

Turnabout

By Cicero and Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Summary: Two guys. The Internet. A case of mistaken identity. Just another tale of hypnosis gone awry.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

Cicero dedicates his sections to "m," and thanks to Wrestlr who always gets you to reach for the best in writing or whatever else he's got. 8)

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Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

Cicero is posted at the following URLs:

- www.mcstories.com
 - www.menonthenet.com
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By Cicero and Wrestlr

One

I met him on that mind control site that's so popular. I was trolling for someone like him and, after a lot of losers, struck gold.

We chatted for months, exchanged pictures and thoughts on mind control and domination. He had never experimented with it, but I knew that he was ripe to topple.

Since I lived pretty close to him, I arranged to meet him. That day the humidity was intense even for a Southern city. I waited in an outdoor café, trying to keep cool. He was slightly late and full of apologies for the transit problems he had encountered getting here, but the sight of him in those shorts was worth it. He mentioned that he had wrestled in college and still kept up with it in private club matches after he graduated two years ago. It showed, all right! A strong, tight, naturally muscular body that was revealed through the clothes he was wearing. He was proportioned in just the right way: a little over 5'11", with brown hair and a sensual look in his dark eyes. Thanks to the humidity, which caused his shirt cling tightly against his frame, I was rewarded with a great view of his chest development. He had a strong handshake. Excellent. This guy was a prime universal type, all right.

He flashed me a perfect smile. I had to have him!

We talked through lunch. He was intelligent, funny, and a bit cocky, but not so much it was obnoxious. Hell, with what I had planned for him, that was a plus. Just before he was to leave, I swung the subject around to our favorite topic--mind control. He was interested in it but he felt it only worked, if at all, on weak minds. He obviously had a lot to learn!

I mentioned a cool screensaver program a friend had developed for me. One that consisted of sparkling light patterns that shifted and glowed over a repetitive ten-minute time frame. To commemorate our lunch, I gave him a floppy copy to run on his computer, and told him to try it and let me know his opinion of it. I also suggested he watch it at night, in a dark room without any distractions, to get the full effect. He smiled and took the floppy. As he slipped it into his front shirt pocket, the material pulled the floppy tight against his pecs. I imagined that it was my hand pressing up against that chest.

Well, I mused as he got up and walked away, time for that later, if I was lucky. He moved up the block with an athletic grace that one just either has or has not. Yes, watching that hot butt moving away from me as he went around the corner on those muscular legs, I smiled. What he didn't know was that hidden in the light show was a powerful hypnotic control program that would enter his subconscious right through his brown eyes! Yep, after ten minutes of staring, he'd be mine! When the programmed light show had run its course, the lights would dissolve and my phone number would appear with instructions to call at once. If it worked, he'd call! I kept my cell phone close and waited.

The Other

So why did I meet him? He seemed like a nice-enough guy. I get a lot of email from people who read my stories, and most of them are decent guys--still, there are enough freaks showing up in my email that I have to be careful. This guy was witty and smart. He sent me a couple of stories he had written--they were pretty clumsy stories, because he wasn't really paying attention to what he was trying to do, and I gave him some feedback on how to improve them. When he revised the stories, he liked the way they came out, so he added a "To B" dedication in this really obvious attempt at flattering me. Still, I guess I was kind of flattered, deep down inside. He lived near the city where I'm located, so when he asked if we could meet for lunch I thought, *well, okay, why not?*

If he hadn't told me what he would be wearing, I'd have never recognized him. I guess he kind of looked like the picture he had sent me months ago, but it was a small, blurry photo. When I ran up to the little restaurant where he was waiting--damn bus had been late again--I saw three or four guys who might have been the one in his picture. They were all looking at me, too. When you're as cute and built as I am, you get used to that.

So anyway, I was looking for a guy in a red-and-white striped shirt, and fortunately there was only one of those in the place, so I headed for him. Introduced myself. Shook hands. Sat down.

Sometimes when you're meeting someone in person for the first time, there's that awkward moment where you both pretend to be really focused on reading the menu. Yeah, right--like there's something on that menu that isn't on half the other menus you've ever seen. It was a little awkward for us at first, but I'm kind of the outgoing type, and I have no trouble talking to new people. It's easy to start most guys talking about themselves and what they do for a living. He's no exception--big stock broker, blah blah blah; big opera queen, blah blah blah; been gay since forever, blah blah blah--you know the drill. Pretty soon, he and I were talking away like we'd known each other all our lives.

Listen, I don't mean to come off sounding conceited here, but I could tell he was really into me. That's pretty much the situation everywhere I go. See, I'm really good-looking and I've been an athlete pretty much all my life. I'm young and I've got a great body. It's pretty rare for me to find anyone who's *not* into me. This guy--he was pretty obviously lusting after me. He was practically drooling all over himself, and not because his chicken-and-pasta special was so tasty either. No, that wasn't exactly the meat he was wanting to be putting in his mouth right then.

I have to admit--being with guys who are that attracted to me kind of turns me on. This guy was nice-looking too, and that was a plus. So I flirted back, a little at first, then a bit more obviously as he opened up to me. I'd run my fingertip along my jaw line while he was talking, or lick my lips sometimes when I was looking him right in the eye as if I saw something I really wanted to taste, or reach up to scratch my chest through my tee-shirt, all lazy and slow, like I was kind of half feeling myself up and wishing it were him. About halfway through lunch, I started throwing a boner--hey, it happens when you're young and full of cum, like me. I even put my foot up on the chair between us. If he had leaned over a little, he could have seen the rod in my baggy shorts. If he had leaned over a little more, he could have probably gotten a good peek up my shorts-leg and seen the tip of my cock hidden there in the shadows.

When it got time to leave, he paid--they always do--and then he pulled out this diskette. Handed it to me. Told me it had some special "screensaver" with a "light show" that I'd really like. Uh-huh. Now, we've all read enough mind control stories to know what an obvious ploy this is--though, naturally, the guys *in* most mind control stories never seem to realize this. So I could barely keep from grinning when I reached for that disk from him and let my fingers linger again his a second longer than I had to as I took it from him. Man, I was flattered that he'd go through the trouble. So I looked him right in the eye as I slipped that disk into the pocket of my tee-shirt--he wasn't looking at me, though; he couldn't take his eyes off the diskette as I ran it along the fabric covering my chest. And I thought to myself, yeah, I've got you, dude.

See, he was wrong about me not having any experience with hypnosis or mind control. Truth is, I was way ahead of him on the learning curve. I've learned there are many kinds of mind control and manipulation that have nothing to do with hypnosis. And lust is one of the easiest.

So I shook his hand and we said our good-byes. When I turned and walked away up the street, I could feel his eyes on my butt--hell, most of the guys from the restaurant were still staring at me. See, there's thunder in my walk, a little cockiness, a lot of promise of great sex. I always keep that promise. No conceit there--just the truth. I look as good from the back as I do from the front.

Yeah, it was an obvious gesture, but I was curious. When I got home to the apartment I share, I went right to my bedroom and popped the diskette into my computer and installed the "screensaver." All the while, every clichéd hypnosis story plot line was running through my head: "blah blah blah, hypnotized by the light show; blah blah blah, couldn't resist his commands." And I kept thinking, *I'm way too cute to be a cliché.*

Ten minutes, he had said. I figured I could give it that long. I was already hard in my shorts--it was kind of a turn-on, you know? I configured the screensaver and sat back. Black screen. Lots of colored shapes. It was kind of neat, in a geometric kind of way. Nothing I haven't seen in a dozen other legitimate screensavers, though. Every now and then I'd kind of see something onscreen, like a flash words or something? Subliminal messages, I thought, though they were onscreen for a fraction of a second and I couldn't tell what they said. After a few minutes, this phone number started showing up at the bottom of the screen. His, I figured. Nice try.

I found myself yawning. Not because I was sleepy or "falling into a trance" or anything like that. No, I was yawning because ... well, it was kind of boring. A nice try, and I was still hard from thinking about it, but just ... nothing out of the ordinary.

I popped the disk out of the drive and put it in a drawer. I was reaching for the mouse to deactivate the screensaver when I heard this knock on my bedroom door. "Come in," I said.

It was one of my roommates, Chris. I live share this large apartment with three other guys, all straight, though they know I'm gay and they're cool about it now. Chris is blond and really cute--he was on the track team in college until we graduated two years ago--and he's supposed to be straight too. Still, on two occasions since we been sharing this apartment, Chris got really drunk and let me blow him. We never talk about that though.

Anyway, I moved the mouse to disengage the screensaver. Chris stuck his head in and said, "Hey, dude, I need to check my email. Can I use your computer?" Chris' computer is this old clunker that won't boot half the time and he can't afford a new one, so he borrows my high-speed honker sometimes.

"Sure thing," I said, reaching for my water bottle to disguise the semi-hard-on that he might be able to see through my shorts as I stood up.

"Thanks, dude," he said as he took the chair and reached for the mouse. "This'll just take a minute."

"Take as long as you want," I said. "I'm going for a run."

One

Well, I got the phone call I was expecting on my private line! Since I had only just put it on the

floppy that I given to him, I picked up the phone totally assured in my mind that it would be his voice on the line, ready to serve.

"Hello. Who is it," I asked, barely hiding my smirk.

"Chris," came a unfamiliar voice.

Who the fuck was Chris, and how did he get this number? "How did you get this number?" I sputtered.

"Your message ... on the computer," the voice responded. Computer ... the computer ... it was only then I noticed how dead his tone was. Whoever this Chris was, he had seen my program and he was under my control. What the hell is going on?

"You saw my message, Chris?" I asked, trying to make sure I was getting this right.

"Yes ...," came a dull reply. "I needed to call you."

I stared at the wall by the phone trying to figure this all out. Well, first I needed to find out more from Chris.

"Chris," I stated firmly. "I am going to ask you some questions, and I want quick answers. Understand?"

"Answer you ... quick," the voice responded. It took only a few minutes to find out who Chris was and that he was the roommate of the guy I had given the floppy too.

Now I'm panicked 'cause it's got to be one of two things that must be going on right about now. First scenario: instead of my original object, this Chris idiot played the floppy first without telling anyone. Problem: when my guy gets back from his run and sees his roommie in La-La Land, he'll put two and two together and I'm screwed but good. Or second scenario: the guy's on to my game, and my plan failed but good. This one seemed more likely. My initial hopes that my original "victim" never played the floppy seemed remote. He never would have left it around, and no way this Chris would have just picked up the dammed thing and played it--it wasn't even labeled! The only unknown was whether this guy set Chris up or not. If he did, then ... why? If not, it came back to the problem of that first scenario I had formulated. The guy is going to see Chris and freak over what I did to his roommie!

Well, I had to improvise quickly so I decided to get Chris over to my house fast and figure out a game plan. I gave him directions to my place and told him leave everything, including the floppy, right where it had been before he touched it. He told me he was alone, so I made sure he was ordered to come at once and stay silent until he came here. When I hung up, I was sweating and it wasn't due to the heat. My plan had backfired. How badly was soon to be seen!

While I waited for "Chris" to make his appearance, I thought through my options and the situation in general. The more I thought, the more it appeared that the game was out in the open. This guy was smart and, until now, I had underestimated him. So, time to stop being the one behind and get to the front of the line! He had an ego--that fact was obvious during our lunch. It was amusing watching him do the "body scratch body" and "leg lift" acts. He was

practically begging for me to react, so I played along too. What the hell--he was hot so, why not play the slobbering fool for the boy? It fed his ego, and he got off on that. Yeah, I noticed he was sprouting boners during each "performance." He was so "turned on" to himself and the supposed reaction he was getting, he never figured out that *he* was being played! Okay, he had a flaw then. That self-confidence in his own desirability was it. I just had to find the crack in that cool self-assurance and then crowbar that bastard open!

Find the key, I thought. I needed to find something to stroke his smug self-confidence to a white-hot high, then hit him hard just when he thinks he's won! He would be defenseless against that unexpected hit. I'd only get one shot, so his high had to be intense and my hit quick, unexpected, and, hard. But what could I use? What key would open him up? Little did I suspect that the "key" was not a "what" but a "who," and that "who" had some great legs that were walking right up to my door just then!

I was so lost in thought, I almost didn't hear the knock at the door. Imagine my surprise when I opened it to find a humpy blonde there just waiting with a blank, dazed look. This was Chris!

I couldn't believe my luck. He was a stunner. Obviously from his lean, hard, muscular build, here was a guy who took care of himself and, judging from those hot legs pouring out of those tight shorts, a runner of some sort.

"Are you ... *ahem* ... Chris?" I muttered, still taking in that young hard body.

"Yes," he replied in that dead tone that showed his conscious mind was dead to the world. Nice voice though, I thought. Sexy, very sexy indeed!

After first checking to make sure his roommate, Mr. Wonderful, had not followed him, I had him come in quickly. Staring at Chris as he stood silently in the center of my living room, my mind raced though a thousand thoughts all at once. I not only had to figure out a plan to get "Ego Boy" but also what to do with sleeping beauty here as well. Could I do both at once? My mind raced through scenarios, and then it hit on one. I smiled. Maybe, yes ... just maybe. But first, I decided a few questions were in order. I started questioning Chris about his relationship with his roommate. It did not sound promising at first.

"Chris, let me see if I'm clear on this, okay? You are not gay?" I asked.

"No, I'm straight," he responded in that sexy voice of his. Even in a dull monotone, he sounded hot!

"Damn it," I growled as I paced the room. This sucks, I thought. I almost had a plan, and Chris being straight screws me out of it. I needed Chris to be receptive to Ego Boy, and if he was straight it might be too difficult to manipulate him into being my pawn. Many people think a person under mind control is like clay in a sculptor's hands. The truth is, if a person is averse to doing what you command them to do, they will fight it, and your control will slip unless you are constantly present to reassert your power. Being present was impossible in this case.

"Why can't you be attracted to him," I groused out loud.

"I am," he murmured, so softly I barely heard him.

I spun on a dime and walked up to him. "Did I hear you say"--I paused, hoping I had not misheard him the first time--"you are attracted to him?"

"Yes," whispered Chris.

Oh, yes!

"Tell me, Chris," I asked gleefully. "Have you and ... well, have you two ever had sex?"

Chris stared silently ahead, and the room filled with silence for a second.

"He ... I was drunk. I let him ..." He was embarrassed--how adorable.

"It's all right," I reassured him. "Go on."

"He blew me," Chris muttered, his face blushing at the memory.

"And you felt ... ?" I inquired.

"It was hot, but I'm not into guys," he replied quickly.

Curious logic, I thought, but one that would be useful. After further questioning, I found out that Ego Boy (I had decided that calling him that in the future would constantly remind me not only to keep my eye on the ball but also to restate what I needed to do to get him) was hot for Chris, probably big time. Chris had noticed his roommie's occasional arousals when they got together in intimate moments (he might think he was straight, but that stupid he was not), but that he, Chris, had not let things go farther than that one time. I bet deep down that had galled you the most, I thought to myself as if I was addressing my prey directly. Here you go down on your knees, Mr. Wonderful, the gift of God to men, and suck Chris off, probably expecting the guy would have an epiphany and spread those muscular, sexy legs in gratitude for your sacrifice, only to get a brush-off and then complete silence from the boy in the bargain. What hurt you more, I wondered, his failure to "give it up" to you, or his lack of praise on your sexual techniques? It must be blowing your jets not to have landed this hunk yet. You never fail! You think every guy is drooling to hit the sack with you, huh, I thought. Here is a stud that you haven't nailed yet, and deep inside your ego that must be killing you. I bet you are also in a permanent semi-heat for him. Okay, Ego Boy, let's see how you like this game plan.

I sat Chris down and fed him some instructions. Over the next few days, he would blow hot and cold with his roommie. One minute, slyly seductive. The next, cool and distant. Nothing too obvious; nothing suspicious or out of the ordinary. Just a look, a slight touch. Subtle flirtation. Enough to get under your skin and let you think you were finally getting to Chris. Yet, I made sure Chris would go just so far and then pull back. Leaving you burning in frustration. I bet you never felt that before for long.

Yes, Ego Boy would think at each step he was just so close to finally nailing, Chris only to be thrust back to Square One. Turn the sexual heat up high, then lower it down quickly on him. Up, and down--heat on, then off. I bet that Ego Boy had never been denied his desires for long. Well, let's see how he reacts to a long haul. That's the key to his mind. These self-confident seducers are built to think that no one can resist them for long. Chris will, thanks to my programming, and since he thinks he's straight (yeah, right!) he will not need my presence

to reinforce that reluctance to "go all the way" with his roommie!

My plan was in full swing. As I thought out the next few days of programming (Chris was going to check in with me with daily reports) and the possible ultimate outcome, I was filled with excitement. Play me for an idiot, huh? Oh, we will see now. I suddenly realized I was sprouting a raging hardon! Well, I looked over at that prime meat in my living room. I had been pumping him for information--why not let him return the favor? I unzipped and reached for some lubricant. Chris might as well learn how to give a proper hand job. After all, it might come in handy in the near future!

As I felt his warm firm grip, I relaxed. Yes, after this I'd send him back thinking he had just been out for a walk to relieve some tension. And ... sighing as I felt myself climaxing ... he certainly was doing a great job at that right nowwww ...

The Other

So I did my stretches on the front lawn and then took off through the city streets for my run. Running always helps me clear my head. Gets the blood and the endorphins pumping, and pretty soon its like I'm on top of the world and nothing's going to knock me off.

I ran down to the local park. It's pretty big, so twice around the paths that run through it is a good distance. With the sun beating down on me, I kept up a good, hard pace, occasionally checking out a couple of cute guys where checking me out too.

In my head, I kept going back to that screensaver he had given me. That had to be his phone number at the end, so obviously he wanted me to call him. I was kind of--well, I was flattered he went through the trouble. I knew what he wanted--the only questions was, did I want to give it to him?

I started throwing a rod in my shorts, just thinking about it. Had to take off my shirt and tuck it in the front of my shorts to let part of it drape over my crotch and disguise my erection. Problem was, that gentle pat of my shirt hitting my crotch with each step as I ran felt great and only got me hotter. Hornier. I needed to get off, and soon.

This cute young guy on a skateboard slid past me again. As he coasted ahead of me, he looked back at me. Cute guy. About 22. My height. Blond hair under that protective headgear.. Shirtless--nice body with a little ring in one nipple. Navy-blue shorts. Elbow- and knee-pads. Good eye contact. Yeah, he saw something he wanted, all right, and so did I. Good timing, dude, I thought.

We were passing this little wooded area. He glanced over and saw one of the trails. He looked back at me with a grin. Squeezed the lump in the front of those shorts he was wearing. Flashed me a grin. Jerked his head toward the trail. I figured, okay, buddy, let's put those knee-pads of yours to good use.

I gave him a little nod, and he beelined for the trail, with me right behind him.

The woods swallowed us up. Ten yards in, we might have been in another world. 'Boarder Boy came on strong, kissing me, groping my chest and ass and hard-on. I gave as good as I got. He was hot for me, all right. I let him press me passionately back against an oak's rough back.

His mouth left mine, sucked at my neck, licked at my collarbone. His tongue found my right nipple and started getting to know it. His fingers hooked in the waistband of my shorts and he tugged them neatly down to my knees, one quick motion. My wood popped up to say howdy, all friendly and ready to play.

'Boarder Boy wasn't much for preliminaries--he had his eye on the main course. He was down on his knees, worshipping his way down my tight stomach, heading for my eager rod. His fingers found my balls and started stroking. Man, I was so ready for it, when his lips finally hit my cock head, I nearly popped right then and there! His other hand roamed up over my pecs, squeezing, teasing, trying hard to be pleasing me. He was a good cocksucker--took my entire rod down to the base without gagging. Good tongue-action along the underside and sensitive head of my meat, sending these little zings of pleasure up through my body.

He had me gasping, bucking, panting, swearing. These words started spurting out of my mouth: "Oh, yeah! Suck me, buddy. Suck that cock. Yeah! That's right. Feels great. You like that dick, don'cha? Lick it. Suck it. Suck it, dude." He had his own shorts down, pulling on his cock with one hand. Good-looking cock, too, on a good-looking guy. He slipped a finger into his mouth alongside my cock, then aimed that finger up under my ass, heading for my hole. He slipped it up inside my ass, zeroing in on my prostate like a guided missile. I gasped when he hit the target--this surge of pleasure ran through my whole body, concentrating all up inside my cock, then burning like feedback through every nerve, and I realized I was cumming, and I yelped out some sound like an animal in heat, and I fired off my own salvo of cum into his face.

I rode through the forest fire of my orgasm, finally settling back down into the here and now again. I looked down at 'Boarder Boy. He was grinning up at me, satisfied, my load still on his lips and chin. The leaves between his knees were coated with his load. Okay, so we'd both had our fun. I grinned back at him, slapped his check twice, playfully. I bent down to pull up my shorts. He lifted his face to be kissed, but I landed my lips on his forehead rather than his mouth as I tugged my shorts back up into position.

"That was pretty hot, dude," he said. "I live a couple of blocks from here--we should go another round. Whaddya say?"

"Thanks, dude," I say, noncommittally.

He gets the idea, and after his face falls for a second, he tries hard to hide his disappointment. "Hey, what's your name? You wanna give me your number? I can call you ..."

"It's in the book," I say as I pull my shirt back on, and he know what that means too. "Thanks. It was great," I say again, patting his shoulder with a mask-like smile--both a gesture of thanks and dismissal.

We both got off. We both got what we wanted. Not my fault he wanted more. See, they always want more--they always want a piece of me, and I only have so much of me to give.

I pushed past him, heading back into the park, heading back home. The run and getting off with that guy both helped me clear my head, all right. Got my horniness out of the way for a few minutes and let me think.

Oh, sure, just thinking about that screensaver got me horny again in practically no time. By the

time I got back to the apartment, I had a half-hard cock in my shorts again. *Down, boy*, I thought, grinning. See, on the way home, I'd decided what to do about the situation.

Chris was nowhere around. Neither were my other two roommates. I pulled off my shirt and used it to wipe the sweat off my chest and face. I'd shower later. Right now, I dropped myself into the chair in front of my computer and fired it up. I needed to get his phone number off the screensaver. I'd decided that if he wanted me to call that badly, I was gonna call. I'd play along, act like I was in a trance, see what happened next. Who knows--I figured at least I'd have some fun and maybe get off again.

I was tired from my run, and in spite of my hard-on I was still feeling all loose and relaxed from that blow-job in the park. The screensaver came up. Pretty, I thought, looking at the colors. It kind of fit my mood right then. All I had to do was wait until his phone number showed up. Just a few more minutes. Just a couple more. Just sitting there, I started realizing how tired I really was. The colors and patterns were nicer than I remembered. I guess my run took more out of me than I thought. Yeah, I was feeling ... feeling ... very ...

When his number appeared on the bottom of the screen, I didn't have to think about it. I reached for the phone and dialed.

One

"Yeah, Chris, that's right," I moaned as my blonde stud-pup moved his palm over my slickened rod. This guy obviously had practice pumping his own cock. He pistoned my throbbing rod at a slow and steady pace, expertly keeping me boiling yet also knowing how to keep me from climaxing too fast.

Suddenly the phone rang. I tried to ignore it, but the dam ringing continued. "Shit," I yelled to no one in particular. The mood was broken! "Let me go, Chris," I growled. He released his grasp. The phone rang again, and it hit me. It was the private line that was ringing. I picked up the receiver and placed it to my ear.

"Hello?" I asked hesitantly, unsure of what to expect now.

"You said to call," came the dull reply. It was Ego Boy!

What the hell is going on, I thought. Had I bagged him? I looked at Chris and decided to be cool and play out this hand slowly. "What was that," I asked over the phone again as I listened intently the tone of his reply and, importantly, his exact words.

"I played the floppy, and it said you wanted me to call," Ego Boy repeated again in a quiet monotone.

Okay, decision time. Either I had bagged him or, he was setting me up. The thought that I had control over that sexy stud-muffin was tempting. His ego aside, he was the hottest guy I'd ever seen, with a natural sex appeal that you felt instantly the second you met him. The thought of bed gymnastics with him was sending my mind reeling in heat. But, what if it was a set-up? The guy was no fool; hell, it was his intelligence that contributed to his appeal. I had to call it. Grab or release. Then it hit me. He had used the words "said" and "want" in indicating his reasons for phoning, while Chris had used "command" to indicate why he was calling. Okay, it

may be nothing but on the little things, as my old professor used to say, battles are won or lost. Fuck, I'd stick with Chris to get him.

"Hey, bro--hi," I replied in a high humor. "Great lunch. Glad you called. What's up?"

There was a moment of silence. "You wanted me to call," he repeated. The initial hesitation clinched it. He had been thrown; he'd recovered, but he had a split second of doubt and I heard it. I had been right. But no harm in making sure. Fun and games--that's the plan now.

"Did I want you to call, bro? Hmmm, I forget why. Ah, hell, never mind. Tell you what--let's get together for lunch next week. Meanwhile, you sound sleepy, man. Better go to bed and get a good sleep. That's an order now," I chuckled. "And try not to spend too much time dreaming of sex with me and milking that cock of yours dry," I teased. "Later, bro." Then I hung up.

Well, either way, he was about to be mind-fucked, I laughed. Yeah, this was better. Strip him bare of his ego; then, after he is demoralized by that, strip him bare of his will to resist; then strip him bare, period.

I looked over at Chris. Damn, he was good-looking. I was feeling even friskier. A hand job was not going to do it now. "Chris, I want you to stand and get out of those clothes."

I looked over at Chris. Damn, he was good-looking. I was feeling even friskier. A hand job was not going to do it now. "Chris, I want you to stand and get out of those clothes."

"Yes," he replied as he opened his shirt and then unzipped his pants.

As I watched him drop his clothes, I whistled to myself. "Damn, Chris, you are one built guy." It was true. He was in great shape. Nice, muscular shape with not much more than light blonde body hair. True, his legs were a bit more developed, but running does that, and for me legs are the best part of a man. Ego Boy may be sexier, but Chris was no mere door prize!

"Come here," I ordered. He came up close. I was in shape myself, but he was something else. As I ran my hands along his smooth skin, I could feel the muscular power only another guy can give to your touch. "Nice, very nice," I sighed. "Let's see how you kiss." I pulled his mouth to mine. I detected hesitation from him. "It's all right, Chris," I whispered gently. "You're only dreaming. It's not real ... just a dream." His face relaxed. A dream is harmless. He was not having a physical encounter with a guy in reality.

"Just a dream," he sighed in relief. My boy opened his mouth and instantly deep-tongued me like a pro. Our tongues explored long and sensually. Making out was my idea of excellent foreplay, and Chris had this all down pat--at times pulling back to gently flick his tongue on my lips, then quickly re inserting his tongue in the next instant to suck my very breath away.

I broke off and gazed into his heavy-lidded blue eyes. I was also surprised to discover that he was spouting his own hard-on.

"That's my boy," I cooed softly as I stroked his hair with one hand and his engorged cock with my other. I gently pressed his head to my chest. "Suck my nipples, Chris. Remember--it's just a dream."

He needed no further encouragement and in seconds was slurping contently away on each one while his rod leaked more precum. "Mummm," he muttered as I pumped his stiff cock faster. He chowed down harder. Oh, yeah, he was straight, all right!

I lifted his head, gazing at his glossy eyes and wet mouth. I kept pumping on his meat, keeping him in heat.

"Fuck," he groaned out loud, licking his lips, deeply lost in my sexual stimulation.

"My thoughts exactly," I whispered as I led him to the bedroom. I gently lowered him on my bed.

He looked up at me, face slightly troubled. He was about to speak, but I softly put my finger on his lips.

"Shhh," I assured him. "You're dreaming. That's all." His head rested back on the pillow contentedly. I lifted his runner's legs and began to kiss his inner thighs. His skin was soft but firm. I could feel his powerful muscles moving under my hands. In a series of kisses, light bites, and licks, I moved sensually, alternating between each thigh. His flesh was warm, moist, inviting me on downward. Soon, I had worked my way to his balls.

I glanced up briefly to see Chris' face. His eyes were closed, and he was muttering contentedly to himself: "Just a dream. Oh, yeaaaaah ... dreammming ..."

I smiled and opened my mouth to suck in his balls. As I rolled his sack in my mouth, Chris moaned. By the time I'd finished getting his nut sack all hot and moist, he was ready for anything. I reached for the lube on the nearby nightstand and fingered his rosy hole. He sighed as my fingers worked him loose.

"Oh, God," he gurgled. When my finger finally entered him fully and hit his prostate, he was so lost in sexual heat he took my finger without anything more than a whimper. His cock sprang to its full length. I could see its impressive head burning bright red and pouring out precum like a leaky pipe.

"Only dreaming, Chris," I stated. "It is not real ... just a dream. You can jerk yourself off, if you want to."

He reached down and started to jerk his meat. Keeping him aroused would help keep him receptive. "Dream ... Oh, fuck! Just a dreammm ..." He thrashed his head on the pillow. He opened his eyes. He was out of it now, in a white-hot sexual frenzy. After a few more finger fucks, his pupils rolled back in his sockets. He was ready.

Feeling his burning chute tightly gripping my finger was pure bliss. His insides felt warm and inviting to my thrusts. As I jerked myself off with my other hand, I looked up to check his reactions. He was in heaven. His moans echoed in the room. It was fantastic, but a part of me suddenly visualized Ego Boy beneath me and a thought quickly flashed by: *I bet when you're inside him, you feel pure satin gripping your cock.*

The fantasy drove me over the edge. I thrust my finger one final time into Chris and then blew my juice all over us both. He was sending himself over the edge as well; he howled and shot

his jism straight onto my chest. We collapsed onto the bed and began to kiss. After all, it was only a dream!

Chris lay there in my bed, looking adorably sexy with his hair mused and his blue eyes showing that "post sex" glazed effect a guy gets when he's fired all his bullets.

"Have fun, Chris?" I inquired.

"Yes ... great dream," he gasped, still being agreeable to what I had originally suggested.

I chuckled to myself at how I had bagged Ego Boy's roommate before he did. That thought had made the sex even hotter! I told Chris to shower and dress and then sent my soldier out to do his duty. Over the next week, Ego Boy was going to feel what sexual frustration was really like!

The Other

So when that guy answered the phone, he asked me what was up. I wasn't thinking too clearly--maybe that screensaver had affected me more than I thought--and I didn't have an answer ready. That kind of snapped me out of it. If I had been partially in a trance, I wasn't anymore. The guy was blowing me off on the phone--and not in the good way, either--and that just kind of annoyed me. I mean, why go through all the trouble of making up that screensaver with his phone number and then giving it to me if he was just gonna blow me off like that? I couldn't figure it out. First thing I did, though, was uninstall that screensaver. I kept thinking to myself, if he was going to blow me off like that, I was going to blow him off too.

So I didn't hear from him, not even an email message. Yeah, I guess he was blowing me off for real, all right. Too bad--I'd thought he was a nice guy when we met for lunch.

That night, I'm sitting in the living room with my three roommates, shooting the shit and watching some tube. Chris was on the couch next to me. He had his legs pulled up on the couch, sitting cross-legged. Every now and then his knee would nudge my leg. Nothing special--just touching me once in a while, like he was making sure I knew he was there. Like it was an accident or something.

The next day, I was in the shower when someone knocked on the bathroom door. "Can I come in?" Chris hollered through the door. "Gotta take a wicked piss, like *now!*"

"Sure," I yelled back.

I had a head full of shampoo, working up a lather. I heard Chris pissing like a stallion. Guess he did have to go bad. I heard his stream trickle off, but I didn't hear him leave. When I rinsed and looked over at the toilet, I would have sworn he was standing there looking at me through the translucent glass, but that must have been a trick of the light--if he was actually looking at me, he turned away quickly.

A couple nights later, Chris and I were sitting on my bed, talking about some band or some movie or something. Chris lunged at me and we wrestled around for a few minutes. He's pretty strong, but I'm stronger. We rolled side to side, grappling, straining muscle against muscle. I won, of course--I always do. I had him pinned on his back under me, his arms trapped by the wrists over his head. Chris got this look on his face like he wanted me to kiss him and then all

of a sudden he looked all grossed out, like he couldn't believe he had just thought that. As for me, like I said, Chris was cute but he just didn't do it for me.

Suddenly, we're both rolling apart--me going one way, him going the other--and the moment, the tension, is gone. Whew!

Still, I've got a boner in my shorts. Maybe he did too--maybe that was what brushed my hip as he rolled aside. Maybe he was horny and was trying to hint that he wanted me to blow him again. Straight boys may be this big "gay fantasy" thing, but they can be such a pain sometimes--why can't they just come right out and ask for it? Chris was cute and all, but he just wasn't my type. Plus, he was my roommate, and I didn't want the hassles of fucking around with someone I had to live with. But the biggest thing was, well, I'd already had him--twice! Been there; done him.

So anyway, I rolled off the bed and pretended to be busy taking off my shoes and dumping my keys and wallet out of the pockets of my shorts. "I need to get some sleep," I told him firmly. "I'll see ya in the morning, Chris." He got the idea, said good night, and slunk out of my bedroom. I pushed the door shut behind him and breathed a sigh of relief. Sure, I was horny, but not for Chris. I just wasn't interested in blowing a guy who wasn't going to reciprocate. I still had that boner, but jacking off alone was better than jacking off while blowing some guy who was too straight to return the favor. Hey, I'm the real prize--I deserve some attention too.

Over the next week, thought, I caught Chris staring at me sometimes. He'd always have this expression on his face like he was lost in thought or daydreaming. Once or twice I thought maybe he had a boner too. Weird, I thought. See, Chris had never really looked at me like that before. Sure, I'd blown him twice, like I said before, but that was mostly just to say I'd nailed another straight boy. Chris wasn't my type.

I was in my room at my computer, reading this new story posted on a mind-control story site. It was kind of late at night, almost time for bed. Speaking of beds, Chris came in and sprawled out on mine. "Can I check my email when you're finished?" he asked.

"Sure thing," I said, closing my browser before he could see what I'd been reading and pretending to be interested in scanning over the new email messages that just downloaded. "Gimme a minute." I had an email message from that guy I'd met for lunch last week--the loser who blew me off. I skimmed it: "blah blah blah, just saying hello, blah blah blah, let me know when you're online sometime." I wrote up a quick three-sentence noncommittal message saying hey and that I had to cut things short because one of my roomies needed the computer, then I hit the Send button. "All yours," I said, turning around.

Chris was stretched out on my bed, on his side. Bare chest. Boxer shorts. Not exactly looking at me, but looking in my general direction and definitely scratching his balls through his boxers.

"You got crabs or something?" I said, grinning.

He appeared to snap out of whatever he was daydreaming about. "Uh ... nah ... just-- Never mind."

"Whatever. It's all yours, dude." I vacated the chair.

"Thanks, bro," Chris said, which struck me as kind of odd too--Chris never called me "bro."

In fact, come to think of it, the only person who ever called me "bro" was that guy I'd met the week before. The one who had given me that screensaver. That made me chuckle--I hadn't thought about that loser in a long time, and suddenly here he is in my email at the same time Chris says something that reminds me of him. I mean, what a coincidence, right?

So I went out to the living room to give Chris some privacy while he checked his email. No big deal. Leafed through the new issue of a magazine and paid half-attention to whatever was playing on Cartoon Network at the time. Chris was sure taking his time. It was getting late, and I wanted to finish reading that story before I went to bed. It was pretty hot--it made me horny, and a good jack-off session was just what I needed before going to sleep.

I finished the magazine, picked up another one. The show on TV ended and another one started. Chris must have gotten a lot of email messages, I thought, feeling a little irritated. Yeah, well, it was my own fault since I knew he couldn't afford a new computer, and I *had* told him he could use mine.

A couple of times, I thought I heard him talking to someone in there. Not loud enough to hear what he was saying--just kind of aware of his voice like a sound in the distance. Was he talking to himself, or was he on the phone? Hell, he could use the phone in his room! "Yo, Chris!" I hollered. "Hurry it up, dude--I got stuff to do in there." No response. "Chris? You hear me?"

"Yeah ..." he said, sounding kind of distant, like he was concentrating on something on the screen.

"Let's go. Hustle it up, dude."

"Okay ..."

I went back to browsing through the magazine. Nothing really caught my attention, though. A few minutes later, Chris came shuffling out of my room. "All yours," he said, sounding like he was pretty tired himself.

Yeah, well, that was Chris' life, and this was mine. I put down the magazine, hopped up, closed my bedroom door behind me, headed back to my computer chair.

Chris had left his email up. Yeah, whatever, I thought to myself, closing it. Like I cared who sent him email. There was also a floppy in the drive. I popped it out and set it aside. He could get later. I let out a sigh; Chris was starting to act like my computer belonged to him. I just hoped he wasn't loading a bunch of software onto it. I mean, you do *not* mess with a dude's computer, right?

So I fired up my browser and called up that story again? Where was I? Oh, yeah, I was just getting to the part where the evil hypnotist puts his plan in motion and starts hypnotizing all the horny frat brothers.

My screen flickered. Not much--just a blip. It went black for, like, less than half a second. I was thinking, *What the fuck--don't tell me my monitor is about to blow?* But all it stayed on and seemed okay. Oh, well.

So I'm reading on, and I'm getting to the part where one of the frat boys escapes and runs to the campus police station, only to find that the evil hypnotist has already put the head of the campus police under his control, when it happens again. A fraction of a second longer this time, it seemed. I'm thinking, *Just hold out long enough for me to finish this story, okay?*

This was kind of a nuisance, but it wasn't worth rebooting. I kept reading, and it happened again. Then again. The screen didn't really go blank for long--it blinked just enough so I knew it was happening. A couple of times I thought I saw something on the screen when it blinked, a little shape or something, but I couldn't tell for sure.

Anyway, in the story, I'm up to the part where the guy escapes from the hypnotized campus policemen and meets up with his best friend. The evil hypnotist has caught up with him and the guy feels the hypnotist's control taking hold on his mind again, and he has to watch helplessly as the hypnotist also starts lulling the best friend into a trance. This part is pretty hot, and I didn't pay any attention to the screen's flickering. I just kept reading.

I did kind of notice that the flickering was coming faster, maybe lasting a little longer too. I kept kind of re-reading this paragraph, because I couldn't quite make my eyes focus on the words. My body was feeling kind of different too. Not strange exactly, but ... well, just different, you know? I felt really comfortable. Like my body was floating instead of sitting in the chair. Just kind of drifting in place. Very relaxed. Comfortable. Too relaxed to even reach out to move the mouse or scroll down the page. I just wanted to sit there and enjoy that feeling and keep my eyes on the screen. It was soothing. Peaceful. Just to sit there and relax.

I just let my body float there in that chair. My breathing was getting slower, deeper. Pretty soon, the screen was staying dark longer and longer. There was a little dot of light where my eyes were aimed, moving back and forth slowly. Back and forth. Back and forth.

I sensed someone behind me. Chris' voice, in a low monotone, said, "That's right. Keep your eyes on the screen. Let the messages relax you." He was right--I was aware of little flashing messages, almost too quick to notice, like something subliminal appearing on the blank screen, then vanishing.

Chris was behind me, talking to me in a soft, low voice. "Relax. Focus on the screen. No fears, no worries. Just a pleasant, floating feeling all through your body." He put his hands lightly on my bare shoulders. "Focus on the screen. Feel it help you relax and concentrate."

He moved his hands. I heard him pick up my phone and dial it. "Yes," he said into it, then, "Yes," again. He put the phone next to my ear and said, "Listen closely to his voice. Feel it help you relax and focus."

And I listened.

One

Well, the initial reports from Chris on the realization of my plans for Ego Boy were not encouraging.

"He is not responding to me sexually," Chris replied dully during this latest phone-in with me.

"Are you sure you gave him a bit more encouragement this time?" I inquired testily. After Chris' last call, I had directed him to drop the furtive stares and subtle body-brushes and become slightly more physical.

"We wrestled just like you suggested, but he didn't seem to respond any better," came his response.

Damn, I thought, this was not how I'd visualized things. I had assumed that Ego Boy would be in a state of perpetual heat and sexual frustration by now, and it was blatantly obvious that he was not even interested in Chris. Could he be getting action elsewhere? Maybe that was it! The son of a bitch had a boyfriend or fuck-buddy tapping his testosterone. For some reason, the mere thought of someone else with him caused me to feel a rush of anger. "*Is he seeing someone?*" I shouted over the phone.

I was stunned by my vehemence. Shit, I was losing it. I had to get a grip. "Chris, I'm sorry," I said quietly in a level voice. "Is he seeing someone?"

"No, bro," Chris replied softly.

Cripes, I thought, he had picked up my favorite phrase. I'd have to correct that, and I filed that job away in my mind under a future "to do" list. I had bigger things to get done.

"He's been acting kinda pissed this week," Chris continued. "I overheard him talking with a friend on the phone about how annoyed he was that you gave him the brush-off and silent treatment."

"Is he now?" I found myself gleefully asking. Seems that having Chris monitor Ego Boy's calls had been a good idea. I smiled slyly. This was interesting. "Tell me more!"

"Well, he told his friend he liked you, and he thought that you were interested in him since you had tried to hypnotize him with that floppy ..."

"So Ego Boy mentioned the floppy program, huh? You're sure?" I interrupted briskly. Shit, I had been right to suspect a failure.

"Yes, he also told his friend the second time he had watched it he thinks he went slightly under, but after you brushed him off, he 'popped out of it' fast. Those were his words, bro," Chris eagerly replied.

Damn--that word again. I'd have to correct that later, but it was cute having this straight stud wanting to please me so badly!

"I almost had him," I stated out loud to myself. I visualized Ego Boy under my control. Serving my every whim, breaking his spirit to my mine. I noticed my mouth had gone dry by now, and I had sprouted an erection. I wanted him! "Anything else," I asked hoarsely.

"Just as I told you--he hasn't been with anyone lately," Chris insisted once more in an effort to please me. "In fact every night, he's reading mind control porno stories and jacking off. I know 'cause I took your advice"--yeah, advice, I chuckled to myself--"and I check his computer's history every day, pretending that I need to use it for e mail."

"And how do you know about the jerking off? " I inquired, as I attempted to understand how he knew that little gem.

"He ... uh ... well, my bedroom's next to his and he, uh, moans a bit and pretty loud just before he cums," came Chris' answer.

I gripped the phone tightly. The image of Ego Boy moaning while he stroked his cock sent my mind into overdrive. "I'll call--no, *you* call later," I said in barely a whisper as I hung up without even waiting for Chris' goodbye. I visualized my quarry reading some mind control story. Their plots were all the same. Some hunk is hypnotized by an evil genius. I could see Ego Boy as the victim but with me serving as his savior from the villain's clutches. He'd be so grateful that later he would come to me. I sat down and rubbed my crotch.

As my arousal increased, my mind spun out the fantasy: There was a knock at my door. When I opened it, he was there. "I had to come," he said softly while gazing at me with that diluted blank look of one who has been put under hypnosis. That look couldn't be faked. He was under! "You saved me; I am yours."

"Shh," I answered back as I led him by the hand to my bedroom. He came with me willingly. As we stood face-to-face in that room, we embraced. His hard body pressed closely against mine. Our lips touched soon, and his tongue slipped slowly into my mouth. A thousand nerves came alive. I pulled back, and my mouth roamed along his neck, savoring the tender flesh behind his ear. As I nibbled on his right ear, he ground his swelling crotch tight against me. Gently I flicked my tongue along the outer ridges of his earlobe and was rewarded by a sensual sigh of surrender. As I licked down the side of his throat, my hands quietly unbuttoned his shirt. His muscular upper body was slowly revealed: perfectly portioned with a well-developed chest leading down to a cut six-pack--his wrestling past was obvious. I ran my fingers down his muscular chest, enjoying the sensation it gave me. I massaged his upper torso then, bending my head, I moved my lips along sculpted lines and explored his finely developed chest in a series of kisses. He gasped as my mouth tasted each of his nipples. Lightly nibbling, my tongue stroked each one in a rhyme, at times gentle, at other times rough. I slowly continued nipping at their eraser-like tips until at last each was firm and aroused.

"Oh, yes," he hissed as I deeply sucked each one. "More--more," he growled sexily. I moved to the center of his chest, kissing his warm flesh, finally licking sensually down the center of his pecs until I reached his navel. His hands squeezed my shoulders as I tongue-bathed that hole, getting it moist and hot. I could hear his breath quickening as I orally ravished that hole. His hard stomach muscles yielded as I worked his navel and the surrounding area. Every so often, a deep sigh would escape from him. But I had just begun. With a quick movement, I unbuttoned his pants and let them drop to the floor. I knelt before his crotch and proceeded to suck aggressively on the outline of a cock that even now was straining against his underwear for release.

His moans intensified. "Ahh--do it--more!" my boy entreated. He was ready. Standing abruptly, I guided him toward the bed and gently pushed him back onto the mattress. He gazed at me through heavy-lidded eyes while I undressed and climbed onto it with him. I slid off his underwear, freeing his impressive prong. After a few licks on his manhood, I buried my face between his legs, licking his hardened nuts while running my tongue along its skin, tracing that center divide. Every so often, I'd stop to run my tongue over his cock head, taking time to tease his slit with kisses.

"Yeah--oh, yeah," he muttered as his breathing increased. I sucked his balls into my mouth as my tongue rolled his nuts, getting them wet and moist. Reaching up, I grabbed his stiff rod and continued my strokes. He spread his legs wider, allowing my tongue to burrow behind his balls and get to that soft, sensitive spot where his sack met the crack of his ass. I was unstoppable now. I licked the area, getting him hotter before I proceeded downward until I reached his chute and began to tongue-ravish his hot, moist hole.

His cries grew louder, and the hand holding his meat grew wet from his flowing precum. His outer ring muscles rippled as my tongue penetrated them. When I felt he was loose enough, I reached for lubricant. He gazed at me as I slowly lifted his hard muscled legs, rested them on my shoulders, and entered him. I could sense him accepting my invasion. His hole was warm and inviting. Soon the bedroom was alive with our cries of pure lust. I gazed at his smiling face and drove in deeper, while my hand pumped his stiff cock, all the while experiencing growing excitement. As my own dick thrust inside him, his chute tightly gripped my rod. My whole cock found itself in a soft channel that gave me the sensation of being encased in satin!

With each thrust, we both came closer until at last his moans grew so loud I knew he was going to climax. I looked at him and then felt my own eruption was imminent as well. In one final thrust, I climaxed with a loud groan.

My mind broke from the scene to see my jism arching outward onto the floor. I gulped in air, still feeling the effects of my fantasy. "I guess I zoned out a bit. Oh, well--sexual arousal does confuse the mind," I said, laughing.

Then it hit me! I cleaned myself off and raced to my computer. After a few hours, I had a new program. Later that day, I had Chris come by to get the floppy and receive his instructions. When he saw my e-mail to Ego Boy, he would act. It was my last shot, and I knew it. For the rest of the day I paced the room, waiting, wondering, hoping.

The call came early evening. It was Chris. He was in the bedroom with the floppy. I instructed him how to set up the program. When he hung up, I was a bundle of nerves. Would it fail? An eternity passed. Then the phone rang. It was Chris again, but this time he passed the phone to someone else. It was Ego Boy!

My blood raced as I spoke to him. He responded dully. I was inside his mind. If I was successful, it would soon be inside something more than that! After I hung up the phone, I sat back in my chair and waited.

There was a knock at the door. When I opened it, he was there.

"I had to come," he said softly, gazing at me with that diluted, blank look of one who has been put under hypnosis. That look couldn't be faked. He was under! "You saved me. I am yours."

"Shhh," I answered back as I led him by the hand to my bedroom. The prior fantasy of our encounter played itself out exactly as I had imagined it. Later, while lying in my bed a few hours after he had gone, I made future plans. He had been mine physically, but that was not enough. Ego boy had to be stripped of his ego. I had to break him down to own him completely. I visualized what would occur in a few hours. He would wake up in front of his computer, thinking he had just fallen asleep there. Following my instructions, before he had even gotten back from visiting me, Chris would have already removed the program he had put

into the computer earlier that night. An unsuspecting Ego Boy had come back into his bedroom to finish his reading. Running my mind control program in conjunction with the porno story he was reading was a stroke of genius. The key was getting deep into his mind and gaining control while his conscious brain was too occupied to realize or resist. How easy to do that while it was experiencing sexual arousal! How fitting that it was a mind control story as well! A direct link into his subconscious while his conscious thought centers were preoccupied and stimulated had been the secret to the success.

Chris had been of great use. As a reward I had instructed him, after he had completed his task, to spend the rest of the night in his bedroom jerking himself off while he fingered his ass. I smiled as I contemplated my gift to him.

My instructions to Ego Boy would kick in tonight. Starting tomorrow, he would experience a compelling need to meet with me coupled with a strong physical desire for me. This hunger would increase as each day went by. (His prior dream of me as his "savior" from evil would unconsciously re-enforce this attraction). I could visualize him setting up another meeting, confident in his seductive allure, only to find me indifferent to any sexual encounter. I imagined his surprise at his unexpected failure to seduce me and the resultant growing desperation he would feel to get me in the sack. This frustration would only inflame his lust for me. After a sufficient period, his growing hunger for me and constant inability to accomplish it would shatter his self-confidence. I could see him, ego broken, pleading with me to fuck him. I would own him at last.

Yet, even now as my own want for him seared inside me, I was not sure who was truly the controller and who was the controlled? I pumped my stiffening cock as I remembered our recent sexual liaison and let the images of him flood my mind. In my psyche, there was only thing I knew for sure--his insides felt like satin!

The Other

Maybe, while I was sitting there at the computer, after Chris handed me the phone and I was listening to that guy talk--maybe I *had* been in a light trance. Maybe! But then he started going on about this shit about how I was supposed to think some people were after me, and how he wanted me to think he had saved me from them ... Well, even if I was in the early stages of a trance, I sure as hell woke right up, then and there, when he started telling me that shit.

It's like--it's like listening in on some sort of phone sex fantasy. Not my fantasy, sure, but I can tell that guy was really getting into it. Let me tell you, I'm getting kind of hard and horny listening to him. He tells me I owe him some kind of thanks for "saving" me. He's telling me I need to come over there and let him fuck me. Something about my ass being his reward. Then he starts rifling off his address. At first I'm thinking, like, *I don't fucking think so*, but hell, now I'm horny as shit, and I remember thinking he was cute enough, and he was sure into me. So it's either jack off alone or head over to his place ... So I figure, *what the hell?*

Hell, there's no way anyone could have stayed hypnotized all the way over to his place. He lives a good twenty minutes away, and getting there is no easy thing. If I'd been in a trance when I'd started, no way I'd have still been in one when I got there.

So I ring his doorbell. If you've ever been hypnotized, you can figure out how to fake it. So I make my face go all slack. When he opens the door and sees me standing there looking like

that--shit, man!--it's like Christmas and his birthday all rolled into one. "Dude ... I had to cum ..." I say, real vacantly, "... you saved me ..."

And his face lights up, and he's saying, "Shhh. You're safe now." Shit like that. It's all I can do not to burst out laughing, but I manage to keep my face slack and expressionless.

He takes me by the hand. Takes me to the bedroom. Good--I like a man who gets right down to business. I guess he figures hypnosis is some kind of permanent brainwashing, because he never does any deepening exercises or even checks to see if I'm really in a trance. My act wouldn't have fooled a professional, but this guy is an amateur. Still, he is cute, and he's leading me into his bedroom, and he's taking me right where I want to go, just like I expected. So *you tell me* who's in charge.

He hugs me and kisses me. By this point, my hard-on needs some serious attention, and his body feels good pressed against it through my pants. By this point, I don't care if he sees through my act or not. He kisses me, and I kiss back, easing my tongue into his mouth. He starts nibbling and kissing my ear, which kind of turns me on, and I sigh. He must take that as some kind of encouragement because he starts grinding his crotch against me. I grind back, determined to give as good as I get.

He starts by unbuttoning my shirt. I've got a great body, and I can tell from his expression that he appreciates every inch of skin. I doubt he has ever had a jock as built or as cute as me before, because he's touching my pecs and licking my nipples like they're his keys to Nirvana. When he goes down on his knees and starts tongue-bathing my navel, I nearly laugh out loud--it *tickled!*--but I manage to keep it down to a sigh.

He tugs at my pants and finally gets them down and off of me. When my stiff cock nudges him in the cheek, he gets the idea, pulls down the front of my briefs, and starts sucking it for me. I have to admit--he has a mouth made for cock-sucking!

I decide to drop the "I'm in your power" act. So what if he figures out I wasn't hypnotized? No way am I going to let him stop what he's doing now!

He guides me to the bed and pushes me down onto it. I watch him undress. He pulls my legs up and slaps that tongue of his against my balls. He laps at them, occasionally pausing to give my cock some affection before going back to my sack. I let him do what he wants because he is doing exactly what I want anyway. The good thing about control is this: you don't always have to use it to have it.

It feels great! I'm moaning and groaning, muttering little encouragements like, "Oh, yeah, dude!" Panting. Twisting my head side to side. He has to know I'm fully aware of what's going on, but he doesn't seem to notice. Maybe he thinks being in a trance is always like this. Amateur!

Then he's grabbing my stiff cock and stroking it, and I'm spreading my legs. He catches on right away, and I'm thinking, *Good boy!* His tongue burrows back along that sensitive little ridge of skin that leads from my balls back to my butt hole. I pulled my legs up tighter against my chest to give him better access, and he hits my hole like a champion sharpshooter. His tongue slobbers at my hole, then pushes at it. I make myself relax, and his tongue tip penetrates my tight ring of muscle.

He's stroking my meat and tonguing my ass. I don't normally leak precum, but I'm so turned on that he's got my dick oozing like crazy.

He puts my ankles on his shoulders, and man, am I ever ready for it! He pulls on a rubber and slathers it with lube, works plenty into my hungry hole too. I like to top as much as I like to bottom, but right now all I want is to get fucked, and fucked hard.

He seems ready to oblige. He enters me hard, makes me yelp. But I'm as good at getting fucked as I am at fucking--I know how to take a cock, and I know how to take this. He's pumping away at my ass, in and out, in and out, and he's jacking me off as he fucks me. He's gasping and moaning, and I'm panting and groaning. This is the part where some porn writer would say something cheesy, like "Soon the bedroom was alive with our cries of pure lust."

Yeah, whatever. He's shoving me several inches of nice, hard cock into me, and I couldn't ask for more. Sure, he knows zip about hypnosis, but he knows how to fuck. "Making love"? No--this is pure animal fucking--nothing more, nothing less. He keeps going on about how my ass feels like satin inside, and at first I'm thinking, *Just shut the fuck up and fuck me*, but then I'm thinking it sounds kinda hot, the way he's so into me, and I start getting into it. It's like sex is his way of worshipping me.

We're rutting like animals, pure, ravenous hunger for pleasure. My body's letting me know it's time to cum, and I clamp my ass down hard on his cock. His hand, jacking my rod, ups the tempo, and suddenly I'm there--I'm there--I'm at the edge--tipping over--cumming--cumming all over--his hand--my chest--my tight abs. And he's giving this howl and throwing his head back, and I can tell from the way he's convulsing: he's filling that rubber with cum inside my ass. We're both reeling from our orgasms when he crashes down on top of me.

He just lies there on top of me. If he was a little older, I'd be worrying he had had a heart attack or something. But he's breathing okay, so I figure he's just dozed off or something. After a few minutes, he rouses up, climbs off of me. He mutters something about how he must have zoned out--I'm thinking, *No shit*--and he stumbles off to the bathroom and I hear the shower come on.

This is my chance!

I sneak out of bed, dig the diskette out of my pants pocket. Fire up his computer. Install his hypnotic screen on his own damn computer. See, either way, I'd win. Sooner or later, he'd be at his computer and his screen saver would kick in, and there are two options how it would play out. First, maybe it wouldn't work, and it wouldn't hypnotize him--then he'd know that it hadn't worked on me and that I was on to him. Or, it would work, and it would hypnotize him--then he'd keep trying to call that phone number, his own phone number, and he'd keep getting a busy signal, but at least he'd be caught up in that and wouldn't be trying to chase after me anymore. Either way it panned out, I'd win. Either way, he'll know nobody messes with me and gets away with it.

Installing it takes just a couple of minutes--it's a pretty simple program. I pop out the diskette, shut down his computer, get dressed, and get out of there, all before he cuts off the water.

Twenty minutes later, I'm sauntering through the front door of our apartment, still feeling the glow of success and a good fuck, and making a mental note to get my phone number changed, just in case.

It's late, but Chris is sprawled out on the couch, thumbing through a magazine. "How'd it go?" he asks, yawning, barely glancing up.

"Like clockwork," I say. "Just like we planned."

He grunts. "So did you have sex with him?"

I shrug. "Sure. It was pretty good." Chris is straight, so I don't bother with the blow-by-blow description.

"I still don't see how you could have sex with him after what he tried to do."

"Hey, getting off is getting off. He tried to use us, and I used him to get off. Sounds fair to me."

Chris blushes. He still hasn't looked up from that magazine. I'm wondering if there's maybe more to the story than what he's told me.

As I'm disappearing into my bedroom for the night, I turn and ask him, "So did you and that guy ever do anything? Did you, like, let him blow you or something?"

"No," Chris says adamantly into his magazine, blushing again, brighter red, maybe revealing more than he thinks.

I grin and say, "Uh huh," then close my door for the night.
