

Wolf With Me - Crescent

Binaural Suggestions

Breathing in fills your nose with wolf musk

Breathing out is accepting it changes you

Breathing in drops you deeper in trance

Breathing out lets the wolf take control

A musk-sniffing wolf is a deeper wolf

A deeper wolf is a horny wolf

A horny wolf wants to sniff in the scents

A deep, horny wolf is addicted to the musk.

Your savage instincts grow more intense

When you notice the wolf taking control. Addicted to it.

More with every day, more with every breath

Irresistible and stronger the longer you listen

You are a horny wolf

Desperate to fuck. Desperate to cum.

Growling. Howling. Needy. Feral.

Thrusting deeper into the mind of a wolf.

The wolf will stay with you

Caged in your mind... clawing deeper inside.

Dragging you down into your wolf trance...

When I remind you... are... still with me [snap] [snap]

Horny and savage. Feral with lust.

The wolf is a curse in your mind...

Forcing you to be this primal beast.

And always in your mind. Addicted to the wolf.

[Sniffing sounds whenever **musk** said]

[Echoes on 'still with me']

['Night sounds' ambience]

Uh hello...?

..You still with me?

[snap] [Snap]

...

Of course you are... I knew you'd be back. Like the cycle of the moon.

Now don't forget to breathe...

You look like you're in some kind of trance?

No? Hm-mm.

Hey it's no problem!

I mean... you can see how it happens.

When you think about werewolves...

All that instinct... animal behaviour... bleeding through into your human form even when it's not a full moon yet...

Don't you love it?

A werewolf's not just for Halloween. Like a dog's not just for Christmas, right?

It stays with you... as long as you breathe it in...

Think about your favourite werewolf films... and shows... how you can turn into a werewolf...

What's the bit that stays with you?

Most people say the obvious... the transformation sticks in their mind...

But, for me, it's more about the changes that slip out while you're barely aware... it's happening to you.

Now.

Are you sure you're alright?

Just take another breath... okay...

Breathe in for me...

Nice and deep...

Even deeper...

Ah-ha ha... sorry about the smell...

Guess I forgot to shower...

Hm.

Not that it bothers you, I guess... sniffing.

[Sniffing]

Ha-hey... get your nose out of there...

See - this is what I mean...

Seriously - you're all fuzzy and distracted.

You can't help breathing it in, can you? Sniffing...

...

Still with me?

[Snap] [Snap]

You look like you're in some kind of trance... falling deeper with every sniff.

Every breath.

And it's exactly what I was talking about...

The changes happening to you while you haven't even noticed...

How quickly it sneaks inside.

Think about it...

In the werewolf shows... how easy you can imagine... changing into a wolf.

It's always the same every time...

You've been bitten... maybe you woke up on the forest floor... lips stained red with the blood of the first full moon's hunt... or just - waking up in your bedroom... claw marks across your belongings... like there's been a vicious, angry animal inside you.

Escaping... clawing at everything to get out now and run free...

And you know what it means... you're being changed... but you try to ignore it...

And just... carry on...

Listening to the words that people say...

Feeling something rising up inside you...

Like an anger... an instinct... a growling, rumbling sense of unease...

But you breathe in deeply... and tell yourself... you can just relax...

Even though... the longer you keep pretending... you don't know what's going on... the stronger it gets... when you finally notice...

That those deep breaths you're taking...

Hearing your lungs fill up while you listen and try to relax...

It just reminds you... why you're breathing like this to begin with... focusing...

Trying to stay calm... trying with every DROP of your willpower... so hard to relax...

And DROP even deeper into a comfortable trance...

As though every breath... every sniff... is like another DROP...

The smell filling your nostrils, filling your mind... carrying you deeper...

Still with me.

[Snap] [Snap]

Because you know what's happening to you... and there's no sense denying it anymore...

It's easy... thinking about a werewolf...

Picturing how it's taking over... More with every breath...

Instincts... overtaking you...

Snapping... snarling...

Hunger... your nose... controlling you...

When those nostrils flare... your ears perk up...

Angling toward something... you need to hunt...

The crashing cascades of canine energy ricochet through your bones - blasting past your body's limits and setting a fire in your legs... the fur peppering across your skin... bristly and sensitive hackles atop your shoulders... the extra balance of a tail... the scent of something to chase... heart pounding with power... mind raging with wild feral lust... it's so fucking good...

[Ahem]

Guess the game's up, huh? Fine... I'm a werewolf...

And maybe you already knew... which means you already know how this ends – but you're still listening... proving how you want to let my words into your head... because you're here for a reason... and it stays with you...

Not that it matters.

After all... you've been breathing so deeply... and even deeper if you remember why...

So we both know you're...

Still with me.

[Snap] [snap]

And I don't have to hide my tail wagging anymore... hm.

Oh yeah, we have the wagging thing too.

We?

Yeah... we.

Why else do you think I'm wagging? You make a great wolf. I can smell it.

And you can stop pretending you aren't huffing in every DROP of my **musk**... making you sink down deeper into this trance... with every breath... so familiar... the same as you...

That's right...

Noticing now how you keep sniffing it in and sinking more focused into my words. Without thinking.

Even the sound of that word... **musk**... fills your head with delicious notes of arousal... obedience... pleasure... imagining how the strong scent, catching in my fur... radiates from beneath my clothes... and permeates your brain... as you huff it in... **musk**... sending secret signals into your mind... that you respond to... like an instinct... to listen... obey... the **musk**... sending pleasure... safety... pressure... between your legs...

With every breath... letting it in... **musk**...

[laughs]

It's funny... you never think of werewolves as the hypnotic ones...

But the truth is... we are...

And it's only because we don't have to try so hard... it just happens...

When you breathe in...

That smell... My **musk**...

It overpowers you... focuses your mind... only on my words...

And if you think about it...

It's only going to get stronger...

Because the longer you STAY here listening to me... the longer you must be sniffing in my **musk**...

More of it flowing up and in to your brain... hypnotising you with canine obedience... excitement...

That's always how it starts... all the way until you notice the changes...

How your sense of smell increases – becoming more important to you... just like a wolf... making it even stronger... even when you hear the word...

And if you can't stop this **musk** getting into your head every time you breathe...

Then you'd have to stop... just waiting there... breathing... listening for my words...

But you can't stop noticing how the **musk** fills your mind with the instincts of a wolf...

Wanting to be part of the pack. To Obey... Your alpha scent.

So here you are...

Still with me...

[snap] [snap]

Still listening...

[snap] [snap]

Still breathing...

[snap] [snap]

Deeper...

[snap] [snap]

Because you can't stop listening...

[snap] [snap]

You can't stop breathing...

[snap] [snap]

And so you can't stop sniffing in this **musk**...

[snap] [snap]

And you know what it means...

Don't you?

Hm.

Well – let me just ask... how long is it since you've thought about anything but simply huffing in my **musk** like a thirsty, scent-obsessed sniffer dog?

Aww... you don't need to worry about it. Doesn't matter how much deeper you go when you sniff.

But if you want to... you can choose to make a subconscious effort to breathe in through your nose... If you weren't already... noticing how you can feel the tickle of my thick, powerful **musk** twitching in your nose... making you feel fuzzy with focus and obey... so needy... that wolf desire... building... so savage...

Or you can just choose to continue breathing and sinking as you were... so fuzzy and focused... it doesn't matter which way...

[rhythm]

You choose to slip

under and sink

deeper and fall
further and DROP
Faster and melt
Into my **musk**
With every breath
Warmer and fuzzy
Focused and safe
Singling out
Words that you like
Wolf in your mind
Scent in your nose
Alpha commands
And you obey.
Feeling so good.
Deeper is better.
Words seem to blend.
Into noise and confused.
Easy to sniff in the **musk**
And get used
To letting your nose simply
show you the way
To notice my words will
Control you can STAY
Focused and fuzzy
In trance it won't stop
Your mind clouding over with
Pleasure you DROP...
Ten times deeper now, falling as fast as you want to sink into the scent of my words...
And I want you to take a deep breath all the way in for me – inflating your lungs fully with my
heavy, captivating **musk**...

And then only allowing that breath back out at the same speed you allow yourself to drift into the deepest trance your mind can melt your thoughts away into fuzzy focus on the words of the wolf in your head...

Noticing that no matter how much deeper you DROP...

You're still with me.

[snap] [snap]

Still breathing the scent into your subconscious...

[snap] [snap]

Still imagining what it's like to have a werewolf in your mind...

[snap] [snap]

Well done...

And you won't... need to imagine the wolf in your mind from now on...

Because I'm in your head now...

And I already told you – once you've got the wolf inside your head...

It stays with you...

Still with me?

[snap] [snap]

Good boy.

And you know that you can always follow the scent back down to this deep trance whenever you hear those words... reminding you... that you are...

Still with me.

[snap] [snap]

Because you know that if you are...

Still with me...

[snap] [snap]

Then you must be breathing in my wolf **musk**... and it gets into your head...

So fuzzy...

Like the werewolf in your mind...

[snap] [snap]

So when you notice those wolf behaviours... you can repeat and echo in your head... reminding yourself...

The wolf is...

Still with me...

[snap] [snap]

Well done.

But what does it mean? I'm sure you can picture what a werewolf looks like...

You... know how your features can begin to feel... more canine...

Sharper fangs... thicker hair... or fur... getting more bushy...

Ears growing to a thin point...

Claws... piercing amber eyes...

But you're not quite there yet...

Even though it makes it easier to imagine the feral instincts growing inside you...

To know what's coming when the moon becomes big and bright...

But for now... it always starts with a sense of ...

The wolf taking root inside you...

Running wild inside your body – changing you...

With those subtle shifts that you might struggle to cover up...

How easily those canine mannerisms might slip out...

Growling when you're angry...

Snarling at things you don't like...

Snapping or letting loose a gravelly bark to signal your primal power and vent those instincts growing inside...

Because the wolf is always trying to sniff to the surface...

Taking control of your body in whatever small ways you can't help but let it out... always growing stronger while it waits for that full moon when it can overwhelm you...

Every time you relax... the wolf seizes that opportunity in its fangs – to make you...

Bark... growl... snarl... HOWL.

And it feels so good to howl. Like a release... widening your throat, arching your head back... holding your muzzle ajar... to HOWL... and singing your spirit into the night air... announcing yourself... to the other wolves... to your enemies... to your pack...

Noticing how tempting it is... when you imagine a darkened sky... silhouetted clouds heavy with an inky blue-black invitation... outlines traced with that glinting white... reflections of the moons pale glow... you can suddenly feel the sound bubbling up in your throat... rising up like a compulsion... a tic you need to indulge... how good it would feel... to throw your head back and...

Arrrooooooooooo...

And it stays with you...

Just like you... are...

Still with me.

[snap] [snap]

Finding it impossible to think about anything other than being a wolf... hunting... sniffing out the scent...

Of someone you want to mate...

Mounting them... biting down firmly on their nape... paws locking them into position beneath you... and driving yourself inside them...

Fucking them like a beast... instincts... so savage...

Like a wolf.

These thoughts seeming so natural... the power... the primal urge... that comes with seeking out what you want... to be so dominant... more aggressive...

Hey... you go ahead and...

Picture it while you thrust and drink in my **musk** – the same as you... fuelling your arousal. Like a mindless animal.

Because now you've had a taste, there's no going back.

Because this is a curse.

The wolf instincts stay with you.

[snap] [snap]

Growing stronger...

Leaking out...

Sniffing to the surface...

Taking control...

More and more...

With no way to stop it...

Until that next full moon.

Until you can change fully, absorbing all of that primal energy, lust and feral desire into yourself – feeling your fur bristle... your paws pulse... your tail bash around at the base of your spine as you thrust into the pleasure that pulls your hips back and forth... throwing your muzzle to the sky and howling as you cum out your canine energy...

It's the only way... to get relief...

But for now...

All of that animal instinct will simply simmer inside... like the wolf that will stay in your mind... sniffing around for ways to become more like a feral beast... every day... building and growing... irresistible... unable to ignore it...

Allowing it inside – this curse – like one final deep subconscious breath in... Now... Do it...

Pulling the peppery air laced with wolf **musk** into your lungs...

And only breathing out at the same speed you can feel the werewolf instincts... diffusing into your blood... mixing with your mind... and changing you... with every breath... even while you're awake... as these savage, feral feelings pump around your body... more intense every day...

Growing even more difficult to resist... behaving like a wolf... the closer you get to that full moon...

And you're going to have to pay attention to that from now on. The full moon...

Because the only way you can get relief with this curse... is by fully giving in to your wolf instincts on a full moon... and you know what that means. While the wolf becomes stronger and stronger in your head – until you are reduced to a howling, instinctive primal sex-obsessed beast... the only way to get relief... temporarily... is by cumming... on a full moon.

You can fuck and cum as often as you want... and you will – constantly need to sniff out something or someone to fuck... like a beast with endless insatiable desire... always horny... arousal raging inside...

But you know it's true – the only way to get relief... the only way to feel satisfied and keep the wolf fed... is to cum on the full moon. And the wolf knows it too... distracting you with feral, savage lust... forcing its way to the front of your mind more every day... until you give in... on the full moon...

[Laughs]

And you're honestly lucky... I mean... you know you can just look up when the next full moon is on the internet...

Perks of being a modern werewolf, right?

So take a couple more sniffs at me now if you want... my pits... my tail... I don't mind... I know how you're feeling right now...

And you know you'll be smelling like a wolf soon enough yourself... but it doesn't make another wolf's **musk** any less irresistible, does it? So familiar... the same as you...

Sniff it in deep and accept how you've been changed... wanting to sniff out those rich **musky** scents... the dominance... aggression... growling... and howling...

And every time you notice yourself behaving like a wolf... whether you catch yourself growling at something... or feel an extra shiver of rage... paying more attention to your sense of smell... concentrating more on sex... howling...

Every time you notice the wolf making a mark in your mind – it just gets stronger... reinforcing... repeating... as if my **musk** is filling your nose again... pumping wolf thoughts up into your brain...

Becoming more and more filled with the horny primal instincts of a beast – every day... with every breath... until you give in fully... and cum – on a full moon.

But even then... the wolf will stay with you. Making you want to come back, listen to my words again... sniffing in my **musk** so you can feel this curse taking control... even stronger than before...

Always thinking about it... that scent... so powerful... bringing you back to my voice... the same as you...

That's right. You're a wolf now. And you're loyal to the pack. So you can't resist. And you always want to come and sniff it in again... this **musk**... shooting pleasure piercing your wolf-mind... rippling across your body... following your instincts... leading you back here to listen again...

And you're always easily able to follow your nose back down here into this deep trance... under the influence of my **musk**... breathing it in again... as soon as I remind you...

You're... still with me.

[snap] [snap]

Just like the wolf will stay with you.

[snap] [snap]

Only waking up now as you accept this curse into your mind...

The wolf instincts awakening as quickly as you do... so strong...

And thoughts immediately drifting, like moody clouds toward the full moon...