

On the Couch

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

[Synopsis: He always finds his therapy sessions arousing.]

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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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

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"Listen, Doctor," I said as I shifted my butt on my therapist's black leather couch, "I'm kinda worried about something."

Damn, I thought to myself. *Why is it, week after week, just sitting on this couch gets me so fucking horny?* I made a mental note to ask my therapist about this later, maybe next session.

Right then, though, I looked down at my crotch and decided I made a mistake wearing my biking shorts. I mean, I wore them hoping they'd be strong enough to hold my dick down when I got the woody I always get during my therapy sessions. Lately I'd started riding my bike over to his office for my sessions. I liked the exercise, and I liked the way people looked at me as I whizzed by in my tight Lycra biking gear. Today, it was a form-fitting shirt, black with a canary yellow and sky blue front panel across my chest and down my abs, a matching pair of biking shorts with a yellow and blue panel in the front down my crotch and down to mid-thigh, and a pair of running shoes with half-socks under them. My body was fit and trim, and my snug clothes showed it off. My biking helmet sat on the floor beside that couch. No underwear under the shorts,

though.

The problem with biking shorts is they show the basket too well. They're so fucking tight! As soon as a guy--in this case, me--is aroused, everybody can see he has a hard-on. And I was definitely having a hard-on. The more I willed it to go down, the harder it got instead, pushing up like it was trying to bust out of my shorts. Fucking obscene! I should have worn underwear--don't ask me why I didn't.

Fuck! How long had it been since I jerked off? I should have popped off a load to release some pressure before I biked over there. Don't ask me why I didn't.

But I didn't have time to be embarrassed. My doctor was toying with that cloudy quartz paperweight while he waited for me to finish what I'd begun to say. So I decided to be brave and forged ahead. "Last night I had that dream again, the one where I dreamed I sucked a dick. Does that mean I'm queer?" After I said that, I looked down again. Damn! Guess my dick is stronger than I thought. My crotch right then looked like a Lycra tent. When I looked back at the doctor, he was looking at my crotch too.

Still, he had a thoughtful look on his face. He put the paperweight back down on the little table by his chair, cleared his throat, and answered my question. "With regard to sucking a penis ..."

Penis, penis, penis. Always so professional and scholarly. I thought maybe doctors weren't allowed to use words like *dick* or *cock*. Okay, then--penis.

"... The only way you'll know," he continued, "is if you, ah, suck a real penis and it gives you more pleasure than performing oral sex on a vagina."

I thought, *Eew!* I guess my expression showed it too, because he seemed a little amused at my response. He had given me his answer in a voice that could calm the waves, but still I was feeling jittery. "Doctor, I never have licked a vagina--never even thought about it much. Seems kind of *nasty*, you know? And about sucking a real penis ..." In my shorts, my hard rod was so hot my groin felt like a swamp. It was getting pretty fucking uncomfortable. I shifted my ass again against the leather cushion, but my dick found no relief. "If I suck the penis of someone I know, he might think I'm a fag and tell everybody. And I can't just walk up to a stranger and say I want to suck his cock. He'd have me arrested for public lewdness or shit like that. So what do I do?"

My doctor's eyes were in my crotch again. I know he liked looking at me. I could tell. His mouth dropped open and he made a sound, but before he could really respond, I said, "Wait! I know!--I could try sucking your penis."

He looked up at me, looking a little--I dunno--a little amused and embarrassed at the same time. "But I'm someone you know."

I thought about that a moment and said, "Well, yeah, but you're also a professional. You have to keep your mouth shut." It all seemed so logical to me.

He replied, "Yes, and because I'm a professional, and because you are in my care and this is a therapy session, it wouldn't be right for you to suck my penis. Would it?"

For such a smart guy, my doctor was so fucking dense! Here I was offering him a blowjob--no strings!--and he says no because of some ethics bullshit. I tried to think my way through it.

This idea popped into my head. "What about this--How about I suck your penis tonight? After the session is

over? You won't be on the clock then, and I won't be paying for your services. We'll just be two regular guys. Okay?"

I could practically see my doctor's steadfast opposition wavering. In front of me, he'd always been an iron man, sure of everything. On him this perplexed look was sexy. "I, uhm, I don't know. Technically that would still be unethical ..." Also sexy was the tent rising in his slacks.

"But doctor, why wait until tonight when your dick is hard right now?" The doctor's hands shot over his crotch like he was a soccer player protecting himself against a ball. His hands concealed his erection but also called attention to it. I had a feeling my therapist was in my power now. It was a weird feeling, but I liked it.

He let out a sigh, like some resistance inside him broke. "Are you sure this is what you're wanting?"

I wasn't sure what he meant, but I was grinning happily.

He went to the door, stuck his head out, and said to his receptionist, "Okay, that's it for today. Turn off the lights on your way out." He shut the door and locked it. "Now then, your therapy session is officially over."

I still wasn't sure what he meant, so I said, "Okay."

"Let's begin. How old are you?" he said in a voice like a normal person, not like a therapist.

"Eighteen," I said proudly, though I wasn't sure why he was asking. "How old are you, doctor?"

He ignored my question. "I have a son who is a year younger than you. That would make him ...?"

"Seventeen."

"And you've been seeing me for therapy since you were ...?"

"Sixteen"

"Good. Continue."

"Fifteen ... fourteen ..."

"That's it. Just relax."

"... Thirteen ... twelve ..."

"Settle back. Focus. Relax. So easy."

"... Eleven ... ten-yeh ..." That last number was distorted when I yawned.

"Focused. Relaxed. Sleepy."

"... Nine ... eight ..."

"Drowsy. Sleepy. Returning easily."

"... Seven ... mmm ... six ..." Hard to remember what number came next.

"Deep hypnotic sleep. Going there easily."

"... Five ... f-four ..."

"No distractions. So focused."

"... Three ... two ..."

"Almost there. Ready for deep hypnotic sleep."

"... One ..."

"Zero," my doctor said. "Deep sleep."

I felt his hand on top of my head, sliding back until he gripped the back of my skull gently. "Open your eyes now," he said. "So easy. So deeply asleep." I opened my eyes. He guided my head against his pants. "Do it," he whispered. Through the rough material I felt his hard dick, smelled it, sucked at it as best I could. What next? The doctor pushed my head away, unzipped, and fished his big red erection out into the open. I felt its raw, unbending power. I had never seen anything so beautiful.

"Yeah," my doctor chuckled. "Worship my dick, boy. This is what you've been wanting. Been waiting for it all week, haven't you? Without even knowing it. You've been dreaming about it. Wanting it so badly. Only my cock can give you the release you crave. Damn, boy, suck it already."

As soon as I wrapped my lips around the head of his dick, the taste, smell, and texture of his cock and of the leather underneath me ganged up on me. I wasn't even touching my dick--it was still in my shorts--but it started to twitch and spew jizm. The doctor's dick popped out of my mouth as I convulsed through my orgasm. Good thing, too, or I might have bitten it by accident 'cause I was cumming so hard.

"Naughty boy," the doctor said. "You know you're supposed to wait until I give you permission. I guess a whole week without cumming is too long to wait for a healthy young man your age, huh?" Instead of getting mad he ruffled his fingers through my hair and guided my mouth back to suck his dick. I rubbed my head against his hand like a grateful puppy.

"Do you ever wonder why is it, week after week, just sitting on this couch makes you so horny, boy?" he said. "It's because leather is so primal, isn't it? So animal."

I parted my mouth from his cock and murmured, "Yes, doctor," before I went back to kissing and swallowing it.

"I think your inner animal is trying to get out. Why not let it out, boy. Just take off your clothes."

I did as the doctor said, peeling the snug fabric of my biking clothes off my skin, and I didn't feel the least bit embarrassed. Even though I'd just shot a load, I still had an urgent boner--harder than ever before--and it popped up big and sticky when I pushed my shorts down. I had never showed anyone my boner until--until--when had I started showing it to my doctor?

"That's a pretty dick, and a very healthy erection. So natural to be so erect and aroused when you're naked in my office like this, isn't it? You just can't help yourself. Don't ever let anyone make you feel ashamed of your body or your dick, my boy. Now get on your belly and move your hips."

I flattened myself face down along the couch. My dick squished against the leather upholstery and it felt fucking awesome, like I was fucking someone even though there wasn't anyone under me.

"That's it," my doctor said. "I know how you love the feel of it against your skin. So horny, after keeping your urges pent up all week, waiting until now. Go ahead and release, boy. Cum, boy."

Damn!--I thrust my hips against the couch again and I started cumming, cumming so hard. After a minute when my orgasm started to clear, I realized the doctor was hovering over me on the couch, pushing his still-hard dick into my asshole. It hurt a little, but it also felt good. My ass felt hungry, like it wanted his cock up inside it.

Just the idea that my therapist was fucking me got me so hot! The feel of his cock sliding in and out of me, hitting something special up inside my ass that felt really great, his weight pressing down on me, pressing me against the couch and sandwiching my still-stiff rod. The way the leather seat massaged my sloppy cock head under me every time he jabbed up in my ass got me so hot--I squirted off again. I felt my doctor's body tense above me, and I realized his dick was unloading in my ass as well.

We both settled down, me on the couch and the doctor half on and half alongside me. The smell of leather, jizm, and sweat made me dizzy. Spent--so relaxed and sleepy--I closed my eyes and napped contentedly in his arms while my doctor whispered softly in my ear.

I sat up and blinked. I was still naked. Still hard. Still feeling groggy after my nap and all those orgasms.

"Feeling better now, aren't you? Still so deeply relaxed, aren't you?" my doctor said, and I nodded. "Stand up."

I did, and he looked me up and down. I wanted very much for him to like what he saw. I wanted to make him happy, craved his approval. His eyes lingered on my still-hard rod.

He said, "Ready to get dressed?"

"Nuh-uh." I shook my head no. So hard to talk.

He chuckled. "Damn. I remember what it was like at your age. But I think you really like our 'no jacking off or cumming outside of therapy' rule, don't you? Saving it up feels good. It makes you feel so very ready and cooperative when you come here, doesn't it?"

"Uh huh," I mumbled, nodding slowly. "Uhhn ..."

"What is it? So easy to tell me what you're thinking. Something you want to add about our session today?"

So hard to make my mouth work. "... I didn't ... I didn't know ... old guys could ... fuck like that ..."

He looked at me and laughed. Was my doctor ticked off by what I said? Maybe. All I know is he bent me over the arm of the couch and fucked me again.
