

White Light

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: His roommate keeps trying to hypnotize him, and our hero is too drunk to make him shut up.

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

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Why am I listening to your shit? I'm drunk off my ass. Will you please just shut the hell up and let me enjoy my buzz?

Why're you saying this shit? *Imagine a warm, relaxing circle of white light around your feet.* Give it up, buddy. Not going to happen. You've been going on about shit like that since Campus Housing assigned us to the same dorm room. It wasn't exactly, *Hi, I'm your new roommate and I'm gonna hypnotize you*, but it was pretty close. You're an okay guy to share with--I think I've been lucky because we get along okay. Like I said when you told me you were bi, I don't give a shit, as long as you understand I'm completely straight. A lot of my friends got stuck with real assholes, so we've been lucky overall. I'd rather live with a bi guy who's cool than straight guy who's a prick. But hardly a day goes by without you saying, *Hey, do you want to get hypnotized today*, or *Can I hypnotize you today*. That shit's just weird. I've always said, *Fuck no*, and I'm still saying, *Fuck no*.

I want to tell you, *Dude, shut the fuck up and let me enjoy my buzz*. It's Friday night, I don't have a date and

neither do you, and it's raining cats and dogs outside so there's no way in hell I'm going out partying tonight. I'm horny as hell and bored as fuck--and I'm on my way to being drunk as shit. Heh. All I want to do is keep working on this bottle of vodka, surf up some Internet porn, and maybe rub out a load before bed, if you'd just go away and give me twenty minutes of privacy. Yeah, that's an idea--how about you go down the hall and talk to your buddies and give me twenty minutes of alone-time in the room. Otherwise I'll have to sneak off and rub out a load in the shower again.

If I can walk, that is. Feels like the vodka's already making that kinda iffy. I'll just sit here in this chair for now.

Yeah, yeah. *The warm, relaxing circle of light is rising up around your calves.* What does that even mean? Would a warm circle of light feel like sunlight?--or stronger like a heat lamp aimed at my legs? My legs are already really relaxed, thanks, and that's because of the vodka. Definitely too relaxed to get up and walk over there to smack some sense into your fool head. Heh.

Do knees even get relaxed? Dude, what the fuck are you talking about? There aren't really any muscles in the knees to relax. Do you even listen to yourself? Just shut the hell up. Stop trying to hypnotize me and let me sit here in peace and enjoy my booze, please. Or better yet, go find somebody else to hypnotize so I can jack off in private. So fucking horny.

The light is moving up into your thighs, relaxing the tight muscles there. Yeah, okay--now that might feel good. Last year when I pulled that muscle in my groin, that coaching staff guy massaged my thighs, and it felt really good. I liked that. I might like it if somebody really was massaging my thighs right now. I guess I do have some tension that needs to go.

Imagine the white light bathing you from the tips of your toes to the tops of your thighs. What, you mean like I'm sitting here with my legs soaking in white light? Yeah, I guess I could imagine that. But what's the point? Never ever gonna hypnotize me, dude, no matter how drunk I am. I'm not drunk enough to go along with that shit.

All the muscles turning loose and relaxing? Yeah, that would sure feel good. Been storing up a lot of stress lately, from my classes and the team. And getting drunk isn't working--it's just making me hornier. Fuck, if I don't vent off some steam soon, I'm gonna fucking explode. I could do with some relaxation for a while, I guess. It sure sounds nice. Hell, if you were a chick, dude, I just might let you hypnotize me. But you're a dude, so no fucking way!

Oh, yeah. I think I'm starting to feel it. Not that *white light relaxing the toes and feet* shit. This fucking vodka's made my legs all rubbery. I guess I feel some of the stress in my legs relaxing, maybe, just a little? It's probably just the vodka. Stuff tastes like crap, but it does the job.

Shit, man, you sound so fucking stupid. *Picture the relaxing white light flowing all the way up into your hips.* Why do I have to imagine a white light, anyway? If you're gonna try and hypnotize me, shouldn't you be swinging a pocket watch or some shit like that?

Yeah, I guess I'm relaxing a little. It's not you or your *white light* shit, though, dude--it's the vodka. It's gotta be.

No way, dude. You're not getting me with that *Turn loose and you might start to feel drowsy* bullshit. All the vodka I drank is making me sleepy, but you're not going to get me. No fucking way.

Wouldn't that feel weird? *Feel the wave of white light moving up into your stomach now.* I mean, I've never had anybody massage my abs before. I might be able to imagine what *Feel the warm white light spread through your solar plexus* feels like, if I knew where the fuck my solar plexus is. It's the center of my nervous energy? No shit? Dude, you're so barking up the wrong tree, because my nervous energy is not stored in my stomach. Definitely not. I can feel something loosening, though. Must be the vodka. It's got me feeling pretty mellow, I guess.

Drifting? Drifting down where? That doesn't make any sense. *Drifting down deeper into sleep, deeper into slumber.* Do people even use words like "slumber" anymore? Fucking hell, the vodka's got me all sleepy and shit, but I'm definitely not drunk enough to pass out yet.

Let the warm white light move up my ribs? Yeah, I can do that. Into my chest? I can picture that. It's like a spotlight on my chest. Or maybe shining from inside my chest. Yeah, that would feel good. Something inside me shining and making all the tension go away from the inside. White light equals relaxing. Tension equals darkness. *Let the warm white light melt away all the tension there in your chest.* Yeah--got it.

Yeah, I can feel my heart beating. Of course, I can feel myself breathing. I'm alive. Gotta breathe to stay alive. Heh. That's just common sense. *Feel yourself relaxing now, even more with each beat of your heart and each breath you take.* Yeah, okay, whatever. Where are you going with this, dude?

Aw, fuck! Yeah, that would feel good. Letting the white light relax my neck? Now you're talking, dude. That's where my stress lives. Now you're on to something. A neck massage would sure feel great right about now. One of my ex-girlfriends used to rub my neck for me all the time--I liked that. I'd call her up, except she'd just bust my balls again, which the kind of stress I definitely don't need. *Nothing interferes with the calm, relaxing white light.* Okay. Aw, man, I can practically feel my neck loosening up a little.

Down into my back now? Got it. Yeah, you're hitting the core of my stress for real now, dude. *The muscles in your back relax, just like each night when you are deeply asleep.* Aw, man, I think my back just popped--you know, right there between my shoulder blades? *Let the white light move through them and loosen them as you drift deeper into sleep.* That felt good. Man, I'm so relaxed I can't fucking move. This vodka is really doing a number on me.

Down my back. Yeah. That white light is glowing from my neck down my spine now. I can feel it melting away the tension. Spreading out across the muscles in my shoulders and back, getting into every muscle and every nerve. Feels good. Fuck, I don't think I could move if my life depended on it.

The muscles let go. I can feel it moving down my arms now, just like you said. It's nearly all the way to my elbows.

Dude, what the fuck are you doing? Give me that bottle back! Fucking give it ... No, you're right; it's a good thing you took it out of my hand. You're right. I'm so relaxed and limp I would have dropped it in another second or two. Can't let good vodka go to waste, can we? Heh. The white light's getting into my wrists and hands now, all the way to my fingertips. I'm so relaxed I can't move my arms at all. I couldn't fucking hold on to that bottle if I tried.

Yeah, I feel it moving up my neck into my jaw too. I feel ... Man, I just felt all my jaw muscles loosen up. That felt really good. I didn't know I had so much stress there. You're right--my jaw feels so much better now that it's relaxed.

All around my eyes. In my forehead. Spreading through my skull. Down through my temples, my ears. Yeah.

I guess I could close my eyes for a little while. I'm not asleep, though. I'm not hypnotized. I'm just closing my eyes because I feel so relaxed. That's all. Just resting my eyes.

Yeah, I do feel a pleasant tingling sensation everywhere the light has spread. It does feel good. *Your entire body is being bathed in a warm, tingling glow of complete relaxation.* That sounds silly, but it feels kinda good, actually. *Now you are completely relaxed, and you feel good.* No shit. My arms and legs are so heavy and limp there's no way I can move them. Okay, I'll just sit here and enjoy this feeling for a moment, just like you said.

Dude, what are you doing? Why are you taking off my shoe? Fuck, if I could move my leg, I'd kick the shit out of you. Put my foot down. No, don't take off my sock too. Dude, what's with you? Leave my other shoe alone.

Okay, yeah, you're right. It does feel better to have my shoes and socks off. I do feel more relaxed now. Yeah, I feel pretty damned good. Wait--what the--? Dude, is that your mouth sucking on my toe? That's fucking gross, man, and feels so weird! I should kick the shit out of you, dude. Ew--ew--ew! I should ...

Okay, you're right. Calmer now. Okay. Relaxed again.

You're right. My arms do feel loose and limp and so light. Yeah, lighter than air. I can feel them floating up. They're drifting up over my head, just like you said.

Lean forward a little? Okay. But why? Dude, what are you doing? Stop that! Don't pull up my tee-shirt. Fuck, if my arms weren't nearly useless up in the air over my head, I'd punch your lights out. Why are you taking my shirt off? Dude, what the fuck?

Heavy? Yeah, my arms are getting heavier. I can't hold them up anymore. I swear, it feels like they're sinking back down on their own. Yeah, okay, I'll just sit here and enjoy this tingly relaxed feeling. Yeah, it does feel good. Real good.

Dude, why are you touching my chest? Is this some kind of joke? I'm gonna open my eyes and punch your lights out, dude, if you don't ... Okay, you're right. *Calm. Let the tension go.* No worries. I'm just relaxing again. Sure, I guess it's okay if you touch my chest. I've played sports all my life. I think I've got a good chest. I know you like it too because I've caught you looking lots of times. Your expression always gives you away. I don't care that you're bi, and the way you look at me sometimes is kinda flattering. You're never half as discrete as you think you are. You look at my chest the same way the ladies do, like you're hungry or something. I like it when the ladies put their hands on my chest--yeah, just like that--and hold on when they straddle my hips and ride my fucking dick. Fuck! I'm getting a fucking hard-on.

You've never tried to touch me like this before. Yeah, your hand does feel good--it help me relax again. Yeah, I can feel the white light getting concentrated in my pecs where you're touching me and in my nipple too. What are you doing there? Dude, that's my nip. Dude ...? Ah! Fuck!--That felt good. I never had anybody do that to me before. It felt good. Are you going to do it to the other nip too now? Fucking--Aw, shit!

Keep my eyes closed? Sink even deeper into relaxation? Yeah, I can do that. Your fingers on my stomach feel funny. Kind of like tickling. Yeah, I can feel your touch pulling the white light down my abs. *Feel the white light flowing like water.* Sounds weird but, uhm, okay, yeah, I feel the light and warmth trickling down my abs, and farther down. Yeah, curling around my balls and getting concentrated in them. Fuck, dude, it feels weird to hear you telling me this shit and talking about my balls, but--fuck!--it feels too good. Yeah, I was horny before, but now my balls are buzzing with that white light shit and I've thrown a fucking boner. Damn,

this is so fucking embarrassing.

Yeah, I know. We're roommates and friends. We trust each other. No secrets. But it feels weird to be sitting here with a hard-on. You can probably see it through my shorts. If I wasn't so drunk, I'd fucking die of embarrassment, and then I'd probably have to kick your ass or something.

Dude, there's no way that's going to happen. There's no fucking way I can stand up. Hell, I was too drunk to stand up even before I got this relaxed. There's no way I can ... Well, how about that? I did manage to stand up. Not sure how. You're right--it's so fucking easy to stand here with my arms hanging limp and my eyes closed, and just enjoy the relaxed feeling and the tingle that the white light makes in my balls and all through my body.

Stop it, man! This shit isn't funny! Let go of my shorts! Don't open them! If I could move my arms, I'd pop you one and make you sorry you ever touched my zipper.

Don't pull my shorts down, Dude! Not my underwear too! Man, you'll see my boner! Fuck! So embarrassing! If I could just move my fucking arms, I'd--

Yeah, you're right. It's the buzzing in my balls. It makes me super-horny. You're right. No need for modesty or embarrassment. It happens to guys all the time. So hard and horny. My boner needs to be taken care of so I can relax completely. If I could just move my arms, I'd jack off. I'm so horny I don't care if you're still in the room. I'd jack off even with you watching. I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you? My arms are too limp though. Can't move them.

What's this *Friends help each other out* bullshit? Dude, is that your hand? Get your hand off my dick, man! Is this a joke? Take your hand off my Aw, fuck--you're right. It does feel awesome. I'm so fucking horny, I just don't care anymore. Go ahead and stroke my cock, dude. Help me out, dude.

Yeah, it's the white light. The way it's making my balls tingle makes me too horny to let anything else worry me. No distractions. *Concentrate on the light*. Okay. Yeah, I can feel the buzzing in my balls. I can feel the white light reaching into my boner. Yes, I can feel it concentrating in a ring just behind the head of my cock. It feels fucking awesome!

Is that--Dude, is that your mouth? I swear, if I could just open my eyes--if I see your mouth on my cock, I'm gonna ... Aw, fuck, that feels good. Man, you're--you're good at this. You can take my whole cock to the root. Fucking hell, man, that feels so fucking good! Warm and tight. I feel your tongue ... Aw ... You're going to make me fucking cum in a minute if you keep that up. Gonna fucking--Aw, fuck, that's good!

Get your hand off my ass, dude. Don't poke me back there! Get your finger away from my--aw, fuck! Your finger's in my ass, dude. That's so fucking nasty and perverted! One of my ex-girlfriends used to try that shit when she ... Wait. What're you--Fucking hell!--What the hell was that? What did you hit up inside my ass like that? That felt amazing! Do that again ... Fuck!

Aw, man, I gotta cum! My balls are so full of light and cum--I'm gonna cum. That white light in my balls and around my dick-head--your mouth--your finger up my--my balls--my dick's about to--gotta cum--now!--I'm ... Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Aw, hell, man. You're right. That felt fucking awesome. I needed that. Your throat felt amazing.

Did you swallow? You're right--I'm more relaxed than ever, and there's no way I can open my eyes. I didn't

hear you spit it out, so you must have swallowed it. Dude, that's so fucking nasty. I wanna do it again.

No, don't pull up my shorts. I'm still hard. I can cum again, dude. I wanna cum again. That white light's still making my balls buzz, and it's still around my cock-head.

Yeah, okay, you're right. I should sit down again. Let my arms and legs go limp so I can really enjoy how relaxed and de-stressed I've become.

Yeah, I can feel the white light living in my balls now. Yeah, I understand: all you have to do is say that phrase and I'll feel all relaxed again. I'll feel that white light in my balls start buzzing and it'll make me sink right back to this comfortable, relaxed place. Got it.

But I don't want to forget. No, I don't want to let it all fade ... I don't ...

Wait, I lost my train of thought. Oh, well--it couldn't have been that important.

Wake up? Why would I want to wake up now? I want to stay this relaxed forev ...

What the fuck are you looking at me like that for? What's that shit-eating grin for? Dude, what the fuck are you up to? You better not be up to something.

Where's my vodka? I feel a lot better. Getting drunk tonight has been just the stress reliever I needed. A little more vodka's just what I need.

Gimme the fucking bottle, asshole. Give it here! Why are you grinning at me like that?

What did you just say? Oh, man--my balls feel like they're on fire! Why is my dick getting hard? I feel ... feel ... so relaxed ...
