

Sweet and Easy

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Buzz wants to prove to his older brother that he's all grown up now.

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."

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Turning the last tree-lined corner, Buzz ended his run and finished the final half-block walking, panting, and stretching to cool down. He needed new running shoes, he noted again; his current pair was wearing down from slapping the pavement during these daily jogs, but new shoes required more money than Buzz had. He would just have to make do a while longer.

He had tried to start his run before the heat rose--one of the last early fall days likely to be truly hot before the season started its decline--but the temperature that morning was already soaring. His gym shorts and T-shirt clung to the sweat dripping off his athletic physique. He paused on the sidewalk in front of his parents' boring two-story home; his home too, he thought, though at eighteen he was in his last year of high school and would be going off to college in less than a year. He could hardly wait, already eager for the parties, sex, and general escape from suburban life that college would surely provide.

Buzz pushed brown hair, cut short but sweat-clumpy in front, back from his forehead and leaned against one of the low picket fence posts to stretch the sinewy leg muscles that threatened to knot from over-exertion beneath his tanned skin. After a few minutes, satisfied that he had avoided cramps, he hopped the low fence

and pushed his exhausted feet the last few yards to the porch steps, then threw open the door.

"Anyone home?" he called. "Jerry?"

No one answered. Jerry, Buzz's older brother, twenty-two, back just two days ago after a four-year enlistment in the Marines, must have gone out somewhere while Buzz was running. Their folks had left yesterday for a week's vacation to celebrate their wedding anniversary.

Oh, well. Jerry would likely be back soon. The time was still Saturday morning, not even noon yet, and Jerry had promised to take Buzz out for hamburgers that night.

Buzz dragged himself across the entry to the stairway, cursing yet again that his bedroom was on the second floor, a minor climb made tortuous by complaining leg muscles. Surely even Mount Everest must be easier to climb than those damned stairs, he complained silently. Buzz fought past the urge to sit and rest, forced his legs to carry him up the stairs, down the hall, past Jerry's bedroom, to his own at the end. He was thinking about Jerry and how they had always been close as brothers. The last four years with Jerry gone had been awful, and Buzz felt so damned glad to have him back home again.

Buzz's bedroom was large and sunlit, with a few sports posters and pictures mounted on the walls. A framed photograph of his family--Jerry on the left, then Buzz, then their parents--hung over the cluttered dresser. Out of a multi-year habit, Buzz waved to the grinning Jerry in the photo, a muscular, more mature version of Buzz dressed in a well-tailored Marine uniform. Jerry was a hero. Everyone said so. In Buzz's eyes, Jerry was larger than life: he took everything the world and the Marine Corps threw at him, and he thrived, came back bigger, stronger, better-looking. A man. Big-cocked and hard-charging. Exactly the man Buzz himself very much wanted to become.

Feeling his energy starting to return already, whistling softly, Buzz kicked off his shoes and socks, then peeled his shirt over his head. He caught sight of himself in the mirror on the closet door, and he liked what he saw, liked the results of all his hard work on his body. His wide shoulders were marked with sturdy muscles, and the maturing curves of his chest were dusted with a little patch of sun-bleached peach fuzz, brown-pink nipples at each side. His torso slimmed to a flat stomach and a narrow waist. When he stripped off his shorts and jock-strap, his genitals fell free. He liked the way his good-sized cock flopped over his dangling testicles.

Naked, he strolled into the bathroom separating his bedroom from Jerry's. The door to his brother's room was closed, and Buzz chuckled to himself as he remembered how they, both fiercely competitive, always fought over who got to use the shower first when they were kids. Hell, he recalled with a grin, since neither liked losing, half the time they ended up showering together.

He flicked on the taps in the shower stall and held his hand under the water for a minute until it warmed, then stepped beneath the spray. After turning and drenching himself, he scooped up the bar of soap and began lathering his muscular arms and silk-haired armpits. He worked his sudsy palms across his chest and downward, and he rocked forward, watching his fingers stroke over the tanned ridges of his abs, then down toward the wiry pubes at his crotch. He grasped his genitals, fumbling his balls with one hand and pumping his quarter-hard dick with the other. The feel of his hands sent a bolt of pleasure through him. "Damn!" he swore quietly. If only today were not Saturday; at lunchtime on a weekday, he would be out behind the high school gym, trading hand-jobs with his pals. They pulled their cocks out of their flies, so they were stroking only the few inches at the end, which felt good and made them cum quickly enough but seemed somehow unsatisfying, as Buzz had already understood, never pleasuring the full pole nor draining his overheated balls

as fully as he wanted, always rushing too fast to the finish line so they could congratulate themselves and tuck away their spent dicks before they got caught. He wanted more. But even trading hand-jobs behind the gym was better than going through the whole day horny as hell. Better than jerking off solo in the shower too.

Yeah, this time of day on a weekday, he would have his fuck-pole sticking out of his pants, getting it whipped off while he jerked one of the guys. "Maybe I ought to call Chuck or Stanley." He watched his cock thicken and stretch until it rose above his fist. Soap foam glistened white on the head and veined shaft as if he had already popped a load. But did he really want just another fast shower jack? He was alone in the house--he could go into his bedroom, stretch out on his bed, take his time with leisurely strokes, and do it right, pump out a big load, really empty his balls. "Fuck it!" he grumbled, dropping his rod and concentrating on his shower. By the time he finished, his prick had softened, and he caught his reflection in the mirror over the sink as he stepped from the stall and dried off. He could not help looking at himself, and he flexed his muscles proudly as his gaze moved downward over his maturing build. His fingers locked about his heavy-hanging cock again, and he stared at its reflection as it quickly hardened back to attention. He pumped a few times again, warming up his dick for the nice, long stroke-session he would surely begin on his bed once he finished drying himself.

Buzz wondered what doing this with Stanley or Chuck would be like, not just pulling their rods out through their opened flies and circle-jerking, but getting fully naked together, watching their irons harden, fisting the full length of each other's cocks, maybe touching each other in other places, maybe even--

Buzz heard the door latch to Jerry's room snap, and he spun away to hide his erection.

"Hey, little buddy," Jerry said from the doorway. "What's going on?"

"Nothing!"

"That doesn't look like nothing to me, little buddy." Buzz realized his brother could see his aroused nakedness in the mirror, but Jerry just grinned easily. "You've grown up while I've been gone, Buzzer."

"Damn it, Jerry! A little privacy, please?"

"No big deal. Hell, every guy beats his meat. I been beating mine since I was eleven. Lemme tell you, in the Marines there's zero privacy, and I saw just about every kind of meat a guy can have and just about every way a guy can beat it, and they saw me beat mine too. No big deal."

"Honest?" Buzz's hard-on had faded, and he turned to face his brother, his embarrassment receding. Hell, he and Jerry had always shared their secrets. "Guess you know what it's like, huh?"

"Sure as shit do." Jerry slouched back against the doorjamb, good-looking and relaxed, and his T-shirt and jeans outlined his solid, mature physique. "Hell," he chuckled knowingly, and the outline of his dog tags shifted against his chest under his shirt, "I couldn't keep my pecker down. And I couldn't wait to circle-jerk with the guys behind the gym during lunch period."

"No lie? That's where Stanley and Chuck and I--you know."

"Cool." Jerry fished a joint from his pocket and lit it. "Later on, we moved to the old equipment room in the back of the gym. More privacy. Tried that yet?"

"No." Buzz had never heard of an old equipment room at the back of the gym. He would have to go snooping

for it on Monday.

"Good place for it. No one ever goes back there. Studs can strip bare-ass and cut loose, take their time, do it right, real sweet and easy, and no one else has a clue what's going on in there."

In a long moment, Buzz imagined a dusty old room, dimly lit, where he and his buddies could get fully naked like in the locker room but also get hard like when they traded jerks behind the gym--the best of both places. They could carry their experiments further, try things they had only heard about or seen in videos. Stanley would be willing, maybe even eager. Would Chuck?--Maybe ... probably. Buzz had to blink and put aside the fantasy for now, or else his hard-on threatened to return.

Jerry, dragging on his joint, did not seem to notice the conversation had paused. He offered the joint to Buzz, who shook his head. Jerry shrugged and took another quick inhale on the spiff, hesitating. "You and your pals," he said, exhaling smoke, "it's strictly kid stuff?--The ol' pull-it-out-and-pump-it-off-quick action, huh?"

Kid stuff? Buzz felt himself bristle. "Yeah, I guess so," he admitted. "But, uh, Chuck and Stanley've talked about getting some girl to give us blow-jobs and stuff, but ... uh ..."

Jerry studied the naked youth thoughtfully for a moment, then spun away. "Don't waste that load of cum yet. Get dressed, little buddy. I've got a phone call to make."

Buzz watched his brother disappear from sight, and then he shrugged and sauntered into his own bedroom. *Don't waste that load of cum yet?*--What did Jerry mean by that? As Buzz pulled on a pair of clean briefs and khaki shorts, he thought about Jerry catching him jerking his rod and not making a big deal out of it, calling him *little buddy* the way he always had, even though they were now both tall, nearly the same height, and saying he was grown-up, talking honestly and openly with him the way he had done when they were kids in bed after the lights were out. No secrets between them, and no shame. Yeah, Jerry was a great brother, Buzz decided; no way could he ask for a better one.

He tugged a fresh T-shirt over his head, jerked it into place, and hustled downstairs to where Jerry was waiting, and suddenly he felt like a kid again. "Okay, Jerry?" he asked, the way he had done whenever his older brother had wanted to take him somewhere.

"Comb your damn hair," Jerry growled and headed for the front door. "C'mon."

Buzz pawed his hair with one hand as they walked to Jerry's pickup truck parked in the driveway. He kept his hair cut short, like Jerry did, and he never had to bother with combing it.

Jerry was silent as he drove toward the center of town, and Buzz slouched back on the seat beside him, watching the familiar cityscape slip past. "Where're we going?" he asked at last.

"To see a guy I know. His name's Paul."

"What for?"

"You'll find out." Jerry dropped one hand from the steering wheel and clapped Buzz on the thigh. "Damn it, you done got all grown-up on me, little buddy!"

Buzz smiled, and then he was staring down at his brother's strong fingers resting half on his shorts-leg, half on his bare thigh, inches from his crotch. He wondered what trading hand-jobs with Jerry would be like. Did

Marines stroke their cocks differently? Would Jerry's Corps-trained muscles grip Buzz's prick tighter than his buddies did? Buzz's cock pulsed happily in his shorts.

Jerry parked in front of a small apartment building, and he led the way down a short sidewalk. He knocked on a door, and it was opened by a tall, bare-chested man Jerry's age who looked like he could have been a Marine himself.

"Hey, Jerry! C'mon in."

"Hey, Paul." Jerry nodded Buzz into the large, drape-shadowed room. "This is my brother. I told you about him on the phone."

"Nice to meet you, Buzz." Paul offered his hand.

Buzz took it and shook it. "Same here." Perplexed, Buzz looked around the nearly dark space, quite warm from the blazing day outside, and he tried to think of the right thing to say. "Nice place you've got here, Paul."

"Thanks. I've been trying to talk Jerry into moving in with me."

"No way, pal," Jerry said easily, grinning. "I've already got me an apartment of my own lined up. I move in at the end of the month."

"That's the way it goes," Paul shrugged. He studied Buzz openly for a long moment. "You know, Jerry, your little brother isn't so little."

"He grew up while I was in the Marines. That's what I found out today."

"As big as you?"

"See for yourself."

"Don't mind if I do," Paul acknowledged. "How about it, pal?"--and he pressed one hand against the front of Buzz's pants, fingers firmly squeezing the youth's hidden genitals.

"*Hey!*" Buzz squawked, startled, voice leaping an octave as he jumped half a step back and shoved Paul's hand away.

Both Jerry and Paul snickered at the youth's confused reaction. Jerry reassured his brother with a clap on the shoulder: "Relax, little buddy."

"How'm I supposed to relax when he's messing around like that?!"

"Have a seat, guys," Paul invited. "Can I get you anything? A beer?"

"Naw, I'm good ...," Jerry drawled easily as he sat on the couch.

"Me too," Buzz said, following his brother's lead and settling on the couch too.

"... But, damn, it's hot in here," Jerry continued, peeling his T-shirt up his torso and off over his head. He dropped it at the foot of the couch. "That's better."

The heavily curtained room was warm, just short of uncomfortably so, but Buzz was not sure he wanted to follow Jerry's example and shuck his own shirt yet. He snuck an envious look at Jerry's muscular torso and the dog tags laying in the center of his chest. The sight of Jerry's muscles, so very powerful and effortlessly masculine, always impressed Buzz; he respected the hard labor Jerry had put into building his body and keeping it in shape.

Paul sat down in the heavy chair, facing them, across the narrow coffee table. "Hey, Jerry, can I borrow your identification tags for a little while?"

Buzz almost snickered, remembering all the times he referred to them as *dog tags*, and Jerry corrected him, like a running joke, saying, *They're called identification tags, dammit, not dog tags; do I look like a dog to you, little buddy?* But Paul had called them by the right name, so Buzz put that down as a point in his favor.

"Sure," Jerry grunted, leaning forward and hoisting the thin silvery ball chain over his head, holding his tags out Paul. Jerry sat back, settled himself. "Don't worry. Paul knows what he's doing." Jerry patted Buzz's shoulder again and left his hand there, a firm, reassuring weight. "Relax, little buddy."

Paul said, "Sit back. Make yourself nice and comfortable."

Jerry's hand on Buzz's shoulder squeezed again. "You're gonna love this, little buddy. Just pay close attention, okay?"

"What's--" Buzz began.

Jerry said to Buzz, "Don't talk. Just watch and see. It's like a special magic trick, so watch real close, okay?"

Paul held up Jerry's identification tags by the end of the chain. The tags slowly turned this way a little, then the other, not quite swinging at the end of the ball chain but swaying slightly in the air. "Jerry's right--it's a trick, but it's one I think you'll enjoy. Just keep your eyes on the tags. They're more than just pieces of metal. They're symbols and tools. They can help you do some very wonderful things if you know how to use them. You might have to watch them for a while before you can pick up on the secret, but it's easy once you catch on. Just relax. I'll walk you through it. This might take a little time, but I think you'll easily catch on, if you're willing to put in the effort."

Buzz looked at Jerry. "What's he ..."

Jerry nodded back at Paul and the swaying tags. "Just pay attention, little buddy," he said to Buzz. "Trust me. You'll like it."

"Just watch the tags. Stare at them if you need to. Keep your eyes fixed on them. In a few minutes you'll begin to see. Take a deep breath. That's it. Just keep breathing deeply. Listen to my voice. If you need to blink, that's fine. Just keep watching the tags. Listening to my voice and watching the tags may seem boring, but it's not. You'll find it really engaging. You may feel your eyes becoming tired, and your body may start to relax, but your mind will stay focused. You might want to close your heavy eyes for a moment, but please make an effort to keep them open. If they blink and close for a second or two, open them again and focus your eyes on the tags."

Buzz blinked. He wanted to ask what he was supposed to see, but Jerry had said not to talk, so he kept his mouth shut. If Paul was going to show him a trick, Buzz was going to be watching, ready to figure it out--if only Paul would stop talking and just get on with it.

Paul droned on, seemed not to notice Buzz's hesitation. "Watching so closely may make your eyes feel tired. Tired and heavy. Almost as if your eyelids have a heavy weight attached to them. And the longer you stare at the tags, the more your eyes get tired, the more your eyelids get heavy, and you blink--that's okay--and your eyelids feel like something is pulling them down, as if they want to slowly close. Like when you're tired, maybe a little drowsy. Eyes getting tired. Blink. That's right. Eyelids feeling heavy."

Buzz blinked. He did feel tired, still exhausted from his run not long ago. *What the fuck*, he wondered as he blinked again.

"A heavy feeling, spreading from your eyes through your whole head. Drowsier, maybe more than a little sleepy. A heavy, relaxing feeling, spreading down into your body. Into your chest, your arms. Every part of you is feeling tired. Sleepy. Heavy. Sleepier and heavier. Maybe your eyelids are feeling as if they are slowly closing, slowly closing, getting drowsier and more tired, and when they finally do close, how pleasantly relaxed you'll feel. Drowsy, heavy, pulling down, down, down, slowly closing, getting harder and harder to see, and you feel good. Very, very hard to keep them open. Don't fight it. Let it happen. Let everything slip away. Let yourself slip into a deeply relaxed, deeply peaceful state of hypnosis. It's inevitable. Just accept it."

"Jerry ...," Buzz tried to protest through his growing drowsiness, but the rest of the words would not come.

"It's okay, little buddy," soothed Jerry's voice, quietly. "I'm right here. Just let go."

Paul's voice droned on, sounding farther away. "You surely feel that very soon your eyelids will close tightly, almost tightly closing now, almost tightly closing, tightly closing. So hard to resist. Slipping into a deep, relaxed, peaceful state of hypnosis is inevitable, and it will feel so good."

"Trust me," Jerry whispered from somewhere. "Just let go ..."

Buzz found thinking difficult, but if Jerry wanted him to ...

"Closing," Paul said more forcefully. "Closing. Yes. Your eyes are tightly closed. You feel good. You feel comfortable. You're relaxed all over now that you completely stopped fighting and let everything go. Just let yourself drift and enjoy this comfortable relaxed state. Let everything slip away. Let yourself slip into sleep. It's such a relief to not resist anymore. So relaxing to accept the power of my voice. So natural to give in to the strength of my will. You're feeling so good, boy; you're such a good boy. Let everything slip away. You are now deeply hypnotized. Let yourself go completely. Let yourself slip into sleep now ..."

With his eyes closed, Buzz drifted. He felt not quite asleep but not awake either. His body felt so heavy, too heavy and relaxed to move, but his head felt light, as though he was floating in the dark inside his head. Thoughts drifted away, like gentle ripples in a lake surface. Trying to hold on to them was too difficult. He heard Paul's voice from somewhere, too far away to make out the words. Jerry's voice too, a comforting rumble beside him. They talked to him for an unknown while, words slipping away.

Then: "Open your eyes."

Buzz heard Paul's voice clearly from somewhere closer. *Okay*, Buzz told himself, his thoughts making tiny eddies in the darkness where he floated, *I can do this*. He managed to push his heavy eyelids open.

"Stand up."

Buzz's body still felt so irresistibly heavy, but his arms moved. His legs too. He stood. His body swayed back

and forth, too loose and limp to hold itself steady. Swayed gently, just like the dog tags in Paul's hand. Yes. Something about that felt right to Buzz.

Where was his T-shirt? His shirt was gone. Too hard to remember. In the so-warm room, having his shirt off felt more comfortable anyway. He liked having his shirt off; it felt right. Something touched his crotch, massaging through the loose khaki shorts. Buzz looked down. Paul's hand. Buzz could not decide whether to allow it or push it away--thinking was so difficult--so he simply stood there, swaying. His cock began to harden as Paul rubbed it through the fabric. A gentle sexual heat started to spread through Buzz's groin, diffusing out into his whole body. He felt his pubes and armpits prickle with arousal and sweat.

Both Jerry and Paul snickered at something. Were they laughing at him, Buzz wondered, but the thought slipped away before he could care. Something pulled at his shorts: Paul was unfastening the button at the top of his fly. Drifting through the sex-heat that filled his head and his body, the youth watched the man's fingers pull down his zipper, then ease his loose shorts down from his waist. His swelling cock was outlined in the pouch of his briefs.

"That's the way, little buddy," came Jerry's voice from beside him. "You're doin' great. I'm proud of you."

Buzz welcomed the security of his brother's squeezing hand on his shoulder. Then his briefs were slipping down his muscle-dense thighs, and his dick bounced free, poking straight out from his groin.

"Damn!" Paul exclaimed. "This stud must be your brother, Jerry! He's sure as hell hung just like you! Probably ties yours for the biggest cock I've ever seen!" Paul wrapped his hand around Buzz's prick, cupped his other hand under the youth's balls.

"Jerry ...," Buzz moaned. His body tingled. The sensation of the man's hands on his cock and balls made him feel suspended between his experiences of boyhood jerking-off and the uncertainty of manhood sex. "Jerr ...?"

"It's okay, little buddy," his brother murmured. "You're going to get your first blow-job, that's all. It'll feel great. You'll like it a lot. Just relax and let it happen. I'm right here with you."

Whatever Buzz wanted to say next came out as a sigh, as the words drifted out of his grasp.

Paul sank to his knees in front of Buzz and guided the youth's full-hard dick to his lips, nuzzled the heat-swollen tip, then licked it with his tongue. Buzz shivered as he watched the head of his aroused cock slip into the man's mouth, and his breath rasped in his throat. He felt Paul's tongue wash underneath his throbbing meat and swirl spit about it. Arousal flared inside him, hot as a bonfire, and his heart beat faster. Then Jerry was behind him, pressing against his back, steadying him, and embracing him, and Buzz sighed with pleasure as he felt his brother's hands slide around his ribs and stroke his muscle-taut chest.

"That's the way, Buzzer, real sweet and easy," his brother whispered, his lips close to the youth's ear. "Let it happen."

Buzz had never felt anything that compared to the way Paul sucked on his cock, the way Jerry held him and caressed his chest and nipples, the way he was caught between them, groggy and horny and so damn aroused! His body moved a little as the auto-pilot of instinct took over, and his hips began a slight push and pull to supplement Paul's head-bobs on his shaft. Buzz wanted his hips pressed forward to get his cock deeper into Paul's throat, and he also wanted to arch back against his brother. Damn it, he felt too relaxed and foggy-headed, and everything was all happening too fast!

"Fuck, yeah!" Jerry's voice murmured, merging into everything Buzz was feeling. *Fuck, yeah!*

All of the sensations felt better and better, building. Buzz's balls pulled up, clamped sex-tight at the base of his dick, preparing to fire. He wanted to warn Paul that he would soon cream, but he failed to make the words form. Then his balls began to spasm and lightning jabbed all up and down his nervous system and--*Fuck, yeah!*--his nuts let loose. "Urrh," Buzz managed to groan as his cock began belching cum into Paul's mouth. *Fuck, yeah!* Buzz's awareness wheeled up, up, flying up like bird into the ultimate masculine sky of orgasm as Paul nursed more spurts of sperm from his exploding prick. This, he decided immediately, felt better than any of the times he had jerked-off with Chuck and Stanley! Better than any time his cock had ever shot off before, ever. *Fuck, yeah!* He felt his brother's arms tighten about his waist, the coarse cloth of Jerry's jeans-crotch pressed against his naked ass, and he let his head fall back onto Jerry's shoulder.

Buzz was lost in bliss. "Jerr ...," he managed to groan in ecstasy. "Yurr!" His climax stretched on and on, as the kneeling man's throat muscles suctioned his convulsing ram, as Paul swallowed burst after burst. "Ahhrruh ..."

"Fuck, yeah, little buddy!" Jerry crooned in his ear. "Grown-up little buddy!"

Then it was ending, all too soon, and he was returning to his body, which felt even more relaxed now, sex-limp in addition to whatever Paul had done to his head.

Paul released Buzz's rod, glistening with spit and cum, and rocked forward to nuzzle Buzz's testicles with his lips, a few laps with his flat, wet tongue, and the youth found himself quivering helplessly at the sensation. Then Jerry pulled away from behind him, and Buzz felt himself being guided, half-stumbling, back to collapse into the armchair, exhausted, and so sleepy, just like Paul said, eyes closing, closing. Sleep.

Buzz floated in the lazy haze of satisfaction, but he tried to fight back the sleep, wanted to watch, certain that something was happening, wanting to see it all. When he finally managed to open his eyes, Jerry and Paul stood face to face. Paul held the identification tags in the air in front of Jerry's face. "That's right. So familiar. Just let yourself sink back into that happy, familiar, obedient hypnotic trance that you've come to crave so much. That's it. Sleep, Jerry. Obey. Just sleep and obey."

Paul told him what to do and Jerry did it. As Buzz watched, Jerry's hands slowly worked at the front of his jeans, and then he was bending forward, pushing his pants down into a tangle at his ankles. No underwear. Jerry stood tall and proud, displaying his bronzed, muscle-hard physique and his erection. Paul, kneeling before Jerry, said something Buzz could not quite make out. Jerry pushed his erect cock forward into Paul's mouth and throat. Buzz watched his brother's butt cheeks clench and release, clench and release, as Jerry pumped rhythmically.

Dazed, Buzz watched his brother face-fuck the stud who had hypnotized him and given him his first blow-job, and a flush of renewed horniness poured through his groin. *Jerry's hypnotized like me* Buzz realized. *He's got a hard-on like me, getting it sucked like me. Fuck, yeah.* Buzz felt a profound, anchoring contentment to be sharing this experience with his brother.

Jerry shuddered. "Nngh!" he moaned hoarsely. His eyes were clamped shut, and his handsome features were contorted with arousal and erotic strain. "Nurrh!"

Buzz shivered at the sound of Jerry's groans, impressed by the horniness in them, the raw masculine need. The youth's body felt limp, his cock and balls fully spent and sex-sated for the first time ever. He wondered: Would Jerry feel just like this, once his balls emptied into Paul's mouth too?

Buzz blinked. His head seemed to clear. Maybe he was snapping out of it, he thought. His thoughts seemed more distinct. The sense of contentment he had felt moments before was being replaced by an awkward embarrassment. Hearing Jerry groan a final time, knowing from the way his brother's body shivered and jerked that he was at the climax point, about to cum, then cumming, cumming in Paul's throat, Buzz swung to his feet, snatched up his shorts and briefs and located his T-shirt on the floor. Suddenly self-conscious, he hustled down the short hallway and found the bathroom, closed the door behind him.

Alone, he sucked in a deep breath, and pulled toilet paper off the roll to wipe the cum and spit off his dick. He dropped the little wads into the toilet, then aimed his cock at the bowl to piss. His dick was thick and heavy in his fingers, and he remembered how Paul had said he was hung like his brother.

When he finished pissing, he crossed to the sink, and he met his reflection in the mirror. "Grown-up little buddy," he murmured, repeating Jerry's remark. He washed his hands and splashed his face with cold water.

Dressed again, as he returned to the living room of the small apartment, Buzz could hear his brother's relaxed voice: "--Make a mint with a stable of studs like him." Jerry, reclining on the couch with his pants up but still open, saw Buzz come out of the hallway, and he stood up and grabbed his T-shirt, pulled it on, stuffed his shirttail into his jeans with quick efficiency, and rebuttoned his fly. "Ready to haul ass, Buzzer?"

"Uh, sure." Buzz felt strange, unreal. Minutes before, he and Jerry had been hypnotized and getting their cocks sucked. And now?--Jerry and Paul acted as if nothing unusual had happened. But something *had* happened; all of it had happened. How could they act like all of it was no big deal? Buzz considered this another half-second, then said, "Okay, Jerry."

Paul tossed the tags to Jerry, who caught them neatly. "We're going out for chow," Jerry told Paul as he looped the ball chain over his head and tucked his tags into the neckline of his T-shirt. "Want to come along?"

"Some other time." Paul scratched his bare chest and grinned at Jerry, at Buzz too. "Stop by any time, stud. That goes for both of you."

"Thanks," Buzz said, lacking a better response.

"Let's go," Jerry urged, clapping his younger brother on the shoulder. "And comb your damn hair!"

They left the apartment and walked out to Jerry's pickup, and Buzz wanted to ask his brother a million troublesome questions but had no clue how or where to start.

They had arrived at Paul's just before lunchtime, but now the time was late afternoon, late enough to justify an early dinner. Had they really been in that apartment for hours?--Felt like, Buzz mullied, only half an hour had passed, or maybe an hour, tops, but the dashboard clock said otherwise. What had they been doing all that time? Buzz decided he cared less about that and more about dinner, because his stomach grumbled and he realized he was really hungry.

They drove to the nearby burger joint and teased each other about which double-special hamburgers to order. Would Jerry get the froufrou one with bacon and bleu cheese and ostrich meat? Could Buzz handle the so-manly one with bison meat, barbecue sauce, and jalapeno peppers? Jerry joked and kidded and traded laughs with Buzz as if nothing had happened. But something *had* happened. Still, Buzz found the usual banter with his brother felt familiar, reassuring.

Buzz wondered whether the other people in the restaurant could tell that they were brothers, that they had just

been hypnotized, that they had just shared a cock-sucker, watched each other stick their sex-charged pricks into the guy's mouth, and gotten their rocks off down his throat.

Buzz looked across the table at Jerry's handsome, mature face, and he remembered the tight expression when his brother approached orgasm, then the relieved rapture that swept over Jerry's face as he came and shot his sperm-load deep into Paul's gullet. At the neckline of Jerry's T-shirt, Buzz could see one line of the ball chain and a few of the fine silky hairs that grew up past the center of Jerry's chest; Buzz remembered how Jerry's chest hair fanned outward across his pecs, and he wondered if the tiny patch of fuzz in the middle of his own chest would ever spread itself that wide and virile. Jerry's T-shirt sleeves stretched around his sinewy biceps, and the backs of his strong hands were vein-etched. Buzz remembered being locked in Jerry's embrace, the supremely sensuous feel of those hands rising across his pectorals and stroking his quivering abs as he got sucked off.

They finished their dinners and strolled outside. Jerry produced another joint and lit it. This time, when he offered, Buzz accepted it from him and took a deep drag. "You've started smoking pot, huh?" Jerry chuckled. "It'll stunt your growth."

"It hasn't stunted yours." Buzz saw the memory of Jerry, nearly naked and deeply entranced, muscular and masculine, standing tall, pumping his big, powerful cock into Paul's suctioning mouth. Buzz's cock began to swell and he blinked. "Right?"

"*Sheee-yit*," Jerry snickered and gave Buzz an affectionate grin and a nudge with his shoulder. "Just don't let the folks catch you smoking that shit, little buddy."

"Okay."

They went home and spent the evening watching television, an old favorite action movie they had both seen many times before; they made each other laugh by exaggerating their voices as they quoted the dialog along with the actors.

"I'm gonna wash up and hit the sack," Jerry said at last as the movie neared its conclusion. His body, Buzz remembered, was still on Marine Corps time: early to bed, early to rise. "Lock up the place, will'ya, Buzzer."

Buzz waited until the movie ended, and then he flicked off the television. He could hear the shower running in the bathroom upstairs. He turned out the lights, checked to make sure all the doors were locked, and set the security system. When he went upstairs, the light was on in the bathroom connecting his bedroom to Jerry's, but his brother was not there. The door to Jerry's room was closed. Buzz peeled off his clothes, and he was keenly aware of his masculine nakedness and the mature genitals flopping between his thighs. He showered quickly, and as he dried off, he remembered how Jerry had caught him beating his meat that morning. It seemed so long ago.

He turned out the bathroom light and hesitated for a moment, then tapped on his brother's door. "Jerry? You awake? Can I talk to you?"

"Sure, little buddy. C'mon in."

Jerry's room was dark except for the moonlight and streetlight glow coming through the window on the far wall, and Buzz saw his brother was sprawled back on the bed as if waiting for something, on top of the covers, a pillow propped beneath his shoulders. Jerry stretched and yawned, and the movement emphasized the muscled curves and hollows of his brawny nakedness. "Come have a seat," he said and patted the bed

beside him.

"Thanks," the youth acknowledged, not sure what else to say as he approached the bed. Jerry was impressively, intimidatingly naked. Well, that was okay, Buzz decided, because he was still shower-fresh naked himself.

"Stretch out." Jerry nodded to the empty space on the bed beside him.

Buzz eased onto the mattress and lay back alongside his handsome naked brother, and they both stared up into the shadows overhead.

"Remember when we were kids?" Buzz asked, breaking the long silence. "We used to lie here and talk about all sorts of stuff when the folks thought we were asleep."

"We ain't kids anymore, Buzzer." Jerry turned on his side and looked at the teenager. "Learn something new this afternoon, little buddy?"

"Yeah," Buzz grinned. "I learned that you don't wear undershorts under your jeans."

"*Sheee-yit!*" Jerry laughed, and he dropped his hand to Buzz's high-arched chest. "I was talking about your first time getting hypnotized and your first damn blow-job, and you know it!"

"Yeah," Buzz repeated. He remembered Jerry's erection disappearing into Paul's mouth, Jerry's pumping ass, the fluttering of his muscles as he got blown, the eyes-closed bliss on his face. Buzz's cock jolted; he was glad Jerry could not see him blush in the dimness. He took his time, took a deep breath as he picked his words carefully, growing serious. Lying there in the darkness gave him courage. "I--uhm--I don't know which I liked more, the way being hypnotized made me feel once I got into it, or getting my cock sucked, or watching you get your rocks off."

"When I was standing there holding you," Jerry said quietly, "I almost shot my wad in my pants when I felt you cream."

"That was part of it, having you hold onto me that way while I popped. You felt like a rock, steadying me. I don't know if I could have stood up without you there."

"Sometimes it's tricky, 'til you get used to how being tranced-out makes your body work different sometimes. And when you came--Paul said you damn near drowned him," Jerry murmured, letting his fingers roam over the small peach-fuzz patch in the center of Buzz's chest. "Said you gave him a full-grown man's damned big load, little buddy. Damn proud of you."

"What's the story with you and Paul?" Buzz asked, stretching to show off his trim muscles, wanting Jerry to be impressed by his hard work on his body.

"He's one of my pals. We were in the Marines together, in case you didn't figure that out. He helped me through a lot of stuff, got me through some shit I had to deal with. We're talking about going into business together." Jerry moved his palm lower, a warm, light pressure on Buzz's taut abdomen; Buzz found the touch both comforting and vaguely arousing. "I've got my rocks off with lots of guys, Buzzer. In high school and in the Marines. When there weren't no girls available, and even sometimes when they were. Know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I think so." He felt his prick quiver and stiffen. "Uh, I'm getting a hard-on."

"So am I."

"I liked what Paul said, about you and me being hung alike." Buzz's rod, nearing half-rigid and rising, rolled against the pale flatness of his belly. A nervous hesitation, then: "Maybe I'm like you when it comes to guys, too."

Jerry leaned back, reached for the nightstand. Buzz heard what he thought might have been a metallic clink. Then Jerry said, "Want to find out if we're alike in other ways too?"

"Yeah." Buzz studied his built, naked brother with honesty. "I want to find out, Jerry. With you."

"Just remember, I'm right here with you." Jerry held something over Buzz's head. His identification tags, dangling from his fist by an inch of chain.

"What--? No, don't--" Buzz protested and tried to push Jerry's wrist away, but Jerry's strength kept his hand where it was.

"Shh. Don't be like that, Buzz. Just watch my tags. Stare at them. They're symbols of power, like Paul said. They'll help you focus. Keep your eyes fixed on them. That's a good boy. I'll talk you through it."

Buzz felt something happening. While he could not see the tags very well in the near-dark, he knew they were there, and knowing seemed to be enough. Just knowing where they were--he could not stop himself from looking, staring, concentrating, waiting for something that already felt inevitable.

"Take a deep breath. Listen to my voice. I'll guide you right back into that nice hypnotic trance. You'll like that, I know. I can already see your eyelids getting heavy. Yeah, I know how that feels. You remember how it felt, and you're starting to feel it happening again now. When you stare at the tags, you automatically start to breathe real deep and slow, and your eyelids start getting so heavy. The longer you stare, the heavier your eyelids get. The heavier your body gets. So heavy and relaxed. Yeah, you're already slipping back into deep hypnosis. Sliding down, sweet and easy. Just let it happen, little buddy. I'm right here with you. Just let go and listen to my voice and let yourself sink back so sweet and easy."

Buzz found he did not have the strength to hold his hand up any longer, could not keep trying to push Jerry's wrist away. His cock throbbed needfully, as if wanting to feel the warm wetness of a mouth again. The memory of that earlier pleasure, the relaxed way he felt during it, seemed to sap both his will and his physical strength. Always competitive, Buzz did not want to lose to Jerry--but this was masculine and strong Jerry, and somehow yielding to his brother did not feel like losing. Buzz felt his hand relax and sink, settle onto his chest. The tags clinked under Jerry's fist in the air above him.

Jerry droned on. "Drowsy. Heavy. Sleep is pulling your eyelids down. Down. Down. You've had a long day. You're exhausted. Sleepy. Eyes slowly closing. Just relax and let it happen. You feel good and so deeply relaxed. Eyes closing. You know they're gonna close any moment now. Gonna close tightly and you won't be able to open them again. Closing. Closing tight. Yes. Closed. Your eyes are tightly closed. You feel good. You feel comfortable. You're so deeply relaxed. Just let yourself sink into this real nice relaxed state. Just like before. Sinking so deep into sleep ..."

Buzz was unable to stop himself from drifting back into that not-asleep, not-awake state. His body felt too heavy and relaxed to move. With his eyes closed, he drifted in darkness; he could see nothing, but he felt

everything, felt Jerry's weight shift, felt Jerry's fingers slide into Buzz's crotch and wrap about his potent cock. His ram had softened slightly but not much, and it pulsed back to peak hardness as Jerry's fingers teased it, then the loose-sacked balls below. Buzz heard himself sigh and his body somehow seemed to relax further, grow even heavier, as it welcomed Jerry's touch.

Jerry moved slowly. Buzz felt his presence, his body heat, as his brother pulled himself up and shifted over him, hovering full-length just above Buzz's skin. Jerry lowered his hips, pressing their charged dicks alongside each other, and then he eased down flat on top of Buzz. Buzz felt himself quiver at their intimate, naked contact.

"Nervous, little buddy?"

"Nzss," Buzz hissed, eyes still closed, unable to form words.

"I wasn't scared my first time neither. Hell, I was too horny to be scared," Jerry chuckled. "My first time was with Brick, my high school buddy--the redhead. Remember him?"

"Yurnnh." Buzz was too lost to form words, lost in the darkness and the feel of Jerry's body pressing down against him, their hard dicks side by side, his hand stroking Buzz's shoulder and arm.

"But with Brick, we got bare-assed and sucked and fucked a lot, but that's all it was. Just two horny kids getting off. It was never like this. I thought it was great, all of it, but I didn't love Brick like I love you."

Jerry lay still on top of Buzz for several minutes, his weight clamping their bodies together, cock throbbing against cock, little hip-thrusts from Jerry making their dicks slide against one another, and then Jerry eased downward. He ran his lips over Buzz's arched chest and nuzzled his sharp-pointed nipples. Buzz felt himself sigh in pleasure. Slowly, almost lazily, Jerry's body moved lower, lower, along the teenager's sleek torso.

Drifting through the warm darkness in his head, Buzz felt his brother's taunting caresses on his sprawled body, sensations that reached him from far away but burned intensely into his awareness. He felt an ache of excitement flush along his skin, felt the sex-hunger in his groin, felt Jerry spread his thighs and moved his weight between them. "Hurrh?" Buzz managed.

Jerry paused for a moment, and then he grasped the base of Buzz's rod, held it up, angled it. Buzz felt the bed shift, then Jerry was tongue-washing the blazing head. For the second time that day, Buzz felt a man's mouth on his rigid cock, but this time the mouth belonged to his hero-brother. Buzz moaned contentedly: "Mmmh."

"Open your eyes, little buddy. Look at me."

The words seemed to clear Buzz's head, pushed back the grogginess. He found the will to force his eyes open. Jerry, face hovering over Buzz's crotch, looked back at him and grinned in the dim light. Their gazes met and stayed locked. Slowly, knowingly, Jerry's tongue descended and his mouth took in more and more of Buzz's potent shaft, until the young athlete felt Jerry's lips press into the wiry tangle of pubic hair at the base. Never breaking eye contact, Jerry held there for seconds, and then he raised his head to suction with what seemed to Buzz to be an experienced sureness. At the same time, he felt Jerry run his palms upward over Buzz's youthful torso to the clearly marked plates of his chest, once again caressing his nakedness. "Mmm," Jerry hummed appreciatively around his hard-on. Buzz felt no shame, only a happy contentment that his body pleased his brother, plus a growing eagerness to cum thanks to Jerry's steady tongue-work.

Jerry so-slowly eased his sucking mouth to the end of Buzz's cock, until the head slipped from his mouth

with a quiet sound: *pop!* Buzz missed the warm pleasure along his rod, but after a moment, Jerry gave it an easy stroke. His other hand brushed up along Buzz's ribs and found a nipple, pinched it gently, sending a shock of joy through the youth's body. Buzz managed to move a little, covered Jerry's hand with his own.

"So proud of you, little buddy. You took right to it, real sweet and easy, just like I knew you would." Jerry pinched at Buzz's nipple, harder, accompanied by another hand-stroke on his shaft. "You know you're not really awake, right?"

Buzz considered this. His head still felt dark and groggy inside, like being asleep, but was he truly awake? This question had a trick answer. He seemed to remember something Paul had said, seemed to remember Paul asking him the same question earlier. What was the answer? Was he indeed not awake? "Yes," he said.

Jerry's grin spread. "What are you?"

Buzz considered this too. Not awake, but not asleep. What had Paul told him? "Hyp ... mo'tiz'd ..."

Jerry grinned. Buzz knew he had found the correct answer, and he felt happy to have pleased his brother.

"That's right. So sweet and easy," Jerry purred, then took a lick at Buzz's cock head. "You're takin' to it like a full-grown man. So fucking proud of you, little buddy."

Buzz's hold on awareness seemed to slip. The darkness in this room and the darkness in his head were so very hard to tell apart, and he felt as if he were letting go again, sinking back into the pleasant inevitable drowsiness. His hand faded to limp and fell away from Jerry's.

"Stay with me, little buddy," Jerry coaxed. "You're still hypnotized, but I want to you pay close attention. Can you do that for me?"

"Uuurr ... Ye'h ..."

"Good. Trust me--you're gonna like this a lot."

Without warning, Jerry jammed one arm beneath Buzz's slim waist, hauling his hips upward and arching him back on his shoulders. Once more, Jerry put his mouth on Buzz's cock, buried his face in the youth's crotch, working his mouth and tongue and throat muscles on Buzz's pleasure-sparking erection. Buzz heard himself whimper, then he felt his body accelerate toward the brink of combustion. "Jerr ...," he tried to beg, needing his brother's help because Buzz did not want to hit that end-point so soon, and he alone could not hold himself back or resist his fast-climbing climax. "Awww ... Jerr ..."

But Jerry did not stop nursing on his dick, or even slow down, and suddenly everything was too late. Buzz felt himself tip over the edge and plunge helplessly into orgasm. His balls, his cock, his body--everything lit up with sensation. He writhed in ecstasy as his sperm pressure-blasted out of his testicles and poured through his hard shaft in long, wrenching pulses, and Jerry drank it down eagerly, throat muscles massaging Buzz's dick, teasing more and more sensation into his orgasm, until finally the feelings crested. Jerry kept sucking until everything ended and the virile flow stopped. He lowered his brother to the bed again and released Buzz's still-throbbing rod. Jerry sank back on his haunches, viewing Buzz with a satisfied grin. The teenager lay, arms flung wide, and watched Jerry through half-closed eyes, feeling his athletic body quiver with the aftershocks of his eruption.

"Fuck, yeah. Fucking grown-up little buddy," Jerry muttered like congratulations. Buzz felt himself flush

with pride at having pleased his hero-brother.

Jerry gave Buzz no time to catch his breath but shifted forward, kneeling, straddling Buzz's chest. "Stay with me, little buddy. Now you're ready to learn the next part. You gotta learn to do stuff while you stay hypnotized. It's easy once you learn how. And I'm gonna teach you more sex-stuff at the same time. How's that sound? You ready for me to train you right, little buddy?"

Buzz gazed up at the naked man looming over him: the determined expression, the muscled build, the broad hair-splayed chest, the washboard abdomen, the powerful cock jutting from the wiry crotch. Jerry. Everything added up to Jerry and the consuming need to please him.

"Go ahead, little buddy," Jerry ordered quietly, pushing his hips closer to Buzz's face, offering his massive ram to the youth's upturned mouth. "Try it. Kiss it. Lick it. You're gonna learn how a grown-up man makes another man feel real good. Go ahead. Make it feel good."

Buzz found moving difficult--still so relaxed--but he managed to put his hands on his brother's lightly fleeced thighs and stroked upward, his gaze fixed on the potent erection and balls, and then he touched the hard column, held it, felt it throb with Jerry's heartbeat.

"Open your mouth, little buddy," Jerry coaxed, his voice intense with lust.

Happily, Buzz struggled against grogginess and parted his lips.

"Stick out your tongue. Lick it. Go ahead."

Buzz raised his head and looked at the tip of his brother's swollen cock-head; even in the near-dark, he could see its livid red-purple color. He guided his lips toward Jerry's glans, and for the first time, Buzz inhaled the scent of aroused masculinity in such close proximity. Then he was licking the bulging crown, swallowing the strange taste, wanting to please his brother as Jerry had pleased him. The thought seemed too large for Buzz's head: he was sucking cock!

Buzz tried to keep eye contact with Jerry, because looking at his brother kept Buzz anchored to the relaxing need to please him, kept the big thoughts from pushing Buzz back to wakefulness. He licked and kissed the head for several moments, and Jerry let him. Soon, Jerry pushed his hips closer, sending the cock-head into Buzz's mouth, gliding across his tongue. He kept his dick in Buzz's mouth as he turned on his side. "This'll make it easier for you," he told Buzz. He grinned tightly when Buzz moved with him, suctioning even more hungrily, keeping their gazes locked, their bodies locked together too, and then Jerry sprawled on his back, pulling the teenager's body along until Buzz found himself hunched over Jerry's hips and thighs.

He could not take more than a few inches of that ramrod before his throat threatened to clamp, but with each effort Buzz felt like he gained confidence. Until: "Watch your teeth, Buzz," Jerry scolded. Buzz felt disappointed, until Jerry continued, "You're doing fine--just watch your damn teeth."

Buzz tried using his lips to buffer his teeth from scraping Jerry's dick, and that seemed to work. Jerry's eyes, his approving smile, gave Buzz permission. He began exploring Jerry's nakedness, fumbling the heavy testicles, running his palms upward over Jerry's rib-etched sides and muscled torso, smoothing the silky chest hair, caressing the flattened nipples. Buzz tried to duplicate everything his brother had done, tongue and mouth moving along the first half of the long shaft, his hand on the other half, mouth and hand sliding back and forth, back and forth, and he was rewarded by Jerry's rasped gasps and groans. This time, he--Buzz, his mouth, his tongue, his hands--was the cause of Jerry's trembling and little sounds and expression of closed-

eyes pleasure. That thought pleased Buzz, made something in him want, need, that same profound contentment he had experienced at Paul's place. Pleasing Jerry, pleasuring him, helped keep Buzz anchored into this relaxed state.

"Buzzer," Jerry warned, sex-tension muffling his voice, "I'm going to shoot!" He leaned up off the bed, then forward over Buzz's shoulders, pushing his hips closer to the suctioning lips, his dick deeper into Buzz's mouth. "Get ready, little buddy! I want you to swallow it. Get ready!--Ungh!--Swallow!"

Automatically, Buzz wrapped his arms about his brother's waist, gripping his tightly clenched ass cheeks. Jerry's pole jumped in Buzz's mouth. A sudden new flavor, and Buzz realized the first spurt of Jerry's hot male liquid had poured across his tongue.

"Cumming, Buzz!" Jerry howled, grasping the youth's head and clawing his short-clipped hair. "Fuck, yeah! Fuck!"

Buzz tasted the potent juice. *Bleh!*--But this was Jerry's man-juice, and he had told Buzz to swallow, and Buzz wanted to, in spite of the taste, so he swallowed. Then more and more of it filled his mouth, gushing from Jerry's convulsing hard-on. Buzz fought to gulp and breathe at the same time, and somehow he was able to do it. *Yeah!* he congratulated himself--he was doing what his hero-brother had done! He was making his hero-brother feel something intense and male, the strongest, most male thing a man could feel!

Jerry's orgasm seemed stretch on and on, but Buzz knew it was ending when Jerry pulled his cock from Buzz's throat. The last pulse of cum slowly oozed out of the tip and Jerry wiped his cock-head across Buzz's lips. Jerry sank back on the bed, and then he gripped Buzz beneath the armpits and pulled Buzz up beside him, holding the shivering youth in his arms.

"Fuck," Buzz murmured at last, and then blinked his eyes open to gaze at his smiling brother. "I think I'm awake. Really awake, I mean."

"Looks that way," Jerry said agreeably. "You're still a beginner with the hypnosis. We'll work on that, and the sex stuff too. You did real well. So proud of you, little buddy."

Buzz basked in Jerry's praise. "Did I do okay?"

"Hell, yes! I choked my first time sucking a cock--most guys do. He stuck it in so far I nearly puked."

"I started to," Buzz admitted. "You've got to teach me when to breathe."

"Want to learn?"

"Sure." Buzz relaxed, closing his eyes again. "I want to learn everything from you."

"Grown-up little buddy!" Jerry mussed his brother's hair affectionately. "We've got a whole week before the folks get back."

"Can we do this every night? Can I come to your apartment after you move?"

"Fuck, yeah." He slid his hand to Buzz's wide, slick chest, palming the firm, maturing arcs, and his expression sobered. "Want to move in with me? I can talk the folks into it. You're eighteen, after all."

"Wow, that'd be great! Then we could do anything we want, huh? Even hang out bare-ass naked like this?"

"You bet."

"Maybe I ought to get a job after school. I want to pay my own way."

"Don't worry about it," Jerry shrugged, tracing his fingers lower over Buzz's trim, young physique. "Like I said, Paul and me, we're going into business together. I think maybe we'll have a way you can earn some dough." Jerry's light touch made Buzz shiver. He watched the way Jerry examined his body, and he blushed when Jerry grinned appreciatively, lustfully, at the man-sized cock hanging spent between the youth's thighs. "You're gonna like Paul. He's better at hypnotizing than I am. A few more sessions and he'll have you so you can go about doing stuff while you're tranced and you won't wake up for nothing. I'll invite him over this afternoon, and you can show him how much you've learned in just one day."

"Okay." Buzz glanced at the clock. Was this still Saturday night, or had the hour ticked over to Sunday morning already while they fucked? He could not make out the unlit numbers, decided the time was unimportant anyway. What mattered was Jerry, and he wanted Jerry to be happy, wanted Jerry to think he was mature enough to hang out with grown men like him and Paul. "I guess I owe him something for giving my first blow-job."

"How about your buddies?" Jerry drew the teenager closer, and Buzz pillowed the side of his face on his brother's pectoral. "Think they'd go for this kind of action too?"

"I don't know about Chuck," Buzz murmured, more than a little drowsy, genuinely drowsy. "Stanley probably would. He says he'll do anything to get his rocks off, and I think he's messed with other guys at school."

"We'll have to check them out."

"All right." Buzz yawned. "You got to teach me when to breathe."

"I'll teach you everything I know about sex, little buddy," Jerry nodded with an enthusiastic grin. "Get you trained up right. Make a full-grown man outta you." He raised his head, leaned closer, reached over Buzz for something, and as he did, Jerry brushed his lips over his brother's forehead impulsively.

When Jerry pulled his hand back, Buzz heard the familiar clink of the identification tags. "Wait--What're you ..." Buzz's voice trailed off as he saw the dull metal glint in the dim light. Jerry dangled the tags near his eyes. Just the sight of them, and Buzz felt his attention narrow to focus solely on them, his body relaxing, his head going quiet, as everything else began the inevitable fading away. The tags, more than just pieces of metal, *symbols of power* Paul had called them. Buzz had already associated the tags with Jerry, the Marines, being a man, all things masculine and mature; now he also associated them--*hypnotized, horny*--with the need to focus, to relax, to drift, to obey--*naked, horny*--and the need to get hard, to cum. Just knowing the tags were there in front of him, Buzz felt his body going heavy and limp, everything slipping away except Jerry's voice and the need to listen, the need to feel so great again. His cock began to swell, and that felt great too.

"Good boy, little buddy. Paul and me, we're gonna get you trained up right. Just relax and focus on the tags, Buzzer. I'm gonna walk you through it one more time before we sleep, okay? I know you're coming to crave it, and that's real good. I'm gonna give you what you want, little buddy. Okay?"

"Okay ...," Buzz heard himself say across some great distance.

"Yeah, we're gonna get you trained up, have you and your pals toeing the line and going along sweet and easy in no time, little buddy, and you'll all love every minute of it."

Buzz felt Jerry's thumb strum back and forth across his nipple, each flick creating ripples of pleasure as the tip stiffened under Jerry's attention.

"After lunch, so how about you call your buddy Stanley over to meet me. I know Paul's gonna want to meet him too. I'll set something up. You'll call Stanley for me and invite him over; you'll be real persuasive, won't you."

Buzz felt the idea drift into his thoughts. He imagined the look of surprise on Stanley's face as his friend found himself sinking into hypnosis for the first time. Imagined what Stanley's body and dick would look like, fully bare-ass naked and hard-cocked, as he stood there and got his very first ever blow-job from Paul. The idea excited Buzz. He and Stanley--they were buddies now, but they would be even closer after sharing that great experience, sharing hypnosis, sharing a cock-sucker, just like he and Jerry had that afternoon. Maybe Chuck could be convinced too, someday soon. Maybe, Jerry and Paul would let Buzz hold the tags, someday soon, let Buzz himself be the one talking about sleep, making his buddies slip under, so sweet and easy just like his brother said, so Buzz could show his brother he was every bit a man just like him. So Buzz gave Jerry his answer: "Okay."

"Hot damn!" Jerry murmured, grinning. "A stable of studs, just like Paul and me planned!"

Buzz's skin tingled as Jerry ran one hand lightly down the long curve of Buzz's ribs and cupped the narrow, slick arc of Buzz's hip in his palm. Buzz felt his body arch a little into Jerry's touch. Yes, he admitted to himself, Jerry was right; Buzz could already feel himself hungering for it, needing it.

"Fucking grown-up little buddy," Jerry chuckled. "Fuck, yeah! You're gonna lead your horny pals right to us, little buddy. Hypnosis and blow-jobs. Paul and me will get 'em by the balls before they even know what's hit them. We'll lead 'em along so sweet and easy. They'll take to it, they'll love it, and hell, they'll even fucking crave it, just like you're already starting to. Won't that be something? They'll do anything we say to get it, and we'll rent 'em out by the hour to those fat-cat queers in the city. You might not like the plan at first--I didn't either, much--but trust me, before this week's over you're gonna think it's a great idea."

Buzz was unsure what he thought of this; he knew he should refuse, but the need to make his hero-brother proud of him was overwhelming, and somehow he felt less resistance than he thought he should. Besides, the powerful image of Stanley naked and entranced and getting blown, and then Chuck too ... Buzz felt his cock begin to thicken even more.

"But right now"--Jerry swayed his tags in front of Buzz's face--"I want you to sleep, Buzzer. Relax and sleep. That's it. You did real good today, and now it's time for sleep. Deep, obedient sleep."

Buzz felt the tug of drowsiness become a pull, irresistible, felt it begin to overcome him again. His eyes closed and his body sank against Jerry's. He felt Jerry lay back, holding him in strong arms as he glided into trusting sleep. He heard Jerry's muffled chuckle.

"With your prick and ass and your hard-cocked pals under our control, we're going to make a mint, little buddy! A fucking mint! Won't that be something?"
