

Blake was close enough to the club's entrance to hear the music. Or more accurately, feel the dull thud of the bass and drum lines; he still couldn't tell what the song inside was. The golden-furred lion had chosen to come on a Sunday night, when the queue that tended to snake down the street was nonexistent. Most people were too partied out by Friday and Saturday, so the place wouldn't be packed. It meant he wouldn't have to deal with a shitty bouncer. Or have time to get cold feet. He was going in. He had to.

That awkward, sloppy make-out session he'd had with a stranger at a house party a fortnight ago had haunted him ever since. It had caused more and more things to fall into place for him, in fact. Making him realize why he felt so weirdly comfortable yet awkward around women, why he never went further than 2<sup>nd</sup> or maybe 3<sup>rd</sup> base with women he'd been with. He never really pictured himself with a woman at all, but now, he couldn't get the thought of being with another male out of his head. Or the taste of that cute panther's tongue out of his mouth. This sudden burst of lust was either something he had to get out of his system or explore and cultivate further. He really wasn't sure which. But... his mind raced at the possibilities. Who might he meet tonight?

He could not have been dressed more like a straight person if he tried, though. It was as if he was daring the clientele he'd meet inside to 'turn' him with that light polo shirt with his fraternity's initials emblazoned on it. Coupled with a leather jacket that screamed "I wish I was James Dean" and tan shorts, he felt as though he was going to draw undue attention in the club. Especially since he might be the only person there for Synthetic Sunday who wasn't actually wearing latex or spandex of some kind. He had no idea what to expect as he walked past the bouncer. Blake gave the taciturn rhino an awkward, nervous smile as he passed. No response. He didn't make eye contact with the bored looking gazelle behind the booth as he slipped them 10 dollars, and felt the lime green wristband slip around his wrist. He didn't even get ID'd.

The club was fairly busy for a Sunday; no where near the sardine-can levels it tended to be on other nights of the week, but you could leave room for Jesus in that place, at least for now. It meant Blake had space to move and breathe as he pushed his way towards the bar, just as the music genre shifted from generic techno to 80s hits. Whoops and shrieks of delight filled the bar, and by the time Blake had a small bottle of watery 'lite' beer in his hand, the revelers were belting out the chorus at the top of their lungs. It was only 11 pm, they were definitely on their way!

*I wasn't quite sure why I was out. My head was still throbbing from the last two nights, that dry, dark-brown taste of too much alcohol and too much molly still in my mouth. What possessed me to go out 3 nights in a row? I wasn't even drinking tonight, and I still felt fucking awful.*

*Was it for my friends? Nah, they all just didn't bother to show up, even after that promise we made at 5 am last night.*

*Was it to show off my new gear? I guess, maybe? But I'd be able to appreciate this form fitting little number more if I wasn't barely holding it together. Plus I had to leave my fucking phone at home. No pockets. Pain in the ass. I was just about to high tail it outta there...*

*But then my reason for being here arrives. Looking like a lost little kitten in the wild. It also helped that he was fucking cute. Closeted boys were always so obsessed with their appearance, and he'd made an effort with the 'no homo' look. That popped collar frames that lovely jawline so well. That face was made for sitting on.*

*He was drop-dead gorgeous, but maybe not quite as aware of it as he should be. That, I would be able to fix. Just had to strike up a conversation with him. Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly...*

“IIIIII WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODY!” a cute twinkly lynx in a too-big tank top and too-small, shiny booty shorts was in front of him. The lynx half-sung, half-screamed right into Blake’s face as the lion tried to skirt the dance floor. “I WANNA FEEL THE HEAT WITH SOMEBODY!” This guy looked a couple years younger and a great deal drunker than Blake. The jock lion took a step back to get some space, but the dancer grabbed him by the wrist and tugged hard. In spite of his nerves, Blake found himself grinning from ear to ear. This boy’s enthusiasm was infectious, and he nearly caught himself joining in on “*With Somebody Who Loves Me*” as he was thrust into the throng of bodies on the dance floor. The lynx left him there, trying to find more people to pack out the plexiglass, luminescent floor. Welp, he was in it now!

Fuck it, all he could do was go for it and have some fun.

It didn’t take long for that; If he didn’t know any better, he’d think his drink was spiked from how into the dancing he was getting. The hum of energy, the warmth and sweat of the bodies around him, the thump of the music, awakened something he hadn’t felt in quite some time. Shitty dorm parties playing beer pong while awful rock and dubstep played, or those other clubs where there was that weird divide between the sexes... they didn’t compare to this. Everyone was equal here, everyone was a friend. The energy was intoxicating in itself, and he found himself downing the drink he was planning to nurse, just so he could join in the dancing without spilling it on people. The glistening of the synthetic material hugging those tight bodies of all shapes and sizes, the musky scent of sweat... it carried him from cheesy 80s classic to cheesy 80s classic, through a blur of different dance partners. An older bear with a long greying beard that went almost as far as his navel, surprisingly poised in his movements. A handsome stallion in a purple leotard, his gelled mane styled into a fringe that swept from side to side as he lost himself in the tunes. A pudgy doe and a muscular timberwolf girl, with matching ‘Hers and Hers’ piercings. They looked at each other in a way that made Blake incredibly envious. All of them didn’t seem to look down on him or treat him differently even though he looked completely out of place. Before long, he no longer felt it. Towards the end of ‘*The Time of My Life*’, the lesbian couple pulled off the lift (you know, THAT lift) to the cheers and adoration of everyone around them as the doe spun around in the air, arms outstretched, having, well... you know. That was as good a time as any to get a break and get more booze down his throat.

*Fuck me, as if his body wasn’t perfect enough, his personality got my motor running even further... The way he started out all introverted and shit... then how quickly he opened up and joined in the dancing. And the way he danced with me, when I really sized him up. Fuck me. His scent. The smile on his face. The way he lost himself in the dance. A gift just waiting to be unwrapped. All he needed was a little push in the right direction. The right experience to really open his mind to this world. As we danced, I stroked his cheek, ruffled his hair a bit. Either he didn’t notice, or he enjoyed it too much to stop me. Either way, I knew he was mine.*

Eventually, Blake managed to make his way off the dance floor, his polo shirt already clinging to his body. The heat and the sweat must have made it shrink, he swore to himself as he grabbed the hem and shook it. Revealing his pecs and the hint of a happy trail while he tried to cool himself off and wick off a bit of that sweat. What was he doing just drinking bottles of shitty beer? He needed to loosen up. He ordered a pint of shitty beer this time. Trying to buck that frat boy stereotype.

“You’re a great dancer!” a voice came from behind him, slightly shouted over the music.

Blake wheeled around to find himself face to face with the bearded bear from earlier.

“Let me get you this one,” the bear said, sidling in next to him.

“No, thanks!” Blake replied. “I appreciate it though.”

“You’re new here, I’m guessing. You look it.”

“Yeah.. yeah.” Blake laughed, shrugged. “Just not sure where I stand, you know.”

The bear nodded, his smile widening a bit. Blake felt like he was being sized up. His waters were being tested. His stomach turned into a knot briefly... he had to nip this in the bud.

“I get ya.” the bear said. “Don’t feel pressured into anything, of course. People can be a bit grabby here. But it’s all in good fun.”

Blake felt like the bear was leaning in closer. He got a good whiff of the bear’s odor, something like a sweaty lumberjack. It wasn’t appealing to him. He felt himself sweat a bit.

“So where’re you from?” the bear asked.

So began a somewhat awkward, but pleasant enough conversation. Whenever the bear’s hand moved slightly closer across the bar towards Blake’s paw, he pulled back. He was almost certain the bear was eye fucking him at that moment. Trying to work his way in to seducing him. And yet their conversation hadn’t been in the least bit sexual. Not even any innuendo.

Eventually, his suspicions were finally put to rest when the bartender, a similarly aged buffalo, leaned over to kiss his husband from across the bar. Blake noticed the ring on the bear’s finger as well.

“Oh!” he heard himself exclaim with surprise.

“See why I was tryin’ to get ya a drink?” The bear laughed.

“I’m not giving freebies to every boy you chat up, Dan,” the bartender responded with a playful swat, before attending to the lynx twink, who was hunched over his drink, looking like he was on the verge of passing out or puking.

“C’mon, let’s go,” the buffalo said. “Up and at ‘em.”

“Nng.” the Lynx mumbled something incoherently about how he was totally awake as he raised his heavy head.

“I hope I didn’t make ya uncomfy at all,” Dan said to Chad. “Just can be a bit of a flirt at times. And I like hearing stories from new people.”

“Yeah,” Blake said. “I’m sorry, I completely misread-”

“Happens all the time, you’re okay!” the bear got off the bar stool as it creaked under him, and made his way back towards the dance floor. “See you out there?”

“Yeah, sure,” Blake said, feeling about an inch high as he hunched over his drink.

“Heyyyyyy.”

Blake looked up, the tipsy lynx had taken the previously occupied space. “Ya havin fuun?”

“Yeah...” Blake felt bad for still finding the young guy kinda cute.

“Canyoubuymeadrink?” the Lynx slurred. “Talldrinkawaterrr...”

Blake got him exactly what he asked for; it was the only thing the buffalo would serve anyway. The twink didn’t seem to care too much, too drunk to notice that he was just drinking pure, clean water. He downed it in one gulp, and stifled a belch before sidling off again and stumbling away. Blake watched him walk unsteadily towards the dance floor. He knew where this was going. He hurried after the young feline and caught him just as his legs gave out, carefully dragging him back to his feet and leading him towards the exit.

“Noooooo...” the lynx mewled petulantly. “I wanna daaance, c’mon it’s only like 1...”

“You’ve had enough,” Blake said. “Trust me, dude.”

“Fuckin borin’ lightweightssssssssss...”

It wasn’t long before the lynx calmed down, but not before he cried and sobbed because “this was such a good niiiight everyone’s so greeeat...”. The lion gave him a shoulder to cry on, as awkward

as it was. He was pretty incoherent, the night's fresh air serving to make him extra drunk. So Blake stayed with him until he was sober enough to call a taxi without them hanging up on him.

"Thank you sooo much," the lynx said. "You're a lovely... great person."

"I've put my number in your phone," Blake said. "Text me when you get in safe, okay?"

"Yeah, thank you..."

Blake was positive he wouldn't message him. That kid would probably just stagger in the door and pass out on a couch. But at least Blake felt he earned some good karma out of that. He definitely wanted to get to know that guy sober. Perhaps he'd come here earlier next week to try and catch a glimpse of... of...

FUCK. He didn't even ask his name. A whole hour of chatting away and he hadn't bothered. The one thing he kept forgetting to do. Damn it.

Back into the club for now. He needed to take a leak.

*And I was just thinking to myself - What a sweetheart! Acts of selfless kindness like that are just so - Mmh! Empathetic cuties like that are my favorite playthings. Now, by this point, he looked tired. Receptive. You know what I mean. He was ready for me. So I followed him in, it was time to unwrap my present.*

The music continued to hum and thump inside the bathroom. It was a good deal less vibrant than the bar itself; grey painted walls and stainless steel urinal troughs. It reeked of bleach and sweat, but it was still relatively clean; he'd hate to be here on another night though! He passed by Dan once again on his way in, with a little smile and a nod. Then he was alone, fishing out his dick and staring into the long mirror that was at eye level.

Before he let loose, the door opened, and that brown horse from earlier entered. Blake froze up slightly. Shit. Should have taken the stalls. He was a bit self-conscious about that. He caught the stallion's dark blue eyes in the mirror, and smiled and nodded. Trying not to let that gaze linger too much on the way that skintight suit clung to his body.

The horse's hand went to his bulging crotch, and then he paused, realization spreading over his face. "Fuck," he said with a laugh, his voice deep and velvety like melted chocolate.

"Scuse me?" Blake said, his voice cracking a bit. Wow, that voice sounded amazing. Pins and needles.

"Just... kinda wish I wore something with a fly!"

"Oh. Oh! Yeah, hah..." Blake said. "The cubicle's free."

"Ah... this is embarrassing." the stallion continued, rubbing his knuckles into one of his palms. A nervous tic by the looks of it. "It takes two people to get me into this thing... and, well, two to-"

"Two to get you out. Right." Blake nodded. "Okay." he slipped his cock back into his shorts and turned to him.

"Thanks." the horse said, shrugging his shoulders to try and loosen the straps slightly his made and hair glistening with sweat. There was a pendant on a string his neck; Blake had seen that while they were dancing, in fact. Two interlocked triangles pointing downwards, glittering in the fluorescent light. His eyes followed the trail of the thin silver along as he slipped into the stall with the horse.

"Okay, so you want me to just-" Blake rested his hand on the stallion's warm shoulder, tentatively taking a tight strap underneath his fingers and tugging it down. "Here we go."

"Thank you so much," the horse said. "You're so good."

"Hey, it's the least I can d-"

Suddenly, the horse turned, and with one fluid motion, rested a hand on top of Blake's head, matting his hair.

“H-” Blake was about to stop him, but then the other hand stroked along the palm of his hand. His hand felt limp, his arms felt limp, his head felt-

“Sleep.

Go deep now.

Falling deeper still.

Nice and deep.

Easy.”

Blake f\_\_\_\_\_

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*It took me a while to get used to the first few seconds after I drop someone. If you don't have them in just the right position, or if you're not ready to take their weight, they'll drop to the floor, like they've passed out. Last thing I want is to give this pretty boy a concussion. I keep him upright, keep my hand on his head. Like a puppeteer without the strings. I turn his head gently to the side, let me press my lips to his ear.*

*I ask him if he can hear me, he says yes. In a far-away, dreamy voice that just makes my dick rock hard. I ask him to stand up, and stay balanced. Get that little brain of his working just enough to make him listen and obey.*

Blake stayed balanced, just as the voice told him to. He stared into the grey walls, stared through them. What was happening to him? He felt so strange, vague...

“Remember what we talked about on the dance floor, Blake?”

“No...” a curious thought, something like “how did he know my name?” briefly appeared in Blake, but like all the other attempts at thoughts, disappeared the moment that voice spoke again. Hot breath in his ear turning those thoughts to vapor

“You told me your name, I asked you if you'd like to be hypnotized, you said yes. You might have forgotten, it was a long night...”

“Oh yeah...” Blake couldn't cast his mind back at all. He was just so blank.

“You said you thought I was cute. You got a bit horny grinding up with me.”

“Yeah...”

*I slipped the straps of my suit off and rolled it down to my waist. Letting the boytoy get a nice good whiff of my exposed body. Seeing him stiffen like that... fuck, I live for this. I'd dropped him a little too hard earlier, maybe. Those whispers in his ear might have made him forget how I hypnotized him in the middle of the dance floor. He fucking loved it. That smile on his face, the way he danced with newfound energy, my tongue in his mouth... he definitely got a taste for me. All I needed was to remind him of it. I could see the penny drop in his glassy gaze, and he moaned like a little kitten.*

“Feels good remembering, doesn't it?” the voice said.

Blake was staring into the mirror again. His eyes a deep purple, glazed over. His jaw hung open, relaxed, letting gravity pull it gently towards the floor. The horse was next to him, his lips at his ear. His hand still rested on top of his head; the hypnotist's nails were just long enough to rake gently along his scalp, scratching and finding all the spots that filled his mind with tingly bliss. The scent of that body, sweat and spice and musk, filled Blake's nostrils. It was all coming back to him, how much time he'd spent on the dance floor, how he'd kept coming back to the horse over and over.

“Yes...” he sighed, feeling a little twinge of pleasure. The stallion's hand was on his cock,

stroking it as it glistened. Both the palm and the cock were just a little sweaty from the night's exertion, and the slick, fluid motion felt incredible. Blake would never be able to go back to just masturbating on his own, not with how amazing that hand felt...

"You love how good it feels to be blank," the stallion intoned. God, that voice... "You love how good it feels to be hypnotized. Better than any drug. I'm right, aren't I?"

"Yes..." Blake cooed, a soft little gasp escaping his throat as his cock leaked a little bead of pre, that quickly got lathered up and rubbed all over the throbbing meat. It felt so good.. he was right... yes...

*So by now, I can see it in his face. He's close to cumming already. So pent up. He's been thinking about me all night, I bet. Mentally edging. He doesn't even seem to notice other people entering in. I ignore them as well, even as some puma gawks at us while he takes a piss at the other end of the trough. He wishes he could get in on this. My kitty doesn't even comprehend they're there. His whole world revolves around me. And I'm laughing to myself, because he's kinda put a spell on me as well. Kid's gonna be burned into my memory for weeks...*

"You're so ready to give yourself completely to this pleasure." the horse cooed, his tongue lapping at Blake's ear. "You want to give yourself over to me."

"Yes..." Blake gasped breathlessly, his mouth opening wider, his toes curling, his body quivering...

*It made it even better that people were watching. I can't decide what I want to look at when he cums. His face as his mind goes completely blank from a mind-shattering orgasm? Or his cock, throbbing and spurting out all that juicy cum? Decisions, decisions. What's going to get me off better? You know what? Cock this time. Face next time. I'm not done with this boy yet.*

Blake stared into himself, his mouth open wide, his eyes pulsing a deep purple, his whole body quivering and tensing... the hand clamped down on top of his head, like it was kneading his brain through his skull. He felt... he felt so – so-

*Okay, now...*

"Okay, now – CUM."

The instant those words left Master's- Master's? Master's lips, Blake c\_\_\_\_\_

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*He makes the cutest, strangled little moans as he cums his brains out. Sometimes I get a screamer, who makes an effort to make the loudest orgasm he can. I thought this kitty might have been one. But he wasn't. It actually suited him better. That macho posturing look frat kids like him had didn't suit him that much. He was just a submissive little kitty.*

*I tell him as much, watching that cock drain itself into the trough. Don't know if it penetrated, but he purred and giggled a bit when I did so. So that's something. I take his phone out, catch Kyle staring at me from the sink. That dobie fuck's probably talking shit about me to his current boyfriend next to him, but I honestly don't care. He wishes he could have all of this. I lean against my woozy boy toy's face and snap a pic. Leave my number on it, then send him on his woozy way. He'll remember to call me when sees me and my pendant. I know that much.*

Exiting the bathroom, Blake felt a yawn tear through his body. Checking his watch, he saw it was coming up on 2. Buffalo was calling last orders... so it was probably as good a time as any to leave. Cut his losses and head home. The dance floor was filtering out; but the deer and wolf were still going strong. Slow dancing and kissing to Total Eclipse of the Heart, of all things.

He fucking loved this place. He was definitely coming back. He found his jacket, took out his phone to call a taxi and...

*There's a text waiting for me when I get home. It just says – hang on, lemme get it out here. Ap pa pa pa... Gimme a... fuckin'... here we go!*

*What's your name?*

*And I just said -*

*Come tomorrow and maybe I'll tell you. Swirl Swirl Eggplant Eggplant Winkyface.*

*Haha I'll let you know, he goes. I bet his dick's rock hard again.*

*I stroke while reading those texts, remembering that face as he lost his mind. One of the best orgasms I've had in a while.*

*So there was that date the next night, we got to chatting a bit more...*

*He's taking me to meet his friends next weekend. Says he's finally coming out. I'm happy for that lil' cutie. I dunno, maybe it might be something serious... it could be. I'm nervous. You know?*

*Oh, silly me! I need to stop talking shit. I've kept you waiting long enough.*

*You ready? Good!*

*Okay then - CUM.*