

# Encore

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

[Synopsis: A stage hypnotist makes sure the show goes on.]

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 autobiographical it may seem, 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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The young man--blond, kneeling, shirtless, jeans bunched around his ankles--sighed as he stoked himself and ejaculated on the floor in front of him.

"That's right," I assured him, stroking the smooth muscles of his shoulder. "Just relax and let yourself cum. Feels good, doesn't it."

"Yeah ..." he panted through his orgasm, voice breathless and soft the way handsome young men often sound while I have them hypnotized.

I put my pocket watch away. I had just finished a stage hypnotism show, hosted by his fraternity. He came backstage afterward to tell me how much he enjoyed my performance. I made sure he enjoyed himself a little more, in a private performance just for me.

By now, everyone would have left. Probably the security guards would be coming by soon to make sure the place was empty and lock up. We didn't have much time.

"Just let everything blur," I told him as he followed my instructions to stand, pull up his boxer shorts and jeans, pull on his tee-shirt. "No need to remember anything you don't want to. Just let it blur like a pleasant daydream. That's it. Maybe your mind just wandered and you were just having a pleasant daydream while we talked about the show. Everything blurring like a dream."

I took care of wiping his cum from the bare floor with a tissue. The dressing room in this old college auditorium wasn't much--an empty room with an ancient office desk for a dressing table, and a mirror on the wall behind it. But someone had thoughtfully provided a box of tissues on the desk/table and a garbage can into which I dropped the used ones.

What was his name again? Bobby? Robby? Something like that. I tucked my business card in the front pocket of his jeans. "This is my address. You'll feel compelled to drop by Sunday night at ten p.m. Just let your schedule naturally take care of itself to make it happen."

I have a lover, name of Jason. We've been together three years and we're monogamous, mostly, but we have an arrangement: It's not cheating if the other gets to watch. Jason likes to watch.

I took a step back, took one last long look at this kid. Jason will love this Bobby, or Robby, whatever--he is exactly Jason's type. As for this little session? Well, I don't consider it cheating if it's just a test-drive for a session Jason gets to watch later.

I said to this kid, "Now, take one last deep breath and feel yourself getting ready to awaken, on three. One. Two. Three." I snapped my fingers, and his eyes fluttered open. "Well, I'd love to talk more with you," I said, as I put my hand behind his shoulder and guided him toward the dressing room door, "but they're going to be turning out the lights soon. We better get going." I opened the door and ushered him out into the hallway. "Perhaps we'll see each other again soon."

"Okay, cool," he said, sounding confused, still a little flushed from his orgasm--wow, could that kid shoot!--and he waved goodbye as I shut the door between us.

I got the last of my stuff together which took all of three minutes. My act doesn't need much in the way of props. I just show up, grab the microphone to do my induction spiel, and bring some of the audience people up onstage. The only props I need are my handy pocket watch, some balloons, and a few other items, all of which fit inside my satchel.

I picked up my satchel and switched off the light. The hallway led back to the stage and the exit. The air felt stuffier in this old auditorium than I remembered--had they already turned off the ventilation?

I graduated from this college a few years earlier. When the social chair of my old fraternity called and asked if I'd be willing to perform my stage hypnosis act at their annual charity fundraiser, I agreed on the spot. Everyone I had gone to school with had graduated, of course, but I still enjoyed the excuse to see the college again and hang out for a little while at the frat house with the new crop of brothers. Hell, I was nearly thirty, not dead.

Well, what did we have here? All the stage lights were still up, blazing white, and the place wasn't empty after all. Two guys on the stage, with push-brooms? I recognized them from earlier--one of them had his hair dyed light blue, so how could I *not* remember them? They were pledges from the frat, probably assigned

cleanup duty. Typical fraternity shit-work for the pledges.

Ordinarily, I'd wave, say good night, and keep on heading home. But two things caught my eye. First, the pledge on the left, the blue-haired one, was one of guys I had brought up onstage during my performance. Under hypnosis, he and three of his buddies thought they were a hot new singing group performing their number-one single to a theater full of adoring fans. The audience ate it up and cheered for more.

Second, these two pledges had their shirts off, sweating as they swept the stage under the lights, wearing just shorts, socks, and sneakers. As pledges they were probably lucky they weren't being made to sweep the floor naked with a toilet seat around their necks. Hmm, I've never been able to resist a cute, shirtless young man, much less two of them.

They were supposed to be cleaning up, or so the brooms they held implied, but they had apparently decided to take a break. They stood propped against their broom handles, talking. Mr. Blue Hair seemed awfully interested in his friend, like "head over heels in lust" interested, but looked like he was trying hard not to show it. And Mr. Friend seemed like he was definitely enjoying the attention, even if maybe he didn't realize quite what it meant. Mr. Friend was smoking a cigarette and he passed it to the other, who took a long drag. No, not a cigarette. The smell of the smoke reached me. They were smoking pot.

I walked up onstage. "Hey, fellas. Did you enjoy the show?"

They jumped and the one with the joint tried to hide it behind his back, but they calmed down when they saw I wasn't a security guard. "Fuck, you scared the shit out of me," the one on the left swore, which gave the other a little case of the giggles. Then he realized he was still holding the lit joint. He dropped it on the stage and stamped it out. "Uhm, you won't tell the brothers, will you?"

"Nah, your secret is safe with me," I said. Both of them looked a little pot-glazed, so I repeated myself: "Did you enjoy the show?"

"Yeah," the one on the right, the giggly one, said shyly. "I never saw a hypnotism show before. It was kind of cool." He glanced at his friend and grinned, probably remembering him as a singer bellowing his off-key heart out onstage during my act. He held his broom handle in front of him and scratched his bare arm, a little self-consciously, which I found unintentionally sexy.

They knew who I was, of course, since they'd seen me at the frat house earlier and had seen my show, but all I knew about them was they were pledges. And cute. So I asked their names.

"I'm David," said the one on the left. He was the one with the light blue hair, cropped spiky-short, a trim-bodied, pale-skinned Anglo boy of average height with a patch of scruffy brown stubble on his chin. We shook hands, his grip a little shaky, then I turned to the other.

"David," he said too. He was a tall, muscular Latino wide-shouldered, with shoulder-length dark hair.

I suspected a fraternity prank--Lord knows, I wouldn't have put it past any of my brothers, back when I was an active member. What were the odds of two shirtless pledges, both named "David"?

"They--uhm, they call me David One. Dee-One," said the blue-haired one, grinning, barely holding back giggles again.

The Latino one on the right chuckled sheepishly. "And I'm David Two. Dee-Two."

Well, I guess "David" *is* a common name. And like I said, I've never been able to resist cute shirtless men.

I looked around the empty auditorium. *Screw security*, I thought with a smirk.

I said, "So you liked the show, huh?" They nodded, grinning widely, still a little relaxed and sloppy from the pot. "You know," I said, drawing my pocket watch out of my pocket, "there's no reason the show has to be over just yet. I think we have time for a little encore performance, if you're willing."

"Huh?" they said in unison.

The spiel I tell the audience during my show is that the pocket watch is charmed, ensorcelled by an old gypsy woman in Europe four hundred years ago. Truth is, it's just an el-cheapo pocket watch I bought a while back for ten bucks at a pawn shop downtown. But every performance depends on mystique, and a magic pocket watch sounds so much more ... mystical.

I dangled the watch and let it sway on its chain in front of them. "No, the show is just beginning, isn't it. Take a deep breath, both of you. That's it. Hold it. Now let it out. Yes. That's right. The show is just beginning."

I had an advantage. The David on the left, Dee-One, had been hypnotized earlier during my show. The David on the right, Dee-Two, had seen it all. All I had to do was make it seem inevitable. The pot had relaxed them, inhibitions lowered. The "magic" pocket watch would lower their resistance too. These boys would never know what hit them.

I let my voice drone on. "Concentrate on the watch. It's natural--you can't help yourself. See how it moves and turns? Maybe you're already finding your eyes focusing on it. The moment you do, you will become aware of many things. You will become aware of a warm, relaxing, peaceful sensation flowing through your body. The moment you begin concentrating on the watch, take a deep breath and feel yourself becoming more relaxed."

Dee-One's eyes were already drooping, while Dee-Two's were barely fluttering. Dee-One had been an easy subject before, which was why I chose him from the audience. I never "removed" my triggers for putting my subjects back into a trance. Since I usually never saw them again, it wasn't an issue. And on the rare times like now, it came in handy.

I moved closer to Dee-One. "So drowsy. So warm and relaxed and drowsy." As stuffy as it was getting on the stage, under these lights, "warm" was accurate, a physical metaphor to ease them along. "As you concentrate on the watch, you become aware of the drowsy, relaxed feeling flowing through your body, down into your arms and into your legs. Feeling all the tension drain out of your chest, flowing like water down your arms, down your fingertips."

I was talking mostly to Dee-One now. "David, allow your eyelids to close and begin concentrating now." I took his broom handle from him, and his hand trailed listlessly along behind it for a second before letting go. "Concentrating so deeply," I intoned as I laid the broom aside. "So deeply indeed. Already nearly in that deep, relaxed state of hypnotic sleep, so focused, concentrating on my words so easily. When I touch your forehead, that will be your cue to close your eyes again and sink back down into that pleasant, relaxed state of hypnosis." I spread my fingers across his head and pressed my thumb firmly into the middle of his forehead--the trigger spot--rocking his head back a little, then tipping it forward, ordering him, "Sleep. Deep sleep."

His eyes closed and stayed closed.

"David?" said the other David, half-entranced himself, voice uncertain and dreamy.

"David," I told the sleeping one, "earlier you were in a singing group, weren't you? Did you enjoy that?"

"Uh huh ..."

"I want you to imagine yourself as a performer again. But not a singer. No, this time you will be a different kind of performer. When I snap my fingers, you will open your eyes and you will know with utter certainty that you are a stage hypnotist, just like me. A very powerful hypnotist. The world's best, in fact. And you're going to prove your skill by hypnotizing your friend David here. Does that sound like fun?"

"Okay ..."

"Ready? Feel it becoming an absolute certainty. One--two--three." I snapped my fingers beside his ear.

Dee-One opened his eyes and looked up. His gaze fell on the pocket watch I held in my other hand, and a slight smile coiled around his mouth.

He reached for it and took the chain from me with his right hand. "David," he said confidently to his fellow pledge, turning toward him and holding up the watch in front of him, "keep your eyes on the watch. Just watch it as it swings back and forth, back and forth."

Dee Two stared at it groggily. "What ... are you ..."

"Shh," Dee One assured him, his grin pure mischief. "Just keep your eyes on the watch. Back and forth, back and forth. That's right. That's perfect. Focus all your attention on the watch." Lord help me, Dee One was really getting into this.

I stepped in behind Dee-One, standing close behind him, and I reached over his shoulder and with my fingers under his wrist I nudged his hand a little higher in the air. "Keep your eyes on the watch. Focus on it. Watch it sway," I whispered in Dee-One's ear.

"Keep your eyes on the watch," he echoed to Dee-Two. "Focus on it. Watch it sway."

Me: "Feeling so relaxed, so drowsy."

Dee-One: "Feeling so relaxed, so drowsy."

"So sleepy. So ready for sleep."

"So sleepy ... So ready for sleep."

"So inevitable, really. Deeply asleep soon just like you."

"So inevitable ... Deeply asleep soon just like me."

"Deep hypnotic sleep flowing over him."

"Deep ... hypnotic sleep ... flowing over you." Dee-One's voice was slurring; the induction he was reciting had him losing his ability to stay awake.

"The urge to sleep is overpowering. He wants to be deeply asleep too, doesn't he. Just like you."

"The urge ... to sleep ... overpowering. You want ... to be ... deeply asleep too, don't you. Just like me."

Dee-Two whispered, "... Yes ...". His eyelids were fluttering and he swayed slightly on his feet. Looked like he had a half-erection in his pants too--always a good sign. His eyelids dropped and fluttered. He was ready.

"Ready to sleep, deep hypnotic sleep."

"Ready ... sleep ... deep ... hypnotic sleep ..."

"When you touch his forehead, that's his cue to let go and sink deep into hypnotic sleep."

"When I touch ... forehead ... that's your cue ... let go ... sink deep into hypnotic sleep."

I took Dee-One's left wrist and gently lifted his hand to Dee-Two's face. "Touch his forehead," I whispered into Dee-One's ear. "Deep sleep."

Dee-One pressed two fingers to Dee-Two's forehead and mumbled, "Deep sleep ..."

Dee-Two's eyes closed and his head sank forward.

"Very good, David," I said. I stepped out from behind Dee-One. "You did a fine job as the world's best hypnotist."

Dee-One looked half-asleep himself, but his lips curled into that naughty smile again and he lifted the pocket watch on its chain in front of me and said, "Keep your eyes on the watch ... Watch it sway ..."

I had to give David credit for audacity, but I had other plans. I closed one hand over the watch and touched his forehead with my other as I took back my watch from him. "Deep sleep," I instructed him. "Return to that deep, peaceful hypnotic sleep."

His eyes closed again and his head slowly dropped forward.

"Very good, David. Very good, both of you. So deeply asleep. So peacefully, deeply, securely wrapped in that comforting hypnotic sleep."

I thought about the security guard--he had to be coming by soon. But decided I'd chance it. After all, how often even in my line of work did I get two fine specimens of college-age manhood at my disposal, shirtless, hypnotized, and ready to follow my instructions for a little after-hours play time? You might think I'd get tired of this, but so far I never have.

"Being hypnotized feels so good, doesn't it? In fact, it feels amazing. So relaxed and focused. So amazing, doesn't it?"

They both mumbled, "... Yes ..."

I had an idea about how to help Dee One with his secret crush on Dee Two, and maybe help Dee Two out with that erection of his at the same time. I said, "Dee One, I think Dee Two feels extra-special good. I think he has got a hard-on. Don't you, Dee Two?"

"... Yes ..."

"Dee One, maybe you should get down there and check it out. Get down there on your knees. Get a good look."

Dee One knelt in front of Dee Two, peering through heavy lids at Dee Two's crotch-bulge.

"Does that look like a hard-on to you, Dee One?"

"... I ... Yes ..."

"You know what that means, don't you? It means he has a hard cock, doesn't it?"

"... Yes ..."

"I bet your fraternity has a rule about hard-ons, doesn't it? A secret, special rule only the brothers and pledges know, doesn't it? It's a rule they use when they have you downstairs for those special rush games they make you pledges play, isn't it?"

"... Uh huh ..."

"That rule is, a pledge has to help out a brother who needs relief, isn't it?"

"... Uh huh ..."

"Now I want you to close your eyes for a moment and concentrate. When you open them, you will see yourself in that room downstairs at the frat house. And you'll know this man in front of you is a brother, a brother with a hard-on, needing some special relief, right? The special rule will apply, and you'll know just what to do. Now close your eyes. Concentrate."

He did, his brow furrowing intently. Dee One was certainly proving himself a pliant, cooperative subject.

While Dee One was thinking, I said to the other, "Dee Two, in a moment you're going to start having a nice dream. A very nice dream about the most beautiful person you've ever seen." Better to be vague--I had no clue whether this David liked men or women. "Keep your eyes tightly closed, so tightly closed, and keep dreaming. You're going to feel the most beautiful person you've ever seen touching you, and it's going to feel good. Just let it relax you and help you slip deeper into this peaceful hypnotic sleep, deeper into that dream. It will feel so good. Just let it happen. Every touch helps you relax and sleep."

Time to advance this show into the next act. "Okay, Dee One, open your eyes. Tell me what you see. I bet you see a hard-on, don't you?"

"... Uh huh ..."

"Do you remember the rule?"

"... Yeah ..."

"Then you know what you need to do, don't you?"

Dee One brought his hands up to the front of Dee Two's shorts. A pop of the snap and a downward tug of the zipper. The fly of Dee Two's shorts came open and exposed his underwear. Lacy, pink and yellow women's panties. I rolled my eyes--fraternity boys and their rush pranks.

Okay, so Dee One pawed at the front of Dee Two's shorts and got them and those damned women's panties worked down. Dee Two was thoroughly hard, his foreskin already pulled back behind the crimson cock head. And hung big--he was hung big. His long, thick dick jerked up and bobs in Dee One's face. Dee One gave the shorts another tug down, and Dee Two's low-hanging balls swung free too. Dee One's expression was spacey but hungry. Eager. Well, well--I decided this was about to get even interesting.

Dee One had to use both hands to encircle Dee Two's enormous cock fully. He seemed to savor the warmth of that pulsing shaft in his hands. A clear drop of pre-cum oozed out from the deep well of Dee Two's piss slit. Whatever he was dreaming about, he was really getting into this. Dee One squeezed again, and another few drops seeped out. Dee One coated his palm with Dee Two's slippery juice and began sliding his hands up and down the mammoth rod. It looked like he was wrestling an anaconda. I swear, Dee Two must have been hung at least eleven inches.

"Dee One, why don't you slide forward?" I whispered in his ear. "You remember the rule. Time to help your buddy get some relief. See how much you can get it in your throat."

Dee One's grin widened. He scooted forward, and Dee Two's dick head touched his lips, like some lumbering Clydesdale trying to push in. Dee One licked the red fleshy knob tenderly, running his tongue around it, probing into the piss slit, tasting the little dribbles of pre-cum that kept oozing out. He may have been entranced but he obviously knew his way around a cock, and liked it. Looks like my old fraternity still trained the pledges well.

Dee Two was getting into his dream too. He pushed his hips forward, and his cock slowly slid into Dee One's opening mouth. Dee One stretched his lips wide around it, trying to accommodate the thickness of the shaft. One only handled half of Two's cock before he started to gag. Even with half of Dee Two's cock filling Dee One's throat, there was still enough of the shaft left for One to wrap his hands around.

Dee Two started pumping his hips, slowly at first, sliding his club-cock in and out between Dee One's lips. He cradled Dee One's head in his hand, finger digging into One's short blue hair. Dee One slid one of his hands around behind Dee Two, feeling his ass, trying to control the depth of his thrusts.

Dee Two gave a long sigh. His eyes were clenched shut, keeping him locked in his dream. "Yeah, baby" he murmured, obviously enjoying what was happening--in his head and in his crotch--but not giving me any clues whether he was dreaming about a guy or a girl. But this boy definitely loved getting his dick sucked and he definitely knew how to fuck a face. I made a mental note to put in a good word for both of them back at the fraternity. You can't have too many monster dicks in the ol' brotherhood or too many guys who love to suck 'em, and you definitely can't have too many good subjects like these boys either!

Two picked up his pace, fucking Dee One's mouth faster now. His swinging balls slapped against the brown fuzz on One's chin. Dee One lost his grip on Two's cock and on his butt. If not for Dee Two's hand holding on to the back of his head, the intensity of Two's strokes would have knocked Dee One on his ass.

"That's it" I encouraged them both. Since Dee One now had both hands free, I bent down and whispered in his ear. "Go ahead and get your shorts open, if you want. So easy. Just open them up. You can jerk yourself off if you want. Jerk yourself off while you suck that dick and feel it help you relax deeper into hypnotic sleep."

Dee One's hands disappeared into his crotch while he let Dee Two fuck his face. He squirmed to get his shorts down enough to get his rigid cock out. Yeah, this boy liked cock-play. His own rod was a perfectly



shaped six-incher, and he stroked it quickly, with practiced efficiency.

I have to admit, I was hard too, just watching them. My boyfriend Jason would have loved the enthusiastic show they were putting on too. I was thinking about pulling my cock out and whacking off a load, but I decided I better keep my wits about me, in case the security guard showed up. I'd save it for when I got home to Jason and pound his ass but good. But there was nothing to stop me from rubbing my hard-on a little through my pants.

Their little suck-and-jack fest continued on for the next few minutes. The only sounds were the little grunts and groans they let out, increasing in frequency, and the slap of cock and balls against mouth and chin. Dee Two's cock popped out of One's mouth, and Dee One dove in up under that tower, burrowing his nose into the loose folds of Dee Two's scrotum, moaning louder now. The security guard had to be somewhere around, maybe even watching us right then, but I didn't care. Dee One was spanking his meat as fast as he could, rising up on his knees. Dee Two's cock slid back and forth along Dee One's cheek as Dee One dug his tongue deeper around in Two's ballsack. Two's cock loomed above One's face like some huge flesh-colored blimp, but hard as rebar.

Dee Two gasped. His balls were riding up. Dee One's tongue lapped at those balls and the root of Dee Two's prick. He reached his free hand up and slid it down the full length of that rod. Dee Two groaned, "Oh, yeah, baby--I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" His body convulsed, and a wad of hot jism blasted out of his cock head, arced past Dee One's shoulder, and splattered hard against the stage floor. Another blast followed, then a third. Dee Two's cock was a veritable Vesuvius of erupting splooge, settling down now to dribbling pulses that flowed down Dee One's hand and forearm.

Dee One moaned happily up into Dee Two's balls, and his body tensed just as rigid as his cock. He spurted out his load on the stage between Dee Two's feet.

"That's good, boys, so very good," I told them, storing every detail to replay later in my fantasies when I was fucking the shit out of my lover Jason.

I told them to relax, sink back into sleep. I pulled out a handkerchief and wiped up their loads from hands and cockheads and the stage floor. Can't be leaving telltale cum spots on the stage floor, can we?

I had that "being watched" feeling. I scanned the auditorium--I couldn't see much with the stage lights in my eyes but the place still looked empty. It had to be the security guard coming to check on these two, turn out the lights, and lock the place for the night. I decided I better get a move on and finish up.

"That brings us to the close of tonight's show, my friends," I told them, and I told Dee One to stand up and had both of them pull up their lacy little panties and their shorts, tuck away their spent dicks, and fasten everything back into place. I took out two business cards while they did and I stuck one in the pocket of each boy's shorts. "I know you enjoyed the show, and I know you'll want to be part of it again, won't you?"

Dee-One said, "Yes ..." and Dee-Two said, "Yeah ..."

"In fact, you'll crave it. The card I just stuck in your pockets has my address on it. Come Sunday, you'll feel the need to come to that address at ten p.m. sharp. That's when the next show will happen, a private little affair, and you want to be part of it. You might not remember why, but you'll remember that you really must arrive at that address at ten o'clock Sunday night, understand?"

They said, "Yeah ..." in unison.

"Everything will just fall into place so that you can be there on time. You'll do whatever is necessary to make it happen, won't you?"

"Yes ..."

"Good, good. Now, in just a moment, I'm going to snap my fingers and--"

Okay, that time I know I saw something--someone--moving in the aisles. If it was the security guard, at least I had the boys dressed again. That someone started clapping, not loudly, just a slow, appreciative clap.

"Who's there?" I called.

"It's just me," called back a familiar voice. "That was an impressive show. Much better than the tame material in your main performance. You've learned well."

I squinted against the brilliant stage lights. "Who?"

Whoever it was, he was approaching the stage, the stairs at the corner that led onstage.

"It's Paul," he said, as I simultaneously identified the voice. Paul: My best friend and roommate at the frat house back when we were in college. He graduated a year ahead of me. He had introduced me to my lover Jason too.

When he reached the base of the stairs, I could make him out. Yep, it was Paul all right, a few years older than the last time I'd seen him, but still looking damn good. "Paul--hey!" was all I could blurt, still a little stunned to see him after all these years.

He said, "I know you remember me, don't you. I taught you all about hypnosis. And the things we used to do when I had you so deeply hypnotized--you may think you've forgotten them too, but I know you remember. Deep down, you remember. In fact, it's all coming back to you now, isn't it? Just like I told you it would when I reminded you."

I found myself saying, "Yes, I remember." Because I really did remember. How could I have forgotten? He had hypnotized me for over two years when we shared a room together. He taught me to hypnotize other guys too, taught me everything I knew. And the things we did together--how could I have forgotten?

"Yes," Paul said, at the top of the stairs now and strolling closer. "I can see you remember now. It feels so good to remember, doesn't it? Almost like being right back there all over again, right?"

"Yes."

"Oh, and don't worry about the security guard. I made sure he won't bother us. He'll stay sound asleep until I wake him. A deep, hypnotic sleep. I bet you remember that sleep too, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Good." He touched my hand. I felt him pull the pocket watch chain free of my fingers. "Very good," he said. "I see you still use props for your stage show. That's very effective for the masses, isn't it? But you and me?--We know how hypnosis really works. We know it is more about collaboration than control, don't we? Relax. Focus. Look at me. Look only at me. Work with me now. Just like all those times before. You remember now, don't you? All those times we worked together. Look at me now, work with me, and listen.

Listen to me. You know all about this, I know. You know hypnosis is not something the hypnotist does to you. You know the truth. You know I don't hypnotize you. I never have. We worked together. Listen. Listen to me and remember. *We* will hypnotize you, you know? You know that, don't you? It has always been a collaboration, you and me, together. We work together. You remember. We do this together. Listen. Yes. You know what I mean. I know you remember. We work together to hypnotize you. We enter hypnosis together. We hypnotize you together. We enter that deep, hypnotic trance together. It's a collaboration between us. Do you remember?'

I was remembering. How could I have forgotten? It all made sense, so I said, "Yes ..."

"Yes. You know. You know we will work together to make it happen, to hypnotize you. You know you just have to listen and relax. And remember. Together we will hypnotize you. Together we will enter trance. Together. You will remember. Listen. Relax. You will follow along with me, going into trance together. Follow my instructions, and relax, listen to me, and remember. So easy, so simple. Do you remember?"

"Yes ..."

"So listen to me. You remember. I want to keep this simple, you know. You remember. You know. You are following back into trance again, so familiar. You know this. All those times before--you remember them again. You are following my instructions, you know. Listen to me. You remember. You know. You remember all those times before, when you followed all my instructions. You remember. You are following all of my instructions now, you know. Do you remember?"

I said, "Yes ..."

"What do you remember? What do you know?"

It seemed so perfectly clear and simple. I said, "I remember--I know I'm following your instructions."

"I know too. You are following my suggestions. Do you know this?"

"I know this."

"I bet you remember again what else we used to do, don't you? Back when you would follow my instructions, don't you?"

I thought about it a moment and said, "Yes," because I did.

"I would like you to do that again, for old time's sake. It would be fun. Do you remember?"

I said, "Yes," because I was remembering what I was supposed to do. I needed to--what?--I needed to get down on my knees.

"Just like old times," Paul said as I knelt in front of him. "Do you remember?"

I said, "Yes," as I reached for his belt.

"That's right," he said as I opened his belt and popped the button on his slacks and unzipped his fly. His slacks slipped down his thighs a few inches and I tugged them down a few more.

"You know what else you remember. You may think you've forgotten because I asked you to push the

memories out of reach of your conscious mind, but it's time you remembered. It's time you remembered everything. Let it all come back to you now."

And I did remember. How could I have forgotten? I remembered everything. I remembered meeting Paul-- handsome and charismatic, the psychology student, mister popularity--at the rush party and how he encouraged me to join the fraternity. I remembered picking him to be my big brother when I pledged. Memorizing all that fraternity history and Greek trivia was tough, and I remember Paul offering to hypnotize me so I could remember it better. I remembered how well it worked. I memorized all that information effortlessly. And I remembered how it helped make the rush humiliations easier--Paul showed me how to turn off my mind's objections and just let my body go through the motions. I remembered how I moved into the fraternity house and became his roommate. I remembered Paul hung out a lot with Jason from the room next door. I remembered Jason was always in our room, hanging out with us, always wearing his underwear and not much else. I remember how I came to realize Paul had a hold on Jason, a sexual hold, the way Paul was always talking low and encouraging Jason to hypnotize himself, and the sexual things Paul was always encouraging Jason to do for him, Jason on his knees sucking Paul, or lying on his back with his legs in the air, or kneeling and jacking himself off with a satisfied sigh when he squirted out his load on the floor. I remember how I came to realize Paul had a sexual hold on me too, and I liked it--I liked kneeling in front of him and reaching for his beautiful cock. I remember Paul teaching me to hypnotize Jason and others too--he saw me as his successor because he was about to graduate. I remember how Paul kept telling me Jason and I were made for each other, how he knew we would always be together, and he was right because I found myself loving Jason more and more each day. Still do. I remembered it all.

"Just like old times," Paul murmured to me. "Do you remember how much you loved sucking my cock? Go ahead--take it out."

I eased the front of his briefs down, and his cock popped out, already hard. I pressed my nose against the base of his needy dick, and I breathed in his soapy, sweaty cock smell just before flicking the tip of my tongue across his balls.

"Tell me how beautiful my cock is," he said, running his fingers over the back of my head.

"It's beautiful," I whispered, because it was, and because I remembered now how he never tired of hearing that. He grabbed two hands full of my hair and pulled my head back.

"I said, tell me how beautiful my cock is," he demanded, lust contorting his face.

"Your cock is beautiful," I said louder. He let go of my hair and pressed my head toward the head of his dick. I sucked the wide head with the flat of my tongue. I wrapped my fist around the fat shaft and jerked it slowly with long, firm strokes while whipping the head with my tongue.

"Suck it," he ordered quietly. "Show me how well you can suck my cock."

I wrapped my lips around his cock head, then fed the entire length of that rigid flesh into my mouth. I kept it there, not letting it move, then pulling back to let all but the head of his dick slide out of my mouth. I moved back down on it, very slowly, until my nose nestled in his musky pubic hair. How could I have forgotten this? My face fell gratefully onto his veiny hard-on, then backed off, again and again.

"Suck it," he groaned. "Suck it, you beautiful son of a bitch."

So I did. Though I was mostly a top with my lover Jason, I knew my way around cocksucking, and I had a lot

more experience now than in college, and I demonstrated a lot of my new tricks.

Paul growled. His dick had swollen to full hardness. He laid his hands on both sides of my face and pumped his hips, fucking my face with slow, lazy strokes. I slid my hand up under his shirt in search of his nipple, and I gave it a good squeeze. He groaned again appreciatively.

I slid my other hand up under his balls, feeling backward for the warm smoothness of his ass, like sunbathed stone. I burrowed a finger into the crack, probing for his hole, and I pushed my finger gently into it. "Oh, yeah," he said. His dick was sliding deeply into my throat now, and he ground his hips against my face. I slid my finger into his ass the way I remembered so clearly now, just the way he liked it. I pushed it up into the warm, velvety chute. I found and massaged his prostate. He groaned again and his body shuddered violently.

Paul said something more, not to me--he told me I didn't have to listen, so I didn't. He said something to someone else, and then more hands were touching me. Paul's were still caressing my head. One set of hands started on my shirt, unbuttoning it, pulling it off, and I pulled my hands back to allow it. Another set started on my crotch and soon had my pants open, my dick out. Gentle hands kneaded my shoulders, while another hand held my dick in position for the mouth sliding down on it. Dee One and Dee Two were still in their trances, obeying Paul's instructions as happily as they followed mine. Dee Two stood behind me, massaging. Dee One coiled in my crotch, sucking me.

Paul says something about wanting me to fuck his ass again, and I suddenly remembered all those times back in the dorm room. He would say something that relaxed me, helped me lead myself irresistibly back to this happy state of hypnosis, and sooner or later we would fuck, usually with him on the receiving side. How could I have forgotten?

He put his hand on my shoulder and pushed firmly. I sank back onto my butt, rolled further onto my back. I was stripped to the knees. The stage felt warm against my back under the lights. I relaxed against it. Paul, with his legs free of his pants and underwear now, straddled me. A newly torn condom wrapper fluttered down out of the air and settled beside my arm. I felt him grip my dick, roll the condom down its length. Dee One stood to my left, Dee Two to my right. They had their pants open again, dicks out, hard, stroking, blissfully vacant expressions on their faces, watching Paul and me between them through heavy-lidded eyes.

Paul straddled me and lowered himself. He pulled apart his fleshy ass cheeks and positioned my cock head against his hole. He had lubricated his ass and my condom-sheathed cock. He dropped his ass slowly against my dick and groaned again. The head of my dick slid in, inch by inch, skewering him until his hips pressed against my bush.

Paul groaned again. "Fuck, that feels good!"

He started pumping his hips up, then down, making my dick slide in and out of his greased hole. He braced himself with his hands against my chest, kneading the gym-worked muscles. He seized my nipples and twisted them gently, then harder, making me moan quietly. My cock connected with something inside him, and his body convulsed with pleasure.

He pressed his ass down as far as it went and ground it against my groin, speeding up. His whimper escalated into a full-fledged howl as he proceeded to truly trash himself up and down my cock, pumping his ass up and down, up and down, with hard, savage strokes. Finally he plunged down hard, his face gnarled up, and barked, "Fuck!" He shot hot ropes of cum across my chest.

Paul climbed off of me, still panting. When he told me, I pulled off the condom and began jacking myself off.

Dee One and Dee Two still were jacking off over me. Paul said something to them, and a few seconds later Dee Two tossed his head back and spurted his load across my chest. Paul said something to me too, and an orgasm struck through me like an electric shock. Above me, Dee One was cumming too. His sperm rained down on my chest and abs, as I geysered my own load all over my torso too.

"Yeah," Paul chanted, "Shoot those loads. Shoot those loads."

When I was done, Paul had Dee One and Dee Two tuck their cocks away again, fasten their shorts again. He told me to stand up, get dressed, and I did, pulling my pants up, putting my shirt on over the four loads of cum that coated my chest and ran down my abdomen.

Paul grinned. "Just like old times, right? There's no need to push those old memories away anymore if you want to keep remembering them." He reached in my pocket and pulled out another of my business cards, like the ones I had given Dee One and Dee Two.

Paul snapped his fingers, my cue to take a deep breath and emerge from hypnosis. I hadn't given Dee One and Dee Two any such cue--they remained happily relaxed.

"Ten o'clock Sunday night, was it?" he smirked at me as I was still pulling myself out of it. "Well, I'm in town for a few days, so maybe I'll show up too. Maybe I'll show up a little early. You know--just to, uhm, make sure you and Jason are relaxed and in the proper mood for when your other guests here arrive. We'll have an encore of our own, just like old times back in the dorms."

I nodded, still not completely roused yet. Jason would be glad to see Paul too. Sunday night. The blond kid, Dee One, Dee Two, and now Paul. Jason and I were going to have a blast.

Paul waved as he walked away, leaving me to resolve everything onstage with Dee One and Dee Two. Like always--Paul was always the opening act, and I got the shit-work of cleaning up and bringing things to closure. But still, as before, he always opened up amazing possibilities for me. He disappeared as he climbed down out of the stage lights and into darker rows beyond. "Oh," he called casually over his shoulder as he made his exit, "don't forget to wake up the guard on your way out."

Maybe our little encore wasn't over after all. Maybe the show was just getting started.

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