

"So, you're here because--"

"I'm here because the harassment policy for this company was written by a bunch of morons!" Despite laying on what Gerrark was sure was the most comfortable couch in the world, his boss somehow still managed to explode over every little thing. Good, great. The skunk sighed, resisting the urge to rub his temple. He really wished that his "conflict of interest" excuse had worked when he tried to get out of this earlier. Why did anyone think his boss would be fine being psychoanalyzed by an underling?

"No Marcus, you're here because that's the third secretary this month that quit because you yelled them into tears. The company can't afford to pay you to spend every week finding a new one." The boar gave him a sidelong glare, and it took every bit of willpower the skunk had to keep from reeling back from the angry beast.

"He can't fire you for this, stop worrying," he thought to himself, trying to ignore the other voice in his head talking about how Mr. Hog didn't need to, he could just make the skunk miserable instead.

"I'll just get straight to the point," Gerrark said after a minute of silence spent steeling himself, "You have anger issues si-Marcus. So we're going to do some exercises that will help you control that anger, as well as do our best to find source your anger. I think you'll find that this will not only help make your life easier around the office, but everywhere else as--"

"I thought you said you were going to get to the point! Get on with it Gerrark, I don't have all day!" he snapped, sounding terrifying even while lying on his back.

"Oookay, this is exactly what I'm talking about," the skunk muttered, slooowly (and hopefully discreetly) pushing his chair backwards from the boar boss yelling from his couch, "Your biggest issue seems to be your impatience, so we need to find out where exactly it stems from. Can you think of any particular instance where someone made you really, truly upset over how long it took to get a task done?"

"Yes, this right now!" snorted the boar, constantly balling up his fists, "I know where my 'impatience' comes from, it stems from people like you taking forever to do absolutely anything! Now, you obviously don't know what you're doing, so can you just sign the release and let me out of here?" Boss Hog sat himself up on the couch and looked ready to just walk right out. To his credit, Gerrark managed to keep his forced smile upon his face, not following up with the various fantasies involving choking his boss currently playing out through his mind. Instead, he used his hands to give a kind of "calm down" motion.

"Alright, let's try something different. Also lay back down please," he said as nicely as he could, standing up until Marcus laid back down. Finally.

"How about we try a breathing exercise? Taking control of your breathing can be very helpful, and is actually very effective in relieving stress. Whenever you're feeling stressed and want to yell, I want you to try taking a deep breath through your nose, counting to ten, and slowly release. It might be hard to remember to do this at first, but if you make a conscious effort it'll help, believe me. How about trying it now?"

Boss Hog looked incredulous, but he kept his mouth shut for once, and closed his eyes. A long slow breath slowly began to pull in through nose, and Gerrark began to lean forward without even realizing, waiting on baited breath himself for the results. Six, seven, eight...

"This is a waste of time!" Marcus suddenly yelled, causing Gerrark to jump back in surprise, "I'm telling you, all this therapy mumbo-jumbo is a waste of time. You're lucky the company thinks we need someone like you because I don't see how we can justify such a waste of the company resources. If I was in charge we wouldn't be spending all this time and money on pointless 'therapy' shit." The boar sat himself up, reaching into his suit jacket and beginning to take out a cigar, muttering something about how he needed a smoke after this. However, it was his turn to keep from reeling, just now noticing the look of anger upon the therapist's face.

"Ugh, I don't want to do this anymore than you do, okay!" Gerrark was yelling at the top of his lungs (thankfully in a basically soundproof room), advancing on the shocked hog, "There are other people who I'd actually *like* to help because they aren't assholes, but I can't, because for some stupid reason your bosses thought you'd listen to me, or anyone for that matter! So, just, fucking, ugh, **relax.**"

Gerrark's anger washed away in a tidal wave of fear almost immediately. He yelled at his boss, he called him an "asshole." He was so fucking done, this was the end. He cowered away from what he assumed would be a rant so angry and loud it might disintegrate him then and there, but somehow, it never came. No words ever came, no sound at all even. Gerrark eventually realized his eyes were closed while he cowered away from his boss on the couch, opening them slowly, cautiously.

"Uh-oh..." There was his boss, sitting there with his mouth wide open, his shoulders slumped, his eyes wide. It took all of a second for Gerrark to realize what he had accidentally done, what he had promised he would never do--At work at least. Losing his composure entirely, the skunk must have turned on "the gaze," apparently hell bent on getting his boss to relax in some way or another.

"Shit shit, shit," Gerrark muttered, pacing back and forth before the dazed boar. What was he going to do, what could he do? He walked around the room mumbling to himself for a minute or two, going over nervously half-baked ideas. No, dousing him in scotch and throwing him into the hallway was not a good idea, and killing him probably wouldn't help either. He was on idea number five when he heard some stirring from the couch. Every strand of fur on his fluffy body stood up for a moment as he saw his boss begin to stir, slowly coming out of it. Unsure of what else to do, the panic-stricken skunk ran his way over to Marcus and took a hold of his head. Purposefully this time, Gerrark pushed the entrancing rings of orange and yellow across his eyes, the mesmerizing gaze drawing the boar's in in an instant.

"Uhhhh, ummm, relax. Relax and sleep, sleep nice and deep. This is your therapist spe- Uhhh, not your therapist. Not Gerrark. Somebody else, right? Yeah." Gerrark did not have anything even resembling a plan, but he held the slumping boar's shoulders up anyway, slowly turning him around to lay back along the couch. "You'll tell your therapist... Uh, hypnotist, how you're feeling. Nice and relaxed, right?" Boss Hog sure looked like he was relaxed, now laid out along the couch. But knowing Marcus, Gerrark was still expecting him to just explode in a fireball of anger any moment.

"Relaxed. Focused. Sleepy. Aroused," the boar responded, his voice having that far-away quality to it the skunk had heard so many times before.

"Okay okay good, that's good. Wait. What was that last one?" Maybe Gerrark had fallen into a coma, the aneurysm he received from working with this man shutting down his brain.

This was too lucky, too *easy* even. Well, he thought while shrugging to himself, if this was a coma dream he might as well ride it out and see where it goes.

"Aroused," the boar repeated robotically, and looking at the front of his pants, Gerrark was starting to wonder how he didn't notice it before. Jesus christ.

"Ummm, why? Slave."

"I find the idea of losing control to someone below me as hot. I like being humiliated by those with lower status."

There was so much that Gerrark could do with this info. So, so much. Oh man, no more getting yelled at by this man. No more having to worry about getting chewed out for not instantly sending back a reply e-mail. No more getting a glare if he's even a second late to a meeting. Maybe he could even get a raise out of this. But blackmail could come later. The skunk was pretty pent up in more ways than one as well, and with such an easy target laid out across his couch, practically begging for it...

"Open your eyes again, slave," the skunk said, hoisting himself onto the couch as well, straddling the boar. The unfocused eyes opened immediately and found Gerrark's hypnotic gaze, the skunk leaning in so close he could smell Marcus's expensive cologne. Boss Hog's eyes reflected Gerrark's rings in his own, and that snout that's so often bunched up in an angry frown became a big goofy smile. With a deep breath out, the boar's body untensed entirely, sinking into the couch.

"See? I told you breathing could help you relax, didn't I? Relax, and sleep for me," the skunk cooed, watching his eyelids fight to stay up, but each one drooping down, the boar completely under.

"When I snap my fingers, you will believe you are awake. You will not be, and you will not wake up until I say 'Wake up boss,' but despite being in trance you will think and act as if you're awake. However," the skunk's mouth curled in a wicked smile now, trying to keep the excitement out of his voice, "If I say any command following the words 'Now, boss,' you will do them without question or hesitation, unable to disobey even in the slightest. Do you understand slave?" From the massive erection pressing up against Gerrark's backside, he'd wager yes, yes the pig did.

"Yes master," Marcus mumbled sleepily, not so much speaking the words as they fell from his mouth.

"Good boy," the skunk chuckled, sliding himself off, and along that thick bulge behind him as he did so. He shifted his dick around in his pants so his own erection wasn't so obvious, and sat himself back in his chair. He snapped his fingers, and his boss's eyes popped open again.

"Oh, you're awake," said the skunk, trying to act nonchalant, "Seems you dozed off. I told you we'd find a way to get you to relax."

Marcus was holding onto his head in confusion as he sat himself up, trying to parse the last few minutes. He was mad about something, he was sure about that. Then... Nothing. It made no sense. Everything just kind of blanked out. Did he just fall asleep? Whatever it was, thinking about it made the boar feel very, very good. Which was made all the weirder, since he was in this quack's office. Oh god, wait. Marcus froze, his face growing hot as he just realized his own erection, tight suit pants bulging considerably.

"What'd you do you freak!" the hog screamed, standing right up. He looked like he was about to rush forward, but doing so made his massive boner (Which would *not* go down for some reason!) rub against the fabric of his underpants, so he simply stood still, shaking his finger as angrily as he could.

"Drug me? Some sort of implant? I'll find out what it is and have your head for this!"

"Now boss," Gerrark said with a smile, the sudden weight of his words making Marcus shiver, "I think you should sit back down, and relax."

Boss Hog sat himself back down on the couch automatically, and without a second thought, took a deep breath in, sighing it all out. He should be angry, he knows he should. But it was becoming increasingly difficult to summon the emotion, and to keep the smile off of his face. Why was this happening? And what's worse, why was it making his arousal even worse? "Now boss," Gerrark began again, the boar sitting straight at attention, ears straining, "You seem like you have a lot of questions, but you shouldn't worry about those for now. You should enjoy a cigar instead."

Still completely unaware of his own actions, Marcus reached inside his suit jacket and pulled out one of his fine cigars (imported, of course), his other hand pulling out the silver lighter inscribed with a "B" and "H." Chomping off the tip and just spitting it onto the floor, with a flick the tip was lit, and the boar was puffing away. It was only after a few clouds of smoke that he was able to wrest control of his conscious processes back once more, and it was so cute how hard he was trying to look mad even as he happily sucked down on his cigar.

"Now, see here," the boar began, but Gerrark was on a roll. He cut him off in a second, his fingers beckoning the boar towards him.

"Now boss," big ears going flick-flick, "You're going to walk over here and kneel before me. Oh, and give me that cigar too."

When the dreamy look disappeared, Marcus found himself on his knees, hands on the skunk's legs. Looking down at him with a kind of arrogance that the hog found vaguely familiar, Gerrark was smiling with his cigar in his mouth, pulling it away to blow a big cloud in his face. Even without the hypnotic influence, the boar would have shivered. And with said influence, his pants were now getting wet to boot.

Anger, the boar was mad, this was wrong. He knew it was, somewhere deep down. But that place in Marcus's mind was getting more and more quiet, drowned out the relaxing white noise that slowly rolled over him like a tidal wave. Another puff from his own cigar washed over his face, and he almost slipped back into hypnotic slumber again, his poor brain too tired and confused to keep up the fight.

"Now boss," Gerrark said softly, the trigger hardly necessary at this point, "You're just a stupid little piggy, hungry for dick, aren't you?" Even as he finished his question, Marcus was beginning to salivate. His gaze never pulled away from Gerrark's bulge, even as he nodded.

"You need my cock, because you're a hungry little pig who can't help himself. You're addicted aren't you?" Another nod, and Gerrark grabbed the boar by his chin, forcing him to finally look away, and stare into the skunk's eyes once again. Those beautiful rings of orange and yellow were waiting for him, and Boss Hog's tired brain switched off.

"Now Boss... Suck master's dick, and maybe if you're a good little piggy, you'll get a treat. Oh, and pants down. I want to see the dick that belongs to me now." The gaze disappeared in a

thick cloud of smoke. The fog cleared, and Gerrark was sitting back, the hypnotized boar fumbling clumsily at his pants, finally getting them open and unveiling the bulging tighty-whities beneath. With another yank, Gerrark's dick smacked him right on the snout, but he didn't care. No, the little piggy loved the sharp little smack, he loved the overpowering scent of crotch stink, he loved how the skunk was telling him what a good little pet he was, kissing and licking his dick like a good little slut.

With the skunk's dick lubed up from a few pints of boar drool, the boss now turned bitch dove himself onto the length, snorting in feral joy as he did so. The combination of fantasies fulfilled and Gerrark's hypnosis reached a fever pitch, and he moaned into the cock, body quivering as a stain pooled on the floor between his legs.

"Hah, look at my horny little pig. Couldn't help yourself could you?" Gerrark's foot cupped the boar's nuts and leaking dick, giggling as it made the boar on his dick moan louder, "Oh well. Now you just can't use your hands. Behind your back slave." Without hesitation, the boar's hands were behind his back, and he continued to (now a bit awkwardly) deep throat the skunk.

One hand gripped the back of the boar's head tightly while the other toyed with the cigar, pre giving the obedient pig a taste of what was to come. Flicking a bit of ash onto his head, the skunk just laughed, noticing the boar's dick just harden right back up in response. "What a freak you are piggy," a pitiable groan the only answer. Well, that and his dick sucking gaining new fervor.

Unfortunately, as much as Gerrark was enjoying his boss prostrating himself before him, worshipping his cock, all good things came to an end at some point. Bound as he was, damn did piggy know how to suck. Edging closer and closer, Gerrark found his degrading little phrases and commands barking out with more and more difficulty until he couldn't hold back anymore. Biting down on the cigar, both hands gripped the boss's pearly white tusks, and he slammed the boar down on his dick, the pig sucking as hard as he can as he finally got his treat. Laying back and panting, the skunk pushed the still sucking pig off of his dick, admiring the look of pure hypnotic bliss on that smiling face. Accented by some nice smears of cum leaking out the sides of his mouth of course. And erect again was the boar, thick dick bouncing and throbbing as the skunk pushed him around.

"Now boss, cum again," the skunk commanded, reveling in his boss's quaking and shuddering before him. He did well enough, Gerrark supposed. Might as well reward the beast. "Mmmmm, very good boy," Gerrark said with a satisfied tone, putting the much depleted cigar back into his slave's mouth, and hefting him up. Leading him back over to the couch, clothes still a mess and rings in his eyes, he laid him back down, but not before giving his sore dick a squeeze. Man, watching him moan out a cloud of smoke was fun.

"Now, you rest while I clean up the mess you made you dirty little fucker," said the skunk, re-buttoning his pants and scrounging for some paper towel, "When you wake up, we'll discuss my raise."