

Day Four: Hypnosis

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Percival was *this* close to cracking it. That accursed dagger had dominated his thoughts and dreams for three weeks by this point, but he knew he could dispel its enchantment with just one more eve, perhaps two in the worst case.

Even now, the scholarly wolf found his thoughts drifting to the imprecated instrument when he should have been enjoying a well-deserved meal with the rest of the party. Oh, the celebrations would be so much sweeter if he could just solve this puzzle first. Hex removal was ordinarily a trivial task, but something about this enchantment seemed to elude even Percival's mightiest efforts.

Just then, a meaty hand clapped itself on his shoulder, pulling the canine back to reality.

"Percy!" cried out a deep voice. The slight-of-frame wolf couldn't help but jump under the sudden attention. It was Amral, a large crocodilian berserker – and possibly the most gregarious of the whole party. His breath reeked of spirits as he invited his lupine companion to partake in the evening's festivities.

"I'll join you all soon," Percival assured his companion. "I just need one more night, maybe two at most, until I've solved this thing." Before the reptile could protest, Percival was already rising to his feet and wrapping himself up in his cloak.

As the white wolf hurried out the door, Amral could only shrug. "Suit yourself," he slurred as his sights turned to a particularly busy barmaid.

Retreating across the blustery winds of Svarhelm, Percival fought through flurries of snow as he made his way back to the inn his party had been using as a home

base of sorts. With a curt nod to the innkeeper, he hurried up the stairs and locked himself away in his room. Jerking open the nightstand, he retrieved the item that had dominated his every thought, the whole day over.

Turning the dagger over and over in his hands, he admired its fine craftsmanship: the thin, indecipherable lettering etched across its blade, the precise balancing of its weight, and the impressively lustrous sapphire set at the base of its handle. Percival wasn't quite sure when he had sat on the edge of his bed, but nonetheless, he brought the weapon closer to his appraising gaze, scrutinising the intricate symbols that adorned its surface. Though each time he felt close to making out one of the characters, the letters seemed to grow fuzzy and indistinct until Percival shook his head to clear the fog clouding his vision.

The wolf was certain he recognised some of these symbols, and yet each character summarily defied recognition, let alone identification. As Percival stared at the knife, frustrated with his lack of progress, he grew acutely aware that he was beginning to feel flush and overheated. Of course – he'd never taken off his cloak! He was still dressed in his heavy winter garb.

The wolf rose to his feet and began to disrobe. It was slowly, almost regretfully, that he laid the dagger down on his bed to free both hands. It was almost *painful* to be separated from the tool, even for the briefest of instants.

When Percival had hung his robe to dry, he returned to the dagger and lifted it into both hands with barely-contained glee. But something still was not right. He *still* was too hot. The meek wolf would ordinarily have been reticent to strip down further, even in the privacy of his own room. But today, he glanced around himself as he entertained the idea. The others were all still enjoying dinner. His room was empty.

With one hand resolutely gripping the dagger, the other began to peel his shirt off, exposing his slim, fluffy chest. The wolf paused for a moment, mindlessly groping along his chest and flat abdomen. He was not yet satisfied, though, as one hand

deftly tugged down both his pants and underwear in one fell swoop, exposing his plump sheath and respectable balls to the cool air.

Gone were any hopes of identifying the dagger. He was content to bask in its comforting presence, to enjoy the warm glow it bestowed upon his very being. The wolf's sole desire was to bring himself and the dagger even closer together.

In that moment, the canine grew vaguely aware of the pleasant tingling that had filled his groin at some point. Mindlessly, he lowered the dagger, nestling its handle down beneath his sheath, wedging its large sapphire in the area between his furred scrotum and his pulsing, throbbing sheath. Percival closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of his deep red shaft growing harder.

Squeezing his sheath, his cock swelled larger, growing towards its full mast of seven inches. How could he have neglected his own body for so long? As he gently squeezed his sheath and the swelling knot within, he began to thrust against the dagger, squeezing it close with both hands. He might have worried over the risk of cutting himself, but he knew he was safe. No harm could come to him when this precious object was so close.

Percival stroked over and over, squeezing and groping as his knot swelled larger. His heart was pounding. He was drooling a constant trickle of salty precum, thick with need. His own musk flooded his sensitive canine nostrils. The scent of masculine need drove him closer to climax.

Eventually, bucking his hips forward into his own thrusting hands, his knot swelled to full arousal and he began to spurt his musk-laden, creamy seed across his own body, coating his chest, his furred belly, and of course, his dagger, in the evidence of his carnal bliss.

Percival brought the dagger to his lips. Carefully, hungrily, he licked clean first the blade, then the splendid handle of the weapon, swallowing every drop of his own release. Percival resolved that he would need many more nights to unravel the mystery of this enchanted weapon.