

Boy Next Door

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Steve takes a friend and his neighbor on a camping trip.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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1.

Technically, Steve wasn't the "boy next door." He lived across the street and one house down.

I had only been in my new house a couple of days when I first saw him. Young and wiry and energetic, he was shooting hoops in the driveway with a couple of teens a little younger, who I guessed were his buddies from around the neighborhood. I just stood, staring across the street at his tight, youthful body. His movements were fluid and graceful, a natural athlete if I ever saw one. He reminded me of myself ten years ago when I was eighteen.

"Hey, you want to play?" he called, staring right at me. "We need one more for two-on-two."

I didn't have to be asked twice. I strolled across the street.

"You can have Todd," he said, indicating the shorter of his two friends, which probably seemed fair since I was taller than them. "Jimmy and I'll take you on."

Todd moved toward me. "You've got to watch Steve. He plays dirty," he cautioned, gesturing toward the sexy stud.

"Thanks for the warning," I said, winking at Steve.

Steve smirked and picked up the ball, tossing it to Jimmy.

Jimmy caught the ball and headed toward the basket. But when he tried to throw the ball back to Steve, I intercepted it and went in for a lay-up. True to Todd's words, Steve did indeed play dirty. He pushed me so hard that I landed on my back on the grass bordering the concrete drive; he landed on top of me. Having a chance to feel that hard body against mine almost made the pain in my back worthwhile.

"*That* was a foul," I teased, wrapping my arms around his waist and rolling him over in one effortless motion. His eyes widened, surprised, as I straddled his waist and stared down into his handsome face. "What do you think?"

"Maybe it was," he conceded. "Now get off me."

"Don't let him up," Todd coached. "Make him pay for that. Show him he can't play rough like that just 'cause he's nearly eighteen."

Oh, nearly eighteen? went through my head. *He's younger than I thought.*

Jimmy laughed. "Steve thinks he's big and tough, but he's really a bully. You should teach him a lesson." He didn't sound like he was entirely kidding.

"Is that true? You like to play rough?" I teased, still pinning Mike's body to the ground.

"I dunno ... Maybe," he said seriously, looking up at me, assessing whether he should be concerned. He pushed against me, testing my strength.

I was enjoying myself and almost hated to get up. But I was an adult and the other boys were watching, so I couldn't take this as far as I might have wanted. "Well, just as long as you know that payback's a bitch," I said, grinding my ass as if unintentionally into the unmistakable bulge of young, semi-hard cock-meat.

Getting up, I retrieved up the ball, tossed it to Todd. He smiled and stepped back, ready to play now that Steve had gotten his. Jimmy gave Steve a hand getting to his feet, then got into position. But I couldn't help noticing that Steve never took his eyes off me after that. I didn't know if it was because he was worried about some future payback ... or looking forward to it. He didn't play dirty anymore, though; he kept his distance even when Todd went in for a lay-up. *Good, I thought, Steve's a quick learner.*

We had been playing for almost an hour when their mother came to the door. "Boys, time to come in." Seeing me, she clutched the front of her prim bathrobe even tighter and said, "Oh, hi--you must be our new neighbor. I'd come introduce myself but I'm not dressed for visitors. Welcome to the neighborhood. Boys, say good night--it's time to come in. I'm not telling you again."

"Coming," Steve called to her. The two younger boys grumbled, then headed toward the house. Steve, though, didn't budge.

I tossed the ball to him. "Your mom seems nice."

"*Foster* mom," he corrected--which explained why the other two boys didn't look enough like him to be his brothers. He shrugged. "And she is, I guess--nice, I mean. It's a place to live, and I've seen worse. I turn eighteen in a couple of weeks. They said I can stay until the end of next month, and then ..."

I understood. On his eighteenth birthday, the money for his foster care stopped coming.

"I better get inside," he said.

"Thanks for the game. I'll see you around."

2.

The next afternoon, Steve appeared at my front door and offered to mow my lawn. Seems he mowed several neighbors' yards for extra cash and he'd been mowing this yard for the previous residents before I moved in. I'd bought myself a lawn mower when I moved in and was looking forward to taking care of the yard myself after years of apartment living, but part of me felt sorry for him: He was a good-looking, personable kid who wasn't catching many breaks early in life. I respected his motivation to earn some money. So I hired him to keep doing my yard, just like he'd done for the people who'd lived there before me. He said he'd been taking care of the swimming pool out back too, and so we agreed on a price that included "pool maintenance" services too. Which was good--I didn't know anything about pool maintenance and couldn't have taught him how to do that. I'd been planning to hire a professional service, but was happy to hire Steve instead.

I set up my gym equipment in my garage. The house had a two-car garage but I lived alone, so my Jeep took up one half and my weight bench, free weights, and a few boxes I hadn't gotten around to unpacking yet took up the other. That day, like every day, I was exercising right after I got home from work, while Steve finished with my lawn and pool. The garage door was open to the outdoors because the heat wave had everything sweltering and turned the un-ventilated garage into an oven. There I was, flat on my back, wearing nothing but a pair of loose gray gym shorts and a pair of sneakers, pumping out my next set of repetitions on the bench press, when I sensed someone watching me. I finished my set and sat up. Steve stood in the open garage doorway, waiting for his payment. "Uhm, hi, Mister Nelson. I, uh, I finished your lawn," he stammered, which didn't disguise how intently he'd been staring at my bare chest. He might have even managed to catch a peek up my shorts since I wasn't wearing underwear under them. Nah, the angle probably wasn't right.

I don't mind being looked at. I know I'm a good-looking man. I've been looked at like that before, a lot, and I like it. I knew what it meant. He was just a kid, but I decided to tease him just a little, thinking, *Swim a little closer, little guppy--let's see how you like the bait.*

"Call me Dave," I told him again, since every time he lapsed back to calling me *Mister Nelson*. "Come over here," I said, flexing my arms and chest, "and get in a set. How much weight can you bench?" He told me, and I swung myself up to standing. I pulled off a couple of weights on either side and positioned myself to spot him. I patted the bar. "C'mon, let's see you do a set of ten."

He turned shy and tried ducking his head. "Uhm ... I dunno ..."

"Come on," I insisted, patting the bar again.

He shuffled over and lay back on the bench and took hold of the bar. The way I was standing over his head, as if innocently spotting him, he could definitely get a glimpse up the leg of my shorts. Hell, he was probably starting at the head of my cock point-blank. He blushed and suddenly became very interested in the bar. *Got you, little fish*, I thought and suppressed a smirk.

He wasn't quite eighteen at the time, and I was ten years older. That meant I wasn't about to do anything sexual with him. I was just showing off some. Okay, and maybe teaching Steve a lesson. Teasing him like that might have been a little mean, but nothing was going to happen beyond me giving him something to fantasize about later when he jacked off. I've never claimed to be completely free of ulterior motives, and there are few things I love more than pushing boundaries. I was just going to nudge Steve's a little, an experiment, and see what happened.

"Focus, Steve. The secret is to focus on your technique. Feel the bar--feel the weight of it. Good. Now lift it. That's right. Ready? It's all about the technique. Let the bar sink down toward your chest, slowly, and breathe in."

Steve followed a long, letting the bar descent. He took a deep breath.

"Good. Hold it a second. Focus on the bar as you listen to me. Ready? Now push it up, and breathe out. Good. Hold it a second. Just let the bar pause right there for a moment. Just allow these things to take place. Don't think about them. Okay, now let the bar come back down, and breathe in deeply."

And there it was: the first little narrowing of Steve's eyes as he concentrated his attention on the weight bar and started shutting out distractions. I had the little guppy hooked, and now I just had to reel him in.

"Very good. Hold it a second. Focus on the bar. Now again--push it up and exhale. Good. The more you do this--down again and inhale--the easier it becomes to focus on your technique, on the bar and my voice. The technique becomes natural. Hold it ... and up and exhale. Breathing out stress. Good. Very good, Steve. Focus. No distractions. Now down and inhale. Breathing in healing oxygen and focus. Keep going now. Yes, just like that.

Steve was following along nicely. He was ready for the next stage.

"This is a very familiar motion, isn't it? You could do this in your sleep, I bet. In fact, as you raise and lower the bar, as you focus on it, have you noticed yet a little tired feeling, just a little tired, heavy, focused feeling starting in and around your eyes. Maybe you have. Focus on the bar. Yes. As you focus, each time you raise the bar upward, focusing so intently now, that heavy, drowsy feeling in your eyes keeps becoming stronger."

Steve blinked, his eyes heavy-lidded.

"That's right. As you lower the bar, you could do this in your sleep. Yes. Such a familiar motion. As your eyes begin to close down now, surrendering to that focused sleepy feeling, you know increasingly that you want to allow them to remain closed. Yes. They're closing down now, closing all the way now. As you lift the bar, let them close. Let it happen. Yes. That's right. Want it to happen. Focus. So focused. Feel it happening now.

The movements were slowing. He was breathing deeply and slowly. His eyes were half-closed.

"So easy to lower the bar now, even with your eyes closed. So easy to focus on my voice. Yes. Good. Now, maybe you're starting to notice something about your arms. Each time you raise the bar up and exhale, your

arms are getting a little stronger--that part you know--but now they're getting a little stiffer too. Yes, you're starting to notice something very special about your arms as you lower the bar. Yes, that's it. As your arms do their work, as you surrender more and more to this focused feeling, your arms are starting to become very stiff, and soon, soon they will become stiff as a board. The more you focus, as you raise the bar, notice your arms becoming stiffer. Stiff as a board. Your arms are very special. As they become stiffer and you lower the bar again, as you surrender completely to this sleepy, focused feeling, you begin to enter a deep, peaceful sleep. That's right. And when you've entered that deep, peaceful sleep--so focused--just let the bar rise one last time until your arms are fully extended. That's right--just like that. And let your arms become fully stiff now. Unable to move. That's right. Just like that."

I gripped the weight bar and said, "Now I'm going to take the bar from you. Just let it go. That's it." I lifted it away and settled it into the cradle.

"Good. Now your arms are starting to go limp as you drift into this peaceful, focused deep sleep." I put my hands at his elbows. "Just let your arms go limp, your whole body go limp." And as Steve's arms indeed started to sag, my hands guided them down gently, draping them over his chest. "That's good, Steve. That's perfect."

I wasn't doing this to have sex with him, or even to get him naked. No, Steve was just a kid. I was just doing this to see if I could get inside his head. I like hypnotizing guys, and yes, I admit I had a hard-on the whole time. I'd be lying if I denied being aroused. But I wasn't doing this for sex.

All I did was talk him a little deeper into his trance, telling him how relaxed he felt, to let go of everything that caused him stress, to focus instead on how much he liked this relaxed state and wanted to experience it more. Then I woke him up. Not for long, of course--I immediately started walking him through a second set at the bench press before he could get his bearings, and I gave him the same induction routine. Damned if he didn't enter trance a little faster. Then it was time to wake him up, hand him his money for the yard work, and send him home.

I had the most obscene hard-on tenting the front of my shorts the whole time. We both pretended not to notice, but Steve kept sneaking glances at it and his eyes nearly bugged out of his head each time. I have a good-sized cock, and it was sure putting on a show for him.

When he left, I went inside my house, dropped my shorts, and jacked off, hard and fast. I probably shot my nut-juice before he even got across the street.

3.

These afternoon workouts became part of our routine. After Steve finished whatever yards he was mowing that day, mine or various neighbors', he'd come looking for me in my garage, where I'd be halfway through my workout. What started as a coincidental convenience in our schedules became intentional, on both our parts. He wanted to get into working out more, add some muscle as his body developed into a man's, but mostly I think he wanted an excuse to spend time with me and ogle me. We never talked about that last part.

Sometimes I hypnotized him; sometimes I didn't. We never talked about that part either.

Truth is, I liked the kid. He liked that I accepted him as he was. I never asked questions about his past, like how he came to be living with a foster family. I never asked questions about his future either, the big unknowns, like was he going to college or what career he was planning--that way he never had to lie to me or

make some story about where he saw himself after he left his foster home. He seemed to like that I let him exist in the now.

Mostly, however, we just worked out and talked about his present: school, things his foster parents had done to piss him off in the last couple of days, whatever was going on in his life at the moment, generic shit like that. Steve and I had a few things in common. Turns out our birthdays were in the same month--we shared a zodiac sign. We both liked pizza and beer but didn't get to have them as much as either of us wanted, him because his foster parents couldn't afford pizza often and he was underage for drinking beer, me because I liked being trim and didn't want to balloon up to a bejillion pounds. We both liked science fiction movies. But overall he didn't talk much about his foster family and he didn't ask much about my family either, which sent a clear message regarding topics that were off-limits. I didn't pry. He liked that I treated him like an equal instead of a kid. And his foster mother didn't seem to mind him spending more time with me--if anything, from what Steve said, she was relieved to have him out from underfoot.

A couple of weeks later, just a few days following his eighteenth birthday and with the seldom-acknowledged end of his stay in his foster home dead ahead at the end of the month, Steve made a discovery about me.

I'd been having this sexual fling for nearly a year with an Army guy I'd met a while back at a bar: Chris. Late twenties like me, my height, athletic--hot. We weren't really boyfriends, just fuck-buddies. I liked Chris a lot, but he said he wasn't looking for a commitment yet. I wanted more, but I was fine with doing the fuck-buddy thing. He had one of the sweetest asses I'd ever cum across, and I'd cum across a lot of 'em. I came across Chris' a lot too.

That Saturday, Chris and I had spent the day together at my new place. Usually we got together Friday nights either at his apartment or mine for a fuck, then whichever one of us went home. Since I moved, though, we'd been meeting up at his place. This was the first time Chris had been to my new house in the heart of darkest suburbia. He spent the night and stuck around Saturday morning to lay out by my pool, sun himself, and swim. I'd grilled us up some lunch earlier. Lunchtime turned into late afternoon.

When I say we were out by the pool, I mean sans clothing. I was laying back in a chaise lounge, stark naked, and Chris was swimming around in the pool, equally starkers. Sometimes I hypnotized Chris; sometimes I didn't. But right then he was skinny-dipping of his own free will because he liked being naked as much as I did. A privacy fence kept prying eyes away, so why shouldn't we do what we damned well pleased? My yard, my rules.

Chris was hanging around longer than usual, and Steve showed up earlier. I heard his lawn mower start up in the front yard. Chris was swimming laps and making a great show of lifting his fine, bare ass out of the water each time he reversed for another lap, knowing I'd enjoy the scenery. Such a flirt!

Chris had climbed out of the water and was drying his back with a towel, which made his cock and balls bob in the afternoon air, when Steve opened the gate and pulled his mower into the back yard. Chris didn't care--after a moment of surprise at the interruption, he gave Steve a grin and kept drying his lower back, not caring that some kid was seeing him full-frontal naked. I didn't care either. I looked over at Steve, who stood frozen with shock. I waved, said nonchalantly, "Oh, hey, Steve. You're early. Steve, this is my friend Chris. Chris, this is Steve."

They said, "Hey," to each other.

Steve stumbled through, "Sorry to interrupt ..."

"You're not interrupting," I said. "Go right ahead."

Chris ambled over to me. "Well, I gotta go. I have to meet some buddies for dinner. I'll give you a call." That's how we parted each time, one of us promising to give the other a call. He bent down and we swapped a long, passionate kiss that Steve pretended to ignore, though his eyes were about to bulge out of his head as he started up his mower again. Chris disappeared into my house to retrieve his clothes and depart.

I could have gotten dressed too, but I didn't. I stayed right where I was and pretended to leaf through a magazine and work on my all-over tan; though I admit, I did part my knees a little wider to give Steve a better look at my equipment. This was his first clear, sans-clothing view of the goods. He was trying hard not to look--or rather, he was trying hard not to let me catch him looking. Yeah, he was obvious in spite of himself.

This was the first time Steve had seen me fully naked, and there I was, sprawled out where he could look at me from head to toe. He wasn't going to miss an inch.

Cleaning the pool gave him a better chance to check me out. He got to stand closer and linger longer, move around, check out the view from different angles. That's probably why he took nearly twice his usual time to finish. I couldn't be sure, because I was trying not to look too long at him, but I was sure he had a boner the whole time, which gave me a boner.

By that point, I was stretched back in the chair, my head back too, eyes closed, my legs spread and feet planted on the concrete on either side of the chair, pretending to be absorbed in the act of absorbing the afternoon sunlight. My erection lay up along my stomach, pointing at my left nipple.

I heard: "Uh, sorry to disturb you, Mister Nelson, but ... uh, I'm finished."

I didn't move for a long second, pretending maybe I was dozing. But then I officially woke up and squinted up at him. Steve couldn't decide where to aim his eyes, but mostly kept them pointed at the concrete between us, except for these little quick flicks over to memorize my various body parts before he yanked them back into behaving. He'd taken off his shirt too by that point, so I could see he was blushing all the way down to his chest.

"So you are," I said. I scratched my chest, looked around, as if inspecting his work. "And since you're an adult now, call me Dave, remember? C'mon inside and I'll get your money."

I stood up and strode toward my house. Catching a glimpse of Steve's eyes widening as my dick led the way made me even harder.

He followed me inside. By now he wasn't even trying to disguise his eye-lock on my cock. He asked, "So are you gay? Was that your boyfriend?" He wasn't trying to disguise the jealousy in his voice either. He maybe wasn't aware of how obvious it was.

"Chris? He's just a fuck-buddy." Which answered both of his questions at once.

"What's that?"

As if I needed a reminder that Steve was still just a kid in a young man's body. Sometimes, barely eighteen is still barely eighteen.

"A fuck-buddy? It's kind of like a friend with benefits. We fuck, but it's just sex. You know--making each other feel good, getting off. I like him a lot, but we're not boyfriends. No strings."

"Oh," he said flatly, still wrapping his mind around something. "You're gay? I don't know anyone who's gay."

"Well, now you know Chris and me," I said. I noted a telling bulge in the front of his shorts. "What about you? Are you gay?"

He flustered: "I ... Hell, no--I'm not gay!" The way he blushed so easily was kinda sweet.

I picked up his payment, in cash, from the table, and I turned to face him. He would've gotten a great full-frontal look at all of me, if only he had aimed his eyes higher than my crotch. Okay, I admit I'd checked out his chest a few times that day too, and his shorts-clad ass--kind of a *tit for tat* thing--but I wasn't nearly this obvious. He might have claimed he wasn't gay, but Steve was definitely curious, and maybe more.

I decided to tease him a little more. I reached over and fished a condom out of the bowl on the table--I'd put condoms there because I figured eventually Chris and I were going to fuck on that table again like we did last night, or on the floor next to it, or on the chair over there--anyway, always running to the bedroom for supplies was a nuisance, so I had little condom-and-lube stashes in various drawers and bowls throughout the house.

I held out the payment and prophylactic.

"What's that for?" Steve asked, frowning. He meant the condom.

"Well, you're an adult now, and you need to be ready to act responsibly when you find someone to swipe your V-card ..."

"I--" Steve blushed really, really red. Making him blush was definitely too easy. He almost whispered: "How--how'd you know I'm a virgin?"

I winked at him. "I didn't, 'til now."

I held out the cash with my left hand. He reached for it with his right. A second before he would have taken the cash, I intercepted his hand with my right, clasping it like I was going to shake it, but I pulled his hand toward me instead. His eyes widened, surprised, and he finally looked me in the eye.

I ordered him, "Steve, look at me, just for a moment. Focus your eyes on me, and listen to my voice. Just follow along and allow things to happen."

"Huh--?" He tried to pull his hand away, but I held it firmly.

"I know you're tired from a long day of working hard. You always work so hard."

Meanwhile, I raised his hand up a couple of inches, then down, as if shaking his hand in slow motion.

"As I raise and lower your hand, you may have noticed that familiar drowsy, heavy feeling again in and around your eyes again. Every time I lift your hand, that heavy feeling in your eyes is becoming stronger. You feel it, don't you. Yes. I can see you do. You're tired after a long day of working hard, just like when we work out. As I lower your hand--like this--your eyes begin to close--so familiar--you want more and more just to let them close and allow them to remain closed. They are closing down all the way now. Yes, that's

right. So very tired and drowsy. Let it happen. Closing ... closing. Drowsier and drowsier. Want it to happen. Feel it happening now. Close them now. Close them tight. Yes, just like that."

Steve stood there, eyes closed, swaying slightly, deeply entranced again.

"Very good, Steve. I'm going to touch you and make some simple suggestions. You'll be able to follow them easily. Just let any resistance slip away to the side, and follow the suggestions. Do you think you can do that for me?"

"Yes."

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to," I assured him. "If something happens that you don't like, just tell me. I'm not going to force you, and you can leave any time you like. Understand?"

"Yes."

I took the cash and condom from his fingers and tucked them safely into his shorts pocket. I ran my hand across his chest, feeling the smooth, hairless skin and the muscle definition below it. I touched his nipples, rolling and gently pinching the nubs, then let my hand slip around back and then under the waistbands of his shorts and briefs. My hands eased lower, caressing his smooth skin. I cupped his firm, round butt cheeks in my palms, letting my fingertips creep up and down his ass. There was a hint of hair in his crack, though his cheeks had felt smooth and innocent of follicles.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Steve? It helps you relax more completely, doesn't it?"

He moaned, hips nudging against me unconsciously. His partially hard cock pushed out the front of his shorts. While Steve had finally gotten comfortable taking his shirt off in my baking-hot garage during our afternoon workouts, he still seemed shy about his body. I couldn't wait to find out whether Steve would be willing to get his clothes off and reveal that cock or that smooth, round butt to me.

There's not much I love more than pushing boundaries.

I fingered the tiny pucker in his ass crack, tickling and teasing the tight muscle-ring, while I kissed along his bare shoulder. He didn't react as I eased his shorts and briefs down. His chest swelled with each deep, relaxed breath as I turned my attention to his hardening cock. He packed around seven and a half inches, on the thick side. I stroked along the stem of it, then dropped to my knees in front of him. I buried my nose in his curly bush, inhaling his powerful masculine scent.

His knees trembled and goose bumps spread down his thighs as I ran my tongue along the pulsating vein.

"Are you horny, Steve? Do you want me to suck your cock? Ask me to suck it."

"Suck it ... please?" he breathed softly.

But I purposely avoided the sticky head and lapped his sack of jewels. His mind might have been trance-groggy, but his cock quivered in anticipation, while my fingertips once again sought out the back entrance to his body.

"Suck it, please?" he groaned again.

I stood up, took his hand, and guided his fingers to my erection. Even with his eyes closed, he knew what he

was touching. Even tranced, he hesitated, clearly uncertain as I directed his hand along my length. I thrust my cock into his palm, and his fingers curled around it as if by habit. The plum head of my cock poked out of his fist.

I made up my mind I would have his cherry--not right at that moment, of course, but I would have it. And I was sure he would not resist when the time came.

"Kiss me," I said. I pulled him close one more time, this time pressing my lips to his and shoving my tongue into his mouth. Initially he stiffened, involuntarily, at the intrusion; then he melted against me, kissing me back with more enthusiasm than I had anticipated. More skill than I'd expected from someone his age too. Steve was a good kisser.

I let him go and stepped back. "Just breathe deeply," I told him as I knelt before his pulsing cock. "Just relax. That's a good man. You're doing so well. Would you like to open your eyes, Steve? Would you like to watch me suck your cock?" As I inched my lips closer and closer to his quivering cock, I fisted my own aching boner.

I kissed and licked his cock, then let the head slide onto my tongue. He was so hard and so horny, getting his rocks off wouldn't take long. I swallowed again and again, squeezing and massaging his captive dick with my mouth, knowing he was close.

I jabbed my face up and down over his cock, harder, taking it faster, deeper, while I fisted my own erection. He came suddenly, his cock jumping as his load blasted against the back of my throat. I kept my lips locked around his throbbler until he finished coming, then let it slide out of my mouth. I looked up at my sexy young man.

"Did you like that?"

"Y'uh ..." he sighed.

"That's only the beginning," I replied, getting to my feet.

I still had not come. After a night and morning of sex with Chris, I needed a minute to cum again, but my cock was eager for the attention, the head a deep purple, pre-cum pearling at the slit.

"Look at my cock, Steve. Look at it carefully."

His eyes fixed on the gaping slit as I stroked my cock closer and closer to explosion. I always liked having an audience, and his dazed eyes made me extra-horny.

"That's it. Watch my cock, Steve. Memorize it. Focus on how relaxed you feel as you look at it."

The heat spread slowly, consuming my dick, then my balls, inch by inch, then flaring out through my whole body. My cock jerked and twitched in my fist. My white goo spewed from the slit, splattering the floor in front of me.

"Excellent, Steve. You did very well. Now you should get dressed. As you do, let yourself awaken slowly, at your own pace." He started pulling his clothes back into place while I went to get something to wipe up with. He had disappeared out the door by the time I returned. I didn't know what he was thinking, but I was certain he would be back. I had treated him to what I suspected was his first blowjob. He might not know what to

think about the hypnosis, but he'd certainly know what to think about the blowjob. He would want more.

4.

Technically, Steve wasn't the "boy next door." Right then, though, he was the boy right in front of me.

I trudged up the steep incline, the straps of my backpack digging into my bare shoulders. We'd been hiking for nearly four hours in the scorching sun and we'd been going uphill almost the entire time. Chris and I were sweating like crazy and had long ago stripped off our wet shirts. Chris still wore his Army dog tags, because he knew I loved how sexy they looked on him; they were practically stuck to his sweaty chest. Steve, shyer, had finally relented and pulled off his shirt too. Sometimes we walked abreast; sometimes the trail narrowed and we walked single-file. Just then, we were single-file, Steve in the lead, me behind him, and Chris behind me. When I wasn't checking out Steve's legs or his cute little ass, my eyes roved over his broad shoulders and nicely muscled back. His athletic body was shaping up nicely, with just the right amount of muscle--not as nice as Chris' yet, but he would get there in time. At eighteen, Steve was turning into a good-looking young man. Of all the scenery around me, I couldn't decide who kept catching my eye most of all: Chris or Steve. My nuts had been churning and my dick twitching in my shorts our entire trip. I found myself wanting both of them, wanting them badly, and soon.

Damn. I was glad I invited Chris along. The blazing sun and fresh air already had me horny enough to fuck a knothole. Chris was a "friend with benefits"--mid-twenties, Army, cute as hell, and definitely a hellion in the sack. This fuck-buddy thing we had going once a week was fine, but I wanted more. This fishing trip together had been planned to give us a week of nearly nonstop fucking. But we were only halfway through the hike and already I was horny. My nuts needed relief right then. Normally, I'd have hauled Chris off to the side of the trail for a quickie, but Steve was there. I hadn't seen him at all in the week since that blowjob. Things between us were still a little ... unresolved.

Watching Steve's tight little ass, sinewy legs, and sweat-soaked back had me increasingly horny. When he stepped off the trail to piss into the brush, I did the same; Chris too. We stood nearly side by side, our shorts unzipped, and I snuck a casual glance at Steve's very nice dick on one side of me, then Chris' on the other side. Chris chuckled and growled, "*En garde!*" and swung his piss-stream across mine like clashing swords. I laughed and swung mine back at his. Steve giggled and swept his across ours, eager to play too. Yeah, I could definitely think of a lot of things to do with those dicks and the very fine asses tucked into their shorts.

Six hours earlier, at four in the morning Chris and I were ready to leave for our fishing trip. Chris had stayed the night so we could leave before dawn and avoid the heat and traffic. We went out of my Jeep. The summer heat wave hadn't kicked in for the day yet, but I knew it was going to be brutal. I wanted us to get on the road early, so we wouldn't roast while hiking our way through miles of wilderness.

I went camping two or three times a year, and this was my annual birthday fishing trip. This year I asked Chris to come with me if he could get leave, which he did. This trip was officially celebrating my birthday, but it was also unofficially celebrating a big step in my life: The night before, I'd asked Chris to move in with me, and he'd agreed.

Our backpacks held the tent, our sleeping bags, some fishing gear, a little food, and a lot of bottled water. I planned to fish and live off the land for food, but staying hydrated on the long, hot hike up there and the hike back required lots of water. We hauled our backpacks out to my Jeep. Time to hit the road.

Chris' car was in the garage. I'd parked my Jeep in the driveway instead, since the garage door opener made a lot of noise and I didn't want to disturb the neighbors in the pre-dawn hours. Plus, the garage would keep Chris' car safe while we were gone.

We went out to my Jeep. You can't sleep very well in the back seat of a Jeep, but Steve was managing. I thought, *What the hell?*

Chris saw Steve and whispered, "Hey, it's that kid with the crush on you. He's cute. You tapped that ass yet? Is he coming with us?"

I scowled and rapped on the fender.

Steve blinked and struggled to sit up. "Huh? Sorry, Dave! Sorry!"

Well, at least the *call me Dave* portion of our conversation last Saturday had finally stuck.

"Hi," I said. "Want to tell me what's going on?"

He spilled the whole story in a sleep-groggy mess. Even though his foster parents had originally said he could stay until the end of the month following his eighteenth birthday, money was tighter than they expected. Without the money from his foster care, they couldn't afford to feed him any longer. That meant his foster parents had solemnly nodded their heads last night and told him it was time for him to leave. I knew Steve had been anxious to go, although he didn't tell his foster parents that, but I also knew he was still trying to save up extra cash from his lawn mowing and find a decent job so he could survive on his own. There wasn't any point in telling his foster parents that, though. He merely thanked them for giving him a place to stay, packed a duffel bag of clothes, and walked out. Lacking any place to go, he found my Jeep unlocked in my driveway. He decided to sleep there, then walk to the bus stop and make the trip into the city later that morning. He meant to be long gone before I woke up. I hadn't told him about my fishing trip, and he wasn't expecting me to come outside early.

Chris said, "You got anyplace to be for the next few days? We're going to the mountains. You should come with us. Right, Dave?"

What was he saying? I considered giving Chris a *we should talk about this first* scowl. Wasn't talking about things first what people who were *living together* were supposed to do? I decided to let it slide. Technically, Chris had only agreed to move in and hadn't actually moved in yet, so maybe the *talk first* rule didn't apply yet.

Steve's expression was unreadable. "I ..."

Sure, Steve was eighteen now, but I liked the idea of having my fishing trip all to ourselves so Chris and I could fuck like dogs in heat. I--*we*--didn't need to be dragging along strays.

My mouth engaged before my brain: "Yeah, you're welcome to come along if you want."

What the hell was *I* saying?

Steve said, "You sure?"

No. "Yes."

Steve said, "I, uh, don't have a sleeping bag or anything."

Chris looked at me and said, "You've still got that spare, right?"

I went back into my house and returned with the spare back pack and sleeping bag other friends sometimes used when they came camping with me instead of Chris. We'd have to stop and get more water, and I'd probably have to teach Steve how to fish and how to cook over a fire ...

5.

Back on the trail, just under an hour away from the site where I liked to set up camp, we paused so I could take off my backpack. I was hungry and wanted to dig out a couple of the protein bars I'd stuffed in a side pocket. My pack held the tent and my bedroll, so it was a lot larger than Chris' or the one I'd loaned Steve, which just held the spare sleeping bag and some extra food and water we'd bought on our way here since I hadn't been planning on bringing along a third mouth to feed.

Where the fuck had those protein bars gone? I knew I'd put them in this side pouch, but they'd gotten hidden under a lot of other stuff that I had to haul out so I could dig deeper.

"Condoms?" Steve asked, surprised.

I looked down to see what he was staring at. I'd pulled out a strip of wrapped condoms along with some other stuff. Hey, when I was off in the woods with Chris, there was no such thing as bringing too many condoms or too much lube.

"Oh, yeah," I said breezily. "Chris and I"

Steve's eyes bugged out and he blushed, more scarlet than a bad sunburn.

Which reminded me: Better get out the sun block while I was digging around.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"I ..."--and here his voice got really quiet--"... no ... nothing's wrong."

I tossed him a protein bar and the sun block. "Apply liberally. You're already looking a little red."

We munched our protein bars as we continued on up the trail.

I made my decision. Like I said, there's nothing I like more than pushing boundaries.

Sometimes I hypnotized Chris; sometimes I didn't. My workouts with Steve had been the same way--sometimes I hypnotized him, and sometimes I didn't.

I started with a soft monotone: "I hope you don't mind if I talk to myself a little while we walk. You don't have to listen. It's just a thing I do sometimes, a way to let my mind wander and work through some things. Just a way to let my mind talk to itself. You don't have to listen. In fact, you don't have to pay any attention to me consciously at all. You can keep your mind focused on walking, one foot in front of the other, while I talk, soft and low like this. Your subconscious mind can hear even if I whisper. Nothing to pay attention to. Just take a deep breath of that fresh air. I know it's hot. The sun is very hot. It's relaxing in a way, right? Don't

answer. Don't listen. You can hear me just fine without listening. Just keep walking, one foot in front of the other, walking quietly and slowly. Before you let go completely and go into a deep hypnotic state, just let yourself hear without listening, hearing everything I say. It's going to happen automatically. You don't need to think about that now. You don't need to have conscious control over what happens. So easy to keep walking, keep breathing. Easily and freely. Without thinking about it, you will soon enter a deep, peaceful, hypnotic trance, without any effort. There is nothing important for your conscious mind to do, nothing to distract you. Nothing at all is important except the activities of your subconscious mind, as automatic as dreaming."

Chris was an experienced subject by now. His pace barely changed as the hypnosis took hold.

"You're doing very well, Steve. You too, Chris. Without noticing it, you both have already started breathing much more easily. Deeply, freely. Yes, you are showing signs that indicate you're drifting into a hypnotic trance. Your subconscious mind listens to each word I say. It keeps becoming less important for you to consciously listen to my voice, and more important to continue to drift into a more detached state. Letting go completely. Your own mind is letting go of its worries and tensions, at its own pace, just as rapidly as it feels ready."

Steve took longer to respond. His gait slowed, his steps clumsier, sluggish, but still moving forward. My hand on his shoulder guided him as we walked.

"As you experience that deepening comfort, you don't have to talk or let anything bother you. Your own inner mind can respond automatically to everything I tell you, and you will be pleasantly surprised with your continuous progress."

Chris was blinking, shuffling, but still managing to keep pace. Steve's eyes were half-closed; he needed more guidance to keep him moving along the trail. And me?--I had a huge fucking hard-on in my shorts.

"You both are getting much closer to a deep hypnotic trance. And you are beginning to realize that you don't care whether or not you are going into a deep trance. Being in this peaceful state enables you to experience the comfort of the hypnotic trance as you walk. Being hypnotized is always a pleasant, calm, peaceful, completely relaxing experience. You always enjoy the sensations, don't you. Yes. Comfortable. Peaceful. Calm. All the other sensations that come automatically from this wonderful experience."

A little while later, I cuffed Steve's shoulder to stop him. "Hey, wake up, daydreamer. This is it!" I announced loudly, snapping my fingers a couple of times. "This is home for the weekend."

Steve looked around, blinking away his trance in the bright sunshine. Chris was snapping out of it too.

We were just uphill from a clearing and a deep, slow-moving stream. Its sparkling waters looked cool and inviting. We slipped the backpacks off our shoulders. I pulled off my hiking boots and socks. Chris had been on these camping trips with me before, and he knew the drill. He started yanking off his clothes too. Steve stared at me. He sure looked good in nothing but his shorts and sneakers. The rivulets of sweat trailing down over their chests made me yearn to run my hands and tongue all over their torsos, but that would have to wait.

Before Steve could get his bearings, I dropped my shorts, ran to the stream, and dove in naked. Chris, equally naked, jumped in after me. Steve got the idea, pulled off his sneakers and socks, and ran in with his shorts still on. The water wasn't that deep, maybe chest-high at most, but its coolness sure felt good on my skin. We just swam around in the stream, laughed, splashed each other as we cooled off and rested from our hike. I think Chris looked even more sexy when he was wet. Steve too. My heart was racing and my nuts ached with pure horniness. We were the only people around for miles. I knew Chris would do whatever I wanted, and I

had a feeling Steve would too, once I got him over his shyness. He just needed his boundaries pushed a little more.

I hopped out of the steam for a moment and got us bottles of water. We drank them right there in the stream. The sun was blazing, and the temperature had to be over a hundred degrees. The stream was the perfect place to be. My nuts were out of control. All I knew was that I wanted to get into Chris' ass--and into Steve's shorts too.

Steve hauled himself up on a big log that extended out into the stream, where he sat and watched Chris and me play-wrestle in the water. Steve's wet shorts clung to his slim hips and the big bulge in the front. I eyed his beautiful body and hefty package; he was younger than I usually liked 'em, and inexperienced too. I preferred a man like Chris, my age, someone who knew what he was doing and was good at it. But I--~~we~~--could teach Steve the basics soon enough. I knew he would be an eager student once I hooked him and reeled him in.

My dick was rock-hard, and my nuts were aching like crazy. I needed to get laid. Chris and Steve were both convenient and lust-worthy. Nothing else mattered; my nuts took full control.

I waded over to Steve and started groping his bulge. He pushed my hand away and giggled, "Stop it, Dave." Immediately my hand was back, fondling his package.

"Come on--stop it, dude."

I didn't stop. I just kept feeling him up. Steve was getting hard.

"Seems to me you like it," I purred. "Just relax. There's no one around for miles except us. Focus on my voice. Look into my eyes. Focus on breathing this fresh, clean air. Relax and let it happen, Steve."

"It ... does feel kind of good," he murmured.

A pair of strong arms encircled my waist from behind. "What about me?" Chris cooed into my ear.

I turned in Chris' embrace and put my arms around him too. "What about you?"

I kissed him lightly. His mouth pursued mine, wanting more, but I pulled away a bit.

"You're a good-looking man, Chris. For now, though, just close your eyelids and let your mind drift where it will. This is a beautiful place, isn't it?"

"Yeah ...?"

"You're aware of everything here, and yet you're not aware. You are listening with your subconscious mind, while your conscious mind drifts, drifting far away and not listening. Your conscious mind is far away and not listening. Close your eyes. Your subconscious mind is awake, listening, and hearing everything, while your conscious mind remains very relaxed and peaceful."

Chris blinked, looking at me.

I didn't let up on him. "You can relax peacefully because your subconscious mind is taking charge, and when this happens, you close your eyes and let your subconscious do all the listening, just like so many times before. Your subconscious mind knows, and because it knows, your conscious mind does not need to know

and can stay asleep, and nothing will disturb its sleep while your subconscious mind stays awake. Remember how good letting your conscious mind fall sleep feels; you're forgetting how to keep your conscious mind awake. It doesn't matter if you forget, because your subconscious mind will stay awake instead."

Chris' eyes closed, clung shut for a moment, before opening again--but only halfway. He tried to shake his head to clear it, but his eyelids started sinking shut again, slowly.

"You need not remember anything else. Your subconscious mind remembers everything you need to know. Your subconscious mind listens and remembers while your conscious mind sleeps and forgets. Let your eyes close as your conscious mind sleeps. That's it."

Chris's eyes closed and did not reopen.

"Keep your eyes closed, and you can continue to listen to me with your subconscious mind, just like so many, many times before. Your conscious mind sleeps deeper and deeper, deeper, deeper. Let your conscious mind stay deeply asleep, and let your subconscious mind listen to me."

Steve watched intently, barely daring to move or breathe, as I hypnotized Chris.

I pulled away from Chris, leaving him standing, eyes closed, swaying slightly, in the sun-dappled, navel-high water. I turned back toward Steve.

"Wow ... So fucking cool ... You gotta teach me to do that." he whispered, sounding a little dazed. I knew he'd also be at least partially affected by the induction that had entranced Chris.

"You know, Steve, the best way to learn to do anything is by doing it."

I put my hand on the crotch of his shorts again, feeling definite hardness inside. He tried to turn his hips away, but my hand followed, persistent, groping gently, insistently. He pushed at my hand again. His voice was still sluggish: "Come on, man--stop it."

"I know you don't really want me to stop," I purred. "Don't be ashamed of wanting more. No one's judging you. Don't fight it. Just relax. Focus on my voice. Look into my eyes. Focus on breathing this fresh, clean air. Relax and let it happen, Steve."

"I ... b-but ...," he stammered, blinking.

I groped Steve's bulge as his dick grew thicker and harder. He moaned. Time to reel him in.

"We gotta get you naked," I muttered as I unbuttoned his waistband, unzipped his shorts. He lifted his hips. I tugged his shorts and underwear down over his narrow hips and feet and tossed them to the shore. Steve's seven and a half inches of hard meat throbbed with his pulse. He leaned back and looked at it, then at me as I drew closer.

He didn't stop me, so I wrapped my hand around his shaft and stroked him. Steve moaned again. I jerked him off slowly as his cock throbbed in my hand. I leaned over as Steve watched, drawing closer and closer. My lips encircled his dickhead and I tasted his cock.

I pulled more of Steve's pole between my lips, making him moan with pleasure. I didn't know what he'd think about this tomorrow, but right then he was sure enjoying it. I ran my tongue all around the head of his dick, lapping up his sweet pre-cum. I sucked more and more of Steve's tool down my throat, working my way right

to the hilt. Steve gasped as my lips closed around the base of his dick and my nose nuzzled in his pubes. I had every inch of Steve's man-meat within me, a moment of pure pleasure. I just held it there, relishing the moment, enjoying the feel of his cock pulsing between my lips. Steve whimpered. Knowing how much pleasure I was bringing him during his second blowjob ever brought me an indescribable thrill.

I slid my lips back up his pole, letting all but the very tip of his dick escape my mouth. I danced the tip of my tongue around his dick head, then pulled him in once more. I was all over his dick, sucking it enthusiastically. I knew no guy had ever managed to get into Steve's pants before me, and I knew no woman could suck dick like I could. Steve moaned his appreciation for my services.

He was horny. He thrust into my mouth. He even grabbed my head and fucked my face. Steve was turning into one hot little fucker once he got going. I knew he was close to blowing his load. I wanted him to hold off so I could keep sucking him forever, but I also wanted to taste his cum. I wanted to get off too.

I felt his cock grow rock-hard. He was close. I could feel his entire body tense. He was too close.

I let go of his cock and stepped back in the water. He looked at me, a mix of disappointment and shock and need, and reached for his cock to jack himself off.

"Uh-uh," I said, intercepting his wrist and pushing it back. "Don't worry--we'll get to that in a minute. But first, there's something else you're not gonna want to miss. Don't worry--class is in session and I'll teach you everything you want to know."

Everything started with Chris on his hands and knees on the grassy stream bank. I'm normally a kinder, gentler fucker, but something about a sex-monkey like Chris, so fresh and gorgeous--oh, and that military attitude of his--always brought out my power-fucker side. I knelt behind him. With a condom on my cock, my hand guiding it to his puckered ass, and his mind still drifting through trance-land, I pushed my hips forward. Chris' body knew how to take a fuck and relaxed by instinct. His fuck-hole surrendered and imploded under my pressure; the way my thick, plastic-packed dick reamed through it, his sphincter could do nothing else. His whorish guts didn't have to ripple along my surging shank through. His hips didn't have to thrust his prostate right into my path. He didn't have to press his ass toward me, hungry to get more of my dick inside him. His body knew what it needed by pure instinct and was not to be denied.

I knew what his body needed too. With near-virginal Steve, I'd have to take things slow and easy. With Chris, though, from the very first butt-busting fuck thrust, I could pound his ass like a piñata filled with Krugerrands! I picked up speed and depth, giving in to my eagerness to bone him into bliss. I was a lion with fresh kill. He was my gorgeous tight-assed bitch, and I was going to enjoy butt-fucking him into oblivion.

Steve climbed off the log and eased closer, fascinated by the sight of us rutting like animals beside the watering hole. "Holy fuck," he murmured, which seemed appropriate.

"You like what you see, Steve? Chris sure likes it, don't you, Chris. He likes being hypnotized, and he loves being butt-fucked. It feels good. Being hypnotized feels good. Being fucked feels fucking awesome. Or if you don't want to get fucked yet, you can do the fucking. That feels great too. Don't worry--I'll teach you everything you need to know."

My body hurled against Chris'. Every *smack-thwack-thwap* of my pelvis pounded my dick deeper into his ass. I held on to his shoulders and plowed at his ass. He tossed his groggy head back and I bent forward and tongue-fucked his ear.

I held out one hand toward Steve's erection. "Come here," I ordered him.

"I--" Clearly watching me power-fuck Chris both fascinated and scared Steve. He probably imagined my dick shredding his tender asshole.

"Just relax, Steve. Nothing bad will happen to you. Nothing you don't want. Just focus. Take a deep breath. Focus on my voice--just like when we were working out. Remember? Remember how good that felt?--to relax and just let go of every little worry? Yes, I can see you do. I can see those little revealing signs that tell me you're moving back into a very deep, peaceful state of relaxation. I know, as I continue talking to you, you want to keep relaxing more peacefully, not caring how deeply you relax, just happy to continue becoming more calm, more peaceful, and more at ease. Continuing to breathe easily and freely."

Steve blinked, staring at my cock moving rhythmically in and out of Chris' ass.

"You'll take that next step as soon as you're ready, and then the one after that. Your subconscious mind can hear and receive everything I tell you, and your conscious mind can relax completely. Just take that next step, a little closer, a little more. It's going to happen automatically, and you don't even need to think about it consciously. You're feeling calmer, more relaxed, more secure. It may seem like you are drifting into a state of sleep. Just let it happen. Just take that next step, a little closer, as soon as you're ready."

Steve's eyes were three-quarters closed, his breathing deep and regular. He took a step toward me.

"That's it. Drifting into a deeply relaxed sleep. Just let it happen. Take each step as soon as you're ready."

Another step. Two more, and my hand wrapped around his cock.

"Very good, Steve. A soothing drowsiness is coming over your whole body. Just surrender to it. Surrender to the deep hypnosis coming over you. Your subconscious mind will always be aware of what I'm saying to you, so it keeps becoming less and less important for you to consciously listen to my voice. Your conscious mind drifts off into that deep, soothing drowsiness. Let it go to sleep. Just let it happen."

I bent and my mouth enveloped his erection. Barely four up-down slides along his shaft, and he blew his load between my lips. The first thick jet of his stud-cream fired into my mouth, hitting my tongue. I sucked him hard as his next spunk-jet surged forth. Spurt after spurt of his juice spewed into my mouth.

I leaned back and licked my lips. The experience was every bit as good as I had imagined. I was afraid Steve would wake up and get mad as soon as he got his rocks off--regret would set in, and that would be that--but he didn't wake. He was just as deeply entranced as before, a blissful little half-smile on his otherwise slack face.

I stopped fucking Chris and pulled back, eased my erection out of his ass. "Just sleep a few minutes, Chris," I said, stroking my hand down his back. "We'll continue soon."

To Steve, I said, "Tell me what you want, Steve. What would you like to do for your first real sex with a guy? Don't be afraid to ask for what you want."

I thought Steve might take a go at Chris' ass, but instead he said, "You ... ev'r ... get fucked?"

"Once or twice," I grinned. *Once or twice every weekend with Chris* was more like it. Chris could fuck as well as he got fucked, and we liked to flip-flop.

"C'n I ... fuck ... fuck you in ... in the ass?" said Steve.

"There's one way to find out," I said. My cock grew harder than ever from the thought of Steve's dick sliding up my ass.

Steve might be pissed later, but he was sure into the idea of fucking me at time. If I was taking advantage of him now that he was just-turned legal, I was so horny I didn't think about it for long. I hadn't planned for things to go this far this quickly, but of course I had more rubbers handy. I never went anywhere without at least a few lubed condoms, and I'd brought more than a few for this trip.

I dropped on all fours alongside Chris. "Get on your knees behind me, Steve," I said. "Rub your dick up and down my crack--tease my ass." He did as I told him. Maybe he subconsciously knew I wanted to be fucked as badly as he wanted to fuck me.

I told him what to do, and he obeyed. He positioned the head of his dick against my rosebud. I was relaxed and ready. Steve pushed and his dick slipped right in. It hurt a little, but for a moment only. It quickly began to feel great. Steve had never fucked a guy before and wasn't aware he was supposed to take it slow. Maybe he thought, from watching me fuck Chris, he was supposed to go hard and fast. He pushed his hard cock right up my ass, and soon he had buried his entire dick up my butt. His nuts slapped against my ass, and he pulled back for another thrust.

"That's it, Steve. You're doing great. Fuck me."

He rammed his sword in right up to the hilt. As soon as he was all the way in, he pulled out, and rammed his cock deep into me once more. Steve was first-time clumsy, but I got the sense he was sure going to be good at fucking soon enough, once I got him trained. He went at my ass with focused intensity. Every muscle in his body tensed and flexed as he hump-hump-hump-fucked me good and hard. He had me moaning and groaning in no time at all. He was hitting spots within me that had been needing to be touched by a cock all day. I couldn't help but ram myself back against him to get every last inch of his meat inside me.

I knew at some point Steve's trance might "wear off" since he wasn't an experienced subject yet. I didn't care. I didn't think he would care either. I could always re-hypnotize him if I needed to.

Steve moaned happily. He was learning to love fucking my ass as much as I enjoyed getting fucked. He really plowed me, pummeled my ass without mercy. Mercy was something I neither needed nor wanted. I wanted him to fuck my brains out and that's just what he was doing.

The sun beat down on our sweaty bodies as Steve pounded me from behind. He pressed his chest against my back while he humped me. The feel of his hard muscles pressing into me got me hotter than ever. My biceps strained to support our combined weight. My cock was rock-hard and throbbing. It was actually jerking on its own and oozing pre-cum all over the grass. I felt like I was constantly on the verge of blowing my load. My nuts ached so much they nearly hurt.

Steve kept pounding away at my hungry hole, fucking me harder and faster. He gasped for breath and dripped sweat on me. There was no stopping him. Steve wanted to fuck me, and he was going to fuck me, no matter what.

I fed him suggestions, and he followed them like a champ. Steve pulled me up to a kneeling position and ran his hands all over my chest as he rutted into me. I'd seldom been so turned on, ever. He reached down and wrapped his hand around my dick. He started stroking me with one hand, while he held the other around my

waist. He slid his hand up and down my slick cock with excruciating slowness while he fucked my ass like a madman.

Steve's breath was hot on my neck and his chest pressed against my back. I'd been with more than a few guys, but few were as eager as he. All the time, Steve pounded my tight ass without mercy--and he was getting close.

"Cum for me, Steve! Let yourself cum now!"

Steve rammed his cock deep within me, howled, and blasted his load. I could feel his cock jerk inside me as spurt after spurt of his cream spewed from his tool and into the condom. The feeling of his body tensing behind me as he shot his load was fucking incredible!

"Sleep, Steve," I told him. "You had a good workout, and a great orgasm. Orgasms always make you so sleepy, don't they? It's time to sleep now. Deep sleep."

Steve's body relaxed and sagged. I caught him and lowered him to the grass.

Back to my other hypnotized man: Chris. Doggy style. After donning a fresh condom, I pushed my cock back into his ass until my groin met his cheeks, my chest on his back as I bent over and hugged him to me. I kissed the back of his neck, just once, and began to fuck him again.

Initially, I went easy on him, gliding back and forth in him with a slow, almost delicate motion, teasing him with the bulk of my intruder, telling him how relaxed my cock inside his ass made him feel. I eased back until I was just barely inside him, then I pushed forward until our hips met. I picked up the pace.

By instinct his body worked with me, pushing to meet my thrusts, squeezing tightly as we pulled apart.

I knew he could take it now, so I rode him that much harder. I loved the sensation of my balls bouncing against his. He started getting louder now too, growling and grunting with each thrust.

I ran my hands up and down his back, squeezing his muscles, reaching under his chest to twist at his nipples the way he liked. Had he been awake, he would have been yelping. I reached for his rod and worked on it. The time had come to make him cum.

I rammed my prong into his hole as though I could fuck the cum out of him. Maybe I could, because soon he was gasping for breath again and his balls were drawn up in a swollen knot against the base of his cock. I was on the brink myself.

"Cum, Chris. Cum for me. Cum hard. Cum now."

In that last moment his cock swelled up larger in my hand, and his torso shuddered. I felt his load erupting through my fingers, driven by my thrusts against his prostate. He buckled, and I had to hold him up for a minute.

Suddenly, I couldn't stop it from happening. The force of my ejaculation and climax was intense.

I crashed to the grass, pulling Chris down with me. I lay my head back against Steve's still-slumbering ribs, feeling the heat of Chris' body alongside me. I lay there, gasping, until my body recuperated. We were a mess, all covered with sweat and jizz. I slapped Chris' cheek gently to wake him. He blinked in the afternoon sunlight, then smiled at me. I patted Steve's cheek too, whispering, "Wake up," into his ear.

"Holy fuck," Steve said, sitting up, shaking his head to clear it. Then he looked at Chris and me, and he grinned. "Holy fuck," he said again. "Dave, man, you gotta teach me to do that!"

I patted his shoulder. "You've got a lot to learn. Good thing for you I'm a patient teacher."

We washed off in the stream, then dried ourselves naked in the sun.

Eventually sunset approached, and we still had to set up camp. We were exhausted, and we still had days of fishing and fucking ahead of us. We got the tent set up before the light faded completely.

The night was too warm to climb into our sleeping bags, so we stretched out on top of them--me in the middle. Chris and I were naked, of course; we'd probably stay this way until time to start the return trip. Steve was naked too, having not gotten dressed after our playtime in the creek. Yes, he was learning quickly.

I lay on my back and stared up into the darkness where the ceiling of the tent would be. We would all three fall asleep swiftly.

Before nodding off, I worried what Steve might think tomorrow. My mind started racing. I knew Chris would be up for just about anything sexually, but would Steve think I'd taken advantage of him? Would he be mad? Or would he be eager for it to happen all over again? I lay there wondering, but maybe it didn't matter. I'd wanted Steve, and I'd wanted Chris, and I'd had them both. We'd deal with tomorrow, tomorrow. And after that? I'd asked Chris to move in with me, and he'd said yes. Steve had been evicted from his foster home and wouldn't have a place to live after this camping trip ended--he wouldn't be the boy next door any longer. I had a spare bedroom where he could stay--or better yet, a king-sized bed that could sleep three. Would Chris be up for that too? Would Steve?

Worry about that tomorrow, I told myself as Chris and Steve both rolled toward me, slinging their arms over my chest, not minding that the other's arm was there too. *Tomorrow*. I grinned and yawned and put my hand over their arms.

I'd promised to teach Steve everything, and I was willing to bet he'd be an apt pupil.
