

Coupling

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A hypnotist finds love in unexpected places.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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Coupling

1. Rocky

Rocky knew what he was getting into.

He came over to my place for a "hypno date." He had found my profile on a Web site. We were both in the same city, both into hypnosis. We swapped a few email messages, talked on the phone a couple of times, and decided to take it further by meeting for an in-person hypnosis session.

When he sent me his picture by email, I nearly flipped. Not only did we live in the same city, but I'd seen him a few times at the gym where I work out and a couple of times at one of the bars where I sometimes meet friends for drinks. Small world, huh?

So Rocky came over. He had tried hypnosis a couple of times before, and he knew what he wanted. We'd discussed what we liked by phone so we knew each other's boundaries. For this initial session, he mostly wanted to focus on getting more motivated at the gym. He had hinted, in an early email message, that he might want to try something more sexual, but when we were taking about goals all he would say was that he "might be open to it if it comes up."

The main issue was that Rocky was a top with very specific taste in men. He liked 'em with short, brown hair and a swimmer's body--total bottoms a plus--and that was about the only type of guy who got his engine running. My hair is dyed blond, and I'm more muscular--think "classic gym jock"--than the sleek "swimmer's build." I'm versatile, but I like to top sometimes too. Still, I guess he was willing to take his hypnotists as he found them.

Looking at Rocky, I'd have never guessed he had any motivation problems in the gym, which was what he said he wanted to work on. He was a beautiful, well-built man. Military service had given him a good body, and gym work had improved it, with muscles in all the right places. Ethnic Hawaiian, too: black hair, honey-colored complexion, dark eyes with an Asian angle to them, wide nose. Handsome enough to melt the coldest drag queen's heart, with an exotic slant that set him apart from the crowd. Oh, and the brightest, most genuine smile I'd seen on a guy in a really long time.

So the minute I saw him standing outside my door and we shook hands, I was in total lust. I'm a very attractive and well-built guy myself, but I wasn't his type at all, so he wasn't exactly as hot for me as I was for him. Oh, well--can't win them all.

Playing with them, though, is a different matter.

So I invited Rocky in and sat him on the couch. I'd love to say I hypnotized him immediately, but that only happens in hypnosis porn stories. No, things went slower than that. Truth is, first I played the good host and got him something to drink. When I came back, he was looking at a photo sitting on the end table.

"Who's that in the picture with you, your boyfriend?" he asked.

"Yeah." I handed him his drink. "His name's Jake."

"He's real cute," Rocky said absently, taking a sip.

So we talked for a few minutes. He said I was even cuter than the picture I had sent, but I could tell I found him a lot more hump-able than he found me. We were getting to know each other in person, and we discussed goals again, which was my way of starting to get him into a receptive mindset for hypnosis. Even though he had been hypnotized a couple of times before, he said he was concerned he wouldn't do it "right," that he wouldn't go into a trance properly. I assured him that, since all hypnosis is self-hypnosis in a way, there was no "wrong" way to go into a trance state.

We eventually hit a lull in the conversation, and that's when I decided to get to the main event.

I had Rocky put his glass aside and settle back on the couch. He was a classicist--mostly he liked to be hypnotized by a swinging medallion or a candle or a metronome. I can be flexible. I had an old metronome--left by a musician ex-boyfriend who had never reclaimed it--so I set it on the coffee table in front of Rocky.

I lowered the lights.

I started the metronome.

I started talking, my voice all smooth and low.

"Keep your eye on the metronome. Are you ready to be hypnotized? All hypnosis is self-hypnosis. If you

follow my simple instructions, no power on earth can keep you from being hypnotized. You can fight it if you want to, but that's not why you're here. Just follow my simple instructions, and you are about to enjoy a very pleasant, relaxing experience.

"That's it. Keep watching. Don't look away, not even for a moment. Just keep watching it swing. Back ... and forth. Back ... and forth. Let yourself relax and drift right into the rhythm. Relax ... and drift. Relax ... and drift. Think of nothing but the metronome. Hear nothing but my voice. The metronome. My voice. The metronome. My voice.

"Rest your arms limply on your thighs. That's right. Now, I want you to look at the metronome and keep your eyes fixed on it. I will soon ask you to take a long, deep breath, and hold it for a few seconds. I will then pass my hand down in front of your eyes, and you will begin to release your breath, as you keep your eyes fixed on the metronome. As I pass my hand down, that will cause your eyelids to close."

His eyes stayed locked on the swinging hand of the metronome. Already his lids were beginning to droop, giving him an incredibly sexy bedroom expression. I put my hand in front of his forehead, just above eye level, then began to slide it down toward his line of sight.

I said, "Now take a long, deep breath. Hold it for a moment." He did. I paused for maybe twenty seconds, then continued: "I'm now passing my hand down in front of your eyes. As I do that, just let your eyelids close down. Let go of the tension in your body. Just let your body relax as much as possible. Now, place your awareness in your eye muscles. Relax every muscle and nerve in and around your eyes, so much so that they just won't work. When you're sure they're so relaxed, when you're sure that as long as you hold on to this relaxation they just won't work, I want you to hold on to that relaxation and test them, to make sure they won't work."

Rocky's closed eyelids twitched a little, but they didn't reopen.

"All right--that's fine. Now stop trying, and just relax. Go deeper now, with each and every breath you exhale, go deeper and feel more relaxed. Now, this relaxation you have in your eyes is the same relaxation that I want you to have throughout your whole body. So just let this quality of relaxation flow throughout your entire body, from the top of your head to the tips of your toes.

"Now, we can deepen this relaxation much more. In a moment, I'm going to have you open and close your eyes. When you close your eyes, that's your signal to let this feeling of relaxation become ten times deeper. All you have to do is want it to happen, and you can make it happen very easily. Okay, open your eyes ... Now close your eyes, and feel that relaxation flowing through your entire body, taking you much deeper. Use your imagination and imagine your whole body is covered and wrapped in a warm blanket of relaxation.

I was watching his posture closely. He was starting to slump, and that was a good sign.

"Now, we can deepen this relaxation much more. In a moment, I'm going to have you open and close your eyes one more time. Again, when you close your eyes, you find it easy to double the relaxation you now feel. Make it become twice as deep. Okay, now once more, open your eyes ... Now close your eyes, and double your relaxation. Good. Let every muscle in your body become so relaxed. As long as you hold on to this quality of relaxation, every muscle of your body will not work.

I eased myself over onto the couch beside him.

"Rocky, in a moment, I'm going to lift your hand by the wrist and drop it. If you have followed my

instructions so far, that hand will be so relaxed, it will be just as loose and limp as a wet dish cloth, and it will simply plop down. Once your hand touches your body, I want you to send a wave of relaxation from the top of your head down to the tip of your toes.

"I will now lift your hand," I said as I took his wrist lightly and lifted it. His hand hung limply. "Just let it land and plop down as I let go. That's good. So deeply relaxed." I placed my other hand lightly on his back. "Now, we'll do that again with the other hand. When I lift up your other hand, just allow it to hang freely, as loose and limp as wet dish cloth, and plop down as I let go. When it touches your body, send another wave of relaxation from the top of your head to the tip of your toes, and double your relaxation." When I lifted and dropped his hand, it fell limply. "Very good," I said, guiding his slumping torso back against the back of the couch. " Just relax now. Deeply relaxed."

"Now," I continued, "as you sit there, with your eyes closed, and begin to drift into trance, in your own way, in your own time, you can take your time to allow that your trance to occur. Your conscious mind can do anything it wishes, while your unconscious mind continues to hear and to understand anything I might say ... Sometime soon, perhaps now, perhaps in a few moments, if you like, I would like your unconscious mind to have an opportunity to give a surprise to you, a pleasant gift, something special, something nice, an unexpected pleasure, a wonderful feeling, a special treat. , so nice to be alive to experience that, a brief moment perhaps or a long one, a giggle of amusement or a luxurious sigh. So keep an eye out for it, for that time when your unconscious mind sneaks up on you and opens up your mind to that special feeling then.

Before, Rocky had told me he might be open to some erotic play. From the looks of that boner threatening to burst his inseam, "might" had become "definitely." Okay, then--we had our direction. Tee-shirt, khaki slacks, fashionable sneakers: his clothing wouldn't present much of a challenge.

First, though, I had some work to do. I needed to get Rocky anchored to this deep, relaxed state. I needed to suggest a trigger that would help him return to his trance on command. Waking him and re-inducing the trance would help the trigger stick.

When he was ready for the test, I told him, "In a moment, I'm going to snap my fingers, and you'll be able to open your eyes. You'll be able to sit up and think and behave normally. Your conscious mind can think it is awake and acting normally, if it wants to, but your subconscious will be listening carefully to everything I say. And if I say something, maybe ask you to do something, you'll have no trouble doing it because that's what your subconscious will want you to do, okay? Okay. I'm going to snap my fingers on the count of three. One. Two. Three."

And when I snapped my fingers, Rocky's eyes fluttered and opened. He looked up at me. An uncertain, slightly dazed expression--a question in his eyes. Maybe he was aware at some level that something was different, that he wasn't fully awake.

"How do you feel?" I asked, my voice low and soothing.

"Uh ... good, I guess," he said quietly. His voice was sluggish.

"You sure? 'Cause you look kind of hot."

His voice echoed mine tentatively: "Hot?"

"Yes. It's kind of hot in here today, don't you think? Wouldn't you feel better if you took off your shirt?"

"My ... shirt?"

"Yes. Why don't you take off your shirt? You'd like to, wouldn't you."

He didn't say anything. He sat up, moving slowly, and tugged at his tee-shirt, pulling it up and over his head. As he slid his arms free of it, he looked up at me. "Very good, Rocky," I said, and I reached over and, with my finger, touching his gently and firmly behind the ear--his trigger. "Sleep now," I commanded. His eyes began to roll back, and his eyelids closed, and he slowly slumped back against the couch.

Nice chest. Very nice chest. I traced my finger over his smooth, muscular pec appreciatively.

"Okay, Rocky," I murmured to him. "In a moment, I'm going to snap my fingers again, and you'll be able to open your eyes again, just like last time. You'll be able to act like you normally would, if that's what you want. And if I ask you to do something again, just like last time, it'll be so easy because that's what your subconscious wants. Okay--on the count of three. One. Two. Three."

Rocky's eyes opened again, and he looked up at me again with the same, slightly befuddled expression.

"Are you awake?" I asked him.

"I ... I think so."

"You sure? Because I think you're still very deeply hypnotized."

"Hypnotized?"

"Yes, and I can prove it. Show me your dick, Rocky."

"Huh? My ..."

"Yes. Open your pants and take your cock out. You know you want to show it to me, don't you."

He looked down at his crotch. His hands moved almost on their own accord.

"That's it," I encouraged, as his fingered worked at his belt and the snap of his pants and then his zipper. He peeled back the flaps of his fly, revealing plaid boxer shorts. "That's right, Rocky. Show me your dick. You know you want to." His hips rose a little off the couch, and his hands pushed his pants and shorts down a few inches. Far enough for his cock to spring up to freedom. The size of its hardness surprised me--thick, long, uncut, the same honeyed color as the rest of him.

He looked up at me uncertainly, maybe wondering why he had done that. Certainly he wasn't looking for approval--a cock like that would please anyone.

"Good, Rocky, very good" I said, reaching for him, touching my finger to the familiar spot behind his ear, firmly. "Sleep now."

His eyes closed and he settled back against the couch with a sigh. His hard-on never wavered.

No matter what his head had said earlier about "maybe" being into sexual play, his body was telegraphing a more eager message. Okay--time for a little play.

"Relax deeply, Rocky. I want you to imagine something for me, please. Just a little fantasy I want you to play out in your head, relaxing as a dream. I want you to imagine the perfect lover beside you. Kissing your neck." I bent and kissed his neck. "And your chest." Kissed his pectoral, then his nipple, teasing it a little with my tongue. "And your stomach." Kiss. "The perfect lover, so attentive, making you feel so good." Kiss. I snaked my hand into his crotch, wrapping it around his cock, fisting it. Rocky moaned a little, unconsciously, lost in his dream of a fantasy lover.

I guided my mouth over his cock, then opened wide and pushed forward until it was all the way down my throat. I palmed his impressive balls, hanging low in his scrotum. My nose was buried in the thick forest of pubes surrounding his cock. I slurped around the root of it, then slowly worked back upward on the shaft until I reached the glans. As I fluttered my tongue-tip over the sensitive skin, my hands started exploring the smooth tightness of his abdomen and torso.

I made little circular licking motions with my tongue, then traced it over the veins in his cock. Still locked deep within his dream, Rocky moaned and squirmed a little. I fumbled with my own pants, got them open, got my cock out too, and jacked it while I sucked him. "Cum when you're ready," I whispered to his subconscious. "Cum for me."

I wrapped my lips around his cock again. His body bucked, and he whimpered, and his cum spurted out between my lips and across my cheek. That pushed me past the brink. I reared up and aimed my cock at his stomach and jacked it furiously, and shot my load all over his chest and stomach. Oh, man!--was that great.

Later, after I got us both cleaned up and our clothing back in place. I woke him up for the final time. We talked, about the how sexy and real his dream had seemed (wink, nudge), about how he enjoyed the whole hypnosis experience--and a lot of other topics as well. We found we had a number of common interests. Rocky for his part, now that the ice was thoroughly broken between us, proved himself smart, informed, witty. Maybe I was too muscular to have the "swimmer's build" he wanted in a playmate, maybe I wasn't quite what he was looking for in a partner, but we started the process of becoming friends, and I knew he was going to make someone a fine husband someday.

2. Jake

Jake was in over his head.

Jake came out late. I was his first boyfriend. First male lover. First relationship. First a-lot-of-things. Some parts of what we had were really good, and some parts weren't. We had started growing apart. I didn't have to be a fortune teller to know the breakup was coming. I just wanted to make sure it happened in a way that left us both with our dignity intact and let us be friends afterward.

I think Jake felt trapped. I wasn't quite what he had always fantasized the Great Love Of His Life would be. For one thing, Jake likes his men a little more exotic than me--he would always comment on black men or Hispanic men or Asian we passed on the street, but I'm basically as "boy next door" white bread as they come.

Jake's eye was starting to rove more and more. If he wasn't tempted to cheat on me yet, it wouldn't be long before he was, and then there'd be no turning back. He was an attractive man--handsome face complemented with brown hair and the stereotypical surfer body and look. More than a few of the men he'd stared at in the street had stared back.

I didn't want Jake to cheat on me, but I also wanted him to be happy. What we had between us was coming down to a close, but I still wanted him in my life, wanted us to stay friends. The awareness that it wouldn't last much longer between us gave everything--in the back of my mind, at least--a bittersweet edge, like when you know summer is over and winter is coming, but you hold on to those last warm days with all your might.

We had been helping a friend move--lugging boxes, toting furniture. Heavy work, but it kept us busy and kept our minds off our troubles. When we came back to my place, it was the end of a long day.

Jake dropped himself on the couch and kicked off his shoes. He pressed his fists into the small of his back through his old sweatshirt and flexed his spine. "Oh, man," he moaned, "I think I overdid it. Uff! I'm gonna be sore tomorrow."

"Take off your shirt and lie down," I told him. "I'll rub your back for you."

"Yah? Cool!" He grimaced a little as he peeled his sweatshirt off, and he sprawled out face-down on the couch.

I hovered over him, one knee next to him on the couch, my other foot anchored to the floor. I started to knead his muscles. "You're really tense," I said, feeling the stiffness in his muscles. "Relax. You need to relax for your muscles to heal, or you'll really be sore tomorrow."

I worked my hands down a little lower, finding resistance in the muscles and using my touch to loosen it. Kneading, and releasing ... kneading and releasing ...

"Relax, Jake. Remember the last time you felt really relaxed? No tension anywhere in your body? Yeah? That's how I want to make you feel now. Are you willing to try something? I want you to try to visualize a scene with me. Don't say anything out loud. Just close your eyes and picture the scene I'm going to describe for you.

"Remember the last time you were at the beach? The time you fell asleep in the sun? That was really relaxing, wasn't it. I want you to imagine you're there on the beach, right now. You don't have to if you don't want to, but I think it will be easier for you to relax.

"Remember how the sun felt? Shining with a warm, white light high above you? Just rest your arms limply on the couch, just like they're limp on the beach, the warm sand. Take a deep breath for me and hold it for a few seconds. That's right.

"Feel the warm sun, relaxing you. Maybe you hear the water too, the gentle sound of the waves lapping at the sand nearby. I want you to feel the warm sunlight flowing across your body. Feel the relaxation flowing down your back now, down around your ribs, your spine, your hips. So much tension seems to collect in our backs, but now you feel your muscles and spine just begin to relax. And you can even feel them loosen a little. The relaxation seems to go to all the way down your spinal column. It seems to go out to the sides, so that every muscle, every nerve, every fiber in your back just seems to relax.

"And this relaxation seems to come now to the small of your back, and each and every muscle just relaxes even more and more, as you go sink deeper, deeper, and even deeper. Calm, very peaceful, very relaxed. And now, if you need to, allow yourself to shift your body however you need to, in order to become even more comfortable, and become even more relaxed. Go ahead and do that right now.

"And maybe you feel the water coming up on the sand. Just a little wave, running up on the sand and

touching your skin. Then another one, lapping at you just a little, and another one. Water touching you gently, helping you relax.

"And maybe the water is gathering around you a little as the waves come in, maybe lifting you, letting you float lightly on top of the water, lifting you, a little at a time, as you sink deeper into this relaxed condition.

"And maybe the water is lifting you up now, floating you along. No fear--the shore is close. You could stand up and walk to shore if you needed to, but isn't it so much more pleasant to just float here on the water as you sink deeper into relaxation?"

Jake was breathing slowly and deeply. Eyelids closed. Body limp. I'd never tried to hypnotize him before, but he certainly was proving to be a good subject.

I worked on a deepening exercise with him. I helped him accept a trigger to return to this pleasant, deeply relaxed state. While I had him, I wanted to see if he was willing to go further.

"Okay, Jake, I'm about to snap my fingers. When I do, you'll find you can open your eyes. You'll find that you can sit up and talk and behave just the way you normally do. Your conscious mind might want to think that it is awake, if it wants to, but the part that is in control, your subconscious, will be deeply focused on everything I say. And I'm going to suggest that you do a few things, and you'll have no trouble following my suggestions because that's what your subconscious will want you to do. Will that be okay? Okay. Then I'm going to snap my fingers on the count of three, Jake. One. Two. Three."

I snapped my fingers. Jake didn't move--not that I could tell anyway.

"Jake? You okay?"

His eyes slowly opened. He turned his head and looked up at me. "Mmm? Yeah," he mumbled.

"How do you feel?" I asked. "Did that massage help your back relax?"

"Mmm, yeah," he said.

"Can you stand up for me? I want you to follow me."

His body moved, arms and legs coming together to sit his torso upright. He stood up, swaying slightly.

What is it about a guy in nothing but a pair of jeans? It's something I find incredibly sexy, and Jake was one of the most beautiful men I'd ever dated. Man, I was going to miss him.

"C'mon, let's go into the bedroom. I think I know one more way to help you focus some healing energy into your sore back muscles."

He followed me.

"Are you ready?" I asked him.

He looked at me, then at the bed. Just standing there, arms limp at his sides, swaying slightly.

"Shh ... Everything will take care of itself. Why don't you take off your jeans."

"My ... pants ...?"

"Yes. Just take them off."

He looked at me, the question in his eyes, but his hands moved. He opened his jeans, slid them down his long, sleek legs, pulled his feet free one at a time, hopping a little to keep his balance. Leaving his jeans in a lump on the floor.

No underwear. Naked. Semi-hard already. Vulnerable. Looking at me like he expected me to explain.

"Shh," I told him. The only explanation I had in mind was an action. I moved in behind him. "Sleep now." A strategic touch, firmly, just behind his ear. His trigger. His eyelids wavered and closed, head slumping forward, body tipping forward.

I caught him before he could fall. Lowered him gently onto the bed, and pulled him into the center of it. He looked for all the world as if he was locked in sleep, vulnerable.

"Jake, can you hear me?"

"Uh ... huh ..."

"How are you feeling? Very relaxed?"

"... yeah ..."

"I'm going to help you focus more and relax deeper. Everything that I'm going to do is going to help you relax and focus healing energy into all those tired muscles. Do you understand?"

"... uh huh ..."

"Good, Jake. You're doing very well."

I peeled my own clothing off. My cock was so hard I could have driven nails with it. I had driving something else in mind though.

The night stand drawer provided a condom and lube. I was tired from a hard day's labor, but I also felt energized. No way was I going to let this chance slip by.

Jake had been semi-hard when he stripped. Now he was mostly hard. Being naked has that effect on him. On his back, he pulled his knees up to his chest when I suggested it, poking his butt back at me, ready for me to grease and get ready. I smeared lube across two fingers and spread it over his ass, from the top of his crack and around between his legs, moving in toward his butthole, pushing the lube inside him with my finger.

I ripped open the condom packet with my teeth. I withdrew my finger from Jake's asshole. Moments later, my prick was all dressed up with somewhere to go, and it wasn't going to hang around any longer before it got there.

"Spread your knees a little," I told him, and he did. I slid a pillow under his hips, and slid my hips up into position. I jockeyed my hardness into position. "I'm going to fuck you," I said, and I started to do just that.

I pushed forward, easing my dick in between his butt cheeks. He was so relaxed and ready, my cock began to

slide right in. I slipped my full length into him.

My cock tingled as his interior muscles closed around my shaft. I wrapped my hand around his cock and stroked him as I thrust gently into him.

The lube had him oiled up beautifully, and I was able to really ram my prick home hard. I withdrew out of his ass as far as possible, then pushed my meat all the way back inside him. He moaned, every stroke lulling him deeper into that relaxed state. I made sure he experienced it as the best fuck ever--and he certainly seemed to be having a good time.

I reached out and grabbed hold of his nipples. He had tiny, dark nipples that really responded to my touch. The skin around them had turned to goose flesh. I squeezed firmly at his brown nipples, holding on to them as I fucked him faster.

I rammed my dick hard between his ass cheeks, then I jerked in and out several times, before withdrawing all the way out of him.

I kept my dick-helmet pressed tight up against his hole, while I twisted his nipples, first left, then right. My shaft was on fire, and I knew the next thrust was going to make me cum, no matter how much I may not have wanted this terrific fuck to end.

"Time to ram it home," I told him. "You're ready to cum too, aren't you?" I began to push forward and heard his butt slurp, as my cock head forced his hole open again. My balls were trembling, burning, afire with pleasure. As I shoved the rest of my erection deep inside his body, my cum drove forward out the end of my prick, filling the condom inside his ass.

I jerked hard at his asshole a few more times, forcing even more sperm out of my body. His butt muscles spasmed, vibrating in time with my thrusts. I felt myself groan, then felt the energy drain out of my body. I was spent.

Jake gasped involuntarily as I pulled out of his butt. I collapsed flat on the bed beside him. "Kiss me," I told him, and our mouths met as my hand found his cock and jacked him gently. "Cum for me, Jake. I want you to cum for me now."

He gasped and groaned. His body bowed. His cock jumped in my hand as I kissed his solid pecs, and he came, shooting his load spurt after spurt into the air to splat against his tight stomach.

I cleaned us up with a towel, got the covers pulled over us. I suggested Jake would slip from his trance down into a deep, normal sleep when he was ready. He was already someplace far away, and all I had was his body here with me. So I curled up next to him and slept too.

3. Rocky and Jake

I knew it was coming.

Jake and I broke up a couple of days later. I guess we *both* knew it was coming. We were trying to stay friends, though, and I had invited him over to my place to watch the big game on TV. In the gym that morning, I ran into Rocky, and we got to talking about the game, so I invited him over to watch it too.

It was all innocent, I swear. But the moment I opened the door and ushered Rocky into my living room again, I knew something would happen.

Jake had arrived a few minutes earlier and he was sitting on the couch. When Rocky came in, there were immediate sparks between them. Apparently Rocky's Hawaiian looks were exotic enough for Jake, and Jake's "surfer boy" look was close enough to a "swimmer's body" for Rocky. Yeah, there was some definite heat going on between these two.

Rocky sat on the opposite end of the couch. There was about a foot of space between them, but you could tell from the way they looked at each other, they wanted to be on top of each other. If I hadn't been there, they probably would have been. As it was, Rocky kept shifting his legs like he was trying to hide a hard on.

The game, when it started, kept them partially distracted. At least until the next commercial break, that is, and then the tension would start rising again. They'd start sneaking glances at each other, checking out each other's body, laughing a little too loudly at each other's jokes. Who did they think they were fooling? If they were any more obvious, they'd be salivating.

I'm not sure they would have acted on their attraction. Not at my place, anyway, with me there. I mean, Rocky was my friend, and Jake was my ex-boyfriend, so they each probably figured the emotional landscape was littered with potential land mines. Probably, they would find a way to time their exits so they could exchange phone numbers on the way to their cars, then they'd start dating secretly so I wouldn't find out.

If they'd bothered to ask me, though, I'd have said I wanted them to both be happy. I thought they looked good together and had a lot in common. They were both hard, horny, and practically squirming in sexual frustration.

Okay. So it was up to me to do something about it.

The game was nearly down to the last play. Our team was behind by one, with seconds left to score, and this was their last shot.

So I stood up and said, "Anybody want another beer?"

Jake waved at the TV. "Dude! You're gonna miss it!"

Rocky was more pragmatic. To get me out of the room, he said, "Sure, I'll take one."

So off to the kitchen I went.

Suddenly, I heard them howling at the TV.

"Dude, what the-- *What the fuck is he doing?*"

"Oh, man, that's gotta hurt."

"Daaaaamn!"

"Way to choke, dude!"

"Fuck, that's game."

And just like that, in seconds it was over. So the team had lost; time to see what else could be won.

I carried Rocky's beer out, put it on the end table beside him, and stood behind them, behind the couch. "So what'd I miss?"

"Dude," Jake yowled. "You missed the most amazing choke I've ever seen!"

Rocky flung his hand toward the slow-motion replay running yet again on the screen. "He had it! He was right there--then Choke City!"

Neither of them was looking at me--they were both gesturing at the screen. So I reached out. Touched each of them behind the ear in unison and commanded them, "Sleep now."

They paused. Rocky's eyes closed, head easing forward, sighing gently. Jake half-turned to look at me, and he made an "Urrk" noise, but his eyes were already starting to close too. "Sleep now," I ordered him again. In seconds it was over; they were both out like lights.

After a deepening exercise to help them both relax and open themselves to my suggestions, it was time to get started.

First, the preliminaries. I got Rocky to focus on counting backward from one hundred, his awareness closing down to just the numbers and how relaxed they helped him feel, ignoring everything around him. And I said to Jake, "Jake, I want you to think about Rocky. Form a picture of him in your mind. Can you do that for me? Good. Now think about that picture and tell me what you think about Rocky."

"... cute ..." Jake murmured, and I saw his cock starting to swell a little through his pants.

"You think he's cute? Do you want to have sex with him?"

"Uh ... huh ..."

Okay, so now I knew where Jake stood. So I got Jake focused solely on the task of counting backward, and I asked Rocky the same questions: "Do you want to have sex with Jake?"

And Rocky whispered, "Yeah ... but ..."

"But what?"

"... 'sss boyfriend ..."

Okay, so he was nervous because Jake was my ex-boyfriend? So I assured him that Jake was single, that it was all right, that Jake was very attracted to him too.

Time to move on to the main event. They stood up when I told them to. Followed me to the bedroom. When I asked, their shirts came off. Yeah--they both had fine, fine bodies.

I told them everything that was about to happen was fine, that they both wanted it, and that they should give themselves permission to let it happen. Rocky stood there, swaying slightly, as I told Jake to climb into the middle of the bed and stretch out on his back. "Look at him," I told Rocky. "Doesn't he look like he wants to be kissed? Would you like to kiss him?"

"Yeah ..." he sighed.

Then I told Rocky to join Jake atop my mattress. I orchestrated them through their first kiss--not that they needed my help, but I had to justify my presence somehow. Heck, all on their own they were giving off four-alarm heat.

At my suggestion, their shoes and socks came off. More kisses and their hands playing conquistador over each other's body. Even this intensely relaxed, their attraction stretched tight in the air between them like a violin string. I knew that song by heart.

With his hand behind his head, Jake guided Rocky's head to his waist, at my suggestion. Rocky's fingers deftly opened Jake's belt and zipper, retrieved Jake's cock, brown and long and completely hard. There's something wonderful about a guy whose dick gets stiff when he's hypnotized, with me in charge. When I suggested sucking, Rocky took Jake's rod deeply into his mouth. He knew what he was doing. With his hand, he rolled it around in his mouth as he slid his tongue up and down the shaft. His mouth eased up and down Jake's cock, taking it so deeply that Rocky almost gagged, and then his throat would relax and he'd take it just a little deeper. Rocky turned his body, when I asked him to, and Jake was able to get his pants open, pull out Rocky's cock too, and return the attention. He ran his tongue-tip over Rocky's cock, and Rocky gave an involuntary shudder as Jake's tongue flickered over his glans.

I told Jake to push his head down further and licked the skin between Rocky's balls and ass. He may have been hypnotized, but his eagerness was very real as he pushed his tongue into Rocky's ass and his fingers grazed--so lightly--over the skin of Rocky's arm and spine.

Pants off. Underwear too. Everything carried them further. Little grunts and groans as their fingers explored and tongues probed. Yeah, they fit together like they were made for each other.

Jake's legs up, bent in the air over his stomach. Rocky between them. They were giving each other little grins and kisses. Rocky was so horny, he was practically trembling. A condom. Plenty of lube. A pillow under Jake's butt. Rocky pushing forward, then rocking himself gently in Jake's ass.

Rocky had a big dick, and Jake had a hungry ass. They were hungry for each other. I pulled my cock out too--hey, no reason why they should have all the fun--and I jacked myself as I guided them through their love-making.

There was real intensity there, going beyond what I was helping them feel. The gentleness of their touching, the suddenness in their little gasps. They both were really into each other without my "assistance." Whatever suggestion I would give them, they'd embellish.

Jake was about to cum so I told him to give himself permission to shoot. He did. Bolt after bolt arching through the air to land on his chest and arm. Rocky's hips were thrusting faster, instinct and the need for release merging into his trance, so I told him to cum as well. He gave three more quick thrusts, like a jackrabbit, then fired his load into the condom, never leaving Jake's ass.

Rocky collapsed on top of Jake, spent, exhausted. They kissed when I suggested it, with real tenderness intruding. I felt myself cross the edge, and I started my orgasm too. My cum sprinkled down on them like a blessing.

I left them there to sleep it off. I slept on the couch. The next morning, when my bladder drove me to the bathroom, they were still asleep, curled up in each other like puppies.

Okay. Time for breakfast.

I went to the kitchen and dug eggs and bacon from the refrigerator. Eggs, I thought as I cracked a couple into a bowl. Symbols of new life and new beginnings. An appropriate choice, I might have thought, if I were the sort to indulge in metaphor, but metaphor is overrated and instead I thought, *Hope they like 'em scrambled.*

I poured the eggs into the pan, and the sizzle was answered by little sounds from the bedroom. Jake and Rocky were waking up, to a different kind of hunger, to the rest of their lives.
