

# The ABCs of Desire

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: It's family counseling, hypnosis-style.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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1.

Pretend for a moment that we're only talking hypothetically.

Sometimes, the secret is to get them while they're young. Get them as teenagers, when they're just starting to discover how puberty has turned their cocks into the world's greatest new toys, learning what their cocks can do, how their cocks make them feel. Get your hooks into them. Get them to turn control of their new toys over to you. Take charge of their cocks, and you take charge of their pleasure. Take charge of their pleasure, and you take charge of them. They'll do anything to feel that good again, obey any order, surrender completely.

Get them when they're young, and you'll own them forever.

And sometimes, the secret is to get them when they're older. Maybe around forty years old, when they're getting used to the idea of being settled down. Maybe their relationships are failing, the nights of passion just distant memories, and they're not getting laid as much as they want. They're embarrassed that they're back to jerking off in secret again for release, and they don't want to admit that to their friends. Their sense of virility, their sense of self, is being shaken to the core. Maybe they're even thinking about having an affair, willing to risk everything to feel wanted, to feel the pleasure again that shakes them to the core of their being. Take charge of their cocks, and you take charge of their pleasure. Take charge of their pleasure, and you take charge of them. They'll do anything, risk their jobs and their relationships, give up everything they have, just to feel the passion like they did in their teens, just one last time.

Get them when they're older, and you'll own them for the rest of their lives.

## 2.

Pretend for a moment that you don't make bad object choices yourself and have the luxury of judging.

The juvenile court of our fair city sent them to me: "Mandatory family counseling." Let's call them the Johnsons. That's not their real name, but it's real enough.

Adam: the dad. Just turned thirty-six years old on the nose, with signs of an impending mid-life crisis. Grew up an Army brat, shuttled all over the place. Small-town childhood. Multi-sport athlete in high school. He married young, at eighteen, during that brief window between graduating from high school and enlisting in the Army himself. Six and a half months later, his first son was born--I believe the term is "shotgun wedding." Thing is, he really loved her. Worshipped her. Ah, youth! But the transfers from base to base, place to place, leaving friends and social support structures behind, having to make new friends, the burdens of raising first one son, then two after the second came along a year after the first--it all began to weigh on her. Apparently, she met her first "someone new" just six months after they got married, while Son Number One was still in diapers. When Adam found out she was having an affair, he hit the ceiling but he forgave her because she swore the affair was over. And three months later, she was already having her second affair--and he forgave her for that one too. She turned up pregnant shortly thereafter with their second son, paternity uncertain, but Adam was sure Son Number Two was his and loved him regardless.

People fall in love, and out of love too. Sometimes they fall so hard they shatter. After eight years of upheavals and moves, eight years of motherhood, nearly as many affairs and reconciliations ... Well, the divorce was her idea, but she made sure it was painful and difficult. She wanted, and got, everything. He wanted only her and got nothing. She got custody of both sons, the deepest cut, and moved with her newest lover to another city, trying her best to keep Adam from seeing the boys.

Years went by. The sons grew to be teenagers. Then, two years ago, she died. Cancer, caught too late. Her latest lover *de jour* left her immediately after the diagnosis. She was dead six months later.

Her will left custody of both boys to Adam. At thirty-eight years old, he suddenly found himself a father again, with two teenage sons who knew him mostly from the venom their mother spewed whenever his name came up, ever since the divorce. Still, he was determined to be a good father. He even left his beloved Army to take a higher paying job in the private sector so that he could provide a good home and stable life for them, and for two years he had tried his best. He loved them, but they blamed him--for everything.

Barry: the older son. Age seventeen, his eighteenth birthday and graduation both about a few months away. A

classic story: good grades early in school, but slipping lately. A couple of minor, early shoplifting problems with the Law, dismissed as "boys will be boys" while he was living with his mother, had escalated into more shoplifting, most recently into car theft and reckless driving. The car's owner dropped the charges, not wanting to wreck the kid's future, but the reckless driving and shoplifting charges remained. The trial judge sentenced him to probation and lots of community service, of course, but had placed a condition on Barry's lenient sentence--mandatory counseling for the whole family--in hopes that qualified help could get to the root of Barry's problems before he turned eighteen and encountered the legal system again as an adult. I'm the "qualified help." The court made me the last stop between Barry and hard jail time. Barry is an attractive young man: athletic, well-built, good-looking. Just the kind of young man every hardened criminal wants as his behind-bars bitch. Yeah, they'd really make him feel welcome in prison.

Charlie: the younger son, age sixteen. Rebellious, like his older brother, but less overt and not yet in ways that the Law would care about. Or maybe he was just better at not getting caught. He idolized Barry, the one constant in his life. I think the judge also wanted to scare Charlie away from pursuing Barry's path into delinquency. If Adam was the Authority, and Barry the Rebel, then Charlie was the Manipulator. He seemed to specialize in finding ways to get his way. He was on his way to becoming an expert in emotional exploitation. At this point, Charlie still got excellent grades--the boy was whip-smart--but he made no secret of resenting the military-style discipline Adam imposed, and he seemed to delight in encouraging Barry's hell-raising streak. After his "do what you want" childhood with his mother and her parade of lovers, Charlie was chaffing badly under Adam's authoritarian "do what I say" approach. Charlie had trouble brewing inside of him but not quite boiling over yet. My job was to see that it didn't.

### 3.

Pretend the court really had their best interests at heart and wasn't looking for a quick bandage to fix the problem. While you're at it, pretend I'm doing this for their own good, too. Whatever helps you sleep at night.

First, I saw them together: a group session. I laid out the ground rules and made it clear that they were to take these counseling sessions seriously. This wasn't going to be some happy-huggy, feel-good program with smiles and bunny rabbits and "thanks for sharing" gold stars. No, we had hard work to do, a lot of it, and I was there to see that it got done. If it didn't, the directive from the court was clear. This was Barry's last chance. All I had to do was say the word and the court would cart Barry off to some juvenile detention center.

This wouldn't be easy, and it was going to eat up a lot of their time. Frankly, I had my doubts about their commitment. Barry was there because of the courts; he was motivated to avoid jail time. Adam was there because of Barry; he wanted to prove he could be a good father to his boys while he still had a chance, but he didn't have as much to lose as Barry--part of him was afraid he had already lost Barry, Charlie too. And Charlie?--he was only there because the court and Adam said so; probably he loved his brother, but my impression was that Charlie would walk out the moment he thought he could get away with it. These relationships would have to be negotiated carefully. Resentment could set in easily, and that would make my job all the harder. I had to win them over.

### 4.

Pretend you remember what being sixteen was like. Pretend you were like Charlie. Maybe you still are.

Charlie was a manipulator. Not particularly skilled yet, though. He was probably excellent at it with Adam

and Barry because he knew which strings to pull and how, but I was an unknown. He was still trying to figure out my "angle," trying to feed me what he thought I wanted to hear.

In our first individual session, he first tried a sympathy play. Hinted that one of his mother's lovers had sexually abused him. But he was obviously making it up as he went--the details kept changing. Early on, he hinted that it happened the first time late one night in his bedroom. Later, he said it had been in the car after soccer practice. Never lie to a person who takes notes. Plus, what he said happened between them sounded more like a half-remembered letter to *Penthouse* than a description of real sex. Obviously he had no first-hand knowledge of the mechanics involved. Never lie to someone who knows, either.

I'll give him credit for one thing: he saw it wasn't working and changed tactics. He kept fishing for a string to pull. He tried to play it conspiratorial, then friendly, then aloof. When he grew up, he was going to have a wealth of strategies to draw upon. He was going to be one very dangerous young man.

I let him talk. I was still trying to figure him out too. I knew I couldn't trust a word coming out of his mouth, but what I didn't know was why. Why he was lying. Why he felt he needed to lie, to manipulate.

In our second session, we got onto the topic of girls yet again. At sixteen, he would have just been discovering what his body could do, what it could feel, and he was enthusiastic about the topic of girls, in the abstract way of a boy who knows girls have something he should want but has not yet done anything concrete about it. He professed a girlfriend who did "everything," though he met my question of what "everything" meant with a confused "Huh?--You know, *everything*," as if that explained it all. The men who write letters to porn magazines don't always flesh out their fantasies either.

I was toying with one of the laser pointers I used sometimes in lectures and presentations, on those occasions when I taught night classes at the local junior college. Charlie was rambling on, describing his "girlfriend's" so-called breasts. If he had a real girlfriend his age who already had breasts as large as he bragged, she would have been one exceptionally blessed teenager--and probably destined for severe back trouble by the time she graduated high school.

I didn't usually use this particular pointer for presentations. It had an attachment that made the light dance in a wavering, hyperkinetic oval, which was distracting in a lecture setting. I was a bit bored by Charlie's ramblings, and I toyed with it absently, shining it on the wall off to one side, wondering whether I should call him on his bragging by pointing out that most women don't get breasts as large as he described until after implant surgery.

I looked over at Charlie, and he was watching the jittery circle of light intently as he prattled on. Small wonder--from this distance, the pinpoint of light ran in a four-inch oval on the wall, video-game bright, video-game kinetic. Video games were another enthusiastic topic of his.

I thought, *Okay--let's see where this gets us.*

"That's it," I told him. "Just keep your eyes on the light. Tell me about her legs. Are they long? Does she like to stretch them out in front of her when she's sitting comfortably and just let them relax?"

He prattled about her legs, which could have been any television starlet's, or a department store mannequin's.

"And what about her hands? Does she just let them rest lightly there, like yours are doing, so relaxed, as she focuses on what you're saying, as if nothing else in the world matters? Maybe you can time your breathing to hers, so relaxed, so perfectly in synch."

He wasn't talking. Listening now. Focusing.

I continued to walk him through the relaxation exercise, guiding him--distracting him--with the image of his "girlfriend."

"And I think, maybe, that little tired feeling that you feel pulling at the corners of your eyes is getting stronger; maybe you can just let your eyes close, and then you can picture her even more clearly in your head, as if she were really right there in front of you. Think you can do that?"

His eyes closed slowly.

"Excellent. See? You can picture her right there in front of you. It's even easier with your eyes locked shut like this."

Apparently, Charlie had an extremely effective imagination--and loose underwear. There in the front of his jeans was a ridge of hard penis.

I should have stopped, but I pushed further.

"That sleepy, very focused feeling you're feeling is a deep state of hypnosis moving over you. As you stop resisting and let yourself sink into it, she gets even more real, doesn't she? So real you can almost touch her."

He reached out his hands as if cupping them over her ample "breasts."

"And she's ready for you too, ready to make all of your dreams come true, and all you have to do is relax, let yourself focus, and sink deeper into that wonderfully pleasant state of hypnosis. And maybe you can see her kneeling in front of you, ready to reward you for doing so well, bending toward you, ready to take you into her mouth and--"

Charlie suddenly shuddered, groaning happily. I'd forgotten what a hair trigger some sixteen-year-olds can have, sexually. Even before the storm of his orgasm passed, his cum was making a spreading wet spot in the front of his jeans.

A little more work to blur his perceptions, to start locking it all away from his conscious memory, and it would all seem like a dream, a very pleasant dream. And sure enough, when I woke him, he was all smiles and relaxed happiness.

Thus I started the process of making friends with Charlie's subconscious. Over the next couple of weeks, his subconscious came to associate hypnosis and orgasm, and he became an enthusiastic subject, always unknowingly eager to enter a trance, always ready to follow my suggestions. All I had to do was haul out the laser pointer or say his trigger phrase--"Focus, Charlie"--and he would slip back into that happy, horny trance he was coming to love so much. He learned to channel his teenage rebellion, his aggressions, and his hormones in the ways I suggested and into his hypnosis-induced orgasms. He came to crave our sessions, and soon he no longer needed the image of his fantasy "girlfriend" as a crutch.

It's so easy to manipulate a manipulator.

## 5.

Pretend you haven't heard all this before. Pretend life's a blank slate, and every challenge is brand-

spanking-new with no bad answers, and you're the very first to tackle it.

In our first session, Barry tried to play the "Victim of Society" card. Yawn.

He sat in the chair, managing to sprawl and slouch at the same time. Dark blue tee-shirt with Las Vegas-era Elvis silkscreened across the chest, banged-up old jeans, a pair of faux-vintage sneakers from the local shopping mall. His baseball cap rode low over his longer-than-Adam-liked hair, the bill nearly keeping me from seeing his scowl.

I asked him, "Why are you so scared to be here?"

He grumbled, "I'm not scared."

"Then why the attitude?"

"What *attitude*? I don't know what you're talking about."

"Please, Barry. I'm here as a friend. Someone to talk to. Sometimes talking about things will help you sort them out."

"I don't have anything to talk about."

"Okay."

"I mean--it's, like, I know what I'm supposed to do. I'm supposed to be this perfect gentleman all the time, but all the time I just want to scream. My dad can be confusing without even trying. If I tell him I want to do something because *everyone* is doing it, he says, 'Just be yourself.' He says people respect that. But what if you have no clue who you are? What if you don't like all the shit everyone says you're supposed to? What if you're supposed to play football, but you really suck at it, and you only do it because your best friend plays? What if you still get spooked during thunderstorms? What if you have all these secrets inside you that no one can find out about? These are not things I can talk about with him--or any of my friends. What if being yourself makes them not like you anymore? Being yourself only works if you're basically cool. Which I'm not. That's the problem with Dad's advice. How can you be yourself if you don't know who that is? I know I shouldn't do this crap, and I know it's wrong and stuff, but it's like I can't help myself. I see this rule and I have to see how far I can push it, like I want to see what people will do or something."

"Bullshit," I said. "You just don't think you'll get caught. And if you do, you're used to people letting you off the hook because you're a young, good-looking guy. Right?"

His jaw dropped. He didn't expect me to call him on it, or to comment on his major weapon. "I--uh--"

"You're used to giving them that killer smile and that 'I'm a messed up kid' routine, and they hand you your life on a platter, am I right?"

"Uh ... Sometimes, I guess." He pulled in his limbs. Looked like he wanted to crawl under the chair. I had him off-balance--time to push my advantage.

"I've heard it all before, bucko, and I've heard it done better. Your bad behavior is really a cry for attention, blah-blah-blah. You're not a bad person, you just do bad things, blah-blah-blah. You want to know the real situation? You're a fuck-up who can't seem to realize that actions have consequences. You're used to someone bailing your ass out of trouble. Well, Mommy isn't around anymore; Daddy is about ready to wash his hands

of you; and the legal system has definitely taken notice of you, which is never a good thing. If you don't wise up, you'll be sharing a cellblock with a bunch of hard-assed men who'll gang-rape your ass until you bleed every day in the shower. Is that what you want?"

"Uh ... no?" He was shocked. Probably everyone skirted around the topic of his mother like it was radioactive. Probably no one had talked to him like this before. Certainly not a therapist, and definitely not a therapist who could make that prison scene a reality just by whispering in the judge's ear.

Six sessions later--and by then I was already hypnotizing his brother Charlie--Barry was still throwing up barriers. He wasn't quite as resistant, but he definitely wasn't cooperating. He was giving just enough to keep me from throwing up my hands and heaving him back to the court system. I think he didn't know how to let himself cooperate. Time for stronger measures.

At the start of that session, he slouched into my office and slumped himself in his preferred chair. *Uh oh*, I thought, recognizing his tendency to indulge in moodiness and anger already underway. This was going to be another difficult session.

Barry didn't say *hello* or *hi* or anything. He started with, "I think I figured something out."

Okay. I'd play it his way for now, and keep my big guns in reserve. I said, "Yeah? What's that?"

"I'm thinking of moving away. I'm turning eighteen in a few months. I'm thinking of moving away."

"Where are you going?"

"I was thinking ... probably Brazil."

"Why Brazil?"

He stared at me like I was the most stupid person on the planet. "I dunno. Y'know, I mean, it's far away. I figured it'd be good to, uh, just get away ... from everything for a while."

"Well, if you want to go really far away, why don't you go to, say, Australia?"

He stopped himself from saying something and glared at me while his jaw worked. Then: "I don't want to go to Australia, alright? I know this guy who went there, and he said it sucked. So why would I wanna go there?"

"So you think by going to Brazil you're going to get away from all your problems?"

"I didn't say that. I just figured maybe a change of scenery would be good. Fucking forget it."

After a pause I changed the subject with, "So ... How's your personal life? How's your friend David? That's his name, right?--The one you were maybe going camping with?" David was a friend of Barry's who lived down the block. Their friendship sounded intense and devoted. I suspected it was a crush, but I knew Barry wasn't ready to admit that.

Barry dropped an, "Uh huh," into the air like a lead weight.

I said, "So how did that go?"

"It didn't. I got a fucking C on my science test, and Dad grounded me. I dunno. I think I might--I think I might hate him. But I can't tell if it's that or, y'know, if I hate myself."

I said flatly, "I see," to let him know I wasn't believing him.

Barry folded his arms across his chest and, without looking at me, declared, "Look, y'know, I'm--I'm--I'm sorry about coming in here week after week and being a total dick. I just ... Look, I appreciate what you're doing for me, so when are you just gonna, like, fix these problems I have? 'Cause it's been weeks already, and I swear it still feels like I'm dying here, man."

I said, "Look, Barry, your anger comes out and that's natural. It's a powerful emotion, and that's natural too. Maybe, just maybe, you need to find a method of relaxing."

"I don't need to relax, alright? I just need to quit getting so mad all the time. Like, *fuck*, man! It was just a C! It's still a passing grade, right? I'm nearly eighteen--who the fuck does Dad think he is, grounding me like that? Now David probably hates me or thinks I'm an asshole or something, y'know? We planned that trip for weeks!" Barry was winding up, fuming now but burning hotter and ready to ignite. "I mean, that doesn't even make any fucking sense. Dad grounded me over a fucking C on a fucking little test that won't even count much toward my grade? *Fuck!*"

By now Barry had sat up--he was getting louder, animated, visibly angrier, looking just about ready to grab something and throw it across my office. Was he mad at his dad, or was he mad at disappointing David? A good percentage of what his father Adam read as rebellion, and a good deal of Barry's lawbreaking and hell-raising, had one very simple purpose: To impress David.

I cleared my throat.

He looked at me and shut his mouth. He dropped back in the chair. "So yeah--sorry. I know what you're gonna say. I need to find some way to calm myself down when I start to gettin' like that, y'know? Like you said, I need to find a way to relax."

I said, "Uh huh."

Barry said, "Ah. All right. So, how do I--how do I start relaxing?"

I gestured vaguely. "Well, there are a lot of ways. I mean, you could try meditation. A lot of people find that helps control their emotions. Or you could try--you could try playing a sport. Not football like your dad wants you to, but one that *you* like. That would get your mind off of things."

Barry snapped, "Yeah. Y'know, maybe--maybe I'll just join the golf team, and that'll make me stop head-butting people." Building to high anger now--lots of hand-waving. "Or maybe--maybe I can pick up some faggoty exercise video at the mall, and I can spend the entire night sprawled out on the carpet like a fucking gazelle in spandex. Yeah. That oughta solve *all* my issues. Holy--*holy shit!*--*I think I'm cured!*"

"Barry. Be serious. Take this seriously. Barry, listen, sometimes our anger and our frustrations are caused by very real and inescapable problems that occur in our lives--"

"Like my mom dying?"

I hated these pat observations he liked to throw out like they were some predictable breakthrough. "Maybe.



It's something you couldn't do anything about, and now you maybe don't know what you feel about everything that happened and you don't want to let yourself be find love or be happy. I know it's tough. We talked about how you depend on your friendship with David for your happiness and what did we conclude?"

Wrong tactic. Barry's eyes blazed. His cheeks flushed with rage. "Fuck you! You don't fucking know me, man."

"So why are you so worried about what David thinks about you? Does the possibility of changing the boundaries of your friendship with him scare you? Are you afraid of what he will do or say if he learns what you really feel about him?"

There. Barry had never told me he was gay. This was my way of letting him know I knew more about him than he thought.

And I was surprised when he just said, "Yes." Sullen, and nearly a whisper, but just, "Yes."

I said, "Do you realize you've given me a different answer each time I've asked you that question?"

Yes, Barry was definitely settling into sullen now. "Fuck you, man. You only asked me that question this one time, just now."

"I've asked that question more than once. Granted, I worded it differently, but the core question did not change."

"You trying to confuse me, man?"

"No, I'm trying to get you to admit the real reason why your relationship with David scares you."

"I thought--I answered that question already. I'm not here because of David. Aren't you supposed to be blaming this on my mom?"

"Have you really answered the question?"

He didn't say anything. He sat in silence for a couple of minutes, staring at the floor, his feet, his arms crossed over his chest again. He picked at Elvis' silkscreened shoulder on his tee-shirt.

"So ... Brazil?" I offered. Press rewind, and the last fifteen minutes never happened.

He didn't say a word. Another couple of minutes passed. He mumbled, "So, yeah. Like I said, I need to find some way to relax before I get all wound up."

I didn't say anything. I just watched him, projecting my Mister Serene expression.

Barry looked at me. "So, are you, like, going to try to hypnotize me now? Isn't this the part where you try to hypnotize me or something?"

I let an eyebrow rise a little. "Hmm?"

"Because Charlie says that's what you do to him. It's cool. He says he like it. He don't remember much what goes on, but he says he likes it. Says it makes him feel real peaceful and relaxed and shit for a long time after. I told him you probably made him bark like a dog or some shit like that. I don't think I want you to hypnotize

me, though. Okay? I'm just saying."

Note to myself: Have a little talk about this with Charlie's subconscious mind during his next appointment.

But Barry was the matter at hand. I said, "Okay, Barry. I can respect that. For the record, I did not make Charlie bark like a dog. I'm not going to hypnotize you. But I do want you to try something. Sit up just a little for me. Excellent. Okay, what I want you to do is look directly at me. Okay. Take a deep breath in through your nose, let it out through your mouth, and relax. Allow your eyes to close on five, four, three, two, one. Close your eyes right now. Good. Now, I'm not hypnotizing you. I'm merely placing you in a heightened state of synchronicity, so our minds are working along the same lines. And as you sink and drift and float into this relaxed state of mind, I'm going to take your left hand, and I'm going to raise it in the air above your head like this. And I want you to hold it there, just for a moment. And I only want you to allow your hand to sink and drift and float back to your lap at the same rate and speed as you drift and float into this relaxed state of awareness. Now allow it to go all the way down to your lap. That's it. All the way down. All the way down. Further, further. All the way down. Excellent. I want you to let your hand stick firmly where it is. Let it stay there."

That first time being hypnotized, Barry was not comfortable doing more than lifting his tee-shirt up over his sleek stomach to his armpits, opening his fly, and exposing the length of his pink-headed cock, which got and stayed nicely hard. His ball cap came off, but only because it got dislodged; it fell off when his head rubbed against the chair back. But Barry did stroke his erection at my suggestion, and quite happily too, and he deposited a nice load of cum around his navel. Next time, he'd go farther, be willing to do more, especially if I asked him to imagine David. Now that I had my hooks in his subconscious, he'd be more cooperative from then on. All I had to do was dig those hooks in deeper each time.

## 6.

Pretend getting older changes anything. Pretend there's such a thing as maturity and it means more than just learning a bunch of stuff through trial and error over time that younger people haven't figured out yet.

With Adam, for our first one-on-one session, he showed up wearing Army-style fatigue pants and a tee-shirt. Where he had been in his "business casual" work clothes for the group session earlier in the week, prompting me to mention that I did not mind casual attire for our sessions, obviously he changed clothes after work before meeting me for his individual appointment. His clothes fit snugly, showed more of his body than his office duds did. Familiar military high-and-tight haircut. I was impressed--impressed and, I admit, more than a little aroused. Even at thirty-six years old, he certainly kept himself fit. He looked much younger.

I tried to hide how much I wanted to get a look at that body underneath his clothes. He tried to make the session all about his sons, asking me, "What's wrong with my boys? What's wrong with my family? Why won't they talk to me? I'm their father--they should be able to talk to me about anything."

I told him, "No offense, but I think I have the edge there. There are things they'll tell me that they could never say to you."

Adam snapped, "Yeah? Like what?"

I shrugged and cut my eyes toward my professional certificate on the wall. Adam said, "Oh. Right. I wasn't thinking."

Over the next several weeks, I helped him realize how a "parent versus child" dynamic might not be the best approach for integrating Barry and Charlie into his life. Barry and Charlie were both going through a rebellious time, and in their minds Adam wasn't yet the caring, "always there for them" supportive father figure he wanted to be. The trick was to establish structure and discipline but to still give them room to run and explore themselves.

Over time, he started to trust me, opened up to me. He told me he worried about Barry. Worried Barry's friendship with the neighbor boy David might be too intense to be just a friendship. He worried Barry might be "a homo." He worried Barry might have a crush on David and might be acting out in some attempt to impress David. He had already tried telling himself this might just be a phase. He knew enough not to forbid Barry from socializing with David, given Barry's rebellious streak. He worried Charlie might follow his big brother's example and "go homo" too.

Over the next few sessions, I knew he was starting to open up to me when he started telling me secret things about himself. I won his trust by talking to him directly about his sons--my honest opinion, no psychobabble. I told him I agreed with him about Barry--Barry probably was gay. I told him he didn't have to worry about Charlie in that regard--Charlie would probably go through a wild, experimental pansexual phase of fucking just about anything he could stick his dick into, given his hedonistic streak, but he'd almost surely end up being heterosexual. And both of them, once they worked a lot of teenage issues out of their systems, of which sex was just part, would start to settle down into the capable, responsible young men he hoped they would become. I told him most fathers would be proud to have them as their sons. Well, minus the potential jail time, that is.

He sat there when I finished telling him all this. He didn't say a word, just sat there absorbing and processing it all. Then he said, "When I was their age, I used to wonder if I might be gay too."

I waited, a carefully encouraging smile on my face. Sometimes my sessions with Adam were like this--we'd start out talking about one thing, and he'd suddenly wrench over to another topic, following a narrow line of thought that connected them. In this case, from Barry's potential sexuality to his own adolescent curiosity. These long silences were common too; he would continue when he was ready.

"Then I met her." His wife. She was always "her" to him. He never called her by her name--he didn't have to. She was still a part of him.

"Don't get me wrong. I really did love her. I loved everything about her. Her hair. Her smell. The way she hated getting her feet wet when we walked anyplace after it rained. She was--I could never love anyone else after I met her. I used to think about guys sometimes when I was in high school. What boy doesn't, I guess. I fooled around with this one buddy in the tenth grade a couple of times, just because I was horny and wanted to see what it was like, just jacking off and shit, nothing that you'd really call sex. But when I met her, it was like there was no one else for me. I had a lot of opportunities later in the Army. I could have fucked a lot of different women. I probably could have fucked some men too. But I didn't. It was always just her. Thing is, she's gone now, and I moved on a long time ago. At least I like to think I moved on."

Then silence. He frowned at the floor between his feet, silently, for nearly two minutes. He ran his hand over his close-cropped hair, a mannerism I found oddly attractive.

"I guess I haven't. I don't think I could love another woman, not without always comparing them to her. I still think about men sometimes. I know I shouldn't. I'm too old for that shit. I think about women sometimes too, but they're always--there's always something not right about them. They're always too ... not her. Too tall, too

skinny, too this, too that. Sometimes I think guys might be safer. Maybe I could fuck a guy without comparing him to her. Like it wouldn't be cheating on her or something since it wasn't with another woman." He laughed a forced laugh. "Pretty messed up, right?"

I shrugged, careful to keep my expression unreadable and un-judging.

"So what do you think? Am I ten pounds of crazy in a five-pound sack?"

And then--thank God--our time was up.

With Adam, I started last. Several sessions later--and by then I was hypnotizing both Charlie and Barry regularly--I was ready to start on Adam.

He walked in. We shook hands. Generic "business casual" clothes for him again today--he'd come directly from work. Pale blue dress shirt but no tie, khaki slacks.

As I ushered him into my office, he said, "I just wanted to say that whatever you're doing with Barry and Charlie, it's made a big improvement over the last couple of weeks. It's amazing. Especially Charlie. He's like a different kid. All that anger and backtalk--it just about disappeared. He's a lot happier now, and I don't have to keep riding him nearly as much to do his homework and his chores. Hell, he even washed the car yesterday without me telling him to."

I decided not to waste more time--these sessions were only fifty minutes long, after all. I said, "Thanks. Hypnosis can be an effective tool when the subject is committed to making changes. Charlie's a good kid; he's been working really hard."

Predictably, Adam took the bait. "Hypnosis? Is that what--"

I cut him off. "Yes. Charlie has found it a very effective tool. I've also just started introducing Barry to it. I think you could learn to use it very effectively too."

"Oh, no," he started, as I expected, "I don't think I could ever be hypnotized. Military discipline has made me too strong-willed."

I barked, "Ten-*HUT!*"

He snapped to attention.

"At ease," I said, chuckling as he blushed sheepishly.

"I guess old habits die hard," he said.

"And you followed a suggestion nicely, which is exactly the way hypnosis works. Stand right here." I pointed at a spot on the floor, and he stood there. Another instruction, followed without question. I said, "In a way, all military discipline can be seen as a kind of hypnosis, a way of shaping your behaviors to make you follow orders without question or hesitation, to make you a better soldier. Are you willing to try it and become a better father?"

"You know I am. I'll do whatever it takes. But--"

"No 'but.' It doesn't take much. Just every bit of your concentration. You know how to concentrate, right?"

Find a spot on the wall and stare at it. Any spot will do. Just focus your concentration on it, and whatever else happens, don't take your eyes off it. That's all I'm asking right now."

His eyes searched and then settled on a point.

Again I barked, "Ten-*HUT!*" He snapped back to attention, standing straight and tall, just like before. But he kept his gaze locked on the spot he'd chosen.

"Good, good. Hold yourself straight and tall, but concentrate all your attention on that spot. Don't worry--this exercise will be easy. You won't have any problems with it. Just concentrate. Stare at the spot. Don't pay attention to anything else. Keep your eyes locked on it. Your eyes are going to blink occasionally, and that's fine, that's normal. But keep your eyes locked on the spot you've chosen as much as you can. Good--very good. Stare at it. Fix your eyes on it, and don't let it out of your sight, unless you have to blink. Take a deep breath. Good. Again--deep breath. Just keep breathing deeply.

"Listen to my voice, but concentrate all your attention on the spot. Are you noticing that your eyelids have a tendency to get heavy? Are your eyes starting to tire a little? Do your eyelids feel heavier already? Don't answer--just keep your eyes and your concentration locked on that spot. The longer you stare at it, yes, the heavier your eyelids become, and you blink. Yes--just like that. Good. And your eyelids feel like something might be pulling them down, as if they want to slowly close. Your eyes are tiring, I know, but you could stand here all day, so focused on that spot. Your eyes are tiring. They're getting drowsier and sleepier and heavier.

"Do you maybe feel the tired feeling spreading out into your face? Your cheeks, maybe? Your forehead? Yes, maybe you do. That tired, sleepy, heavy feeling spreading from your eyes out into your face. And you maybe, just maybe, have a feeling as if your eyelids are slowly closing, slowly closing, as the drowsy, tired feeling spreads, drowsier, more tired. And when your eyelids finally do close, how good you'll feel. Drowsy. Heavy. Pulling down, down, down, slowly closing. Getting harder and harder to see. Eyelids so heavy and tired and closing, and you feel good. Very, very hard to keep them open. You may feel that, very soon, they will close tightly, almost tightly closing, almost tightly closing, tightly closing. Yes, that's it. Your eyes are tightly closed.

"You feel good. You feel comfortable. You're relaxed all over. Just let yourself stand there at attention, so easily, and just let yourself drift and enjoy this comfortable relaxed state. You will find that your head is getting heavier. Maybe it tends to nod forward some. Yes. Nods forward a little as the rest of your body stands there at attention. So familiar. So easy. Your head maybe nods forward--yes, just like that--as you just let yourself drift into an easy, calm, relaxed state."

I was surprised, in a way, by how quickly that worked, and how easily. But then again, part of me wasn't surprised at all.

"There you go, Adam. You're deeply hypnotized, just like your sons Barry and Charlie have been during their sessions. See how easy it was? I told you this was going to be easy, didn't I? Together, Adam, we're going to help you become the greatest dad in the world. But first, we have some foundation work to do."

His eyes stayed shut, locked tightly in sleep. Nothing to see; nothing to remember; just a pleasant dream, to fade like a dream later. He took off his shirt when I suggested it. He took it off and dropped it, and it fluttered to the floor like a forgotten leaf. His chest was wide, with muscular pectorals and a dusting of hair. Tight, flat stomach. A nice V shape to his torso. He was a good-looking man with a good-looking body. He dropped his pants and boxer shorts when I suggested it. His legs were strong and lean, runner's legs. He took care of

himself. His pubic bush was a wild nest, untamed and untrimmed. His cock was still soft, hanging down over a generous sack with balls the size of small hen's eggs. He stroked himself to hardness when I suggested it. He wasn't one of those men who found hypnosis erotic and got hard immediately--instead, he had to work at it, but his cock responded to his familiar hand and rose, stiffened. It turned out to be quite a nice piece of meat, a bit longer than average and nicely thick. He stroked it slowly, no rush, while I spoke to his subconscious about triggers and how easily he could return to this peaceful, deep hypnotic trance. I spoke to him for most of our allotted time. He came a few seconds after I finally suggested it, spurting his first volley of cum, then settling to dribble out the rest. He dressed himself again when I suggested that too. He awoke when I snapped my fingers, blinking, yawning away the last vestiges of his trance, looking at me groggily, sheepishly, grinning a little, not sure what had happened, but knowing from my tone, as I told him repeatedly how well he'd followed the exercise, that indeed he had done something successfully, and knowing he had pleased me seemed to make him feel good.

Fatherhood, discipline, and hypnosis in one tidy bundle. From there on, I had him.

## 7.

Pretend this is me caring about them. Pretend my only agenda is to move them forward past their stumbling blocks.

I pulled up in front of their house. By now, the months of their court-mandated counseling was finally over. During my private session with Adam earlier that week, I suggested I come over for dinner on Friday night instead of our final weekly group meeting, using the excuse that before I made my final recommendations I wanted to observe their family dynamic outside of the artificial clinical setting imposed by my office, or some *blah-blah-blah* bullshit like that. But Adam bought it. He readily agreed. Thought it was a great idea. When you're as far inside his head as I was, he'd have agreed to just about anything I asked.

This was it, the end of their court-required counseling. After this, in the court's eyes, the Johnsons wouldn't be my clients any longer and they were on their own. God help them.

So, this being that Friday night, I parked my car at the curb in front of their house. Welcome to the heart of darkest suburbia. Barry was in the driveway across the street, shirt off, shooting hoops in the driveway with three of his friends, a little two-on-two. He was too involved in the basketball game to notice me. I wondered if one of the others was his friend David. Maybe the cute blond trying to block Barry's lay-up? No matter. I went to the Johnsons' front door and rang the bell.

Adam answered. He still wore his "business casual" clothes from the office, but he had taken off his tie. He had a hand towel slung across one shoulder and little smear of flour across one cheek. The kitchen smells of dinner cooking came pouring out to meet me. Smelled like Italian--such a "guy" food.

He ushered me into the kitchen, claiming he had to get back to the stove. He gestured toward a bar stool beside the little island that separated the kitchen from the dining area. The island had been converted into a small bar. "There's wine if you want it, and beer in the fridge. Help yourself." I complimented him on all the trouble he was going to and said it smelled terrific, which it did. He shrugged, grinned a little, stirring two pots simultaneously, and said, "I love to cook. Even back when I was married, I used to do all the cooking." I could tell he appreciated the attention.

"I've had dates that didn't go through this much trouble for me," I said, pouring myself a small amount of

wine--only a small amount because I wanted to keep my wits about me. Adam froze, assessing my "date" comment. I noticed his blush, and I stifled a smirk.

I took a sip of wine and sat the glass down on the countertop beside Adam's cell phone and work identification badge, where he'd deposited them when he came home. His cell phone--I'd have to deal with that shortly.

"I need ..." Adam muttered to himself, deciding on a strategic retreat to give himself time to recover his composure, then he ducked behind the door of the little closet-pantry.

I picked up his cell phone off the countertop. Tonight, I wanted no interruptions--and no matter how deeply entranced a subject is, the sound of his cell phone ringing will wake him up immediately. I turned his phone off, holding it under the counter to muffle its "power down" song, then put it back on the counter like before.

Adam emerged with a box of something. "Was that my phone?" he asked, heading for the stove.

"Your phone didn't ring," I said, which was true.

I toyed with his work identification badge, comparing the full-face photograph of this good-looking man to the profile bending over the stove in front of me. Adam was too intent on adding this latest ingredient to pay me any mind. What was to stop me from coming up behind him and whispering his trigger--*Focus, First Lieutenant Johnson*--into his ear?

Thudding through the door, Charlie rushed in from some after-school activity, still sweating, backpack slung over one shoulder--blue athletic tee-shirt, jeans, sandals. "Hi, Dad! Sorry I'm late," he gushed, zipping through the kitchen and grabbing an apple from a bowl. He saw me, froze, said, "Oh--uh, hi. I forgot you were having dinner with us."

Adam said, "Charlie, would you gather up the garbage over there and it out to the trash, please?"

"I'll do it later--"

Adam cut in with, "I said now, Charlie--do it now, please," voice military-firm and gruff.

Charlie met his father's authority with anger: "Fuck, Dad, I'll fucking do it in a minute."

Okay, after all of our sessions, he still had some teen rebellion problems. No therapy is perfect.

These arguments were so routine, Adam didn't even bother to turn away from the stove. His voice rose: "Charlie, I'm your father, and as long as you're under my roof--"

"You're not my father--you didn't raise me--"

I moved up behind Charlie and whispered in his ear. "Focus, Charlie."

His voice faltered. He was well-trained by now, through we had never done this outside of a session in my office before. Still, his mind and body responded according to his training. He took a deep breath. "Three, two, one ..." he recited quietly, "... zero. Ready, sir."

"Good boy," I said, patting his shoulder. "Now, take out the trash like your father told you."

"Yessir."

Charlie moved off to take care of the garbage.

"You sure have a way with him," Adam said, watching his son retreat. He hadn't been looking away from the stove when I did it, but he must have realized what I did to defuse the situation, because he said, "That hypnosis stuff--I don't know how you do it. You've made amazing strides with him--after each session with you he's a perfect gentleman for a day or two. But after that, whenever I tell him to do something, it's like ... Well, I wish you could teach me whatever trick you use. Everything I do just sets him off."

"Don't let him get to you, Adam. He's just going through the usual adolescent rebellion thing." Adam turned back to the stove, stirring two pots at once again. I eased up behind him, going slowly, making sure I was reading the signs correctly. Standing close behind him. My hands on his hips. His body stiffened, but he did not push me away. "You've got enough stress in your life without letting him get the upper hand on you."

His voice quavered: "I--I--"

Okay, we had begun in our therapy sessions to acknowledge that he was attracted to me, and I to him, but he was still a little nervous about physical contact. I could have easily whispered his trigger against the back of his ear--*Focus, First Lieutenant Johnson*--but I didn't. I waited until he relaxed on his own. My face eased in alongside his. He turned toward me and we kissed lightly, briefly, a light first kiss, the angle making it clumsy. I pulled his hands away from the spoon handles and turned him around to face me. I moved my head in closer to kiss him more properly, and he didn't pull away.

And that's when Barry banged through the front door--Jesus, didn't anyone in this family know how to use a door without practically slamming it off its hinges?--fresh from his game across the street, and hollered, "Hey, Dad, when's dinner?"

Adam heaved me back and skittered sidelong along the stove, away from me. "Uh--ten--ten minutes," he yelled into the next room. "How about setting the table for me."

Barry didn't say anything, but we heard his footsteps bounding upstairs.

Adam called out, "Barry? Don't pretend you didn't hear me. I said, set the table."

Footsteps tromping back down the stairs. Barry stuck his head around the door frame. "You said ten minutes. I'm gonna take a shower, then I'll set the table. By the way, David is going to sleep over tonight."

"We'll discuss that later. Set the table first, like I told you. That's an order."

"Aww, Dad ..."

I said, "Barry, you're not too old for a time-out. Focus, Barry." Barry blinked and looked at me, uncertain. "Focus, Barry," I repeated authoritatively.

Barry's expression went slack. He murmured, "Three, two, one ... zero. Ready, sir."

"Good boy. How do you feel?"

"Relaxed and focused, sir."



"Good. Now, your father gave you an order, and you are expected to follow it. Set the table."

"Yessir." Barry headed for a cabinet and pulled out a stack of plates.

"You have *got* to teach me how to do that hypnosis stuff," Adam said, watching Barry carry the plates to the dining area in the next room. "Barry's like a completely different kid around you. He falls into line, does what he's told. He's the perfect son. And this hypnosis stuff? He just did what you told him to without arguing. If it was me, I'd had to yell at him for twenty minutes to get him to do a damn thing."

"And what about you? How do you feel around me?"

"That depends. Are you going to start hypnotizing me too?"

I wasn't going to remind Adam that I'd been hypnotizing him and his sons for weeks now. So I said, "Not right now, mister. And don't avoid the question."

Adam grinned shyly, which looked really cute on a big butch ex-military man like him. "I do feel kind of different around you, myself."

"Different good?"

"Different definitely good." That sheepish smile again. This time he allowed me to kiss him gently on the lips.

I slid one arm around his waist. My other hand slid across the front of his slacks, finding and rubbing the ridge of his semi-hard cock. "Well, if you continue to be a good boy too, I can think of a few more things you'll be feeling later."

He grinned like a horny schoolboy. "Yeah?"

I grinned back and bounced an eyebrow at him. "Yeah. Definitely, yeah."

Barry shuffled back into the room, ignoring us, but Adam jumped anyway, skittish. Barry dug in a drawer for silverware.

Adam pulled away a little. I held on to him, so he didn't pull far. He watched Barry. "Is that what--? Sorry. I've never seen anyone who was hypnotized before." He was trying to change the subject.

"Sure you have," I assured him, as Barry headed back to the dining area with a handful of forks and knives. "You just don't remember it."

He looked at me. "Huh?"

"During our group sessions--you and your sons in my office. Did you ever notice how relaxed you feel after our sessions? How you can't seem to remember too many of the details?"

"You hypnotized us all together too? I thought that was just something in the private sessions ..." I had his attention now, but I shrugged, took a step back, separating from him, and tried to read his expression.

He didn't repeat his question. Instead, he eyed the stove, then hollered for Barry and Charlie to wash their hands and come to the table. I decided not to press the topic.

With the table set and the food prepared, now it was time to eat. We all filed into the dining room. "Sit down," I told his sons, and they took seats at the table. Barry to my left. Charlie to my right. Adam across from me. We ate. There wasn't much conversation, since Charlie and Barry were still in the vestiges of a quiet, cooperative frame of mind that had them feeling a little dazed and horny. That suited me just fine. We made polite conversation about his day at the office, the possibility of an upcoming promotion, but mostly the quiet seemed to suit Adam too. He seemed thankful for a drama-free meal. He and I talked instead about the weekend, his plans for cleaning out the garage, other mundane things. I could imagine us having a lot of mundane dinners in the future, just like any family.

When we were all finished, with Barry and Charlie mostly awake now and waiting to be dismissed, Adam stood up and said, "Help me clear the table, boys." His sons stood up too.

I said, "I've got a better idea."

They looked at me, and Adam said, "Huh?"

"Cleaning up can wait. First ..." I rose from my chair too. "First ... Focus, Charlie. Focus, Barry. Focus, First Lieutenant Johnson."

Almost perfectly in unison, they recited, "Three, two, one ... zero. Ready, sir."

"Good," I complimented them. "Very good. Gentlemen, what is the first step of preparing for training?"

All three of them responded, more or less in unison, "The first step is, no clothes."

I told them, "Make it so."

They pulled their shirts off. They'd been hypnotized together in group sessions, but the "training" and sexual play previously had been restricted solely to the individual sessions. I was pleased that they performed exactly the same as always. Shoes and socks were next, and finally they wriggled out of their pants and underwear to stand stark naked before me. Seeing them standing together like this, nearly in a row, I was impressed by the family resemblance. Adam was taller, more muscular, wider through the chest, and hairier. Charlie was adolescent-slim, smooth, sleek. Barry was in the middle, developing muscles like his father, but still sleeker and less hairy. Adam was circumcised, but he had kept his sons out from under the knife--Barry and Charlie were both uncut. Charlie, the little horn-dog, was already sporting his usual hard-on. Barry had a semi-erection. Adam, always slower to find hypnosis erotic, was still entirely limp. But I could fix that when the time came.

"How are you feeling, Adam?"

"Relaxed, sleepy ..."

"Good. Why don't you go into the living room? You must be very tired after your long day at work and cooking dinner. Go sit down for about half an hour. You can watch television, or maybe take a refreshing nap, whichever you decide. Your choice. But whichever you choose, nothing the rest of us do will disturb you, understood? Barry and Charlie and I will be in the next room, and nothing you hear from us will interrupt you, understood?"

"Uh huh."

"Good man." As Adam sleepwalk-shuffled off to the living room, I turned to his sons. "Barry, Charlie, what is the second step?"

Quieter now, preparing themselves and already sliding more completely into trance, they mumbled: "The second step is, listen and obey, sir."

"Very good, gentlemen, very good indeed. So easy to listen and follow my simple suggestions. Follow me."

Barry's announcement that David would be coming over later was a kink in my plans, but I'm the master of dealing with changing situations on the fly. I decided I still had time, at least for something simple.

They followed me into the small den, next to the living room. I peeked in at Adam. He had the television on and his head sagged forward, apparently opting for *both* the tube and the nap. The all-sports network yammered softly in the background. I closed the door to give me some privacy with his sons.

"All right, boys, now we're going to have some fun. Trust me--you're going to enjoy this. It'll feel really good. You're hard. You're horny. It's time we took care of that, isn't it."

They chorused, "Yessir."

"Sit down on the couch, boys--side by side. That's right. Lean back. Spread your knees. Put your right hands around the base of your cocks and hold them straight up--let me see how big and stiff they are, gentlemen."

I knelt in front of Barry, between his knees. His cock pointed right at the ceiling. It was a beauty, the head a determined red, foreskin pulled back, the shaft thick and well veined. I moved my face forward and licked the underside of his cock head with gentle firmness. I reveled in Barry's smell, the mix of odors that come from a man's crotch and balls. I kept my tongue busy on his cock head for a bit, then slid my lips down over its thick edge and onto his shaft. Barry sighed a little groan of pleasure, still locked deep in his trance. My lips caressed every one of the many inches of his cock. I worked my way downward slowly and thoroughly, being careful with my teeth, giving him a real spit-and-polish job. By the time my mouth and nose lay buried in his warm and fragrant pubic hair, Barry was quietly groaning and sighing beneath me. I moved my head up and down his cock five or six times.

I moved sideways until I was kneeling in front of Charlie. I pushed his hand away from his cock and guided its head into my mouth. With my mouth, tongue, lips, and throat, I pleased his pink-headed cock, sometimes working gently and smoothly, other times swiftly and just a little roughly. As I worked on his meat harder and harder, suddenly Charlie's legs closed on me, his body stiffened, and I backed off his cock at once. I didn't want him to cum yet.

I pushed his thighs apart again and moved to his balls, a couple of beauties, cradled tightly in his lightly haired scrotum. I gave his balls a lot of tongue-attention. Then, I pushed his legs up until his knees nearly touched his chest and told him to hold them there. With just the tip of my tongue, I licked a line down the center seam of his scrotum, down the sensitive ridge, and down to his little puckered asshole. I licked and lapped at it, it twitched, and Charlie in his trance moaned groggily.

I moved sideways again, back the other way, which put me in front of Barry again. I pushed his knees up to his chest, just like Charlie's, and told him to hold them right there. I wrapped my hand around Charlie's cock and stroked it slowly, gently, while my tongue went to work on Barry's balls. Eventually, my tongue wandered down to Barry's butt hole. He gurgled his approval from deep inside his focused state of mind.

I sat back and wrapped my other hand around Barry's cock. I masturbated both of them with long, expert strokes. Their balls were riding up; both of them were getting close to orgasm. That was my cue to release their shafts.

"Stroke your cocks, men. Use one hand to stroke your cocks. Keep your knees up. Use your other hand to play with your assholes, men."

They both used their right hands to rub their pulsing rods. Barry reached his left hand under his leg. Charlie reached between his upraised legs and under his balls. Barry stroked two fingers back and forth across his asshole, rubbing and circling. Charlie slipped half of his middle digit up inside past his own sphincter. A finger up their butts when they were naked and masturbating was a subtle trigger to help them relax and slide more deeply into a pleasure-trance. From here on, they were practically doing my work for me.

"That's it. Finger your asses. Stroke your cocks. Find that special spot up inside your assholes and rub it. Make yourselves feel good, men. You were good boys during dinner, and good boys deserve a reward." I sat back and watched these two young stud-men satisfy themselves.

The boys liked a finger up their butts. Ever since I introduced them to their new friend, Mr. Prostate, they both loved a finger up their butts when jacking off, or a modest dildo, or my dick. Something up their asses made them sigh and relax even more deeply. They both loved the way that knob inside their asses made them feel, nearly as much as they loved their cocks. Barry was turning into a major bottom; something up his butt really turned him on and activated his submissive side. Charlie was entering a sexually omnivorous phase; he'd fuck with anyone--and anything--that would hold still, but I still believed he would eventually settle into heterosexuality. Just because he liked a little butt-play in his repertoire didn't make him gay. Both of them loved the intense pleasure that something up their butts added to their dick-stroking. I was hoping to complete the process of introducing their dear old dad to the pleasure of a good prostate massage later tonight.

They were close. It was time. "Good boys deserve a reward for good behavior," I said, then with quiet authority: "Cum, Barry. Cum, Charlie. Stroke your cocks. Finger that sensitive spot up inside your ass. Cum. Cum."

Barry groaned and tensed. He let go of his load, spurting it into the air in long, thick ropes. About the time Barry's orgasm started to subside, Charlie's began, his cum surging up in two airborne jets, then flowing like lava down his cock head and over his fingers. "That's it, boys," I told them. "Feel your orgasms wipe away all the cares of the day, leaving you relaxed, cooperative, calm, making you good boys. Good boys deserve rewards like this." I picked up the paper towels I had brought with me from the kitchen and dropped one on each boy's stomach. "Wipe yourselves clean, boys."

From the doorway behind me, a groggy voice: "Good boys ... rewards ...?"

I whipped around. Adam, naked, dazed, stood in the doorway. Well, I did tell him to nap for half an hour--had it been that long already?

"Focus, First Lieutenant Johnson. Tell me how much you saw."

"Barry ... Charlie ... on their backs ... playing with ... themselves ..."

"Good. And as you float and drift in this pleasant, focused state, you can let the images of what you saw float and drift too, and become as vague as a dream."

Adam had a nice, big hard-on, hanging out straight in front of him. Obviously what he saw turned him on. That was my cue.

But first, I had the boys to deal with. "Barry, I want you to go upstairs and get cleaned up before David arrives. Maybe take a shower, put on some fresh clothes. Charlie, I want you to go back to the kitchen. Get your pants on, then clear the table, put away the food, and get the kitchen cleaned up. Think you can handle your assignments, boys?"

They chorus-mumbled, "Yessir."

"Good. Then go make it so."

Barry and Charlie stood up, smiling slightly, and shuffled off.

"And you, First Lieutenant Johnson, I have something special in mind for you. Hypnosis has made them the perfect sons, First Lieutenant Johnson, just like it will make you the perfect father. Focus now. Focus on my voice and that deeply relaxed feeling throughout your body." I took Adam by the wrist and led him upstairs. He followed me, still hard and horny, still wearing that half-hazy smile.

In Adam's room, the door shut--privacy at last--I told him, "Now, First Lieutenant Johnson, we're going to play a little game. Would you like that? It's a simple little game. It will make you feel very happy and focused and horny. Would you like to play this game with me?"

"Okay ..."

"First, I want you to undress me, First Lieutenant Johnson."

"Yessir."

He started at the top, unbuttoned my shirt, worked it off. His hands moved slowly but smoothly, efficiently. From down the hall, I heard the sound of the shower running--Barry getting cleaned up, as ordered.

Adam next opened my belt and fly and the button on my slacks. He pressed my pants and underwear down my thighs. I sat on the edge of his bed. He knelt. I offered him my left foot. He removed the shoe and pulled my pants and underwear off over my foot, then tugged off my sock. I swapped in my right foot, and moments later he had me completely naked too.

I reached for his boots. A pair of old military-style black leather boots that sat beside his bed. I shoved my feet into them.

"Now, for this game, you're no longer First Lieutenant Johnson. You're now just a raw recruit. Think of all the different sides of you, your different selves and their concerns. Picture them one by one falling asleep and taking their worries with them. Adam Johnson the businessman, he is falling asleep. Adam Johnson the homeowner, falling asleep. Even Adam the father, falling so deeply, deeply asleep. All that's left is Adam Johnson the soldier. And not just any soldier. Peel back the layers. Let yourself go back to those early days when you needed--craved--authority and guidance, Recruit Johnson. Good. Only Recruit Johnson is left. All your worries and cares are locked up in sleep. Very good, Recruit Johnson. Now, here's how we play this game."

Already so well trained to respect authority, Adam eagerly embraced his submissive role in the game. As

"Recruit" Johnson, he knelt and, as ordered, pulled the boot string from one of them. I had a special use for the boot lace.

I heard the doorbell ring, then footsteps running down the hall and down the stairs. That would be Barry heading to meet David at the door. Then two sets of footsteps tromping double-time back up the stairs--Barry yelling, "In my room playing video games," as they rushed by the Adam's closed bedroom door--and down the hall as they headed for Barry's bedroom.

The noise didn't interrupt Adam, who went about following my instructions with a particularly intense focus and enthusiasm. I sat on the side of his bed, naked except for his boots on my feet. He knelt before me. He cradled the left one in both hands and licked a line around the edge of the sole.

"Good boy, Recruit Johnson," I encouraged him. I leaned forward. I could run my hand most of the way down his back. "Lift that ass for me, boy." He raised his butt, and now I could run my hand over the curves of his ass cheeks.

He spit-shined that left boot, and just about the time he was finished, the bedroom door swung open.

What was it with this family and doors?

Charlie stood in the doorway. "Kitchen's done," he said groggily, maybe still a little entranced. But his eyes widened and jaw dropped when he saw me sitting naked except for his dad's boots on the bed, his father kneeling naked before me and licking my boot.

Like I said, I can cope quickly with the unexpected. "Focus, Charlie," I said, because it was the only thing I could think to say.

"Huh?--"

"Focus, Charlie."

He blinked, but his face was relaxing again and he recited dutifully, "Three, two, one, zero. Ready, sir."

"Come in inside, Charlie. Close the door. That's a good boy. I'm going to give you a choice, Charlie. Your dad and me, we're playing a game, a naughty, horny game. You might like it. You can either stay and watch, or join in the play if you want, or you can go back to your room and jack off and go to sleep. Which would you like to do?"

After a moment, Charlie said, "Stay ... 'n' watch ..."

"Very well, Charlie. Come here."

He took off his pants when I asked him--such an obedient boy at heart. I had two boots, and now two naked men kneeling in front of me. Each took the booted foot I offered him, grasping it gently, reverently, and began to lick.

Each man--Recruit Johnson and Recruit Charlie--had with a boot string tried around the base of his erect cock and balls, and each of them knew what that meant: As long as they wore the boot laces around their cocks and balls, I owned their genitals, and I owned them. Every now and then, I'd bend down, take the long trailing end of it, and give it a gentle, slow tug, and tell the man it was attached to how much it relaxed him, how horny, how obedient it made him feel.

The main event was deflowering Adam--Private Johnson. We'd talked in our sessions about his sometime curiosity about sex with men. I think he wanted it more than he let on. I made sure he was horny and wanting it badly now. Recruit Charlie got to stand beside the bed and watch. Sure, I can handle the unexpected, but this was about Adam, and father-son incest wasn't a line I wanted to cross right then. Charlie might be up for it--a teenaged dick has no conscience--but I didn't know about Adam, and right then I had Adam where I wanted him, and I wasn't going to risk that. But I did tell Charlie he could jack off if he wanted to--being the humanitarian sort, I didn't want to deny him entirely.

I pulled Recruit Johnson onto the bed with me. Kneeling, knees parted; me kneeling behind him between his legs. Precum oozed out of his erection and dripped onto my hand. I wiped it from his quivering fuck-stick and wiped my hand on his sheets--he could always launder them in the morning if he disapproved. Then I grabbed his dick with one hand and tapped on his asshole lightly with the other. His firm ass-globes rested against me, just above my own hard cock and right below my stomach. His smell seemed to get stronger, which turned me on even more. My hands slid everywhere, all around between his legs, stroking his cock, nuzzling his balls, tugging gently at that ownership string, teasing his asshole.

He closed his eyes and moaned as I nibbled the back of his neck. "You like that, don't you?" I asked him. The lust in my voice couldn't be denied either.

I rubbed my hands across his tight stomach and clamped onto his favorite nipple, the more sensitive one. I squeezed it and whispered, "Are you ready for me to fuck you? Ready for me to pound your ass?"

"Ahh-yeszzz sir," Adam gurgled, barely coherent. With my one arm around his waist and the other pushing his shoulders forward, I bent him over onto all fours on the mattress.

My mouth brushed against his moist ass-crack. When he arched his back to push his butt up to meet my tongue, his hypnosis-addled mind wasn't running the show--his body was responding on the auto-pilot of instinct.

He shoved his ass as far up for my sloppy tongue as he could, and I lapped at his butthole like an ice cream cone. Before long, he felt one of my strong fingers ease its way in, tease its way in. He moaned. I looked at his eyes and saw a concentrated expression on his face. He was completely lost in his role and what he was feeling.

I reached between his legs with my other hand and tugged gently on that string around his balls. "Say it, Recruit Johnson--say, 'Please fuck me, sir.'"

"Please ... fuck me, sir!"

I slipped in a second finger. "Good, Recruit Johnson. Just relax. Now say, 'Please, I want to feel you inside me, sir.'"

"Please, sir, I want ... feel ... inside me, sir."

Close enough. I slipped in a third finger.

"Feel good?"

"Yessir ..."

His voice sounded nervous around the edges, in spite of the calming hypnosis, but I didn't care. All I knew at that point was: I wanted to feel my cock driving in and out of Adam's hungry hole. I managed to reach the nightstand drawer and found a condom. I kneaded his cheeks, slobbering all over his hole, getting him ready for a ride. By the fire in his dazed eyes, I knew he wanted it badly.

I lowered my long rod to his butt and slid my shaft against his ass crack. He felt the tip of it edging just inside and he tensed, involuntarily. "Relax," I told him. "Let your ass go loose and limp. So loose and limp. Just let me inside. Stay as relaxed as you can." I felt his ass slacken a little.

"You ready, Recruit Johnson?" I asked. "Here it comes. Tell me you want me to stick it in you, Recruit."

"Yessir. Stick't ... in me, sir."

So I did just as he asked. First the head of my dick, just the head. Pausing for a moment, I shifted my hips and legs around to position myself on the bed behind him to get the best angle. Suddenly I drove my shaft in, long and hard, balls deep, making his ass clamp around the base of my shaft, so tightly it hurt me just a little. I bit my lip. I just held my dick there inside him, my cock pulsing with my heartbeat deep inside his body, until he began to relax and breathed normally again.

I pulled back slowly and proceeded to slide my cock in and out of his tight ring. My pubes tickled his butt cheeks as I ramped up the pace. Once he got over the pain and was used to my size, he wanted more. His body found my rhythm and matched it, practically fucking his ass against me and dripping sweat all over his sheets.

"Oh, man, Recruit Johnson, your ass feels so good! Tell me to fuck you harder."

"Harder, sir," he pleaded. "Fuck me harder, sir!"

"Yeah? You want more, Recruit Johnson?" We were both panting, half out of breath. My nutsack, hung low, smacked his ass. Our rhythm steadily increased. The only sounds were made by our bodies grinding and slamming against each other. Drenched in sweat, I reached under him and stroked his cock. I was close to cumming, but I didn't want to let loose until he did. With one of my hands around his cock and my other anchoring me to his waist, I pummeled his ass even harder.

"You want me to bust my nut all over you, Recruit Johnson?"

"Yessir!"

"Fuck, you'd better want it! Get ready, Recruit."

I tugged my cock out of his hungry, hungry ass. His body kept up the thrusting rhythm for a moment until his dazed brain realized I wasn't fucking him now. I swiped the condom off my cock and started jacking it, aiming it over his back.

"Jerk yourself off, Recruit Johnson. Jerk that prick, man!"

One hand found his dick and he stroked himself. His body shook as his overheated cock twitched and flexed wildly in his grip.

"Cum, Recruit Johnson. Cum now; cum hard. Cum!"



I witnessed huge gobs of his sperm start spurting out and smashing against the bed sheets under him. His body kept jerking, and he moaned a long, happy sound of pleasure.

Stroking my cock faster, I hissed. "I'm coming, Recruit Johnson!--Here it comes!" I aimed my dickhead at the small of his back and came all over him, sending ropes of cum across his back, nearly to his neck. My cock burned, in a damned good way.

"You've done wonderfully, Recruit Johnson. You must be tired after that. It's time to sleep. Let yourself start sinking into sleep. So sleepy, so ready to curl up in bed and sleep." Adam's body sank down to the bed.

Which left me with Recruit Charlie, who I'd nearly forgotten. He watched us, stroking, obviously aroused, ready to shoot, as he pleased his erection with his usual slow, happy pace.

"Cum, Recruit Charlie. Cum now," I told him. His head fell backward, mouth open, and he did, hitting the bed with tight, vigorous jets.

"Okay, Recruit Charlie, it's time for bed for you too."

I decided not to leave anything to chance this time. I picked up Charlie's pants and, with one hand on his back, I guided him to his bedroom--"Last door ... the right," he told me--and I suggested everything he had just witnessed would fade like a dream, nothing more than a dream. I got him into his bed and into a deep, peaceful sleep.

On my way back down the hall, I stopped into the bathroom to pee. Then, I listened pressed my ear against the closed door that was apparently Barry's bedroom. I heard the sounds of a woman moaning in mid-fuck, the repetitive *Oh!--Oh!--Oh!* that women do as the soundtrack for nearly every straight porn movie ever made.

Well, well. Sounded like Barry and his friend David were availing themselves of the well-established "educational" values of pornography.

I cracked the door up, hoping it wouldn't creak, just to take a peek. The video was playing on Barry's computer--probably something he'd downloaded without Adam's permission. Barry and David both stood in the middle of the room, where they could watch the screen, but not too close to each other. They had their boxer shorts down around their ankles, bodies naked from there up. They both had their dicks erect, both stroking as fast as they could go while watching some onscreen female porn starlet bounce up and down on a dick in an exaggerated way that surely couldn't feel pleasurable to either the starlet or the stunt-cock she rode. As I watched, David pulled one foot free of his boxers and spread his stance for better stability. David made a big show of keeping his eyes locked on the screen, masturbating intensely, locked in some fantasy and pretending Barry wasn't there. I gave Barry a mental bonus point for having the foresight to download a video for the ol' tried-and-true "I'm horny, you're horny, let's watch some porn and jack off" tactic.

Barry watched the screen, but he now and then snuck a corner-of-the-eyes glance at his buddy--specifically his buddy's erection and flogging hand. Now and then he'd look up at David's face, shyly, to see if he'd been caught.

"Eyes on the screen, please," David grumbled, and Barry yanked his gaze back to the bouncing boobies. David's resigned tone of voice that told me he'd issued this warning a dozen times before and was used to being peeked at, maybe enjoyed the voyeur's thrill of being watched, maybe secretly longed for Barry to do more than watch, to reach out across the small space separating them and touch ... He was a good-looking

young man--I could understand why Barry had such a mammoth crush on him. "Eyes on the screen, please."

The speed of their hands told me this wouldn't take much longer. Sure enough, even as I was backing away and easing the door closed, I heard David grunt, "Gonna nut!"

I decided to lay in wait a few minutes. Sure enough, less than five minutes later, Barry's door eased open and Barry, back in his boxers, tiptoed quickly across the hall into the bathroom and turned on the light. He didn't close the door all the way. I heard him peeing as I approached. By the time I swung the door open, he was finished, penis tucked away, and was stashing two hand towels, probably each soaked with one young man's cum, into the laundry hamper under the sink.

"Oh!" he yelped, startled at my surprise appearance. "I didn't think anybody--" Then he started to realize I was still naked after my game with Recruit Johnson. His jaw would have really dropped if he knew about the game.

"Focus, Barry."

He cocked his head, but his eyes were taking on that familiar blank expression. He obediently recited, "Three, two, one, zero. Ready, sir."

"Good boy, Barry. Now listen closely. I'm going to give you some easy instructions that I'm sure you'll enjoy following ..."

8.

Pretend anything can ever be the same, now that everything has changed. Where we all go next may be obvious, but let's pretend it's easy, too.

The next morning, I woke up first and slipped out of Adam's arms and out of his bed, alone. I pulled on my pants and shirt, and after a quick trip to the bathroom to empty my nagging bladder, I headed downstairs to the kitchen.

I found eggs and sausage in the refrigerator, bread in the cupboard. Breakfast was underway.

I found a tray and loaded two plates with sausage, scrambled eggs, toast, and orange juice. Back up the stairs, I stopped in Adam's bedroom. Adam was still sound asleep. I didn't wake him--the food wasn't for him. No, I was just here to pick up some condoms and his spare bottle of lube. Onto the tray they went.

I headed to Barry's bedroom door. Even with the door closed, I could hear familiar sounds and David moaning, "Oh, crap--I'm close!" Good to know my instructions the night before had been heeded.

I didn't bother to knock--because apparently no one else in this house did either, so they should be used to intrusions--I just opened the door and stuck my head in. David was flat on his back, his boxers tugged down just enough to expose his morning wood and balls. Barry crouched over him, delivering a blowjob. He obviously lacked technique, but he was enthusiastic, which counts for a lot. Barry still had his own boxers on, but his erection stuck through the opening, and David fisted it, which seemed only fair.

"Oh, crap--I'm coming!" David panted as I set the tray down on top of the dresser by the door.

"Breakfast, boys," I announced, spooking them, making them jump nearly a foot off the mattress.

"Omigod!" David howled.--whether from his orgasm or panic, I didn't know. Mortified, he scrambled to cover himself, but I'd already noted his ample cock.

I continued like nothing was amiss. "Got to keep your strength up. By the way, there's extra condoms and lube on the tray too, if you need 'em. Play safe!" Then I withdrew and closed the door behind myself.

I listened through the door. David barked, "Who the fuck was that?"

Barry groaned, "That--that was my--my therapist."

After a moment they both busted out laughing, so I knew my work there was done. Yes, it's hard work playing Cupid, but somebody's got to do it.

Back in kitchen, I started on more eggs. Adam and Charlie would be up soon, and hungry too.

I had another round of eggs and sausages nearly done when Charlie came shuffling into the kitchen. He wore a fresh pair of boxers, and his hair hadn't been combed yet this morning. "Coffee," he moaned, as he stumbled bare-footed toward the kitchen counter. "Please tell me there's coffee."

I was guessing Charlie was not a morning person.

"Caffeine isn't good for growing young men, Charlie. It's juice for you."

He scowled at me through heavy-lidded eyes, but he took the glass of orange juice I pushed his way and began to drink. I turned off the stove heat and sat down at the kitchen table--this would just take a moment, and I didn't want my eggs to burn, but I needed to get the angle right.

Hanging out one leg of Charlie's boxers, unnoticed, was about an inch of boot string, still tied snugly around his cock and balls. I reached for it. "Hey, Charlie, what does this mean?"

He tried to skitter away on instinct--after all, I was reaching for his inner thigh--but I managed to snag the dangling end and gave it a gentle tug. "What does this mean?" I repeated.

The near-empty glass came away from his face. He pondered the question, his expression going gently blank, the front of his boxers starting to tent. "It means ..."

I took the glass from his slackening fingers, and I tugged the string again, long, slow, lingering. "Tell me what it means, Recruit Charlie."

"It means you ... you own my cock and balls, sir." That cock was definitely tenting the front of Charlie's boxers now. He was at least three-quarters hard.

"Very good, Recruit Charlie. What else? What else does it mean I own?" I gave the string another lingering tug.

"It means ... you own me, sir."

"Very good. Now, here's what I want you to do, and you're going to find it so easy to do it. I want you to go upstairs and get some pants on, some shoes too. The yard out front needs mowing, and I bet your father would be really impressed if you got out there and took care of that chore without him having to tell you. Wouldn't that be a nice thing to do for your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Now kneel, Recruit Charlie. Your dick needs some relief, and you're going to relieve it right here, right now." He knelt on the kitchen floor. "Take out your dick, Recruit Charlie. That's right. Stroke it. That's it. When you cum, you're going to let go of more than some sperm, Recruit Charlie. Your orgasm is going to wipe away all that need for mischief in you and replace it with a happy, relaxed, cooperative feeling that will last all day. Doesn't that sound great?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Stroke it faster, Recruit Charlie. Cum when you're ready."

Thirty seconds later, Charlie grunted and ejaculated.

I tossed a paper towel on the tile beside his spent load. "Very good, Recruit Charlie. No more mischief. Just a happy, contented feeling. Now get that mess cleaned up, get your shorts closed up. I want you to go get dressed and get started on that yard."

Charlie wiped up his load, just like I told him. "Good man," I told him one last time as he shuffled toward the stairs to go get dressed.

And as he mounted the stairs, Charlie passed Adam, coming down.

"So," I said, "how much did you hear?"

Adam had on just a pair of jeans, a very attractive look for him, very attractive indeed.

"Just the last part."

"Does that bother you?"

He walked over to the stove. "Is this supposed to be breakfast?"

"Yes. Ah--I turned it off so I could focus on Charlie."

He fired up the stove again and started stirring the half-cooked eggs.

I slid up behind him, my arms sliding around his waist. "Hey," I said.

He stiffened for just a moment, then relaxed into my embrace. "Hey, yourself," he murmured.

"You didn't answer my question." I rested my chin on his shoulder to watch him work the spatula through the eggs.

"I'm not sure how to answer it. I mean, yes, the method does bother me. On the other hand, you've managed to reach both my sons at a level I never could, so I can't argue with the results."

Somebody upstairs hollered, "Oh--shit!"

"Don't worry," I said in Adam's ear. "It's just Barry and his friend David. Unless I'm wrong, they're learning what condoms are for."

"You want to explain why?"

"Well, in addition to making Barry and David confront their crushes on each other, now Barry will be comfortable experimenting with his sexuality in the safety of his support network rather than sneaking around behind your back and getting himself into trouble. And Charlie will be getting his urges out of his system before they cause problems; you'll find he's more laid back and a lot less manipulative now. Think of it as a way to own--er, help them own their urges and channel them in healthier directions."

Out front, we heard the sound of the lawn mower firing up.

I said to Adam, "See?"

He said, "Wow," and listened a moment longer to make sure he was really hearing it. "Like I said, the method bothers me, but I can't deny with the results. It'd have taken all-out war for me to get Charlie out there to mow the grass." He cut off the heat and spooned the eggs onto plates. "I mean, I see what they're like when you hit them with that hypnotism and for a good while after. Wouldn't it be great if we could just keep them hypnotized all the time?"

I shrugged. "Well, that's not very practical, but I know what you mean." Then I noticed the way Adam was looking at me, and I realized. "Oh. You were speaking hypothetically, right?"

"Uh huh."

Neither of us said anything for a moment as he set the skillet aside.

"So ..." He cleared his throat. "What about *my* urges?" He turned toward me and unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped. No underwear. There around the root of his cock was the boot lace, still in place. I reached for it.

From upstairs, a different voice hollered, "Fuck!"

We looked at the ceiling, then each other, and laughed.

Adam said, "I guess I'm not being a bad parent if I let my boys enjoy sex once in a while--in a healthy, supportive environment, like you said."

From upstairs, the first voice yelled again: "Ahhh! Shit!"

"I hope they're not going to be like that all day."

"We might have to do some yelling ourselves--just to, uhm, show them how real men do it. Unless you're worried you can't keep up?"

"Yeah, that'll be the day." His face was a big sheepish grin.

"Yeah? I think breakfast can wait a little while. I'm hungry for something else, and I think you were about to show me something?"

"You mean, this?" He pulled the trailing end of the boot string out of his jeans and let it dangle down the front.

I took the end and, looking him right in the eye, smiling, I gave it a slow, so-gradual pull. "So tell me, what

does this mean?"

His expression mellowed, slowly going slack, as the root of his cock thickened in the opening of his jeans. The crotch began to jut as the cock underneath stiffened and rose.

"What does this mean, Recruit Johnson? Tell me."

"Means ... you own my cock and balls, sir."

"And what else?" Another tug, firmer now. "What else do I own?"

"You own me, sir."

"Very good, Recruit Johnson. Now, be a good man and follow me."

I led Adam upstairs by the boot lace, upstairs to his bedroom. And this time I closed and locked the door behind us.

## 9.

Okay, maybe they won't be on their own after all. Ownership always involves responsibility. They'll always have a little piece of me inside them, guiding them. I got to Charlie and Barry when they were young and impressionable. I got to Adam when he was vulnerable. My motives may have been--may continue to be--questionable, but that doesn't make what we share any less real.

Pretend happy endings are possible, and everything works out. The world is all sunshine and bunny rabbits and laughing flowers, and people know what's good for themselves and make healthy choices that lead to contentment. Yes, pretend fairy tales come true, and Snow White wasn't just some underage woodland 'ho living with seven vertically challenged sex-fiends who gangbanged her senseless every night. Hey, you've got to pass those long winter nights somehow while you wait for Prince Charming to show. I'm pretty sure I've found mine. How about you don't judge my choices, and I won't judge yours.

Don't you hate endings that project forward to show how everyone found love and happiness, all the loose ends tied up into a big blue bow? Me too, but tough--here it comes anyway.

Charlie learned to funnel all of his manipulative energy into the pursuit of sex and he does indeed fuck everything that holds still long enough--male, female, probably inanimate too if he can find a way to stick his dick in it. I once told Adam that Charlie will probably end up deciding he is heterosexual, and I stand by that. Recently Charlie met a girl who's at least a match for him and seems to be taming his wild side; they're heading off to college and plan to move in together. It won't last, of course--he's eighteen now and bound to fuck it up royally before he finds his happy ending--but for now it seems to be good for him.

Barry joined the Army, just like his father Adam. His grades weren't good enough to get into college--after all, I entered the picture late, and there's only so much I could do--but this way he can earn a living, serve his country, maybe take some night classes, and make another stab at college when he gets out in a few years. The discipline has been good for him. And Adam just about burst with pride when Barry announced he wanted to enlist. Oh, and Barry's still with David too. David went off to college, and it has been tricky for Barry to take leave when David is home for semester breaks, but they're managing. They seem happy, determined to make it work despite the distance that keeps them physically apart most of the year. I don't

want to know how much time they spend on the phone together every night.

And Adam? Well, let's just say he and I are making it work too. It's easier than you might think. He loves me, he loves my dick up his butt, and he discovered he likes fucking my butt more than he ever liked boffing pussy too. And every now and then, I still invite Recruit Johnson out to play. It hasn't been one long honeymoon, of course, but it's been fun--for both of us.

So, you see? Whether you get your hooks in them while they're young or get them when they're older, the result is the same. Take charge of their pleasure, and you'll own them. But ownership means being responsible. That lesson we're all learning together.

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