

Lessons Learned

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A college student watches two of his frat brothers experiment with hypnosis.]

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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Lopo is a black guy from Brazil. He came to this country for college on a soccer scholarship and pledged our frat two years ago. He and I were in the same pledge class. I've been secretly in lust with him ever since.

No one knows I'm gay, and I'd like to keep it that way. My parents would freak and stop paying my tuition if they ever found out, and just thinking about what my frat brothers would say and do creeps me out. Just last year, when someone said maybe Pete was gay, everyone turned against him and they badgered and insulted and ridiculed him until he quit. He's shackled up with a girl now, off-campus, so probably the rumor was wrong. But still, if that's any indication, no thanks.

So for now, I watch Lopo from a distance, every chance I get. He's a good-looking, athletic guy, with a soccer-jock's easy charm, but there's more to it than that. There's just something about the way he moves, real sensuous, something that just says, *Yeah, I'm hot*. Everybody at the frat knows that, being Brazilian, Lopo has some really different ideas about modesty--heck, we've all known that since the time he showed up at the

pool party wearing a swimsuit that could best be described as falling somewhere between "men's bikini" and "slutty," and left nothing to anyone's imagination. It's not that he's an exhibitionist or anything--he just doesn't think anything about hanging out in snug shorts with no underwear, the kind that lets his substantial cock or balls slide out sometimes, or strolling bareass naked from the showers back to his room. That's just the way he is, and that's part of why I've been so hot for him all this time.

But I can't let anyone find out. Not Lopo. Certainly not the rest of the frat.

Right now, I'm admiring him from where I'm sitting. Lopo is sitting on the couch in the TV room. He's watching some sports game, with the sound turned down low. Me, I'm in the next room, the study room. It's summer semester, and there are only a few of us enrolled. No one else is around. I'm supposed to be working on a paper, but I'm really spending way too much time tilting back in my chair. See, when I do that, I can see Lopo sitting there. He's too intent on the game to pay any attention to me, so I can pretend to be looking out the window beyond him and daydreaming, when I'm really fantasizing about him.

Lopo is sitting on the couch. He's slouched down, with his arms folded over his chest and his legs stuck out in front of him, crossed at the ankle. He has on this white knit shirt and a blue baseball cap. I can see just the very bottom part of his tattoo sticking out from under the sleeve of his shirt, but that's okay; I've practically memorized the tribal design of it from seeing it many times before. He's black, but his skin is mocha-light, and the intricate *black*-black lines of the tattoo stand out clearly. He looks good in that shirt--white looks good on him, and that shirt frames his muscular chest and tight abs like it's part of his skin. The bill of the baseball cap keeps me from seeing his eyes, but I know Lopo well enough to know a nuclear blast couldn't distract him when he's watching a game. He also has on a pair of blue gym shorts with the school emblem on them. He has his shoes off, and his socks are kind of bunched around his ankles.

Shit! Someone's coming!

"Hey, big guy," that someone says. He's standing around the corner in the TV room where I can't see him, but I recognize his voice. It's Ryan, Lopo's roommate.

Ryan's pretty hot too. He's a swimmer, with sleek muscles. He's really cute, and he's always smiling, always laughing and joking, a really happy guy. If it weren't for Lopo, I'd have the hots for Ryan big-time, but Lopo always wins in the lust-fantasy category, hands down.

"Whassup? How you doing?" Lopo says in his sexy Brazilian accent.

"Good." Ryan parks himself on the other end of the couch, where I can't see much of him. "Anything good on?"

"It just started," Lopo says.

"Aren't you supposed to be in class?"

"Yeah. I skip class today. Where are you coming back from?"

"Psychology. It's my favorite class. I never skip it."

"Is that the one where the professor did the experiment with you?"

"Where he hypnotized me and this girl in class last week? Yeah, that's the one."

Lopo chuckles, "Maybe he hypnotize you to not skip?"

Ryan grins. "Ha ha--very funny. Just like I told you--my professor did this whole hypnosis experiment with me and this girl in the class. She was really under. It was like she didn't know what she was doing."

"What about you?"

"Oh, yeah, I guess. Me too."

"What did he make you do?"

"He was, like, asking her questions, getting her to talk about a bunch of stuff. And he told her, like, her arm was stiff and made out of wood, and how she couldn't move it, and stuff like that."

I make a mental note: Ryan isn't describing much of what happened to *him* during the demonstration.

Ryan sounds kinda enthusiastic. "It was really cool. We were talking, uhm, about the uses of hypnosis and how to do it. I dunno. I really want to try it."

"Going under again?"

"No, no, I wanna try doing it. Hypnotizing someone. I paid really careful attention to everything he did and said."

Lopo asks, "I thought you said you were put under."

"I was--I was. But I paid really careful attention to what he was doing the whole time, especially when he put me under."

"Don't that kind of shit take years to learn? You have to practice first, right?"

"No! No, it's real simple. I really want to try it. I totally think I could do it. It didn't look that hard at all. He didn't seem to have any trouble doing it."

"Probably because the subjects were airheads to begin with," Lopo chuckles.

"Well, probably. Hey--wait a minute--*her* maybe, but not me, you fucker." Ryan's voice is mock-angry but I rear my chair back for just a second and see him grinning too. "I mean, no, it didn't look like there was anything special or magic about it. I totally think I could do it, dude. I was real paying attention, and I--"

Lopo interrupts him with a laugh. "One demonstration, and you can do it? You're an expert? Oh, sure."

Ryan's voice sounds sly. "You, uhm, wanna make a bet? He used a candle just like that one over there."

"C'mon, Ryan. That stuff does not work."

"Yeah? Wanna make a bet?"

"*Hell*, no! It's stupid."

"Yeah? So you're afraid."

I hear a "thunk," and I see that Ryan has taken one of the candles from the shelf and put it on the coffee table. He's grinning, like he knows a secret.

Lopo says, incredulously, "Noooo! That stuff, it will never work on someone like me."

Around the corner of the door frame, I see that Ryan is lighting the candle anyway.

"You don't think so?" Ryan says.

"No."

"Care to make a friendly wager on that?"

"Like what?"

Ryan says, "Uh, I dunno. Maybe I'll make you be my slave for a month."

Laughing, Lopo says, "No fucking way. No way."

Ryan says, "Uhm, then you do my laundry for a month."

Lopo laughs again. "No, dude, I am not going to touch your dirty laundry. Bad enough I have to share the same room with it. How about beers for a week?"

Ryan says, "Awright. Cool," and they both laugh. "Seriously, you wanna try it? I bet that, not only can I put you under, right now, but you won't remember a thing."

Lopo said, "Uh, *whatever*."

"C'mon," Ryan said. "Turn off the TV--turn it off, and we'll try it. Just sit back. This will take, like, ten minutes, then you can watch the rest of the game."

"What?"

"Turn off the TV, dude," Ryan says. "Here you go. Sit back."

"Man," Lopo moans, "I can't believe I agreed to do this."

"Ah, c'mon. It'll be fun. It'll take ten minutes--tops."

I peek around the door frame for a quick look before ducking back. Ryan has moved the table and the candle closer to the couch, in front of Lopo. I see Ryan take the remote control from Lopo and shut off the TV. He drops the remote on the table beside the candle.

Lopo laughs again. "You have *got* to be kidding."

Ryan says, defensively, "No! Honest! This is just like the candle he used in class. I know it sounds a little hokey, but this is gonna work just fine."

"Come on!" Lopo laughs.

"You've just got--just try to keep an open mind about this, okay? It's relaxing, all right? It really is. Just

watching it, I got, like, really ... relaxed."

"All right!" Lopo surrenders.

Ryan says, "Who knows--maybe it'll even help you study."

Lopo laughs.

"Maybe I should suggest that you go to class every now and then, too. Anyway--sit back. Get comfortable."

Lopo moans again, "Oh, *Deus!* Beers. For a week!"

"Beers, for a week," Ryan confirms.

"All right," Lopo says, and I hear him shift on the couch. "*Eu não posso acreditar que eu estou fazendo este.*"

"Just relax," Ryan says. "Just watch the candle flame. Watch it as it moves and flickers. Listen to the sound of my voice."

Lopo giggles, and I hear Ryan smack him playfully--"C'mon, be serious!"--and Lopo giggling in spite of him.

"Awright ... Awright, awright, awright."

Ryan's voice drops into a low, slow drone. "I want you to listen closely to what I'm saying to you now. Just try to relax. Listen to the sound of my voice. Just lean back and get really comfortable. I want you to look into the candle flame and look for a tiny spot. It can be any part of the candle flame. That spot will have special meaning to you. It will help relax you, and you may notice something as you watch that spot. It may begin to change its shape. Maybe it's just the candle flame flickering, but you'll see it happen. Tell me when you notice that spot start changing its shape."

Ryan pauses for a moment. I lean back in my chair and sneak a peek around the corner. All I see is the back of Ryan's head as he looks at Lopo, and I see Lopo slouched down on the couch and looking down at the candle burning on the table.

After a moment, Lopo says, "Okay," kind of quietly.

Ryan drones on. "Now keep watching that spot, and you may soon also notice it begin to change its color. Tell me when you notice that spot begin to change its color."

After another silence, Lopo mumbles, "Okay."

"As you watch that spot," Ryan says, "you are continuing to relax even more, and you will soon notice your eyelids relaxing, and your eyes will feel like they want to close. So relaxed. Eyelids so heavy. Without moving your head, just move your eyes now and find another magic spot in the candle flame, and notice how your eyelids keep closing more and more as soon as you notice the other magic spot, and notice also how you can still see the spot after your eyes have closed. Relaxing more and more. Feels so good to relax. Eyes getting tired? Maybe wanting to blink? Very, very hard to keep you eyes open. Those eyelids must be wanting to close. Closing. Closing. Close them. That's good. As you keep your eyes closed, notice that you can see that spot beginning to change its shape. It is very pretty. It may even sparkle or shine, and it keeps changing its shape as you keep your eyes closed and continue to watch it."

I peek again, and Lopo is sagged a little lower, eyes closed, head drooped a little forward.

Ryan keeps saying, "The more you watch that spot with your eyes closed, the more you continue to relax, and you will soon notice the magic spot becoming smaller and smaller. Tell me when you notice it getting smaller."

After a few quiet moments, Lopo says, "Mmm ..." Which I guess means, "Okay."

"Now notice that it is disappearing completely, and you are becoming drowsier as the spot disappears. Let yourself continue to get drowsier, continue to move deeper into that relaxed, drowsy state. Just let yourself drift. So sleepy. Drifting. Just keep breathing deeply. Listen to the sound of my voice. Drowsy. Body so heavy, so relaxed and so pleasantly heavy. You feel good. You feel comfortable. You're so relaxed all over. Focused only on my voice. No distractions. Just let yourself drift and enjoy this comfortable, relaxed state. So focused. Slipping effortlessly into a deep, hypnotic sleep. You will find your head is getting heavier. Maybe it starts to nod forward some. Yes, like that. Let it happen, and just let yourself drift into an easy, calm, relaxed hypnotic sleep."

Okay, this I have to see, so I lean back in my chair again and get a five-second glance this time, and my jaw practically drops. Ryan still has his back to me--no way does he know I'm there. Lopo? He's slumped there as if he's sound sleep, like he just dozed off on the couch.

"Just focus on my voice. Nothing matters but the sound of my voice. My voice makes you feel so calm, so relaxed. Each word I say helps you feel more and more relaxed, deeper and deeper asleep. All your stress, all your tension, lifting away, leaving you relaxed and cooperative. Feeling so warm and safe. Let my voice wash over you. Let it make you feel warm and safe and so cooperative. So open to my suggestions. I'm going to ask you some questions, and each one will make you feel so relaxed. They're easy questions, and you'll be able to answer them easily, while staying so relaxed and so deeply asleep. Okay, Lopo? What did you get on your last exam?"

Lopo whispers, "Eighty ... four ..."

"Very good," Ryan says. "When was the first time you had sex?"

Lopo murmurs, "When I ... was ... fifteen ..."

"Who was it with?"

After a pause, Lopo says, "... Ken ..."

I'm like, *Holy fucking shit!* Did Lopo really just say a guy's name? Lopo had sex with a dude?

I hear Ryan chuckle, like he already knew this. They're roommates, so maybe he did.

"Good. You feel very, very relaxed. So warm and safe, and so relaxed. You feel so cooperative. Maybe you feel like you would do anything my voice asks you to, isn't that right?"

"Mmmm ... yeah ..."

"So very warm, and safe. It's very warm in here, getting warmer. Almost too warm for comfort. I know a way you can feel cooler. Why don't you start unbuttoning your shirt, very slowly. You can move your hands and unbutton your shirt easily, while staying deeply relaxed, deeply asleep. Each button you undo helps you relax

twice as deep. You'll be so relaxed, you won't be able to do anything except what my voice tells you. Each button you undo makes you feel so much more cooperative, so ready to listen and follow my easy instructions. You love feeling this relaxed, and each button you undo will help you love following my instructions even more. Do you understand?"

Lopo says quietly, "Yeah ..."

"All right. Go ahead and unbutton the first button. You'll find it so easy to move your hands. Just go ahead and unbutton that first button."

I lean way back in my chair again to get a good look, for just a second. I see Lopo's hands at the lapel of his knit shirt, opening a button.

"There," Ryan says. "It makes you feel so happy to do what my voice tells you to do, doesn't it? So happy and so relaxed, and so much more cooperative. So warm, so safe, and so relaxed. Go ahead and unbutton the next button. Do this for me. My voice makes you feel so relaxed and happy, so warm. Go ahead."

This time, I lean back even further to see. I see Lopo's hands moving slowly, finding the button, and the throat of his shirt opens a little more. I lean back so far I nearly lose my balance, and I have to snap back down, real quickly, with my heart thumping like crazy, but being careful not to make a sound. I can't let them hear me.

"Very good. It makes you feel so good to do what my voice tells you to do. Yes, so happy. Each word I say makes you feel so much more relaxed than ever before. Why don't you stand up for me now? You'll find you can move your arms and legs normally. You want to stand up. Go ahead and stand up for me."

There's a pause and the sound of slow movement. "Veery good," Ryan says, and I sneak a glimpse to see Lopo standing there in front of the couch, arms hanging limply at his sides, head bowed forward, eyes still locked shut.

"You still feel very relaxed," Ryan is telling him, "but you can still stand and move as easy as ever. Every instruction you follow makes you feel more and more cooperative. You want to follow my instructions, because my voice makes you feel so happy and so relaxed. You feel like you need to do whatever my voice tells you. Like you *have* to do it. So warm. It's so warm in here. Wouldn't you feel cooler if you took your shirt off? Go ahead and just take it off. That's very good. You're doing very well, and that makes you feel even more happy, even more relaxed."

I hear the rustle of fabric, but I don't dare look again so soon. I keep thinking, *What the fuck is going on here?*

"Wow," Ryan says. "How long have you been working out?"

I risk tipping my chair back and see Lopo standing there in his shorts and socks, same as before, only with his shirt off. His ball cap is missing too--must have fallen off when he pulled his shirt off. I have a good view of Lopo's fine, fine chest. Muscular. Tight abs. Good definition. I know his body pretty well because I've been jacking off to remembered glimpses of it since we were pledges.

Lopo mumbles, "... Since ... high school ..."

"You've got a nice body there. Do you like your body, Lopo?"

"... mmm ... yeah ..."

"Why don't you start touching your chest for me? Start rubbing it and stuff. Start making yourself feel nice. Rub your tits. Do you like to have your nipples played with? Maybe you want to pinch them just a little? Feel my voice washing over you the whole time. Making you feel warm and relaxed and good all over. That's it. Yeah. Rub your chest with both hands. Just start rubbing it. Yeah. Make yourself feel nice. That's right. Start turning yourself on."

I edge an eye past the door frame and see Lopo moving his hands slowly across his muscular pecs. Ryan, sitting on the couch, kneads the crotch of his own pants with one hand. There's an obvious lump there, under his hand. He's solely focused on Lopo's body, so there's no chance he sees me.

"Why don't you feel your shoulders, and your neck." As Lopo's hands glide over that chest, Ryan pops open the top button of his pants. He shifts back on the couch a little to ease the pressure on his hard-on. "Gettin' really turned on, feeling yourself, aren't you? Yeah ... Why don't you flex your biceps for me?"

Up comes Lopo's right arm, and it curls to make a muscle.

"Feel your bicep with your other hand," Ryan tells him. "You're getting really, really turned on now, aren't you? Flex both biceps for me."

Both of Lopo's arms curl on command to show off his muscles.

"Very nice," Ryan says. "Stay just like that for a minute." Ryan gets up off the couch, and after admiring Lopo for a moment, he reaches out and lets his hands drift gently across the solid muscles of Lopo's chest and arms and shoulders.

Looks like I'm not the only one who has been admiring Lopo's body.

"Every time I touch you, it helps you feel really turned on," Ryan says. His hands slide across the ridges of Lopo's abs, then head up along his chest and out across his shoulders. "Yeah--stay just like that. Feeling so safe, and so warm, and so relaxed."

Then--*holy shit!*--Ryan bends forward and licks at Lopo's nipple!

Ryan sits back on the couch and says, "Why don't you undo your pants for me."

Lopo's hands converge on the front of his shorts, working the snap and the zipper.

"Push your pants down a little for me," Ryan tells him, and Lopo gives his shorts a little push, and they slip to his knees, revealing his black briefs, very black against Lopo's chocolate skin.

"Very nice," Ryan whispers, admiringly. "Very, very nice. Why don't you start rubbing your cock for me."

Lopo's fingers start making slow circles over the front of his black briefs.

"Very good. You're getting so turned on, playing with yourself. So hard. So horny. So relaxed, and so very, very horny. Yeah. Very nice."

Ryan's hand disappears into the open fly of his own pants, where it starts making little stroking gestures, mimicking Lopo's.

"Yeah, you're getting so turned on. Doing what I suggest is really turning you on. The sound of my voice is turning you on, getting you real hard now. Push your shorts down the rest of the way. That's it. All the way down. Good--just like that. Yeah. Now go back to rubbing that cock for me. Yeah, stroke that cock for me."

I have seen Lopo naked before, a lot--ever since we were pledges--and I've seen his cock soft. I've never seen it hard before. Through the thin, clingy material of his briefs, he appears to have a large one. And it looks rock-hard too.

"Yeah," Ryan says. "Very nice. You feel so relaxed." He stands up again, partly blocking my view of Lopo. I glimpse his fingertips drift over Lopo's abs, then the front of Lopo's black briefs. One of Ryan's hands toys with something there, rubbing it. "This is making you even more relaxed, isn't it. Yes. So much more relaxed. You feel like you want to do everything my voice tells you." His hand works at something through the fabric of Lopo's briefs, moving it around, stroking along it.

"Play with your chest--use both hands to play with your chest," Ryan tells him. "Stroke your chest. Yeah--like that. You feel so safe, so warm, and so turned on. It's okay. It feels good. Everything that happens helps you relax." Ryan bends in and kisses Lopo's chest and nuzzles his neck. He says, "Why don't you pull your underwear down? Just take them off if you want."

Lopo's hands move in slow motion, like he's sleepwalking or something. His thumbs hook in the elastic waistband and his briefs slide almost magically down his thighs. He lifts one foot out of them and his bunched shorts, then the other, and he just stands there in just his socks. I get a flash of his hip but Ryan's head is still in the way. I can't see Lopo's dick.

"Play with yourself a little. Stroke it. Get it nice and hard. Yeah." Lopo's arm moves, but--*dammit!*--Ryan's head and shoulder still blocks me.

Ryan sits back to admire the view, and I get my first glimpse of Lopo's hard-on--and Ryan's too.

Lopo's is long, thick, uncut, with a slight curve. The shaft of it, what I can see as his hand moves back and forth along the length of it, is darker than the rest of his skin, and the head is a brighter pink. Ryan's, sticking out of his open pants, is as thick but not quite as long. Circumcised. It stands straight up against his belly and shirt.

Ryan works his own pants down a little, then he moves in on Lopo again, kneeling before him. He pulls Lopo's hand away from his cock, and he says to Lopo, "Just relax. Let your arms hang limp at your sides. Everything helps you relax and feel so safe and so good."

I can't see anything but the back of Ryan's head, but I know what the motion means. His head moves in and out, sometimes turning a little, twisting, but always connecting to Lopo's crotch. He's blowing Lopo! I recognize the slurping noises and the smacking.

Ryan's hands glide up Lopo's abs, and they stroke over his pecs. Through all of this, Lopo's eyes stay closed, his face peaceful, blissful. His eyes stay closed, head bowing forward, as if deeply asleep and having a really nice dream.

Ryan's head works at Lopo's crotch rhythmically. He pulls his head off Lopo's cock and starts licking at his balls, and I see Lopo's spit-slick hard-on hover over Ryan's forehead.

Ryan pulls back. "Why don't you play with your cock a little? Make it feel good," he says to Lopo. Lopo's

right hand wraps around his own cock and starts that familiar stroking motion, and this time I can see it all.

Ryan unbuttons his own shirt. He's watching Lopo so intently, there's no way he suspects I'm here.

"Yeah. Nice and relaxed," Ryan says as he pulls off his shirt. His chest is smooth--not a hair on it. I remember it from the showers. He's a swimmer, and he has that classic swimmer's build--the long, sleek muscles. Small, dark nipples, perfectly round. Trim abs. On one arm is a tattoo, Sagittarius the Centaur, his zodiac sign.

Ryan pushes his pants down to his ankles, and I see how nicely his gray boxer-briefs frame his ass. To Lopo, he says, "You feel so turned on right now. So safe and so turned on. So willing to listen to my voice and just follow my easy instructions."

Ryan steps a little to one side as he kicks off his shoes, steps out of his pants, worms out of his boxer-briefs. I see his cock as he does--he's so turned on, his hard cock sticks nearly straight up.

I'm thinking, *Damn!--This is just too fucking hot!*

I'm so fricking hard in my pants that I have to do something or I'll ... I'll ... just bust. I ease my zipper down, so quietly, and I haul out my hard ol' dick and give it a little preliminary attention. I'm leaned back in my chair, and I have to be careful so I don't fall over backward.

Ryan turns back to Lopo and all I can see is Ryan's back and beautiful ass. I see him take Lopo's hands at the wrist and bring them to himself. "Touch my chest," he says quietly to Lopo. "Yeah--like that. Make me feel good." They're standing close together, probably with their dicks slipping back and forth alongside each other as Ryan sways a little, forward and back, butt flexing and unclenching as he moves. His hands are on Lopo's chest, and Lopo seems like he is running his hands across Ryan's.

"Yeah," Ryan moans. "Why don't you suck my nipple?" With one hand on the back of Lopo's head, he guides Lopo's mouth to a nipple, and I hear kissing and licking sounds. He guides Lopo's left hand to his crotch and says, "Why don't you stroke my cock?" I can't see the actual stroking, but I can see Lopo's arm easing forward and back as he works at Ryan's dick. I'm working my rod slowly too, quietly, in time with Lopo's strokes.

Ryan pulls Lopo's head up to his. "Kiss me," he whispers, and they do.

When Ryan pulls back, Lopo's mouth still hangs open, tongue still slightly extended. Ryan sighs. I catch a glimpse of his face in profile for a second--his expression is intense with lust. Lopo's, in contrast, is slack, eyes still closed.

Ryan bends and kisses Lopo's nipple before bringing his head up alongside Lopo's. "Kneel," he whispers. "Get down on your knees." Lopo does what he's told, and his body mostly disappears behind Ryan's. "Give me your hands," Ryan says, and Lopo lifts them. Ryan takes Lopo's hands and places them on Ryan's hips.

As close together as they are, Ryan's hard-on has to be right in Lopo's face. Sure enough, Ryan says, "That's my cock touching your lips. You want to make me feel good, don't you? Would you like to suck my dick? Tell me you want to suck my dick."

Lopo mumbles something like, "*Deixe-me sugá-lo*," which I guess is Portuguese for "Let me suck your dick."

"Suck my dick, Lopo. Open your mouth and suck it."

I can't see a thing except Ryan's back and ass, but his head drops back and he sighs. "Oh, yeah, Lopo! That's it. That feels so good. It makes you so happy to make me feel good, doesn't it? So relaxed and happy. Yeah--that feels so good."

Lopo's shoulders--and what little of his head I can see--move smoothly. I hear smacking sounds but no gagging. *Lopo must've done this before*, I decide.

"Rub my chest," Ryan says, and I see Lopo's arms rise up. "Play with my nipples. Yeah, just keep sucking. You're making me feel so good, and that makes *you* feel so good too, doesn't it."

Ryan moans. "Good boy," he says and laughs a little. "Very good. Faster. Yeah, that's it. See? I told you this hypnosis shit really works, but you already knew that, right? You've been finding that out every day for the past week since the professor did that experiment in class. Even if you don't consciously remember it when you wake up. Oh, yeah, that sure feels good. Stroke yourself while you're doing that. Yeah--suck it real good. Now lick my balls. Yeah--you always know just how I like it."

That surprises the shit out of me. Lopo had said his first time had been with a guy, and he obviously knew how to give a blowjob, but now Ryan was saying Lopo had blown *him* before too? No fucking way!

I'm so shocked, I tip back in my chair just a critical little bit too far.

"Fuck!" I yelp as the chair drops out from under me.

Wham! The chair smacks hard against the floor, and for a second, all I see are stars.

And then I look up, and Ryan is looking over his shoulder at me. Grinning at me lying there on my back, looking back at them with my own hard-on out and in my hand.

"Well, well," he says smoothly. "I thought I heard something back there. You've been watching us." He nods at my erection. "Looks like you liked what you saw too."

I blush beet-red with embarrassment. As soon as my head clears, I plan to skulk off somewhere far, far away.

Ryan has turned a little so he can look at me. He is in profile to me now, and Lopo has moved around a little too, still kneeling in front of him, still sucking him. I'm mortified, but Ryan doesn't seem to give a shit who sees. I guess that's because he's a swimmer and used to walking around in a team swimsuit with almost everything on display.

I scramble to my feet, but I can't look away from the spot where Lopo's lips move along Ryan's cock. Maybe lust is a different kind of hypnosis.

Ryan reaches over and picks up the candle, and he holds it out toward me. "Did you see everything?" he asks, voice droning again. "Did you see me hypnotize Lopo? Did you see how inevitable it was for him to fall so deeply, deeply under hypnosis? I bet you did, buddy, and so you know how inevitable it will be for you too. In fact, maybe it's already happening, just a little? Can you feel it? Maybe you're already feeling good and kind of relaxed? Just look into the candle flame. See how it moves? Just relax and keep looking deeply into the flame. Just listen to the sound of my voice. Yeah ... Take a deep, relaxing breath. I bet you found yourself starting to relax when I hypnotized Lopo, didn't you? All your tension just drifting away. As you watch the flame, let yourself continue to relax even more. See how easy this is? How inevitable? It's already happening to you. Maybe you can't even stop it, so don't fight it. Maybe you're already feeling your eyelids starting to

relax, just getting tired, so relaxed, and feeling like they want to close, just close, just for a second. Maybe they blink, and they feel so heavy now, wanting to blink and close again. So relaxed. Eyelids so heavy. So very, very heavy. Yeah ... It's so relaxing, being hypnotized. I bet you can hardly wait to fall so deeply into a peaceful, cooperative, and relaxing state of deep, deep hypnosis. Yeah, just like you're doing now. Feels so good. So relaxing. Yeah, it feels so good to relax like that. So relaxing, so sleepy, and so very, very hard to keep those eyelids open. I know they want to close. Yeah--I can see them starting to close. Just let it happen. Yeah. Falling so deeply into hypnosis now. Going to fall into a deep, happy trance as I count down to one. With each number, you'll feel yourself relaxing, enjoying the peace, opening up your subconscious to my easy suggestions. Ready? Three ... So relaxed. Twice as relaxed as before. Two ... So sleepy. Eyes closing. Closing. Close those sleepy eyes. One ... Dropping into a deep, hypnotic sleep. Sleep. Sleep now, my friend. Yes."

I open my eyes when Ryan tells me too. *I must be hypnotized*, I tell myself.

"C'mon over here and join the party, sleepy boy," he says to me, with a wicked laugh. "Just focus on the sound of my voice. You can move your arms and legs normally and still stay so deeply, happily relaxed," Ryan tells me, and I walk over.

I take off my shirt when he asks me to. I can't stop myself, or maybe I just don't want to? And pull off my shoes. My pants too, and my boxer shorts. My cock is hard, and Ryan eyes it with a grin.

"I bet you were thinking about joining in earlier, weren't you? I bet that was why you had your nice, hard cock out. Maybe you were stroking it? Why don't you stroke it some now too. Just focus on my voice and let your hand start stroking your cock. Yeah, just like that."

This feeling must be hypnosis, I think, because I find my hand wrapping around my erection and pulling at it. I don't even think about stopping it.

Ryan appraises my chest with a lustful eye. "Yeah, nice body there," he murmurs as he rubs his hand across my pecs. I've got a really nice body, and I like that he appreciates it as much as I appreciate his and Lopo's.

"Get down there with Lopo," Ryan tells me, "and suck my cock. Yeah. Make me feel good, 'cause that makes you feel good too, and it helps you relax even more. Lopo, lick my nuts."

I kneel as instructed. Lopo's head has turned, coming up from underneath to tongue at Ryan's ball-sack. That leaves Ryan's cock free and pointing right at me. Ryan's hands slide around my head, and I feel him guiding my head toward his rod. "Yeah, suck my dick, buddy," he moans, and I let my mouth drop open and take him inside.

I massage the head with my lips and probe at it with my tongue. Ryan groans, "Oh, man, you're good. Hey, Lopo, we got us an experienced cocksucker here! Yeah ... Feels so good. Just let the feel of my cock in your mouth relax you even more. Feels good, doesn't it?"

I feel myself make a sound--it comes out more like a humming with his manhood blocking my mouth, and he shudders and gasps as the vibrations run through his sensitive shaft. I run my lips more aggressively down his thick shaft, taking more and more of his tool, and soon my nose is buried in his wiry pubes. With my lips moving up and down him, he's practically panting. "Oh, yeah, so relaxed. Feeling so good. Damn, you're making me feel great, dude. I never figured you were gay, but you sure suck *way* too good to be straight. Oh, fucking hell, man! That's it. Feeling so relaxed and so happy. So ready to listen to my voice. Yeah. Suck me. Just keep that up."

I do feel relaxed. I'm ready to do whatever he wants. Still, I can't hold this position much longer.

Ryan jockeys us around. Pretty soon, he's slouched on the couch. His knees are spread wide, and I'm kneeling between them. Lopo is crouched on the couch beside Ryan. Lopo has his head in Ryan's lap, sucking him. Ryan instructs me to keep lapping at his balls, and I'm doing my best to make him feel really good. Every now and then, Ryan changes things around to keep them interesting, but he keeps himself the center of attention. He pulls Lopo's face to his and kisses him, and tells me to take over sucking his cock. Then Ryan sends Lopo licking and kissing down his torso, heading for Ryan's cock, and I'm back to licking Ryan's balls.

Ryan has Lopo licking and kissing his nipple. I'm sucking Ryan and playing with his balls. Ryan is squirming, and he's spewing a mix of suggestions and dirty talk as I set his family jewels on fire. "Oh, yeah. You're both so relaxed. Feeling so good. Fuck--that's it, buddy--suck my dick. Oh, shit! Just focus on my voice. Damn! Oh, man! Yeah--suck it." He pulls both knees up to give me better access. I consider probing a finger underneath for his asshole but decide to stick with what he tells me to do.

His litany of moans turns into whimpers. "Oh--oh, fuck--aw--oh--gonna cum--yeah--" He pushes my head off his cock and jacks himself--quick, intense strokes. Suddenly, the cum is flooding out of him in long, thick spurts that hit Lopo on the side of his head and splatter across Ryan's chest as he shudders and grunts.

"Oh, man," Ryan sighs as his storm passes and his trademark grin returns. "That was so fuckin' intense. We're gonna have to play with this hypnosis stuff some more. Man, that fucking wiped me out--I need a nap!" He reached for something cloth--Lopo's shirt?--and started wiping his cum off his chest.

I'm not hypnotized, I decide. Just in lust.

So I reach for the candle, still burning on the coffee table where Ryan had deposited it. I hold it up where Ryan can see it. I say to him in exactly the same tone the professor uses, "Just keep your eyes on the candle flame, Ryan. Remember it from class? Remember how good it felt to just focus on the candle flame and let everything else fade into the background? Yeah, I can see you do. That's it. Look for the special place deep inside the flame, the special place that only you can see. Just like your professor showed you. Cumming made you feel all relaxed and sleepy, and now it's easy to just focus on the special part of the candle flame and let yourself relax the rest of the way, isn't it?"

See, last year, I had the same class and the same professor, and I'd learned some of his tricks myself. He and I had a little clandestine affair for a couple of months--we kept it secret because I didn't want to be outted, and he didn't want to be caught dating one of his students--so I knew just how he operated. I knew all about the "experiments" and how he would invite the cute male students back to his office afterward, whether they remembered it or not. Heck, that's how he and I got started.

I say to Ryan, "Let yourself get drowsier and more relaxed. Let yourself drift and listen to the sound of my voice. Everything else slides into the distance--so unimportant. You're feeling so sleepy. Yeah, so very sleepy now. Just let yourself drift into a nice, relaxed feeling, like you're starting to doze. Keep breathing deeply. Listen to the sound of my voice. Focus on it. Focus. Each breath, more and more relaxed and heavy. Your body feels so heavy--arms and legs and eyelids all feeling so good and so heavy. You couldn't lift them if you tried, and you don't want to. Let them sink and pull you toward that familiar sleepy feeling, the same one you felt in class when you were so deeply hypnotized, and maybe afterward too? When you went to the professor's office with him? Yeah? See how good you feel, all over again? You feel so relaxed all over. All you have to do is focus on the sound of my voice. Nothing distracts you. Let go. Let yourself drift into this comfortable relaxed state. So focused. Slipping effortlessly into a deep, hypnotic sleep, as your eyelids start

to close. Yes--that's the way--just like that. Let it happen. Just let yourself drift into a very relaxed, deeply hypnotic sleep."

Ryan doesn't fight it at all.

My cock throbs. I need to get off--and soon.

I say, "Ryan, sit up. Lean forward. That's right. Would you like to make me feel good too? Would you like to suck me, just like you sucked on Lopo?"

Ryan's mouth drops open a little, which I assume means yes, so I use a finger on his chin to open his mouth a little more, and I side my cock head inside. I feel his tongue playing underneath the shaft, and then my cockhead nudges the back of his throat. The boy has some talent!

"Lopo, stand up. Stand here next to me. Good. Just listen to my voice now, and follow my instructions, and you'll feel really great soon."

Lopo's eyes are still closed. His cock is still hard, standing out, needing some attention.

"Lopo, do you want Ryan to suck you? Would you like that?"

Lopo mumbles something like, "*Oh, sim ...*"

"In English, please," I prompt him.

"Yeah ...," he sighs.

I pull Ryan's head off my cock--damn, that boy can suck!--and aim him over at Lopo's rod. "Suck him, Ryan. Suck Lopo's cock and get him ready to shoot. Lopo, tell him how good a job he's doing."

Lopo breathes softly, "*Sente assim bom,*" and "*Sugue-me,*" and some other stuff. I don't speak Portuguese, but I assume that means Ryan is making him feel really good.

"Lopo, tell me when you're about to cum," I tell him.

"I'm ... gonna cum ..." he mumbles.

"Pull your cock out and jack off," I tell him. "Jack off and cum all over Ryan."

Lopo pulls his cock out of Ryan's mouth, and he fists himself frantically, with sure, swift strokes.

"That's it. Cum for me. Cum on Ryan, and just let yourself feel great all over."

Lopo gasps and cries out, and his cum spurts out over Ryan's shoulder and neck.

That leaves my cock. I tell Lopo to get on his knees, and he does. I poke my cock at his face and tell him to suck me, and his lips engulf me.

I'm like, *Damn!--Lopo sure knows how to suck too!*

He sucks me for maybe thirty seconds, and suddenly, I feel the buzz in my balls crank up to a roar, and I'm shouting, and I'm cumming, shooting over and over, filling his mouth with my sweet load. Fucking *damn!*

That psychology course just might be the best class Ryan or I ever took. I learned a lot, but it's all in applying what you learn.

Lopo's shirt already has Ryan's cum on it, so I use it to clean myself off, and Lopo's cum off Ryan too. After a couple of suggestions, I ask Lopo to put his shorts back on, and Ryan his pants. Just their pants--nothing else. Hey, I like the scenery, and it's not like they're modest. I'd ask them to stay naked, but there will be a couple of other frat brothers around later. I get myself dressed too. There'll be time for Round Two when I show up at Ryan and Lopo's room with a candle later that night, and there's the rest of the summer semester. I think we're gonna go through a lot of candles in the coming year too.
