his own looking soulless and blank, unfocused.

"So that's what he called you. I like it." Lukas said with a chuckle. "Tell me, Prime, what's standard operating procedure for you?"

Johan spat out words he knew by heart as if accessing data like a computer. "Nudity at all times. Ready to produce semen hourly, if necessary." Then, something registered in his mind, and the bull began to strip himself of his clothes completely. He was neither graceful, nor quick, but he managed to do it eventually. "Apologies, sir. Unit Prime is readjusting to programming."

Lukas laughed, applauding a little. "That's fine, that's fine. But before we get started, I have a couple questions."

"Yes sir."

"Have you triggered anyone yet?" asked the lion.

"Yes sir, Wil."

"Good! What was his trigger?"

"The words 'Sleepy Kitten.'"

"Very nice. Fitting for him. What trigger did he know?"

"He believed the trigger he received to belong to you."

"Well, if my math is right, that's correct. Lastly, did you mean all those things you said to me before?"

"Yes, sir, every word."

"Not anymore. You might have found leather insulting before, but as long as you're not wearing it, it's sexy. It's people trying to be more like bovines. That's admirable, isn't it?"

"Quite admirable, sir." The bull somehow had slipped into a military attention pose, his length standing out from his body and throbbing with arousal. Lukas began to eye it.

"Damn right. More than admirable. Desireable. Seeing leather on a fellow man, it makes you want him."

"Want him." The bull repeated. His length started to trickle with pre. Lukas decided it was a fine time to take off his shirt, revealing the X-harness underneath it.

As the fabric slipped off and showed the bull Lukas' accessory, Johan let out a soft grunt, his eyes locked with the leather harness.

"Like that, don't you, Prime?"

"Yes sir. As you said."

The lion stepped forward and splayed out his hand on the bull's naked chest. "Stud like you's probably a hell of a fuck."

"I can provide samples hourly, sir. As per your directions." The bull droned.

"Follow me, then." Lukas grinned.

Exactly two minutes later, the lion was laying down on his bed with the bull standing before him. The lion's legs were up and Johan held onto them while he pressed his pre-slicked member at the lion's rear. Lukas let out a groan as it slid inside his body, biting his lip.

"All right, Prime. Go crazy." Lukas said, feeling the bull slam his length into him with one smooth motion. The lion gasped and reached out to grab the sheets of the bed as Johan started to thrust slowly in and out of him.

The bull was acting like a fucking machine, his movements calculated and purposeful, nothing tender and loving about it. But Lukas wasn't looking for a tender, loving fuck. He wanted rough. The lion just wasn't ready for the kind of rough he was getting.

The lion growled and groaned as the bull split him apart, the thrusts slowly speeding up.

"Sh...shit." He managed to say. It was possible to get the bull to stop, sure, but as painful as it was, the lion was enjoying himself immensely. He started to pant and looked down at his own growing member, now smearing pre on his abdomen. Then the bull slammed in again and he jerked his head back onto the pillow and let out another groan as the massive bovine length filled him.

Each of them started to breathe faster, Lukas' eyelids fluttering while Johan's hips rolled in the same motion, faster and faster while his pleasure escalated. Of course, as Mating Unit Prime, he didn't care about the pleasure he felt, he only wanted to make sure the sample was captured.

The bull began to groan, arching his back. He thrust his member inward again, a few more final times, hitting the lion's prostate in the process. Lukas was unable to stop himself from reaching down and stroking himself while the bull gave his last fierce shove, his dick spasming and spurting his generous load into the lion's rear. Lukas felt that final thrust and stroked himself furiously until at last he felt himself erupt onto his own chest, panting with fatigue.

"Goddamn, you know what you're doing." Lukas moaned out.

"Just following instructions, sir." The bull said.

"Right, right." The lion said. "We need to get you a collar."

A few minutes later, and the two of them were cleaned up, and the lion had snapped a leather collar around the bull's neck.

"You'll keep this on, even when you're not Mating Unit Prime, got it? And it's something you've always worn. Just feels right."

"Yes sir. Understood."

He pat the bull on the shoulder. "All right, now get in bed. You're staying the night."

"Of course, sir." Johan said before sliding into bed.

The lion went back into the kitchen for a quick drink of water when he noticed that Wil's phone was still laying on the ground, charging. Its screen was lit and displayed a message: "If Found, please return to Wil Alain." Then it displayed his address.

With a dark smile, Lukas knew he had his perfect opportunity to get the tiger.

5

A few emails later, Lukas had a time and date to show up to Wil's place. The only trouble would be if he had roommates present, but the two of them could always come back to his place after a trigger.

Lukas did his best to hold in his sneer as he stood outside Wil's front door, holding the still-locked phone, and knocked four times.

It took a few moments, but the tiger showed up at the front door and opened it up.

"Thanks, man!" He snatched the phone from Lukas' soft grip before dashing back inside, but leaving the door open for the lion to walk through. "Make yourself at home! I gotta restore this bad boy to factory settings."

The lion stepped inside and found a couch to sit on, waiting for the tiger to return. From the sound of it, he went upstairs to one of the bedrooms. It was a surprisingly nice place, but clearly not meant for as many people as it was holding. There were labels with names on bookshelves dictating which book belonged to which tenant.

"Gotta admit I was impressed your phone could do that." Lukas said, raising his voice to carry to whatever room Wil was in.

"Yeah smartphones are cool like that." Wil said, a little muffled.
"Battery life still sucks balls though."

The lion smirked, muttering to himself that battery life wouldn't be the only thing sucking balls soon.

Still, the tiger was taking a long time up there. He could still get some information out of him. "Got any roommates?"

"Yep! But they're all out right now."

"Oh, I see." The lion said, grinning but never betraying it in his voice.

"Thanks again." The tiger then came bounding down the stairs to the lower floor and walked toward the kitchen. "Can I get you anything to drink, or are you gonna take off?"

"I'll stay for a little while, if you're up for a chat. A beer is fine for me."

"Sweet," the tiger said, grabbing two beers from the fridge. He playfully tossed one at the lion from a couple feet away, who caught it. They twisted off the caps and each took a sip. "So, what about?"

"The game."

"Okay, and what about the game?"

"Well, the condition for victory specifically. It's hard to remember whether to win, you have to trigger all three of the others, or if you're just the one who doesn't get triggered in the end."

Wil shrugged. "Don't suppose it matters in the end. If you're the only one who hasn't been triggered, you can get everyone else's trigger just by asking." He raised a brow. "Why? Did you get Johan and Adam both?"

The lion nodded, unable to stop himself from grinning. "And Johan got you."

Wil didn't take the news as the lion expected. He looked sort of bemused, and scratched his chin.

"Well that explains why my ass was sore after we went minigolfing, but I thought he'd have the decency to let me remember something like that. But what you're saying right now is that you've got everybody's triggers, right?"

The tiger reclined, mere inches from the lion sitting next to him on the couch.

"Just about. And I'm going to do it to you."

"Okay then." Wil took a swig of his drink. "What for?"

"What for?" Lukas repeated.

"Well you don't need the money. Johan and Adam were in it for the money, and you seem more like a guy who likes getting tied up more than a dom. Why bother at this point?"

Lukas narrowed his eyes. "I'm going to turn the three of you into my permanent slaves, Slee--"

Wil reached out and grabbed the lion's crotch, giving it a firm fondling, enough to cut that sentence short. Lukas shivered and let out a soft moan, his muscles relaxing as he felt the pleasure of his touch-related trigger wash over him.

The tiger snatched the beer from the lion's grip and took a swig from that too.

"See, Luke, that's the kind of thinking that landed our previous doms in jail." Wil said.

Lukas nodded, looking at the tiger with lust, but listening intently.

"You and me, from the beginning, we were in it for the sex. That's partially why you won, I think." The tiger stood up and went to drain the bottles of beer and recycle them. "The other guys didn't want it the way we did. But you let your head get all full of dumb take-over-the-world ideas." He walked back to the couch and settled back down, looking at the pacified, submissive lion.

"How'd you know miiine?" Lukas asked with lilting syllables, smiling sweetly at the tiger.

Wil chuckled. "You told me, course. Indirectly though." He pulled out his phone from his pocket. "Not that it'll be much use, but here's some advice: Always keep an eye on your competitor's technology."

He thumbed through a couple screens and then played a voice recording.

"Very nice. Fitting for him. What trigger did he know?" Lukas' voice came out of the tiny speaker

"He believed the trigger he received to belong to you." A triggered Johan responded.

"Well, if my math is right, that's correct."

Wil stopped the recording.

"See? I was expecting to have to figure it out based on deduction from what I knew and whatever I learned from this recording, but you JUST TOLD ME that I had your trigger from the beginning. I mean, honestly, it's hilarious considering all the planning I did. Still, good that I left it recording for so long."

Lukas nodded and smiled, listening to the tiger.

"This would have been a lot more fun to reveal if I didn't have to trigger you so quickly. Anyway, let's get the party started. Call Adam and Johan and get them over here."

It took another hour to get the others to arrive, but it was easy to trigger each of them as they arrived. With the three of them docile and obedient, Wil ordered them to kneel in front of him.

The tiger crossed his arms and looked down at the obedient lion, bull and wolf, grinning.

"I want all of you to override your programming. Forget all of it. Just let it go completely, and take the words I'm giving you as your new programming.

"One. You love sex, particularly with me."

"Yes sir." They each responded in unison.

"Two. You love to dominate when you're having sex. Treat me like a slave or a pet. Give me your favorite fetishes. But never allow it to take over either of our lives."

"Yes sir." They said.

"Three. At least once a week, you'll meet with me and trigger me, and we'll fuck. At least once a month, we will all meet and have a foursome."

"Yes sir."

"Just let go of everything else and embrace that, okay?"

The tiger looked over the three of them again. Sure, it was a gamble to try and pull something like this off, but he managed it. He got them to willingly give their triggers away, and he found a way to learn each of them. And now he had three separate doms who knew his trigger and would never abuse it the way his professor did.

He was set for life.

"Stand up." He said, and they obeyed.

"When I snap my fingers, you will each wake up and trigger me. Understood?"

"Yes sir."

Wil snapped his fingers. Seeing them all return to full consciousness made him start to slip back into trance purely in anticipation. The three of them blinked a few times, then looked at each other, smirking. Then, in unison one last time:

"Sleepy Kitten."

END