

Rockz Off

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: The members of an up-and-coming rock band turn to hypnosis for help and discover a new way to make beautiful music together.]

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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This story was one of the winners in the Erotic Gay Hypnosis site's Summer 2003 Story Contest. Thanks to all who voted for it! (And check out Thom21's site at www.eroticgayhypnosis.com.)

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1.

His band was pretty good. Not great, but I could see potential there.

They were three local boys who had a song good enough to get airplay on the local stations, and it was on its way to becoming the summer's big youth anthem. The airplay was shored up by their rep for putting on a high-energy live show. There was even talk of them being booked as an opening act for the local radio station's big end-of-the-summer outdoor concert in a couple of months. The buzz was, some major labels

were sniffing around, interested.

They were playing a show downtown, so I stopped in to check them out. I used to be in a band myself, so I like to check out the up-and-comers once in a while.

They had saddled themselves with the unlikely name of Rockz Off, as in "get your," which was what most of their songs were about. Three scruffy, spiky-haired punks, young twenties--at the age where "boy" starts turning to "man" but isn't fully there yet.

A warm, early summer night. The club was packed. Rockz Off was supposed to take the stage at ten o'clock, and they finally appeared about a half-hour later, to a whirlwind of cheers and whistles from the fans. They were the usual punked-out trio: lead singer on electric guitar, bass player singing backup, and a drummer.

They played power-pop masquerading as punk. Songs about sex and love and losing it and brooding on the loss. They were obviously new to performing, but enthusiastic. A little sloppy, but they had the hooks. It didn't hurt that they were good-looking and in the process of developing a very watchable stage presence. The charismatic lead singer, eyes closed like a lost child, attacked the microphone like a cobra going after a bird, sometimes coiling around it with sensual abandon and sometimes attacking it sexually, as if the spirits of Jim Morrison and Janis Joplin were fucking inside him. The drummer smacked the drums as if trying to break them. And the bass player rolled out bottom ends that were both slinky and strong. Primal, masculine music.

All three had trim, athletic bodies. The dark-haired lead singer and drummer were dressed all in the expected head-to-toe black. The blond bass player wore black jeans and black sneakers, but his torso was bare--under the harsh stage lights, his skin seemed to glow a soft porcelain white. His hair was bleached nearly stark white. He swayed like a ghost. He didn't have the raw sexual charisma of the bad-boy singer, or the flailing energy of the baby-faced drummer, but he was arguably the best-looking of the three. Compared to his bandmates, his reserve made him sexy.

I used to be in a band. Got pretty famous for a little while too, a few years back. Security knows me there at the club. Getting backstage after their set was not a problem.

The singer was the fans' favorite. I saw him in the back of the makeshift dressing room--ten years since my band had first played that club, and the backstage areas hadn't changed at all, even down to the ratty old feather boa draped over the coat rack in the far corner--where he was mobbed by his adoring audience. Must have been twenty people crowded around him, mostly young women. Obviously, Security still knew what most young male singers like. And over there was the drummer, in the middle of a pack of five or so of his friends, laughing and waving his arms as he told some story while simultaneously drinking a beer. Damn--after the way he played onstage, where he got all this energy was beyond me.

No sign of the bass player.

I headed into the men's restroom to pee before I tried to negotiate my way through the crowd to congratulate the band. The men's room was at the end of the hall. It was empty except for one other man--all I could see of him were his black-clad ankles and feet. He was in one of the stalls, facing the toilet, peeing. Probably just pee-shy, I thought to myself. I headed over to a urinal, opened my pants, and started relieving my aching bladder.

Whoever the other guy was, he was pissing like a stallion.

I finished up, put my pants back in order, and headed to the sink to wash my hands. I heard the toilet flushing, and in the mirror I saw the door open. And out walked Mr. Bass Player, still in the same black pants he'd worn on stage, and still with no shirt on.

Close up, I thought he looked even better, and my cock agreed.

"Hey," I said. "Great set."

He was noncommittal as he rinsed his hands quickly. "Thanks." He was looking at me as if he was trying to figure out who I was. Obviously, I wasn't one of those twenty-year-old bimbo chicks Security had let backstage, so that meant I must have had some sort of industry credibility to get past the guards. Since Rockz Off was still an unsigned up-and-comer, he at least knew enough to not risk blowing off someone who might prove useful.

I told him my name and held out my hand. He said his name was Lance, and we shook. Suddenly this light came on in his eyes: he recognized my name.

"Hey, you're that guy, right? You wrote that one song, the one that goes, 'da da dum dum, da da da.'"

I chuckled. "Guilty as charged. I won a couple of awards for that one."

"Hell, I remember that song. When it was huge back when I was a kid."

Ouch--that hurt. Okay, I'm just under thirty, and I didn't need some twenty-two-year-old making me feel old just because I wrote a huge hit ten years ago.

"Whatever happened to you guys?" he asked

"The band broke up. Same old story, Lance--some of the guys couldn't handle the stress. But I'm still kind of on the edge of the business. I write songs every now and then. I wrote ..." and I told him the title of a song I'd written that was a multi-platinum hit for someone else. He obviously recognized it and nodded enthusiastically. I told him another title, and he kept nodding, and another, and another. I mimicked his posture a little, trying to establish a physical rapport and put him at ease.

"Man," he breathed. "Those are really good songs. You still writing?"

"Yeah," I told him, copying his sigh, "but mostly I have a day job now. The pay's better."

"Shit, I'm so fucking jealous, dude. I wish we could write songs like that. Writing song for us is, like, pure hell or something, y'know? It's like we have all these great ideas, but we can never get them to come out right." He shifted from one foot to the other, so I did the same thing, mirroring him.

So I told him what I do for my day job.

His jaw practically dropped. "No shit?"

"No shit, Lance. I'm a hypnotherapist. I work with a lot of creative types, like artists and musicians, and I specialize in helping them get in touch with their creativity." My turn to lead. I shifted to my other foot, and he followed. A very good sign. He would probably prove to be an excellent subject.

"No shit?"

"No shit. Creativity is all in your head, and hypnosis is about opening up the lines of communication with your subconscious. Clear out the stumbling blocks that your conscious mind puts in the way, and your creativity shines right through."

I was very much aware that we were in a restroom, and someone could walk in at any moment. Still, I wanted to push my little experiment as far as I could, given the setting.

"I tell you what. Let's try something."

"Like what?"

"Here's a little exercise to see how well your conscious mind can learn to listen to your subconscious."

"You're going to hypnotize me? Dude, I don't think ..."

"Oh, hush. Just try this. You don't have to say a word, Lance. Just look right here at the tip of my finger." I raised my hand about a foot over his head. "That's right. Keep your eyes right there and don't look away. If you follow my simple instructions, nothing in this world will stop you from entering into a very deep and very pleasant state of hypnosis, and you'll be able to do it in just a fraction of a second. Now, I'm going to count down from five to one. As I do, I would like you to take in a deep, easy breath. As you exhale each time, I would like you to relax the muscles in, and around your eyes. You will feel your eyelids grow heavy, droopy, drowsy, and sleepy. By the time I reach the count of one, they will close right down, and you will go deep into hypnotic slumber. All right--let's begin."

I started bringing my finger down slowly. "Five ... Eyelids growing heavy, droopy, drowsy, and sleepy." My finger kept descending. "Four ... Those heavy lids feel ready to close. Three ... The next time you blink, that feeling is hypnosis coming over you." As my finger descended inevitably, Lance's eyelids were beginning to flicker. "Two ... Eyes begin closing, closing, closing, closing, yes, closing, closing, so heavy, closing, closing them, close them, close them. They won't open again. Closing, closing, close them. One ..."

And with my right hand behind his head, at the base of his skull, I grasped Lance's left arm at the elbow. I pulled his arm suddenly forward. "Sleep now," I commanded.

His body tilted forward suddenly, and I had to steady him.

Now, there were a thousand things I would have loved to do with an attractive, shirtless guy under hypnosis, especially since a glance at his crotch suggested a certain part of his anatomy was starting to enjoy being relaxed--*really* enjoy it--but I was very much aware that this was a public restroom, and I was on borrowed time. Someone could have walked in at any moment. I decided to be cautious. A few suggestions, and I'd wake him up.

"Lance, you are now becoming all that you are capable of being. You can tap into your subconscious and its creative potential more easily. Through hypnosis, you can feel yourself activating your creative abilities. They are emerging and growing stronger every day." A few other quick suggestions about how helpful he would find hypnosis, how much he might enjoy trying it again.

That would have to do it. "All right, Lance. On the count of three, you're going to open your eyes and wake up. One, two, three."

I snapped my fingers in front of his face. His eyelids twitched and opened.

"Huh?"

"See? I told you hypnosis would be easy. How did it feel?"

He shuffled a little, sheepishly. "Yeah, I guess it felt okay."

I produced a business card from my wallet. "You should come by my office tomorrow around five o'clock. We can work a little more on opening your creative abilities."

He looked at my card. "Uhm, thanks, but I don't have any money for--"

"I didn't say anything about money, did I? I enjoyed your show, and I want you guys to have a shot at success. Just try it and see if it's helpful. Five o'clock. Got it?"

"Uhm, okay. Sure."

"Great!" I gave him a grin and patted his bare shoulder like a buddy. "Now, you better get out there and meet your adoring public."

2.

At twenty minutes after five the next afternoon, I heard a knock on my office door. "Yes?" I called out. "Come in."

The door opened, and a familiar blond head poked in. "Hey. Uh, sorry to interrupt, but there was no one outside."

I rose to greet him. "Hey, Lance. C'mon in. Yeah, my receptionist goes home at 4:30. I should have mentioned that." We shook hands. "Come in. Have a seat. How's it going?"

He dropped into one of the luxurious leather chairs beside my desk. I slipped into the other. Today he had on faded blue jeans, a tee-shirt that fit snugly across his chest, a dark blue baseball cap with the bill turned backward, and sneakers.

"Well," he said, "I've been thinking about what you said--about how hypnosis can help me be more creative? And all those other artists you helped? You really think it can work for me too?"

"Yes, I do. Let me ask you something. When I hypnotized you briefly yesterday, did you like it?"

"I guess it was okay."

I remembered one particular part of him that thought it was more than just "okay."

"Did you feel as if you could get in touch with the creativity inside you more easily?"

He shrugged. "I dunno--I guess so."

"Well, what I want to try today is another exercise like that. We'll have to work on getting you into a deeper state of hypnosis to work more effectively, but you've already proven to yourself that you can do it. You've already taken that important first step. Now we just have to help you connect more completely and realize the

benefits. So, Lance, are you ready to go into a hypnotic sleep and get in touch with your creative subconscious?"

"Sure. Uhm, what do we do first?"

"Hold your arms up in front of you. Like this." I demonstrated, with my arms stretched directly in front of me, with the palms facing each other, about six inches apart. He mimicked me. "That's good, Lance. Now, please lower your hands back to your side. In just a moment, I'm going to have you bring your hands back to that position, and then I think you'll find it very easy to go into a deep pleasant level of hypnosis in just a matter of seconds. Would this be all right with you?"

"Sure."

"Okay, Lance. Now close your eyes for a moment, and take a couple of deep easy breaths. Hold each breath for a moment and then exhale it very slowly. Soon, I'm going to have you extend your arms in front of you again. When I ask you to do that, I'm also going to have you open your eyes, and follow my simple instructions. All you have to do is just stay relaxed. Okay, Lance, now I want you to extend your arms out in front of you just as you had them earlier."

He raised his arms again.

I held my finger up in front of him, at eye level, above the gap between his hands. "Just follow my fingertip as it moves." I moved it slowly back and forth over his hands, back and forth, back and forth.

"Just concentrate on my finger. In a second, I'm going to move my finger away. When I do, I want you to concentrate on the spot where my finger was."

That was when I quickly pulled my finger away, downward. Lance's eyes stayed trained on its former location.

"You're doing very well, Lance. Keep concentrating on the spot where my finger used to be. Next, I will begin to count from three down to one. On the count of one, please allow your eyes to close."

I paused for a deep breath myself, then began. "Three, your eyes are feeling heavy, and tired. Two, they are beginning to water slightly. One, so heavy. Just allow them to close, and relax."

He closed his eyes.

"Lance, even with your eyes closed, you can still imagine that spot between your hands. I am now going to touch your hands gently. As I do, you may notice that your hands are beginning to move together. In just a moment, your hands will touch. As they do, your entire body will feel loose and limp and so relaxed. You will be going into a very deep hypnotic state. Your hands are moving closer, closer. The moment that they touch, your whole body will become so loose, so limp. You will be going into a very special kind of sleep. Almost there. Get ready to let go. The moment that they touch, you go into a very deep special type of sleep."

As Lance's hands moved together, at the exact moment they touched, I lightly slapped the outsides of his hands, pushing them together firmly. "Sleep," I commanded, and at the same time I pushed his hands lightly downward. This pulled his torso and head forward a little, and his arms went limp and he slumped.

Sure, I could have reached out and grabbed his crotch. And that crotch was certainly swelling again nicely. I

could have tried to make him take off his clothes. I could have pushed him as far as I could. But the truth about hypnosis is, it doesn't work like that the first few times. Hypnotizing a guy a couple of times and expecting him to become some sort of mindless zombie is just a nice fantasy.

No, instead I just gave him some suggestions--feeling more creative, finding it easier to relax and enter that deeply hypnotized state the next time, feeling more trust, more openness, more receptive to my suggestions, with a special instruction that would serve as a trigger for bringing him back into this deeply hypnotized state on command. I kept reminding him that hypnosis allowed him to gain greater access to the resources of his unconscious minds, and that in trance, the unconscious is freed from the critical, logically conscious mind which places limits on what he could do rather than discovering new solutions.

I put Lance through a deepening exercise to help his subconscious get more used to taking charge. I suggested that his right hand felt very light, so light that it would begin to rise into the air. His hand twitched and then, bending at the elbow, his arm began to rise. "Lance, your hand is floating in the air because you have successfully opened your subconscious mind and helped it become receptive to easy my suggestions. Your hand floating in the air like that means that you have let yourself go into, and continue to be in, a very relaxed state of hypnotic peace." After working with him a little longer, helping him deepen himself a little more, I suggested that Lance would be able to open his eyes, that his subconscious mind could let his conscious mind engage and seem to "wake up" even though he would still be in a deep state of hypnosis. When I told them to, he lifted his head and opened his eyes.

"See, Lance? I told you this would be so easy. You're doing beautifully. May I ask you a couple of questions about what you just experienced? You had never experienced a trance before yesterday, right?"

Lance looked at me and said, "Uh huh, that's right."

"Would you mind telling me about the induction you just experienced, please? How did it feel to you?"

He shrugged. "I dunno. I guess it kinda surprised me, y'know? I was expecting something ... I dunno. I kind of knew what was happening and it kind of amazed me how fast I felt it happening."

"That's fine, Lance. Just a couple more questions, please. You're perfectly awake and aware right now, right?"

Lance looked at me oddly and, "Uhm, well, yeah."

"Everything is the same as always? You don't notice anything at all different?"

Lance said, "Like what?"

"I'd like you to look at your right hand, please. Notice anything about it? You have it raised in the air, don't you?"

Yes, he still had his hand raised from when I walked him through a deepening exercise earlier.

"Lance, your hand being raised like that means something, doesn't it? Something important and very, very special. Can you tell me what it is? Maybe your conscious mind doesn't know the answer yet, but your subconscious does."

Lance frowned at his hand for a moment and said, "It means ... does it mean I'm still hypnotized, maybe?"

"Yes, Lance--very good. That's exactly what it means. That shows your conscious mind and your

subconscious are beginning to communicate better already. I also gave your subconscious mind a trigger suggestion, one that will allow you to return to that deep state of hypnosis quickly and easily." I reached out and put my palm on his forehead. "It's very easy," I said as I began to draw my hand down across his eyes and face. "It's just like going to ... Sleep, Lance. Sleep."

When my hand had passed, his eyes were closed, and his head sagged forward.

I repeated the process several times: having him open his eyes and letting him think himself awake, then using the trigger to deepen him back into his trance. In this way, I trained his conscious mind to accept the trigger that brought his subconscious mind into that deep, suggestible state.

Creativity. Cooperation. Focus. These were the suggestions that I made sure were deeply implanted in his mind. I suppose I could have tried to push farther that first session, but I preferred to work more slowly, more gradually, more seductively.

Lance started coming by for sessions three times a week, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon at five o'clock. That didn't interfere with the mall job he held during the day, or the band's schedule of performing in various clubs around the city most evenings. Always prompt, Lance would come into my office, and without realizing, he would find himself starting to feel relaxed and agreeable, maybe just a little bit sleepy. He and I would talk for a while, setting goals, giving feedback. He felt the sessions were really working--he really felt more creative when he sat down to work on songs.

Of course he did. How could he feel any other way?

And if, at the beginning of our third or fourth session, he found himself kicking off his shoes when he sat down on the couch, well, that was just because kicking off his shoes made him feel more comfortable, and comfort was an important first step to relaxing and opening himself to my helpful suggestions.

And if, when he came into my office for our sixth or seventh session, he found himself also pulling off his tee-shirt, well, it wasn't like it was that unusual. He had his shirt off most of the time he was onstage, playing his music, being creative, just like he was about to be when he unlocked his creativity during our session.

I moved him along slowly and steadily, and he followed willingly.

Along the way, Lance and I were getting to be good friends--*real* friends. He told me about his problems with his parents, who wanted him to quit the band and get a "real" job. ("They want me to have this big career and a better life than they did, but I think they're also afraid that I will. I just don't think the nine-to-five bullshit is for me, y'know?") He told me about his problems with his girlfriend, who thought he was cheating on her when he wasn't. ("It's like I just can't do anything right. I love her and all, but she's always on my case about something.") I had my agenda, but I was still a therapist, and helping him work through his problems didn't get in the way of what I wanted.

For our ninth session, Lance brought along a battered acoustic guitar case. He walked in and set it down beside the couch. As he pulled off his shoes and socks and tee-shirt, which left him in a pair of ancient gray sweatpants, he told me about the big blow-up he had had with his girlfriend, the final blow, no turning back. Quitsville for them.

And he told me it was for the best, and he sat down on the couch, already yawning a little, relaxing himself. He told me to remind him to play something for me before the session was over, this song that he had just written about the breakup, the best song he'd ever written--proof, he said, that the hypnosis was helping crank

up his creativity. And he was already yawning a little, and slouching back on the couch, unaware that his subconscious was already easing him down and getting him ready for me to lean forward, already waiting for my hand on his forehead, then the slow, steady downward drag of my fingers across his face as I commanded him, "Sleep."

After ignoring that cock that was swelling so familiarly again, more visible this time since he was wearing loose sweatpants instead of heavy jeans, after going through the preliminary suggestions, reinforcing the trance, reinforcing the trigger, I told his subconscious that we were going to play that familiar game again, the one in which he could open his eyes and think himself awake and aware, while really remaining deeply entranced, his subconscious firmly in control and open to my suggestions.

I counted to three, and his eyes opened. He looked at me--that heavy-lidded look to his eyes and the lose-limbed way he shifted a little were the only signs that he wasn't as completely awake as he seemed.

"So, what is it you wanted to play for me?" I prompted.

He grinned and leaned forward to pull out the acoustic guitar. He settled it on the fabric of the sweatpants covering one leg, seeming not to notice the long, hard rod in his crotch against which the guitar body had to be rubbing. And he began to play, and he began to sing. A song about being in love, so much it hurts, then realizing the love had to end because it was the wrong kind of hurt. Nothing that a hundred troubadours haven't sung about since love was invented, but the song was intelligently written--good chords, smart lyrics. Catchy enough to hit big on the airwaves, and sharp enough to win major points with the critics.

Sure, his voice, while fine for singing backup onstage or showing off a new song, wasn't the best. Sure, he was better bass player than guitar player. But the solid framework of the song shone through. A more gifted singer could turn this into a major hit.

He looked up at me, as the last notes faded. He was smiling because he knew it was good, and he could tell from my expression that I thought so too. I told him so anyway. He beamed, expression muted only by the relaxed edge of being still deeply entranced.

"It's just fucked up," he said, setting the guitar aside and letting his bare torso sink back against the back of the couch, "that I had to break up with her to write a song that good. You know what I'm saying? I mean, she could be a real cunt and all, but I really liked her up until the end. And she gave great head. You know what I mean? Really great head."

He ran his fingertips absently down one pectoral, carelessly, as if his conscious mind was unaware of what his hand was doing. Sighing now: "Damn. You ever stayed with someone just because they're really great sex?"

I knew my own life well enough to say, "Oh, yeah."

He wasn't paying much attention to me, though. His fingers were continuing their slow downward tease across his taut skin. "I mean," he was saying, almost murmuring, "you think it's love at first, but really you're in love with the way they make you feel, the way they can really push your buttons."

He was saying "they," not "she." Perhaps his subconscious was aware of that difference between us.

"And you know, it's so good while it lasts that maybe you don't want to see the problems." This, while his fingertips sailed a slow circle around his navel. "Nobody's perfect, right? You're willing to put up with all the

problems because sometimes what you have together just feels so good, and that's all you care about."

His fingers disappeared under the loose waistline of his sweats, and I saw the outline of them creeping around the rod waiting there.

He moaned musically, a low sound that ended like a sigh, like a new way of singing.

Under the old, flimsy material of his sweats, I saw his manhood rise inside his hand, rise against the fabric like the silhouette of a whale surfacing from the ocean depths, not quite breaking the surface of the water yet.

He was saying more, but frankly, I wasn't listening to him. I was paying attention--a different kind of hypnosis, maybe--to the song his hand was singing along the shaft of his sizeable cock, still safely tucked inside his sweats, but more than able to move around in the loose confines. He stroked himself slowly, his familiar hand making love to his cock inside there like an old friend. I glanced at his face. He was looking at his crotch, eyes half-closed, biting his lower lip, as if unsure why he was doing this, but loving the feel of what was happening nonetheless too much to stop. "Mmm," he moaned, and suddenly just the head of his cock slipped out from under the waistband of his sweats, and I saw it twitch, and as his hand continued to move on the concealed shaft, his cockhead quivered, and the muscles of his stomach gradually tensed, and the head spat a bolt of his white cum, across his abs and his arm. Another bolt surged out, then another and another, before the flow settled into dribbling out onto his skin, and his body sank--another sigh, long and contented--limply back into the couch's soft embrace.

How do you follow that kind of performance? I eased him back into a contented sleep, and I cleaned up his cum with tissues from my bookcase. I told him that his conscious mind didn't need to remember what had happened if he didn't want to. I left that decision up to him.

When he came back for our next session, I knew what he had decided. His shoes came off, socks, and his shirt, and this time his pants too. That left him relaxed and waiting on my couch in just his snug white briefs. I put him under, then had him open his eyes as if awake, and the scene played itself out again much as before. His subconscious mind got him talking about sex, favorite fantasies, this girl he had seen from the stage at last night's show, the way she looked at him hungrily and licked her smiling lips. His hand disappeared into his briefs, and this time, as he stroked, the front of his briefs got worked down under his knuckles, and I was able to see everything as he eased himself to another relaxed orgasm.

The session after that, I sat next to him on the couch. He stripped down, this time revealing boxer shorts, and the scene repeated itself. When he reached into his boxers and pulled out his bog, hard cock, I opened my own pants and hauled out mine. Side by side, we nursed ourselves to bliss. The whole time, he kept staring at my cock as if he'd never seen another man's hard-on before. Maybe he hadn't.

What was going on here was the slow dance of seduction. Lance was getting what he wanted, and I was getting closer to what I wanted.

The next session, with both of our cocks waving in the air, I suggested to Lance that he could put his hand on mine if he wanted, and maybe he could jack us both off at the same time, and it would make him feel even better. He must have wanted to because, though he stared as if he couldn't believe what was happening, his hand rose up and slowly floated through the air and settled snugly around my rod. He had very talented hands, and roughly two minutes later, he and I were having nearly simultaneous orgasms.

And the session after that, he dispensed with the underwear altogether. With his mind again wrapped in that comfortable hypnotic experience that seemed so much like being awake, he watched wide-eyed as I went

down on him and sucked him sweetly, with one of my fingers sliding under his butt to introduce itself to his asshole. He accepted it. I fingered him, found his prostate, and massaged it gently as I sucked him to his powerful climax. Then when I sat next to him on the couch with my pants bunched around my ankles, I cupped my hand behind his head, and I eased him down to get a closer look at my cock. He barely resisted my suggestion to give it a lick, and pretty soon he was giving his first blowjob. He let my cock pop out of his mouth at the wrong second, and my load slammed into the side of his neck and cheek, instead in his mouth where I planned to plant it. Ah, well--that would just have to wait until the next time.

And a couple of sessions later, I had him naked and on his back on my soft, soft carpet, knees bent up to his chest, ankles on my shoulders, ass angled up at me with a pillow under his butt. I was pressing myself forward, telling his mind in that state that only appeared to be awake that, if he needed to, he could just relax and let his subconscious pull him back into sleep again. He moaned and complained that it hurt as I eased my hard cock into him, and his eyes grew a little more vacant, but they did not close. He stayed with me. I fucked him gently and slowly, stroking his dick. The flavor of his moans changed, from pain to something happier as he discovered he liked the way it felt. His cock oozed more precum than it ever had before. Soon, his load was spurting through my fingers, and the way his sphincter clamped around my invading rod pulled me over the edge into orgasm too.

It was as if we'd passed through some barrier, all resistance gone from him now, and whenever I hypnotized him, he gave me full access to his mind as well as his body.

From the start, some part of him liked getting fucked, and when he came by for his sessions, he would be practically trembling, biting his lower lip in anticipation as I reached for his forehead to sink him back into that familiar, pleasant trance, because he knew what would happen soon enough.

3.

At the beginning of the session, as Lance shrugged out of his shirt, either not seeming to realize that he in the process of getting naked again or else not caring, he said, "The guys are pretty pissed at me."

I'd been to a couple of recent Rockz Off performances, and this confirmed the tension that I'd noticed onstage. I had also noted that they weren't debuting any new songs.

"Oh?" I said, attempting again not to stare as all of that beautiful skin was progressively revealed.

"Yeah," he said, trying to balance on one foot to remove his last sock, then starting on his jeans. "I think they're jealous. See, we used to write together all the time, but lately we've been trying to write songs on our own. 'Cause that group-writing thing wasn't really coming out too good." With his jeans and underwear down around his calves, he sat back on the couch and started working his feet out of them. "Lately, when we get together to play our songs to each other, it's pretty obvious that mine are a *lot* better than theirs." Naked now, semi-hard and hardening, he sank back, slouching against the soft couch, subconscious already nudging him slightly down into a light hypnotic state as it waited for me to take him fully there with his trigger command.

"Well," I said to him, as I reached out to place my palm familiarly on his forehead, "No one said hypnosis has to be solitary."

So that's how, two sessions later, I came to have Drew and Boner on the couch and Lance in one of my chairs. That left the other chair for me, but I wasn't sitting in it. I was standing beside Lance. If they thought anything about Lance having walked in and pulled off his tee-shirt, they didn't say so--hell, they'd seen Lance

with his shirt off a lot, in practically every Rockz Off show. I don't think I'd seen a single band performance where he had kept his shirt on.

Drew was the lead singer and guitarist. Sitting to my right on the couch, he was eyeing me eagerly, as if expecting some sort of stage performance. He had the handsome air of a handsome young man who knew how to use his looks to get what he wanted, and the grinning eagerness in his hazel eyes said, *I'll try anything once*. He had a very sensuous air--if he would let me harness it, he'd make a good subject.

Boner, the hyperkinetic drummer, sat to my left on the couch, with the skateboard that was practically his second-best friend, after his drum set, beside him. The expression in his shock-blue eyes and pouting lips was openly suspicious. I'm not sure what Lance had said to convince him to come, but he obviously didn't want to be there. He had the petulant look of a child who has been told that something will be good for him. His short attention span and constant squirming would make getting him focused difficult. I'd have to find a way to make his attention deficit work for me.

Just talking with them, trying to establish a physical rapport, I managed to figure out Drew's body language, but Boner's seemed to keep changing. Boner was a lot less willing to trust me than Drew was.

Lance was the key. I would use him to reel in the other two. Step one had been to back him away from the instructions to get fully naked for the time being, at least as long as Drew and Boner were with us--that proved a little harder than I expected, since Lance's exhibitionist side really liked getting naked, so we compromised on his being able to take off his shirt if he wanted. Step two was getting Lance to convince Drew and Boner to come in for a trial session. Now, step three was to use Lance to carry the other two along, maybe even a little farther than they intended. Peer pressure is a wonderful tool.

I was standing alongside Lance's chair. I said, mostly to Boner and Drew, "Okay, guys, here's the deal. If you want hypnosis to work for you, you have to be willing to put forth the effort. Hypnosis isn't a game, and it's not a magic bullet. Lance, would you let me use you to demonstrate something?"

He looked up at me, uncertainly, but said, "Sure--I guess so."

I put my palm on his forehead, passed my hand quickly, efficiently, over his face, and commanded him, "Sleep."

Lance's eyes predictably closed, and his head slumped forward.

Wide-eyed amazement from Drew and Boner, though they were trying to act cool about it.

"Gentlemen, behold! A hypnotic trance." Okay, so I have a flair for showmanship. "Forget everything you know about hypnosis from the media--this is the real deal. It looks a lot like regular sleep, and in some ways you'll act like you're merely asleep, but in truth the subconscious part of your mind will be alert and engaged and able to begin the kind of changes that make hypnosis such a very powerful tool."

I put my hand on Lance's bare shoulder and squeezed it, careful to keep the contact within the limits of what Drew and Boner would think a "buddy" gesture. "Lance, I know you can hear me and the very special part of you is still very much awake and aware, even though your conscious mind is deeply relaxed and asleep. I wonder if you might be able to answer a couple of questions for us? I think Drew and Boner have some myths that need to be dispelled."

"Mmm ... okay ..."

"You're doing wonderfully, Lance. Now, the first question I want to ask you, since everyone seems to think that's what hypnosis is all about, is: Have I ever made you bark like a dog?"

"Mnn ... no ..."

"Or quack like a chicken?"

Drew whispered, "Dude, chickens don't quack," and I gave him a grin and a conspiratorial wink.

Lance drawled, "Nooo ..."

"You would say so truthfully if I had, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah ..."

Boner hissed, "Ask him if he slept with my sister at Tina's party."

Uh oh!--but before I could do anything defuse that potential landmine, Lance said, "No," which seemed to please Boner immensely.

I said to him, "Okay, Lance, you've done an excellent job. Now just sit there and enjoy that deep, pleasant feeling. So relaxed. Just let yourself sink down deeper while I talk to Drew and Boner for a few minutes."

To Drew and Boner, I said, "So, gentlemen, are you ready to be hypnotized too?"

Drew shrugged coolly and mumbled, "Sure," and Boner hesitantly nodded.

"Look at me now. Don't look away. Take a deep, relaxing breath. That's right. Just inhale ... Hold it. And exhale ... In a moment, I'm going to help you relax. In a moment, I'm going to ask you to extend you hands straight out in front of you, like this." I demonstrated by holding up my hands. This was close to the way I had first hypnotized Lance, but not exactly. I had to make some changes to accommodate Drew and Boner.

"The moment you do, you'll place your palms approximately twelve inches apart. After that, I might ask you to close your eyes. The moment you close your eyes, you may feel as if there are magnets in your palms, and your hands will begin pulling toward each other, just tugging together. The moment your fingers touch, you can allow them to interlock, and you'll clasp your hands tightly together. The moment I count zero and your hands lock together, you can try to unclasp your hands. The moment you try to unclasp your hands, you will find that there is nothing you can do, say, or think that will allow your hands to separate."

Drew and Boner stole a glance at each other and Drew cocked his eyebrow as if to say, *What do you think?*

I barked, "Guys, look here at me. Be serious here. Don't look away. Extend your hands in front of you now, fingers spread. Good--you're doing fine. In a moment, I'm going to tell you to close your eyes, and the moment you do close your eyes, it will feel as if there are magnets in your palms. As I count backward from three to zero, the pull of those magnets just gets stronger. Close your eyes now. Close them down tightly. Your hands can feel that tugging and pulling ... Maybe you can already feel it. Close your eyelids down tightly. Tugging, pulling, tugging, as if there were magnets in your palms. Your hands are being drawn together. Tugging and pulling. Tugging and pulling. Magnets get stronger the closer they get, and the closer your hands get the stronger the pull. Tugging, pulling, tugging, pulling, locking down, sealed shut, fingers locked tightly together the moment they touch. Tugging, pulling, tugging, pulling. As I count backward from three to zero, the pull just gets stronger.

"Three ... Tugging, pulling.

"Two ... Tugging ... pulling ...

"One ... Tugging stronger ... Pulling stronger ...

"The next number, zero, has them locked down, sealed shut, clasped down tighter and tighter together. Three, two, one, zero! Locking down. Sealing shut. Clasping tighter and tighter together. The more you try to unclasp your hands, the more securely locked down they become. That's fine. You're doing perfectly."

I paused for a breath, then continued with my favorite part. "In a moment, I'm going to count backward from three to zero again. Stop trying to unclasp your hands. Just allow your hands to remain straight out in front of you. In a moment, I'm going to touch your hands, and the moment I touch your hands, they will easily and readily unlock. In fact, the moment I touch your hands, you will relax every muscle in your body and become limp and loose as if you were made from a handful of loose rubber bands. The moment I touch your hands, you will relax every muscle in your body and become limp and loose. When I touch your hands, relax and let go."

I reached out and put one hand on Drew's clasped fingers and the other on Boner's, and I pushed their hands down into their laps and commanded them, "Sleep!"

Drew swayed a little but stayed sitting forward a little. Boner sagged limply back against the couch. Hmm--that was a surprise. I'd thought Boner was going to be the tough one.

I said to them, "In a moment, I'm going to begin relaxing you even further. In a moment, I'm going to begin counting backward from ten to zero. The moment I count off the number ten, you will allow your eyelids to remain closed, but in your mind's eye you will be able to see yourself at the top of a small set of stairs. As I say the number nine, and each additional number, you will simply move down those stairs, relaxing more completely. At the bottom of the stairs is a very large feather bed, so soft and comfortable. The moment I count zero, you will sink down into that feather bed and rest your head on the pillow. During this time if I touch you or move you, this will only help relax you deeper. Breathe in deeply, and we begin.

"Ten. At the top of the stairs. You are relaxing and letting go. Ten. Nine. Becoming more limp, more loose, and more calm. Eight. Sinking into a more comfortable, peaceful, and relaxed position. Seven. Way down. Six. Let those neck muscles become relaxed and loose. Five. That's fine. You're doing perfectly, moving toward that feather bed. Four. Three. Two. If I touch you or move you, this will help relax you more deeply. On the next number, one, you will simply sink into a more comfortable, calm, peaceful, and relaxed position. Let your body go more limp, and more loose, as if you were made of rubber bands. One. That's fine. You're doing perfectly. Ready to sink deeply into that soft feather bed when I count zero. Ready to just sink. Zero." I pushed Drew's hands down again, and commended, "Sleep. Sleep now," and he sagged back against the couch too.

Success!

I'd like to say that it was one big party from the start, but that wouldn't be the truth. Working with three subjects is even tougher than working with one. What I needed was a way to selectively control one or two of them at a time. So what I used for their trigger was a little something I call the hypnosis ball.

It's pretty easy. All I would have to do was tell one, or two, or all three of them that I wanted to return to a trance that I had a special little hypnotic rubber ball in my hand with his name on it. I would then act as if I

were throwing the little rubber ball and, no matter where I threw it, it would ricochet twice as I counted off "bap, bap," and then it would hit him gently, squarely in the middle of his forehead--"pop!"--and that would be his cue to drop back into that pleasant hypnotic trance.

I worked with all three of them until I thought they were conditioned enough to try it. It was a simple matter to ask them to open their eyes, think themselves awake and aware, while remaining deeply asleep. They opened their eyes when I asked, and blinked, and looked around.

"Gentlemen, what I have here are three hypnotic rubber balls, one for each of you. No matter where I throw them, they'll always bounce twice, then come flying toward you and hit you gently in the forehead. When that happens, the hypnotic energy in the ball will help you drop back into a deep sleep. Would you like to try them? Lance? This one's for you."

Lance would be easy--that was why he was first. I mimed tossing the ball at the opposite wall. "Bap ... bap ..." I counted off. Lance's eyes tracked the ball only he could see as it bounced each time I said "bap." The third leg of the ball's journey would bring it straight toward his forehead. "Pop!" I said. Lance's head snapped back a bit, as if indeed struck by a small ball, then rolled forward, nodding down, eyes shut. Deeply asleep.

"Okay, Drew, your turn." I tossed the ball and counted off the bounces faster--"bap, bap!"--then gave him the impact cue. "Pop!" His head also jerked backward, then hung forward. Deeply asleep.

Two down, Boner to go.

"Boner, are you ready for yours?"

Boner, wide-eyed, looked at me and shook his head vigorously: *No!*

I grinned and nodded, *Yes*.

He shook his head emphatically, *No!*

I nodded, *Yes*, and tossed the imaginary ball. "Bap ... bap ..." Boner's wide eyes tracked its inevitable progress. And ... "Pop!" His eyes nearly crossed as they tracked the approaching "ball" that he imagined to tap his forehead. His eyelids rolled closed and his head drooped forward. Deeply asleep. I silently congratulated myself for a job well-done.

I worked with them on suggestions: they would feel themselves becoming more creative, opening themselves to let their inner creativity shine through. That was why they'd come to me. I wanted to take them farther, but I knew I had to pace this properly, take it slowly. No, nobody got naked that first session--or for the first several sessions, for that matter. In fact, when I woke them up at the end, Lance acted like, subconsciously, he was missing something. And for a virile young man who was used to having two or three orgasms per session, maybe he was. No matter--he would find out soon enough that he had special instructions for later. Right now, though, it was important that he leave with his two bandmates, since they had to get all the way across town for the Rockz Off performance that night.

And later that night, or more accurately in the wee hours of the next morning, after their set at a local club, Lance found himself pulling up in front of an address in a residential area. Found himself, still shirtless in the warm summer air after their performance, going up to the door and ringing the bell. He seemed pretty uncertain--his conscious mind didn't know why he was there--and he was noticeably relieved when I opened the door and invited him into my house. That look of relief faded pretty quickly when I passed my hand over

his eyes and face and commanded him, "Sleep."

His subconscious was happy for the chance to come out and play. Clothing shed, deeply asleep face-down on my bed, his body became my playground. As a reward for having led the other Rockz Off boys into my office, I did everything I could to ensure that Lance enjoyed the games that I played there: the way my kisses traced the outlines of the muscles on his back, the feel of my fingertips teasing the summits of his nipples, my finger and tongue and then my cock activating the nerve endings inside his ass with pleasure, the friction of his hard-on against the bed beneath him, as I rocked us both intensely to orgasm.

4.

Lance and I moved our play to after-hours at my home. His subconscious didn't mind, as long as it--and his cock--got regular attention. The afternoon sessions at my office became the training time for all three members of Rockz Off. I would hear the scowl of Boner's skateboard in the marble-floored hallway outside my offices, and I would know the boys were arriving.

Mental note number one: I really should talk to Boner about not skateboarding indoors.

Pretty soon, I had their creative drives and their sex drives connected. One invoked the other, and the other way around too. Their shirts were easy, and after a week, Drew and Boner were joining Lance in cheerfully ditching theirs at least by the time they sat down for the session, if not by the time they walked through my door. Shoes and socks followed. Both Drew and Boner, however, were more hesitant than Lance had been about their pants, so I had to make do with their pants staying on for a few sessions longer. Instead, I worked on empowering the exhibitionist sides of their personalities.

Hey, maybe a hypnotist can't in one giant step make the subject do something he wouldn't normally want to do, but he can work the subject up to it in smaller, slower steps. That's a different kind of seduction.

Sexuality and creativity, creativity and sexuality. Pretty soon, I had these three handsome young men swimming in both. They'd come in and I'd get them under. I'd spend some time working on reinforcements and suggestions. Then I would ask them to open their eyes and imagine themselves wide awake, while their creative subconscious minds remained fully engaged. I'd turn on a portable tape recorder, and they'd jam for a while. Drew and Lance on acoustic guitar, Boner either on an acoustic guitar too--he played passably--or drumming with sticks on the little table. With the recorder capturing everything for later review, they'd toy with some ideas, gradually working them together, and maybe I would sometimes offer a suggestion about what worked and what didn't, and invariably they would have a song coming together before the tape ran out. They were all really happy with the results of the sessions.

Drew chose the timing for the next step. By then, I still hadn't convinced Drew or Boner to take their pants off, though I was still working on that. But to their minds, being creative and being sexual were so firmly, unquestionably connected, that all three of them had erections throughout the jam sessions.

That day, as they wound down a particularly good song, just before I was going to use the hypnotic balls to return them to their official trances, Drew set his guitar aside, turned off the recorder, and leaned back against the couch.

"Oh, fuck, dude," he sighed to no one in particular, "I am so fucking horny." He cocked his head and looked at the bulge in his snug jeans. His fingers found it and rubbed it through the thick fabric. It was something his conscious mind would never have done if it had been in control. He was the ringleader, and the others would

follow his example.

Boner's jaw dropped, but he didn't look away from Drew's hand.

"Me too, dude," Lance said. He put aside his guitar, stretched out his legs as he slouched in his seat, and his hand started rhythmically squeezing ridge of his cock through his loose shorts.

Boner didn't say anything. He just leaned back too and bit his lower lip as he massaged the lump in the crotch of his shorts, never taking his eyes off Drew's hand.

Drew carefully, slowly, pulled down the zipper of his jeans. His fingers fished inside and soon hauled out a long, sleek erection. He moaned under his breath as his fingers teased the shaft of it.

Lance didn't need any urging. With one smooth push, his shorts and underwear were at his ankles, and he pulled his left leg free of them, leaving them bunched around his right ankle.

Boner looked at Drew, at Lance, at Drew, and then he too opened his pants and let his dick come out for some play-time.

"Yeah, dudes, stroke those cocks," Drew panted as his hand slid up and down his own shaft. He grinned at the others before a sudden surge of pleasure made him close his eyes and toss his head back.

I had three beautiful young men masturbating in my office. I was very pleased with their progress.

Lance's legs tensed, followed by his stomach. His pumping hand sped up on his rigid meat. He groaned into his orgasm and began spurting ropes of semen up onto his chest and abs. With a final moan, he sagged limply into his chair, spent.

Drew gasped, "Gonna cum!" Without further ado, he did, his load erupting like white lava from the head of his cock, coating the head and his fingers, running down the shaft.

Halfway through Drew's climax, Boner began his. His weapon fired two rounds that splattered against the left side of his chest, before settling into a steady stream that stained the front of his shorts.

I applauded their performances, and they grinned at me sheepishly. I could see Drew and Boner looking embarrassed, maybe already starting to wonder why they had gotten so caught up in their music that they'd wanted to jack off, so I said, "Okay, guys, it's time for the hypnosis balls, and this time I have one for each of you." I pantomimed throwing the balls high into the air. "Bap--bap--coming closer, closer--pop!" Three heads sagged forward into sleep. I was able to get them cleaned up, their suggestions reinforced, their conscious mind's access to the memories blurred into nothing but a lingering feeling of contentment at a wonderful jam session, and their clothes back in place before sending them off to that night's performance.

Mental note number two: Buy more tissues.

They reported an immediate feeling of more cohesion onstage--no more tension between the band members. Naturally, I took only partial credit for helping them overcome that. Two more sessions ended with jack-off sessions. The third time, Drew felt comfortable enough to drop his pants at the beginning, as he was settling himself on the couch--his underwear stayed on, so it wasn't a complete victory. Still, it was something, and Lance and Boner followed suit.

Not until the session after that was their underwear uniformly discarded, and they started the hypnosis session

and the jam session in the nude. I was very impressed with the scenery! During the session, Drew stopped jacking, angled his legs toward Boner beside him on the couch and whispered, "Touch it. Go on, dude. I know you wanna. It's okay."

Boner licked his lips. Slowly, his arm moved, airlifting his hand hesitantly over Drew's crotch and depositing it around the shaft. Drew leaned back, hands behind his head, and moaned, "Oh, fuck, yeah. Jack me, dude. Beat off my big, hard meat."

Mental note number three: Teach Drew how to talk dirty without sounding like a bad porn movie.

"Drew," I suggested, "why don't you return the favor?"

Drew seemed to think that was a great idea as he grinned at me and reached for Boner's erection.

I knew from the start that Drew and Boner had messed around together on the side as teenagers. They had told me they'd been best friends since childhood--they had met Lance later, when they were forming the band--and when I asked Drew and Boner about teenage sex-play later, while they were deeply asleep, they both confirmed it. Both had enjoyed it, but Drew had moved on to girls.

Boner seemed to have a lingering crush on Drew, and Drew at some level seemed aware of it. During the next session, while Boner was jacking Drew off, Drew snaked his fingers around the back of Boner's head and pressed it toward his crotch. Boner tried to pull back, but Drew kept up the pressure. "Go, on, dude," Drew whispered. "We both know you wanna. It's okay. Make me feel good."

Boner continued to resist for a few moments, never taking his eyes off Drew's rod, but then he let himself be convinced. Drew guided Boner's head to his erection, and Boner kissed it and began licking the shaft like an old friend.

"Hey, Lance," Drew drawled, voice low, seductive, husky with sex. "C'mere."

Lance climbed out of his chair and knelt on the floor between Drew's spread knees. Boner leaning over Drew from beside him on the couch, Lance coming in from underneath in front--they took turns sucking Drew's cock. Lance would suck while Drew and Boner kissed. Boner would suck while Lance tongue-bathed Drew's nuts. Drew groaned and grimaced. "Gonna cum," he grunted, pushing Boner's head off his cock. Two strokes, with Lance still licking his ballsack, and Drew was shooting all over his stomach, arm, and hand.

I suggested that perhaps Drew should return the favor. Lance and Boner sprawled alongside each other on the couch, with Drew kneeling in the floor in front of them. Drew alternated, sucking one and jacking the other, then jacking one and sucking the other. Lance and Boner turned to each other, when I encouraged them, to kiss and explore each other's chests and nipples.

While Drew was sucking Lance, Boner made a small sound, his tongue still deep in Lance's mouth, and Boner's whole body shook, legs twitching like an epileptic's, and he shot two bursts of cum that smacked his chest, the rest oozing out to coat Drew's hand. Boner sank back against the couch with a sigh, spent.

Drew slipped a finger up between Lance's legs, at my suggestion, and his finger found its way into Lance's asshole. I'd taught Lance to enjoy a little anal play, and sure enough, seconds later, he was firing his jizm across Drew's cheek and neck. After that, they all three found themselves sinking down into a little nap, while I continued my conversation with their subconscious minds.

5.

Boner was definitely the follower. He increasingly came to worship Drew. I could suggest something and Boner might try to refuse, but if Drew suggested it, Boner threw himself into it wholeheartedly.

Lance was in the middle. Sometimes leading; sometimes following, but always second in command to Drew during the group sessions. In our private sessions, alone at my house after their stage performances were over, Lance proved an apt student in the art of lovemaking, as well as an increasingly compliant subject for mental training.

Drew was definitely the ringleader. He was always the first to throw a boner, the first to get off. He liked calling the shots during their sex-play. He was, of course, mostly acting on the suggestions I had fed into his subconscious mind, but he added some enthusiastic embellishments of his own.

While their minds were still entranced, during the jam sessions where they only thought themselves conscious, it was always Drew who would decide when they had played enough, put his guitar aside, lean forward to turn off the tape recorder, then slouch back to display his happy erection. He would call either Lance or Boner over to suck it, sometimes both, and they would do what he told them.

In the meantime, their song on the radio was getting big. Well, maybe not that big, since it was still local, but big enough. Big enough to indeed get them booked for the radio station's big end-of-the-summer show. It was going to be an all-day outdoor concert, and Rockz Off was going to be the last opener before the major-league band, which the station was bringing in from out of town as the headlining act.

The Rockz Off boys had worked up a new set of songs, heavy on new pieces that they'd written in my office. These were good songs, too, and they knew it. Still, they were feeling jittery. This performance would bring a lot of attention--it would be the performance that could make their careers. So, backstage, I took them into a quiet side room. I used the hypnotic rubber ball trick to help them relax. Focus. Let go of their fears. Soon, shirts off, thoughts wrapped in a calming, comforting hypnotic euphoria, Rockz Off took the stage.

Drew, the lead singer and guitarist, closed his eyes and writhed his sinewy body, playfully and sexually, at the microphone and sang his heart out, throwing everything he had inside out for the audience to see and hear, as if making love to everyone in the audience. Boner, on drums, flailed and slammed, his muscular arms naked and gleaming with sweat, with the intensity of a boy jerking off and finally conjuring the key that unlocked the primal strength inside him. Lance swayed, pale and untouchably distant as a ghost behind his bass, and the lines he teased from his instrument wrapped around the others', creating unity that swelled through the speakers and blasted out over the audience like a benediction.

Since their instruments concealed their crotches, the audience didn't realize the Rockz Off boys were hard the entire time.

When their set was over and they ran victoriously offstage before the headliners were brought out, they threw themselves into the people packed backstage to congratulate them for their stellar performance. The Rockz Off boys clustered around me, big grins and yelling and slapping each others' backs and mine, congratulating me for helping them, even as the crowd around them was congratulating them.

A familiar-looking man pushed his way through the crowd toward us. "Great set, guys," he gushed. He introduced himself as Steve, an artist management representative from a recording company whose name made us all pay attention. "You guys gave a terrific performance, just terrific.

I looked at this "Steve" and said, "You don't remember me, do you?"

Steve looked at me and grinned. "You old dog!" he yelled as he thrust his hand at me. "I heard you still lived around here."

Lance looked at me and asked, "You know this guy?"

"Remember I told you I had been in a band myself a few years back? Steve here played guitar."

Steve grinned. "But that's all water under the bridge. These days, I'm much better at artist development than I ever was as a performer. But you," he said to me, "I should have known you'd be involved with talented young men like these. Are you their manager?"

Before I could beg off, Drew said, "Yeah! And he's the best manager you ever saw!" Boner and Lance nodded vigorously.

Steve thrust his business card at me. "Call me at that number tomorrow. I want to talk contract, and I want to talk tour. Nice seeing you again, by the way."

And then Steve disappeared back into the throng, and the Rockz Off boys had a whole new reason to cheer.

So, afterward, I invited the band members back to my place, for a more private party.

They followed me home. Drew, pulling off his tee-shirt as he walked in, looked around. "Nice place you got here," he said. I could tell he was impressed but trying not to show it. He gravitated toward the living room, leaving a stream of discarded clothes in his wake, and dropped himself down onto one half of the couch. Lance and Boner followed him, stripping down too. Lance parked himself in a chair, and Boner sprawled on the other half of the couch. Boner was living up to his nickname--he was already hard, his subconscious already looking forward to what was about to happen.

Drew looked at me and said, "You got anything to drink around this place? I'm ready to party!"

I've got something you can drink, all right, I thought, but what I said was, "I've got something better. What I've got right here is a little hypnotic rubber ball for each of you. Drew, you ready for yours? Boner, how about you?" I pretended to toss their rubber balls at the floor, and their eyes tracked the imaginary bounces. "Bap, bap ... pop!" Drew's head and Boner's yanked backward a little, then rolled forward, slumped limply, eyes closed.

"Okay, Lance, ready for yours?"

And just as I was about to toss it, Lance grabbed my wrist.

"No," he said. "I'll do what you say, but this time--this time, I want to be awake for it."

I thought, *Well, well, so someone has been remembering more than he let on*. I said, "Okay."

By now, it was simple to ask Drew and Boner to open their eyes again, thinking themselves awake and aware. I aimed Drew's head at Boner, and they kissed. "Lance, why don't you get over them and join in," I suggested. Lance climbed onto the couch with his friends, and the three of them let their tongues play together.

Pretty soon, I had Lance and Drew pinning Boner to the couch. Drew grinned a dirty grin at Lance and pulled

at Boner's legs, pushing the thighs up and apart, and he buried his face in Boner's crotch between them. He began to lick up and down Boner's rod there. Boner's mouth dropped open, eyes blissfully closed.

"Yeah," Boner sighed contentedly. "Suck my dick. Suck it!"

I'd experienced Drew's talented tongue a few times myself recently, and I knew he was getting good at it. He was lapping at Boner's stiff meat to prove it. I told Lance to reach over and give Drew a hand, and he wrapped his fingers around Drew's hard-on and began to stroke him in rhythm with Drew's licks.

Boner pushed his hips up to meet Drew's tongue. I had other plans and suggested they all change position. I had Drew sprawl out, with his back propped against the arm of the couch. Boner on his hands and knees, over him, bending his head to kiss Drew's cock. Lance behind Boner, parting the cheeks of Boner's ass. I told Lance to lean in and give Boner's ass cheeks a kiss and a lick.

Lance didn't like to put his face near an ass much, even with me, and he grimaced at the thought. He groaned, but he obeyed, showing me that he knew doing what I said was part of what made the sex-play so hot.

But when I suggested he stick his tongue in Boner's crack and lick his asshole, Lance pulled back. "Uhm, no, dude," he said, looking at me. "Can't I do something else instead?"

"Sure," I said as I reached out my hand and pressed it against his forehead. "Sleep," I commanded, passing my hand over his face. After that, Lance became a lot more cooperative.

Lance moved in, clamping his mouth over Boner's asshole, and I could hear him lapping at it. Boner was moaning, leaning down to get more Drew's cock into his mouth. Drew gripped his hands around Boner's head, fingers through his hair. When I had Boner slide a spit-slicked finger under Drew's ballsack and up between his butt cheeks, Drew groaned, and I encouraged Boner to go ahead and slide his finger on inside Drew's hole.

I got out of my clothes and joined in. I teased a nipple here, a nipple there. Fingered a scrotum. Teased an arm with kisses. The more instructions I gave, the more we got lost in a mass of body parts.

My hands found a chest, searched out the nipples there, and yanked on them. They turned out to be Drew's, for it was his head that rose and sighed on the cusp between pleasure and pain. I caressed them again, more gently, and Drew writhed against my hands, not knowing which way to move. Boner was sucking me, and he came up for air. He spat out my cock and looked up at me, grinning, and I pulled his face up to mine and we kissed. "You want that hot little ass of yours fucked now?" I asked him, reaching down to give his muscular butt a firm slap. "Are you ready for it now?"

"Fuck me," Boner murmured. His eyes were open, shining with lust.

I pressed my ass back against Lance's face for another second before I said, "Let's switch places," to them all.

Lance moved up on the couch. Drew crawled out from under Boner. "Okay, let's see if you guys have really learned how to get fucked," I said. I patted Lance's butt--the skin of them felt like satin, laid over muscles underneath that felt like steel. Drew was flipping Boner over on his back, seizing his ankles, pressing them up against his chest. That left Boner's upturned asshole vulnerable and exposed. Drew positioned his cockhead against it and began to push slowly forward.

I spread Lance's cheeks and, between them, his asshole winked at me. I smeared lubricant over it, into it, then

eased the tip of my aching cock up to it and rubbed it into the slick maw. Lance's ass was burning hot inside, hungry with passion. It seemed like I had merely poked my cock past the sphincter and suddenly his ass was sucking me inside. I groaned and shoved. Beside me, Drew groaned and shoved. The heat of Lance's ass girdled my cock, then pulled me deeper into it. Drew's hips smacked gently against Boner's butt. I shoved into Lance, deeper still, until my pole was all the way home.

Lance's body bucked in front of me. His hole clamped harder around my cock. I told Boner and Lance to give each other a hand, and they each managed to wrap a fist around each other's rod and jack each other while Drew and I fucked them.

Drew laughed and grunted. I fucked Lance slowly, purposefully, pulling out and then sliding back in. Lance and Boner twisted their heads around and managed to kiss, mouths gasping for air as our cocks sent ripples of rapture through their bodies. Lance's body was flushed and soaked with sweat. His gurgles were loud, lewd. His sucking asshole, as I quickened my pace, felt like a burning pit as my cock rammed in and out relentlessly.

Boner's rod swelled up against his belly, leaping and jerking against Lance's hand every time Drew thrust into Boner's butt. It swelled larger and redder. Then, suddenly, as Drew rammed his cock all the way into Boner's ass, I told Boner to cum, and his cock pulsed and abruptly began to spew. Drew leaned forward at my instruction and kissed Boner, and their mouths pressed together muffled Boner's cries.

Drew laughed and rose up to kiss me. I jammed my tongue between his lips and he sucked on it eagerly. "Cum," I whispered to him, and immediately his body bucked and trembled, and he drove his cock deep into Boner's ass one last time as he shot his load.

Boner continued to milk Lance's cock with his hand. I bent myself over Lance's back as I hunched into his ass. I kissed his neck, pulled his head back to nibble his ear. "Cum now," I murmured into his ear. "Cum hard."

We came together. Lance's butt clamped hard on my cock as he began his orgasm, and that triggered mine. I let my jizm fill his guts as he shot off onto Boner's hand and the couch below. I pulled his body up and turned his head back so that we could kiss deeply.

We lay there together, chests heaving, cum everywhere. "Not bad, boys," I said, before suggesting that they follow me to the bedroom for Round 2.

The next morning, after a night of little sleep--for me, anyway--in which the Rockz Off boys had proven exactly how well they loved to follow my orchestrations, after showers, and pulling their clothes back on, Lance and I saw Boner and Drew to the door. I was mentally working through ways to rearrange my schedule so that I could accompany them on tour. I might have to bring in a partner to take over my therapy practice for a while, but I figured it would be worth it. After all, somebody would have to watch out for these guys on the road, and who was better for the role of watchful manager than I?

I promised to call them the moment I got off the phone with the management company. As Drew was climbing into his car, and Boner was shoving off on that skateboard that he rode everywhere, Lance and I waved to them from my doorway, and this time I didn't even try to disguise the affection in my arm draped around Lance's bare shoulders. Lance made no effort to stop me either. Yes, Rockz Off would need the voice of experience to call the shots and guide them through the pratfalls of the music industry. As I guided Lance back to the bedroom for one last quickie before I made the call, I decided that I was just the man for the job.

