

# Her House of Hypno: Sweet Words and Nightmares



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[Content Warning: This work contains descriptions of violence/gore, nasal piercing, humblers, brain drain, urination and drinking urine, homophobic slurs, tentacles, and mind control and resulting issues with consent.]

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## ~Chapter 1: A Dance and a Collar~

Night had fallen hours ago, but the mansion was far from quiet. The white-haired butler's ears perked up as he heard a familiar ringing sound. Serva had just finished attending to his daily regimen of housekeeping chores when his mistress chose to summon him with a small bell she kept in her bedroom. The sound was too high-pitched for a normal set of human ears to hear, but Serva's unusual head ornament, a pair of white feline ears, allowed him to make it out clearly. He hastened up to her bedroom on the third floor.

He knocked on her bedroom door twice, and adjusted the bow tie on his butler's uniform. The uniform, a black jacket worn over a yellow vest, white shirt, and black pants, was something his mistress had insisted upon from the first day he began work at the manor, and Serva was not about to argue. Not with her. Not even about the lingerie she made him wear beneath it. It was a moment before her heard her voice. "You may enter."

He slid open the door, and saw Kuroka Meringue, his mistress, dressed in an extravagant purple-and-black ballgown. He gulped, dazzled as always by the sight of her ethereal beauty. "You rang for me, Mistress Kuroka?"

She hid her lips with a purple fan and laughed with gentle elegance. "Tehehe. Indeed I did, my servant. I've only just woken up, and am still feeling a bit stuffy. I was hoping you might be inclined to join me in an evening dance." The tall, dark-haired woman offered him her arm.

He took it without a moment's pause, and replied, "I would be happy to accompany you, Mistress Kuroka. I'm afraid you'll find I'm not much for dancing, but as long as it suits your pleasure..."

"It's always a pleasure to lead you, my dear." The mistress of the mansion began humming a soft waltz, and her free hand wrapped around his waist. She began walking him across the hall, leading the two of them to the third floor's ballroom, a surprisingly spacious hall that could have fit forty or fifty guests quite comfortably. She stretched one arm out and led him forward, stepping in the motions of a slow dance. Her purple skirt, adorned with a shimmering silver inlay, furled and unfurled around them as she moved.

The silver patterns in motion slowed Serva's mind as his feet worked to match the raven-haired hypnotist's surefooted dance steps. He had mopped the ballroom twice thus far in his tenure as Kuroka's live-in servant, but it had yet to see any dancers. As far as he knew. Each wall of the room opened up into a set of walk-in closets, and he had been in there several times to fetch an outfit of one kind or another. His own uniforms were kept in the servant's quarters on the second floor, but Kuroka kept a her Puppet in her bedroom and insisted on having the mostly mindless living doll in a new outfit each day. Somehow, the contents of her closets always seemed to be up to the task. Serva's mind returned to the present, and he looked up into his owner's commanding yellow eyes. "I don't recall hearing you danced, Mistress Kuroka. When did you learn?"

"Oh, a long time ago, from a person I'd just as soon forget." Her eyes moved in a sly way and did not meet his own, instead drifting up and into the distance. She seemed to be recalling something specific. Her smile carried a hint of the bittersweet. "I learned valuable lessons there, beyond a doubt. But teachers cannot always live up to the lessons they teach."





"Hmm. I see." Serva was genuinely curious, but not enough to pry. She would tell him when, or if, she chose to do so. Too, he found himself more enchanted by the mystery of her, of her past. There was something more to the power she seemed to exhude whenever she guided him like this. "You dance very well, Mistress. You're making an amateur like me seem competent."

"Tehehe. You sell yourself short, my Serva." The pace of Kuroka's steps increased, and the two glided and twirled across the floor like two bundles of darkly clad lightning. "You've quietly become a more appealing physical specimen, and you show a commendable degree of balance and poise. I intend to have you dancing as naturally as...like a cat's meow. If you'll be my dance partner, that is."

Her face drew closer to his, her hot breaths entered his ear, and Serva's mind went blank. Miraculously, he did not trip. In fact, his body found it easier to follow along with Kuroka's practiced steps when physical instinct was guiding his motions. Physical instinct...and his beloved Mistress Kuroka. "Goodness, you're so beautiful, Mistress. I feel so lucky to have been given the honor to serve you."

"Who is to say *I* don't feel lucky to have a servant as handy as yourself?" She lifted his arm up and twirled him around, her flat shoes tapping across the ballroom floor as she completed two full turns around him. Her long, flowing skirt seemed to wrap around him like a long, purple-and-black cape in those moments, moments when the two formed a blur of motion. As Kuroka hummed the last few notes, her arms reached underneath his thighs and plucked him right off his feet. The dance finished with her holding him in her lanky arms, a full bridal carry. His own arms were wrapped around her neck. The two stared at each other, his black eyes reflecting her bright yellow hues. She brought her face closer.

Serva batted his eyelids and pursed his lips slightly. He shut his eyes, cheeks blushing with anticipation and heat that only doubled when they were painted over with a layer of her spit. "\*MMPPhhH\*! <3" Kuroka's long, forked tongue dived into his mouth, and he was reminded of that first glorious night when she had fitted him with his new, fuzzy cat ears and allowed him into her service. She had shoved a phallus up his ass that night, too. Maybe tonight would be a lucky night...

It was a solid minute before the hungry Kuroka sated her appetite for conquest and came up for air. She let the string of drool hang between them as she stared into his watery, sincere, *loving* pupils, and sighed happily. "You do love me, don't you?" It was a question that scarcely needed answering - his lips had just given her more proof than his words ever could. She gently lowered her servant to the ground, and addressed him with a cooler tone. "Kneel. There is something I wish to ask of you."

Still gasping for breath and mindful of the sizable bulge in his pants, Serva got down on his knees and looked up at his mesmerizing mistress, waiting for her next words. "Yes, Mistress Kuroka?"

From some unseen pocket within her extravagant dress, Kuroka produced a long, thin object. Serva looked closer and saw it was a strip of thick, white leather with several sparkling gemstones embedded. She began, "This collar bears precious stones, each of which means...symbolizes an aspect your service to me. Yellow diamonds, an expression of the creativity you show in your meals, and the happiness you bring me when you serve. Purple amethyst, for you will always revere and serve me like royalty. Black onyx, for you will happily aid me in draping my shade over the minds of others. All on soft white leather, which symbolizes the blank, infinite canvas of your mind. My canvas, on which I have laid these guiding desires. Desires which have taken root so well in

your adorably loyal, delightfully naughty head."

Her butler sat there silently on both knees, listening with rapt attention. He could feel his face growing warm, that warmth steadily spreading throughout his body. For one who had devoted his entire life to serving Kuroka, albeit only recently, acknowledgement of his service by itself had meaning. But this felt like something more.

She continued, her deep, sweet voice going wistful. "For me, a collar is a sign of love, of wanting, of desire. I present it to one whom I want to remain by my side, until the end of our days." She jangled the dark metal latch, tensely fingering the mechanism. "I have never collared a servant before." After one more deep breath, his golden-eyed mistress got down on one knee herself, meeting his eyes with a slightly watery stare. She blinked, and her gaze steadied. "So I ask you now. Will you bear this collar, my dearly beloved servant?" She reversed the collar and showed him the inside, lined with soft fabric.

His gaze met hers, no less steady and certainly no less passionate. "Of course I accept, my beloved Mistress Kuroka. As I would with any gift from you, though to hear the meaning makes my humble heart flutter. It's like a dream, a beautiful, warm dream that I do not wish to wake from. I'm yours, for as long as you'll have me."

"Wonderful, my dear." Her long fingers snaked around his neck, carrying the collar along with it. She felt his muscles as he strained to keep his desire in check, massaging where the sensitive servant was taut. \*click\* "It is *my* dream, shared with you. I'll see to it that neither of us ever has to wake up."

...

The two left the ballroom, Serva trailing behind his mistress with his eyes down, wearing his new gem-studded collar. Kuroka had stepped into one of the closets to change, as he had learned she loved to do. She now wore a ruffled purple blouse with cuffs that ended just below the wrists, and a long, pleated black skirt.

They arrived at a glass case in her bedroom, where a short woman with reddish-brown hair and green eyes sat in a plush chair. The woman was naked except for the heavy, fluffy pair of headphones over her ears. Kuroka gently lifted the headphones and whispered into her ears, "Good evening, my Puppet."

"..." The woman did not move, but a warm shiver ran down her back as Mistress Kuroka's real voice, not merely a recording, echoed in her ears. She felt, in a familiar, soft way, the strings tugging at her hands, her feet, her spine. But they did not tug her up, so she remained seated.

"As lovely as this doll's hair is, I would just as soon not have it in my good carpet. We shall cut her hair in the kitchen, servant. Would you be a dear and check that she's not developed any cramps while she's been left to her sleep-learning?"

"Of course, Mistress Kuroka." Serva stepped forward and crouched down before the seated woman. His hands came together around her right foot, lifting it up and running over her skin. He worked his way up her right leg, thumb tracing the underside of her calf and ensuring the muscle was fit to walk. He raised his torso slightly as he got to her thigh, squeezing each inch of flesh carefully. His limber fingers got all the way to the edge of her gut before he pronounced, "Her right leg seems to

be fine."

"..." Puppet did not respond or show any change in expression. She felt the touch as a pleasant sensation dancing up her leg. And attention from Mistress' servant made her happy.

"As for her left..." His fingers traced across Puppet's belly and gripped her left leg, beginning the same process as before. When he reached under her left thigh, he frowned for a moment. "This side seems to be a little stiff. One moment, please." He lifted the leg up high with one arm, and made a fist with his other hand, using his knuckles to apply pressure and shift the muscles back into a more natural alignment. After two minutes of slow, steady massage, he resumed his way down her calf and foot, rubbing lightly but finding no issues the rest of the way down. He stepped back and turned to face his owner. "Yes, Mistress Kuroka, Puppet is ready for a walk."

"..." The human doll's expression still did not change, but she did feel the shift as the muscles under her left thigh were somewhat forcefully pushed back into place. A good doll accepts treatment on her body, so that it properly responds when Mistress deigns to pull her strings.

"Excellent work, my Serva." She reached down to pat him on the head, then turned towards the red-haired woman on the chair. "Puppet! Kuroka holds your strings." Her hands unfurled and those long, slender fingers began to dance in the fashion of a skilled puppeteer.

"..." Puppet felt her limbs shift, her arms lifting her torso as her legs slid out, then straightened up to pull her into a standing position. She stood on the carpet with her arms at her sides, blushing as the pull of her strings stoked the embers of joy she always felt whenever Kuroka's Will was imposed over her body.

"After me, my dears." Kuroka turned away and began leading her doll. Serva followed behind the two of them out of the room. Down two flights of stairs. Into the kitchen. When the party reached the kitchen, Serva fetched a padded chair, made of metal and cast in an elaborate pattern at the head. He placed the chair in front of a full-body mirror which had been installed in the kitchen just recently. Kuroka gave her fingers as a wiggle, and Puppet felt her limbs letting her slip downwards, comfortably sliding into the chair and resting her arms on the soft armrests.

Serva opened one of the lower cabinets and came out with a large, capelike mass of light grey cloth. He draped it over the seated Puppet, then fastened the two copper buttons around the collar portion, leaving it to hang securely around her neck. After finishing, he found one hand reaching for his own newly-fitted collar, and his breath escaping in a deep sigh.

It was not a gesture that escaped his mistress' watchful yellow eyes. "I'm glad you like your collar, my Serva. But I have another task for you. I should like to see how Puppet looks in a good dress after her haircut. Be a dear and fetch the baby blue one with the extra flounce and the low-cut collars. You know the one." Kuroka had produced a comb and pair of scissors from some unknown pocket and was eagerly staring at the reddish-brown hair on her Puppet. "Have it ready for me in my bedroom when we return."

"Of course, Mistress Kuroka. I'll see to that at once." The butler slipped out of the room, leaving Kuroka Meringue alone with her expressionless toy. She placed the comb down on the counter for a moment and ran her hands through Puppet's hair. Those slim, sturdy fingers gently tossed the wavy locks of hair, casually exploring the shapes into which it could be crafted. Kuroka stared into the mirror, seeing her own yellow eyes and Puppet's emotionless jewels of green.

"Ah!" Kuroka made an exaggerated gesture of realization, and produced a pair of white, cotton panties from yet another pocket of her skirt. She lifted the smock so Puppet's crotch was visible, and shifted around to slide the panties onto her, covering the small pussy with a layer of cloth. "You may find this whole experience arousing, naughty Puppet. After all, you'll be receiving direct attention from Mistress Kuroka. I do hope these panties will be thick enough to contain the fruits of your lust."

"..." The feeling of dry cotton on her vagina was neither pleasant nor unpleasant. Puppet felt happy; Mistress Kuroka was being considerate of her poor self-control.

The raven-haired woman let the light-grey smock fall back down to cover her Puppet's body, then took a spray bottle from a kitchen cabinet and filled it half full with tap water, mixing in a few drops of shampoo. "You see, Mistress Kuroka wants you *wet* for this part." She spritzed the ends of her doll's hair with the solution. "It will keep your pretty head a bit more orderly, you see."

"..." Puppet did indeed feel a little wetness as the liquid sprayed onto the back of her neck. It was hard to ignore the feeling. Her skin was sensitive, and her body was reacting to that wet chill. All of her body was.

"That should be enough." The scissors came back out, and Kuroka wielded them with deft finesse, clipping away the inch or so of hair which had grown in the months since Puppet had truly 'arrived' as a resident of her mansion. "Yes, one must keep careful track of hair. It can be so easy to lose track of these physical things, to let one's control slip. I see you every day when I wake up, and I expect you to have an appearance that pleases me."

"..." With Kuroka's words pouring into her ears, and Kuroka's hands smoothly handling her hair, Puppet found her own control of her bodily facilities was beginning to slip. Each touch, each honeyed word made her wetter, and the cotton panties no longer felt perfectly dry. But the new, wetter cloth feeling was not unpleasant.

In the space of a few minutes, her tall, imposing Mistress had finished clipping the ends of Puppet's hair. Kuroka let out a soft laugh. "Tehehe, yes, I believe that will do." Her hands snaked around the woman's neck fondling her soft cheek bones. "Let's try to comb this wonderful hair, yes. I do look forward to seeing how you look when you're all dolled up." Kuroka reached for her comb and began running it through Puppet's wavy, reddish brown hair, humming softly to herself as she took care to let the natural waves keep their luscious shape.

"..." The combing came as tugs which did not cause pain, only comfort. But this comfort gave Puppet less and less control over the raging sense of arousal storming through her loins. Mistress Kuroka almost never hummed, and her voice was so sweet, so wonderful. So...*irresistably arousing*. Puppet could feel the panties beneath her smock had changed quite dramatically since the haircut had begun. She was wet. And happy, because she was Mistress Kuroka's horny Puppet.

Her owner passed the comb through her hair in one last flourish, then whipped off the cloth which had been covering Puppet for the duration of the haircut. Her eyes went wide. "Oh my!" Kuroka placed both hands on her own cheeks, mouth hanging open in an expression of mock shock. "You've soaked through this pair already? Tut, tut. What a naughty girl. In a stroke of poor fortune," Kuroka's frown turned into a diabolical smirk, "Mistress did not prepare a second pair. You'll just have to continue wearing those soggy, soaked panties, bearing with the wetness for the rest of



tonight. Consider it your punishment, you naughty, naughty doll."

"..." Puppet did not feel shame. Shame was not an emotion Puppet was capable of feeling, not any longer. Puppet only felt happy to hear Mistress' voice. Puppet would obey Mistress Kuroka's command to wear her pleasantly soaking wet panties for the rest of the night with eager joy.

"Tehehe, well, I suppose that's enough playing for one day. Kuroka holds your strings, dear Puppet!" Kuroka's fingers wiggled again, pulling Puppet's limbs to lift her up and carry her out of the room. It was a stiff, robotic march up the stairs, with the woman's limbs as always subservient to the pull of those invisible, unbreakable strings.

In Kuroka's bedroom, the two found Serva waiting. He held in his hands a frilly, baby-blue dress with a long flounce skirt and threaded with bright red ribbons along the arms. Kuroka stopped in the entryway and continued to wiggle her fingers, allowing Puppet to march ahead, turn, and raise her arms for the dress fitting.

Serva had grown very accustomed to dressing the human doll. She could, if Kuroka wanted, be pulled to dress herself, but that would only increase the burden on his mistress, since she would be doing the actual work. The white-haired servant, always eager to make himself useful, had studied the principles of dress fitting and had practiced on Puppet every night with whichever dress Kuroka picked out. At this point, he had a wealth of experience, and it showed. He did arch an eyebrow when Puppet's soggy panties began soaking into the underskirt of the dress, but he kept silent and continued to lace up the fancy creation.

He finished pulling in and knotting the strings lacing the back of her dress together, then took a step back to inspect his handiwork. "Hmmm..." He reached out and put his hands on her waistline, feeling around experimentally. His hands went up, grasping her breasts a few times before smoothing out the lacy collar that hung from her shoulders. "It seems to fit her well, Mistress. Her exercises must have been effective." He looked at, but did not comment on a stain beginning to form a few inches below the dress' waistline.

"Yes, excellent work." Kuroka had her eyes on the very same stain, and licked her lips with her long, serpentine tongue before placing a hand on his head to praise him. "That will be all I require you for this evening, my Serva." Before returning to her desk, she handed her servant a small cassette tape. "I've recorded some new lessons for you, so you'll be better able to deal with tomorrow's new patient. Do put this one in before you go to bed tonight."

Taking the dismissal in stride, Serva accepted the tape. "With pleasure, Mistress Kuroka." He withdrew smoothly from her bedchamber, then almost bounced down the stairs, eager to take the new tape of hers to bed. He removed his uniform, placed his collar on the bedside table, hung the used clothing on the right side of his smaller servants' wardrobe, then walked into the attached shower room. The servants' shower was the kind where the shower head could be detached, which made it easier for him to clean his lower half. Something the mistress appreciated. He himself appreciated how it allowed him to washing behind his white feline ears with care, as he had found they were sensitive to too much water. He purred with satisfaction as he exited the shower, waist wrapped in one of the pairs of colorful crotchless panties he always wore to bed now. He reached his bedside and swapped out the old cassette in his tape player with a new one. He stuck a pair of earbuds in his old, human pair of ears, and Kuroka's voice began, "Good evening, my servant. It is once again time for you to pass through the *Gateway to Slumberland* with me. Follow my voice..."

Her recorded voice kept going, but the butler had already dozed off. His face was peaceful as his brain began soaking up his master's new commands...

## ~Chapter 2: An Unpleasant Visitor~

Skeet Magnes was no stranger to bright lights, or to sleepless nights. His first world title had brought the boxer plenty of the former, and failed to banish the latter. After his second divorce, those occasional sleepless nights had become a weekly occurrence. As time went on, they became a nightly one. He had managed to continue winning despite his private struggles, but the lack of sleep cut into his recovery time after fights, and dulled his reflexes. After a split decision that had left him bruised and feeling beaten, he had finally opened up to his agent. The longtime confidant had listened with a sympathetic ear, but admitted he was no specialist with sleep disorders. However, the man had given him a card for his own therapist, who was reportedly something of an expert in difficult cases. So he found himself dressing in an inconspicuous set of sweats and making his way to the outskirts of the city, and was now standing at the doorway to a looming gothic mansion parked smack in the middle of the suburbs as the sun began to set beneath the horizon.

The man, used to announcing his presence, knocked loudly on the door. In under a minute, the door swung open. Standing inside was a man with tan skin and head of silver hair, wearing a black suit jacket over a yellow vest and white shirt, as well as a purple bow-tie. The gemstone-studded collar around his neck caused Skeet to blink twice with surprise. "Welcome to Mistress Kuroka's home. I am Serva, Mistress Kuroka's servant." He eyed Skeet somewhat suspiciously. "Do you have an appointment?"

"Uh, yeah. My name is Skeet Magnes. My agent called in the appointment. I can come in, yeah?" He almost elbowed his way past the shorter man and looked around the entryway. The entryway was painted in a mix of black and red, and decorated with pink, crystalline statues that seemed unnaturally human. "Pretty creepy for the lobby of a doctor's office, no?"

"My mistress decorated the lobby herself. She has a great degree of personal taste for such things, and likes to make a strong impression on her patients." He tilted his head slightly to one side. "Would you not at least say it's a distinctive style of decor?"

"Eh, I've seen crazier." He gave another look at the man, puckering his lips with distaste. "But I guess it would take a weird, creepy kind of taste for someone to hire a fairy boy like you."

"..." Serva frowned. He reached into the vest pocket of his suit and pulled out a golden pocketwatch, checking the time. "It is five minutes before the hour. Shall I see if Mistress Kuroka is ready for you?"

"Oh, that will not be necessary." A strong, clear voice came from behind them, echoing in the lobby like the bell of a clocktower. Skeet turned around to see a woman with long, dark hair, dressed in a yellow sweater under a periwinkle blue blazer. There was brooch on her neck with some sort of large, black ovoid that seemed to absorb the light around it. As she walked towards him, the folds of her off-white skirt seemed to billow in wind that did not blow. "I've just finished formulating my latest cocktail. You are...?"

The hulking mound of muscle was not used to seeing a woman match his height, and he hesitated for a moment before responding. "Uh, Skeet. Skeet Magnes. You're this Kuroka lady with the weird taste in statues?"

He did not catch the momentary shadow that passed over her face, or the slight twitch of her eye. Kuroka's reply came with a gentle smile. "Yes, this house was my doing. I hope it can be a place where you eventually feel welcome. Come, to my study. I'd be happy to begin your treatment."

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Kuroka's wood-paneled study was a room with no windows, lit by a chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The room was decorated with bookshelves on the walls, and plush red carpet on the floor. Kuroka sat behind her desk, while Skeet sat upright on the long couch across from her.

"If you've found a position where you're comfortable, I'd like to begin. Let me ask you a few questions." Kuroka sat at a chair behind her desk, pressing the tips of her fingers together.

"Shoot." Skeet, sitting on the couch with his feet on the floor, faced towards her, making casual eye contact and scratching his beard.

She looked down with a notepad on her desk, and began, "I'd like to cut directly to the point. It said on your entry form the reason you were interested in my services was chronic insomnia?" Her eyes rose to meet his idle stare. "You've been having trouble sleeping. Do you have any idea why?"

"Heh. Nah, if I knew I wouldn't be here." He laughed and shook his head.

"Well, let's start by narrowing things down a bit, shall we?" Kuroka took out a pen and began to scribble some notes on the pad. "Have you always had trouble sleeping?"

He shook his head. "Always had nights where I couldn't sleep. Never remember it coming all that easy to me. It definitely used to be better, though. Ten years ago it was one night a week I couldn't doze off, now I'm lucky to get a solid eight hours in any given week. It drives me nuts, throws off my training routine."

She cocked her head at the mention of 'training'. "Would you say the issues have gotten worse gradually, or more suddenly?"

He took a swig of water from a glass left on the end table, then laid it down two inches to the left of its coaster. "Hard to say. I don't think there was a specific point where I caught on that I was backsliding. But definitely, by the time I noticed it it was happening, for sure. The occasional late-night bout doesn't help, either."

Kuroka's brow furrowed mildly at the phrasing. She decided to change the topic. "What is your job? Does it have notably irregular hours?"

"Babe, you don't know me?" His eyes widened a bit at this, then he thumped his chest. "I'm a boxer, the world heavyweight champion! I work out most days, but fights are at night. But not like crazy late nights or anything. Except when I'm partying."

"I'm afraid athletics, and things of that nature, are not much of a specialty of mine. You mentioned partying? Tell me, what exactly does that consist of?" Kuroka leaned forward, expressing curiosity with her body language.

"I saddle up with my boys, and we hit the club. Get good booze and good eats, and maybe good company." He smiled, showing teeth that a dentist had put in a lot of work to align perfectly. "You know, I'm a man who likes red meat. I like women with big tits. Think yours, but like double the size." He coughed, then amended, "Well, you're too tall to be pretty. Never mind."

Kuroka's eyebrow twitched once and her eyes narrowed, but her thin smile held. "Booze meaning alcohol, yes. Do you consider yourself a drinker?"

He shrugged, "I'll have drinks when I want them. Got a fridge stocked up at home for guests. I usually don't drink unless I'm out, though, and it's the nights when I'm at home when I have real sleep issues."

"I see." The raven-haired therapist scribbled a few more notes. "So you have more issues when you're alone at night? You mentioned you often found yourself with good company on these nights. Aside from your 'boys', is that company just women?"

The bearded man's reply came back very quickly. "Yeah, just women with tits and a pussy. No fancy shit, just the way nature intended, y'know. Some people these days go for things that are just nuts. Like that twig you've got seeing guests outside. I don't know why guys let women dress them like that. I mean, there's a limit to what a real man should wear and a fairy collar like that isn't it. You know, we used to burn people at the stake for stuff like that."

"Hmmm." Kuroka let that remark pass by with an idle murmur, and a very flat look on her face.

"Was kinda good to get that off my chest, actually." Skeet sighed, and scratched his chest. "Talking does make me feel better, somehow. You're a good listener, doc. Reminds me, I know a funny joke. 'How many women doctors does it take to screw in a lightbulb?'" He didn't wait for her to guess. "Only one, plus the man she needed to ask to find the ladder." He exploded in a fit of bawdy laughter.

The therapist remained silent for a few moments until the laughter passed, subtly jabbing the fingernail on her thumb into the ball of her right pointer finger. Then she eyed him, still smiling. "Oh, I'm no doctor. Just a therapist with a skill for finding out what her patients really want." Her almond-yellow eyes took on a cold gleam. "After hearing more about you, I'm confident I'll be able to give you *exactly* the treatment you deserve."

Skeet continued, oblivious to the way Kuroka's fingers dug into the arms of her chair. "That reminds me of another joke I heard once. How many psychologists does it take to..."

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The appointment continued for another hour, with Kuroka mainly nodding along and occasionally interjecting to keep the loud man talking. At the end, he turned to her and said, "Well, doc, your place may look all weird, but you certainly are a good listener. Can we do this again next week?"

Kuroka nodded, wearing an extremely thin smile. "I'm sure that can be arranged." She clapped her hands twice, and Serva appeared at the door. "My Serva, show this man to the door, and arrange an appointment for him next week."

Her servant bowed to her and complied. After seeing the patient out, Serva returned to Kuroka's



study to relay his side of events to her.

"Hmmm. Not surprising." She turned to her butler and asked an honest question. "What do you think of that man, Skeet?"

Serva frowned. "Honestly? I find him very unpleasant. I've met his type too many times before, and I always wished I had the chance to give them a piece of my mind."

The dark-haired woman nodded, walking closer to him and looking him over, as if searching for something. "I must admit I had a similar impression. But there is good news. You *will* be able to give him a piece of your mind. In fact, in a few weeks, you'll have my permission to teach him the most painful lesson of his life. And in the process, you'll be helping me test a new cocktail of scents and ensnare my quarry." She reached a hand under his jacket and pinched his nipple lightly. "Doesn't that sound lovely?"

"Hn... Yes, Mistress Kuroka. It sounds exciting." He softly whispered words of agreement, blushing shyly.

"To do so, we'll need to teach you a few new pet tricks." She gaudily twirled her servant, carefully maneuvering him so that the couch was just behind him. "Wouldn't you just love to walk through the *Gateway to Slumberland* once more?"

Serva immediately dropped into a trance, and collapsed softly onto the couch. In the moments that followed, the elegant hypnotist got tremendous joy out of molding her favorite pet's mind.

### ~Chapter 3: A Tempting Scent~

At the same time next week, Skeet once again showed up at the door to Kuroka's mansion, wearing a grey hooded sweatshirt with red sweatpants and rubbing his eyes from lack of sleep. The hulking boxer knocked several times before Serva came to answer the door.

Kuroka's loyal butler was dressed in his usual uniform of yellow vest and dark suit, jeweled collar gleaming in the rays of the sunset. His ears twitched, and he frowned for one second when he saw who it was. The expression lasted just long enough for Skeet to notice, but it was replaced by a neutral expression so quickly he quickly began to wonder if he had imagined it.

"I'm here to see Kuroka again." The guest elbowed his way past Serva and into the house, missing a deeper scowl that lingered on the butler's face.

"Yes, of course. I'm pleasantly surprised you remembered." He took a pocketwatch out of his suit and confirmed the time. "Ten minutes late, but I believe Mistress Kuroka should be available. One moment, please..."

As the white-haired servant turned away to check with his employer inside the study, Skeet found himself noticing the way the tight pants of the butler uniform emphasized the younger man's ass. In fact, the shapely rear seemed to sway from left to right as he walked. "Mistress Kuroka? Mister Magnes has arrived, late as he may be." And it jutted out as he leaned through the doorway in a way that was almost...

...Skeet closed his eyes and shook his head, then looked up and almost jumped as he realized Serva

had returned, and the man's long eyelashes were a few inches from his face. "Mistress Kuroka will see you now."

"Oh! Oh, uh, sure. I'll just head right in, then..." He blinked a few more times, shook his head again, then once again pushed the servant, who for some reason chose to wear fuzzy ear headgear, out of his way. He wanted to get into the study, to get away from those thoughts as quickly as possible.

...

His therapist was today wearing a crisp black shirt with a yellow cross bow tie. She had decorated her hair with a barrette in the shape of a purple butterfly, and had her light grey slacks crossed as she leaned against her desk. Her yellow eyes focused on the notepad in her hand, more notes being scribbled down as she listened to him talk about how he was continuing to have sleepless nights. About how he was losing the sharp reflexes, the muscles he was so proud of. By the time he had sat down on the couch, she was prepared to make her first move. "Hmm, I see. That does sound like a difficult ordeal you've been going through. If you're not averse to the idea, I'd like it if you could lie down for this session. It helps some patients to associate a restful state with therapy."

"Well, alright doc. I don't care much either way." Skeet leaned back on the couch, putting his head against the armrest, then kicking his shoes off and propping his feet up on the other. It was just long enough to accommodate someone of his height with a modicum of comfort. "This isn't too bad, actually."

Kuroka smiled warmly. "Yes, well, we are similar heights. I did try to have furniture in here that someone my size could make proper use of. Would you care to tell me more about your relationships? I recall you seek female companionship for a night, but has there been anything longer-lasting?"

Skeet paused for a moment, mulling over how much to share, then replied, "I got, or I had, two wives. Both ended badly and I'm not married now. Not lookin' to be, either. Got five kids, but I haven't seen any of them in a long time and I don't think I'm legally allowed to."

"You say they've all gone badly, but surely some have gone better than others. Which ones do you think went the best for you? Was there anything different about them?"

"No, can't think of... Mmm, I guess my second wife was different from the first. She was a fighter, a kickboxer. We met when her gym got wrecked in an earthquake and she had to borrow space in ours to train, and we kind of hit it off. Helps when the two of you have more to talk about, you know? Don't get me wrong, she was a real woman too, and the sex was..."

"..." Kuroka did not interject, her keen intuition telling her to let the thought complete.

"...Nah, she flat-out told me I was a fuckin' fish in bed." His voice became more pained. "And that she wanted more intense stuff than I could give, and that all I wanted to give was what I really ought to be getting. That I was a shitty top and she wanted a man who would give her everything, whether it was tongue or mouth. And after that I had real trouble getting it going for her. Shit. It was why we broke up, wasn't it?"

"That's certainly not for me to say. If there are negative memories from that relationship, it could be one factor affecting your sleep." Kuroka had flipped her notepad closed and held the pen clutched in

her hand. "I am interested in this subject, and we could explore it further. What is it *you* desire from a sexual encounter?"

"Well, obviously, I want to get my thing up for a woman, enjoy her snatch, and have fun with it. Like any man would, right? I'd say I've mostly enjoyed the women I've had, and I figure if I'm having fun, she is too, right?"

"Hmm. How often are you told that you're a great listener?" Kuroka reached up to brush a lock of jet-black hair back behind her neck.

"Huh. Come to think of it, I've never gotten that specific compliment before." He glanced over at her, confused, and scratched his beard.

"One thing I can say from personal experience is that it's possible for only one party to enjoy sex. Your enjoyment, while important in its own right, is no guarantee that your partner is enjoying his or herself. It may be that you're simply not sharing enough with your partners. Do you find it hard to ask what a sexual partner enjoys? Either before or after?"

"I never have." Skeet admitted. "Do you think that's why she got tired of sex with me? Because I never asked her, and couldn't perform the way she wanted?"

"It is one possibility, and an approach worth consideration. But there are other potential factors. Perhaps, after being sexually challenged by your second wife, you've come to find the smell of a woman intimidating, somehow incorrect. Admittedly, that hypothesis would be difficult to test." She placed a finger on her chin, paused. "...Unless."

Skeet turned over to her, curious. "Unless what?"

"I may have mentioned this in passing last time when you arrived, but I recently developed a new relaxing scent cocktail, of sorts. It's a sweet, calming scent that, in theory, should help the subject fall into a relaxed, dreamy sleep. There's a chance it could help reduce certain *anxieties* you may have." She put down her notepad and stared back at him, yellow eyes carrying a somehow chilly glint. "If you're not averse to chemical treatments, would you like to try some?"

"Well," He shrugged, "I'm not really a perfumes guy. But honestly, insomnia is shit. I guess I'm at the point where I'll try anything once."

"Ah, an adventurous spirit. *Magnifique!*" Kuroka brightened up and pulled a phial out of her shirt's front pocket. "A warning, the effects can be quite potent."

He smirked. "In my case, potent probably works just fine."

Skeet moved to get up, but Kuroka waved him back down with a hand. "Better you lie down. Wouldn't want you hitting your head when you faint, would we?" She held the phial about a centimeter underneath his nose and uncorked it with one long, black-lacquered fingernail.

"\*sniff\*. Wow, that's a...strong...scent..." His nostrils flared, inhaling the musky, thick scent, and he immediately felt himself growing tired. It was a level of calm exhaustion he hadn't felt at night for years.

"Yes, it is a strong scent. But don't be afraid of it. The scent is here to help you." Her voice flowed into his ears, clear like the peals of a forged bronze bell. "So breathe it in, let it overpower you."

"\*sniff\*...overpower...me...\*sniiiiffff\*!" Skeet found the scent hard to place, but with each breath, he found himself wanting more. He found his conscious thoughts slowing down, replaced by a pleasant physical sensation that spread from his nose, through his brain, into his limbs.

"Yes." Kuroka deftly tucked the now-spent phial into a secret pocket inside the cuff of her black shirt. "Repeat after me. As that wonderful scent permeates your mind, you will feel yourself relax. Your legs are losing tension, going limp."

"...permeates my mind...legs...going limp..." His calves, strained from an earlier workout, did indeed feel looser, lighter.

Kuroka pulled out a second phial, similarly uncorking it. Her voice continued to spin its web. "Breathe deep. Feel your arms grow loose. You cannot move your arms, and you do not want to. Just keep listening to my voice. Keep following my voice."

"\*sniiiiffff\*..." A long, slow inhaling of that same powerful, raw sour scent refreshed the drowsy flow through Skeet's body. His eyes glazed over as his thoughts were effectively paralyzed by the dual stimulants of the perfume and its maker's clear, smooth voice. "...cannot move my arms...do not want to...keep listening...following..."

"That's right. Take steady breaths. Let the rhythm of your own breathing take you to a state of perfect calm." The second empty phial went into a similar pocket inside her other long, black cuff. "Your entire body is perfectly relaxed. You don't need to think, not right now. But Kuroka's voice is so very clear, and it speaks to your mind."

"...steady breaths...\*huff\*...perfect calm...\*hwoo\*...entire body...\*huff\*...perfectly relaxed...\*hwoo\*...don't need to think...right now...\*huff\*...Kuroka's voice...very clear...\*hwoo\*...speaks to my mind..." Skeet's heart was beating very slowly. His abdomen rose and fell in a steady, slow cycle as Kuroka's hypnotic voice took the lead.

"Yes, follow Kuroka's voice. Follow it down, to a more relaxed state. Let it lead your mind down, into your deeper memories and emotions. Let yourself fall into your unconscious mind, the place where your true self lies." She leaned close in, taking her voice from its ordinary deep tone to a whisper that was just barely audible. "You are deeply, deeply hypnotized, resting within your subconscious mind. But you are not alone. Kuroka has arrived here with you, and that's perfectly alright."

"...\*huff\*...follow it down...\*hwoo\*...leads my mind down...\*huff\*...deeper memories...emotions...\*hwoo\*...unconscious mind...\*huff\*...true self...\*hwoo\*..." The bearded man's eyes had long since drifted shut, and he was now in a state that was not awake, but not quite asleep. "...deeply hypnotized...not alone...\*huff\*...Kuroka's here...\*hwoo\*...perfectly alright..."

The raven-haired hypnotist stood and took a deep breath, taking time to bask in the triumph of a successful hypnotic induction. "Oh, how deep you are now. I could touch your memories, sew commands into your brain as I please." A wicked smile was fully formed on her lips. "But before any of that, I desire the answer to one question, and you will answer me. In the lobby, when you came in earlier tonight. What did you think of Serva?"



The reply came to Skeet's lips easily enough, given his soporific state. "He was really...attractive. I was staring at his ass and got turned on. It was...confusing to me."

Kuroka shut her eyes and nodded knowingly. Her next words were partially to her patient, and partially to herself. "So, we finally hear from your true self. It's perfectly natural to be attracted to Serva. After all, I've made sure he's quite attractive. It will take time to set the stage, you large animal, but we shall find a way for you to realize that attraction." She coughed softly, then resumed speaking directly to the hypnotized Skeet. "You will repeat the following commands. These commands will then be burned on your subconscious mind, guiding your actions while awake. Commands Kuroka gives are what's best for you. Understood?"

"...understood..."

She smiled, tapping a finger to the butterfly barrette in her hair. "You trust Kuroka completely, in all things."

"...I trust...Kuroka completely..."

"You are intimidated by effete men."

"...intimidated...by effete men..."

She amended the first statement. "You are intimidated by effete men because they are superior to you."

"...effete men...superior to me..."

"This intimidation causes you to lash out, but the truth is you are afraid and feel very small."

"...I lash out...truth is...I am afraid...feel very small..."

Next, the hypnotist began threading more specific thoughts into her patient's mind. "Serva can restrain you with a mere touch, paralyze you with the strength of one of his fingers."

Despite the deep trance Skeet was in, his crotch throbbed slightly at the mention of the cat-eared servant. "Serva can restrain me...paralyze me...one of his fingers..."

"You won't say no to Serva. Because you won't really want to."

"...won't say no to Serva...won't really...want to..."

"You know whatever Serva says about you is true." A wicked smirk came to her face as she recalled some of the things she had taught Serva to say at the close of last session. "You want his approval."

"...whatever Serva says about me...is true...want his approval..." Skeet knew that Serva was right, and he wanted that man's approval. It made perfect sense.

"You know whatever Kuroka says about you is true. Even if it hurts your self-esteem."

"...whatever Kuroka says...is true...even if...hurts my self-esteem..." The thought of being insulted by Kuroka seemed like a very painful, almost scary prospect for the man.

"And finally," Kuroka stuck out her forked tongue and licked her lips, anticipating the use of that command. "Whenever Kuroka's voice speaks the phrase 'Piggy's Putrid Pheromones', you will recall the scent of my special perfume in your nostrils, and will immediately drop back into this hypnotized state. Ready to relax, with your subconscious open to new commands."

"...Piggy's Putrid Pheromones...recall the scent...drop back into...hypnotized state...relax...subconscious open...to...commands..."

"That should do for an initial set of suggestions." After a few words whispered to herself, the lanky hypnotist turned back to her subject and spoke. "In a moment, I will count to three and clap my hands. When I do, you will awaken, feeling very refreshed. You will be able to recall that you had a pleasant dream, but not what it was about. However, my commands will remain imprinted in your unconscious mind, and you will find them guiding your actions from now on."

"...awaken...pleasant dream..." Skeet repeated, still very much dazed and drowsy.

"Tehehe, we might make a well-behaved animal out of you yet. One, two..."

...

Skeet left Kuroka's study feeling very refreshed, if still a little shaky, after awakening from the perfume-induced trance. He had hardly remembered what a good sleep felt like, and his body felt as good as it had in years. He had, however, shifted the line of his waistband to conceal his post-hypnosis erection on the way out of the office.

He was met at the doorway by a straight-backed Serva, whose hand was on the doorknob. The white-haired servant's eyes flicked down, and Skeet unconsciously rubbed his thighs together under the sudden attention. "Did you enjoy your second session with Mistress Kuroka?"

"Um, y-yes." He stammered a reply, trying hard to maintain eye contact. "We tried hypnosis for the first time. It was, uh, very relaxing."

A hint of red on the shorter man's cheeks seemed to make him glow. "Her hypnosis is...special. And very effective." One of his hands then rose to point at the collar of his sweatshirt. "That doesn't excuse the drool on your collar, however. It's unsightly." He did not mention the erection. His other hand offered a damp cloth. "Wipe it off before you go."

Skeet couldn't maintain eye contact, and looked down shamefully. "Oh, um, I'm sorry. I didn't realize..." As his hands rose to take the cloth and wipe, his eyes found a resting point on the slim butler's chest area, where small protrusions in the black suit jacket marked where his nipples lay.

Serva snorted. "You certainly should be sorry. I've been holding my tongue, but you've come here dressed like a slob multiple times now. Mistress Kuroka can be very polite, but she deserves a better standard of dress than that from someone who's been coming to ask for her help. Wouldn't you say so?" One eyebrow was raised in an openly mocking way.

Skeet found himself mentally taking note, again, of how long and delicate the man's eyelashes were

before shaking his head. "Ugh, you're right. I have been dressing like a slob. I should dress better when I come here."

Serva nodded. "At least you're willing to admit your own shortcomings. You'd do well to wear a proper suit next time, you filthy slob." He accepted the used wet cloth from the bearded man, then smoothly opened the front door. "Now, it's time for you to get out. Mistress and I have other business to attend to."

He found himself walking out the door without so much as a passing quip in response. The good physical feelings were still there. But they were mixed with something else. As the boxer drove home, he found himself flicking between songs on his playlist, unable to keep focus on one for more than a minute before a twitchy anxiety drove his fingers to swap to a new track.

At home, he slept eight consecutive hours for the first time in years. But it was not a restful sleep. There were nightmares, constant loops of Serva insulting flaws he was all-too-aware of. He awoke that morning to bedsheets that were soaking wet with more than just sweat.

#### ~Chapter 4: How a Pig Feeds~

When Skeet next knocked on the door to Kuroka's manor at the same time next week, he did not have time to finger the collar of his tuxedo before the door swung open to reveal Serva in his usual well-pressed butler uniform. The servant's feline ears hung lazily above his hair as he eyed the taller man's suit.

"Hm, I see you made some semblance of an effort this evening. Still reminds me of a pig playing dress-up. Though that's not something an outfit will fix, I suppose."

Biting his lip in response to the obvious, hurtful insult, Skeet timidly stepped inside. "You know, I get if you don't like my outfit. You're so fancy and stuff and you have high standards, I get it. But you don't have to be so...mean."

The tan-skinned man offered a curt nod. "I don't. But would I be wrong to call you an ugly brute?"

Skeet's gut reaction was to protest, and his lips opened to do just that. But then a voice in his head reminded him, *You know whatever Serva says about you is true.* "No, Serva, you're not wrong. I just..." He paused, then hung his head and sighed, "Is Kuroka ready for me?" As much as he wanted Serva's approval, the lithe, attractive butler just seemed to hate him for whatever reason. He slid to one side and took a step towards the study.

Serva gripped his right arm around the bicep, and Skeet was surprised to find the hand was cold like ice, with a grip that froze him solid. "She is with another client. You must wait your turn." Unnerved and a little aroused, he tried to shake the grip off and found he couldn't pull away, or struggle against it.

He found himself being marched into the first-floor kitchen and pressed down into a chair that was just wide enough to hold his muscled girth. Serva pulled out a chair for himself and sat down across the table. "Now sit down and let's make the attempt to act civilized for the next ten minutes. Shall we?" His black-eyed stare was as icy as his touch had been, and he spoke with a tone that would not accept complaints.

"Okay..." He meekly acknowledged. After a few moments of silence, he decided to ask a question. "So, do you work here every day? What kind of stuff do you do."

"I'm privileged to work and live here. I cook and clean for Mistress Kuroka, as well as provide...additional services." The butler's answer was curt, and he did not elaborate or ask a question back.

"Oh, I see." After waiting several seconds for Serva to say more, Skeet again tried to fill the silence. "Don't spend a lot of time working out, then?"

"I keep my body in the shape Mistress enjoys." He eyed the Skeet's sleeves. The suit was custom-made and didn't strain against his muscles, but the cut still outlined a considerable amount of muscular bulk. "You would pay attention to physique, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, um, y'know what, yeah, I do!" He noticed where Serva was looking and flexed his bicep, trying to show off one of his definitive strong points. "I put a lot of work into my body, and I'm pretty proud of it. People call me the 'Charging Boar' because I'm just that hard to stop. Every heard of me?"

"I can't say that I have." The man's white feline ears hung slack as he shook his head, then smirked. "I will admit, when I deal with swine in the kitchen, it's normally being marinated. I *have* done lots of cooking with pork, and I know a lot of ways to make the flavor work."

That scarcely-veiled insult broke the thin ice Skeet had been balanced on. Unable to take anymore, blurted out, "Why do you hate me? I'm sorry if I was dumb when we first met, but can't we let that be in the past? I actually want to get to know you better, why are you putting up these walls?"

His host lifted one eyebrow, then replied, "Because you can't handle me. Let me show you what I mean." Serva stood up, and his fingers began the work of unbuttoning his suit jacket.

"Wha-?" Skeet's gut reaction was to cover his eyes with both hands. A few seconds later, he found himself peeking through his fingers to see Serva was not undressing in front of him. The lithe, tan-skinned man was still clothed in a long-sleeved white shirt and yellow vest, and he wore his purple bow tie smartly.

"Afraid of a little eye candy? Of course you are." Those cute nipples were even more visible without the outer jacket. Serva was now grinning a predatory smile, showing teeth. He paced around the table, drawing closer to his prey. He stopped when he was inches away from Skeet, grabbed both wrists, and pried his hands off his face to fix eyes on the larger man. "You want to get to know me better? Then kiss me. On the lips. Right now."

"What? I don't-! I'm not-!" After struggling to find the words, he shook his head and looked away. "I won't. It's not, this isn't what real men do."

"Weakling." His gaze was penetrating. Each second spent looking into those eyes drove daggers into Skeet's heart. "What is it you really want?"

"I, I just want to get to know you better. You know, man to man?" His voice was cracking, and even to him, the words sounded hollow. "That's really it."



"Oh really? I think you want more." Serva's grin went wider, and he leaned further forward. Skeet screwed his eyes shut, but was surprised when no kiss came. Instead, a few moment's later, the butler's voice entered his ear as a harsh whisper. "*I think you're a man with a lot of pride. But that pride is a facade, hiding insecurities that are obvious enough to me. That same pride is getting in the way of what you *really* want.*" His expression was flat, difficult to read. "I think you'll have to come to grips with that, and that means letting us shatter your pathetic pride."

At this point, Skeet was overcome by many emotions. There was frustration, and fear. Self-loathing, and dread. Attraction, and denial. But most of all, lust. It was more than he was capable of processing, and he found himself well and truly at a loss for words. The incredibly nervous mix of emotions left him visibly wringing his hands and twitching, afraid to utter another sound. Perhaps it was because he was eyeing the other man that he noticed Serva's ears suddenly perk up, like a pet responding to a very special whistle. "My apologies. Mistress Kuroka is ready for you." He stepped away from Skeet and quickly donned his black suit jacket, re-assuming his professional air of command.

When the still-stunned boxer failed to respond, Serva again grabbed him by the right bicep, stood him up, and half-dragged him over to Kuroka's study. "Oh, welcome. I do appreciate your keeping him company while I finished things up." The raven-haired hypnotist today had her hair tied back into a single ponytail by way of a white scrunchie. She had chosen today to wear a tailored purple jacket with black lapels over a white blouse, and accentuated the outfit with a yellow gemstone amulet carved in the shape of a human eye.

"Thank you, Mistress Kuroka." Serva bowed deeply to her, then withdrew. Such was the state of the bearded man now lying on her couch that he barely noticed what she was wearing, or the new metallic-looking dildo mounted on one wall.

The therapist, however, quickly took notice of her patient's agitated state. She began with a simple question. "Are you feeling alright?"

He choked on his own tongue, failing to find the words, and finally settled for shaking his head no.

The dark-haired woman smiled a soft, thin smile that gave the appearance of genuine concern. "Oh my. This issue seems to be quite serious." She wasted no time extracting a familiar phial from her desk. "Do you want the relaxing perfume?"

At that, Skeet fervently nodded his head yes.

"I thought you might." She wore an expression of soft pity. Her deep-purple boot heels dug softly into the carpet as she paced methodically closer. When she was next to the couch, she uncorked the phial and stared into Skeet's watery eyes. "Now, breathe deeply."

"\*Sniff\*!!" He didn't need to be told twice. "\*sniff\*... \*sniff\*..." Immediately, he found his agitated thoughts slowing down, the clamor in his mind settling into a more steady rhythm.

As if to conduct that rhythm, Kuroka's voice rolled on at a leisurely pace. "Yes, you poor creature, breathe deeply. Make sure your nose doesn't miss so much as a milligram of this wonderful scent. Make sure this sublime smell takes root deep in your nostrils, just as my voice is taking root deep in your mind."

"\*sniff\*...\*sniff\*....." A few more long breaths, greedily sucking in more of that pungent, soft smell slowed down his brain even further. In the absence of a rush of thoughts, he found it was easy to follow along with Kuroka. "...don't miss...wonderful scent...deep in my nostrils...deep in...my mind....."

"Relaxing, indeed. *Piggy's Putrid Pheromones* seem to have quite the effect on you. Now sleep, but pay attention to my voice." Kuroka said the words of his trigger phrase in a warm, gentle voice.

"...relaxing...*Pheromones*...sleep...pay attention...to your voice..." He found it so easy to sleep at those words. To let his weight fall into the couch.

The raven-haired hypnotist whispered on, letting her words form a melody, "Let yourself sleep deeply. As you sleep, you find your mind sinking deeper. A sound sleep allows you to slip back into the deep recesses of your mind. This sleep lets me navigate the darker depths of your mind."

"...sleep deeper...sinking deeper...slip back...deep recesses...darker depths..." He found himself, in this steady state, wandering to a place where there was no light, little to rely on but the reliable, comforting sound of her voice.

Rubbing the yellow eyelike gemstone on her necklace, Kuroka continued, "Where do you hide the parts of yourself you're most afraid of? I want us to go there. Trust me, and take me to where your greatest fears lie."

"...most afraid of...go there...trust you...greatest fears..." He walked on, into a deep darkness that seemed to grow deeper and darker still. Until. He stopped. He couldn't see, but he could sense it. There was a structure nearby, one he faintly remembered building. A fence. To keep something inside.

"We are now back in the deepest part of your mind, where your greatest fear, your true self resides in a secure pen." Kuroka's voice transitioned smoothly from her hypnotic tone to a more typical speech pattern. "When you look deep within yourself, what sort of self do you see, fenced into that pen? Is it a plant, or maybe... An animal?"

"I see...the pen..." In response to her question, he found himself slowly responding, unearthing a long-since walled-off part of himself. "It's...an animal...a big animal..."

His hypnotist pushed him further. "Let's get a good look at that animal. Feel the barriers you've built around this animal begin to collapse. Feel the strong boar you pretend to be shy into the shadows...making room for the weak, dirty pig you really are."

"...barriers...begin to collapse...shy into the shadows...a weak...dirty...pig..." He spoke her words as his mental image evolved. Little by little, the walls of his pride eroded. He was suddenly staring at an animal with dirt smeared all over its face.

"You are a weak, stupid pig."

"I am a weak...stupid...pig..." He found himself seeing the creature on the inside of that pen as a hairless pig, with ruddy pink skin and those hauntingly dull eyes.

She stuck out her forked tongue and licked her lips in a predatory fashion. "Pigs are hungry

creatures, and you want some cream to fill your stomach."

"...pigs are hungry creatures...want some cream..." He repeated, finding himself suddenly realizing a very real hunger.

"Pigs are hungry creatures, and hungry pigs have no issues feeding from a dildo."

"Pigs are hungry creatures...no issues feeding from...a dildo..."

She leaned close, so close to his ear that he could feel her cold breath. "You want to eat cream from a dildo."

"...want...cream...from a dildo..."

"You desperately want to suck cream from the nearest dildo you can find."

The pig inside him groaned as felt that hunger, that desire growing stronger. "...desperately want...cream...nearest dildo..."

"You crave the taste of another man's cream."

"...crave the taste...another man's cream..."

"You crave the taste of Serva's cream specifically."

"...crave the taste of...of Serva's cream..." His expression melted and his cheeks flushed even through the hypnosis as he imagined Serva feeding the pig inside him, sating that hunger.

"You are too stupid to speak human language. As a pig, you can only go 'oink, oink'. But you are a clever pig, so you can understand my words." Her lips twisted upwards, imagining how that command would take.

"...too stupid to speak...only go oink...clever pig...understand your words..."

Kuroka rose and spoke with a more authoritative voice. "In a moment, I will count to three and clap my hands. When I do, you will awaken, having absorbed all of my commands. You will remember that hunger, and you will act on it. Is that clear?"

It was a question clearly addressed to Skeet, and so he answered, "Yes...it is clear..."

"*Très splendide!* ...One. Two. Three!" \*CLAP\*! \*CLAP\*!

"Oink. Oink?" His eyelids fluttered open, and his first reaction was to wonder where he was. When the words came out as something he didn't expect, he shouted, "Oink?!" His eyes turned to Kuroka, standing by his side, for guidance.

She cocked her head to one side, affecting an air of confusion. "Oh, I'm sorry. I don't speak pig." Her deep, mesmerizing yellow eyes took on a sinister glimmer. "More importantly, don't you feel hungry?"

"Oink?" He thought on her words, and realized he was indeed hungry. For cream, in particular. "Oink! Oink!" He opened his mouth, and pointed down his throat with one finger.

Kuroka had reached beneath her desk to pull out a black bath towel. She waved it in front of the pig's eyes to get its attention, then said, "What luck! There happens to be a yummy dildo right here on this wall. Why don't you come and have a taste, hm?" The towel was laid out flat on the floor, in front of the shiny dildo. "Crawl to it on all fours. Quickly, but be sure not to trip!"

"Oink!" He did just that, scrambling off the couch and onto the floor, both eyes dead set on the shiny object mounted at a low angle on the wall. The four-legged trot felt very natural to him, somehow.

The raven-haired woman clicked her tongue, marvelling at his enthusiasm. "Now, I know you're hungry, you filth. But the dildo is my property, and I expect you to treat it with respect. *Absolutely* no teeth may be used in your feeding, understood?"

"Oink!" Acknowledging verbally, without turning his head, the bearded creature opened his lips wide, drooling and staring thirstily at the alluring phallic object in front of him. "Amuh, \*suck\*, \*suCCKKKKK\*!" His lips moved to swallow the head, and then take it much deeper down his throat.

Kuroka slid smoothly back to her desk and returned with an old-style camera, the kind with which pictures taken were printed and developed a handful of seconds after being taken. \*FLASH\*!

Skeet was entirely unaware of Kuroka watching, or the picture she had just taken. He was entirely focused on sucking this sleek, metallic dildo. "\*Slurrpp\*! \*Kiss\*, \*succck\*!!" No, it wasn't just metallic. There was a rubber lining on the underside. He prodded it with his tongue experimentally.

She held up the photo as it turned from grey to color in real time, comparing it with the present state of her patient. "Hmm, it doesn't flatter as much as one might have hoped. I'll just have to take more!" \*FLASH\*!

"MMFPH! <3" His eyes shot wide open as the salty-sweet taste of something he had never consumed before dripped into his mouth a few drops at a time. "\*Lick\*, \*lick\*! \*SLURRRPPPP\*!" Now more than just curious, he prodded the rubber lining roughly with his tongue, sucked harder to try and squeeze out more drops of the delicious substance.

\*FLASH\*! "Aha, that face! That's the face of a pig encountering a zestful flavor for the very first time. Delightful, yes, the camera does flatter you indeed! AHAHAHA!" She looked down, expecting and finding a sizeable bulge in the pants of his expensive tuxedo. "Your piggy penis seems to be struggling down there. Why don't you let it get some air, hm?"

"Amuhf, oink!" He did unzip his pants and pulled out his cock from inside. "\*lick\*, \*slurrpp\*, oink!" He realized it was very much hard. And, using one hand to support his body, he gripped the length of his shaft with the other and began to stroke.

\*FLASH\*! \*FLASH\*! Kuroka stepped from side to side in a semicircle around him, taking picture after humiliating picture of the lewd farce. "Mmm, yes! A real golden shot, that one. You never know what animals will do in their natural habitat. Pleasure yourself, pig, and entertain me! AHAHAHA!!" \*FLASH\*! \*FLASH\*! \*FLASH\*!

"Mmmuf, \*suck\*, \*slurrrp\*, \*SLURRRRRPPPPppp\*!" As he continued to lick at the rubber lining, he found the flow of tasty cream slowing down, drying out. So he did like any hungry beast would do when faced with a half-empty container of food: reach towards the bottom. He pushed the dildo deeper into his cheeks, down his throat, and stretched his tongue out

\*FLASH\*! "AhahahaHAHAHA, stuPENdous!" Kuroka barely managed a picture before bursting out in a truly jovial laugh, blinking back tears of hilarity. "Simply stupendous, what hunger will drive animals to do! I must have those bulging cheeks on film." She regained control of her abdomen and straightened up, zooming in for a close-up on Skeet's face. \*FLASH\*, \*FLASH\*! "Oh yes, you're close to cumming now, you disgusting pig. Feel the pleasure building up within you."

"\*SUCK\*, \*SUCKle\*! \*Slurp\*, \*SLURRRPP\*, \*SLURRRPPPP\*!!" His stroking hand moved furiously as his taste buds sparked at each precious drop of cream. The electricity in his brain was one lightning bolt shy of a short circuit, and the voltage was still building in his ears as Kuroka's voice stoked a crescendo. He could feel a white fire burning at his waist, ready to spread.

Kuroka wore a smile so genuinely full of glee it would have been enough to unnerve just about anyone. "Now cum, and let the taste drive your mind crazy!! Let the pleasure crash into your mind, leaving a crater full of lust! AHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Oink OINK OIIiiinNNNkkkkkkkkk!!!" Bestial squeals came from his gut as a powerful, frothy jet of white shot forth from his manhood, falling in a wet splashy mess on the black bath towel Kuroka had laid out. "Oink, \*hic\*, oink! Oink..." His limbs twitched, overwhelmed by sheer pleasure as the orgasm continued on, then began to peter out.

When the last drops of semen had finished shooting from his testicles, the therapist interjected, "Before you slip back into sleep, you clever little pork chop, get on the couch." \*FLASH\*! Taking one last snapshot, Kuroka gestured with one finger towards her study's couch. She then glanced down at his crotch. "And tuck your piggy penis away."

"Oink!" Skeet was all too happy to comply with the nice woman's demand, stuffing his sticky cock inside the pants of his tux and crawling on all fours back to the couch. He clambered up onto it and lay down, basking in his lusty afterglow. "Oink..."

"That's right, you horny piggy." The slender hypnotist had already prepared another phial of Skeet's new favorite scent. She uncorked it in front of his nose. "Let the good feelings claim you as you breathe in *Piggy's Putrid Pheromones*."

"Oink...oink..." His already lethargic thoughts slowed to a halt, and his eyelids drifted shut. He found himself chasing the sound of her voice, deeper down into his mind...

"I am once again speaking to your subconscious mind." Her voice rung out inside his skull like a harmoniously vibrating wine glass. "You are once again allowed to speak human words, so repeat after me, you filthy pig. Do you hear me?"

"Yes...I will repeat...after you..." He replied, his voice a flat monotone.

"You are intimidated by the taste of effete men because you find them attractive." She began, matter-of-factly, producing pushpins that fixed further commands onto the cork board in his brain.

"...intimidated...the taste of effete men...I find them attractive..."

"You find Serva specifically attractive. And tasty."

"...find Serva...attractive...tasty..." Despite the deep sleep he was in, Skeet's one hand rested on his crotch. The mention of Serva's name caused it to throb.

"You will become fascinated by the idea of using your anus for pleasure, and will develop a habit of fingering it whenever you go to sleep."

He felt a warm, sticky reaction to that thought. "...fascinated...using anus...for pleasure...fingering it...whenever I go to sleep..."

The wicked hypnotist was unable to keep a small note of mirth out of her next words. "When you finger your ass, you will think of Serva's face. It feels so good when he insults you."

"...finger ass...Serva's face...feels so good...he insults me..." There was more throbbing now, and it did not subside. Kuroka's voice and Serva's face had left lasting impressions on his mind, already.

"It is very important to clean your ass before coming to Kuroka's house, even in an emergency."

"...very important to clean my ass...coming to Kuroka's house...even in...emergency..." Of course, Kuroka deserved immaculate presentation, from outergarments all the way down to a squeaky-clean birthday suit.

"You will feel an immediate need to see Kuroka at once next week. You will go to her house immediately, and will react violently if you are not allowed to see her.

"...immediate need to see Kuroka...next week...come to her house immediately...react violently...if I am not allowed..."

"In a moment, I will count to three and clap my hands. When I do, you will wake up, once again able to speak human words. You will have the vaguest recollection that today's session was extraordinarily pleasant, and will be simply unable to recall any specific details. Is that clear?"

"Yes...clear..." His eyes still shut, and his breathing steady, the bearded boxer acknowledged the question.

"Well, then. One, two..."

...

Skeet left her office feeling so rested, so refreshed, that he did indeed forget to make an appointment. He half-smiled, half-blushed at a sneering Serva on his way out, and didn't even notice the sticky mess left behind inside his underwear, or the aftertaste of 'cream' in his mouth. He realized his scheduling mistake a day later, but shrugged and figured he would walk in next week, and take whatever appointment time they had available.

Of course, that was on the first day. Before the cravings for more of Kuroka's special smell, and an

indescribable, insatiable hunger, began to haunt his dreams...

[Preview ends here. Story continues in full version.]