

“Hey, welcome to The Lunar Lure. I’m Matts. What can I get you?”

You were roused from your deep state of thought as the wolf behind the bar spoke to you, and you realised you still hadn’t made up your mind. The drinks weren’t really what you had visited this supposed hypno-hotspot for in the first place anyway, but it seemed like a courtesy to order at least one before you tried to find some way of getting your mind washed. Is that a thing they say here? God, there was so much less pressure in your own little world of thought.

Part of you wished you could go back to daydreaming, but the blue-furred bartender was still looking at you with a polite smile.

“I’ll have... your strongest?” you finally replied.

That sounded like something a hot club goer would order, right?

“Oh yeah?” Matts gave you an inquisitive look. “And are you talking about the drink or... something else?”

His eyes suddenly rippled like they were made of water and the pretty purple hue of his pupils were met with deep, royal blue rings that started to flow in a hypnotic pattern. You were caught staring and the beguiling sight had you leaning forwards until you were halted by the bar between the two of you. Something about those eyes had such an intense gravity that you couldn’t help but be pulled in like loose debris being sucked down a whirlpool, and the longer you stared, the faster you found yourself approaching the centre, the quicker you sank.

But you hesitated before the precipice, like suddenly looking over the potential drop and realising you had a fear of heights. Was this it? Was this how you wanted to go under tonight? It was all happening so fast; what was going to become of you once you were under? What if Matts tried to dress you up in one of those slutty uniforms you keep seeing his employees strut about in? The welling doubt made you shut your eyes out of instinct and your head turned towards the floor.

“Oh, hey my bad. Not looking to go under tonight? I’m usually better at reading people than that,” he said.

You glanced back up and realised his eyes were no longer flashing their mesmerising colours; they were sad instead. You’d made him feel guilty. “Oh no no, I’m sorry! It’s just... I’ve never been under before, that hit a lot quicker than I imagined.”

Matts looked shocked. “Like, never?”

You shook your head.

“Awfully brave of you to come here if that’s the case,” he chuckled.

“Hehe... yeah I guess. Seemed like the place to try it.”

The wolf chewed his lip in thought for a moment before smiling at you in a warm manner. “Well, would you like to try something a little more slow?”

“Uh... sure. That sounds nice.”

“Follow me then,” he said before calling behind him. “V! You’re in charge of the bar for a bit.”

Matts motioned for you to follow him with a nod of the head as a white jaguar took his place at the bar. The feline’s demeanour went from vacant thrall to one that was far more presentable and upstanding as soon as the order was given, and he immediately approached the next customer with Matts’ same personable smile. But your attention soon turned back to the wolf in front of you as he led you through the crowd.

You were taken through a sea of bodies, feeling their warmth and sweat press against you as they gyrated on whatever they could feel around them. You noticed their eyes were vacant and they were focused on nothing but the music that was pounding courtesy of a red-furred canine on stage. The blue and purple disco lights dazzled you as you looked into them, and it took a short tug on your sleeve from Matts to keep you from shuffling to a spellbound halt. You shook your head and continued to follow him into a room off to the side of the dancefloor, not quite sure what to expect.

A soft and warmly decorated room greeted you as you entered; a large queen-sized bed dominated most of the space and a dance pole was attached floor to ceiling. A couple of shelves of sex toys lay across the walls and an anxious pit formed in your stomach for a moment before you noticed the canine completely ignore them. What caught you off guard the most however was how the loud music that pounded just outside of the room became little more than a dull thump of bass once Matts shut the door behind you.

“Wow... good soundproofing,” you said.

“Yeah, it’s a bit of a requirement sometimes. I’d have used my office for this but I put Fern to sleep up there, and good look relaxing around her snoring,” he chuckled. You didn’t get the joke, but the friendly sentiment made you feel better.

“So, what should I be doing?”

“Whatever’s comfortable,” Matts said, gesturing to the room. “Get cozy.”

You sat yourself on the edge of the double bed and did find it to be very soft and accommodating. Beyond that you weren’t sure what else you were responsible for.

“Alright, you ready to begin?” the wolf asked you.

“I guess so.”

You really weren’t certain. You were anxious and nervous of the idea that you might not go under for some reason; it always was hard to keep your mind quiet, especially when you wanted it to be. How bad would it have looked if you couldn’t drop for the owner of this hypnotic night club? You’d probably be barred and could never come back. Oh god, what if this was all just a big mistake? What if-

“Hey,” Matts said, rousing you for the second time tonight. He looked concerned, like he could tell you were internally panicking. “...Breathe. That’s step one.”

You took some slow, measured breaths and let yourself begin to calm down as you looked him in the eyes. They didn’t break into any alluring pattern this time, they were just warm and friendly. You already felt a little better and nodded for him to continue.

“Alright, now just focus on my voice alright? I’m not gonna speak like I would in a normal conversation but that’s good, that’s something for you to latch on to.”

His voice was immediately a lot deeper and sonorous, like hearing a song you were familiar with played on a vinyl record; there was a new but subtle sense of clarity and depth to it for you to appreciate. It made listening very easy as he continued for the next while, instructing you on how to relax physically and mentally. You noticed he was fairly animated despite the soothing cadence of his voice, but the hand movements gave your eyes something to focus on as you paid attention to him.

“Great, you’re already doing super well,” he said. The praise felt nice. “Now I’m going to start letting my eyes pulse again, but it’ll be nice and slow. Is that alright?”

You thought for a second and then nodded your head; it sounded more appealing now that you were prepared for it. And just as offered, the wolf’s eyes rippled again as if disturbed by a droplet of water and the colourful rings of blue and purple started to flow inwards in a gentle rhythm. It was definitely slower this time, and while that same sense of gravity caught you in its wake, you weren’t pulled off balance like

before; instead you could comfortably sit and watch them as the steady sense of enthrallment began to build at a pace you could recognise.

It was like feeling yourself sinking into a warm bath at an almost agonisingly slow pace, your mind and body welcomed the soothing flood of relaxation that began to wash through you and was soon desiring more of it. But you were still lucid, you could still think, albeit a little slower than before. You wanted to look at Matts himself and give a supportive nod as if to say his eyes were in fact working on you, but you couldn't find the willpower within yourself to look away from his gaze; he had you caught like a fish that had blindly swam into a net.

Oh fuck... that was hot to realise.

"Now you're getting it," he purred. "So long as it feels good, you're not going to want to stop sinking. So long as you're sinking you're just going to keep feeling good. Make sense?"

"Y-yyeah it dooes." Your words were heavy on your tongue and it was difficult to focus on getting them out so long as you were staring at the mesmerising pattern of blue and purple.

"So just keep staring and you'll keep sinking. It's fine to be aware of your descent, but sometimes it's better if you're distracted. So just try counting the rings for me, can you do that?"

"Y-y-ess I'll uh, one.. two.." you'd already begun, picking up on his suggestion quicker than you'd expected to.

Matts said nothing for a time as he let you count aloud each ring of vibrant colour that slowly floated down into the centre of his gaze. You found it incredibly easy to keep looking there, staring into the depths of his eyes where the rings of colour would dwindle into nothingness as if they were your thoughts. From there you could watch and count every time another pulse of colour entered your vision, the blue ones relaxing you in their deep, regal essence while the more vibrant, purple rings demanded you keep your focus where it was.

Your counting became more consistent after a little while as you found the rhythm of the hypnotic colours, or... maybe they were speeding up slightly; it would certainly explain why you felt so deeply enthralled by that simple pattern of hues. But you kept your focus on counting the rings of his eyes just as Matts wanted you to; his guidance felt secure like, and you were embarrassed to think of it this way, his hand at the end of a leash to make sure your mind didn't wander off. You felt yourself let out a shaky breath at that thought and you tried your best to not let it interrupt your counting; but it was then you realised you weren't counting aloud anymore.

“Theeere you go, just keep doing your best,” Matts said with a smile around his eyes. “There’s no way to fail this so long as you just keep counting.”

And so you did, remain counting, that is; throwing numbers at those eyes as if they were offerings to some sort of higher power in your mind. You became a little suspicious that you’d started to repeat some numbers, and you felt like you should have reached a higher count than eight at this point, but it was difficult to remember. You were focused on the moment, the here and now of Matts’ gaze hypnotizing you and you didn’t want to miss a second of his induction as you fell ever more deeply under his spell.

He chuckled again. “I feel like ten minutes has been long enough; you’re surely nice and deep by this point.”

Ten minutes? That didn’t sound right, but you really couldn’t be sure how much time had passed. You’d stopped counting, you were counting Matts’ hypnotic colours instead, and you knew you preferred it.

“But we’ve still just got you standing on the edge of trance. You still need to take that ever so enticing... drop.”

You shivered at the word. You felt ready for it this time but couldn’t will yourself to do anything other than be carried by the flow of the wolf’s gaze.

“Don’t worry about a thing. You’ll drop when I prompt you to, and you’ll know what that prompt is when you feel it throughout your entire being.” His voice was a whisper and yet you could hear it so clearly. “Just think about what that descent will be like, imagine how going into trance feels. I bet you’ve done it before.”

God he was so right. You’d fantasised about this moment for so long, about hanging in trance like a body in a hammock, about feeling your mind slip under the spell of another’s words; and now you were here, swaying under the power of the canine in front of you. He had you like putty in his palms, and was still opting to mould you so very softly with each word. In that moment you knew you’d made the right choice to come to The Lunar Lure, and you still hadn’t even felt that powerful drop yet. Your mind wandered in his eyes until you realised you weren’t counting anymore and should probably start agai-

SNAP

A sharp crack echoed through your mind and you were sent reeling, eyes rolling back in your head until they shut as your concentration snapped like a string and you quickly forgot all about the sight of those enthralling eyes. You couldn’t even begin to

process what you were feeling; weight encompassed your entire being and you realised you couldn't hold your head up anymore as your chin was left to rest heavily against your chest. Your mind went still, no thoughts passed through your consciousness beyond the curious awareness of your sudden descent; and you felt like you were free falling from a great height. It took a second before you realised you were falling, tumbling backwards into the bed as your head impacted against a soft pillow and your entire body weight was taken from underneath you.

You could relax fully and without restraint. There was no part of your mind resisting this sublime feeling at this point, you were too in tune with the pleasant numbness that had captured every muscle in your body and left you as heavy and lax as a puppet with no strings. You could feel the gentlest of swaying as if you were on a boat, your sense of equilibrium seemingly a little dizzy. It was fun. But you then became aware of the wolf crawling up beside you on the mattress, his weight shifting your balance ever so slightly; but it was nice to know he was still close by so that you wouldn't have to think.

"Enjoying yourself, hun?" he asked.

"Mmhyeh," was all you could manage.

"Would you like to try something fun while you're under?"

"...Mmhyeah." You tried to guess what he had in store but your thoughts didn't get very far, and that was okay. You trusted him to decide.

"Gooooood. I think you'll like this..."