

2

“And totally gullible?,” an unfamiliar voice asked

“Yep! Anything you say; anything at all,” Millie said.

The words faded from Izzy’s mind even as he heard them. Izzy’s head felt like it had just been full of cotton, and was still sort of fuzzy. He stared at the cards he’d just been handed. Jade sat beside him at the blackjack table, and for just a moment when he looked at her, there was a blissful, vacant smile on her face. But it disappeared, and then she looked just as confused as he felt. “Jade?”

“Uhh... Izzy?” Jade yawned loudly. “Oh... Blackjack?” She furrowed her brow and looked at the cards she’d been handed. “Huh. How do I play blackjack?,” she asked innocently.

“First,” the dealer said, “Your friend here will need to tell me whether or not he wants another card. What’ll it be, sir?” The dealer was a man, a white rabbit in a dark red suit.

“Oh.” Izzy blinked again, then looked at his cards. Hadn’t he been studying to prepare for this? He had a five and an eight. His concern about how he’d gotten to where he was quickly melted away as he tried to draw up the memory of the sheet he’d been looking at. Hadn’t he seen it just a moment ago, he thought, back when they were in the buffet? “Uh... Hit me.”

“Yes sir.” The dealer gave Izzy another card - it was a 9. “Better luck next time.”

Izzy frowned, and Jade leaned over to look at his cards. “What? Did ya lose?”

“Uh, yeah. I got 22. Why’d you bet if you don’t know how to play?”

Jade looked at her cards for a moment. “I... Don’t know.” She looked up at the dealer. “How do I play?”

"It's simple! You want to get closer to 21 than I do, without going over. You can take as many cards as you want. When you're done, I'll draw cards until I have more than 16. Oh, and your aces are worth either a 1 or an 11, whatever is better for you."

"Uh... Huh." Jade looked down at her cards, then looked at Izzy. "Should I get a card?"

Izzy looked over at what she had. He was, for whatever reason, having just the slightest bit of trouble adding the numbers two and nine in his head. "Uh..."

"You didn't even teach them how to play first?" Another player sharing their table spoke to a white rabbit woman standing behind Izzy and Jade. "How rude."

"Well, they're playing with the house's money, anyhow," said the rabbit, whose voice was somehow familiar to Izzy. "You can feel free to help them, if you like. I'm sure they'll listen. Have fun!"

Millie walked away, and Izzy and Jade both paused for a moment, failing to comprehend anything she'd just said. "Uh... Anyways, yeah. Yeah, take a card." Izzy returned his attention to the game.

"Ok! Then, yes," Jade said to the dealer.

"Here you are," the dealer said, giving her a card. It was another nine.

"Two and nine and... Nine." Jade rubbed her chin, and Izzy was relieved to see that she seemed to be having as much trouble as he was with the math.

"That's twenty. That's good!" said a woman at their table, a tiger in a purple dress who was somewhat older than either of them. "You'll probably win."

"Oh!" Jade blinked. "That sounds nice," she said airily.

The rest of the table got their cards, and Jade did indeed win the hand. When the dealer gave her her chips, she squealed, then covered her mouth, giggling into her hand. "Eeh... Eheh... I won... Ehehe..."

"Good job!" The tiger woman sounded as patronizing as possible. "Keep it up, and you might just get to keep your smarts."

"Eheheh... Keep my... Eheh... Keep my what?"

"You know, your brains." The tiger leaned forward. "You know, when you lose at blackjack, you get dumber. Everyone knows that."

Izzy gawked at her. "That-" He paused. "I didn't know that!"

"Oh, but everyone does!," she repeated. "It's how the casino stays in business, you know. Hard to keep betting right when you're too dumb to count past one."

"Oh." Izzy squirmed in his seat at the thought of losing his intelligence like that. "I guess that makes sense."

The tiger grinned. "Of course you do."

The next hand came, and Izzy was forced into another tough call. He busted again, and this time - now that he knew to pay attention to it - he felt a little tingling in the back of his head. He covered his face with his hands. "Oh, no. I don't wanna get dumber!"

"Well, you have to keep playing," the tiger said.

"I know," Izzy mumbled, not for a second wondering why that was.

Jade was less lucky this time. She'd recovered from her giggle fit, and this time, when she went bust as well, she let out a defeated whine. "Aw. Now I'm dumber, too!"

"Well, don't worry about it just yet," said a canine man at the table. "I mean, at least you're still smart enough to realize it's happening."

"Huh?" Jade looked up at him. "Oh. Yeah! I can just win the next one."

"There ya go," he said. "Here, have this," he said, sliding her a drink across the edge of the table.

"Oh! Thanks!" Trusting the man instinctively, she picked up the glass and began to drink.

"Careful. Easy to get the hiccups, with that," he warned.

"Easy to get the wha-?" Immediately, Jade interrupted herself with a cute, squeaking hiccup.

"See, there ya go! Now you've got the hiccups, and every time you hiccup, you're gonna let even more of your smarts right out."

"My-" Jade hiccuped again. "Really?"

"Oh, yes," the tiger said, joining in on the fun as the dealer prepared the next hand. "Like I said, *everything* here gets you dumber."

"But it's all so good, you can't stop yourself! You just gotta learn to handle it like us pros over here."

"O- *Hic!* Oh, no," Jade said, holding her head and swaying in her seat as she hiccuped again. "Izzy, I'm gettin' really - *hic* - really dumb! You gotta help me win back my smarts."

"You'll lose 'em just as fast as you can win them, hiccuping like that," the canine said. Jade groaned and hiccuped again.

The next hand was a win for Izzy and Jade both. This time, Izzy got to feel just as overwhelmed with giggles as Jade, and they both were caught up in an irresistible fit of laughter. "Eheheh! Feels funny," Izzy said.

"Mmhhh- *hic!*" Jade leaned over in her seat, resting her weight against Izzy's shoulder. "Can't stop it," she mumbled between giggles.

"Eh... Hehe... You're gonna be, like, super dumb! Hehehe..."

"*Hic!* Mm- Yeah." Jade put her hands on Izzy's shoulder as well to hold herself steady.

"You need to stay in your own seat, miss," the canine warned. "You need to play your hand."

"Eh... Heheh... Oh?" Jade righted herself, wobbly as could be. "'Kay. *Hic!*"

A few rounds passed, with more losses than wins for both of them, and more losses for Jade than for Izzy. Izzy stared at his cards, furrowing his brow. After his last loss, he was too dumb to figure out what number was on his card. "H-hey Jade, wus' this one?"

"Mmh?" Jade's ears flopped all the way to the side as she tilted her head to look at Izzy's hand. "*Hic!* I'unno."

"Aw, man..." Izzy threw his cards down. "I dunno. I don't want another card! I dunno what the ones I've got even are!"

"Saaaaame," Jade said, dropping her own cards.

"Alright," the dealer said eventually, once the others at the table were finished betting. "I have 17," he said. For the benefit of Izzy and Jade, he added, "And you have an 18, sir, and you have a 12."

"I won!," Izzy exclaimed.

Jade just blinked. "Is... 12 is... Is that bigger?"

Izzy was proud of the bit of knowledge that was rushing back into his head, and he said, "No! You lost."

"He's correct, miss," the dealer confirmed.

"Awwww..." Jade groaned and put her head on the table. "I'm out," she mumbled.

"You're... You're out?" Izzy looked over her, worried.

"m outta smarts," Jade droned. In front of her on the table, no chips remained, while Izzy still had a few to his name.

At that point, Millie walked by their table again. She picked up Jade's limp hand, and she helped lead her out of her seat. "Since she's run out of her brains, I'd better take care of her for a bit. Come this way, miss Jade. Oh, and Izzy! You're playing so well, I think I'd better leave something here, just to make sure you're not cheating." She placed a small metronome on the table, and with a press of a button, she started it.

"But..." Izzy looked down at his own dwindled set of chips. "But I'm not even winning; I can't be cheating!"

"Well, that's what they all say," Millie said, as she and Jade started to walk away. "Just try to stay awake!"

"But!" Izzy looked at the metronome, then back to Millie and Jade - they were well away into the crowd. "Aw."

The tiger at the table leaned over, pretending to look at the metronome. "Ohh, I think I've seen these. If they put you into a trance, that's how they know that... Uh..."

"Know what?" Izzy gripped the edge of the table and leaned forward. "What do they know?"

The tiger tried to think of something to say, but the canine interrupted. "Well, I'm sure you'll find out soon enough. It's already starting, I can tell. You don't notice it, but every little... Tick... Tick... Tick... It's making you look sleepier. See? Wait for it..." The metronome clicked again. "Just like that. Didn't you notice?"

"What?" Izzy was having a hard time keeping up with all this, suddenly. "I'm not sleepy."

"Not yet," the tiger said. "Here, there's one way to know for sure. Look at the metronome." Izzy did, following its motion with his eyes. "Ah. See, there it is. You're rocking right and left in your seat, right in time with it. Can't you tell?"

Izzy was holding onto the table's edge, watching the metronome tick. He had a long, lazy blink. "W... What?" The motion was almost too slight for him to notice at first, but it certainly started. His ears only, at first, twitched side to side in slow time. The rhythm spread down his body like an infection, until he found that his head was starting to bob side to side as well. His face showed an extreme sort of tiredness, and it took him a while to remember that he had been talking to people and playing a game. "But it can't be gettin' me," he quietly whined. His eyes were half-lidded already.

"Oh, but it is," the tiger said, now watching him sway with his whole body like he'd become a metronome himself. "And that's just the first part. Now, every tick is going to start making you hornier, too. And, eventually, you're not even going to notice it anymore, but it's going to make you cum. That's how the dealers are going to know to look out for you, because of the stain on your shorts."

Izzy looked as though he weren't paying attention, rocking side to side in his seat with his mouth open, his eyes shut, and his hands lying in his lap. The tiger's hand on his shoulder was what stopped his motion, and when it did, he woke quite suddenly. "Wh- What? What just happened?"

"Don't worry about it," said the canine across the table. "Can we get the game started, again?"

Izzy did well the next few hands, but still, something troubled him. He had to keep shifting in his seat, and still, he just couldn't keep his erection under control. He bit his lip.

"Something wrong, Izzy?," the tiger asked.

"N-nothing," Izzy said, his face flush.

"Must be your erection, right?"

"What?" He whipped his head towards her. "I- I don't, I mean..." He crossed his legs, hiding it between his thighs.

"Of course you do! Why, you did when you came over here. You must always be that hard. I mean, goodness, we're just playing blackjack, it can't be *this*." She shrugged. "I think you're just always hard, and that's that. I mean, you can't remember a time when you weren't, I'm sure."

"Of... Of course I..." Izzy furrowed his brow. "I am?" Something in his head was pounding like a drum - not in time with the beating of his heart, but much slower. The ticking - of the metronome, of course, though he was no longer able to notice it - was making him twitch and throb no matter how much he tried to trap his cock between his thighs.

"Of *course* you are," she assured him. "And it looks like you're about to blow again, too."

"A-agaaaaain?" Izzy groaned. He crossed his ankles and bent forward, covering his head with his hands. "But, but then they'll... They'll know about..." All of the suggestions he'd been given were getting mixed up in his head. The metronome had made him sleep, so now it made him horny, but he was always hard anyways, and he was still dumb from the game... "*Nngh...*"

"Izzy!" Millie, standing behind him placed a red gloved hand on Izzy's shoulder. "You're cumming?"

“Y-yeah,” Izzy shuddered, staining the crotch of his shorts even as he spoke. “F-fuh... Nnh...” He could feel his own hot seed running over the inside of his thigh.

“That’s nice,” Millie said. “You’ll fall into a deep trance for me when you’re done with that.” She whirled around to face Jade, who stood behind her, now dressed in a sparkling black leotard. The new uniform only cupped her breasts enough to hide the nipples, leaving the rest on display, and showed her legs off all the way up to the hip. “See! He’ll be wonderful in the show.”

“I told you,” Jade said, putting her fists on her hips, “We’re *not* going to be part of your show.”

“And I told you you will, *my lovely assistant!*” Jade twitched like she’d been hit with a jolt. “Don’t you wanna have more fun with me in front of everyone?”

Jade giggled. “Ehehe! Heheh... Yes, miss Millie...” She continued giggling for a few seconds more, then trailed off. Her grin faded, and her frown returned. “We’re *not* doing it.”

Behind Millie, Izzy’s forehead hit the soft green table. “Oh, right on time!” She spun back around to face the players at the table. “You’ve done wonderfully with him. Thanks so much for the help!”

“Enjoy your show,” the tiger woman said, as Millie helped Izzy out of his seat to lead him away. Jade, with her arms crossed angrily, followed closely behind.

“Izzy! Quit fooling around, already.” Jade’s palm on his shoulder shaking him brought him back to his senses. He was sitting in a different chair now, this time up on a stage and facing a whole room full of people, plenty of whom were looking up at him. “C’mon! I’m tired of this; let’s get out of here already.”

“Huh?” Izzy blinked beneath the bright lights. “Where are we?”

“Oh my God,” Jade groaned. “Izzy! Cut it out.” She pointed at Millie, who stood a few steps away from where he sat. “Haven’t you been hearing all the horrible things she’s been saying about us?”

“I just asked where I *am*,” Izzy said wearily, rubbing his eyes.

Millie stepped forward and stuck a microphone at his face. “Could you please ask that again? It’s adorable.”

“Where *am* I,” Izzy asked again, now irritated. “And what are you wearing, Jade?”

“Her uniform!,” Millie answered for Jade.

Izzy blinked. “And *why* is she wearing a uniform, all of a sudden?”

“Why, she’s *my lovely assistant*, after all!” Jade, who had been about to say something more, froze and shut her mouth. “Jade, why are you wearing your uniform?”

Jade took the microphone from Millie, now smiling and bubbly. “Because you told me to, miss Millie!”

“And *why* did I tell you to?”

Jade giggled. “Eheh! Because you said it makes my butt look good. See?” She turned her back to Millie and Izzy and stuck her rear out, shaking it in its shiny black uniform at them. After a moment, her little dance slowed and then stopped, and she turned back around. The look on her face was now even angrier than before. “I don’t know *why* I agreed to *any* of this.”

Millie snatched the mic from her hand. Jade shouted, but buried beneath the crowd’s laughter, her words were lost. “Izzy, I’m guessing that this is all very confusing for you.”

“Oh, you think?” Izzy scowled. “I’m not sure what exactly you’re doing here, but I do know that this night is *not* going how I planned, and I’m ready to get out of here.”

“Mmhm!” Millie smiled cheerfully down at him. “Go ahead,” she said, making no move to stop him.

Izzy started to stand, but before his bottom had left the seat, he fell back into it. “Oof!” He gripped the sides of his chair and pushed, sliding his feet on the ground as he tried to pry himself off it.

“Izzy! Just stand up!” Jade stepped forward and gripped his shoulders, pulling on him. The front legs of the chair lifted off the ground. “Izzy, you’re... Pullin’ on it!”

“It’s pullin’ on me!,” Izzy whined.

Millie just let them struggle for a while, chuckling as Jade tried several ways to get Izzy out of his seat with no success. Both of them were panting from the struggle before long. Hard to blame them - this wasn’t the first act of her show, though neither Jade nor Izzy remembered the earlier parts. Millie *had* made Jade hold that pose for a while - maybe it was time to give her a break. “Hey, alright! I think it’s clear he doesn’t want to go anywhere, *my lovely assistant*.” Jade, who had her hands hooked beneath Izzy’s armpits to try and pull him up, stopped struggling at once.

“You’re right, miss Millie,” Jade breathed, sighing dreamily as her arms fell to her sides. Her hands bounced against her thighs, and she must have found that funny, because she started to giggle again.

“Here, Jade,” Millie said, handing her a golden coin that dangled from a string. “Wave that in front of Izzy’s face until he’s hypnotized, okay?”

“Yes, miss Millie,” Jade said, taking the string and starting to swing the coin at once. Though her giggling stopped shortly after, she kept swinging the coin. “Izzy, you’re not really going to be hypnotized by this, are you?”

“C-course I’m...” Izzy, whose eyes were locked onto the coin, started to trail off and stammer. “I, I... I can’t...” He blinked, and his expression started to soften. “I...”

“Oh my God,” Jade groaned again. “You’re really *that* easy to hypnotize?” She leaned forward, looking down over his shoulder. “Oh my God, did you fucking cum? And you’re *still* hard?”

“Nooooo,” Izzy droned blankly, as he slouched forward in his seat.

“Good work, Jade!” Millie stepped closer to Jade and put a hand on her shoulder. “Clearly, you’re a great hypnotist too, *my lovely assistant.*”

Jade nearly melted, but she stayed upright, still swinging the coin for Izzy. “Thaaaanks, miss Millie,” she sighed.

“Isn’t it hot when he goes under?”

“Mmhm,” Jade hummed, biting her lip. “He... Hehe... He looks so happy and blank that I just wanna... Ehehe! Wanna fill his head up with all kinds of dumb silly stuff and make him... Make him...” Confusion crept into Jade’s expression, tainting her airheaded happiness. “I...” She frowned, and she swept Millie’s palm from her shoulder with her free hand. “I didn’t even do anything to hypnotize him. And quit being such a creep!”

Millie grinned. “I’ll let that one slide just because it’s my fault, really. Jade, *be a doll* and keep swinging that for me, please.”

This time, though Jade froze, there was no grin that broke out over her lips. She froze open-mouthed, head turned towards Millie, stuck in the process of starting to say something. The only muscles that she moved were those needed to breathe and those that made her fingers make tiny motions to keep the coin swinging.

“Very good, Jade,” Millie said. She leaned forward to speak to Izzy. “Izzy, I think we’re about to wrap things up, here, but I want to do something fun, first.” Izzy didn’t seem to even acknowledge that she was speaking to him - he still stared listlessly at the swinging gold coin. Millie pressed on, anyhow. “In just a little bit, you’re going to wake up when Jade stops swinging this coin. And you’ll know that it’s just the very start of the show, and that you and Jade came here because you were *sure* you couldn’t be hypnotized. Jade dropped like a rock, of course, but you

surely couldn't have been hypnotized already. And you won't remember a thing when you wake up, because I haven't even hypnotized you yet, after all. Isn't that right, Izzy?"

"Uh..." Izzy looked like he was going to lapse off again into too deep a trance to speak before he could say anything more, but he managed to get the affirmation out. "Uh-huh."

"But," Millie continued, "Every time someone calls you a 'funny bunny,' you're gonna cum your pants!" Drool dripped from Izzy's lip. "Cumming sooooo hard that your brain just *has* to switch off for a second and forget that it even happened. Doesn't that sound like fun, Izzy?"

Izzy took a while to respond, and when he did, it was quiet. "Yeaaaaaah..."

"Perfect!" Millie stood back up. "Jade? Would *my lovely assistant* wake back up and take her seat, please?" she said, indicating the second chair. "Play with your breasts and spread your legs," she added, when Jade had fallen into her chair and dropped the coin. Jade wasted no time in starting to obey, giggling as she did it. "Doesn't it feel good to show everyone how hard you get when I hypnotize you?"

Jade's bulge did indeed stretch the fabric of her outfit, twitching as Millie spoke. "Uh-huh!" Jade's high-pitched voice was loud enough for the mic to pick it up from a distance. "I want everyone to think I'm the best horny little assistant ever, miss Millie! Ah~!" Jade threw her head back, but frowned just a moment later, blinking. "I... I, ah..." Though she had some of her faculties upstairs back, she was still turned on, and suddenly that made her blush. "I'm not hard because you *hypnotized* me."

"Uh huh." Millie turned her attention back to Izzy, who, no longer held by the coin's spell, was starting to wake up. "Hey, Izzy! Boy, I sure did a number on her, huh? Got you hard too just watching, I see!"

Izzy frowned and crossed his legs. "I'm *always* hard," he protested, and the crowd laughed. "What? What's so funny?"

“Oh, don’t worry about them,” Millie said. “Listen, Izzy. I’ll let you try and guess what I did to you while you were under, and if you get it right, I’ll take the trigger out of your head and let you go! Sound good?”

“What?” Izzy scowled up at her. “You never even hypnotized me. I mean, clearly, you got her,” Izzy said, holding out a hand towards Jade. “But *I’m* just fine.”

“How forgetful!” Millie dropped down into a squat, staring into Izzy’s eyes. “What a *funny bunny*.”

Izzy started to speak, but his breath caught. “F-fuck,” he breathed, his hips rising out of the chair. “I-I can’t be cumming, I can’t, I’m not...” His eyes rolled, and the stain in the crotch of his shorts darkened and spread.

Millie stood and turned back to face the audience, leaving Izzy to writhe in the seat behind her, Jade watching him with some mix of horror and arousal. “How many times do ya think we can get before he runs out of juice, or fries his brain and falls out of his seat?” Various numbers were shouted up, along with some applause. “Let’s find out!” She turned back on her heel towards Izzy again, who was sitting back down, panting with his elbows on his knees. “Figure it out?”

Izzy looked up at her, confused and breathing hard. “F-figure what out?”

“Ready for two?”

“I... Huh?”

“*Funny bunny*.” Izzy needed no more guidance than that. This time, he leaned forward and covered his crotch with his hands, as though he were trying to hold it in. All he got for his efforts were sticky palms. His mind started to drift away from him again, and as it did, he groaned. Millie didn’t give him any time to recover, or even come down from his peak. “Izzy is a *funny bunny~*,” she teased, turning his groan into a desperate whine as his cock began to twitch desperately. Already, he should have been far beyond drained, but the hypnosis made sure that his body didn’t complain too much, and that there was more to draw from him.

This time, when it was over, it took Izzy a little bit longer to turn back on. When he did, he looked around, confused for a moment. "Were... Hah..." He shut his eyes and breathed in sitting back in his seat. "Were you sayin' somethin'?"

Millie put a hand on his shoulder. Jade, now at least equal parts horny and upset, watched in silence, still playing with her own chest. "So, ready to guess what I did to you yet?"

"Nnnh..." Izzy had to straighten himself up in his seat. "No, I... I told ya, you didn't even hypnotize me."

"Oh?" Millie put the mic a bit closer to his face. "How about a hint, then. You're on your third one already."

Izzy looked up at her, still panting. "My... My third..." He blinked slowly, looking clearly almost out of it already. "Third what?"

A voice from the crowd floated up into his ears. "Let's see four, *funny bunny!*"

"F-four?" Izzy's eyes started to cross before it had even fully begun again. "Four wha-..." Realization hit him only a moment before his mind had to shut off. His fingers clenched against his knee and the chair for a moment, and then they fell limp. His arms went limp a moment later, falling at his sides.

Millie, recognizing that her performer was almost spent beyond even her capacity to keep him going, leaned down to whisper in his ear. "That's right, *funny bunny*. Cumming your brains out just like a *funny bunny* should when a *funny bunny* listens to all my sweet words and gets so horny that he forgets that he was ever anything but a *funny bunny* who cums for me because he's a *funny bunny* who loves to be-" Izzy fell face-first out of his seat, sprawling on the ground, laid out in a pool of his own cum that had shot through his shorts.

"Oops. Shoulda caught him." Millie frowned, but she wiped it from her face before she turned to address the crowd. "A round of applause for Izzy, please!"

Izzy got his applause, though he didn't hear a bit of it. Millie turned to Jade, who had a mixed expression on her face, to say the least. "You wouldn't mind sticking around until tomorrow for another show, would you, Jade?" Jade furrowed her brow and opened her mouth to say something. "I think I have another outfit like yours in Izzy's size." Jade blushed and turned away, looking down. "You look so cute when you're under, *my lovely assistant*. Don't you want to do another show with Izzy?"

Jade couldn't keep the smile from her face any more than she could hold down the giggles that were bubbling up to meet it. Her eyes wandered up to meet Millie's, and with all her inhibitions stripped away, there was nothing but excitement in them. "Yes, miss Millie."