

"If ya didn't wanna go, you didn't have to man. I just thought it sounded like a fun idea. You know, take your mind offa things," the skunk said to the frowny-faced canine, leaning over to look the smaller guy in the eye.

"I just have a lot on my mind, I wanted to come. I have a lot of tests coming up though." The dog sighed, trying to push the idea of academia from his mind. It was the weekend, he had caught up on his homework, and he should have been enjoying himself. And yet the idea of all his upcoming tests and projects were weighing heavily upon him.

The corgi yelped as the large skunk hand on his shoulder sufficiently shook the worried thoughts from his mind. "Come on man, just one night of relaxation. And since you're so against getting drunk or high or stuff, we gotta do the next best thing, ahahaha." With that, the dog and skunk finally took the last few steps into the student union building, past the large sign next to the door. "MEET THE AMAZING MESMERA! TONIGHT ONLY."

On the skunk's (frankly annoying) insistence, they had gotten there a bit early. The show was at eight, and they walked through the doors at 7:40, meaning that now, even ten minutes later, the only people inhabiting the chairs in front of the stage (which was usually a cafeteria) were the skunk, the corgi, and four others. Three of them were loud girls who wouldn't stop giggling, and the other being a single raccoon in the far right of the seating area looking very guilty about something.

"This is gonna be awesome," the skunk said, visibly shivering with excitement, a hair away from bouncing in his seat like a little kid. Cosmin was of course far less enthused, rolling his eyes at the skunk's behavior. He didn't know how anyone, even his gullible skunk friend, could get excited about stage hypnotism. It was all bull!

Cosmin would spend the next five minutes frowning as hard as he could while his friend prattled on about this and that, the dog's college career invading his thoughts once more. A computer science project, a big math exam (Aghh, why did he have to take math, it's not his major! He knows algebra for goodness sake!), a presentation for his humanities class... The corgi's little hat found its way into his hands, and he began twisting it about in his grasp, close to biting it now in his fit of nervousness-

"You are never going to enjoy yourself if you don't relax dear." The voice was soft, almost lyrical, as if music had flowed through his ears. Cosmin shook from his perked ears down to his stubby toes, and immediately looked up to the source of the beautiful sound. At his right, a female goat towered over him, almost six feet tall. She was clad from head to toe in purple, with a violet beret, a purple blouse, and amethyst bellbottoms, her hands on her hips as her eyes met the canine's. Though, despite her position and size, nothing about her was intimidating. She seemed sincerely caring about Cosmin, despite the fact that he never saw her before that day. "Now just sit back and relax, the show's going to start soon."

Cosmin's skunk friend was chattering excitedly in his direction, shaking his arm and bouncing even more, but the canine didn't hear a word he said. The way she spoke, the way she moved--The look in her eyes when their gaze met. For once Cosmin wasn't worrying about his upcoming homework, even on a subconscious level. For now, he was sitting back in his chair and looking straight ahead, waiting for the show to start, and still oblivious to the skunk who wouldn't stop yapping.

The minutes before the show suddenly seemed to move much faster. More and more people began filing in, and soon the clock tower at the center of campus was striking eight o' clock with the seats about three-fourths full. As the eighth *ding dong* sounded from the clock tower in the middle of the campus, the goat from earlier walked up onto the stage, accompanied by no flair of any kind. No announcer, no cheesy 80's rock mix track heralding her arrival, no nothing. She just stood there before them, her eyes picking up the gaze of every audience member as she looked over the crowd.

"Hello everyone, thank you for coming." It seemed as if she was speaking softly, and yet Cosmin could hear her loud and clear, her voice again carrying that hauntingly beautiful musical quality. "I am Mesmera, and I am a hypnotist. Tonight I will show you the power of hypnosis, and I hope to entertain you. You do not need to worry. I will not call anyone up here to humiliate them or take control of their body without their liking as they show on the television. I do not do either of those things. I am here to entertain you, not hurt you." As she spoke, every 'you' she said sounded as if they were specifically aimed at Cosmin, though he knew that couldn't be the case. "I want this to be enjoyable for everyone involved, you can trust me. All you need to do is focus on me, which you will find very easy. Because you know you can trust me, and because focusing helps you relax." Cosmin was nodding slightly, and chancing a look around, he noticed many others doing the same. And more than a few were sharing his big smile. It didn't take long for his eyes to find their way back to Mesmera, though.

"You can trust me, because I am a licensed hypnotist. It is not only against the law to embarrass or control you against your will, it is wrong. And I only want to make you feel right. Feel good. And relaxing you is making you feel good. Which is why it's so easy to focus on me." Again, despite just meeting her, Cosmin felt great sincerity from this woman, his attention focused squarely on the goat. She continued to speak, and he found himself only half paying attention, though he also felt that this was fine. Then he suddenly found his ears perking, and he was hearing her very clearly once more. "I think we are ready, now that I have introduced myself properly. Would someone like to volunteer?"

Many hands immediately shot up, the mephitis next to Cosmin unsurprisingly almost jumped forth from his seat. He was whimpering as he waved his arm back and forth, and Cosmin wondered for a moment if his skunk friend would actually go so far as to start screaming "Me me me me!" at the hypnotist.

However, despite the skunk's excitement (as well as many other's), the goat's eyes suddenly locked on the corgi's once more, and he just stared back, mouth hanging open for a moment. "Would you like to come up my dear? I thought I saw your hand for a moment."

Cosmin felt a twinge of guilt, for he didn't want to take away his friend's chance after he clearly wanted it more, especially since Cosmin was quite sure he didn't raise his hand. But even his skunk friend was smiling at the dog and shaking his arm slightly, whispering "Go go!" He had his friend's endorsement; he didn't think he had a choice at this point.

Slowly he slid down from his seat and walked past a few of the other audience members, a couple grumbling at his being picked and not them. Soon he was walking along the side of the mass of chairs, and up the small wooden stairs, standing on stage next the woman. "Thank you sir," the voice said, soft as a flute. "Now, have you ever been hypnotized before?" she asked him, though he felt she already knew the answer.

"No," he said softly, in a voice not as relaxing, though quite cute in its restrained embarrassment.

"I see. You do not need to worry. It will be very easy, and enjoyable." Cosmin nodded. "Good. Now..." her hand slipped inside a pocket, and she pulled forth a gold pocket watch, painted or plated Cosmin didn't know, but either way, the way it caught the light was magnificent. It shined beautifully, but not enough to offend his vision. "I am going to swing this watch back and forth, and I want you to watch the watch, focusing on it and my voice. Understand?" He nodded once more. "Very good."

At this point, her hand began to move gracefully, and with it, so did the timepiece. It moved in impossibly slow, lazy arcs, back and forth, back and forth. Cosmin found it far easier than he thought it would be to just stand there on stage and stare, the very idea of the audience quickly fading from his

mind. "Now, focus on the watch, watch it sway to and fro, nice and slowly. It is so easy to focus on the watch, because it commands your attention so easily. Just like my voice. It is so easy to listen to my voice, just focus on my voice like you focus on the watch."

"Now, just continue to stare, and relax as you do so. If you focus on just the watch and just on me, you can let me take care of the rest. What is your name dear?" Cosmin would have stopped to consider that question at any other time. He would have thought of the repercussions of giving it to a total stranger, and also wondered why she needed it. However, with his head swaying back and forth in sync with the watch, he answered quickly and mechanically, and it felt good to do so. "Cosmin," he mumbled. "Thank you Cosmin. Now, continue to watch the watch..."

The next couple of minutes were a blur. He knew he was on stage, and knew that she was speaking to him, but everything began to melt together. All he could really make of it was vague feelings. Relaxation, softness, warmth. Then out of nowhere a snap of goat paws jolted him back into conscious thought, and everyone started clapping. Cosmin felt odd that he didn't know why, but at the same time, the smile that he couldn't remove from his face made it obvious he didn't care *too* much.

Apparently, the show was ending. Mesmera took a bow and left the stage, and every audience member (Cosmin himself included) were clapping feverishly in recognition. "Over already?" Cosmin mumbled to his skunk friend, after rejoining him at their seats.

"Wait, what?" the skunk mumbled, before seeming to finally process the question, "Over already? Dude, you were up there for at least a half an hour!"

The canine was stunned. He was up there for half an hour? It felt like only a few minutes! Cosmin's brow furrowed with thought. Was he actually hypnotized a moment ago? He didn't think so, but as he tried to go over the process in his mind, all he remembered was staring at the watch, listening to her beautiful voice—"Cosmin!"

"Ahhh, uhh, wha?" the corgi shook with a start, finally hearing the smiling stripe-ass next to him.

"What was it like?" the skunk muttered, and all Cosmin could do was shrug.

"You saw it, didn't you? What happened?" Cosmin asked.

Weirdly, the skunk just shrugged back. "It was amazing," was all he would say, even as the dog continued to grill him about the show. Cosmin found this even more surprising. This was someone he normally couldn't get to shut up about unimportant details, but now of all times he was being as vague as possible?

Before the corgi got the chance to question one of the more mentally sound audience members near him, a student organizer's voice rang out over the speakers. "The show is over, thank you all for coming, and have a good night."

Cosmin would not be denied so easily. Surely someone would give him a better answer than his absent-minded friend. The dog probably got so excited he imagined himself getting hypnotized too! The corgi shook his head at the thought, and was about to walk out of the building with his friend when a hand touched his shoulder. He turned his head, and instantly his ears flattened from a mix of surprise and confusion, for it was Mesmera's hand rubbing his shoulder gently. "Would you please come back for a moment? I just wish to make sure you are fine after the experience, it is my duty as a professional." Cosmin looked back at the bespectacled skunk, who had already exited the building with all the rest, his friend giving him a confused shrug. The door then closed and clicked, separating Cosmin from the rest of the audience.

As Mesmera's hand left his shoulder, Cosmin shivered. He *felt* fine, but the hypnotist beckoning him forward made him wary. Sure, he wasn't worried so much-hell, even when he consciously thought about his studies he couldn't bring himself to get too scared; it seemed an

incredible peace had a hold of him. But that wasn't a bad thing, was it? "Cosmin, this way," she called out to him, and he plodded up the stairs, back into the stage area.

He made his way over to the front row where the goat sat, his mind bouncing from thought to thought, many of them involving the goat sitting before him. Was she doing another show tomorrow? What actually happened on that stage? Why was his skunk friend so oddly obsessed with hypnosis? What nationality is this woman? She's clearly not from this country. He shook his head, and gave the goat a nervous smile. He was never this all over the place, just what had changed? "Take a seat," Mesmera said softly, and he sat opposite of her, shifting in his chair.

"Now, I assume you are still very relaxed and feeling very good, yes?" Mesmera asked him with her brow raised, her gaze locking on his.

He found it extraordinarily hard to speak when grabbed by that gaze. "Yeah..." he mumbled.

"Ahh, I see. Finding it hard to focus your mind?"

"Yeah," came another mumble, the corgi not so much answering so much as the words falling from his mouth.

"On anything but me, yes?"

"Yea-I mean, ahh... umm, well, yes?" Cosmin's ears flushed with embarrassment, the corgi wondering how he must seem to this woman. He was contemplating just rushing out, when her gentle hand touched his knee and assuaged him immediately.

"Do not worry, this is not bad. It simply means the hypnosis has taken hold," she said with a smile.

Cosmin shook himself again, though that doesn't mean for a moment his eyes left her own.

"Wait, you mean, the act?"

"Well yes, partially little Cosmin," she said, reaching out and grabbing his chin. Usually he would have recoiled from such a movement, but he did not, and now that she was scratching his chin, oh man, he was having trouble not kicking his leg excitedly at the action.

"But, I also instilled a deeper hypnotic connection during the show, while the entire audience was under my sway. One I think you need. Of all the people I saw, I think you need help the most, little doggie. Yes?"

He could only nod, partially because he felt, deep down, that she was right, and more so, because the hand on his chin was making it hard to do anything else.

"You seemed so frazzled earlier dear, and I cannot let this happen. Such a cute boy, so unhappy. I became a hypnotist to help people like you, you know." She looked up and lost herself in thought for a moment, while Cosmin moved about in his seat, trying to reconnect their gaze. As she looked back, he sighed, falling into the hand that held his chin again. "And I will make sure before I leave that you are feeling much, much better. And that I am as well, heehee. I love to help cute doggies, but I cannot work for free, understand."

The corgi was not sure how to take what she said, even if it didn't seem unreasonable. What did she want though? Money, or perhaps a favor, or—"Cosmin dear, just relax." His body seemed to instantly slump. It was like she heard his train of thought and derailed it on purpose, making him putty in her hands. "I will not take your money dear, you shall just make me feel as good as I make you feel," she chuckled, and though Cosmin was still in the dark, he again found himself not caring. His eyes were half-lidded, and his mouth was in a bigger smile than he could ever remember.

"Now tell me my dear, what arouses you most?" The frankness of the question startled even the partially mindless dog, and his brow raised, a crimson flushing itself on his cheeks. He couldn't say that, even to her! She was a stranger, and this was the kind of thing he hid from everyone!

Embarrassment began to compound until he thought he would burst, but she was suddenly

nodding, as if he had responded. "Ohhh, I see, zentai, heheh. Very sexy indeed." He was at a loss, completely unsure of what happened. He never responded, and yet she acted like she did. He knew not what must have just happened, but despite all this worry, deep down, he shivered. The fact that she knew and said it was causing feelings to stir.

"You are lucky, as I can give you just what you need," Mesmera said with that reassuring smile. Cosmin was unsure how she could, and was understandably incredulous. There was no suitcase or bag about, and how could she have something of his size? It made no sense. His questions ceased and he shivered again as a single soft word slid from her lips and flossed through his ears. He had to blink several times as his vision became cloudy, when he suddenly noticed the goat kneeling before him, a latex suit in hand. He had no idea where she got it, but as skintight rubber began to stretch over his toes, the corgi was unable to contain himself. He yelped, and thrust at the very feeling of that alone. "Such an eager doggie, heehee," Mesmera said, enjoying the dog's loss of control.

Cosmin felt glued to his chair, despite how he twitched and shivered. None of this made sense. How he was suddenly naked, where the suit came from, any of it. But as inch after inch of cool, constricting latex pushed his fur against his skin, more of his disbelief was pushed away, replaced with incredible arousal. She had barely tugged the material past his knees and he was already jumping in his seat, his member bouncing up and down, the corgi letting out short, sharp barks.

"Shuuush, calm down boy. Do not worry, you shall get relief. Actually," she drew closer than ever before, her eyes all he saw. He was caught between his want-his need-to stare, and wanting to squirm within the tight latex hugging his frame. "When I finally get the whole suit on your body, you will cum, little Cosmin, more than you ever have before. Cumming all of those cares away, until you are a happy little dog. But for now," she pulled a bit on the material, snapping it on his right thigh, "Until it is on, every millimeter of the zentai suit will only make you more aroused, but not climax. It will put you in more agonizing pleasure." His yelp was all the agreement she needed. "Good dog."

And so she began the tortuous process sliding the suit up his body. Soon she was past his thighs, the tight stuff binding against his rump and member, trapping them both tight. He humped and squirmed, but was unable to move any part of his crotch after this point. His tail was stuck, as was his member and sac, tightly snug against his front. The cramping latex hurt a bit, but the material was so smooth, so constraining, and it felt so good, that had Mesmera not made sure otherwise, he would have orgasmed right there. But no, it continued to slide up his body, the cold, smooth tightness binding up his tummy now, threatening to envelope his chest and arms.

"Lean forward doggie," she whispered to him, and he immediately obeyed, even if doing so caused him to press his chest against her own. She just giggled, and took that as an invitation, framing his face with her bust, as she continued to pull the suit up along his body.

With his back no longer against the chair, she was able to move higher up, and had finally caught his twitching paws in the suit as well. As more of the inside-out suit was turned against his skin, the trapped, binding feeling was beginning to take its full hold on him. He could still move his arms and legs, sure. He could twitch and hump with need (and boy did he, he could feel slick juices pool between the fabric and his fur), but his body was trapped in the material, just as his mind was trapped by Mesmera's. And yet she continued to pull even further, the binding rubber reaching up against his biceps, and rubbing on his pert nipples.

She slid it higher, and higher, painfully pleasurable seconds becoming eternities, each roll of the inside out suit squeezing another groan from his lips. He was no longer in any sort of control. His body moved without his thought, and he had no thoughts to speak of. All that remained was need. Need for release, for Mesmera, to be trapped even further. The smooth material squeezed his neck now; all that was left was the hood. He thought he was going to faint with as much as he was panting,

and suddenly, in a moment of mercy, she forewent the slow torture and yanked it over his head. She whispered something in her sultry tone, and he came, the material quaking near his front with the force of his trapped orgasm.

His world became a blur as the orgasm rocked him. He felt as if a tsunami of pleasure was sweeping him away, and he had visions he did not understand. Mesmera sitting on his lap riding him, though he wasn't wearing the suit, her panting form squeezing him, kissing his cheek, and her leaving with a final kiss to his cheek, though these were all washed away almost as quickly as he had them, the corgi pushing against the suit again and again. Eventually, unconsciousness did indeed take him, and black stars of sleep appeared in his vision, until his mind slipped away.

Cosmin awoke, how much later he did not know, but he was fully clothed once more. Besides his limp member hanging out of his pants, and the signs and smells of sex upon his front. He noticed his phone was vibrating; apparently his friend had been trying to call him for a half an hour, several messages left asking him what happened with Mesmera. Which, while the corgi was thinking about it, where was she?

His memories were vague, but he remembered enough. Enough to make him blush as he adjusted his pants, as if being caught with your dick out in public wasn't enough. The embarrassment was almost enough to make him not notice the note left on Mesmera's chair, but thankfully he almost nose[-]dived into her chair as his legs gave out, his limbs like jelly when he first started to stand. Kneeling, he read the note and blushed even deeper.

"Little Cosmin, remember, all you must do is say the word, and I will be back to help you once again, as I did tonight."

As he pocketed the slip of paper and walked out, he smiled widely once more. He finally remembered what she said before she started putting the suit on him, and he had a feeling he knew just how she meant to help.