

Pleasure In All Things

By Terinas

I'm pretty sure if you ask Kristoph about this, he'll deny it ever occurred, but here's what happened...

"I'm not saying I dislike it. I just don't understand how you can get away with it."

I stuck my tongue out at Kristoph as he finished his coffee. "Because I'm awesome, that's how." His gray ears twitched as he loomed over me on the other side of the table. The Husky was about a head taller than me. With his height, that barrel-chest and six-pack abs, he tended to loom over people without even trying. "You done?"

He nodded. "Yeah." As we both stood up and made our way out of the cafe. Kristoph brought his paws down in front of him. "You were walking from class to class in a skirt!" he walked in lockstep with me as we traveled down the street towards my dorm.

I swayed my striped tail, smirking. "And I'm sure that everyone enjoyed the view!" I purred. It's the sort of thing that you do when you're an amused feline. I reached down to adjust my shorts so they were slanted at a slight angle.

Kristoph rolled his eyes. "I'm just saying, if I did something like that, people would be l-laughing at me." He still tended to stutter at times. I was pretty sure it was whenever he was thinking of something uncomfortable, but we'd yet to discuss it.

I raised an eyebrow and stuck my tongue out. "Oh, so you want to prance around in a skirt? You kinky puppy!"

He snarled. "Not what I meant. I just don't understand how it works, Tiger." He'd taken to calling me Tiger. Probably as some sort of attempt to retort at me calling him puppy so often. If it was, it wasn't working; I felt more amused than annoyed by him referring to me by species.

We got to the Bedworthy Dorms, where I resided, and walked past the hideously mustached statue of the donating Alumnus, Alphonse Bedworthy. I flashed my ID in front of the locks and let Kristoph and myself in. As always, I tried to ignore the hideous yellow wallpaper plastered around the halls. After a few twists and turns we reached room 104, the room I spent a lot of the little time I spend sleeping. Unlocking and opening the door, I held it open for Kristoph, who walked in first.

My roommate was there, leaning back in his computer chair, with his rear paws propped up on his desk as he turned the pages of a paperback book he was holding up a few inches away from his head. Upon the creaking of the door's hinges, he turned his head, brushed the white bangs away from his eyes, and stared up at us with those gray pools he calls eyes. "Oh gods. Should I hang a sock up over the doorknob as I retreat to the library?"

I stuck my tongue out at him as he folded his book and set it down on his desk. "That won't be necessary today, Jeeves. We're just hanging out." I smirked as I decided to take the joke a step forward. "However, good sir, if you could remove your shirt and remain in that state of partial nudity for the rest of the evening, I would consider giving you a raise."

He snorted. "Oh, so I'm 'Jeeves' now? This morning I was Salt and Pepper, and before that it was

Tuxedo, and before that... I forget. Do you even know my real name?"

"I give people nicknames. It's a thing I do. Right Puppy?" Kristoph chuckled and rolled his eyes. "I wouldn't forget your name, Xavier." Remembering names was also a thing I do.

Xavier blinked. "Huh. Given how you never use it, I'm surprised." He picked up his paperback book and started reading again.

"Really? I'd be surprised if I forgot it, myself." I sat down on my bed, facing Kristoph. "Where were we, Puppy? I forgot what we were talking about."

Kristoph licked his lips. "We were talking about your recent pantless episode."

I crossed my legs and snapped my fingers. "Oh yeah! You had some silly worry about going from living to meat if you tried to follow in my footsteps. You know what the problem is, Kristoph?"

Xavier turned a page. "He still hasn't hunted down and shot his sense of modesty?"

I scowled and threw a pillow at my roommate. Not surprisingly, he caught it.

Kristoph looked up into my eyes. "N-no... what do you think my problem is?"

I leaned forward and poked a finger right into his chest. "It's confidence, puppy! That's what I have that you lack, and it's what lets me lack losers liking not my legging lacking." I leaned away from him and crossed my legs. "Yeah, there's probably people perturbed and provoked by my pants-less prancing, but as long as I act like it isn't a big deal, most of them don't make anything of it. If you start to get nervous or scared about wearing a skirt, people pick up on it and will take it as an excuse to mess with you."

Xavier, his white striped tail curled up around the top of his desk chair, rolled his eyes. "Yes, no one would ever think of fucking with a guy in a dress as long as he acts like it's nothing strange. That argument makes perfect sense to everyone." My skunk of a roommate turned back to his study tome after making a stink all over my argument.

I stuck my tongue out at him and turned back to Kristoph. "Ok, ok. So there'll always be a few people who aren't deflected by a teflon attitude, but most of them are idiots who would use any excuse to go after someone anyway. I've taken my share of insults. The secret is just to ignore them."

Kristoph looked away, poking his fingers together. "I wish I could be like that: just not caring about what people think. I keep worrying about what people would say, what might offend them..."

I smiled. "That's not always a bad thing, Kris-"

Kristoph interrupted me, his ears perking up as a light lit in his eyes. "M-maybe you could give me that kind of self confidence!"

There was a moment of silence between the three of us.

Xavier broke it, turning and looking at us. "What?" he said. And if he hadn't said it, I probably would have.

Kristoph looked him. "Teri's a psychology major, right? You study hypnosis, right? We could try h-hypnotizing me."

Xavier looked at me, and then back at Kristoph. "...there are so many reasons that's a ridiculous idea I don't know where to begin. For starters, I'm not a hypnotist, but can't it only make you do things you'd be comfortable doing anyway? And just because he's a psychology major doesn't mean Teri's studied hypnotism. And why would you ever trust him with that kind of responsibility-"

I cleared my throat loudly. "Whoa whoa whoa. I can't be trusted? Is that what you're saying, Monochrome?" I snarled a bit. It's true I had no idea how to hypnotize someone. If Xavier hadn't spoken up, I probably would have tried to talk Kristoph out of the idea. But my roommate had crossed a line. Trust was sort of an issue for me. It had been for a long time, for reasons that aren't really worth ruining a day talking about. I didn't, and still don't, like someone saying I can't be trusted. "You think I'm going to try and turn him into some kind of mind-slave or something? Am I a cartoon villain now?" I narrowed my eyes.

Kristoph looked back and forth between us. I think we were scaring the poor pup.

Xavier held his paws up in front of him. "I'm not saying that! I'm just saying that sort of thing should be left to professionals. That's all."

My tail thrashed about. "I agree. That's why I'd be happy to help you, Kristoph."

Xavier closed his eyes and his face wrinkled as he pushed his spectacles up the bridge of his snout. "...fine, whatever. I'm out of here, though. This is sounding like the beginning to a porno, and I'd rather not stare at another guy's junk when I have tests to study for." He pushed his chair back, grabbed his textbook, shoved it in his backpack, and moved for the door to our room.

I smirked and called out to him. "That's fine! When your tests are over I'll be happy to let you stare at my junk as much as you want!"

If he reacted, I didn't see it with his back turned to us. I regret not seeing the expression on his muzzle. I suspect it would have been gloriously amusing.

With the slam of our door, I turned back to Kristoph, who was poking his pointer fingers together. "Did we do something to annoy him?"

I waved a paw at him. "Don't mind that stinkbutt. He and I tease each other all the time." I folded my hands in my lap, trying to look as professional as possible. "So you want me to hypnotize you." I said, not giving him any room in the conversation to backpedal. At this point I wanted to attempt it just to show Xavier I could.

Kristoph nodded. "W-well, I just think it'd be nice to be able to be a bit more confident in my sexuality... I guess."

Part of me wanted to tell him that just came with time. Part of me wanted to hug him. Kristoph had just admitted to himself almost a week ago that he was GAY. It was unrealistic for him to expect he'd be able to get over his shyness in a few scant days. But I didn't try to comfort him. Because it sounded

harmless. I didn't know how to hypnotize anyone! Even if I faked it and he believed me, the worst that could happen was that he'd be like that elephant in that old cartoon movie with the feather that let it fly. A little confidence never hurt anyone, right?

I sat up straight, and made sure to speak flatly, like how I imagined a professional therapist would. "I can't guarantee there will be any effect, Kristoph. And I don't think any hypnosis like that would last forever. Knowing that, do you still want to do it?"

He raised an eyebrow. "Be hypnotized? Yes. Have sex with you? Not right now."

I resisted the urge to scowl. He knew I was setting up for a double entendre joke there. It probably wouldn't have been professional anyway. I reminded myself to be more controlled. It was hard! "Yes. Well then, let's begin." I thought about what I had seen people do to hypnotize people in movies and television. That didn't help much. I didn't have a pocket watch; and I doubted saying "relax" over and over was going to have the desired effect. Instead, I just decided to bullshit my way through this.

I raised a finger. "Now then. Hypnosis is..." I thought quickly, resisting the urge to say "uh" and risk losing my subject's confidence in me. "...an exercise in focusing your mind. You will obey my commands, and that will help me get you into the proper state of mind. We will work together to get you so focused on one thing that you start to relax and tune out the world around you." I had no idea if what I was saying was true. The course that discussed hypnosis in my major wasn't even available until my second year in college. "To that end, we need to have you focus on something as wholly and completely as you can." I raised the pointer finger on my left paw. "I want you to stare at my finger."

Kristoph moved his head so he could stare at it. "Sure. What's next?"

"Now, you have to follow my finger with your eyes without moving your head." I started to slowly move my paw, finger outstretched, to the right. I watched Kristoph's brown eyes move to keep it in view. "Now as you follow my finger, follow my words. I want you to relax and just focus on following my finger." I had moved my paw as far to the right as I could. Moving at a snail's pace, I started moving it back the way it came. "Remember that you asked me to hypnotize you, and that you are the one choosing to obey my will. By obeying me we will focus your mind, focusing it totally on my finger right now. Remember that you as you let yourself relax, focusing on my finger more and the worries and anxieties that plague you less."

I let my paw start to drift in the opposite direction again, like a glacier lazing through water. "Listen to my voice and let it relax you. Focus on my finger and let yourself relax. You need to accept that focusing on this finger is the most important thing to worry about now. You don't want to lose sight of it, and to do that you need to stay relaxed." Kristoph's eyes were still tracking my digit. I lowered my voice a bit lower, hoping that would help with the deception somehow. "Relaxed and deep... deep and obedient... uh, deep and relaxed... I stopped myself in a silent panic, hoping Kristoph didn't notice that I was stumbling. "Now I'm going to move my finger back and forth in silence for a little while... the more you watch my finger move back and forth, the more deep and relaxed you are going to get, as you focus more and more on it."

I let Kristoph watch my finger while my mind worked at a frenzied pace. I didn't know what else to do! I tried to think of something else that hypnotism in media did. I quickly came to something. "Now... I'm going to count down from 100 to 1. The more I count down, the further down and deep you go, more and more obedient, relaxing and focusing more on my moving finger and my voice. 100... 99... 98...

97..."

I started counting down, and as I did, I took a few moments to really look at Kristoph. His eyes were still following my finger, but they were only half open; his eye lids were suspended halfway over his pupils. His ears were perked up, his body was stiff, but the muscles in his arms weren't flexed. He looked to be almost frozen in the position that he had started in. It was a bit bizarre. I had expected him to move around a bit so he'd be more comfortable.

I continued my countdown. "76... 75... 74... 73..." Kristoph didn't seem to respond at all, except to follow my finger along its predictable path. "64... 63... 62... 61..." I stopped counting. "Kristoph, how do you feel?"

It took him a moment to speak, and when he did it was with a slur. "Relaxxxed... an' focusssssed..."

I blinked, then moved my paw over to snap my fingers in front of his eyes. "Are you messing with me? Come on, this is a joke, right?" I'll admit I was skeptical. It wasn't like I had ever hypnotized anyone before. I had no idea what to expect. At the time, I was pretty sure he was just pulling my leg.

He didn't respond. I stood up and put my hands on my hips. "Well fine." I started to walk over towards my desk, and pulled my laptop computer open. "I'm going to check my email now, subjecting it to meticulous scrutiny. We'll see how long this joke of yours stays funny to you." I booted the computer up and jostled it out of sleep mode. After it woke up, I started reading through my emails. Kristoph just sat there, his body not moving a muscle.

Five minutes later, he still hadn't moved an inch.

I turned my head to stare at him. I stood up and walked over to stand in front of him. It was at that moment, with his eyes staring at my waist, that a crazy whim bounced into my head. "Bark like a dog, Kristoph." He started yapping loudly, like one of those non-sentient pocket little things that rich girls keep in their purses.

That's when it hit me. Kristoph was actually in a trance. He was barking like a dog on my command.

And I suddenly had the weirdest boner.

"Kristoph, you should stop barking now." I watched as his mouth snapped shut and he stood still. I thought about it for a moment. Exactly what sorts of limits did I have here? I didn't know anything about hypnosis. Was Xavier right when he said that I couldn't make someone do anything they wouldn't want to? I thought about it. "Perhaps I should test this?" I turned to stare at Kristoph. "Kristoph, I want you to get down on the ground on all fours." I watched as his body fell forward, front paws sliding out as he slid off the bed and pushed himself up from the ground. He was on all fours, like a dog. A naughty thought popped into my head. "I wonder if he would..."

I behaved almost on instinct, reaching down and unzipping my pants before I even thought about it. With two fingers I tugged my blue panties down, letting myself hang out in front of Kristoph's maw. "Kristoph, I want you to imagine the most delicious popsicle you've ever seen. Picture it in your head. Do you want to taste it?"

I saw him lick his lips, a small smile growing on his face. I turned to let my cockhead press against his

lips. “Now do you feel that? That popsicle is being pressed against your lips... I want you to go take a taste of it, and as you doooooooooOOOOO-” The naughty puppy had already slide his tongue along my meat as I was talking. Somewhere in the back of my head I made a note that future orders needed to include waiting until I was done.

With that command, Kristoph was eagerly licking and sucking on my shaft, as I tried to resist making any lewd noises loud enough for my neighbors to hear. It's at that point that several absolutely wicked ideas crept into my head. My tail twitched excitedly. I'm not proud to admit that I'm terrible at dealing with temptation. And the idea of having a burly, handsome man completely under my spell was very tempting indeed. I struggled not to moan as I felt his lips around my head. I arched my back as I thrust into him, just enough to let Kristoph's treat slide along his tongue. From there, I froze, letting him savor his popsicle as his tongue drifted around the sides of my cock, circling it.

After a few minutes more I lost it, and came right in his muzzle. I looked down at him as he continued to lap and suck on my shaft. “That's enough. You've licked the popsicle down to the stick. Do you taste the stick in your mouth?” The suggestion was enough to get Kristoph to pull away from my waist, sticking his tongue out in dreamy disgust. I stood there, my littler head hanging low as I watched him sit at my feet. The reality of the situation was sinking in: I had Kristoph in a trance, willing to give me head in a place where people could hear my lewd moans without fear that he was going to get weird looks leaving my loveshack. This was a first.

I began to wonder, what else would he be willing to do like this? It felt as if I had an imperative to find out. For science. Sexy, sexy science. My brain began boiling to the brim with ideas of what I could do to the puppy...

It was going to be a wild ride!

To Be Continued...