

Tiger Tails: Three Weeks a Hypno-Bear

"You are aware, sir, that typically Couples Therapy is... for couples, right?"

The therapist's office was almost exactly how Brent figured a head-shrinker's place would look like. Tall bookshelves lined one wall, bursting with books with long and complicated names he'd never read. The only source of natural light came from two windows covered by drawn shades, small lines of light hitting the floor in an orderly, ladder-like pattern. The other source of light came from a lamp on a desk in one corner of the room, casting light across the whole darkened office. Next to it, a computer turned away from him, the keyboard covered in papers and files of some sort. He even saw a bust of a man's face, carved from polished gray stone. He figured it was probably some major past psychologist or something.

He crossed his legs, feeling the large red couch beneath him go "Gink!" as he changed his position and rolled onto his back. Every head-shrinker had a large red couch like that where they had their patients lay, he figured. It was almost a requirement for the job. He wouldn't have trusted someone who didn't. Brent lifted an arm up, scratching the back of his head with a large shiny, furry paw. At age forty-four, the big bear had just started to notice some of his fur going gray, and was vain enough to dye his normally brown fur a bright shiny gold to disguise it. He groaned as he stretched his body, moving a paw to scratch at an itch on his chest. "I know, Doc. I wouldn't usually bother someone in yer line of work like this, but I guess I jess needed t'talk to someone. I'm inna bad way, Doc." He moved the paw on his chest down, scratching along his gut. He'd always had a bit of a belly, ever since his metabolism slowed down. The big bear liked to think he was strong enough to look good in spite of it, but the added weight was a bit of a source of shame for him. "I miss her so much, Doc. I can't even think lately. Not since Brydon left home. I keep crying all the time." He felt tears forming in his eyes, even now. "She'd have been so proud of him. Off t'college, first in his family to ever go to some fancy university." He turned his head, looking over at the shrink sitting opposite of him in a big black velvet chair. "Kara never wanted him to be some schlub of a construction worker like his ol' paw."

"Mmmhmm." The shrink even looked like the sort of person who helped people with head junk to Brent: He wore pressed, unwrinkled clothes, and had a pair of spectacles perched at the brim of his muzzle. He even had a pipe poking out of his snout, although it wasn't a proper tobacco pipe like Breat had expected. Instead, every so often, he would see the man puff on it, with bubbles drifting up out of the pipe and rising off into the air. He watched his shrink pull a small notepad out of a pocket in his brown tweed vest, and scribble something into it. "Well, although it's a bit irregular, I suppose if you're in such a mood, it's practically my duty to at least listen." The man lifted a leg up to rest his left foot on his right knee, resting his notepad along the length of his leg. An orange tail with black stripes rest along his right leg, the black tip twitching ever so slightly. The tiger folded his arms to fold them against his chest.

As he did, Brent heard a slight tearing sound. "What was that, Doc?"

“Er, nothing to worry about.” The tiger seated in the big black chair gave him a grin. Out of the corner of his eye, Brent saw a tear along the armpit of his doctor’s tweed outfit. “So anyways, how long has Kara been gone, Mr...” He looked down at his notepad. “Bear? Your name is Brent Bear?” He looked up from his notepad to the golden furred body of Brent Bear sprawled along the couch. “That’s... pretty unoriginal, isn’t it?”

Brent scowled, pointing a finger at the feline. “Hey, we imm-e-grated over to this country back in my great grandpaw’s day! They gave us this name. Besides, it ain’t funny, like yers, Doctor Terry Nass!”

“I suppose that is ONE way to pronounce my name, yes.” The head-shrinker rolled his eyes at Brent, provoking a growl from the big bear. He considered getting up and storming out, but...hell, he was paying for this session, he was going to get something out of it. He saw the tiger blow a bubble out of his pipe, then pull it out of his muzzle for a moment. “Anyways, we’re getting off-topic. How long has your wife been gone, Mr. Bear?”

“‘Bout three years, now. Brydon was jess sixteen. She died in her sleep, poor gal, right next to me.” He sniffled, feeling his eyes grow watery again. He’d rolled over to cuddle his wife, and been horrified by how cold she’d felt. How lifeless. “When the boy was ‘round, I could, well, stop thinking ‘bout it. But now I’m all alone...”

Dr. Nass rubbed his chin. “Mmm. And you’ve never dated, since she died? You’re only in your forties. You could find someone else.”

The bear shrugged. “I know. But I guess I’m just worried ‘bout not having that special bond. Besides, it feels kinda like blaspheming, you know? Another woman sleeping in her bed. That house was Kara’s. I built it fer her.”

At this response, Brent saw the tiger nod. His tiny spectacles almost fell off his muzzle, but he caught them as they were sliding down. For a moment, Brent wondered why the heck a head shrinker would wear them without any means of keeping them perched up there. “Well, if you want my opinion, it sounds like you have a lot of feelings of loss and grief you’ve been repressing, for nearly three years.” He folded his arms. “You bottled them up to put on a brave face for your son, but now without the excuse he represented around, you have no means of coping with them.”

“I reckon that sounds about right.” Brent nodded. “So how do we make this problem go away, Doc? Is there some medicine I kin take?”

He watched as the Doc’s eyes went wide, and he began energetically shaking his head. The spectacles went flying off. Brent found some slight humor in seeing the tiger’s long brown hair whip around. By the time he’d stopped shaking his head, his hair was tussled and teased, flopping every which way. “What?!? That’d be extremely unhealthy! Even if I were qualified to

prescribe something like that, it'd be exceedingly unethical!" The tiger folded his arms. "No, we need to have you find a healthy outlet for those feelings. And, equally important, we need to help you transition past them. And as it so happens, I have a tool in mind that can help with that. Have you ever considered... hypnosis?"

The big bear sat up, hearing the couchsprings beneath his body go "gink!". "Aw, and here I thought you wuz proposing some real solutions, doc." He scowled. "I ain't gonna let some head shrinker crawl all around in my head like that. It's jess silly."

"Mister Bear, please lay back down." The tiger folded his arms in his lap. "There's nothing 'silly' about hypnosis, I promise you. The procedure is perfectly safe, and is the most expedient way to help you transition through these negative emotions of yours."

Brent lay back down, his face still contorted into a frown. His only experience with hypnosis had been a stage show his son had taken him to once. A fancy-clothes wearing wolf in a monocle had taken men and women on stage, making them act like ferals, making them piss their pants, and even making one man do a stripper performance! It'd been hilarious to watch, of course, but he didn't want THAT being done to him. With a snort, he folded his arms. "I ain't gonna dance around like no queer slut. I'm no fag."

"...what?" Dr. Nass raised an eyebrow. "Er, anyways. Whatever you've heard of hypnosis, I will repeat what I said before: Hypnosis, by itself, is perfectly safe. We simply put you into a heightened state of focus, and a trained hypnotist helps you sort through things that would otherwise be more difficult to handle alone. You can't be made to do anything that on some level, you didn't already want to do." The tiger in the tweed suit chuckled. "What, do you think every hypnotist is some flamboyant evil villain?"

Brent narrowed his eyes, staring up at the white ceiling above him. Flecks of small stones had been set in it to give it a textured look. "Well..." He bit his lip. Doc Nass made it sound almost reasonable, but still he was hesitant.

"I suppose the alternative would be months of counseling." The head-shrinker put his pen to his lips. "This is deep seated grief we're talking about, after all. Many sessions of expensive therapy."

Defeated, Brent threw his arms up in the air. "Fine! I'll do it, doc! Put me under! I can't afford months 'f this stuff! I got buildings to coordinate construction on."

There was an almost amused purr from his therapist. "Mmm. Alright. Well, it's simple enough to do. I can go get some prep tools from my back office and we can do this right now, Mr. Bear. Let me go fetch them!"

Brent lay on the couch for nearly fifteen minutes, mostly in silence. He coughed, checked emails on his newfangled phone a bit, and mostly tried not to think about his beloved Kara. Just when he was beginning to suspect that the tiger was trying to stall and make him pay more feels for the session, the door to Doc Nass' back office opened and he came back, holding a small glass container filled with a fulminating red liquid. The air started to smell like cherries as he carried it in, the bubbling liquid leaking a sort of vapor into the air. He raised an eyebrow. "Sakes alive, am I supposed to drink that, Doc? I thought you said drugs were bad." The bear stood up, looking over as the head-shrinker walked towards him.

The tiger rolled his green eyes. "Taking drugs as a COPING MECHANISM is unhealthy, yes. But this is a special formula designed to help focus your mind. It makes putting you into a state of trance much easier." He held it out towards Brent. "And you're not supposed to drink it, no. You're just going to sit there and sniff at it."

"Well... alright." He took the liquid, looking down at the bubbling red fluid. "Too cherry fer my tastes, but I reckon you know best." He plopped his butt back onto the couch, holding the glass beaker with two paws wrapped around it.

Doc Nass sat down in the big black chair again, facing him. "I can get a grape version if you want?"

"Naw." Brent Bear shook his head. "I just ain't much for fruity stuff. But I'll deal with it. You get started."

The tiger's tail started swaying back and forth behind him, like the swinging of a pendulum. There was a slow, almost deliberate motion to it that caught Brent's eyes. Back and forth. Back and forth. Doc Nass smiled. "To get started, I want you to lift that mug up to your nose and sniff at it. Smell the scent and focus on the sound of my voice."

Brent was reluctant, but he lifted the beaker up to his muzzle and poked his nose into it. Bubbles foamed around his mouth as he took a deep whiff. The scent of cherries went up his snout, along with the bubbles. They tickled and tingled as they popped. The Doc nodded. "Yes, that's it. Just keep smelling the liquid. Take nice, deep breaths through your nose as you listen to me. Listen to the sound of my voice as you relax and take nice, deep breaths. Try to tune out the outside world around you and just focus on the sound of my voice."

Brent took another long whiff of the liquid. The cherry bubbles filled his nostrils, popping and tingling. With every time he inhaled, they got a bit farther. It felt almost like the tide riding, a cherry flavored tide sweeping over his head, washing things away with each breath. He felt a bit light headed as he heard the Doc talking. "So focused and relaxed, so totally at peace as you listen to the sound of my voice and take nice, deep breaths."

Movement above the Doc caught his focus, as he looked to see the tip of the tiger's tail swaying back and forth. Back and forth. He watched it, eyes locked on it, as he took another drag on the cherry-scented gasses, feeling the scent and the bubbles and the tingles sweeping into his mind. His head was spinning ever so slightly. The cherry tide washed against the sands of his mind, washing away the castles he had built up. With each whiff, he felt his mind relax more and more. Just like the Doc's voice said to. With every movement of that tail back and forth, he took another breath. Just like the Doc's voice said to.

His shoulders slumped as he took another whiff. He could move, but he didn't want to. He just wanted to sit and relax and listen to the tiger, as he let the rising cherry tide wash away the sandcastles of his mind. Wash away the preconceptions and fears and hesitations and dissonant thoughts, and just leave everything blank and clear. The clear beach of his mind, so pristine and sweet. His mind was in a cherry scented haze, and Brent found it was too much effort to even care.

"Just so relaxed and focused, as you take another sniff of the potion I gave you, and sink deeper and deeper... it feels so nice to be able to relax like this. To focus your mind so totally and sink nice and deep and obedient. You feel so good to relax and obey like this, nice big smile now..."

The bear's muzzle curled into a big dopey grin, as he took another sniff and let the cherry tide wash over him, washing away any last vestiges of resistance. Any last doubts. He was relaxing on the beach of his mind, letting the cherry tide wash over him, as he listened to the nice tigers voice and watched his tail swish back and forth. Back and forth. The cherry tide went back and forth, back and forth, as it washed along his body, along his fur, along his mind. Washing away anything, leaving it blank and relaxed and pristine.

"Such a good bear. Such a good, dumb, obedient bear. Now I want you to put the Potion of Blank Mind down, and lay on the couch like a good subject."

The bear slowly lowered the half-full beaker to the floor, feeling the last few remaining bubbles hiss and pop against the fur on his muzzle as he twisted his body and lay on the couch, hearing the springs go "gink!" He folded his paws on his tummy, relaxing and listening like a good, dumb, obedient bear.

"Good boy." The tiger's voice echoed in his mind, like pawprints along the beach, there a moment and then washed clean the next. "Now I was not lying when I said that hypnosis, by itself, is perfectly safe. Nor was I when I said that it couldn't make you do anything that you didn't want to do." There was an amused purr as he spoke. "But when you add a potion like the one I gave you into the equation, well-" the bear heard the tiger chuckle. "-things get a bit more flexible. I've been using these methods to train uptight quarreling couples to be so kinky it makes them forget all about the usual minor problems they blow up to seem so big and mean. I consider it a nice gift to the community. You ridiculous worlds lacking in magic usually can use

the help.” The bear lay there, his body and mind relaxed. The tiger’s words weren’t important. They were just pawprints on the beach, washed away once he sniffed the lingering cherry scent in the air. He felt a paw on his right shoulder. It barely registered, as relaxed as he was, but it was there. “But for you? Well, we’re going to get a bit more elaborate.”

The tiger’s voice filled his mind. “I want you to focus on Kara.”

The effect was meteoric. All around him, on the beach, towers and walls and monuments of sand burst forth. The entire beach was covered in them as he imagined the smiling, happy face of his lost wife. The bear felt a tear forming in his eye. “Kara...” he mumbled, his speech slurred as he stirred, for a moment feeling less relaxed.

“Yes, Kara.” The tiger’s voice pushed against the front gates of his sandcastle. “Would you have said she was one in a million girls? Someone of the like that you’ll never find again?”

“Yeah.” He mumbled, his eyes closed. “Never find again.”

“Mmm. And you’ve never dated anyone other than her, have you?” The voice was terse.

The bear’s memories were clear. The two had grown up together. He’d stolen her first kiss in high school. They’d gone to prom together. Had a kid together. He’d never looked at another woman. Kara was his all. “Never.” He said, with no doubt in his mind.

“She’s your shining, pinnacle of womanliness.” The tiger’s voice was like the claw of a crab, rapping at the walls of his sandcastle. “You’ll never meet another woman like her. You already accept that... so why limit yourself to women?”

He stirred. “Nnngh... ‘m straight.” He mumbled, trying to push himself up off the bed.

“Please, sniff at the potion, bear.” He felt the bubbles press against his muzzle again, and took a deep whiff. The cherry tide washed against his sand castle as he felt relaxation return. “It’s alright. It’s alright. Relax and listen. Listen and relax. Focus on my voice... do you want to be alone forever?”

The cherry tide was coming back in. He sniffed the air, and a tower on his beach crumbled, lost to the waves. “No... don’t wanna be ‘lone.”

“Exactly. But you can’t replace Kara, can you?”

He felt the bubbles washing into his mind. Flooding him with the cherry scent. “Never...”

“Exactly. Your time with Kara was wonderful, and you’ll never forget about her. But she’s gone now. It’s time to let the impact of those memories fade, and move on. She was the only woman

you ever loved. The only woman you could ever get it up for. And there's a reason for that, bear."

"Why?" He heard himself asking. A part of him in the dark, back corners of his mind told him that something was wrong, that this wasn't right, that he should resist. But before he could stir again, he took another deep breath, and the cherry tide washed in. A wall of sand crumbled, and the voice in the back of his mind went still, buried in the sands and waves.

"Because you're gay. You've always known it deep down, but you've never been able to accept it. It's why you work in construction, isn't it? A lot of big, sweaty, macho men, all grunting and flexing their muscles... you get off on it, even if you don't let yourself think about it." He heard a zipping sound from the crotch of the khaki pants he was wearing. At first he almost felt concerned. But then he took another whiff of the cherry scented foam, and concern popped away like a bubble.

"I'm not gay..." He mumbled, as he felt fingers tracing along his shaft. In his relaxed, tranced state, he groaned.

"Sure you are. You surround yourself with men in your life. Big, sweaty men, their muscles gleaming, their cocks tight against their underwear. You like being around them, like staring at their asses, like imagining their balls swaying as they walk. Imagining their muscles tense as they handle heavy loads. Imagine a cock in your mouth, or your cock shoved up a grunting bodybuilder's hole." He felt something stroking his cockhead. Making it hard to focus on anything other than the pleasure of it, the voice of the tiger, and the scent of cherry. "Why, I bet it's getting your dick stiff just thinking about it!"

His dick was hardening, truly, as the tiger's words conjured images in his mind. With every breath, the cherry tide washed against his sandcastle collapsing more and more of it around him. With the walls and towers collapsing, he could see what lay beyond them. Big, muscular men in nothing but speedos, flexing and grunting. A stallion cupped his crotch, growing erect as he winked at the bear. A wolf pressed up behind the stallion, grinding his growing erection against the other male's ass. Once he started looking, he couldn't look away.

"And less manly men? Well, they just remind you of your wife. No wonder they turn you on so much." The tiger's voice purred in his mind, washing in and out with the cherry tide. "With their tight asses swaying back and forth as they walk, like an advertisement to fuck them hard. Think about their cute little pouting lips: What better to put around your fat cock? Some big strong male needs to take them in hand and show them what a real daddy can do. Why not you?"

The bodybuilders on the beach were joined by cute little twinks. A lithe little cheetah, wearing a purple polka dotted bikini just like his Kara used to wear, giggling and feeling the stallion bicep as he flexed. And a dalmatian boy naked save for a pair of yellow-green swim trunks, his plump hips wagging back and forth as he walked up to the wolf. The bigger, cockier canine turned

away from dry humping the stallion to run his paws down the dalmatian's curvy body. Then to kiss him firmly, gripping his juicy, luscious butt. The bear groaned, his cock erect at eight inches as he felt a paw pumping back and forth on it. The pleasure of being masturbated being linked in his mind to the sight of the four sexy beachgoers. His castle crumbled to the red tide of the cherry scented waves. He felt himself explode, feeling something warm and wet and goopy spatter along his muzzle.

The bear found himself panting. The relaxing state he'd been in was disrupted, as he felt the red tide sweeping him in. Disturbing his calm mindset. He felt something warm and wet wiping along his face, and heard the voice of the tiger, of Doc Nass, in his head as he began to sink in the cherry scented waters. "Now I'm going to wake you up, remembering nothing about what happened while tranced. Any stains on your clothes are just from the food you ate before you came here. You trust the tiger doctor who is helping you. He's helping you get over your wife, and that's all you'll remember doing. You'll just think we talked about your time with Kara, sorting through old baggage, nothing more."

He tossed his head, grunting. "Nothing... more..."

"Good. Good bear. But I want you to remember one thing above all else. You are gay, even if you don't recognise it consciously. You can't get it up for women anymore. You only ever could for Kara. You are gay. Now it's time to wake Brent back up, feeling refreshed and awakened, in three... two... one..."

Brent's eyes opened. "Ah!" He sat up, rubbing his head. Thinking felt hard, like his head was full of cobwebs, spiders scurrying every which way amongst them. "Nnngh..."

"How do you feel, Brent Bear?" He heard the pleasant voice of Doc Nass, the tiger who had put him under, from the black chair.

He turned to stare at the man. Doc Nass was wiping his hand with a warm, wet rag. "Hell of a trip you put me under, Doc." He shook his head to scatter the spiders and clear the cobwebs. "I gotta hand it t'ya, though. I do feel a whole lot better." He stood up. "It's like it hurts less.."

The head-shrinker... no, Doctor Terry Nass, he felt like he should be more respectful, stood up and walked towards him. "Indeed. You were able to admit that you were clinging to the past, and that it was a destructive behavior. We've still got some work to do, though." He pointed at the bear, who, while standing, did tower over him, at least a foot taller than his doctor. "I'm going to schedule you for two more sessions, one next week, and one the week afterwards. We'll continue your hypnosis therapy treatment, and reinforce it with some activity therapy during the week."

Brent scratched the back of his head. "Activity therapy?" he gave the tiger a blank stare. "What's that?"

Doctor Nass gave him a wide, fanged grin. "I give you a project to do daily during the week. Something to help you move on."

"Huh." Brent shrugged. It sounded a bit weird, but he trusted Doctor Nass. "Ok, I reckon I kin do that. How bad can it be?"

Brent groaned, a fine white foam of precum and masturbation cream having formed around the head of his cock as he jerked his meat. The activity the doctor had suggested was masturbation. Without even the slightest hint of a joking tone in his voice, he'd explained his reasoning: Part of moving on was returning to being sexually active. As long as he clung to Kara's memory, he wouldn't seek out other mates, and he couldn't ever truly move on. But at the same time, he wasn't at a point emotionally where he was ready to date someone seriously yet. So getting his rocks off, preferably while looking at pornography, was the next best thing. It was like training wheels, getting him used to the idea of sex without Kara involved. Once he was comfortable with the idea, he could move on to the real thing.

So he'd went home, with a therapist's note prescribing him a week off from work, to focus on recovering his "mental health." He'd grumbled about it, and still felt Doctor Nass was being too insistent, but he did trust the tiger, and eventually had capitulated. The site crew could get on without him for a week, even if he felt like some kind of invalid turning in the form on Monday morning. Once he'd arrived home, he had dug an old copy of Penthouse his son had hidden between the mattresses of his bed out (He'd made a note to talk to Brydon about that later) and got to work. Staring at the luscious women in various states of undress, clad only in panties and bras made him salivate, yet whenever he felt himself getting hard, he found himself missing Kara. Her scent even still lingered in their bedroom. It just felt too weird, and killed the mood.

After about an hour of trying and failing to get aroused, he threw out the dog-eared copy of Penthouse and trudged over to the family computer. He'd never had much time for the thing, but it was in a different room than the bedroom, and he needed a change of venue. Besides, he'd heard the stories of endless seas of porn on the internet. He figured that if Penthouse couldn't get him worked up, maybe something online could. After plodding around trying to figure out how websites worked, he finally found a search engine he could use, and successfully located some pornography at a site called Vixen's Secret. The sight of the frisky, mischievous fox ladies on display wouldn't have been his first choice for spank material, but he had wasted a half hour looking for pornography on the computer already, he didn't want to waste more time hunting for something better.

And yet he just found himself missing Kara. Her face, her touch... he couldn't get her out of his head. In his frustration, he even subscribed to Vixen's Secret. After all, they probably kept the best stuff reserved for people who wanted to pay the price tag. Once he'd charged his credit

card, he logged in, reviewing image after image of female foxes having fun. But nothing worked. In his desperation, Brent turned to the videos. In the first video, he watched as a vixen was thrown to the ground and mounted by a lion, wearing a loin cloth and done up as a caveman. The young vixen gave a fake scream as the lion pulled his loincloth aside, showing the audience his growing erection...

And Brent found his cock at full mast. His eyes widened as he stared at the lion's cock and let out a soft huff of air. In his boxers, a small wet spot formed. He was leaking precum already. His eyes were locked on the feline cock, as if held there by some invisible force, and the lion took a few steps forward, ready to claim his prize. He was going to fuck the vixen, the camera cutting back to her trembling frame, as the actress tried to appear frightened.

Just as quickly as it had began, Brent's erection started to die, as he watched the fox girl's bosom heave. The video was barely about the man at all! He groaned, painfully aware that he was now quite charged up, yet staring at these foxes was doing nothing for him at all. He logged out of Vixen's Secret, looking for another pornography site to get his rocks off to. Ideally something more bear related. He could probably jack himself off to lady bears, after all, he'd loved Kara physically too many times to count! After a few moments of searching he found a website, WhatsInMyPicnicBasket.Com, which promised the lewdest lady bears on the internet. It was a good sign, so he looked into it.

The sight of a female black bear, honey spread around her genitals, did absolutely nothing for Brent. If anything, he was less aroused than before. He considered subscribing to this site as well, to see if anything behind their paywall would pique his interest. But he eventually decided against it. The bear grumbled, getting up from the computer to make himself a honey and peanut butter sandwich. It wasn't working. Had Doctor Nass been wrong? He didn't want to consider it, but he couldn't seem to escape the spectre of his dearly departed Kara. He slathered some peanut butter on bread as he considered this. In fact, the only time he'd even been horny at all had been during the video with the big... well hung... lion... man...

He blinked, leaving a half-finished sandwich behind him. He couldn't believe he was really doing this. After a few minutes of fussing, he found his way back to the search engine. And searched for male pornography, at first about lions specifically. He knew he wasn't gay, but the doctor had told him to consider every option. What was important was that he masturbated, not what he was masturbating to. And he was pretty desperate to drain his balls, in addition to that. He clicked on the first link that the search engine pulled up in his desperation...

And the floodgates opened.

The second he opened Pandora's box of gay smut, he couldn't seem to contain himself. All the sexual urges he'd repressed for three years to guide his son came flooding back in an oddly-cherry scented tide of lust. At first he thought it had just been lions. He'd blown his load to a picture of a big muscular lion, with just the slightest hint of a gut, pushing a zebra's legs apart

to shove a cock the size of a beer can up his tailhole. But once the haze cleared, and he started poking around, he discovered his fondness for guys of all types. He roared as he fired his second load to a picture of a thin, tiny mouse buried between a badger's legs, sucking on his ballsack as he lifted his tail to flash his tailhole for the audience. And then, an hour later, he came a third time, watching a member of his own species get gang banged on an online video by a pack of biker dogs, taking cock after cock, his whole body covered in canine spunk, his mouth agape for more. Over the course of the day, Brent Bear came eight times in nearly as many hours, before finally retreating to the bathroom, to take a long bath and think about what had just happened. With every load fired, he'd conditioned himself more and more to get aroused at the sight of male bodies. At their bulges and holes. At their muscles and... He shook his head, spattering water everywhere.

In the warm waters of his bathtub, Brent freaked out a bit. Initially he'd been caught up in the intensity of it all. But once he'd worn himself out, he was horrified. He couldn't be gay. Not as a construction worker. Not as the BOSS of a bunch of construction workers. Those other men, if they found out, would eat him alive. And his bosses would fire him on the spot. He whimpered, slapping his face with one paw as he reached for his fur shampoo with the other paw. He just had to stop thinking about it. To bury these urges back from where he dug them up. He'd tell Doctor Nass that he couldn't do it, and cancel the other two sessions he had with the good therapist. He got by for three years without sex, what was twenty or thirty more? The more he thought about it, the more determined he got to commit to it.

And that might have been the end of it, had it not been for the sheer coincidence that he grabbed his son's shampoo by mistake. And the bigger coincidence that it happened to be cherry scented. The scent washed over the fur on his head, and the old bear started thinking about the hypnosis, and the tiger's orders, and what had happened. He started thinging about all the porn stars he'd seen, in their tight speedos (And also out of them). And as his penis rose, his fear fell. Brent Bear was up for another four hours, and came five more times after his bath was over. Never once did he stray away from homosexual pornography. And by the time he pulled himself into bed, exhausted, he had forgotten all about his plan to repress his urges. He was too tired to think.

Days later, Brent Bear went to to an adult fantasy store, in a disguise, with the intent of purchasing a dildo. After five days of nonstop pornography in the name of moving on, he was starting to get eager to try one on for size.

Hours later, he went back to the same adult fantasy store, disguised once more, and told the nice golden retriever lady at the counter that he wanted to buy several more dildos, all in different sizes.

"So, Mr. Bear, please tell me. How was your week of Activity Therapy?"

The voice of the nice Doctor Nass made Brent grin as he listened to it. He'd crammed in a lotta exciting memories into the last few days. His face got hot as he remembered the other things he'd crammed in as well. "Please Doc, call me Brent." He chuckled. "I gotta say, you were right on the money. I ain't had that much, er, 'fun' since me and Kara's honeymoon!" He chuckled, folding his arms on his lap to hide his stiffening cock from the tiger sitting in the big black chair. It was one thing to talk about sex, but actually getting horny in a therapy session seemed a bit perverted to him.

He heard the tiger chuckle, and looked over to see Doctor Nass' eyes wide, his face smiling. "Well, this is certainly a welcome development! And I noticed you mentioned your departed wife without so much as a tear!"

"Yeah." Brent closed his eyes. "I mean, don' get me wrong, Doc. I miss her somethin' horrible. But she wouldn't want me fallin' apart, right? It's like you said. I jess gotta move on. An' I think what you told me t'do is working, I really do!" He opened his eyes, looking over at the tiger from the couch he was laying on. "So thank you, doc!"

Doctor Nass nodded, writing something down in his notebook. "I'm happy to hear that. I truly am." He looked up from his notes. "So what sort of material have you been looking at? Identifying what is helping you move on could be integral, Brent!"

The bear froze. He had expected that question to come up, but hadn't ever planned an answer for it. "Er..." He coughed nervously.

"Brent." Doctor Terry Nass set his notepad aside, and folded his arms. "I can't help you, Brent, unless you're honest with me."

Brent bit his lip. He knew the Doctor was someone he could trust. He really did. But he was still terrified for his job. He had accepted that he was gay, sure. It was hard to deny it after a week of nonstop masturbation to gay porn. But admitting it to anyone, even a close personal friend like the Doc, felt like crossing a line he was terrified to cross. Could he keep it secret if he mentioned it to anyone? He didn't know. He grit his teeth, closing his eyes and sighing. "It was... gay stuff, Doc."

There was a moment of silence. "Gay stuff, Brent?"

Brent sat up and nodded. "Uh huh. For a while, I couldn't seem to get it up at all. But then I found a website of gay pornography, and I pretty much creamed right on the spot." He gave the doctor a sheepish smile. "Ain't never felt like that before. I even started using a vibrator while doing it, to make it feel better." His face was hot. He couldn't look the doctor in the eyes. He

didn't know why he'd out and said it, but he just hoped that the trust he had in the doctor wasn't misplaced. "Y-you ain't gonna tell nobody, right? That's a thing fer you doctors, right?"

"You have nothing to worry about, Brent." The Doctor nodded, as the bear felt a wave of relief wash over his body. "I take doctor-patient confidentiality very seriously here. I won't tell anyone outside this room about this, not unless you do it first." He stood up. "But I do think we need to explore this a bit more."

Brent stiffened his body. "More?!?" he was both enthusiastic and terrified by that word. "D'you mean more porn? Or I-like a date or something? I can't be seen going on a date with no guy!"

Doctor Terry Nass turned to walk towards his back office. "For now, we'll just focus on the root of these feelings and try to help you get more comfortable with them. I think it's time for your next round of hypnosis, Brent. Wait here as I get the focusing aid." The doctor opened the door of his back office and slipped inside, closing it behind him. After about ten minutes passed, he walked back, carrying another bubbling red concoction, and offering it to Brent.

The trance came much easier to Brent the second time around. He barely noticed himself slipping into it. In less than ten minutes, the red tide had washed the beach of his mind clear of all the concerns and worries and troubles he had built up on it, leaving him with nothing but an empty beach where he could lay back and relax. With every whiff of the cherry-scented bubbles, he let his mind drift farther and farther, letting the tiger's voice bring him down into a nice, obedient trance. After a while, he couldn't think of anything at all. He just let the waves wash over him, submerging his consciousness with cherry scent.

"Can you hear me, bear?"

The tiger's voice echoed in his mind. "Yesss." He slurred the word. Every word was a pawprint in the sand, washed clean with the next breath he took.

"Now I want to start by asking you a question. Are you straight? Or gay?" More pawprints dotted the sand. It was like someone else was on his personal beach, but before he could think about it, the waves of the rising red tide washed them away.

"Gay." He mumbled, his eyes, half shut, staring at the sky.

"But you seem insecure about it." The voice spoke again. "Why is that, bear?"

He almost managed to feel concerned. But concern, like everything else, was a shape of sand on the beach, washed away each time he inhaled. "Work. Might get fired... if employees knows I'm gay. Can't let it get out..." For a moment, he visualized the leering, jeering faces of his subordinates at the construction site. Then, a wave of cherry scented water washed over them, and the fearful image vanished from his beach.

"I see." the voice was quiet for a few moments. "Bear, you said 'employees'. You're a boss, are you not? Did you get that position by being meek and fearful, like a little mouse?"

The question made memories emerge in his mind, like sculptures of sand on the beach. He saw images of how he'd earned his position. Hard work and extra hours. A good rapport with the other workers. Never backing down from a challenge. And by conquering each one. He had earned his job by being the best damn worker there. "No..." He mumbled, as the tide came in, crushing his memories into sand again. The red water filled his nostrils, tingling and washing against his mind.

"Exactly." He felt something grip his right arm. "You are a bear. A fierce, proud predator. Not some submissive prey species slut. This-" And his right arm was squeezed "-is a sign of who you really are. This strong arms are signs of your macho pride." He felt the pressure on his arm go away. Something pressed on his chest. "You aren't meant for timidly hiding what you are. You are a bear. You are strong. You are fierce. You are sexy. You were meant to take what you want, like a hunter. To slash fish out of the water, to claim hives of honey fearlessly, to make your mates proud that you're fucking them." He felt his cock twitch at that word, and then forgot about it as he inhaled again. "Even when you're taking it up the ass, it's because it's what you want. It's what you desire. You are a power bottom when you are on bottom. Deep down, you know all these things to be true. You aren't the sort of person to hide what you are. You are gay, and you're proud of it, bear. Say it with me."

"I'm gay... and I'm proud of it." The bear murmured, in a feeble whisper.

"Louder."

"I'm a gay bear, and I'm proud of it." The bear said it again. He heard the zipper on his pants move, and felt something rubbing at his cock through his briefs. For a moment, he almost stirred. But another sniff of the red tide washed his mind clear of any worries.

"Louder! Say it loud, say it proud!" The tiger's voice coaxed him, as a finger traced up and down the growing tent in his briefs. "What are you?"

"I'm a sexy gay bear, and I'm fucking proud of it!" He heard himself shout. Concern registered in his mind for a moment, before crumbling away.

The bear felt a hand rubbing his cock. At some point it'd slipped inside his underwear, rubbing his shaft as if it had been covered in oil. He let out a groan, unable to do anything else. On his beach, he saw the femboys and the muscled beach bros crowded around each other. He stood up, walking towards them, pushing down the wolf with a hungry gleam in his eye, as he tugged down the canine's speedo, holding him down as he pushed his bearcock against the male's

tight hole. He was proud of what he was. He was a big fierce gay bear, and he took what he wanted.

“Good. Good.” The bear felt the paw on his cock moving faster and faster. His body tensed, as his mind stirred. He pushed inside the wolf, grunting as he felt the pressure around his cock. A pressure that was building rapidly... “Now even if your conscious mind forgets that, it’ll always be there in your subconscious, coloring how you see the world, how you interact with it.” The bear grunted, in a feral rut as he fucked the wolf. As he expressed his pride as an alpha predator.

“When you wake up, you won’t notice that you’ve cummed your underwear. You’ll remember nothing of our hypnosis session, save that I talked to you about your feelings of being gay.” The tiger’s voice was a hungry purr. The bear was barely listening, so focused on claiming his prize, as the other three beachgoers watched, each hoping to be next. He growled in triumph, as he came-

Brent sat up, panting and rubbing his head. Again, his thoughts were fuzzy. It felt almost like a hangover, except without the throbbing headache. “Dang, doc.” He patted his skull. “Does hypnosis always take it outta a guy like that? I feel so tired. And drained. But good, sorta.”

The tiger doctor was wiping his right paw off with a warm towel again. He looked up. “Hm? Actually, that’s more the effect of the focusing agent. It’s a regrettable, yet inevitable, side effect. But nothing dangerous, I promise.” He stood up and walked towards the bear. “Is it unpleasant? We can not use it next time if you really don’t like it.”

Brent stood up, letting out a heavy huff of air and patting his sides. “Naw, I trust you. Besides, it feels more like I emptied my balls than anything else.” He froze, mortified that he’d said that in front of the doctor. And then, after a second’s hesitation, a voice in his head asked him why he was embarrassed. He wasn’t ashamed of talking about sex, was he? “Er, if that’s not too crude.”

Doctor Nass held out his paw, and Brent took it, shaking it heartily. “I’ve had plenty of other patients say something like that.” The good tiger doctor chuckled as their paws bounced up and down. “Now then, I’ve been doing some thinking about what to do for this week’s activity therapy, Brent...”

The bear blinked. “You mean it ain’t just more porn?”

Doctor Nass shook his head, sending his spectacles flying again. He glared at them, growling as he went to recover them. “Grrr... stupid things. If it weren’t for keeping up appearances! They’d better not be cracked...” he grumbled, as he bent over, trying to reach for the pair of spectacles that had landed under an end-table.

Brent found himself staring at the feline's toned butt, feeling his cock stiffening in his moist underwear. "So you were, um, saying?"

The tiger retrieved his spectacles, and stood back up. Brent almost felt disappointed. "Ah, yes! Sorry, it's these gosh darned spectacles of mine." He placed them back on the bridge of his snout. "Well, it's quite simple. You're clearly gay. You're so gay it's obvious to anyone."

Brent fidgeted. "Shucks, it ain't that obvious, is it?"

"It is." The tiger chuckled. "But what you really need is confidence. And I've got the perfect idea in mind to build some up."

The big bear folded his arms and sighed. "Alright. I'll bite. What's it gonna be, Doc?"

Brent stared up at the sign before him and sighed. "Of all the cotton-pickin' things t'ask me t'do..." he grumbled.

Doctor Nass' advice this time had been something social. Instead of just turning inward and pleasuring himself for hours on end, he was expected to go out and socialize in a place where he could freely express his new sexuality. He'd argued against it, but he trusted the Doc, and he'd left the therapist's office after promising he'd go at least once. He'd put it off. Went clothes shopping. Reconnected with the guys at work (While trying to hide the fact that he kept checking some of them out) and went to the gym. Ever since he had left Doctor Nass' office, he'd felt like he wanted to build himself up again. Like it was high time he started exercising again. After a few days of pumping iron and sweating on a treadmill, he actually started to feel like he had some energy again. It was a good thing, and he was glad to have thought of it. After all, what man didn't want to be big and strong?

But nearly six days had passed. Tomorrow was the day of his third and final session with the Doc, and he had promised he'd do this. Swallowing, Brent got out of his dingy red pickup truck, and turned towards a building. Above him, in rainbow neon letters, a sign read "Meteor". He opened the door to the club, gave a nod to a burly rhino sitting outside in a black muscleshirt, and walked into his first gay club.

The sound of dance music penetrated every orifice, but the club itself was nearly dead. Brent walked over to the bar, where a smiling cheetah with rainbow-dyed spots walked over to him. He ordered a shot straight whiskey, and looked around while the feline turned around to fill a glass for him. He looked around. It was eight thirty already, and yet Meteor was nearly devoid of people. It kinda defeated the point of him going out to be social. He scratched his butt as the thin, giggling cheetah placed the shot glass in front of him, and then sauntered away. He drank the shot in one swing, then buried his paws in his hands. He felt like an old man. He was too old

for this scene, for these places. He didn't even know when people came to clubs. At the moment, his best guess was 'whenever Brent Bear isn't there.'. He sighed, fighting the urge to just get up and go home.

He missed Kara.

He stewed in his own depression for a while, losing track of time as the club music played on automatic. At some point, he'd just started staring at a television screen that seemed to be playing perpetual music videos, not sure what else to do. The rest of the world seemed to face away, as he spaced out, watching pop celebrities gyrating their asses while feeling out of place. And then, something cold pressed against his paws. The cheetah tending bar giggled. "Someone bought you a drink, cutey!" He winked. "A Virgin's Cherry!" The bartender turned, swaying his rainbow spotted behind as he walked. Brent hadn't noticed, but he was wearing assless chaps.

The bear blinked and looked around. The club was packed. A clock over the bar showed that it was nearly nine forty five at night. And now there were guys all over! Guys on the dance floor, guys lined up next to him on the bar, and even guys seated at booths around the bar. One of them, a white furred bunny sitting in a booth with a wolf and a zebra, waved at him and blew a kiss. Brent felt his face getting hot and his loins tightening. He turned his head down at his drink. It was some frozen ice thing, like an Icee. Except it smelled like rum. And cherries. The scent of cherry rushed up his snout, and he felt his cock tightening for some reason. The fruity scent of cherries had always relaxed him, for some reason. But it also aroused him. At the same moment he sniffed, he heard a new song playing on the club speakers. "Get this party started on a saturday night!" The song announced.

Brent rubbed his head. He felt a bit woozy after smelling his drink. But oddly, he felt like he had purpose, as well. He had to get this party started. He took the Virgin's Cherry, swallowed the whole thing in two large gulps, and set the glass down on the bar before standing up. Retreating into his own navel wasn't going to do anything. He'd come here to be social, so he was going to do just that. He was a big strong predator, after all. He was going to take what he wanted.

He was going to dance.

The big bear began to strut onto a crowded dance floor that reeked of lust and pheromones , pushing the top of his jeans down and unbuttoning his vest. He had been working out for a while, and he had a body he wanted to show off. He felt confident, as he began to shake his ass, trying to mimic motions of some of the younger bucks out there on the dance floor. The music flooded his mind, flooded his soul, and he found himself liking it. He was gay. He was wild. And he never wanted it to stop. The bear danced around the floor like some queer slut, grinding into other men, who responded with hungry appreciation. A gazelle held his arms out for Brent as their eyes locked, and he fell into the man's embrace, kissing him hungrily, as their crotches ground against each other. Brent let go as he felt a paw groping his ass.

Turning around, he saw the bunny who waved at him before. "Did you like the drink I bought you, big bear?"

The boi (And Brent's mind couldn't see him as anything else) was as thin as a twig, with long floppy cream-colored ears that hung down the back of his head like ponytails, bouncing whenever he moved. He was wearing nothing more than a black fishnet shirt and a pair of tight leather shorts, also black. However, right underneath his cottontail, Brent could make out a pair of rainbow words on the butt of his patron's tight shorts, reading "Lover Boi" With both of the o's curled into hollow hearts. He felt his cock tightening. "Yeah. Yeah I did." He grinned, holding out a paw to the swishy bunny. "Reckon on a dance, boy?"

The bunny giggled. "Yeah!" He turned, pressing his backside up against Brent's cock, grinding into it as he bent down. Brent's instincts took over, as he growled, reaching over and around, to pinch into the bunny's nipples. "Look at you." He humped against the boi's ass in time with the music. "Such a naughty little slut." He was shocked at the words coming out of his mouth. He'd never felt so forceful, so dominating before. "I bet you come out here and get your ass stuffed on a regular basis, don't you?" he growled, leaning in and whispering the words so that the bunny's ears could pick them up.

His dance partner let out a soft huff of bliss, his body shuddering. "Y-yeah." he turned to look up at Brent, a coy smile on his face, a finger pressed just under his lower lip. "I've been a naughty boy, papa bear. Whatcha gonna do about it?"

Brent grunted, as he felt his balls churning. He grit his teeth. The boy was giving him a challenge, and he didn't get to be the dominant he was by flinching first. "Maybe I'll take you to the bathroom and show you how Papa Bear punishes naughty cubs." he grinned, moving one of his paws down to cup at the crotch of his new playmate.

Removing the bunny's leather shorts had been surprisingly easy. At first they had seemed almost pasted on, and Brent was worried he was going to have to rip them off to satiate his burning need. But the giggling, wispy bunny boi had shown him a hidden zipper along one seam once they had found a lockable bathroom stall. Brent tugged the shorts down and then appraised the bounty before him: his dance partner was seated on the toilet, his legs spread, his body leaning back as far as he could, to show off his pucker to the big bear. His cock, only half the size of the one he had christened "Papa Bear", was fully erect and already had a bead of precum running down it. His ears hung low on either side of his head, two cream colored masses of fuzzy flesh that the boi had told him felt good to be chewed on.

Brent felt easily twenty years younger as he took in the sight.

“Do you got any lube, Papa Bear?” The bunny asked, in a simperingly adorable tone that made Brent’s cock throb.

He shook his head. “Naughty boys don’t get lube, cub.” he grinned, unzipping his pants. “They get this instead.” He licked his paw, moving it down to begin smearing saliva along the boi’s fleshy hole. The act provoked a low moan from his cub. After a few moments, he pushed two fingers into the rabbit’s hole, spreading them apart and circling them.

“Nnnngh, stretch me, Papa!” The bunny trembled, his paw on his dick, as he stroked himself.

Brent chuckled, moving forward to push that paw away. “No, cub. That’s Papa Bear’s job right now. No touching yourself, boy.” he grunted, as he unzipped his pants, letting his fat cock hang out. The big bear pushed the two fingers inside his boy back and forth, hungrily stretching him out, and making him squeal again.

He guided his cock towards that hole with his free paw, before pushing gently in. It was the first time he’d ever really fucked another guy before. He was surprised how familiar it felt, however. He felt a warmth and a bliss he hadn’t had since... well, since Kara. And for a moment, as he slowly slid inside his lover’s ass and felt the bunny let out a grunt and a soft huff as he stretched to take it all, Brent felt complete. He felt like he was whole again. And he felt like he could move on.

Or rather, move in. “Alright, cub. It’s time to wreck that ass fer future lovers.” he growled, as he pushed his head in, kissing the bunny firmly, pushing his tongue into the boi’s muzzle. They didn’t have time to waste on doing this. The club was still public property and they could still get in trouble for it. But the thrill made it all the more delicious, as Brent tasted the bunny’s cherry chapstick on his lips. He began to thrust back and forth inside his dance partner, moving his free paw up to rub at his dick.

The two of them broke off from the kiss, each panting and moaning. Brent closed his eyes, holding onto the boi’s shoulders as he quickened his pace, thrusting back and forth, back and forth, like waves washing against the sand of the beach.

And then, at once, they both came. Brent growled and grunted, stuffing the boi, as the bunny fired, his spunk shooting up and covering both of their bare chests.

After a moment where they both leaned on each other to recover, the bunny looked up, his pale blue eyes locking with Brent’s brown pools. “I think I want an encore, Papa Bear. Longer, hopefully. Your place, or mine?”

A smile slowly grew along Brent’s muzzle. “My place.” He said with absolute certainty. “It’s felt empty for too long now...”

"Yes, that's right. I am gay." Brent spoke into his cell phone, discussing a matter with his superiors. "And if you have any problems with it, I can get any number of activist groups on the horn! You'll getcher building built, don't worry. I'm a professional. Jess treat me how you treat any of the other guys, got it? Good! Bye now!" He hung up as he strode inside his therapist's office.

Doctor Nass, seated at his desk, looked up. "Well, this is certainly a surprise."

Brent was wearing a tight black leather jacket, left unzipped in front, to show off his chest. Around his neck hung a silver pendant, two male symbols interlocking with each other. He had on a pair of tight khaki pants, an erection obviously outlined beneath them. He had to admit, if he'd seen himself as he was now in the mirror three weeks ago, he'd never have recognised himself. But what he suspected was surprising the doctor was that he'd brought someone with him. He chuckled, patting the soft butt of the bunny he'd met last night, provoking a titter out of his partner. "Oh yeah? Well, we thought since this is supposed to be Couples Therapy, we'd come as a couple. Doc? This is Liam, and we're... well, we hooked up last night."

The bunny held up a paw and waved. "H-Hello." he squeaked out, then clung to his big bear.

"Haw!" Brent chuckled. "Don't let the coy act fool you. He's a FREAK in bed, Doc! Absolutely amazing."

"Papa Beaaaar!" Liam the bunny whimpered. "You're making me blush! Stoppit..."

"Alright, fine." Brent folded his arms. "We don't really know if it'll last, but we're gonna try to date each other for a little while. See where things go."

The doctor nodded. "Well, I'll admit to being a bit surprised. It looks like you're moving very quickly along in your therapy, Brent!"

"I've got you t'thank fer it, Doc." The bear smiled. "I feel like a whole new man. I'm working out again, I still have my job, and I think I can lay Kara to peace now. And I never could have done any of it without you or your hypnosis." He patted Liam's bottom again. "Never woulda met this little guy, either!"

Liam giggled, and nuzzled at Brent's chest, looking up at him with a small grin on his face. Brent flashed him a warm smile back, and then looked back to the tiger behind the desk. "Seriously, you're the best, Doc. I'm going to recommend you to any of my buddies at work who seem troubled. I think you could really turn their lives around!"

The doctor grinned. "Oh! Well, who am I to pass up more business!" He chuckled. "I think I can give you a clean bill of health, Brent Bear. You're definately done with therapy."

The bear shook his head. "Hey, we've still got one session, right? One more round of hypnosis?"

"Oh! Er... I suppose..." The tiger stood up, frowning. "But do you really think you need it?"

"Naw, not for me." Brent snorted. "But Liam here wanted to see if you could make him a bit more of a top..."

THE END