

# No Saint

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: I'm no saint, and sometimes I hypnotize my lawn boy]

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 are 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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Occasionally, I borrow a phrase from a specific person in order to make love with him. In this work, I embrace the "each stroke takes you deeper" approach in Section 7 from AuraSeer11, a talented author in his own right. I've reworked it for my purposes, but I first heard it from him.

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1.

Alex had been mowing my yard ever since I moved in, two years before. He lived next door. He was a good kid.

But he was just a kid. He must have been fifteen, maybe sixteen, when he started taking care of my yard. He started running with his high school track team last year, and he spent a lot of time mowing with his shirt off in the hot sun, so I watched him go from being a skinny kid to being a slightly less-skinny kid starting to fill out with some muscle.

Since he lived next door, I saw him often. He always seemed a little shy but friendly enough. He must have figured out I'm gay, either from the number of men who made overnight visits or from the photos of me with my arms around various ex-boyfriends in the living room--he couldn't have missed the photos when he came in to collect his payments. But he never said anything about that.

What he did say something about was my bookcase full of books on hypnosis. What he said was, "So you must be really into that hypnosis stuff, right?"

This was one day when he came in while I got my wallet to pay him for mowing. Okay, so how do I handle something like this? I didn't even look up. I mumbled something like, "Uh huh," and kept fishing through my wallet for my cash.

Then Alex said, "You should hypnotize me sometime." Like it was already decided.

Well, that pulled me up short. Because in addition to books on regular hypnosis were books on erotic hypnosis, and right alongside them were books on gay sex. What can I say--I'm no saint and I'm not into hypnosis for "therapeutic" value. My bookcase was a virtual Kama Sutra of sexual hypnotism. I was thinking the last thing I needed was to have his angry parents on my doorstep yelling about how I hypnotized their son without permission and "corrupted" him. Well, actually the *last* thing I needed was to have the world blow up in nuclear armageddon, but the "irate parents on my doorstep" scenario was a very close second.

So I said something like, "Uhm, I don't think that's a good idea."

Naturally, he came back with, "Why not?"

I returned fire with, "How old are you?"

"Uh," he began uncertainly. "Eighteen?"

I cleared my throat, to let him know I didn't believe him.

"Uhm ... Okay, seventeen?"

I turned pointedly back to the cash I was counting out. "I don't think your parents would approve," I said coolly--which always shut him up--and I handed him his payment.

Every now and then, when I'd see him over the next several weeks, he would ask, "So when're you gonna hypnotize me?" And he'd grin like it was a joke, but he always seemed kind of interested too. Anyway, he always looked a little disappointed when I would stop the topic with, "So how old are you again?"

The farthest it ever got was me getting exasperated one day because he kept coming back to it, and I asked, "So just why do you keep asking me to hypnotize you anyway?"

Which he didn't seem to have expected, because he stammered a while before he managed, "I dunno." Then he told me about this time he had seen some stage hypnotist show, and this article he read about track stars using hypnosis, and how he was curious to find out what it was like for himself, blah, blah, blah. It came out pretty jumbled, which made me curious what he *really* wanted. But he was still under legal age. I'm no saint, but I believe in observing those "age of consent" laws pretty strictly, and last time I checked the age of consent hereabouts was eighteen.

Then came the afternoon in June. I was doing some work in my front yard, when Alex came jogging down

the street. The day was hot, and he had shed his shirt. His skin was slick with sweat.

"Hey there!" he half-yelled, half-panted at me. He veered my way and bent to a stop, hands planted on his knees, catching his breath.

We chatted a little while. He did some stretches, walked around me a while, cooling down, wiping the sweat off his face and chest with his discarded white tee-shirt. I was struck by how cute he was turning out to be, now that he was turning into a young man. Not model-handsome, maybe, but definitely a sexy young man.

"You know I graduated? Two weeks ago!"

His voice snapped me back to reality. Indeed I did know that, so I said, "Yeah, congratulations." We had talked a few times over the last several months about his plans for college and the track scholarship that was taking him there.

And he asked, inevitably, "So, when're you gonna hypnotize me, dude?"

I volleyed back, "How old are you again?"

This time, though, Alex's grin lit up, and he puffed out his chest and announced, "Eighteen! Three days ago!"

I stared at him. This seemed a little too convenient.

"No, really--I am," he said, fumbling his wallet from the back pocket of his gray shorts. He dug out his driver license and held it up. "See? I'm all adult now and stuff!"

I peered at it. Sure enough: eighteen. Dang it.

I looked up at him. "Well, happy birthday," I said, handing back his license, and, "So why do you want me to hypnotize you?"

He grinned triumphantly, "I think it would be a hoot." Did he realize he scratched his crotch when he said that? "Uhm, and if it helps me out in running, that's a bonus too. Maybe you can teach me self-hypnosis so I can try out some of the things I've been reading about?"

I surrendered with a sigh and a nod. "Okay, Alex. You win. Come on inside and let's see how you respond to a couple of suggestibility tests."

"You mean, *now*?" He seemed surprised.

"Yes, now. You've been after me for months. Don't tell me you're chickening out now?"

"Naw," he said. "It's just--I dunno--I thought maybe I should get cleaned up or something first?"

"Now or never, stallion. Which is it going to be?"

"Uhm ... Now, I guess?"

Good answer.

I ushered him into my house, into the living room. "Have a seat," I told him.

"I gotta pee," he complained.

I did not sound exasperated. "Down the hallway, on your right."

Off he went, and a few minutes later I heard the toilet flush. He shuffled back into the living room. His face was wet but not with sweat. He'd washed it.

"Have a seat," I repeated and pointed at one of the black leather chairs angled around the couch.

I half-expected him to pull on his shirt, but he didn't. He dropped into a chair and dropped his shirt on the floor beside it. I took the candle off the mantelpiece and placed it on the coffee table in front of him.

"What's that for?" he asked, scratching absently at one bare pectoral, an inch away from the nipple.

"I thought you wanted to try being hypnotized," I said.

"Yeah, but aren't you supposed--I dunno--use some sort of pendulum or something?"

I did not roll my eyes. "Sounds like somebody has seen way too many movies. A candle can work just as well," I told him. "You'll see."

"So what do we now?" He was trying to sound cool, but I heard an edge of nervousness under his voice.

I lit the candle and settled into the adjoining chair, taking my time so the flame would rise and settle.

"Don't worry--it's very easy. Just look at the candle flame."

Alex was looking at me instead. "That's it?"

I pointed at the candle. "Uh huh. Go on." He turned his eyes toward it. "That's right. Just look deep into it. Now, take a deep breath and hold it just a second. Perfect. Look directly into the heart of the flame. Let that breath out slowly ... Very nice, Alex. Just try to breathe deeply and slowly. I bet you had a good run today, didn't you?"

"Yeah, I--"

"Shh--you don't have to say anything. You're probably tired from your run. Tired and ready to just sit back and rest a bit. Just breathe and focus on getting oxygen into your tired, tired muscles. Breathe in deeply--that's it--then exhale. Find the rhythm in your breathing. Keep your eyes on the flame and keep up the slow rhythm of your breathing. Maybe you'll find the same rhythm in the flame? If you do, just follow it. You're doing very nicely, Alex. Just sit back. Let your body settle into that nice, comfortable chair. Keep your eyes on the flame. Keep breathing. It feels good to relax. Focus on your breathing. Focus on the flame. As you let yourself focus, focus more and more on the flame, deeper, I wonder if maybe you did something where you had to lift your arm, some ordinary task, maybe like lifting the gas can for your lawn mower? Maybe you had to reach out your hand and lift it up. I'm wondering if maybe, just maybe, we can get your hand lifting tonight. As you go into a trance, even if maybe you're not quite sure consciously if you're going into a trance yet, maybe your hand and your arm can lift automatically. Maybe it will start to lift now, or maybe it will start to lift as you stare deeper into the candle flame, as we go deeper into the trance. Maybe you might find your hand starting to move ..."

Alex was staring right at the candle, eyes heavy-lidded, blinking, blinking. Expression blank. One hand

twitching a little, starting to lift a little. I've always enjoyed hypnotizing guys--watching their expressions as they slowly succumb is sometimes the biggest turn-of all--and I have to admit that Alex looked very hot sitting there, sliding slowly toward a trance. Previously, I'd thought he was cute but mostly a skinny teenager, which didn't appeal to me much, but now I was seeing him differently. His smooth chest, rising and falling slowly, was showing some muscle. His stomach had lost that baby fat and grown tight. And there was something growing in the crotch of his shorts, too. And I mean *really* growing. Maybe it had been a couple of weeks too long since I had gotten laid, but I found myself getting very interested in that lump in his shorts.

It was already a *big* lump, and still getting bigger.

I kept droning on about how he was surely relaxing, focusing, feeling himself sinking into hypnosis, feeling his hand starting to rise. He looked pretty zoned out. His right hand was bent up at the wrist now. Then it started to rise off the arm of his chair, rising slowly into the air.

That lump in his crotch was extending down the leg of his shorts, still growing.

Fortunately, I've done this enough that I can spin an induction in spite of distractions like that. I droned on with something like, "And you can feel yourself looking deeper, deeper, deeper, every second, into the flame. And you may find you don't want to look away, can't look away, can't stop what's happening. Maybe it's inevitable. Yes. And now your hand is lifting. That's maybe a sign that you're starting to let a hypnotic trance come over you. Maybe, maybe you're already in the early stages of a trance and ready to go further. And I'm wondering if your hand will lift up and out, whether it will lift to your cheek, or your nose."

Something was certainly lifting up and out. Sure, his hand had risen to about shoulder-level, but what I was really interested in was peeking out of the leg of his shorts. The tip of his cock. Hard. Long. That sucker must have been at least nine inches long. Thick too, from the size of the ridge it made along the leg of his shorts. Damn, but I wanted to touch it. I told myself, *Too soon--be patient.*

Instead, I kept droning on. "Maybe you think it's pretty silly now, but your hand--it's lifting, and I'm wondering if that's settling any doubt, while it's still lifting. And I'm wondering if maybe you're already feeling it happen, that relaxed, sleepy feeling, kind of familiar, like you're starting to doze off, feeling a trance coming insistently over you. And that's okay, as your hand lifts higher, as you feel yourself sinking back into that familiar, sleepy feeling, that delicious state of hypnotic peace. Feel your eyes starting to close. So heavy. Hand rising. Eyelids closing. Closing tightly, so tightly. So deeply asleep now. So deeply hypnotized now."

I won't go into the boring details. If this were "that kind of story," maybe you would expect me to get him naked and make him jack off and spurt his sticky man-load all over the carpet. But this isn't "that kind of story," I'm not that kind of guy, and I have hardwood floors instead of carpet. Easier to clean.

No, I had to play this out more slowly. I didn't want to spook him. Didn't want him coming up out of his trance and getting pissed. I liked and respected him, and I didn't want to risk anything that might piss him off. At least not until I was sure what was what.

I told him he could put his hand down, and it dropped slowly into his lap, fingers overlapping the shaft of his rod down his shorts leg. That nearly drove me crazy, but surely it was innocent, an accident of gravity and his sleeping mind.

Instead, I worked him through a couple of deepening exercises, all the while planting suggestions about how good hypnosis felt. How focused. How easily he could accept suggestions. How easily he could return himself to this deep, relaxing trance. He had said he wanted to learn self-hypnosis, and that was part of what I

was doing, but I also wanted to make sure I had a trigger to help hypnotize him again too.

Every now and then, when I was reinforcing how good he felt under hypnosis, how much he would want to experience it again, his hand over his crotch would give his cock shaft a little squeeze through his shorts. An unconscious gesture--he was a horny young guy with a big dick, wanting to get off, wanting to feel even better. I thought about suggesting he squeeze it a little more, maybe stroke it, but I decided to stick with my original plan.

So I woke him up.

He blinked at me. "You hypnotized me!" he announced, as if he hadn't believed it would work. Then he blushed, realizing he had a hard-on that had to be visible through his shorts, and he covered it with his hand. "Fuck!"

"Don't worry about it," I soothed. "It happens to a lot of guys."

But he still reached over the side of the chair and picked up his shirt off the floor and dropped the wad of it over his crotch.

I pretended not to notice. "So ... Did you enjoy the hypnosis?"

"Yeah. It felt kinda completely different from what I expected."

"Completely different, huh?"

"Yeah." He frowned, thinking. "I guess I expected more of that 'I hear and obey, master' stuff from TV, but it felt completely different. Like I could still hear you talking from far off."

"Did you like the way it felt?"

He blushed again. "Uh, yeah. It felt really weird at first. Like being asleep and awake at the same time, y'know? Kind of weird and good at the same time. I dunno if it's okay to say this but, uhm, it felt kind of sexy too." And he blushed again, deep crimson, all the way down to his nipples.

"Good. I'm glad you liked it," I said, sounding all cool and professional. I reached in and tugged at his earlobe. "Sleep, Alex."

He blinked at me, blinked again. But the trigger was taking effect. His eyes closed, and his head slumped forward.

"Good, Alex. Very good. Feels good to be back in a nice, deep state of hypnosis, doesn't it?"

His voice was quiet, "Ye'h ..."

I repeated the suggestions for how easily he would be able to respond to the trigger, how good it felt to slide into hypnosis again. I told him again how easily he would be able to hypnotize himself, how easily his subconscious mind would be able to return him to this deeply relaxed, deeply focused state, how easily he would be able to make and accept the suggestions that he needed to improve his running and track skills. I woke him up and then gave him the trigger again, several times, to get his subconscious accustomed to accepting it, each time working on letting it take him deeper, faster.

And always that hard-on returned every time he went under.

Finally, I woke him up one last time and told him it was time for him to go home. I could tell he was disappointed, but I hustled him out the door. See, I was going crazy. I couldn't take it any more. I had to jack off immediately, or I was going to do something I would regret.

## 2.

The next afternoon, Alex showed up to mow my yard. Which seemed a little odd, since I thought he had hit it less than a week ago.

"Yeah, I did," he admitted a little sheepishly when I asked. "But after it rained the other day, the grass was looking a little long already. Uhm, you don't have to pay me for the extra mowing if you don't want to?"

"No, no," I assured him. "You mowed it, and I'll pay you."

So that's how Alex came to be standing in my living room again, drinking a glass of water while I rounded up some cash to pay him.

Alex took the money from me and stuffed it in the pocket of his jeans. Jeans this time, but no shirt again--it dangled out of the waistband at the back of his jeans like an off-center tail.

"Are you up for another shot at hypnosis?" I asked.

His face brightened. Yep, I'd hit on the reason my yard got mowed again--he was trying to bring himself to my attention.

"Sure!" he said, trying not to appear too eager--unsuccessfully. "Uhm, should I have a seat over here?" He pointed at, then dropped his body down into, the chair without waiting for an answer. "Are you going to use the candle again?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said as I settled into the adjoining chair. "Do you think I need to?"

He looked at me funny. "Huh? What do you mean?"

I reached in. He didn't shy away. I tugged gently at his earlobe and coaxed, "Sleep, Alex."

Sure enough, he was faster this time. His eyes rolled up, and his eyelids rolled down, and he sighed, and his head sagged back against the back of the chair.

"Good, Alex," I told him. "Just relax and let that deep, hypnotic sleep flow through you."

I guided him through a couple of reinforcement exercises. Relax. Accept. Faster. Deeper.

I'm no saint, and it had been a couple of weeks since I last got laid. Maybe a couple of months since I'd had another stud under hypnosis. And Alex's huge hard-on was back. Maybe that's why I decided to push a little further.

Maybe this is "that kind of story" after all.

When I was sure he was in a deeply suggestible trance, I told him that his subconscious mind was in complete control. If it didn't want to follow any specific suggestion, it didn't have to. And if something happened that Alex wouldn't want to remember when he woke up, it could just blur those memories until they were too hazy to recall.

And I suggested that perhaps he would be even more comfortable, more able to relax, if he took off his shoes.

Alex slowly bent forward and untied his left shoe, then tugged it off. His right shoe followed.

And his socks--I suggested he might be even more comfortable if he took off his socks.

Which he did.

I told him how easy he would find it to stand up. How easily he could stand up and still remain deeply asleep. No need to awaken--it would feel just like sleepwalking.

He stood, swaying slightly, eyes still closed, head still rolling limply.

I took a deep breath and reminded him how horny he was. How hard his cock was. How much more comfortable he would be if he opened his jeans and let it out. Gave it more room.

He was slower to respond this time.

I repeated the instructions, telling him he could imagine himself alone in his bedroom--just like dreaming--if that would help him follow the suggestion.

He undid the snap on his jeans. He unzipped. He pushed them down a little, revealing basic white boxer shorts. But he didn't drop his jeans the rest of the way. I didn't push.

After all, I *had* told his subconscious that it could just not follow any of the commands if it didn't want to.

But I did suggest that maybe he would like to jack off. A hard cock needs release. Release feels good. He would like to feel good, wouldn't he?

Jacking off must have appealed to him, because he groped himself lazily through his boxers.

"Open them," I encouraged. "Let it out," I urged. I could barely get my voice above a whisper. "Just imagine you're alone in your bedroom. No one around but you. Make yourself feel good. Go ahead."

He slid his boxers down a little, to just below his ball sack. His cock was indeed huge. Not the absolute largest I'd ever seen, but certainly big enough. That monster must have been nearly nine inches long, and so thick he couldn't get his fingers all the way around it. Uncut too. Maybe Alex was average in height and just a little cuter than average in build and looks, but he had certainly won a jackpot in the cock department.

That monster was so big its weight pulled it down. But not for long. Now Alex didn't need much urging to wrap his fingers around it. He stroked it slowly, sleepily. Just a boy deeply asleep and feeling good. Who knew what he was dreaming behind those closed eyelids?

And frankly, who cared? Alex looked very sexy standing there. Deeply asleep. Shirt off. Pants and boxers down to mid-thigh. Feet bare. Stroking that big, big dick. Made me want to haul out my own hard-on and stroke along with him. But I wasn't there to focus on me, so I concentrated on storing up images for jerking



off to later.

Alex gave an involuntary groan, and his cock jumped. This boy had a hair trigger!

"Cum, Alex," I told him. "Go ahead and cum."

And he did. His body bucked involuntarily as his orgasm rocked through him, as long, thick ropes of cum spurted out of his tool, arcing out and down, splattering on the floor. Thank goodness for hardwood floors!

"Very nice, Alex," I cooed. "You did nicely. Just relax and feel every worry melt away. There's no need to remember this when you wake up, if you don't want to. And in fact maybe you'd rather just blur everything that has happened since you went to sleep. Just let it blur and become so indistinct, nothing there to remember clearly any longer when you wake up. Doesn't that feel good? And any time you want to feel this good again, your subconscious will be able to tug your consciousness back, irresistibly, back down to this place where you are right now, so deeply and completely relaxed. Doesn't that sound good?"

Alex murmured, "Yeah ..."

I suggested that maybe, now that his cock was limp again, he could get dressed, and I wiped up his cum off the floor while he pulled his boxers and jeans back into place. He pulled on his socks and shoes too--even his shirt, which kind of disappointed me.

### 3.

I didn't see Alex the next day. Which wasn't too unusual.

I went to bed around midnight. Scarcely five minutes later, just as I was dozing off, I heard someone at my front door, trying the knob.

I toppled out of bed and tugged on a pair of sweat pants--I sleep naked--and stumbled to the door. Whoever it was wasn't knocking or ringing the bell. Some street person? A particularly inept burglar?

I threw open the door, about to give whomever a piece of my mind, and there stood Alex.

Well, sort of. His eyes were half-closed, lids flickering. "Alex?" I said, but he didn't pay me any attention. He walked past me, over to that black leather chair.

I recognized the signs of his trance. Apparently, the suggestions that he could manage self-hypnosis easily were effective too.

He was wearing basic white boxers. Nothing else. Nothing except that slack expression. He pushed those boxers down, and they dropped to his ankles. His cock was hard, and he jacked it with sluggish efficiency.

"That's it, Alex," I encouraged him. "Just help yourself feel good. Makes you relax deeper and deeper. So relaxed. So peaceful."

I had a hard-on too, making a tent in the front of my baggy sweat pants. I figured with him deeply asleep there wasn't any harm, so I slipped a hand inside the waistband and around my aching rod, stroking it slowly along with Alex.

He grunted and began to squirt. I wasn't far behind. He bent down and pulled up his boxers and turned toward me, still standing by the door. That's when my orgasm hit me, a blinding flash of pleasure so intense it screwed my face up so all I could see was the inside of my eyelids clamped shut.

By the time I came down from that plateau, my hand and the inside of my sweat pants sticky with my cum, Alex was gone.

I figured out the cause. When I had told Alex his subconscious would be able to bring him back to that very relaxed place anytime he wanted to feel that good, I was talking about the mental state of deep hypnosis. Alex had interpreted things more literally, with "place" meaning the chair in my living room where I had hypnotized him.

## 4.

Finding Alex the next day was easy. I just kept watch until he came back from his run. Here he came, jogging down the road in the last of the afternoon sun and heat, and I went out on the lawn to call him over.

"What's up?" he panted, smiling, happy to see me.

This time, he was wearing white shorts, running shoes, those little socklets that come up to the ankle, and a pale blue tee-shirt with some band logo across the chest.

"C'mon inside a minute," I said, as he flexed his arms and stretched.

"Sure," he replied, trotting after me into my living room. "What's up? I've been trying some of that self-hypnosis stuff. I think it's really starting to work for me." He went past me and headed for my bookcase. "So what is 'erotic hypnosis'?" he asked, surveying some of the titles.

I lit the candle, which I'd already planted on the coffee table. "Hypnosis with an erotic angle. Sometimes it can be as simple as cuddling and kissing, or as mechanical as simply having sex, or as involved as acting out a sexy fantasy scene."

"Oh," he said, nervously. "Sounds ... uhm ... cool. Like making someone think they're fucking a movie star, or something like that?"

"Yeah, something like that."

"I'd--uhm--I'd like to try that sometime."

Which made me wonder. Did he mean with me, or a purely solo fantasy thing?

Anyway, I'd try to figure that out later. The best way to keep him from knowing he'd caught me off-guard again was to proceed with my original agenda. I patted the back of the chair. "Have a seat," I said, firmly.

"Cool!" His whole face lit up. "You gonna hypnotize me again, dude?"

"Think of it more like me having a little talk with your subconscious."

"That's cool," he said uncertainly, not sure what I meant.

"You've gotten the basics down pretty well. Now we just have to do some fine-tuning."

"Uh ... Okay. How do we do that?"

"Shh. All you have to do, Alex, is keep your eyes on the candle. That sound easy enough?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Good. Just look deeply into the flame. See how it flickers and dances?"

"Uh huh?"

"Shh. No need to talk, Alex. Just listen. Sit back. Try to clear your thoughts, and just listen. I think you'll find your subconscious knows what the candle flame is for. It has come to associate it with hypnosis. That tired feeling around the corner of your eyes? That's hypnosis, coming back over you. That tired, heavy feeling spreading through your arms and legs? That's hypnosis too. Just sit back and keep your eye on the candle and just let everything happen."

Alex said, "It feels so ..."

"I know, Alex. No need to talk. I know how you're feeling. I can see it in the corners of your eyes. The way your eyelids are already looking heavy, so heavy. Wanting to close, close. Blinking a little? Feeling them get heavier and heavier. It's inevitable. Pretty soon, we'll have you deeply asleep and feeling good. Doesn't that sound good?"

"Yuh-yeah ..."

I reached in and tugged gently at his ear lobe. "Sleep, Alex," I said firmly, and his drooping eyelids fluttered the rest of the way down and stayed shut.

The first thing I did was have a little talk with his subconscious. As much as I might enjoy some late-night drop-ins from a cute hypnotized guy, I needed to clarify this "place" thing that his subconscious seemed to misunderstand. But then we talked about other things. I'm no saint, but let's just say his subconscious was definitely interested in what I had to say.

When Alex opened his eyes, he only thought he was awake. He was still deeply hypnotized, his subconscious firmly in control but letting his conscious mind open his eyes and have a look around. He found himself on his knees on the rug in front of the chair.

The first thing he realized was: His hands were tied behind his back. Not really, but as long as his subconscious followed my "hypnotic handcuffs" suggestion, as far as his conscious mind was concerned his wrists were securely fastened together behind him.

The second thing he realized was: He was naked. And hard. And yes, he really did have one of the biggest dicks I've ever seen.

He blushed a couple of different shades of scarlet, all the way down to his pecs.

"Dude ..." he said, voice equal parts nervous and eager.

"Shut up, punk," I snapped, playing my role to the hilt.

The third thing he realized was: I was naked and hard too.

He didn't even try to climb to his feet--good, because he would have found himself unable to. Instead, he just stayed where he was, kneeling there naked with his hands behind his back, staring at me, naked and hard, as I sauntered over to him. His conscious mind seemed so stunned he might have even forgotten that his hard-on was display too.

I stopped when my cock head was two inches from his nose, and I barked, "This what you been wanting, punk? Well?"

His eyes were huge. "*Dude*," he breathed tightly. "No, dude."

"Is this what you want?"

He shook his head vigorously. "No, dude. I don't wanna--no, dude! Don't make me--"

"What? Speak up, boy."

He couldn't take his eyes off my cock, but he found his voice. "Don't make me suck it. Don't make me gay."

Making him suck me wasn't what I had in mind, and it wasn't what I'd talked over with his subconscious. His subconscious knew that, but his conscious mind didn't.

"Relax, punk," I snapped. "That's not on the agenda. Not yet, anyway." I walked around behind him and gave his shoulder a gentle-but-firm shove. His body toppled forward, his chest and chin collapsing down on the low coffee table in front of him, firm but not hard enough to hurt him. That pose left his perky little ass stuck up in the air.

"What are you doing? Dude? What are you doing?" Poor guy seemed pretty freaked out. At least on the surface. I had on good authority that his subconscious found this all pretty hot. And--*no, sir!*--his giant hard-on certainly hadn't wilted at all.

I put one hand on his back and leaned in, buried my face in his spread ass crack, stroking my tongue across his butt hole.

"Shit!" Alex swore. "Dude! What are you doing? Dude, don't make me gay! Dude! Duuh--*duude*--oh, man--dude--duu--duu ..." His voice finally trailed off into gibberish as I worshipped his ass with my tongue. Then he managed to half-croak, "That feels so fucking *hot!* Lick my ass!"

I slobbered all over his hairless crevice. I ran my tongue up and down it, hovering over his wrinkled butt hole with careful attention. His slot spasmed and puckered as I petted it with my tongue and sucked on it with my lips. Alex's hands squirmed but stayed "locked" in the imaginary handcuffs. "So fucking hot," he'd pant. "Feels *so* fucking hot." I sucked on his asshole with all the enthusiasm I would normally have showered on a guy's cock, until Alex was a quivering mass.

It paid off. I had my tongue an inch up his ass when he creamed. Alex screamed something that started, "Dude!" and choked down to primal sound-fragments. I had both hands on his butt cheeks when he came. The hard muscle from all that running turned his trembling cheeks to granite, and then Alex shot his load. All over the hardwood floor between his spread knees. His asshole spasmed wildly, then gaped open, and I reamed it deep as his nuts emptied.

## 5.

I was amazed by how much Alex got off on having his ass licked. Hard to say which he enjoyed more--the feel of the hypnotic handcuffs, or my tongue up his ass. Pretty soon, he was coming by my place almost every afternoon. I'd help him relax into a nice, comfortable trance, and I'd go to work on his butt. Sometimes his subconscious would let me suck his cock as well. All that snuffling around in his butt was stimulating my imagination, coming up with new scenes for us, and it wasn't long before I was sliding a finger or two up his tight butt along with my tongue. Alex loved it, squirming around two and even three fingers as I alternately sucked his cock and licked his asshole. While he still didn't want me to fuck his virgin ass, it was amazing how quickly most of his other "don't make me gay" fears disappeared when he found out how good my mouth and fingers, backed up by a little hypnosis, could make him feel. Orgasms are a great enticement.

He came around almost every afternoon. Some nights when he hadn't, I'd see a light on in his bedroom. The window at the end of my upstairs hallway looked out, across the space between our houses, toward his bedroom window. Alex never closed his curtains. Some nights, since his parents went to bed early and he stayed up later, once their house was dark except for his pane, I'd place a candle in my hall window, light it, and wait.

Sooner or later, usually sooner, he'd glance out the window. He'd see the candle's tiny glow. I'd see him there, silhouetted in his window by the overhead light behind him, just standing there for a few minutes, arms limp, expression dulled. Then he'd turn and walk away from the window. I'd go downstairs and open the door. Shortly, he'd shuffle through it, already half-entranced. I'd have the candle waiting on the coffee table, still lit, to finish the job.

## 6.

One afternoon, Alex showed up after his run. His cock was already hard, an obscenely long ridge along one hip in his shorts. Obviously we both knew why he was here. I asked him what he wanted to do that day, thinking we both knew what the answer was going to be.

He surprised me, though. He said, "This time *I* wanna hypnotize *you*."

Say what?

"C'mon, dude. It'll be great."

I'd been hypnotized before, and I wasn't a very good subject, and I never liked being hypnotized nearly as much as I liked doing the hypnotizing. Still, there was this "c'mon, dude" enthusiasm barely masked in his expression. He really wanted this.

So I said, "Okay."

"Cool!"

"But first--"

"Aw, man! No conditions, okay? I'm not gonna do anything too freaky. I promise."

"But first," I continued, "I need to give you a little primer, so you'll know what you're doing." And then I

reached out and tugged gently on his earlobe and murmured, "Sleep, Alex."

What I gave him was a hypnotic confidence booster. When he opened his eyes again, my suggestions had him convinced he was the world's greatest hypnotist. That kind of confidence goes a long way.

And he proceeded to recite a very passable induction similar to how I hypnotized him the first few times, with a few changes thrown in that he probably picked up from reading books on it. "Just watch the candle," he ordered me. "Soon, you'll be deep in hypnosis. Just watch the candle. See how it flickers? Soon ..."

Maybe he really did hypnotize me, because soon I was opening my eyes without realizing I'd closed them. Maybe I was. But I'm no saint, and sometimes I don't do the right thing, and I wasn't above pretending to be hypnotized. Alex asked me to stand up. No big deal, so I did. And he asked me to take off my clothes. He'd seen me naked a dozen times before, so no big deal there either. I stripped. Yeah, I was already half-hard and rising.

He leaned back in his chair, arms behind his head and knees spread wide and told me to open his shorts for him. So I crouched between his thighs and unbuttoned his shorts and unzipped them. He wiggled them down, exposing his boxers.

On his boxers, printed faces of some smiling cartoon character that I didn't recognize. Inside, a familiar tubular ridge that I did.

He told me to scoot back a little, and I did, still kneeling, and he stood up, and he reached into the fly of his boxer shorts and hauled out that massive cock of his. He stood in front of me, and it zeroed in on my mouth like a heat-seeking missile. He told me, "I love your mouth. Why don't you suck me," and his grin was irresistible. So I did.

The only difference was, this time I was supposed to be the one under hypnosis. In all the times Alex and I had been doing sexual things before, I had eaten his ass, sucked his cock, jacked him off, or watched him jack off. But it was always about his orgasm. I'd cum too sometimes, but by jacking myself off. He had never sucked me, fucked me, or gotten fucked by me.

This time, he must have felt empowered since I was safely "hypnotized." This time, he had me stand up, and he was the one who knelt. He stared at my erection for a moment, as if surveying its topography. Then he kissed the tip. He was hesitant, but he took the head in his mouth. After letting it sit there a moment, he remembered to move his tongue around. I was considering whether I was too "hypnotized" to offer encouragement when he started trying things on his own. Taking a little more of my shaft inside his mouth. Moving his lips and tongue around. Tucking his teeth behind his lips. He gagged a bit and came off my cock quickly, but he swallowed, eyed it, and got right back on it. Clumsy enough to be his first time--and since he was eighteen, it probably was--but he managed a passable job. I think he was trying to copy some of the things my mouth did to his cock. He managed the basics well enough for a first-timer. He even discovered how to use his hand to stimulate the base of my shaft that he couldn't get in his mouth yet. So I didn't have to figure out if I was too "hypnotized" to tell him what to do after all.

He didn't suck my cock long, though. He had other things to try. He told me to get on the couch, and I did, lying back along its length. I was already naked, and now he was naked from the waist down too, wearing just his shirt now. He climbed up on the couch too, pushing my legs up and positioning himself on his knees between them. I knew what he was planning. He had a condom on his rod, and he was slathering it with lube. The rubber was bright pink, and it gave his cock a cartoonish look. That condom he must have brought with

him--I was pretty sure the ones I had in the house wouldn't have fit his oversized cock.

He lubed my ass too, clumsily. I felt him squirting out way too much lube, but I would need it if I was going to take that monster cock of his. Besides, the couch was stain-resistant leather and I could always clean it later.

It had been a while since I took a large cock up my butt, and I don't think I'd ever taken one as big as his. I tried my best to relax. With my calves on his shoulders, he fumbled around between my ass cheeks and found my hole. He got the head of his cock up to it and started pushing. I tried to relax, like he was telling me to, and pushed back on it. His head popped inside me, and this "*Urk!*" sound wiggled out of my throat.

Alex's face was a mask of eyes-closed desire. I took the discomfort because he seemed to want it so much. He was telling me how good it felt, how good I must surely be feeling. And once he had slid half his cock inside me and stopped for a minute, it did start to feel good.

Without warning, he slammed his hard cock right up the rest of the way into me. My mouth dropped open and the world turned red and I saw stars. That *hurt!* Somehow, though, I never made a sound. My ass convulsed and I had to really concentrate to make it relax around the cock it enveloped. Alex, eyes clamped shut, biting his bottom lip, seemed oblivious. But at least he held still inside me for a few moments--I tried to adjust to the feeling of him stretching my insides.

"You feel so hot inside," he muttered, eyes still pressed shut. "So damn hot!"

Alex fucked me. Maybe "fucked" isn't the right word. Alex crammed his cock in me, then pulled it nearly all the way out. In, out, repeat. Too clumsy to be a real fuck, but maybe I had just forgotten what a first time could be like. Anyway, he sure seemed to be enjoying it.

I took it all, somehow. Every clumsy jab and tug. I tried my best to relax and open my asshole under his assault. I held on to the couch, and Alex held on to me, as his hips bucked at me and pounded my guts. He banged and rammed and thrust. He groaned and moaned and panted and shook all over. The friction of his cock inside me started to feel really good. Too good. He fucked me faster and faster. He almost knocked me off the couch in the final thrusts.

Then I shot. My cock had gone soft when he first entered me, but it was hard again, had been hard nearly the whole time he was fucking me. The friction felt too intense. I shot. My head felt as if it was blowing off. A stream of liquid lava boiled out of my balls and through my rock-hard cock shaft. I covered my chest with my cum. Sometime during it, while the world was turned to white-hot pleasure by my orgasm, I heard Alex cry out too, and I knew he was cumming too, cumming in that condom up inside me.

Alex was a mess. He fell forward, face flat on my cum-covered chest, and blubbered softly, "Damn ... I fucked a guy. I fucked ... I must be gay. Damn, that was hot ..."

I couldn't speak. Alex managed to pry himself off me, out of my spasming asshole. I just lay on the couch and tried to will my heart rate back to normal. It had definitely been hot, and I was a little surprised to see Alex's grin, the casualness in his hard, sweaty body as he picked up his boxers and used them clean my cum off his cheek, the lube off his cock and pubes. He seemed to have really enjoyed it.

"You made me cum with my cock up your ass," Alex admitted with a chuckle as, standing, he pulled on his shorts, minus his cum- and lube-soaked boxers.

I couldn't move--too spent. I just lay there and watched him pull on his socks and shoes. He had enjoyed it, which left a gratifying feeling for me too. I was spent, starting to drowse a little.

If everything we had been doing with hypnosis so far had led to this moment, where do we go from here?

Alex balled up his boxers in his hand. He knelt beside the couch, next to my head. "Thanks," he murmured. "You're a great subject." Obviously he considered me to still be hypnotized. "Soon, I'm going to ask you for a favor, and you'll want to do that favor for me, won't you?"

"Sure ..." I muttered sleepily.

I thought he was going to tell me what that favor was, but instead Alex said, "Great! Thanks, dude." Then he leaned forward to kiss my forehead and let himself out my front door.

## 7.

That "favor" had a name: Jamey.

Alex showed up at my doorstep the next afternoon. I wasn't sure I was happy to see him at first, since my ass was still sore from the amateur-night pounding he'd delivered the day before. But when Alex came inside, Jamey was trailing along behind him.

My first thought was, *Wow--cute!* Though a couple of years younger than the guys I usually went for, this young man was almost perfectly "my type," the kind of man I fantasized about but seldom ended up with.

Jamey was definitely the alpha dog of the pair. "I'm Jamey," he said, slapping his hand hard into mine and shaking it firmly. "On the field they call me Jammer, 'cause I jam the opposition, and I--uh--"

Alex was firing Jamey a stern look that said, *I'm supposed to do the talking.*

Jamey saw it and stammered himself to a quick finish, "--uh, and I'm real glad to meet you."

Alex said I owed him that favor, so I invited them both to have a seat. Jamey claimed the couch. Alex claimed the chair opposite, and that left me the chair between them. Alex wanted me to hypnotize Jamey. Jamey nodded gravely. It seems Alex had been tutoring Jamey all through their senior year in high school. Jamey played football--well enough to land a scholarship--but he wasn't much on studying, and he'd need good marks if he expected to keep that scholarship. He'd failed a grade, so he was a year older than Alex, though they'd just graduated in the same class.

I pointed out that school was out for the summer.

But Jamey would need to be ready for college in the fall, Alex said. They were going to be roommates. Alex thought maybe Jamey would be better able to handle college if hypnosis could enforce some improved study skills, and Jamey started nodding again. Apparently Alex had already tried once to hypnotize Jamey, unsuccessfully, so he thought my greater experience might do the trick.

"Besides," Alex said, nearly pouting, "you promised."

I thought about reminding him I was supposedly under hypnosis at the time. I thought about also mentioning that Alex hadn't said anything about hypnotizing someone else. But I kept my mouth shut.



I talked to Jamey about it. He welcomed the chance to talk. I welcomed the chance to look at him. "I wanted it to work," he told me, leaning forward and nearly whispering, a mix of embarrassment and enthusiasm, about the time Alex tried to hypnotize him, "but it didn't. I guess it just felt weird or something, y'know? Alex and me--we're friends, and I trust him and shit."

But apparently, Jamey's "trust and shit" didn't extend to giving up authority to beta-dog Alex.

"But hypnosis seems kind of cool and scary at the same time, y'know?" Jamey concluded, and I nodded sympathetically.

The rapport-building rap is easy. I've done it so many times, I can do it on auto-pilot. My mouth talked. "Hypnosis is something you built in yourself, not something others impose on you," blah blah blah. And, "All hypnosis is self-hypnosis," blabbity blah blah. And, "It's not so much that you can't be made to do anything under hypnosis that you don't want to--it's more that hypnosis frees you from your self-imposed limits to do what you really want to."

My eyes drank him in. I pegged Jamey at six-foot-one. Wide shoulders tapering to a narrow waist. Probably about a hundred and sixty-five pounds, all of it lean muscle, under his jeans and preppy gray button-front shirt. A little bit of hair showing at the neck of his shirt, promising a hairy chest. Dark hair and matching eyes. Handsome, with the kind of looks that only get better-looking once he gets into his twenties. He was nineteen, cocky but friendly, used to being both the cool-and-worldly older male in the eyes of his classmates and the star multi-sport athlete in the eyes of his school. No wonder he had trouble "surrendering authority" to the shy boy-next-door Alex.

By the time my mouth ran to the end of my monologue--benefits, willingness, cooperation, all that crap--Jamey was nodding at everything I said. I paused at just the right moment so he would think it was his idea.

"So will you try hypnotizing me?" he said. Couldn't have timed it better if I had given him a script.

"If you can hypnotize him the first time," Alex chimed in--damn, I'd nearly forgotten he was there--"maybe it will be easier for me to use it to help him study this fall."

Then Jamey delivered the kicker: "Besides, Alex says when you do it, it feels really, really good."

I shot Alex a look, and he blushed, which made me wonder exactly how much Alex had said.

"Very relaxing," Alex clarified, but blushed even redder.

Uh huh. Something was up.

"So will you?" Jamey repeated.

The right thing to do would involve backing away from this situation as fast as I could. But I'm no saint, and sometimes I don't do the right thing. The only way to see what was up was to play it through.

So I said, yes, I'd try.

Besides, there's nothing sexier than a handsome young man falling gently into hypnosis, and Jamey met my definition of handsome. Apparently Jamey met Alex's definition too, because Alex couldn't seem to keep his eyes off of Jamey. I was thinking there was more going on here than they let on. Alex had never looked at *me*

like that.

So I explained to Jamey what to expect, and I tried to ignore the nervous way Alex was shifting around in his chair. Jamey to my left. Alex to my right. The candle on the coffee table in front of all three of us. As I fired it up, I got a glimpse of Alex's crotch. No wonder he was squirming, crossing and re-crossing his legs, with that erection of his nudging down one leg of his shorts and threatening to pop out. I glanced up at Alex, and he looked away quickly, blushing again.

I directed Jamey to train his eyes on the candle flame. "That's right. Just look into it. Maybe you can see the point where the flame begins. Is it at the very base of the flame? Or is it in the very center? It doesn't matter. Just let your eyes seek it out wherever you think you find it. Now take a deep breath ..."

Jamey sat there, staring, doing exactly as I instructed him. He had one hand resting on the arm of the chair, the other hand in the lap of his jeans, and that hand seemed to occasionally squeeze this lump that was forming there, the almost-unconscious gesture of a young man with a young man's "problem." Relaxing can be a sensual experience for some guys, and apparently Jamey, like Alex, was one of them. From the way he was casually groping himself now and then, it seemed Jamey wasn't shy at all.

I droned on. "Each deep breath, each time you exhale, feel your muscles relax a bit more. Just let your body sink back into that chair, so comfortable, so relaxed, so focused, breathing so deep and easy." His eyelids were flickering, fluttering, drooping. Probably feeling himself relaxing, slipping away, in spite of himself. I suggested that he could close his eyes any time he wanted, and they faded shut. I suggested that maybe one of his hands felt light, as if balloons were tied to his wrist. Maybe he could feel it rising, wanting to rise, being pulled upward by the balloons, and his hand--the one on the chair arm, not the one curled casually in his crotch--began to rise. I touched his wrist and told him to feel his arm relaxing, free of the balloons now, sinking, drifting back down, and it settled back on the chair arm.

Alex, on the other side of me, kept squirming. He was distracting me, so he had to be distracting Jamey too, at some level.

First, I told Jamey, sitting there with his eyes closed, so tired, to imagine himself at the top of a long flight of stairs. At the bottom was a feather bed, so comfortable. He could see it from the top, longed to reach it, to fall into it and fall deeply asleep. He could start walking down the steps toward it, counting off the steps backward from one hundred, counting off each step out loud, going down the steps, closer to the bed, wanting to get closer to it, closer to the deep, comfortable sleep he craved. Each step, each number relaxing him, helping him go deeper to the next step. Start walking down the steps. Start counting off the steps toward that pleasant, delicious sleep.

Jamey mumbled, "One hun'red ... Ni'ty .. nine ... Ni'ty aaaa'ht ..."

Which gave me a moment to turn my attention to Alex. He was staring intently at Jamey, like a kid sure this gift-wrapped present was the gift he'd wanted all his life. He was semi-stroking himself through his shorts now, not caring if he got caught. He looked at me when I looked at him. His expression was so clouded with lust, he probably didn't see it coming. I tugged gently on his earlobe and whispered, "Sleep, Alex." He stopped fidgeting, and his eyelids slid shut.

I whispered that, in a moment, I would ask him to open his eyes, and he'd be able to open them and remain deeply asleep, deeply hypnotized. He'd be able to watch and remember everything that happened perfectly when he woke up. But he would remain perfectly calm, quiet, and still unless I asked him to do something.

Did he understand? He made this little sound in his throat that I took to mean, yes, he understood, so I said, "Good. Now open your eyes. Still so deeply hypnotized. Open your eyes so you can watch everything."

Meanwhile, Jamey was still counting. "Seb'ty ... aaaa'ht ... Seb'ty ... seb'n ..."

"You're doing perfectly, Jamey. You're reaching that bottom step now. You can stop counting now. Feel yourself drift to that comfortable bed and sink down into it. Sinking down now. Sinking deeply into hypnotic sleep in that bed."

Jamey's body sagged limp that last critical quarter-inch against the chair.

I ran him through a deepening exercise in which he felt himself getting warmer and warmer. Almost uncomfortably warm. Jamey squirmed a little, a little sweat forming on his brow. His hand rose from the arm of the chair and found the neckline of his shirt. I'm no saint, and sometimes I don't do the right thing. I let him open three buttons on his shirt, exposing a few more inches of his hairy chest, before I touched his wrist and told him his arm was relaxing, becoming so very limp, as he felt the temperature returning comfortably to normal.

A few suggestions to anchor him to this deeply relaxed state. A few suggestions for a trigger so that Alex or I could return him to this feather-bed sleep. Nothing unusual there.

"Open your eyes, Jamey," I told him, and he did. "How do feel?"

"Uh, good?"

"Do you remember being hypnotized?"

"Kind of, I guess. Part of it?"

"Do you remember how to return to that pleasantly relaxed hypnotic trance, Jamey?" I reached out and pulled on his earlobe. "Sleep, Jamey."

And his dark brown eyes obediently closed.

I "woke" him and returned him to trance several times, to get him accustomed to following the trigger. He proved a very cooperative young jock.

Horny too, apparently, since that hand in his lap kept giving the lump in his crotch an occasional casual, unconscious squeeze.

A better man than I would have touched his wrist, told him that hand was going limp, guided it away from his crotch and back to the arm rest. But I'm no saint, and sometimes I don't do the right thing. Instead, I said, "Feels good, doesn't it? Giving yourself a little squeeze like that? Go ahead and do it again if you want to."

Which he did. Lingering a little this time.

"Yeah--I bet that feels really good, doesn't it, Jamey?"

"Mmm hmmm ..."

"In a moment, I may touch you. There's nothing to be nervous about. Every time I touch you, it just helps you

relax and sink deeper into this comfortable, pleasant sleep. Will that be all right?"

"Kay ..."

Which was my cue to reach over and open up the last few buttons on his shirt. His shirt front fell open. Solid pectorals, firm stomach, both dusted with dark brown hair. One side of his shirt fell aside, revealing the tiny nub of his nipple there, oblong and dark and stiff. Yummy.

"Go ahead and give that cock another squeeze if you want. Feels so good, doesn't it? There's nothing wrong with feeling good, is there? That's right. Just like that. No distractions. Why don't you go ahead and open those pants so you can get to it easier? That might make it feel even better."

With his sleeping eyes still closed, he fumbled at the snap on his jeans, then the zipper, fingers moving by memory, clumsily.

"That's it," I coaxed. "Just reach inside there and give it a good feel. Feels better, doesn't it?"

"Yeah ..." he sighed dreamily as his fingers slide inside his pants. Here was a guy who liked his body and liked the way touching it made him feel. Well, I'm no saint, and sometimes I don't do the right thing, but I saw the opportunity to make him a very happy boy. Philanthropy? Fuck that! Alex and I were going to watch.

I crooned, "Yeah, that feels really good, doesn't it? Maybe you'd like to take it out? Maybe you'd like to open up your jeans and take out your cock and make it feel even better? There's no harm in that, is there? Go ahead."

His fingers slowly reached deeper into the fly of his jeans.

I crooned, "Take out your cock, Jamey. That's it. Slowly start to stroke it and let yourself go deeper and deeper into hypnosis with each stroke. Each slow stroke brings you deeper and deeper into hypnosis because it feels so good. Stroking ... Stroking and going deeper. Deeper and deeper into that relaxed feeling of hypnosis. Slowly stroking. Good, Jamey. Going deeper and deeper with each slow, easy stroke on your cock. Each stroke bringing you deeper and deeper, bringing you so much pleasure."

Jamey's fingers stroked slowly up and down his unveiled cock, following the cadence of my voice. Where Alex's cock was huge, Jamey's erection was a perfectly average size, about six inches long. But it was attached to an extraordinarily handsome young man, and that made it an extraordinarily tasty-looking dick. Jamey moaned contentedly, eyes closed, happily hypnotized by my voice and the motion of his fingers up and down his manhood.

"Feels so good, doesn't it, Jamey?" I cooed. "Yes. So very good. Helping you slip deeper and deeper into hypnosis. Letting your subconscious mind become more open to my suggestions. Relaxing you more and more with each slow, wonderful stroke."

His subconscious knew what the reward was going to be--he literally held it in his hand--so it took my suggestions eagerly. Yeah, here was a young man who loved his cock and loved making himself feel good. It's always fun to find a fellow hedonist.

"Go ahead, Jamey," I told him. "You've had a good first session. You can be proud of that. Go ahead and focus on making yourself feel good. Go ahead and cum, if you want."

Apparently he wanted very much, because five strokes later his body was tensing, and his head rolled back, and he sighed, and he spurted one, two, three thick ropes of cum up across the hair sprinkled over his abs. A fourth spurt barely cleared his fingers, and then the rest of his load, like lava, oozed down the head of his cock and coated his hand. His body sank into his orgasm and the afterglow, sinking back even deeper into the couch than before.

I reiterated the suggestions about the trigger, about blurring anything he might not want to remember, about how much more focused he would be when he tried to read or study something, as I pulled some tissues from an end table--there for my sessions with Alex!--and used them to swab up the worst of Jamey's cum. He kept sighing contentedly in his hypnotic sleep, like a cat. A couple of suggestions to get his clothes closed back up--damn, it was a shame to hide a body that fine!--and then it was time to bring the session to a close.

I snapped my fingers. Alex blinked, rousing. Jamey blinked, rousing. Alex blushed hard and scarlet, even though I was willing to bet a significant amount of cash that he had loved every second of the show. He shifted his legs to hide that mammoth hard-on threatening to escape the leg hole of his shorts.

Jamey for his part was enthusiastic as a beagle. "Wow! Alex was right--that felt *great*," and "Uhm, I don't remember everything *exactly*, but I remember it felt great!" An unmistakable twinkle in his crystalline eyes.

We talked a few minutes, then it was time for them to go. We stood up. Alex was careful to position himself where Jamey wouldn't see the erection that had not yet gone down in Alex's shorts. I showed them to the door.

I was reaching through the space between their bodies for the door knob, but my hand veered quickly upward. It found Jamey's earlobe, and my fingers tugged it gently. "Sleep, Jamey," I commanded. His trigger. He looked confused at me for a second, but then his eyelids were flickering, and he yawned. Another tug. "Sleep, Jamey." And his eyes closed, and he did slip back into sleep, body sagging back against the door frame for support, deep in slumber-land again.

"Dude, what'd you do that for?" Alex said. He can't take his incredulous eyes off his friend's sexy, sleeping face.

Which fit my agenda fine, because a second later, I was behind him. I closed a hand around each of his wrists, and I whispered in his ear, "Handcuffs."

"Dude?" he stage-whispered uncertainly, as if afraid he might wake Jamey. "What the fuck?" But his subconscious knew what this trigger meant. It let me pull his wrists easily behind his back, and when I pressed them together, his subconscious held them there, as if in hypnotic handcuffs.

"Dude?" Alex repeated, nervously.

"Shh," I hissed in his ear. "Just keep your eyes on Jamey. He's very handsome, isn't he?"

"Dude, what the fuck?"

With his wrists "trapped," I threaded my arms around to his solar plexus. I gave his cock a gentle squeeze through his shorts.

"Dude, what the fuck?" he hissed.

I popped open his shorts and freed his enormous, still-hard cock.

"He's very handsome, isn't he?" I whispered close to Alex's ear. "You like looking at him, don't you? That's okay."

His hard-on fit into the groove of my curved hand, and I began to stroke it, slowly, gently, teasing the head a little, easing him inevitably along.

"Dude," he hissed again, "what the fuck?" Panting already. Body yielding back against my chest. Surrendering to the pleasure my hand was bringing him. "Dude, what the fuck," he hissed again and again like a mantra, eventually abrasing it down to the only word that had meaning for him: "Dude ... Dude ..."

Panting now. Body tensing. Cock surging in my hand. It was less than three minutes, and he was ready to cum. Harder now: "D-dude!" Then his body was convulsing beyond his control, wrists still behind his back. I aimed his cock down and to one side a little, away from Jamey's leg. "Dude!" Alex grunted one last time before his spasms hit hard, and his voice choked out, "Du--du--," as he shot his load in huge, white dollops onto my hardwood floor.

He let himself sag back against me in the aftermath of it, too limp to support himself. His ass ground against my own hard-on in my pants. "Dude," he whimpered one last time, incoherent, content.

I tucked his softening cock away and tacked the front of his shorts back together. I "freed" him from the hypnotic handcuffs, wiped up Jamey's cum. Alex was still half out of it, still wiped out by the intensity of his orgasm.

I snapped my fingers and Jamey woke up. He blinked, looked at Alex, looked at me--looked like he wasn't sure *what* had just happened, or maybe *if* something had just happened. I just grinned. We shook hands. We said good night. I ushered them out into the night.

## 8.

I didn't see Alex the next day. I wanted to, though. I had practically run upstairs that night after hypnotizing Jamey and jacked myself off frantically. All the next day I was horny and ready to jump just about any guy who showed me a hole. I figured Alex would come around, but he didn't.

Which meant I had to jack off all alone that day. Twice.

And I didn't see Alex the day after that, either. Okay, so I was starting to think that, having gotten what he wanted, he was off playing with hypnosis with Jamey. But still, I thought maybe he would have some time for *me*. I was trying not to feel jealous.

Actually, I did see Alex that second day, but only indirectly. Jamey too. It was getting fairly late, after eleven o'clock, and I figured Alex's parents were in bed. I took a candle up to my hall window. I was planning the usual scenario: he would see it from his bedroom window and be drawn over to my place, where I would hypnotize him. Just like a dozen times before. Like I said, I'm no saint.

But I got to the window, and I saw, across the way, through the open curtains of Alex's window, a light on in his bedroom. Alex and Jamey sitting cross-legged on the floor, facing each other across a lit candle, both in profile to me. Through the window I could see them from the hips up. Shirts off, both of them. Which made

me throw a boner right then and there. Looked like they were sitting there in their underwear, but I couldn't be sure because the windowsill cut off the view too soon.

Jamey's eyes were closed. Head bowed forward. Seemed deeply asleep. But there was a stiffness in the way he was sitting.

Alex was looking at him. Talking to him, though of course I couldn't hear what he was saying, and I've never been good at lip-reading. But from his frown, something wasn't right. Something wasn't the way he wanted it to be, needed it to be. He raised his hand toward Jamey, like he was about to touch his chest, but something about Jamey's posture seemed imposing as a fortress wall. Alex's hand hovered in the air for a few second, barely an inch away from the ramparts, before dropping back into his lap, leaving Jamey's façade unassailed.

Hmm. Looked like some unforeseen complication to me. Perhaps a trust issue? Whatever it was, it was between the two of them, unless they asked me to get involved. I pushed the curtain back into place and stepped back away from the window, back into the darkness of my own house.

## 9.

Two days later, they asked me to get involved.

Actually, they didn't so much ask--they just showed up on my doorstep. Serious expressions. "We need to talk to you about something," Jamey said, and behind him Alex nodded silently.

So I sat them down in my living room, and we talked about it.

Alex said, "It's like there's a barrier ..."

Jamey said, "I mean, I want to and all, but it's like something's just not ..."

I could tell there was a lot neither was saying. I needed to get them to say it.

I tugged Jamey's earlobe. I tugged Alex's earlobe. I said, "Sleep, Jamey," and "Sleep, Alex," and they did.

Now I could talk to them without their conscious minds filtering out the real issues. The problem turned out to be a familiar story, as well-known as "Once upon a time ..."

Jamey on Alex: "I really like him, but I don't want anyone to find out I'm queer."

Alex on Jamey: "I really like him, but he'll want to fuck my ass and make me gay."

Jamey: "I was hoping hypnosis would make it okay, but I can't let go when it's just him."

Alex: "I was hoping hypnosis would make it okay, but I can't seem to go through with it."

So I snapped my fingers and woke them. I told them the solution was simple. A barrier needed to be crossed; they just needed the ice to be broken. Easy enough, I told them. After all, I had a spare bedroom.

Their eyes got wide as they realized simultaneously what I meant.

"Don't worry," I said. "There's condoms and lube on the nightstand, and what happens here stays here, okay?"

Time to act, if I was going to avoid them panicking. "Do you trust me?"

Jamey nodded. After a second, Alex nodded too.

"Good." And then I reached out and I tugged Jamey's earlobe. Then I reached out and I tugged Alex's.

"Okay, boys," I said. "Stand up. Follow me."

I led them into the spare bedroom, without turning on the light. Moonlight through the window turned the bed and the nightstand silver. "Take off your clothes, guys," I said in my most authoritative voice, and they did. "Sit on the bed." They did. "Jamey, put your arm around Alex and give him a kiss. There--doesn't that feel nice? Isn't that what you've been wanting to do for a while now? Alex, put your hand on Jamey's leg. That's it. Rub it a little. Good. Go on now. Do what you want to do. It's all right--you can't help yourselves. Go ahead and make each other feel good."

Naked and touching in the puddle of moonlight. Cocks rising. The sound of them kissing. The sound of fingers and hands and mouths exploring new expanses of territory. Alex lying back. Jamey rolling on top of him. Body calling to body through the language of skin. Panting now. Squirming. Jamey's head in Alex's crotch. Bodies shifting. Alex's head in Jamey's crotch too. Then Jamey was pushing Alex's legs apart and up and driving his tongue down deep in Alex's crack. Alex moaned and squirmed just the way he did when I did the same thing. After a while, with Alex on his back, a pillow tucked under his butt, Jamey was putting on a condom, forcing Alex's legs up on his shoulders, forcing his cock into Alex's virgin ass.

Even after all the sex-play Alex and I had shared, I had never taken his anal cherry--his ass was never on the receiving end of my dick. He never wanted me to, and I never pushed the issue. Maybe he had been saving that for Jamey all along.

Jamey was pushing himself inside Alex. Good thing he was hung average-sized, instead of a monster cock like Alex's. Jamey was moaning things tight with emotion, things like, "Oh, yeah, baby. So tight. So hot. I want you so bad, baby. I wanna be inside you so bad."

Alex was moaning back things like, "I wanna feel you inside me too. Aw, man, go easy! Dude, my ass is fucked! *Damn!*--My ass is getting fucked!" They clung tightly together, as if afraid to let go, as instinct took over and their bodies rocking together discovered they already knew the route.

A better man than I would have just taken a step back, back out into the hallway, pulled the bedroom door closed, and let them experience their first time together privately. But I'm no saint. I have my needs and wants just like anybody else, and truthfully, I wanted to watch every second.

Plus, I had a secret. Not a big secret, but an important one, and that secret was this: They weren't hypnotized.

Sure, I had tugged their earlobes, but I hadn't said their trigger words. Maybe they had acted hypnotized because that's how they thought they should, or maybe at some level they really thought they were supposed to be hypnotized. But the truth was, they were "awake" and "aware" the whole time. Every touch, every kiss and glance and smile, every tenderness of their bodies first stumbling through Nature's dance together was there because they wanted it to be. Maybe "being hypnotized" made it okay. Yeah, whatever. Whatever got them past the boundaries. Some famous writer once wrote something like, "Living is journeying, and love's a country we can enter for a time." Alex and Jamey?--They had reached the border of that country as friends and crossed into it on their own. Maybe they wouldn't find the terrain so foreign after all.



No, I'm no saint. I watched them, and I took out my erection, and I jacked off. I came pretty quickly, catching my spurts in one cupped hand as I stroked with the other. They were so into each other, they forgot I was there. Then I just watched them, watched until they came, almost in unison, and tumbled back against the mattress together, sated, knotted up in each other's arms, smiling, kissing more gently now, touching, not seeing me still there in the dark outside of their pool of moonlight, until they started to fall into sleep, *real* sleep, together. I'm no saint, but sometimes I do the right thing after all. Then I did take that step back, silently, and then I did pull that bedroom door closed, and I did tiptoe off to my own bedroom to join them in sleep.

Hypnosis wouldn't cure everything. We would deal with any problems tomorrow, because that's what tomorrows are for. And because, even if only for tonight, everyone wants a happy ending.

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