

Players

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: The new kid at the gym catches your eye. Now all you need to do is get him hypnotized.

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 realistic it may appear, 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."

Copyright - 2014 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
 - <http://www.mcstories.com/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)
-

Players

by Wrestlr

The new kid at the gym catches your eye. He always wears baggy sweat-shorts that end just above his knees. Plain T-shirt, always gray or white, snug. Wavy dark hair. A ratty baseball cap, the bill pulled low over his eyes like a rap star wannabe trying to pass incognito.

On the decline bench, he is using dumbbells. Smooth white arms. Perfect chest with just enough meat on his pecs. He is squint-eyed from the effort; his lips pursed tightly. Every time he lowers the weights, his shirt pulls away from his shorts. You get a glimpse of his flat, hard belly and learn the brand of underwear he favors from the waistband stretched between two pelvic bones that seem to point at the prize in his crotch. You guess his age at nineteen, twenty tops.

His eyes are hooded, vulnerable. He looks away; he refuses to catch your eye. But every once in a while, you feel a hot sun burning down on you, and you look up to catch him in the mirror, checking you out. Not so much checking you out, you decide, as eating you up with his eyes. Every last bit. You never knew a person could make you feel so naked without taking off a stitch of your clothes.

Your heart jumps; your crotch stirs. He always jerks his eyes away, as if embarrassed that you caught him staring.

This game goes on for a week, two, a month. Maybe he is new at the college a couple of blocks over. Maybe he works at a kiosk in the nearby shopping district and this is where he comes after his shift. The T-shirts he wears are always plain, bearing no clues to his favorite band, his life, or likes. Whenever his shirt *de jour* rides up, you see a strip of pale white skin--sexy vulnerability. You think to yourself: *If I tried for him, this guy would be easy; he wants it so badly.*

You time your workouts to catch him. You easily learn his schedule: chest and arms on Mondays and Thursdays, shoulders and back on Tuesdays and Fridays. You think to yourself: *When does he work that fine ass?* You want to touch that pert little shelf his sweat-shorts hang on, run your tongue along where the waistband meets the skin, then down along his crack.

Mostly, though, you think he is not conscious of you. He tries to stay focused on the reason he is at the gym. He goes through his whole workout with his head down and his expression sullen. You are about to give up hope for the day when, suddenly, he catches your eye. He is one of those boys who seems unaware of you but then suddenly turns and flashes a warm, penetrating look and holds it, like the two of you were sharing some private joke, even though you have never officially met him. This day, he comes over as you are finishing a set of bench presses. You sit up. He looks at you and smiles and says, "I hear you hypnotize guys—you know—like for workout improvement and shit." The way he says it is not really a question.

You wonder who told him this. You have not hypnotized many guys from this gym, but the ones you have are devoted to you. You have not seen this new kid with anyone you know. You wonder who has been talking and what this new kid has heard. How much he has heard. But for now, he awaits your answer, so you grunt, "Yeah."

"Cool," he said neutrally, just stating a fact. "I might like to try that sometime." Then he walks off.

Usually he comes and goes without doing much more than hanging his jacket in the locker room. But then about a week after your encounter, he has a full bag slung over his shoulder when he saunters into the gym. You time it carefully: after his workout, when he heads toward the locker room, you wait exactly two minutes by the wall clock. Then you follow him in.

The locker room is almost deserted. Two beer-belly guys are straightening their ties, blowing dry what is left of their hair. The shower is running. You flick off your gym clothes like they were a distraction. You grab a towel. Cinch it around your waist.

He is the only one in there. He has not bothered to pull the curtain of his stall completely shut. His dark hair is wet-plastered against his skull. His eyes are closed. The water streams over his face. His back is firm, showing the results of his workouts, not too soft, not an inch of extra skin; his waist is narrow as a boy's. His skin is pale, almost blue-veined, and he is thinner than you thought, which only makes the pertness of that rounded mound of ass more adorable.

His eyes are closed under the shower spray. Unaware, he turns his front toward you, tilts his torso, and water splashes off his shoulder. You wish you could catch it on your tongue and lap the dude up. His crotch hair is also plastered to his skin. His cock is rigid, up-angled in that stiff, *won't quit* teenage way. As you watch, he soaps his hand and grabs himself, which makes his butt cheeks clench and push his hips forward. He presses his cock into the familiar tube he forms from his palm. His jaw

drops open as if he has made himself stupid with pleasure. The water gushes over and down his chest. He makes a little snorting noise as water cascades across his nose, and he puts his other hand against the wall like he needs help keeping his balance.

He strokes his soap-slicked dick, and now you are the one who starts to feel dizzy. His nipples are hard despite the steam and hot water. The muscles of his belly alternately clutch and release, a perfect little six-pack. His thighs tense, and the water runs down into his crotch and disappears just where you would like to put your face. You are struck dumb and staring.

You suddenly feel a warmth on your face, on your bare skin. His lazy brown eyes are on you, flow over you, passing from pecs to hips. Practically lifting your towel with his eyes. His eyes gleam. His lashes are long and caught with dewdrops. He has caught you looking. You wait for his reaction. Will his expression reveal scorn? Anger? The expression you see is more relief, ecstasy, relaxation. You realize that you are the object of the dude's masturbatory fantasies. He has been jerking off to you for the last month.

With a flick of your finger, you release your towel. A moment passes before it slides loose, before it catches on your cock, which is large, engorged. Your dick twitches. The towel drops. The young dude's eyes go wide; he stumbles a little in the shower cubicle and his strokes get faster. His eyes lock on your crotch.

You take a quick look over your shoulder for witnesses, then slip into the shower stall next to him. The stall smells goat-like with hormones and male sweat. You run your hands down the guy's smooth skin. Those well-worked shoulders and lats. You raise his arms out of your way and sidle in behind him. You lean against his backside, your cock now straight up, lodged between his meaty ass cheeks, but not inside, nowhere near the tight heat of being inside him.

You put your arms around him and pull him back against you. At first he considers strong resistance; his muscles tense. You pass your hands over his chest, slide down over slightly soap-greased abs. He jumps when your fingertips hit his trimmed-to-stubble treasure trail, faint as it is, and then slide down, following instinct toward his barely longer pubes and his hard, hard dick, which you give a single, quick caress. The shower water pours over your ears, making a disorienting seashell sound. You soap your hand, reintroduce yourself to his erection. You stroke him off. He sighs, barely audible under the spray, and relaxes, yields to your grip on his manhood, leans back against your chest. You are surprised by the size of his cock, maybe just a little longer than average but definitely thicker than you expected on such a slim man. His hard-on is hot to the touch, hotter than seems possible. His cock is a tight fit in your fist, but your soap-slick grip slides easily over it, back and forth. You find your rhythm, grip tighter, and stroke him three, four, five times. You sense he is too hot to last long. He moans, grabs your forearm tightly, clinging to you for dear life, squirms his hips forward into your fist, then forces his butt back against you.

Then suddenly he bucks, his penis-head swells, and he spurts once, twice, more—thick white cascades that spatter the stall wall and only slowly are rinsed away by the spray. The jizz is slicked over your fingers. You bring your hand to your face. You smell the mix of soap and spunk: a heady, randy mix that always reminds you of clean young men.

For a second the young dude lolls against you like a rag doll, then he starts up. He hears again the voices of the beer-belly men just around the corner in the locker room who talk about their jobs, their children. The guy jumps out of your embrace, jumps clear across the small stall from you in one bound. He snatches his towel from the rack. He hurries toward the lockers as if embarrassed. His pace

is electric, his body is stiff and self-conscious, then becomes slinky, as if he wants to disappear entirely.

You think: *Shit, I've scared him off.* You are disappointed and rock-hard and have a handful of jizz not your own swiftly getting cold. Then, just as you are about to lose sight of him, just as he reaches the threshold where he will turn the corner toward the lockers, he looks back over his shoulder. Looks you right in the eye. He stops for the briefest infinitesimal second, towel hanging by his side, chest puffed up with something like pride. And he smiles back at you, shyly. His smile is a world of teeth and whiteness and big puppy-dog eyes. And there's an edge to it, like only an athlete can have. A competitor. A player.

Now you understand. You have played this game before. You know your next move.

As you expect, he waits for you. He is outside the gym, leaning against the wall. He sees you just as you see him, so he moves away from the wall, down the sidewalk, feigning indifference just in case. He walks tough, but with a lilt, with grace, a little belligerent and a little shy, like he came from a tough neighborhood and does not know how to fit in where the homes are nice. You walk faster and catch up. You are close, but not too close, not breathless. You are cool and predatory.

"Yo," you say.

He half-turns toward you, not surprised, nonchalant. He flashes you that white-hot stare, then looks away. He bites his lower lip. He pulls his bag a little higher on his shoulder though it has not slipped.

"Hi," he says. "I've been thinking. I want to try hypnosis. For my gym concentration."

"Okay. Where you headed? Dorm?"

He shrugs and nods.

"Got your own room?"

He looks nervous. "No, man. I have a roommate."

"Why don't you come with me. My place." You are careful to make sure he understands: these are not questions.

"Now?"

"Yes. If you want to try it, the best time is now."

For a moment, the dude is torn. His eyes skitter this way and that, like squirrels chasing each other around a tree. He shifts his weight from one foot to the other. You see his cock bang unrestrained inside his loose sweat shorts and realize he wears no underwear. He looks off into a distance so full of promise and choices that you can hardly imagine what he sees. Then he grins at you eagerly. He immediately deflects his face downward, blushing a little, embarrassed at what his reaction accidentally revealed.

But he says, as if casually, "Okay, man ... sure," just as you knew he would.

You two walk side by side toward your place, which is just a few blocks away. Once in a while your arm brushes against his and he jumps away, as if electrocuted, and the hair rises on your forearm and the back of your neck. The shock seems to make him talkative.

He says, "Back there ..."

"Yeah?"

"I was thinking about you hypnotizing me, when ... you know, I played with myself."

Which tells you he has indeed heard enough. He knows what he is getting into. But, not wanting to give him the power of knowing he has surprised you, you say, "I know."

"You do?" He seems visibly spooked at being so transparent.

"Yeah," you say. "It was obvious."

He looks embarrassed again, shuts up. Then his expression turns curious, then mean. He opens his mouth to say something. You push him into an alcove in the building you are walking past. You kiss him hard, your tongue in his mouth. First he is too startled to fight back, then he joins in. You kiss eye-to-eye, eyes open, looking at him. You feel his semi-hard cock press into your hip. For the longest time he looks at you, then he closes his eyes and lets you explore every inch of his mouth with your tongue and taste his sweet hot breath that comes in gasps.

Yes, he knows exactly what he is getting into.

"Hypnosis," you tell him when you separate from his mouth for air, "can make everything more intense. Your workouts. Your orgasms. Everything. If you think what we did earlier was intense, then wait 'til--"

"Everything?"

"Yeah."

His face darkens and he shoves you away, backhands his mouth. He looks up and down the street and says, "We gotta be cool."

You realize then that this kid probably isn't out, except to maybe a few friends. He is probably used to clandestine quickies where fake names are exchanged, if at all. Perhaps his interest in hypnosis was a ruse, a way to talk to you, put himself in your sights so you would make the first move. But you get the sense his curiosity about hypnosis is genuine, just difficult to separate from his attraction to you. All of that is conjecture, though, and you would rather deal in facts. Fact: He is still horny. Fact: You want him.

You decide to throw him a little encouragement. "That *was* cool," you say. "Very cool. Couldn't help myself. You're hot."

He blushes, but he knows what you said is true: he *is* hot. Hearing you say it aloud gives him an ego boost, makes him stand tall. His pride makes him even hotter. Cocky--just the way you like them.

You have hardly shut the door to your apartment when his bag drops heavily to the floor. Nothing about him is *be cool* reserved now. He rushes at you, nipping and mouthing your neck like a lamprey in heat. He tugs your shirt up to bunch under your armpits, bites with clumsy inexperience at your nipple. He tries for your belt loop. He is all over you, frantic as a motherfucker.

You force him back against the door. You put your head close to his and jam your tongue down his throat. After a moment of kissing, he tries to pull away. He fumbles with his T-shirt; it comes off his slim body in one slick sweep, no fat to catch on, dislodging his baseball cap as it passes. Bare-chested now, a gold chain around his neck with a big studded cross, stark yellow metal against his pale-fleshed chest.

He comes at you again, wanting another kiss, groping for your shirt again, wanting you bare-chested too.

"No," you order, pushing his hands away, pushing him back against the door again. "Not yet." He looks disappointed, hurt; he pouts like a child. "First, I'm going to hypnotize you. That's what you came here for."

He bites his lip. He pushes at you, gets just enough distance to escape being pinned between your body and the door. He circles you, bare-chested, one foot forward, one back, thighs tensed. You turn to face him. He feints twice, and then strikes suddenly as a snake. He seizes your wrists, his hands like talons, callused from his workouts. You drop to your knees and try to get under his body and boost him off his legs. Lightning-quick, he kicks his legs out behind himself where you cannot reach. He clasps your neck. You wriggle free, breaking his grip. You rush him. You knock heads. He laughs. You toss each other this way and that. First on the sofa. Then on the ottoman, which shoots off on wheels to the other side of the room. Someone's ankle gets snagged in an electrical cord; a lamp falls from the side table and flashes blue.

He's a wiry, quick motherfucker, but eventually your greater strength and muscle win out. You get him face-down on the carpet, pert ass up, pinned. He will not yield. You press his face to the floor. You hiss in his ear, bite at his lobes, press your cheek to his smooth face. He struggles, then realizes resistance is pointless with your weight on top of him. You lie against him. His skin blazes under your touch. You both catch your breath. You kiss the back of his neck, lick up the sweat that beads on his hairline.

"Get up," you order as you pull away. "Sit on the couch. Get comfortable."

He seems lost, trying to figure out what game is being played here. He makes a mewling sound in his throat but nods. He stands and approaches the couch.

You emphasize your authority by pushing him down on the leather sofa. He tries to resist you for a moment, but then he sits. From a drawer in the side table you pull a small, inexpensive crystal on a silver chain. You have a number of these, from a little shop downtown, that you use for new guys. He watches you closely, already understanding that you will use it on him.

"This crystal," you tell him, "is not magical. It's just a convenient focus." An object to focus his concentration. Concentration is the key, you tell him, the key to everything: hypnosis, yes, but also gym workouts, sex, studying, everything. He eyes you, hungrily and warily, probably wondering why you do not forego the hypnosis and just advance to the sex part that he knows you both want so badly. You intend to show him why.

"I'm going to hypnotize you now," you declare, all smooth confidence. You have done this many times. You expect this kid will be easy.

"Okay," he growls, the prey trying to turn predator. "But only if I get to do it to you next."

You chuckle and say, "We'll see," but you know that is not part of your strategy.

"Focus," you tell him again, to get him back on track. You hold up the crystal into his line of sight, make it sway gently back and forth in the air. Every new man you hypnotize seems to expect a pendulum, and you do not mind playing off the stereotype the first time. He groans and settles back now that he realizes his bare chest and obvious erection will not be enough to make you accelerate the course of events to the part where he gets off. His interest in hypnosis seems almost as intense as his need to cum. Still, he is willing to forego the sex, for now at least, as long as he gets the hypnosis.

"Stare at the shiny crystal," you tell him. "Focus on it. Look closely. See if you can find the tiny flaw in it."

The crystal dangles on its chain from your hand.

"Fix your eyes on it," you tell him. "Just keep breathing deeply. Listen to the sound of my voice."

His eyes follow the pendant as it sways slowly left, then right.

"You may find your eyelids getting heavy," you tell him. "The longer you stare into the crystal, the more your eyelids get heavy, and you blink. Your eyelids feel like something is pulling them down, as if they want to slowly close, getting heavier, as you get drowsier and sleepier."

The method you have chosen to use on him is fairly straightforward. It draws on the clichés of hypnosis that he knows from the media. That expectation helps make it effective for most first-time subjects. They expect it to be inevitable, and you can draw on that expectation to help make it so. The method starts to take hold on him. His breathing deepens. His eyelids droop. His arms and legs relax and loosen. That tube in the crotch of his shorts, though, is undiminished; a tiny wet spot forms where a little pre-cum has leaked from the tip, soaked through the fabric of his sweat shorts.

"Sleep," you encourage him. "Ready to fall so deeply asleep at your own pace."

Still, he is not relaxing completely. Some part of him resists. His eyes have not closed all the way, and you can see that he struggles to keep them open. You wonder whether perhaps another approach might have worked better. This induction has dragged on far too long already, should have already taken root and pulled him deeper than just this lightly relaxed state. You wonder whether you should shift to a different approach.

But then, something in him surrenders. Perhaps he finally has given himself permission to yield. He stops fighting. A quiet hiss slips out of his mouth, and his eyes finally close. He succumbs, and his head droops forward a bit.

With a deepening exercise, you lead him further into his trance. With a few tests, you determine he is not faking. Now you can begin the groundwork.

The crystal. The crystal is his focus. It represents how focused and relaxed he feels right now. He will wear it at the gym, on the outside of his shirt. Each time he catches a glimpse of it in the mirrors

lining the gym walls, it will remind him of his focus. He will see the crystal and he will relax and feel so focused on his workout. Focused on the right form for each exercise. Focused on the right intensity. No distractions. So focused.

The trigger phrase. The trigger phrase is his cue. Each time he hears you say it, he will remember how focused and relaxed he feels right now. He will hear the phrase, and each time he will gently, irresistibly be drawn back into this focused, relaxed hypnotic sleep he is enjoying right now. Focused on the need to relax. Focused on the need to return to hypnosis. No distractions. So focused on your voice and your suggestions.

You wake him and re-induce the trance several times to test and reinforce the trigger. It works well. He slips back into trance easily, smoothly. With practice he will become an excellent subject.

"We're going to try something," you tell him. "Every time I touch you, that will be your cue to relax and sink even deeper into your hypnotic trance. Do you understand?"

He makes a quiet gurgle of assent.

You ease forward, sink to your knees between his splayed calves. You touch his knee, a neutral place, as a test. He does not react. "That's it. Relax and sink deeper," you tell him. Pull his right foot into your lap. Pull at his shoelace, then tug gently at his trainer; his shoe comes off. He wears a half-sock that covers his foot without rising above his ankle. Two fingers under the fabric, and his half-sock comes off too. You repeat the process on his other leg, and then his feet are bare. His whole body is bare now, except for his shorts and that gold cross pendant.

You ask him to lift his hips. His body moves sluggishly, clumsily. His hips rise half an inch off the upholstery, enough clearance for you to hook your fingers in the waistband of his shorts and slide them down. His dick, three-quarters erect, rolls free. Your earlier impression was correct—no underwear—so when you pull the shorts off his feet, he is naked, except for the cross necklace. You lift the chain over his head, then fasten the chain for the crystal pendant, the one you used to hypnotize him, around his neck.

"So deeply hypnotized. Hypnosis makes everything feel better," you tell him. "More vivid. More intense."

You put your mouth in his crotch. Force his thighs further apart. Cup his nuts with your hand. His prick stiffens quickly to full hardness. Though he blew his load earlier in the gym, already his dick is hot and hard and ready to go again. You flick your tongue at the tip of his cock. You run down one side of the shaft to the base and back, just the tip of your tongue. You blow cool air, and every breath makes his cock jump.

You cannot resist a look as you play his cock with your tongue. He is splayed back, eyes closed, mouth hanging open, overwhelmed by hypnosis and horniness. He looks like he could be napping, deeply asleep and dreaming of sex. But some part of his subconscious mind is still engaged: his hands grip the cushions at each side as if he is going to start doing dips on your couch, or vault you toward the door.

"So horny. Hypnosis makes your whole body feel so good, so aroused," you tell him. "Let me help your body feel even better."

You lift his feet from the ground and put his ankles over your shoulders. You duck your head under his nuts and begin to nip and lick at the ridge of skin below the sack. Force your teeth against it, where it runs under his pelvis toward his ass. You put your mouth around a testicle, which makes him shudder unconsciously. He gasps, involuntarily, and you feel the thrill run through his body. Then you work back up his cock from the base to the tip, nibbling, dragging your teeth lightly as you take the whole shaft into your mouth. This young dude's subconscious mind has moved to a pre-lingual state, no words, just instinct and wallowing in the sensation. It likes to be given head. Guttural sounds gurgle out of his throat, and you feel his nuts already rise up and his cock swell.

So you stop.

He whimpers, his subconscious craving the sensation again, wanting to cum.

"Relax," you say. You stand up. "Breathe deeply." You work buttons and zippers, and your clothes fall away.

You help him move his body. His motions are vague, somnambulant; he has not yet grown accustomed to being hypnotized or to moving while hypnotized. That will change in time, you understand, so for now you have to assist him into position, continually reinforcing how relaxed each movement makes him feel.

He lies stretched out along the couch now, face down. His head is turned to the side, mouth still hanging open and drooling a little onto the leather. You plan to feed your cock soon into that fine wet mouth. You imagine tracing his lips with the head of your penis. Imagine his mouth stretched wide, choking your manhood down, grateful and meek.

But first, you bend over him and touch your lips and tongue and fingers to his skin again, kissing, licking, massaging. You work down from his neck between his shoulder blades. Work on relaxing his body, enhancing the pleasure he feels; work on seducing him mentally and physically into deeper cooperation. His back is smooth and unblemished, with hard ropes of muscle down each side of the spine, guiding you toward his ass. He has relaxed now fully, surrendered all struggles, his limbs limp. Still, he stiffens partially when your mouth reaches his ass and your tongue probes at his anus. You guess he has never had his ass eaten out before.

After you encourage him again to just relax and enjoy the intense sensations, you plunge tongue-first into his ass, ferociously, pulling apart his cheeks, exposing the pink dark hole. You lap and fill your mouth, nose, and throat with that clean ass smell, that copper taste. Just a few hairs guard his crack, and you slick them aside. You suck your fingers, wet them thoroughly, and slide one in, just a fingertip.

"Hurrgh ...," he moans, his subconscious mind asking you for reassurance.

At this point you would say anything. Your words relax him, and his butt muscles slowly go limp again as your tongue plays across them, and soon he draws your finger in with the muscles of his rectum. He is tight and strong and firm, as if he works out these muscles as well.

"Umm," he purrs, hungrily.

After several minutes of loosening his ass with one finger, two, and finding the spot up inside that makes his limp body tremble with pleasure, you help roll him onto his side. You locate the stash of lube and condoms from the drawer in the side table. You lift his leg a little further, lube his ass. Tell

him to relax and enjoy. Your finger slides easily now, finding complete acquiescence, no resistance remaining. Still, he winces and then gasps as you slide in a third finger. You slide the condom over your cock. Apply lube to his hole, then your coated cock. As you do, tell him how intense this will feel, more intense than ever before. His head rolls against the leather cushion as you lift his leg. His body barely flinches now as your slick cock pushes into his relaxed asshole. You begin to fuck him sideways. Slowly. The muscles of his abdomen tremble a little, a little shiver of apprehension remaining. Then you tell him to relax, coaxing him back into submission with your voice, your confident tone, though you are looking at nothing except the zone where your cock enters his gym-firmed body, his peach-fuzz ass. In and out. In and out. His subconscious mind moans incoherent noises, all instinct and animal sensation again. He quivers under the hypnosis-enhanced intensity, and his body bucks as your cock finds his prostate, nudges it, drags across it so sweetly, again, then again, until his mouth hangs open and groans as his subconscious drowns under the amperage of lightning your dick unleashes along his most sensitive nerves. His cock, which had gone soft when you entered his ass, is hard again; it bounces in time with your thrusts.

You will not be able to last long. Already the first electric thrills flutter deep within your body, along a line from your cock to your balls to your spinal cord, and then the pleasure rises up until you lose control of your hips and thrust so deeply into his slim body you think he might burst. He gives the slightest, tiniest tightening to his sphincter, almost as if his subconscious mind is giving you a wink.

You recognize the signs, the way his breathing catches, the way his body tenses. Your hand gropes for his rod, finds it, strokes it once, and then you flick your fingertips across the underside of his cock-head. "Cum," you murmur in his ear, knowing he will anyway, but wanting to establish a link between your order and his reaction. Tie your commands to the inevitable, and someday he will be able to experience the inevitable upon command. "Cum for me." Grip and stroke him again. He gasps and his cock jerks. "Cum hard." And he does, squirting white semen across the leather sofa cushion, his cock recoiling like a rifle with each shot.

The way his body bucks and his ass clamps as his orgasm incinerates him tips you over the edge, and your electric flutters blaze up too, and you explode and convulse, pouring into him all your burning cum and passion.

"Rising back to consciousness now," you tell him. "Take a deep breath. Open your eyes. Wake up."

He blinks, and his head jerks around as he recalls where he is, what has happened to him. "Urrr ...," he tries as his conscious mind works to engage fully again--a happy contented sound, as a last aftershock of his orgasm rolls through him. He is not surprised to find himself naked, sweaty, partially rolling through the cum he just shot on your sofa. What just happened might seem a bit dreamlike to him, but he remembers everything.

"Fuck, man," he says, awed. He makes no effort to pull away from your body or your softening cock still up his ass. His arm moves. His hand finds the crystal pendant against his chest and lifts it to where he can examine it, confirming that what he felt was no dream. He grins. "Fuck," he says again, as if that speaks volumes. He stares back at you, never letting go of your gaze, like he has just a little time to commit you to memory. He is a defiant little fuck, hair mussed, new crystal necklace sparkling brightly, his brown eyes hard and dark, like he is just figuring out the rules of this new game but already knows for sure that he is going to become quite the player.
