

A (SECOND) CUP OF COFFEE WITH THE THERAPIST by Xyln

Fosk still had time to check the crumpled list he held in his paw one more time before he rang the doorbell, slightly less nervous than the last time he had stood there. At least, he told himself, this time he was completely dry.

That week had passed way faster than he had expected and now that he was there once again, he couldn't help but wonder if he had made the right choice. Sure, the white tiger wouldn't charge him any money, but still, he didn't know if he was ready to have the kind of session the "therapist" probably had in mind. He'd been thinking about it for the whole week and, even then, he still wasn't sure about Kenneth's intentions. The tiger seemed friendly and kind enough, and he was somewhat certain he could trust him... specially since Fabio had been with him before. But there was something inside him that fought against the idea of having such a handsome tiger around, learning all his secrets, precisely because of how alluring he found that idea.

He was afraid things would go wrong and he'd feel embarrassed and hurt again. However, he had made up his mind to at least go to that session.

"Hey there," Kenneth said when he opened the door, a few seconds later. Fosk was again taken aback by how handsome the tiger was and it took him a short while to smile back at the therapist. "Nice to see you again."

"Mhm. I've decided to give it a try," the black wolf said, as he wiped his shoes on the welcome mat and walked through the door.

He followed the tiger to the same room they've talked in last week. This time, one of the chairs had been replaced by a dark blue couch that looked particularly comfortable. Fosk could only guess why Kenneth had done that, and his cheeks turned red when his mind wandered through the possibilities once again. He'd been thinking about that all week, about *how* exactly the tiger would use his main kink "as a door". His heart started beating a bit faster.

"Have you brought the list?" Kenneth asked, as he once again took a seat on the corner of his desk. Fosk was starting to think the tiger only bought chairs and couches for those that he invited to his flat, not for himself.

However, he nodded and handed the small piece of paper to the therapist. He reached out, picked it up and looked at it curiously. Fosk sat down in the couch and looked away for a few seconds, embarrassed, as he waited patiently. The night before, the tiger had phoned him and asked him to write a list with "all the things he could possibly want to do while hypnotized, or completely different kinks he might have."

Even though Fosk's list wasn't particularly long, it had taken him hours to gather the courage to write those things in a piece of paper. In a way, it was as if writing them was making them real, and he wasn't completely sure he'd be ready for that.

"Alright," Kenneth said, still reading the list. "There are more things than I expected."

"Huh?" the black wolf asked, raising his head, a bit flustered.

"Yeah. For some reason, I thought you wouldn't dare write so many things here. But it seems you've really made up your mind this time. That's good."

The black wolf didn't answer.

"I can work with this," the tiger said, folding the list and placing it on the table. "Not today, though, so you can try to get rid of that blush if you want," he added, teasingly.

"I-I'm sorry, but it's not that easy!" Fosk complained. "You might be used to talking about this, but I don't usually go to places telling that I like to... that I like to..."

"That you like what?" Kenneth pushed him, gently.

"...well, being hypnotized!" the wolf said, blushing violently again.

"That's not the only thing you like according to this list," the tiger pointed out, raising an eyebrow. "But don't worry, I understand. I told you last day. You're very brave compared to other clients I've had before. If I push you to say it out loud is because I need you to be open about it. At least, while we're working together."

"I guess," Fosk said, sighing.

"But first things first," Kenneth said, clasping his paws together and standing up again. He moved around his desk and took something from a drawer. He then handed it to Fosk. "This is the contract I told you about. Go ahead and read it before we do anything else."

The black wolf did so carefully. He had expected something more difficult to read, maybe more elaborate, but the contract was extremely direct and transparent, in that sense. It basically came to say that, in case the tiger did something he hadn't previously agreed to, Fosk had the right to take all the legal measures he considered necessary. However, it also pointed out that Kenneth had the right to use whatever written instructions the blackwolf had given him (such as the small list he had just given him) as proof that they had agreed to do that in advance. In that sense, both had their ways to protect themselves from each other in case things didn't turn out well.

Kenneth's contract made Fosc felt slightly less nervous. The tiger didn't seem to be the kind of guy that'd take advantage from a situation like that either, and that was also reassuring. Besides, he also had Fabio's experience as a guarantee. The black wolf shook his head and signed the contract quickly, giving it back to his therapist. He then sighed and leaned back in the couch, trying to calm himself.

"Good," Kenneth said, once he had finished checking the contract was in order. "I guess we can begin, then."

"What are we going to do?" the black wolf said. He kind of feared the answer.

"Well, I think we established that last day," the tiger said, sitting on the desk once again and crossing his arms on his chest. "I'm going to hypnotize you."

The answer was so direct that it made Fosc feel a bit dizzy. He gulped.

"O... okay," he said, as he tried his best not to blush wildly.

"But before that, I have some more questions to ask you," Kenneth said, giving him a warm smile. At that point, Fosc was completely sure the tiger secretly enjoyed teasing him. "And you should relax a bit. We're not getting anywhere if you're so tense."

"Alright," the black wolf said, nodding slowly.

"So, first of all. Have you ever been hypnotized before?"

Fosc took a while to consider his answer.

"Well... I'm not sure, to be honest," he said. "I've never tried actual... face to face hypnosis, you know? I just tried a few audios and videos online."

"Did they work for you?" the tiger asked, his striped tail slowly wiggling back and forth at his back.

"I don't know. I felt really relaxed and kinda... light-headed, but I didn't feel anything special... I didn't have the feeling that I was in trance, you know?"

"That happens a lot," Kenneth answered, smiling. "People usually assume when you're in a trance you're deeply hypnotized, but that's not always the case. Sometimes, and specially when you aren't used to it, you can feel quite aware of what's going on and..."

"...and even believe you're not hypnotized at all. I know. I've done some research, too," the black wolf said, with a shy smile. "I also know some people are more suggestible than others, and that some drop into really deep trances without effort. I've been wondering whether I'm just hard to hypnotize."

Kenneth looked a bit surprised for a few seconds and Fosk felt a bit proud. It was the first time he had left the white tiger speechless and, for a change, it felt good to know he had the control of the conversation.

“Oh,” the therapist said, his smile getting slightly wider. “So it seems you know a thing or two.”

“Hypnosis has been a major kink throughout my whole life, I guess”, the black wolf explained, shrugging. He didn’t feel so embarrassed at that point, almost as if he was getting used to admitting it in front of the tiger. “I’ve seen a lot of videos, read a lot of texts. I guess I’m... well informed. Not as well as you, of course,” he added, quickly. “But I like to think I’m... familiar with it.”

“You probably are, more than you think,” Kenneth said. Fosk could tell the tiger wasn’t making fun of him this time, but being completely honest. “Well. It seems you’re a bit more relaxed now, but still, I’d like to try some relaxation exercises with you before we get into it. Alright?”

“Sure.” The black wolf tried to find a good position in the couch, shifting again.

“Alright.” Kenneth didn’t move from his corner on the desk, and just looked at him with a warm smile. “I’m sure you’re quite familiar with this by now. I’d like you to close your eyes and find a comfortable position. Can you do that for me?”

“Done already,” the wolf answered, smiling too.

“Good. Then, I want you to take a nice, deep breath and hold it for a second. That’s it, nice and deep. Now hold it for me... and let it out, slowly. Gooooood. Repeat that again.”

Fosk did as he was told, breathing deeply just as instructed. He’d been there before, following instructions that would supposedly help him relax. And sometimes, it worked. Not always, of course. It highly depended on the hypnotist and the context. Most hypnosis scripts and videos he found online were total trash.

“As you keep breathing for me, I’d like you to try and focus on my voice. Don’t pay attention to your own thoughts for now. Just let my voice guide you as you take another deep breath... hold it... and let it out. That’s it, sloooooowly.” The tiger really had a beautiful voice. Soft enough to help Fosk feel as safe and comfortable as possible and, at the same time, firm enough to guide him properly. Commanding. “Good. You know how it feels to relax like this. You’ve done that before. I’d like you to remember it now, as you keep breathing and listening.”

Fosk remembered it. When he had managed to relax deeply other times, it had felt wonderful. It had felt natural. The best part of the process used to be that it happened without him even realizing... and before

he knew it, he was way more relaxed than he thought he'd be. He tried to follow that feeling, track it down from his memories, and he could easily locate it.

Yes, he was starting to feel very relaxed.

"Just... let my words and your memories guide you together," the tiger voice came, soothing and calm. "Focus on your breathing and how comfortable you're starting to feel. Just like all those other times... You don't even need me to talk about it. You can already feel yourself starting to experience it; all those sensations that come with the relaxation, the whole process you've been through so many times before this... And it gets easier to remember how it feels like the more you relax... right?"

Fosk didn't really know whether he had to answer that question. He didn't do it.

He could already feel that warm, tingling sensation in his foot paws. It started being almost completely unnoticeable, but soon grew more and more intense with each breath he took. Kenneth was completely right: he knew how it'd feel like. He didn't even need the therapist to describe how that wonderful warmth would slowly spread through his ankles, moving up his lower legs and relaxing all muscles in its way. The more attention he paid to that tingling feeling, the more intense it got. It was just natural.

Soon enough, his whole lower body was feeling warm and tingly, comfortable and relaxed. The black wolf leaned back a bit in the couch, letting out a soft sigh as he felt all tension melting away.

"Good. So easy to relax now. And as your whole body gets nice and warm and loose and limp in the couch, you can feel your mind relaxing too. It's easier and easier to let go of your thoughts and just follow my voice as it helps you relax deeper." The tiger's voice seemed to be closer now, and warmer, and softer. If Fosk had thought that the therapist's voice had a nice sound before, now he was certain there that it had to be the most soothing sound he'd heard in a while. "And deeper. Just let them fade away as you focus more and more on my voice, more and more on your relaxation... feeling so good."

That was always the tricky part. Fosk could feel his whole body tingling, warm, muscles extremely relaxed. However, his mind was still full of thoughts that went back and forth without him being able to stop them. If he focused too hard on trying to relax, too hard on trying to let go of his thoughts, then that became a thought itself, and he was thinking again. The black wolf struggled for a few seconds, trying to empty his mind and leave it as warm as relaxed as the rest of his body, but it was being extremely difficult. *I hope Kenneth doesn't get mad if this doesn't work*, he thought, then.

He had to contain a groan when he realized he was thinking again. He tried hard to stop those thoughts from happening, but then the tiger's voice caught his attention again.

"Alright, Fosk. Open your eyes for me."

The black wolf felt a bit disappointed with himself when he realized Kenneth had noticed it wasn't working. He opened his eyes to find that the tiger had moved closer to him as he was trying to relax. Now, the therapist was standing beside him with arms crossed on his chest, looking down at him with an eyebrow raised. He didn't seem angry, though.

"Well?" he asked, softly.

"Uh... I'm sorry," Fosk said, a bit embarrassed, as the remnants of his relaxation faded away slowly. "I really tried to relax, but I couldn't... The part about my thoughts is always the most difficult. I can feel my head full of things and I can't get rid of them."

"I see," the tiger answered. His eyes sparkled enigmatically, and for some reason the black wolf thought he had just given his therapist an idea.

"Is it a problem?" he asked, though.

"Not really. You said it before. Some people are more suggestible than others. Besides," the tiger's smile grew wider, "this was just a relaxation exercise, remember?"

"Yeah, well. All inductions start like that," Fosk replied, smiling too.

Again, it seemed as if the wolf's words had helped Kenneth think of something. Fosk was about to ask, but the tiger was already talking again.

"Alright. Let's change our approach, then. I'd like you to lift your arm and hold your paw in front of your head."

"Uh..." Fosk did as he was told, a bit confused now. "Like this...?"

"Yeah. Now turn your palm facing down and open your fingers. Exactly, just like that."

"What is this?" the black wolf asked, a bit lost.

"An induction. Don't worry, though. If you're so familiar with them, this shouldn't be a new concept for you," the tiger said, a bit ironically. Fosk refrained himself from replying. "Close your eyes just like you were doing before and take a nice deep breath for me. Can you remember how relaxed you were starting to feel?"

"Yeah," the wolf said, in a whisper. He was already starting to feel just as relaxed again, although the paw that he was holding in front of him made it a bit difficult.

"Good. Again, just let those memories guide you deeper and deeper into your relaxation. Don't worry about your thoughts for now. You can think as much as you want for now. We'll take care of that later."

That's great, Fosk told himself, because there's no way I can't stop thinking so easily. Even though he had only been with his eyes closed for a few seconds, his body already felt extremely relaxed. Just as if there was no difference between the last induction Kenneth had attempted and this one. The wolf didn't really know what his therapist wanted to do, though. His knowledge, which basically relied in stories, audios and pictures he had found on the internet, didn't go that far.

"And as you relax more and more, I'd like you to put all your attention on your arm. Your body is getting so relaxed that it's starting to be a bit difficult to keep it in that position. However, I want you to try and keep it up, no matter how hard it is. Focus on your arm and listen to the sound of my voice."

That last part was easy. Kenneth voice was just as soothing and soft as it had always been, with that commanding tone that made it even easier to listen to it. Focusing on his arm was also easier than he had expected. With his eyes closed, it was as if he could easily redirect his attention to his arm, focus intently on keeping it from lowering down. It was hard, but not as difficult as the tiger was making it seem.

"Let your body relax as you focus your attention on that arm. And now, I'd like you to imagine something for me. Just imagine you're holding an empty bucket with your paw. A nice, empty bucket, the kind you'd carry for a day in the beach. Can you do that for me?"

"Yeah," Fosk answered, quietly.

"Good. You can feel the handle around the wrist. It doesn't feel particularly uncomfortable, but it's definitely pulling your arm down. You can feel that now as you take another deep breath for me."

The black wolf hated to admit it, but Kenneth was definitely right. His paw was starting to feel slightly heavy for a reason, maybe just due to the effort of keeping it up, he told himself. Even with his eyes closed, Fosk could feel his arm swaying, trembling slightly as he tried to keep that bucket up... even though there was not a bucket at all, he remembered. However, that realization lasted only for a split second as Kenneth soon kept speaking and the black wolf focused again on the picture of that non-existent bucket, almost inevitably.

"That's it. It's getting harder and harder. And now, I'm pouring wet sand in that bucket. It's making it even more difficult to keep your arm up. Sooo very heavy as I'm pouring more and more wet sand into the bucket."

If Fosk hadn't been feeling so relaxed, he'd probably have groaned with frustration. His arm was now going down, slowly but steadily. With each and every word Kenneth said, he could feel more and more sand being poured into that bucket, making it so difficult to keep it up that it was almost as if it was made of lead. He couldn't even keep his arm still as it now swayed helplessly, pulled down with each

spade of wet sand. His mind rushed for an instant, trying to understand how that was even possible, but Kenneth started talking again.

“I’m pouring more sand now. Your arm is starting to feel so very heavy now. It’s going down, inevitably. And... more sand. When it finally goes all the way down and lands on your lap, so heavy and limp, you’ll go down, too. So easily. It’ll feel so good you’ll just drift to sleep naturally. It’ll make you feel so wonderfully sleepy that you’ll just fall into trance and let your arm rest there, completely relaxed, as the rest of your body.”

Fosk wanted to think that the white tiger was right, that as soon as his paw touched his lap he’d drift to sleep, but he wasn’t completely sure. He’d never seen an induction like that before and he didn’t know if it was supposed to work that way... However, his arm felt so very heavy that he could barely keep it up now. It’d fall limply to his lap at any moment now, and he could feel it. Would he drop into trance just as easily? The black wolf didn’t know but... it really felt good. His thoughts moved between those two points unstoppably: feeling so good and being curious as to what would happen.

So... heavy.

“That’s it. Let yourself relax even deeper, knowing that when that arm touches your lap you’ll just drop for me. I’m pouring more sand now. Your arm is so heavy. Just as heavy as you’ll be when that arm finally falls down with the rest of your body. It’ll feel so good that you’ll just... SLEEP.”

It all happened so quickly that Fosk didn’t even see it coming. As he said that simple word, Kenneth took his paw and pushed it to his lap, effectively making it go all the way down. He hadn’t waited until it moved down naturally, but instead had rushed the process. It shouldn’t have worked, but...

...suddenly Fosk was floating. Not in the kind of deep trance that would have made him completely suggestible, but just... drifting down, easily. His neck had loosened and his head had fallen down, resting now on his own chest. His whole body felt warm and relaxed, each and every muscle limp and heavy. He hadn’t even realized that had happened, but now he was there. He felt so wonderfully good that it was difficult to think, but his mind still managed to go back to that question. Why had that happened? It didn’t make any sense...

Then, Kenneth’s voice sounded again and he just followed without even hesitating. It was way easier now.

“Thaaat’s right. Falling down so easily. Feeling so good.”

The white tiger paused for a few seconds, as if he was considering what to say after that, or maybe as if he was giving Fosk more time to feel even better. The black wolf could feel that happening, anyway. He was barely aware of Kenneth gently grabbing his wrist and lifting it up, then shaking it to get rid of all

the remaining tension, and finally letting it fall limply into his lap. As soon as his paw fell down once again, Fosk felt as if he was just sinking into that couch. He hadn't felt that relaxed in a long, long time.

"Your mind just needed something to focus. Your thoughts needed something to be looking at," the tiger explained, as if he was hearing the wolf's silent questions. "Something to be distracted with. Distracted enough that just a simple command would help you sleep. Just like that."

The wolf barely felt Kenneth's paw moving his head slowly, helping his neck relax even more. He let out a soft sigh, completely relaxed.

"But we aren't done yet," he continued. "You can go much, much deeper. And that's just what we're going to do. You're feeling so wonderfully floaty, so limp and warm and relaxed that you can't help but drift deeper and deeper with every word I say. Floating up and falling down with every single breath you take. Just as if you were lying on the beach, near the water, letting the waves come back and forth, taking you even deeper. The wet sand under your body shifting, taking you deeper into trance with every movement."

It was getting more and more difficult for Fosk to follow his usually hectic thoughts, almost as if his mind was too tired to keep track of them. Kenneth's voice sounded better than ever; just as if someone was pouring honey right into his ears, as if with every word his brain was melting... That was the only way he could have possibly described what it felt like. He could feel those waves now, washing over him and caressing his body so softly, then dragging him deeper and deeper into trance.

"Back... and forth. Up and down. With every breath you take. The waves in your mind making you feel so relaxed now. So calm and secure," Kenneth said. "It is so easy to remember this place. So easy to go back when you need to. You can remember how this place feels, how good and relaxed it makes you feel, and you'll easily float back to it whenever I ask you to sleep. It'll happen naturally. You don't need to think about it."

A part of Fosk's mind was barely aware that the tiger had gotten closer to him as they were speaking, or maybe it was just his voice that felt closer and closer. He couldn't care, though. As he floated with the waves of his mind, he had no worries. He could hear Kenneth speaking, but it was as if he couldn't really understand the meaning of those words, or maybe as if he wasn't paying enough attention. And even then, he didn't really feel completely unconscious, and thoughts floated back into his mind occasionally. It was weird... but it definitely felt good.

"In a moment, I'm going to wake you up, and when I do, you'll feel as if you had just taken a long nap, feeling completely relaxed and refreshed. You'll remember this experience clearly and keep all that happened in your mind." Kenneth made a short pause, in which Fosk kept floating up and down with every breath, so easily. "And just like that, I want you to float back into awareness for me. Slowly, enjoying the process."

It took the wolf a while to open his eyes, confused and bewildered. For a few seconds, it was just as if he had just pulled his head out of a bathtub filled with warm water, as if he had been disconnected for a while and now reality had to come back together for him. He breathed deeply, as the last remnants of the light trance melted away, the relaxation remaining. Then, Fosk turned to look at Kenneth, a soft blush in his face. The tiger was now sitting on the arm of the chair, right next to him. Closer than the wolf would have imagined.

“Uh... whoa,” was all he said.

“Did that feel good?” Kenneth asked, with a smile.

“It... it felt amazing, honestly,” the wolf answered, shyly. “I wasn’t expecting it to be so... effective.”

“That’s why it worked, you know,” the tiger answered, crossing his arms on his chest. “You were used to other inductions so I had to change my approach a bit.”

Fosk shifted in the armchair.

“Well, it *really* worked,” he admitted, with a sigh. “You’re good.”

“Yeah, so I’ve been told,” Kenneth said, with a proud grin.

“It’s weird though,” Fosk added. “You never know whether it worked properly or you just... did what the other asked you to do just because you wanted. You never know if you just played along.”

“Well, hypnosis is playing along until you forget you are,” Kenneth answered, with a soft chuckle. “I guess there’s only one way to find out if it worked. Guess how?”

“I kinda...”

“Sleep.”

And again, it shouldn’t have worked, but as soon as that word hit his mind, Fosk felt himself fading a little, his whole body relaxing in place and sinking into that armchair, completely limp. Those waves were there again: pushing him up and down as he dropped deeper into trance, mind and body fully relaxed as he let himself fall into the previous trance, almost as if he had never really snapped out of it. It shouldn’t have worked, but the trigger perfectly clicked into place and all Fosk could wonder for an instant was whether he had really been put down again or he was just playing along... but then again, it really didn’t matter.

“Gooooood. So easy to go back to this place where you can just flow up and down with my words. Floating, completely relaxed. You’re doing an amazing job, Fosk. Just let yourself go deeper and deeper with every word you hear.”

Fosk felt tempted to nod, but his body felt so relaxed he just let it sink more and more. Kenneth's voice felt just too good to be ignored and he definitely loved the warm relaxation, the waves moving back and forth, the feeling of having nothing to care about. When the therapist grabbed his wrist again, shaking it and letting it drop to his lap heavily, it felt as if the whole world was just melting away.

"How are you feeling, Fosk?"

"Good..." came his answer, so soft that it didn't even sound like his voice anymore. "So relaxed..."

"Are you feeling aroused, too?"

That question would have probably made him feel uncomfortable under any other circumstances, maybe even snap him out of trance, if he hadn't been so wonderfully relaxed. For a split second, the possibility of giving a false answer went through his mind. He knew he could lie, if he wanted to. But then again, that would be pointless. In that deep state of relaxation, he couldn't possibly feel embarrassed, could he?

"A... bit..." he answered, honestly.

"Good. I want you to tell me why."

Fosk had to think about it for a short while. His thoughts were so lazy and heavy that it was difficult to find the right answer.

"It just feels... too good..." he sighed, sinking deeper in the armchair. "So relaxed... you guiding me..."

"I see," Kenneth said. His voice sounded just as soft as usual, maybe a bit more commanding now. "Were you expecting this to happen?"

"Yeah..." he answered, softly.

"Did you think about it when you were alone in your room?"

"Yes..."

"Did you get aroused too when you were thinking about it? Imagining how it'd happen? Maybe you made yourself feel... even better by thinking about it?"

Fosk's mind followed the tiger's words trying to understand what he meant. Yes, he had been thinking about it. He had really been looking forward to it... maybe even fantasized about it.

Maybe he had jerked off while thinking about how that session would be. Just maybe.

"I can see you did," the tiger answered, softly. "I want you to hold on to those thoughts. To how good they made you feel. How much you wanted this. Do you like me, Fosk?"

The sudden question made Fosc float up a little bit, his mind rushing slightly as he considered again whether he could lie or not. He felt tempted to do so for a few seconds, but finally the relaxation took over him and he decided it'd be easier to just say the truth.

"I do," he answered, in a sigh.

"Good. Then I bet it felt even better to imagine it, right? To imagine how I easily hypnotized you. How I did to you all those kinky things you wrote on your list."

"Yes..." Fosc said, as a tingling warmth started to spread in his cheeks. "It felt good..."

"Just imagine it. Yourself being completely overpowered. Unable to resist. Forced to do all those things in your list. Deeply hypnotized. Mindless."

"Yeah..." This time, the wolf's voice sounded more like a soft moan, but Kenneth kept on talking. His voice felt stronger, more authoritative than ever.

"I want you to remind all those times when you were alone in your room, thinking about this. Thinking about me. Thinking about yourself, deeply in trance. Gone."

"Gone..."

"Yes. Gone."

Memories came back to Fosc's mind as he sat there, fascinated by his therapist's voice.

Gone.

The simple idea of being like that circled for a few seconds around his thoughts. Little by little, all his fantasies flooded back into his mind, making him feel way more aroused than he was willing to admit. He had wanted that to happen. Being like that, being mindless and gone for the hypnotist. Letting him control his mind and body completely. He loved that feeling.

That was turning him on. A lot.

"But for now," the tiger said, slowly "you're going to wake up again. Little by little. At your own pace, knowing that you'll open your eyes feeling completely refreshed, remembering everything that happened in this little session. Enjoying the process and knowing that this time you went into trance for me like a good boy."

The last two words sent a tingling sensation down Fosc's spine and even in trance, he could feel his cheeks burning. Kenneth's words had been clear, though, and he could feel himself going upwards slowly, as his thoughts returned to his mind slowly. Soon enough, he was aware of his deep, slow breathing and

the fact that his paw had slipped from his leg and was hanging limply. When had that happened? Maybe minutes ago. It still took him a few seconds to open his eyes.

The first thing he noticed was Kenneth's face looking at him from the arm of the chair, with that proud grin that somehow made him feel uneasy in the good way. The second thing he saw was the somewhat noticeable bulge that had appeared between his legs, and even though he wasn't sure if the tiger therapist had seen it at that point, the black wolf did his best to cross his legs and try to hide it in the best way possible. However, it was soon clear enough that Kenneth had noticed his arousal, especially after all that he had said in trance.

All that he had said in trance.

As the words he had said while hypnotized came back to his mind, the black wolf felt his cheeks going red instantly and turned to the tiger, feeling a strange mixture of indignation and guilt. Kenneth's next question, however, puzzled him.

"Coffee?" the tiger said.

It took Fosc a few seconds to process the question and come up with an answer.

"Uh... yeah," he whispered, lowering his gaze. "With some milk, please."

In the time it took Kenneth to come back, Fosc managed to calm himself... both emotionally and sexually. He couldn't forget what he had said while being in trance, and he knew the tiger wouldn't either. *It's not as if I'd said I don't like his coffee*, the wolf thought, absolutely embarrassed. *I've said I like him. It can't get much worse, I guess.* Would Kenneth still want to keep with the therapy after that? Fosc wasn't sure if he himself did.

He was aware that there were several things he had kept inside him for the longest time, but confessing something like that when they had just met twice was beyond what was acceptable. Kinks were one thing, but personal attraction was something different. He just hoped the tiger wouldn't be angry.

However, when he returned after a few minutes, carrying two cups of coffee, he didn't look like it. He didn't speak either. The tiger just gave him one (the same from the other session, Fosc noticed) and let him drink in silence as he took a sip from his own cup of coffee. They both were silent for a few seconds, the tension silently making the black wolf feel even more nervous. The coffee was good, though.

"So, did you enjoy the session?" the tiger asked, after a few seconds.

"Y-yeah. I did," Fosc answered. *Wasn't it clear enough?*, he asked himself, a bit annoyed.

"I think we did some important progress here," Kenneth said, sitting again on the corner of the table and crossing one leg on the other, as usual. "The way you opened to me, I think it was a huge step for you. Congratulations."

"I guess," Fosk said, looking away. "If I had the chance to change my answer, though, I would."

"Really?"

"Yeah. You don't know how embarrassing this is," the wolf chuckled, trying to play it cool even though his cheeks were burning red.

"I know. That's why I think you were so brave," Kenneth remarked.

"I wasn't brave. I just... thought it wouldn't make a difference to lie. At that moment... telling the truth seemed much easier."

Kenneth's eyes sparkled enigmatically.

"Hypnosis is playing along until you forget you are," he reminded the wolf, with a smirk.

Fosk nodded and took a long sip from his cup of coffee. Both remained silent for a few more seconds, just drinking their coffee.

"I like you, too," Kenneth said casually, after a while.

Fosk was about to choke with the coffee.

"W-what???" he asked, maybe a bit too loudly.

"Yeah. I mean it. You're cute and all," the tiger said, tilting his head. "Just... don't expect me to change my method because of that. I'm a professional after all."

That said, he winked an eye at Fosk. The black wolf blinked a few times, unable to believe his ears, and then hid his muzzle in the cup of coffee, drinking what was left and trying to look away from the therapist. Kenneth chuckled softly.

"Sorry, maybe I shouldn't have said that. But I thought it was just fair. I made you confess, so it was my turn now."

"I guess you're right," Fosk muttered, still looking down. "Thanks."

"You're welcome. So, do you want to come to another session?" the tiger asked, swaying one of his bare paws casually. The black wolf wasn't good at reading expressions, but he could immediately tell the answer to that question was important to his therapist.

He didn't have to think about it for a long time, though. He already knew the answer.

"I can't find a reason why I shouldn't," he said. "I mean, you're a tease, and sometimes I wish I could just gather the courage to slap you for being so provocative, but..."

"Oh, thanks for the kind words, love them," the tiger chuckled, a sparkle of fun in his deep blue eyes.

"...but apart from that, I guess I'm curious. I need to know what's going to happen now," Fosk said, raising his head to look at the tiger.

He was being honest. He did need to know what was going to happen. However, at that point he wasn't sure if he meant what was going to happen with his problem or what was going to happen with the fact that they both liked each other. The black wolf shook his head, trying to get rid of those thoughts.

"Alright then. I'll prepare next session then. Same day, same hour?"

"Yeah," Fosk said, standing up. He was already walking towards the door when he suddenly remembered something. "...what about the payment?"

Kenneth froze in place, as if Fosk's question had caught him completely off guard. *Wait*, he thought. *Had he forgotten about that?*

However, the tiger was soon smiling at him, with that usual smile full of pride and playfulness. Almost as if that single moment of confusion had never happened.

"I'll text you my rates and everything, so you don't need to worry about that right now."

"Uh... okay," Fosk answered, opening the door. *He had definitely forgotten about it*, he thought, before closing it at his back.

What did that mean? He wasn't completely sure, but at that moment, he could feel his heart beating a bit too fast. Was he still nervous? Was he really considering the possibility that something might happen between him and his therapist?

Oh, come on. He's probably just playing with you, he told himself, as he walked away from Kenneth's place. *You know how he is by now. Not that he's trying to hide it either. He just thinks you're cute. That's all there is.*

But if he had been able to hear the thoughts that flooded the tiger's head at the other side of the door, he probably wouldn't have been so sure about that.