

Beem woke with a peaceful stretch and yawn. The blonde furred Samoyed felt strangely refreshed and relaxed from the night's sleep despite waking up with his head on his desk. His computer screen glared with notes about a new D&D character; the yuan-ti warlock, Sal'yashe. He remembered beginning his evening deep in thought about his creation, though there was a cloud of uncertainty over when or how exactly he did fall asleep the previous night. There were no memories to pull from; it was as if the Samoyed had blacked out from drinking, though he was certain he hadn't touched a bottle the night before. The more he tried to think back, the further his thoughts fogged with confusion in a less than comfortable way. Instinct dragged Beem back from that inky pool of doubt and forced him to let the doubt go. Rewarded with a jolt of renewed energy, the Samoyed stood up from his desk and headed to the kitchen for breakfast.

It was practically muscle memory for Beem, he could recall the locations of his typical breakfast ingredients and every appliance he would use to cook them without even looking. Thought it was only when he went to pour himself an ice cold glass of water that he paused for thought; or rather, paused because of a thought.

'Sssomething more warm would ssuit nicccely I think.' The words in his mind sounded unlike his own, but not quite foreign either. There was no way for Beem to discern it from a thought of his own; the one key difference was that it sounded far more compelling than any other. It wasn't an intrusive thought, more like instinct telling him something he simply hadn't considered yet. Though even while the Samoyed contemplated the words in his head, his body was already moving to obey the compulsion and turned the kettle on, as he found himself in the mood for a cup of tea instead. It was his usual preference anyways, though today he felt like he needed the warmth not just out of fondness, but some deeper buried desire. Beem was able to shrug it off quickly however and continue.

The only thing on his to-do list today was to buy groceries; simple enough, though Beem didn't plan on leaving it until the last minute. After breakfast the Samoyed grabbed his keys and headed for the door, only to be stopped once more as a sudden, sweet sounding thought danced across the forefront of his mind.

‘Wouldn’t want to be cold out there. Grab a ssscarf.’ Beem’s muscles moved to obey reflexively before he could even process the sudden compulsion. He paused again for a moment, trying to make sense of the sudden train of thought. It was as if his mind was adrift in a river, only to be pulled along by a stronger current that he had no reason to fight. The wariness faded once more as normality resumed and Beem made his way outside, scarf now snugly coiled around him.

Before long the Samoyed was on his way; he only lived a short walk from the grocery store and knew the route through the city like the back of his hands. It wasn’t a particularly chilly day to a canine with such luscious fur, though he still felt comfortable under the feeling of his scarf wrapping around his neck. There was a sense of familiarity to it, and not just from the last time he wore it. It was a sensation the Samoyed didn’t realise he was missing until now; he pulled the garment tighter and let out a soft exhale of near sexual delight.

Beem’s eyes fluttered for a moment before he came to a crossing. He knew he was supposed to turn right, but still found himself unable to continue.

‘Ssstraight ahead and don’t sstop.’ The voice sounded more physical this time, though still buried like an echo in the back of his mind. Beem didn’t even give himself pause for thought his time; he simply let his body be puppeted by the compulsion left behind in his head. Deep down he knew they weren’t his own thoughts, but he was becoming very comfortable with the feeling of being strung along by another set of words. It was freeing to act on what felt like pure instinct; every step was the perfect decision. The Samoyed moved fluidly as if he was trying to glide over the ground instead of walking on it, he couldn’t discern why beyond it feeling more natural in the moment.

The city’s surroundings darkened as Beem ventured deeper into the sprawling concrete jungle. There were fewer eyes around, more alleys hidden from sight; to anyone else the change in scenery might have been disconcerting. But Beem strode through with confidence; there was a plan in the back of his mind, even if he wasn’t certain what it was.

At this point he felt as if he was along for the ride provided by his own mind. He stopped suddenly, turning his attention to a blue wolf standing in a secluded alleyway. The boy was on his phone and hadn't noticed that he was being watched, however the Samoyed's full attention had fixated on the wolf like a hungry predator.

'He'll do nicccely,' came that deep, silken whisper. There was an instinct in the back of his mind demanding him to approach; it *wanted* this boy.

Beem listened to the voice, swaying in a moment of weakness as he felt a cool, scaled hand reach out from his subconscious mind to snatch the final vestiges of control. There wasn't even a struggle. Beem surrendered himself as easily as if he was passing someone the TV remote. The presence was familiar, comforting, and intoxicating. It was Sal'yashe. The yuantu he had dreamt up the night before. Beem could remember now, the fantasy of being wrapped safely in his coils as he drowned in the snake's luminescent eyes. Eyes that, even now the Samoyed could feel washing against his mind like a gentle wave, eroding away the last of Beem's control so that Sal'yashe could guide his puppet exactly as he pleased. The attraction was simply too great for Beem to resist, he had succumb to the very being that he desired above all others.

The possessed Samoyed sauntered towards his prey with hungry eyes, prompting the wolf to look up toward the sudden presence.

"Ssso niccce to sssee a friendly faccce out here," spoke Beem with a new sibilance to his words. The Samoyed's eyes were suddenly alight with pink and teal rings that began to rhythmically pulse for the cornered canine. Before the wolf could even respond, his jaw fell open in the face of those dazzling colours. Each one rippled with renewed vibrancy every time it replaced another colour, and one by one those rings began to fill the wolf's eyes in the same mirrored tempo. Just like that, he was caught under the same spell that Sal'yashe had cast over Beem; the only difference was that the wolf hadn't yet had the pleasure of getting to know his new owner quiet as personally. But that would change soon. A few more minutes of pulsing rings and softly spoken words, and the blue mutt would be more than

happy to follow Beem back to his-, no... the yuan-ti's home; even if neither of them remembered it tomorrow.