

True Life

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

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True Life, Part 1

1. Breaking the Rules

My name is Brock. Much of this is true and actually happened, but part of it might be just fantasy. You know the drill: some details have been changed to protect the innocent, blah blah blah. I'm not saying anyone is "innocent" and I'm not saying which part is real and what might not be, so don't even ask. If parts of this seem kind of long and tedious, maybe that's because I'm trying to get as much of it down the way it actually happened as I can.

Anyway. For the last couple of weeks, I've been going out with a guy named Breck ("like the shampoo"). Yeah, his name is pretty similar to mine, so try not to get confused. This is the story about how we went from dating to something maybe a little more intense.

We had been out three or four times in about a week and a half, and we talked on the phone for hours every day. No sex, yet--he wanted to go slow and "get to know each other" first. I'm 22, so "go slow" for me means "wait until after dinner to fuck." But Breck is 25, and he thinks "go slow" means "wait until you're known each other a month." It's about respect and love, he says, not hormones. Fine. It wasn't what I wanted, since I found him hot as hell, but I was willing to play it his way. At first.

First three dates: no sex, no problem. On our fourth date, we went to a nude beach on the Georgia coast for the Saturday afternoon. That was my first look at his body, and I sure liked what I saw. Breck is my height--5'11"--blond hair, green eyes. Cute as hell. He's smart too--he has a Master's degree in

psychology. He's slimmer than me because he swims and runs--he has that long, sleek swimmer's musculature, and not a hair on his chest. He popped a boner pretty much the minute he took his clothes off, so I got a look at his full glory, so to speak. Average length, and uncut. That was cool--I'm cut, and every guy I've been with has been cut, so this was going to be something new for me.

Me, I wrestled all through high school and college. Even though I graduated a couple of months back, I still wrestle regularly with some workout partners. I've been out in public so many times in a spandex singlet that leaves nothing to the imagination, plus I'm something of an exhibitionist, so getting naked on the nude beach didn't phase me. Let me tell you, I was born to be naked.

No, we didn't have sex at the nude beach. Sure, I hinted often enough, but Breck was sticking to his game plan of postponing sex for a while. We both had a blast while we were there. We even decided to stay overnight in a hotel so we could hit the beach again the next day. Or I should say he decided. Breck struck me as mostly being a bottom but he sure liked being in control. He didn't even tell me we were staying overnight. We went to a restaurant for dinner, and we were talking about how we both wished we could come back tomorrow even through it was sort of a long drive. Then Breck excused himself and disappeared for a while. When he came back, he dropped a hotel key on the table.

That was the first time we went to bed together, but we didn't have sex then either, damn it! All we did was sleep. We both sleep naked, plus we'd seen each other nude all day, so it was no big deal to strip down. We cuddled and wrestled around a little. We made out and gave each other massages with this great patchouli oil he brought. Took a shower together. Made out some more. Both of us were hard pretty most the whole time. Everything was fair game except touching our dicks or balls, which was frustrating. I wanted to cum with him so badly. Instead, we cuddled some more in bed while we watched on Cartoon Network on television, then fell asleep in each other's arms.

Okay, so I did get in a few "accidental" gropes of his morning wood when I woke up before he did, but I didn't go any further. I liked him way too much to risk pissing him off.

That was last week. A couple of nights ago, Breck came over to my apartment to pick me up. I was on the phone in my bedroom with my Mom, doing that "dutiful son" routine. Breck sprawled out on the floor with one of my fitness magazines. He was wearing this white wifebeater tee-shirt (plain white, no logo), a pair of those khaki A&F shorts with the hunter's orange accents around the waist, pockets, and fly, and a kicking pair of trainers. The way he looked, stretched out on his stomach with his legs apart, propped up on his elbows, as he thumbed through the magazine--the sight of his ass in those shorts got me so distracted I could barely concentrate on what Mom was saying.

When I finally got off the phone--man, my Mom can talk!--I knelt down between his spread legs, stretched myself out on top of him, and started rubbing my crotch against his ass. I know he felt my hard-on through my jeans as I dry-humped his ass.

"What are you doing," he asked playfully.

"Practicing for later tonight," I said.

He laughed. "You wish!"

But I didn't stop humping him. He started getting into it too. He pushed himself up on his hands and knees so I was dry-banging him doggy-style. Breck was kind of humping me back. I was doing these loud stage-moans: "Oh, yeah, baby, great ass! Oh, baby, take that cock!" I was hamming it up like a bad

porn movie, but the truth is, I surely wanted to be buried to my pubes in his butt.

I pushed his wifebeater up to his armpits, rubbed my hands over his back, shoulders, and his tight stomach. After a minute or two, I reached up underneath him and popped open his shorts. "What are you doing?" he asked as I unzipped him. "Stop that."

He could have pushed me away. I knew the limits, but I wanted more. Breck didn't try to stop me when I pulled his shorts and briefs down to his knees. He didn't try to stop me when I wrapped my right arm around his waist and my hand around his hard prick. His dick fit my hand perfectly. He moaned when I started jerking him off, but he kept dry-humping me back and he didn't try to stop me. He shuddered and bucked and gave this little cry, then he came on the floor.

"Thanks," he said as he rolled away and pulled up his briefs and shorts.

"My turn," I said, squeezing the lump in my jeans.

Breck pulled down his shirt and tucked it in his shorts. "Sorry, bruh. If I do you, that makes it sex. And I said no sex until after we've been dating a month, remember?"

Grrr!

He jumped to his feet. "Come on. Let's get something to eat. I'm starving."

After dinner and a movie--an action flick which we both hated, but it gave us an excuse to hold hands throughout--we came back to my apartment and made out a while. I invited him to stay over. He agreed but reiterated "no sex, okay?" Yeah, sure, whatever.

We talked a while, about all sorts of things. Breck brought it up first. He had told me way back before we even went out that he had a Master's degree in psychology, but I'd been too nervous to ask. I mean, an interest in hypnosis seems a little freaky somehow, y'know? Anyway, he brought it up. He had seen my Web page (for the record, I didn't give him the Website address--he found it himself). He'd read my stories--yes, even the gay hypnosis porn stories--and he thought I was a good writer, but how did I get interested in hypnosis? Well, first I was interested in how it could help me as an athlete and a wrestler, how it could help me sharpen my concentration and my commitment, that sort of thing, and later I started finding a lot of people were into it for sexual purposes, and yeah, I had to admit it seemed kind of erotic in a way, which was why I wrote porn stories about it. Had I never tried it? No, never. Did I want to? Well, maybe, if I ever found someone who knew how and wasn't a total pervert. And anyway, since I was pretty strong-willed, I wasn't sure I even could be hypnotized. Did I know he knew how to hypnotize? No, I didn't--cool!

Just then, a couple of my roommates came home (I have three, all straight, though they're cool about me liking guys), and we changed the subject.

Anyway, like I said, I invited Breck to stay over. It was nearly 1:00 in the morning before we went to bed. We stripped down and climbed into bed, and kissed each other. He had a hard-on, and so did I. I knew the rules--touching was okay anywhere except there--but I'm all about pushing past rules. I took hold of his shaft. He pushed my hand off, without breaking our kiss, but I just moved right back to it. He pushed me away again, but I was persistent. He didn't even try to push me away again. I put his hand on my cock. He pulled it away. I put his hand on my cock again and held it there until he yieded and his fingers closed around it and he began pulling on me. Ragged gasps, in between deep kisses. I found this

way to tease the head of his cock that made him squirm. His hand felt so good, and I was so horny I couldn't hold out long. He was trembling too, all over. I kissed him hard, and I felt myself pass that edge, and my sweet orgasm burst over me. Breck too, at almost exactly the same time. Man, when we were cumming together like that, our mouths locked together in a kiss, I don't want to sound clichéd but it was like we touched each other all the way down to our souls.

After that, we cleaned up with a towel I had by the bed--hey, I believe in planning ahead--and cuddled some more. I would have liked to do more, but I figured I'd pushed far enough past the "no sex" rule for one night. Besides, that was Breck's second orgasm, and I could tell from the way he sighed and snuggled up against my chest, he was through for the night. Maybe there would be time for Round 2 in the morning.

2. Hypnosis and Handcuffs

I woke up on my back, with Breck propped on his elbow beside me. "Mooorning," I drawled, yawning.

"G'morning." He was smiling.

"Sleep well?"

"Yeah. You?"

"Great!" I yawned again and stretched luxuriously. I really did feel great, very rested.

"Thought so." He was grinning widely. "Because that's what I told you to."

"Hmm? What are you talking about?"

"I hypnotized you while you were asleep. One of the suggestions was you'd feel great when you woke up this morning."

"What? You did not, fucker!" There was mischief in his grin. I didn't believe him.

"Did too. You're a good subject."

"You can't hypnotize someone who's asleep."

"Yes, you can," he said, so earnestly. "Hypnosis is just an altered state of consciousness. So is sleep. It's very easy, since your conscious mind is already disengaged. All I had to do was move you from a regular sleep state to a trance state. Then I gave you some suggestions, and your subconscious accepted them."

I was suspicious, but he was the expert. "Suggestions? For what?"

"Nothing you didn't want. Nothing harmful. I kept it pretty simple for your first time. Things like, that you would sleep well and wake up feeling really refreshed. And a couple other things."

"Liiiiike what?"

"This!"

He lunged at me, tickling my ribs. Between giggles, I yelled "Hey! Stop that!" I slammed my arms to my sides, and he flipped me on my stomach--grabbed my hands and pulled them behind my back. He pressed my wrists together in the small of my back and said, "Handcuffs!"

I was like, What the--? Nothing there, but I sure couldn't pull my wrists apart. "What did you do? Lemme go!" I writhed left and right, but I couldn't free my wrists.

Breck was sitting beside me, looking pretty damn pleased with himself. Did I mention he was still nude and sporting his morning boner? He couldn't stop grinning at me. "Having fun?"

I lay on my side, facing him. "What's going on? What did you do, you fucker?"

"Told ya. I hypnotized you. This is just a little post-hypnotic suggestion. You won't be able to free you hands until I tell you. Admit it--you're helpless."

"Yeah? Think so?" I got my foot on his shoulder and pushed. He fell back, then came at me again, tickling me like crazy.

I giggled and twisted, but no matter how I struggled I couldn't get my hands loose. "Damn it, Breck! Stop! Hahahahaha! Get away! Don't! Hahahahaha!"

In babytalk, "Ooooo, is big mean Bwookie all helpwess? Say it. Say, 'Yes, Master Breck, widdle babee Bwookie is all helpwess.'"

I couldn't help laughing. "Oh, fuck you! Now let me go, please?"

He grabbed my balls and gave them a little twist. "Say it."

"That hurts."

"Say it."

"Oh ... all right. Yes, Master Breck, little Brock is all helpless."

"Good boy." He gave my balls a little tug.

"Uh ... let me go now, please?"

"No, not yet."

"But you said--"

"I said say it. I didn't say I'd let you go." He gave my dick a squeeze. "Maybe I want to play a little first. What's wrong? You were all about playing last night."

"Dude, this is-- Just let me go, okay?"

Breck didn't answer. He just kept staring at my hard-on, and stroking it slow and easy. I got to admit it felt really good. Pretty soon my dick was leaking pre-cum all over his fingers. I panted, "Man, I'm going to--" and then I was cumming hard.

As I rode the afterglow back to the real world, Breck patted my arm and said, "Go free," and suddenly my wrists came apart.

"Like that?" he asked, smirking, as he wiped my jizm off his hand with the towel from the night before.

"Yeah, sorta. I guess it was pretty hot."

"Yeah, I haven't done that in a while. The hypno thing, I mean. That's what I was going to tell you last night before your roomies came back. One of my ex-boyfriends introduced me to it."

"Did you used to do him, or did he do it to you?"

"He did it to me. But I learned how from him, and later in grad school too. He always used this candle flame for the induction, and sometimes I'd go out like a light."

"What did he do to you?"

Breck smirked. "Use your imagination, stud. Some things are just meant to stay between him and me. Just like I'd never tell anyone else what you and I do."

"Yeah? And just what did you do to me?"

"That's about it. Like I said, I kept it simple since it was your first time. You're a pretty good subject, even if you didn't think you could be hypnotized."

Well, I guess that was a compliment.

3. Mesmerism and the Marine

"You know who I think would be a great hypnosis subject?"

That was Breck talking. It was Friday night, nearly a week after the handcuffs incident. We hadn't talked about hypnosis since, and sure hadn't done anything about it--something else always came up. To tell you the truth, I couldn't decide whether I was turned on by the hypnosis thing, or spooked. You know how it is sometimes when a fantasy comes close to getting fulfilled. Probably a little of both, maybe? And no, in the three dates we'd had since then, we were back to his "no sex" rule.

We were in the kitchen, my apartment, loading the dinner dishes into the washer. (He cooked, but I hate washing dishes by hand.) My roomies were all gone for the evening. Breck and I were waiting on my friend Bill to get into town for the weekend, and then the three of us were going out to some clubs.

So when Breck said this, it was out of the blue. I froze. "Uh, who?"

I guess I expected him to say one of my roommates (okay, we had talked about the fantasy of using hypnosis to seduce straight guys briefly a few days ago), or some movie star, or some friend of his. I didn't expect him to say, "Bill."

"Bill? No fucking way! Bill's in the Marines."

Well, Marine Reserves at least. Bill is my age and he's been my best friend since we were 12. Where I

went to college right after high school, Bill joined the Marines for a few years. Now he was in college in a town sixty miles away and doing Reserve duty one weekend a month. Bill is straight, but right after I graduated college a couple of months ago, our relationship turned sexual--I'd always had the World's Biggest Crush on him--and we sort-of dated for about two and a half months. I say "sort-of dated" because we did all the romantic boyfriend things and fucked like bunnies, but Bill would never call himself bi or gay--he always called himself straight and went out with chicks from time to time while we were dating. Eventually, he decided he really was completely straight and we went back to just being best friends. That was maybe a month ago, right before I even met Breck.

Breck shut the dish washer and turned it on. "Yeah. Bill. Think about it. He's already trained to follow orders without question and without thinking, plus he fits the classic profile of a good subject."

Dubious me said, "I dunno ..."

"I'll prove it. Let's play a little game with Bill, okay?"

"Like what kind of game?"

"You'll see. Just follow my lead, okay?"

Breck put a candle on the coffee table and lit it.

"Hey, where's the fuse box?"

I pointed to the kitchen. "In there, by the refrigerator. Why?"

"Just go along, okay?" Breck disappeared into the kitchen, and a minute later, the whole apartment plunged into darkness. It was after 9:00 so no light came through the windows. The candle was it. I noticed Breck making sure he never looked directly at the candle--what was up with that?

"Breck, what are you up to?"

"Just follow my lead, Brock. When Bill gets here, I want you to make like you blew a fuse and have to go down the street to that convenience store and get some to replace it. I want you to just go outside, okay? And don't come back in until I tell you."

"Well ... okay. But I don't see--"

"Just trust me. I'm going to prove my point about Bill. Don't worry--he's a Marine. I can't make him do anything he doesn't want to. Hey, it might not even work, right?"

"But why the lights out?"

"Gotta justify the candle somehow." Breck gave me a wicked grin and I remembered what he told me about his ex-boyfriend.

We sat on the couch and made out while we waited. Whenever I would try to talk about what he had in mind for Bill, Breck just said, "Turn off your head a while, will ya? Kiss me."

That's when Bill knocked on the door. Had to be him, and it was.

Bill was in a good mood, ready for a night at the clubs. "Hey, bud! I rang the bell but I guess you didn't hear me?"

Breck jumped in. "Hey, Bill. Yeah, power's out. Brock was just on his way to get some new fuses. Right, Brock?"

"Uh, yeah. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Breck closed the door behind me. I went around to the side of the building. We had left the kitchen window open when Breck was cooking dinner, and I was able to listen in. Couldn't see shit because the furniture, but I could hear them.

Breck's voice: "I dunno. I kind of like having the power out. Reminds you that you don't need a lot of electronic things around sometimes. Besides, I like candlelight. I find it really relaxing. Don't you, Bill?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"When I was a kid, I loved looking into a candle flame. That was like my favorite thing in the world. A candle like this one? I could just get lost staring into it for hours. It was like a game. I'd see how long I could stare into it without blinking. How long can you stare into the flame without blinking, Bill?"

"I dunno. Never tried, I guess."

"I bet you can stare into it for a long time. I know I could. It's all about concentration. The secret is to narrow your eyes slightly, enough to keep them from drying out. Why don't you give it a try?"

"Huh?"

"Try it. Let's see how long you can stare into the flame. Go ahead. Look right into it. Don't take your eyes off it. Don't move or speak or nod your head or say "uh-huh" unless I ask you to. I know you hear me. Just keep looking into the flame. I'll give you some simple instructions, and if you follow them I know you'll be able to look for a long, long time. Take a deep breath. That's right ... Now exhale. Take another, deeper breath. Hold it a second ... and exhale. Relax. See how easy it is? Now, a third deep breath ... and exhale.

"You know what else I used to do when I was staring into the flame, Bill? I used to count backwards. It helped me concentrate. I'm going to help you by counting down. I'm going to count down from 10 to 1. Just follow along in your head, okay? 10 ... 9 ... 8 ... 7 ... 6 ... 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1. See how easy? Let's do it again. 10 ... 9 ... 8 ... 7 ... 6 ... 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1. That's it.

"It's okay to blink if you have to. I can tell your eyelids are starting grow heavy. Almost as if they have a heavy weight attached to them. Let's count down again. 10 ... 9 ... 8 ... 7 ... 6 ... 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1. The longer you stare at this flame, the more your eyelids get heavy, and you blink, and they have a feeling like something is pulling them down, as if they wanted to slowly close, and get drowsier and sleepier and heavier. Just listen to the sound of my voice. Any other sounds, any thoughts, anything that could distract you--just let it go into the background and feel it help you relax and feel even drowsier.

"And now, I'm going to count again, just from 5 down to 1 this time, because your eyelids are feeling so heavy. As I count, your eyelids grow heavier, drooping, so drowsy and sleepy. By the time I reach the count of 1, you'll be able to close them right down and you'll be able to go deep into sleep. Deeper than

ever before. All right. I'm beginning the last countdown.

"5 ... Eyelids heavy, drooping, feeling very drowsy, very sleepy ... When they finally do close, how good you'll feel ... Head starting to nod ...

"4 ... Heavy eyelids feel ready to close ... Feeling very drowsy and very good, like you're entering a very deep and pleasant state of hypnosis ...

"3 ... The next time you blink, that sleepy feeling is hypnosis coming over you ... Feeling so good ...

"2 ... Heavy eyelids begin closing, slowly closing, almost tightly closing, almost tightly closing, harder to see ... Closing them, closing tightly, close them, close them tightly ...

"1 ... Sleep now. Let yourself drift in an easy, calm, relaxed state."

Was Bill playing along, or had it worked? I couldn't see and I was dying to know. Just the thought it might have worked was giving me some more kind of rush. And a hard-on.

Breck's voice: "Bill, can you hear me?"

Bill's deep voice sounded subdued, a monotone almost too low to hear. "Yeah ..."

"That's it. You're very deeply asleep now, but still able to talk normally. Talking doesn't wake you up. In fact, it helps you relax and fall even deeper into this pleasant, sound sleep, isn't that right?"

"Yeah ..."

"Bill, do you know what's happened to you? You've been hypnotized, haven't you?"

"Yeah ..."

"It feels really good, doesn't it? Very relaxing and peaceful--so pleasant, right?"

"Yeah ..."

Breck talked Bill through some exercises, hands rising, feeling hot then cold, that sort of thing. I knew from reading up on hypnosis--I'd read everything about it I could get my hands on since I was a kid--that these were deepening exercises. Bill seemed to be following them well.

I know Breck told me to wait until he called me back in, but I had to see this shit for myself. I headed back to the door. Opened it slowly, noiselessly. Crept inside and shut it.

Breck smiled at me as he continued his deepening exercise, help up a finger to his lips to tell me to be silent.

Bill sat on the couch. Breck had slid the candle directly in front of him. Bill looked for all the world like he was taking a nap. He was slouched limply on the couch, head bowed forward, slack jaw hanging open a little. His eyelids were closed, the eyes under them moving quickly. I'd done enough reading to know this indicated a R.E.M. trance state. So this was all for real? Fuck!

Breck said, "Bill, you're in the Marines, right?"

"Yeah ... Marines ..."

"When was the last time you did your weekend duty?"

"Two weeks ... ago ..."

"So it's still fresh in your mind, isn't it? What your uniform looked like, what it felt like. What your commanding officer looked like?"

"Yeah ..."

"Just thinking about that helps you relax and sleep deeper. I know you like being a Marine, Bill. Boot camp was hell, but you got through that. Now you're a soldier. A good soldier. Your commanding officer gives you orders, and you follow them, don't you? Like a good soldier."

"Yeah ... a good soldier ..."

"That's right. You like following orders, don't you? You like it when your commanding officer tells you what to do, isn't that right?"

"Yeah ..."

"Bill, let's play a little game now, okay? It's such an easy game, and it will help you relax more. It's such a relaxing game and it's one you've played before. Would you like to play this game?"

Bill's voice came from some distant place: "yeah ..."

"Stand up, Bill. You can easily stand and sleep without waking up."

Bill climbed slowly to his feet. Breck motioned at the coffee table, and we quietly lifted it and pulled it out of the way.

"Bill, the name of this game is 'Marines.' It's all about being a good soldier. Doing what a good soldier does. You've played this game before, haven't you? And you're a very good soldier, aren't you?"

"Yeah ..."

"In a moment I'm going to ask you to open your eyes, Bill. I know you'll be able to open your eyes without waking up. You'll be able to talk and move normally and still stay so deeply asleep. In fact, everything you see and do will help you relax and sleep more deeply. Isn't that right?"

"Yeah ..."

"Bill, the game is called 'Marines,' and it's very easy. You get to play the part of a very good soldier. When you open your eyes, the man you see in front of you will be your commanding officer, and I know you will be able to obey his orders. You'll like obeying his orders and I know you'll feel very comfortable obeying them. Obeying will make you relax and sleep deeper, like a good soldier." Breck pulled my arm, positioned me in front of Bill. He eased himself into the background. "Ready to begin

the game, Bill? When you're ready, open your eyes and look at the commanding officer in front of you."

Okay, so I was supposed to be the commanding officer? Fine--Bill and I had done some sexy role-playing games like this several weeks back when we were dating. I could play my part.

Slowly, Bill opened his eyes, lifted his head. He looked at me.

I gruff-barked, "A-ten-SHUN!"

Bill snapped to attention. Chin up, chest out, trance-reddened eyes forward. We'd played role games like this when we were lovers, but this time Bill seemed more real. Crisper, more precise.

I bellowed, "Who am I, grunt?"

Bill barked back, "Sir, Master Sergeant--"

"I know who I am, Lance Corporal. Are you a soldier?"

"Sir! Yes, sir!"

"I said, are you a sollll-jer?"

"Sir! Yes, SIR!"

"Are you sure, Lance Corporal? Because you do not look like a soldier to me."

"Sir! Yes, SIR!"

"I said, you do not look like a soldier, Lance Corporal. Is this your uniform? Look at yourself. Civilian clothes are not the uniform of a soldier, are they? I said, are they?"

Bill slowly looked down at himself. "Sir! No, SIR!"

"Eyes front, Lance Corporal. I want you out of those civvies, Lance Corporal. NOW!"

"Sir! Yes, SIR!" Bill tugged clumsily at his tee-shirt. Off it came. Then he toes his way out of his trainers. Dropped his jeans and pulled his feet out of them. Snatched off his socks. Still in his plain white boxers--must have been military issue--he snapped back to attention.

Bill is six feet tall. My age--22. Dark brown hair cut very military stubble-short. Brown eyes. He's handsome, and the Marines have given him a nice body. Hairless chest. Two tattoos--one on his left pectoral, the other on his right biceps.

"Civilian clothes instead of your uniform, soldier, is a serious infraction. Drop and give me twenty!"

Bill hit the floor and pumped out twenty quick push-ups as I counted them off.

He started to climb back to his feet. "You are not off the hook yet, soldier. On your knees." He knelt, eyes forward. "I am your commanding office, am I right?"

"Sir! Yes, SIR!"

"You will obey my orders without question, am I right?"

"Sir! Yes, SIR!"

"It is your job as a soldier to do exactly what I say, no questions asked. You have committed a serious infraction, and I must discipline you. To make you a better soldier, am I right?"

"Sir! Yes, SIR!"

We'd played this game often before. I opened my pants and pushed them to my knees. My cock was hard, pointing right at him. "Soldier, it is your duty to serve me until I tell you to stop."

Bill bent forward and licked my cock. His jaw opened, and it slid inside.

Breck came up behind me. He stroked my neck and arms, peering over my shoulder as Bill blew me.

"Soldier, is your missile primed?"

Bill came off my cock. "Sir! Yes, SIR!" Then back to tonguing it.

"Then get deploy your weapon, soldier, and stroke it until I tell you to cum."

Bill fumbled at his boxers as he spit-basted my dick. He pulled out his own cock and jacked it.

Breck slid his hands down to mine, drew them back. I reached back for him. At the last second, he pressed them together at the wrist and whispered, "Handcuffs," in my ear. I tugged but once again I couldn't separate them. He chuckled quietly. "Just to remind you who's really in charge here," he whispered.

Breck turned my head back and kissed me deep and long. This all was so hot I felt my balls buzz and my cum rumbled. Cumming! Hard! My body shook and ecstasy swept over everything.

I fell back into Breck's arms. He held me a moment until I could stand on my own again. In front of us, Bill gasped and shuddered and shot off on the floor.

"Good job, Bill," Breck said. "Close your eyes and relax a moment. That was a good game and you enjoyed playing it, didn't you?"

"Yeah ..."

Breck had Bill get dressed and sit back on the couch again. We slid the coffee table back into place.

Breck walked Bill through another deepening exercise. Then he said, "Bill, you don't have to remember that game if you don't want to. You can let it go and it will just seem like a dream, a very pleasant dream. If fact, you want to let it go, don't you?"

"Yeah ..."

"Good, Bill. I'm going to help you let go of it. I want you to imagine you're in a hallway. There's a door ahead of you. Can you see it?"

"Yeah ..."

"I want you to open that door and go inside. I want you to stand in the middle of the room, Bill. There's something very interesting occurring. What's occurring is that the floor is the floor of an elevator and it begins to move down, slowly. It's going down into the basement. You're going right down, deeper, feeling very relaxed, very comfortable. Now it stops, and you're down in the basement. There's another door in front of you. There's a sign on the door, and it reads 'The Room of Forgetting.' Can you see it?"

"Yes ... a door ..."

"That's right, Bill. I want you to open that door and step inside. As you do, your eyes narrow and you hesitate, because it's very dim in this room. The door closes behind you. There's a strange feeling beneath your feet, because you're standing on a foam rubber pad which is three inches thick. Now, the door is closed, and your eyes are slowly becoming accustomed to the dimness. There's sort of a rosy glow in the room. You take a few more steps in, and you decide to just sit down and you feel this soft foam, three inches thick, cradling you so comfortably that you just decide to lay back. Now all the light is gone, and the room is filled with nothingness. That nothingness moves across your mind. Your mind is filled with nothingness and you start to forget everything that has happened while you've been in this pleasant sleep."

Breck pushed me toward the door. "Stay outside," he whispered, "until I wake him up." I let myself out silently.

I listened to Breck through the door. "Bill, I know how much you've enjoyed feeling this relaxed and comfortable. I know you're going to want to feel this way again very soon. So I'm going to give you a signal so you can enter this deeply relaxed state of hypnosis more easily. I am going to count from 1 to 3. At the count of 3, you will open your eyes, remaining deeply relaxed. When I say 'Candle flame' and snap my fingers, that will be your signal for your eyelids to close and you will sink deeper into hypnosis. All right. 1 ... 2 ... 3. Open your eyes." Breck snapped his fingers. "Candle flame! Close them down and go deeper asleep. That's it. That's it. Deeper asleep."

Breck repeated this several times, ingraining the response into Bill.

"Bill, each time that you go into hypnosis, you relax more easily, more quickly, and more deeply. Relaxation is a skill that you are easily developing each time. Now, I'm going to count from 1 to 5, and when I say, "Fully awake," you will open your eyes, and you will be fully aware, feeling calm, rested, refreshed, relaxed.

"1 ... Slowly, easily, you're returning to your full awareness once again.

"2 ... Each muscle and nerve is loose and limp and relaxed, and you feel wonderful.

"3 ... From head to toe, you are feeling perfect in every way. Physically perfect, mentally perfect, emotionally calm and serene.

"4 ... Your eyes begin to feel sparkling clear. On the next number I count, your eyelids will open, and you will be fully aware, feeling calm, rested, refreshed, relaxed, invigorated, full of energy.

"5. Fully awake."

I opened the door. Bill was in mid-yawn, stretching. "Hey, dude," he said to me. "Get the fuses?"

"Uh--yeah." I disappeared into the kitchen and reset the fuse box. The lights burst back on. With every clock in the place blinking 12:00, 12:00, 12:00, Bill wouldn't have a clue how much time had gone by.

Back in the living room, Bill announced, "Let's go! I'm ready to dance and get drunk off my fucking ass!"

4. Flames, Old and New

The next evening, Breck and I were about to have dinner at his place. Just before we sat down, I brought in a candle from his living room, lit it, and placed it on the table.

"What's up with that?" he asked as I doused the overhead lights.

"Can't I have a candlelight dinner with my boyfriend?" I grinned. He grinned back.

We held hands during dinner. I'm right-handed and Breck is left-handed so we managed just fine. Again, I noticed he went out of his way not to look at the candle, but I didn't much care--because he was looking at me instead, which made me feel good.

Afterward, still savoring the last of our wine, the conversation turned to the day before with Bill.

Breck finished his last swallow. "See? I told you he'd make the best hypnosis subject."

"Yeah, it was pretty damn hot" I had to admit.

"I knew you'd like it." Breck gave my hand a squeeze.

"Is that how your ex used to hypnotize you?"

"Yup. We used to get into some really wild games with it." Breck looked at the candle and half-smiled, remembering.

"Yeah? He'd just light a candle and start talking really soft and low like you did, and he'd hypnotize you?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"That sounds cool. A candle like this one? I bet just looking at it brings all those memories back, huh? It's all coming back to you, the relaxing way it made you feel. Just thinking about the way he used to hypnotize you is making you feel it coming over you again. Isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It must have been so easy, so easy to focus on the candle as it dances, and listen to the instructions. You must have really enjoyed that feeling. Just like you're enjoying it now."

Breck wasn't looking away from the candle flame. His eyes were beginning to blink and blink again.

"That's it. Just relax. Just like that. You're feeling it all over again. So relaxed. Eyelids so heavy. So sleepy and heavy."

Man, let me tell you--this was a rush! I would never have believed it felt like this to hypnotize someone. I had to work to keep my voice low and smooth.

"Breck, you can close your eyes now ... And begin breathing deeply and slowly."

His eyes slowly closed and stayed shut.

"Before you let go completely and go into a deep hypnotic sleep, just let yourself listen carefully to everything I say to you. It's going to happen automatically, so you don't need to think about that now. You will have no conscious control over what happens. The muscles in and around your eyes are relaxing all by themselves as you continue breathing ... easily and deeply ... Without thinking about it, you will soon enter a deep, peaceful hypnotic trance, without any effort. There is nothing important for your conscious mind to do. There is nothing really important except the activities of your subconscious mind, and that can be just as automatic as dreaming. And you know how easily you can forget your dreams when you wake."

Breck's head was starting to nod forward.

"You are responding very well, Breck. Without noticing it, you have already altered your rate of breathing. You're breathing much more easily and deeply. You are showing signs that indicate you are beginning to drift into a hypnotic trance. You can really enjoy relaxing more and more, and your subconscious mind will listen to each word I say. And it keeps becoming less important for you to consciously listen to my voice. Your subconscious mind can hear even if I whisper."

I had to take a deep breath myself. I tried hard to remember a couple of hypnosis scripts I read in a book a long time ago. I had to stay calm and confident to pull this off.

"You continue becoming more relaxed and comfortable as you sit there with your eyes closed. Such deepening comfort. You don't have to move, or talk, or let anything bother you. Your inner mind can respond automatically to everything I tell you, and you will be pleasantly surprised with your continuous progress. You're getting much closer to a deep hypnotic trance, and you are beginning to realize that you don't care whether or not you are going into a deep trance. Being in this peaceful state allows you to experience the comfort of the hypnotic trance again. Being hypnotized is always a very enjoyable, very pleasant, calm, peaceful, completely relaxing experience. It seems natural ... and makes you want to include hypnosis in your future. Every time I hypnotize you, it keeps becoming more enjoyable, and you really enjoy having me hypnotize you. You will always enjoy the sensations, of comfort, of peacefulness, of calmness, and all the other sensations that come automatically from this wonderful experience. You will be really happy that you decided to let me hypnotize you."

I did a few of the testing and deepening exercises I had heard Breck use with Bill the night before. Then it was time to give him some real suggestions.

"Breck, imagine yourself in a place you like very much, by a lake, or by the ocean. Perhaps you are floating gently in the ocean at that beach you love so much, on a warm summer day. You are continuing to relax even more now. And you continue becoming more comfortable. This is your own world--you

like it a lot, and you are going to find that any time you want to spend a few minutes by yourself, relaxing, and feeling very comfortable and serene, you can automatically go back to this feeling you're experiencing now. You can put yourself into this world any time you like. Continue enjoying this pleasant experience as your subconscious mind receives everything I tell you. And you will be pleased by the way you automatically respond to everything I say."

I Took a deep breath, then leaned in, speaking in a stage whisper. "Breck, I'm going to give you a key phrase that will help you come back to this place. You'd like that, wouldn't you? You ex-boyfriend, the one who introduced you to hypnosis, he gave you a key phrase too, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Candle ... flame."

Same as Breck had given Bill. "Okay, Breck, then 'candle flame' will be the phrase. When you hear me say 'candle flame' you'll be able to return to this deep state." I walked him through the same routine he used on Bill. Then I deepened it several times, like he'd done with Bill, to get it engrained.

"Breck, there's another suggestion I'm going to give you, and it's very, very important." Okay, this was probably unethical, but I was tired of the "no sex until we get to know each other" routine. "It's about your friend Brock. He really likes you, and you really like him too, don't you?"

"Yes."

"When you open your eyes and see him in a few minutes, you're going to be aware of how much you like him and how much he likes you. And how handsome he is. And how horny you both are. And you'll do anything it takes to make him happy, won't you?"

"Yes."

Hell, yeah! I was going to get laid tonight! I rushed through reminding how this all seemed like a dream and how easy it was to forget a dream. Then I woke him up.

He looked at me, and I looked at him. We smiled. He blew out the candle. He took my hand and he led me to his bedroom.

Well, I guess it's true you can't make someone do something with hypnosis that they didn't want to do, because Breck did not have sex with me that night. Oh, we make out on his bed. We got naked. We gave each other full-body massages. We cuddled and kissed. We were both hard as hell. He did weaken and give my cock a couple of strokes before he pulled his hand away, but he never let me touch his cock for more than a couple of seconds. He didn't allow me to jack off. I was doubly frustrated, wondering what I'd done wrong. Finally, we fell asleep in each other's arms. Sure, it was romantic, but it was a hell of a lot less than what I wanted right then.

5. Morning-After Medicine

I awoke the next morning--this morning--or rather, I seemed to be awake.

I was on my back. I opened my eyes. I was aware of what was going on, sort of, but mostly of Breck propped up beside me in bed. My body felt so heavy and lethargic, so hard to move. Everything was limp except for my iron-hard cock. He was grinning at me. He was so beautiful. I couldn't take my eyes off him.

"That's right," he was saying. "So easy to open your eyes without leaving that pleasant state. You're still in that pleasant state of hypnosis, aren't you?"

My voice: "Yes."

He licked his fingertip, ran it around my nipple. It was--incredible! Like he was hitting every nerve in my body.

"Like that?" he said, grinning. "There's more."

He bent forward and kissed me. I could move, but everything was sluggish, like I was moving in slow motion. I felt his kiss so intensely, the sensations nearly overwhelmed me, but I managed to respond, and that made the kiss even more profound.

His mouth left mine, traced a line of kisses down my neck. "Everything so pleasant," he murmured, "and so intense." He kissed his way around my nipples. I felt every touch like an explosion.

He kissed and licked down my abs. He shifted his body around me in bed. Then his tongue on my balls kicked off fireworks in my head, stunning me.

Time? Meaningless. Worries? Not a one. Nothing existed for me except this languid feeling in my body and the rapture Breck was causing.

He brought his body over mine. His hand, then his lips, on my penis set everything ablaze. His rod dangled over my face, and it was like I'd never seen anything so pretty. I was so hungry for it. His hand aligned it with my throat and his hips lowered.

We sixty-nined for ... well, it seemed like days. He gave a cry and this salty taste filled my consciousness as he came. His dick withdrew from my mouth, and I missed it, but he renewed his assault on my cock. The delirium as my orgasm built and then raged white-hot through me--I can't begin to describe it.

Finally, I lay there spent on the bed. Breck's face grinning over me. "Hope it was worth the wait, stud. Sleep now."

And suddenly I was more tired than I'd ever been. Couldn't keep my eyes open. I sank back into sleep.

Later, when I woke up--really woke up--Breck wasn't in bed with me. The shower, running, was shut off and the curtain pushed aside. Breck reached for a towel. I watched as he dried himself, loving the way he moved.

"Good morning," he said, smiling, when he saw me sitting up in bed. Rubbing the towel across his arm, he walked toward me, a slight strut in his stride.

I said, "You hypnotized me again."

He grinned. "Uh-huh. Did you like it? How much do you remember?"

"A lot of it, I guess. It was ... way intense."

He sat down on the bed, and we kissed. I ran my hand over his muscular back. The most beautiful man in the world was sitting naked less than a foot away from me.

"You know," he said, "we should invite Bill over. Especially now that I can put you both into a trance whenever I want. Think you'd like that?"

I just grinned, the words "candle flame" already forming on my lips.

[On to Part 2](#)

True Life, Part 2

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

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?

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Special thanks to Chad/Epaphus (epaphus@mindspring.com) for, uhm, the inspiration. (Wink!)

True Life, Part 2

6. New York, Day 1 (October 1999)

My friend Chad knows I'm a big fan of Laurie Anderson. So when she debuted her new show in Brooklyn, he invited me up to see her perform. Now, I'm a Southern boy, never been on a plane before in my life, much less been to New York City, but this was one of my fav performers. How could I *not* go? I didn't have the money for a plane ticket--I've only been graduated from my life as a poor college student for six months and I don't have much of a saving account yet--so I invited Breck along in return for him loaning the money for plane fare. Did I coerce him in any way? Well, uhm, I hear you can't make someone do anything they really don't want to.

Anyway, I cleared it with my bud Chad that Breck could come. Chad's a cool guy. He's older than me--mid-thirties, I think, though he looks mid-twenties. Good-looking guy, too. We first met on the IRC #gayhypnosis channel about three years ago (he uses the nick Epaphus)--he was one of the first people I chatted with, and he became one of my best cyber-friends, and we even co-wrote some 'net stories together. At that time he lived about two hundred miles from me, so we met in person on two occasions when he came to my city on business. Yes, he's a hypnotist, in addition to be a writer and a photographer, and he's a certified hypnotist too (whatever *that* means); but no, we didn't do anything with hypnosis either time. He brought his boyfriend Eric on one of those visits, and I was like, *Damn, what a hottie!*

Anyway, about a year ago, Chad moved to New Jersey. We stayed in touch, so when he mentioned Anderson was doing a performance and invited me up to see it, I jumped at the chance. His boyfriend Eric was going to be visiting too--they don't live together much since Eric is a pro soccer player and has to stay near where his team is located during the season--and as far as I was concerned, seeing Eric again was a very big bonus. Okay, so I have a little crush on Eric and maybe on Chad too. Nothing wrong with that, is there?

So anyway, on Tuesday Breck and I got on a plane and flew to the Newark airport. Like I said, it was my first time on a plane. Though I put up a good front, I was kind of nervous every time the plane took a little dip. I mean, you always hear in the news about these planes crashing--I guess you never hear about ones that arrive safely. Breck had flown before several times. He kept doing this claw thing with his hand, claiming he was imitating the way I was gripping the arm rests, like I was trying to hold the plane up in the air all by myself. He's such a *liar* sometimes! Ha ha!

When we got off the plane, we didn't have any trouble spotting Chad and Eric at the baggage claim area. Eric was just the best-looking guy there, and Chad was the one holding the sign that read, "Welcome, Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara." Sheesh! I guess if you live in Georgia like I do, you put up with a lot of *Gone With the Wind* jokes.

So we got our bags and headed out. Chad lives about twenty miles from Newark, in north-central Jersey, and yeah, we thought we were leaving safely after rush hour had ended, but *shit!* Less than a mile from the airport we got snarled in traffic backed up behind some accident where the road was narrowed around a strip of construction. Yeah, yeah--welcome to Newark; enjoy your stay.

To make it worse, we're in one of those "dead zones" where the radio doesn't pick up shit except static and stations we hated. So we're sitting in traffic, moving about five feet every ten minutes. Somehow Chad and I got to talking about hypnosis and did I have any more stories about it coming out soon. Eric knows Chad's a hypnotist, but he thinks hypnosis is a load of total bullshit, and he said so, claiming he could never ever be hypnotized. Chad gave me a wink when Eric said that, and then he changed the subject back to soccer.

Eric and Breck are chattering away in the back seat--Breck's a major soccer-head, and Eric plays pro soccer, so they were really hitting it off. I don't know anything about soccer, so I didn't have much to add. Chad was driving (if you want to call being stuck in traffic driving) and I was in the front passenger seat, just looking wide-eyed out the window at more pavement and more industrial shit than I'd ever seen in one place before in my life.

So I wasn't really listening to Chad--it was more like I became aware of what he was saying gradually. Something soft about how there was nothing out there to look at, nothing that would distract from gradually starting to focus on his voice. I wasn't sure how long he'd been murmuring that way, but I kept listening. *He's trying to hypnotize me*, I thought, but being aware of what he was doing wasn't the same thing as snapping out of it. In the back seat, Breck and Eric were kind of tapering off their conversation too, like they suddenly were finding themselves listening to what Chad was saying.

Looking back, I got to give him props--you just have to admire someone who has the balls to just go for it like that. Like I said, Chad is a good hypnotist, and certified--whatever that means. It wasn't like when Breck tried to hypnotize me, not at all. Breck usually tried when I was already tired or already asleep. This, though, wasn't like that. More subtle--that's the word. I didn't feel sleepy at all, just real focused on what he was saying. I was aware, and I could see things around me, but didn't pay it any mind. Nothing distracted my attention--nothing was more important than what he was saying. Yeah, I was aware he was giving me--*us*--some suggestions, and if I couldn't quite hold on to them after he made them, that

was okay, because I knew some part of me had listened and still had them.

Traffic began to move. Chad kept talking for a while. After a while he stopped talking and let us snap out of it kind of on our own. We didn't talk about what he'd just done--maybe he told us not to. Instead we got caught up in everything there was to see around us. In just a couple of minutes, we were out of Newark, out at the end of Route 24, where everything turned suburban. We went through a township where some of the buildings were hundreds of years old--hey, that's impressive when you're from Atlanta, where the oldest building date from after when General Sherman burned nearly the whole place to the ground a hundred and thirty years ago--and then all of a sudden we were going down these twisty roads you would swear were out in the country somewhere instead of just a few miles from town. I was figuring out Jersey was *not* what I'd always thought it was like.

And deer--there were deer all over the place, grazing on people's lawns, standing by the road watching us pass. These were arrogant deer too--they weren't afraid of the car and just wandered out in front of us like they were daring us to hit them. I never knew deer still lived in Jersey, but we passed more deer on our way to Chad's place than I'd ever seen in one night in my life.

We stopped for dinner, and by the time we actually got to Chad's place around 9:00, I was exhausted. Breck was all jazzed up and ready to do something. He and Eric had discovered they both liked running at night, so they were all about changing into shorts and going out for a run. They took along this soccer ball Chad had, and Eric was telling Breck he knew this field where they could kick it around some, so I figured they'd be gone a while. They were sure bonding quick, like puppies. Me, I like to run too, but I was just plain beat. I guess the flight took more out of me than I thought. So off they went, and that left Chad and I there by ourselves.

I pulled my shirt, shoes, and socks off and sprawled out on the huge-ass futon where we'd be sleeping. I would have shucked my jeans too and really made myself at home like Chad said, but I didn't have any underwear on underneath, and I wasn't sure if Chad meant for me to go that far.

I was really wiped after the stress of the flight and all. Chad and I were chatting. He sat down on the futon too next to my legs, and he pulled my feet into his lap and began to massage them. Oh, *man*, I'm a sucker for a good massage, no matter what part of my body, and Chad had very good hands. I hummed out my appreciation and settled back on the futon.

"You must be tired after your trip," Chad said, and then he said something else, and there was a particular word in it that did something to me, a key word, but I didn't care. I started to feel like I did before in the car, all daydreamy. I felt my body start to relax, tension I didn't know I had flowing out of me, and it felt so good to just groove there and let him talk to me and massage my feet. Over time, his hands massaged my ankles and calves too, which always made me feel great. I felt so sleepy and relaxed. I couldn't stop blinking. Chad was talking to me but his words always seemed to slip past me, and I concentrated on how good I felt, how good he was making me feel. My body was so limp I couldn't move--or maybe I just didn't want to. My cock was hard, but that didn't matter right then.

I don't know how long I lay there, hovering at the edge of sleep while Chad talked to me and massaged my feet. Breck and Eric came back from their run, giggling, sweaty and shirtless, their tee-shirts tucked into the back of their shorts like wagging puppy tails. They were lively as dogs, jostling and cutting up, hands on each others' shoulders or arms or backs. Eric went to kiss Chad, but Chad pushed him away with a face and said, "Phew! Go take a shower, guys." And Breck and Eric trotted off to the bathroom, gleefully shedding their shoes, socks, and shorts as they went, their butts in white briefs disappearing around the corner like the flipped up tails of happy spaniels.

Chad went back to talking to me. My hands moved, on their own. I watched them unsnap and unzip my jeans. My hips rose off of the futon, and Chad slid my jeans down. When my body sank back onto the futon, Chad pulled my jeans off over my feet. My cock was hard, pointing straight up at my head. One hand picked up a pillow and settled it over my crotch.

Breck came back first, followed by Eric. I guess they showered together? They weren't gone long enough to have done anything sexual, I guess, so they must have just showered. Breck had a towel around his waist. Eric had a towel too, and he was rubbing it against his strawberry-blond hair, leaving his body on full display. Eric gave a big grin when he saw me stretched out there with nothing but a pillow covering my crotch.

Chad said something to them, something with the keyword in it, and I saw their expressions slowly go slack. Chad kept talking. The towel fell from Eric's hand. His cock was starting to rise up. There was a rise in the front of Breck's towel too, and then it came uncinched from his hip and dropped away, pausing a second where it clung to the end of his cock before slumping to the floor.

Everything felt like a dream, a very sexy dream. I lifted the pillow away from my crotch. When Chad told me to, my body moved and I climbed off the futon. Eric climbed onto it, on his hands and knees. Breck got on the futon too, curling up half-underneath Eric. Eric's cock plugged into Breck's mouth, and Breck began to suck him, slow and gentle. I climbed on the futon too, between Eric's legs. Chad had his clothes off--real big cock--and climbed up behind me. He told me what to do, and I did it. I parted Eric's incredible butt-cheeks and my tongue explored his crack and the hole at its center, tasting of fresh soap. Chad was doing the same to me. I felt like a conduit, transmitting the same feelings Chad was giving me to his boyfriend's ass. Pretty soon, Chad's fucking me with his tongue, and I'm doing the same to Eric; and when Chad slipped that first finger into my hole and told me to do it to Eric, I did what he said without hesitation.

Chad lubed my ass, then the bottle was in my hand and I worked some into Eric's ass. I put on a condom and covered it with lube too. Pressed my hips forward and entered him. He took me pretty easily--he's used to Chad who's hung real big, bigger than me. I slid it all the way in and paused for a moment so he could get used to me inside him. That's when I felt Chad's cock working its way inside my asshole too. I pushed back and he slid in more and more, slowly. He's big--bigger than any cock I've ever taken. That feeling in my ass might have been pain, but it hit my head like euphoria, like hunger, and I wanted more.

I slid backward out of Eric's ass and a little more deeper on Chad's cock. I slid forward off Chad's rod and deep into Eric's silk-smooth depths. They moved with me, each fucking me back. Took a minute, but I found a way to move that let me fuck Eric and get fucked by Chad at the same time.

We moved like that a while, all bodies in tandem and hands stroking backs and ribs and hips and chests--couldn't get enough of the feel of each others' skin and the muscles shifting underneath. Time stretched out, every second measured in shining sensation rolling like a tide through my nerves. Finally, Chad whispered something, to me, to Eric. Eric tensed up in my arms, his ass clamping down on my dick. He came hard, shooting into Breck's mouth. That shoved me over the edge, and my own orgasm burned through me. Chad came in me at the same time, shoving that big dick deep in me and holding it there, holding me tight against his chest, until he was finished. He fell away from me, and I fell back out of Eric.

Chad had Breck up on his knees, jacking off over Eric's prone chest. Chad told me I must be very tired after all that and should get some rest, and he was right--suddenly I was so incredibly sleepy. Chad kept saying something about how sleepy I was, and I just couldn't keep my eyes open. I couldn't stay awake any longer, and when my eyes closed the dark closed over me too.

7. Day 2

I woke up on the futon. Man, I felt like I'd just had the best night's sleep *ever*.

Breck in front of me and Eric behind me--all of us so tangled up I couldn't tell whose limbs were whose at first. Naked, all of us. They were still asleep. No Chad, though.

I rubbed my eyes, yawned, eased my arms and legs free, and dragged myself up off the futon. Eric stirred a little, rolled and slid his arm around Breck, didn't wake up. I shook my head, grinning sheepishly as I thought back over the night before. That Chad sure had some balls. He just went for it, and I had to admit I had really enjoyed it. I guess you can't make anyone do anything they don't want to, and I'll admit I've been wanting to fuck with Chad and Eric ever since I met them.

I pulled on my jeans. Headed to the bathroom to pee. Sounds from the kitchen when I came out. I sleepy-stumbled that way.

"Morning," Chad said with a smile, soft and low so he wouldn't wake up the others. He had on this pair of old gray sweat shorts, and he was whisking eggs for scrambling. "Sleep well?"

"Uh, yeah," I said. Okay, so I'm not very eloquent in the morning. Mostly I was trying not to stare at his bare chest. He looked pretty good. "That ... uh ... that was pretty wild."

He grinned--nice smile. "Thought you'd enjoy it. Don't worry--neither of the puppies will remember anything about the hypnosis. Eric never does--you heard him in the car yesterday, swearing he could never be hypnotized. Breck is an experienced subject, just as you told me, and I took advantage of that. Yes, they'll remember the sex, but everything leading up to it will be lost in a haze for them."

"Yeah? Eric I can understand, but you never hypnotized Breck before."

"Doesn't matter. Whoever introduced him to hypnosis laid a good groundwork. And Breck's done a good job with you too."

"Uh, thanks, I guess," I stammered, feeling myself blush. I was kind of iffy on how that made me feel. I guess I kind of associated being easy to hypnotize with being weak-willed, and I didn't want to be weak in any way. Kind of a pride thing, y'know?

Chad put the eggs aside. He was looking right at me--that piercing, even gaze. He has these sharp eyes that are either dark gray or the deepest blue; he has maybe the deepest eyes I've ever seen, and he always seems to be looking right into your head. I looked right back, looked him right in the eye, to show I wasn't weak.

"What you have to remember is that all hypnosis is self-hypnosis. Jocks like you and Eric are usually good subjects, if the approach is right. They're trained to listen to authority figures. As long as they see the hypnotist as being in control, they'll listen to his suggestions. Just like you listened to mine. Yeah, I've always found jocks like you are good subjects. I give them a few easy-to-follow suggestions, and pretty soon they hypnotize themselves. It's very easy for them to do it. It's all in helping them focus and listen to the suggestions, and they're slipping into hypnosis before you know it. So easy for them to let themselves slip into a deep, pleasant state of hypnosis. So easy. Just like you're doing now."

Whoa! That's when I suddenly realized what he was doing. I tried to pull back, to look away, but ...

somehow, I couldn't, or just didn't.

"It's okay," he murmured. "Just relax and let it happen. I know it's what you want to let happen. That's it. Just relax. Let your thoughts drift and unwind. There's nothing to distract you; nothing to interrupt; nothing to stop you from letting yourself sink deeper, back into that sweet state of hypnosis that you enjoyed so much yesterday."

The longer I looked and listened, the harder it was for me to focus on anything. At the same time, it felt so easy for me to focus on him. Everything felt relaxed and lazy. I couldn't stop blinking, and my eyes felt teary, but my body felt great, more relaxed than ever, all the stress flowing away. Chad kept talking and I kept listening, even if his words slipped away when I tried to listen close enough to catch them, and I felt great.

"Brock," he said clearly, "look down." My eyes left his and ran down his bare torso to his sweat shorts. He pulled at the elastic waistband with one hand, reached inside with his other, and hauled out his hardening cock. "You like what you see, don't you? I know you do. I've got a big cock. It's so easy to like my cock." He pointed it at my face. "Have you ever seen a cock this big? I know you like it. You'd like to show me how much you like it, wouldn't you? I know you would. I know you'd like to suck it. Have you ever sucked one this big? It's okay. You can suck mine all you want, Brock."

He tucked the waistband under his balls. His hand on my shoulder, guiding me down to my knees. His cock zeroing in on my lips, the tip touching my mouth, which opened and fit over the head of his member. He was bigger than any guy I'd even sucked before, but not huge, though my mouth had to stretch to fit over him. Having his dick inside me made me feel like I did the night before--complete--and my jaw relaxed and let him deeper inside. I felt him in the back of my throat and it felt great, like he was reaching a place deep inside of me that only he could ever reach.

"That's it," he gasped after a while. "You're making me feel great, Brock. I'm gonna--cum--Brock, and you can swallow it if you want." And suddenly he tensed up and he did cum, the salty bitterness of him spiking through my head, and I swallowed because I wanted to.

"That's it," he purred, stroking the back of my head as he slid his softening cock out of my mouth. I wanted it back in my mouth and tried to follow. "Ah, ah--time for that later, buddy. Let it go. Why don't you go back in there and lay down with the others? Sleep a while longer. You know you want to. So sleepy. I'll wake you in a little while when breakfast is ready. For now, though, go in there and let yourself fall back into a deep, sound sleep, and when you wake, all of this will seem like a dream.

And that's what I did, and that's what it seemed to be when Chad shook my shoulder and told me breakfast was ready, and I woke up cuddled up behind Breck. I really thought it was just a dream until I noticed I was in my jeans, just like I had been in my dream. Anyway, it didn't stop me from joining the others as we dragged ourselves to the table and fell on the food like starving hounds.

I couldn't stop grinning. Today was going to be great.

8. Days 2 and 3

We spent the rest of that day in New York City. Chad drove us. It was my first trip to New York--Breck's too--and we did the typical tourist thing, with Chad as our guide. We did some sightseeing. I wanted to fit in a visit with one of my friends from IRC who works in the city (hey, Jeff!), but we had some problems connecting, so that didn't happen. Jeez!--how the hell can people live in a city where

there are no working payphones? Ha!

Anyhoo, Chad did a great job of navigating us (mad props, dude!) through more traffic and more people than I've ever seen in one place in my whole life. I'm from the South--New York seemed incredibly cramped to me. It was fun, though, to see all those places and buildings I'd always heard or read about, even if they always seemed smaller and dirtier than I'd imagined.

Traffic was surprisingly light--either that, or Chad was like a charmed driver (maybe both). We got to the Brooklyn Academy of Music in plenty of time for Laurie Anderson's performance, and her performance itself was great! All of us had a great time, and we were all jazzed when we left, laughing, cutting up, talking about what we'd seen all day and at the performance.

On the drive back, I was expecting Chad to try hypnotizing us again. But he didn't. Then I expected him to try hypnotizing us when we got back to his place. But he didn't. Frankly, by then we were all pretty damn wiped. Breck and Eric were so tired they dozed off--really dozed off--on the ride back, even though it took only 35 minutes or so. Oh, yeah, we shuffled into Chad's place, and Chad and Eric headed to the bedroom, and Breck and I took off our clothes and tumbled onto the futon, and it was lights out immediately for both of us.

The next morning, we woke when the doorbell blared out. Remember I said Chad is a photographer? Well, he had a model coming over that morning for a photo session.

To be blunt, Chad is an erotic photographer. Do you remember my early story "Photo Shoot"? It's not that good, but it was based on something Chad told me about a model he worked with a few times--though I admit I fictionalized it heavily. Anyway, Chad is an erotic photographer, and a good one. You know these Web sites that have photos of guys--"exclusive models," they call them--for you to browse? Well, Chad is one of the photographers who takes those pics and sells them to the sites. He's pretty successful at it too. He specializes in youngish guys, in the 18-to-24 "twink" range, though he sometimes shoots guys who are up in their thirties or older. If I told you the "studio" name he uses, you'd recognize it for sure. This model was typical of Chad's specialty--maybe 23 or 24, which would make him a year older than I am, brown hair, cute boy-next-door kind of face, pretty good build.

Okay, so we threw on our clothes and Chad let the guy in. He introduced the guy to us hurriedly and hustled him off to the back room where he had this little studio set up. Okay, I wanted to watch, but Chad made it clear just from his tone of voice that we were to wait in the living room.

That was fine by Eric and Breck--they're both addicted to video games--they sprawled out on their stomachs in front of some two-player game on the PlayStation. Me, I fell across the couch behind them and watched. Okay, I'm not much into video games, so mostly I watched Breck and Eric. Dude, if I didn't know Breck loved me and Eric was head over heels for Chad, I'd have sworn there was something going on between them. They were grinning and giggling like kids, jostling each other's shoulders, cutting up. Gotta admit--the scenery was damn fine; Breck had on just that pair of A&F shorts that highlights his ass and one of my baseball caps. Eric had on this pair of navy-blue track pants, a ratty white wife-beater tee-shirt that fit snug like skin, and this pair of sneaks that looked older than he was. I didn't care about the game they were playing. I enjoyed watching them, and I gotta admit, jealousy or no, I felt their exultation infecting me.

With my head back against the wall, I could hear the click of Chad's camera, the barely audible purr of his voice. "That's it," he was saying, as the camera clicked, and, "Look right up here. Look right into the light ... Yeah, that's good. You're doing fine. Just stay focused on my voice, and I'll talk you through it. Don't try to pose--just be yourself. That's it. Just relax ... Settle back ... Don't think about the camera ...

Take a deep breath. Close your eyes. Imagine you're someplace familiar, someplace you like a lot. Do you like to go to hiking in the forest? Or to the beach?"

The guy's voice, kind nervous: "The beach, yeah."

I had this feeling I knew what Chad was up to, and it made me hard as hell in my shorts, but this guy sounded clueless.

Chad was on it again. "Okay, then close your eyes and imagine you're at the beach, laying out on the sand. No worries--just soaking up some sun. Imagine how salty the sea air smells. Take a deep breath. Yeah, you can almost smell it. And the waves--remember how they sounded, their rhythm, crashing on the sand, pulling away, crash ... and away ... crash ... and away ... Take deep breathes. Relax. Breathe along with the rhythm of the sea. That's it. Relax ... and breathe deeply. And the sun ... You remember how it felt, don't you."

The guy's voice, slower and more relaxed, more distant: "Uh huh ..."

Chad kept up his rap: "So warm. So comforting. So relaxing. So easy just to lie there and feel it soaking into you. Feel it relaxing you ... So warm ... So familiar ... So great just to relax in the sun and let everything go ... Just relax ..."

I just sat there, ignoring the game music and sound effects, listening through the wall as Chad talked him down, seducing him with his voice, turning it into almost some kind of induction. Now, I'm not one hundred percent sure it was an induction, but it sounded like one to me. It sounded pretty hot, and my cock got so fucking hard in my shorts! I followed every word as Chad told the guy he was having no trouble relaxing and led the guy into a light, relaxed state. It seemed I was starting to feel kind of relaxed too and maybe kind of a little groggy, just from listening. Chad kept talking, smooth and low, and the camera kept making its soft, rhythmic clicking. I heard Chad talking him out of his clothes, into a hard-on, then helped him feel comfortable jacking off. I was hard as hell and I wanted to jack off too--so bad!--just listening to him.

Pretty soon, Chad's telling the guy it's okay to cum whenever he wants to, and I can tell from the guy's groaning that he's doing just that. After that, Chad brings him out of it, telling him what a great job he did and, there, wasn't that easier than he'd thought it would be? The guy was cleaned up and dressed like a snap. Now that he's cum, now that Chad has handed him his money, he was ready to get out of here, and he did. Fast! Chad says a lot of his models are like that the first couple of times.

Eric and Breck don't pay any attention except when the guy, in his rush to leave, kind of stumbles over that soccer ball Eric left lying around last night--they're engrossed in yet another round of their video game, and they barely spare the attention to call "See ya" to the model as he leaves in a hurry. Me, I'm still on the couch, still grooving from what I overheard.

Chad sticks his head around the corner and looks right at me. "Okay, Brock," he says, "I'm ready for you. Come on back." Part of me worried he knew I'd been listening. Part of me felt too peaceful to worry. So I got up and followed him back into the little studio room.

Chad stood real close, looking me right in the eyes, and I looked right back, feeling myself get a little more lost into those depths. "Looks like you were eavesdropping on us," he said, using his finger to trace the outline of my hard cock in my shorts. "That's okay, Brock. I know how you like the beach too. It's a very special place for you too, isn't it?"

"Yeah ..."

"Why don't you stand over by the window." He picked up his camera and snapped a shot or two. All I had on was a pair of shorts, and the sun streaming through the window felt good splashing off my chest, arm, and thigh. "That's it. You like being photographed, don't you? Just relax and let me take some pictures of you." He said other things too, and there was a key word somewhere in what he said. I felt it slip through me, felt myself relax and drift back to that really focused and far-away feeling, like I was caught up in a daydream and didn't want to snap out of it. A really cooperative feeling. Chad gave me instructions, and I felt real good going along with them.

"That's it," he said, snapping pictures. "Have a seat on the couch." I did. "Lean back. Get comfortable. That's good. Now let's try a little game. I know how you like the beach. You went there just a couple of weeks ago with Breck, didn't you? You told me it's one of your favorite places. In fact, if you close your eyes, you can picture the beach in your head, can't you? Close your eyes, just for a moment, and picture it."

When my eyes closed, I could see the beach, plain as day.

"You can picture it pretty clearly, can't you?"

I said, "Yes."

"You can see the sand and the surf. You can see the waves. Just like you're there. The rough sand on your skin. The heat of the sun beating down on you. It sure feels good, doesn't it? So warm and so good on your skin. You like that feeling, don't you?"

"Yeah, I like it."

"I know you do. It's such a good feeling. It all seems so real, as if you're really there. Just relax and enjoy it, Brock. You're at the beach, enjoying a day of no worries. Just relaxing and feeling good. Feeling so good you're starting to get a little horny, aren't you? Feeling good. Feeling relaxed. Feeling a little horny. Starting to get a little hard again, just a little. It's okay. The sun feels so good on your skin. The waves sound so nice and relaxing. Imagine yourself laying back on the sand and just enjoying everything around you. Just relax and let your dick get so nice and hard. Your dick getting hard just adds to how good you feel and helps you relax even more. Yeah, that's it, Brock. That's it."

After a pause, Chad continued. "Brock, in a moment, I'm going to ask you to open your eyes. But first, I want you to concentrate on the beach. On the waves. See them? Hear them? Concentrate on the sand, and how good it feels. A little rough on your skin but also very warm and comforting. Concentrate on the sunlight and how it warms and relaxes you. Feel how real it seems. In a moment, Brock, I'm going to ask you to open your eyes, and you'll find it very easy to do so and still stay so deeply relaxed. Everything seems to real in your imagination, and when you open your eyes, you'll see it all before you. The beach. The sand. The sea. The waves. The sunlight. You'll see it all around you as if you're really there. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yeah ..."

"Good, Brock. When you open your eyes, you'll see it and feel it and hear it all around you. All alone on the beach. Relaxing in your favorite place in the world. Go ahead. When you're ready, open your eyes."

I opened my eyes.

"That's it. Look around. Tell me what you see."

I looked around. Part of me was aware of the room, the lights, Chad with his camera, the walls. But another part of me was aware of a wide-open beach where I'd gone for a weekend with Breck a couple of weeks before. It seemed nearly real. "I see ..." The room. The beach. I was aware of them both.

"Take your time. Let everything around you slip away. Relax. Focus on the beach. Make it real in your head, and you'll see it all around you. Can you smell the salt in the air?"

I took a deep breath. "Yes."

"Can you see the waves? Can you hear them gently lapping at the sand?"

"Yes."

Can you feel the sand against your skin?"

"Yeah."

"Look around. You're alone on the beach, aren't you? Alone and relaxed and so horny on the beach. Such a great place to be. So relaxed and horny, aren't you?"

I rubbed my hard cock through my shorts. "Yeah."

"The sun feels great on your skin. So warm. It makes you feel so good--so relaxed and so sexy. Doesn't it?"

"Yeah."

"So hard, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

"So horny, aren't you?"

"You're all alone on the beach, and the sun feels so good. No one else around for miles. Why don't you take your shorts off. It's okay. You can take them off if you want to and enjoy the sun all over your body."

I lifted my hips and pushed my shorts down. My hard cock rolled free and slapped against my tight abs. I slid my shorts down to my ankles, pulled my feet free of them.

"Good, Brock. The sun on your whole body makes you relax, makes the beach seem even more real to you."

He was right--the more I focused on the beach, the realer it seemed. I was less aware of the room around me, and more aware of how the salty breeze tiptoed across my chest. The sound of the waves just a few feet away. The scratch of the sand under my butt and back and heels. Chad's voice and those soft camera

clicks came from somewhere else. I was alone on the beach.

"So horny. Put your hand on your cock. That feels so good, doesn't it? Jack it a little, slow and easy."

I did what he told me. All I felt was the sun, the pleasure from the friction of my hand on my dick, this pleasure running through me. I was jerking off and feeling fine. I even lifted my legs, licked a finger, and reached down to slip it into my ass, which I only do sometimes when I want it to be special. It felt real good.

Chad kept working at me as I jerked myself off. Pretty soon, the more he talked to me, all I knew was the beach, the sun blazing down on me. No one around. Me loving the feel of my hand on my cock and the finger in my ass as I rocked myself into pure pleasure on the beach.

"When you're ready, let yourself cum."

My balls buzzed, and my dick blazed like white fire in my hand. Suddenly, I felt that ecstasy wash over me like a tide, wave after wave of it rushing through me. My fluid spurted out, splattering hot against my chest and shoulder and belly, coating my fingers. I rode the wave for what seemed like forever and loved every intense second of it.

Gradually, I started to come down. Chad was talking me through it, helping me relax even further. I closed my eyes. When I opened them again, my cum was gone. I was back in my shorts. I was back in the studio room.

I opened my eyes, but I knew I wasn't awake yet--not really, anyway. I still felt relaxed, that peaceful, daydreamy concentration. Chad told me to stand up, and I did. He told me to go back into the living room and have a seat on the couch. There was something else he needed to do but he'd call me when he was ready for me again. In the meantime, he said I could just relax or go to sleep, whichever I wanted.

I followed him to the living room. "Breck," he said as I headed for the couch, "I'm ready for you." I sprawled out on the couch. Breck got up and adjusted those A&F shorts--the only thing he had on. He looked at me, started to say something, but then he followed Chad back into the back. Eric just reset the game in single-player mode and went on playing like nothing was going on. I sat there on the couch, and the longer I sat, the sleepier I became. My eyes slid shut, and I dozed.

This next part--I'm not sure if it really happened. It might have been a dream. It sure felt real, but ... I don't know for sure, and I don't have any evidence that it really happened. Breck says it didn't. He says nothing happened and denies Chad even called him into the back. The way Breck remembers it, after the model left, I went into the back, but he doesn't remember Chad calling me. Me, I think he was so engrossed in the video game he and Eric were playing, the place could have burned down and he wouldn't have noticed. Anyway, Breck says I came back and had a seat on the couch, and he and Eric were still playing and went on playing. He says Chad never called him, never interrupted their game, and the next part I'm about to tell you about never happened. So I'm going to say it might have been a dream, because that's what it seems like now. It sure felt real at the time, though.

Anyway, I'm sleeping on the couch, and I'm aware I'm sleeping. Chad's voice comes in and says, "Brock, I'm ready for you." I opened my eyes. Breck was still gone. Eric was gone now too. The PlayStation and TV were both off. I still felt all daydreamy, my thoughts all sluggish and cloudy like my head was filled with cotton. Why couldn't I wake up?

"Brock? That's a good boy. It's time. I'm ready for you now."

In this dream, I got up and followed him back into the little studio room. Chad picked up his camera and started snapping pictures. There was Eric standing by the couch, his tee-shirt and shoes off, his track pants bunched down at his ankles. Breck, naked, knelt before him, sucking his hard cock. Something about their eyes--their eyes were closed as if they were lost in a private fantasy, and they looked as deeply relaxed as I was, and that was good.

Chad's voice spoke in the back of my head, and suddenly I knew what was going on. I had walked in on two of my friends having sex. I was supposed to join them. I walked over and rubbed my wood through my shorts, and they both looked over at me and grinned.

In this dream, my shorts came off. Eric's track pants too. I was bent over the arm of the couch, and Breck kissed and licked my ass. Eric stood on the couch and fed his pretty, pretty cock into my mouth, and I blew him. I guess Chad was getting all this on film, but I wasn't paying attention to him at all. Eric's cock felt too good in my mouth, and Breck's tongue felt too good on my ass.

Eric sprawled out on the couch. He jacked himself off with one hand and me with his other. Breck nudged my feet further apart. His cock eased so firm and smooth into my butthole. We found that old familiar rhythm of our lovemaking. I bent my head around and kissed Eric. He stood up on the couch again and jacked off over my head. I couldn't twist my neck far enough to get to his sweet dick, but I could lick at his balls, which I did. His balls tasted salty, musky, and I licked at them more. He groaned and his knees buckled a little, and I felt warm drops of his load sprinkle across my neck and shoulder. Then Breck pulled out, pulled off his condom, jacked himself off with a few quick strokes, and came across my back and shoulder.

Then it was my turn. I stretched out on the couch and pumped at my cock. Eric curled up beside me, slipping his tongue deep in my mouth. Breck on the other side of me, licking my nips and kissing my belly. When my orgasm hit, inevitable as time, I broke away from Eric, gasping, and my load squirted out across his chest and arm.

I kissed Eric. I kissed Breck. Eric kissed Breck.

Chad said, "That's good, boys. Very nice. Look this way." We looked at him, all three of us happy and grinning, and he snapped a few last pictures of us. "That's it," he said, putting his camera aside. "We're through here. There's nothing more you have to do or think about, so why don't you all take a little nap? So sleepy. Sleep now."

In my dream, suddenly, I was so very tired. So hard to stay awake.

"A nap would feel so good. Just close your eyes and sleep. Sleep. That's it. Sleep."

Breck sank in against my chest, and Eric's head bowed forward. I couldn't keep my eyes open either. They were starting to shut.

"So deeply asleep. Sleep."

And then in this dream, my eyes closed, and I slept too.

9. Day 3: Returning Changed (Postlude)

I opened my eyes. I was awake now. Really awake. I looked around. I was in the passenger seat of Chad's car as he drove. I swear, I don't remember packing or getting in the car, though Breck says we did--I guess it's obvious that we did. Anyway, it was time to catch our flight back to Georgia--we were on our way to the Newark airport.

I stretched and yawned.

Chad grinned knowingly. "Sleep well?"

"Uh, yeah," I said, looking around. Okay, so it wasn't the snappiest comeback--I was just waking up, okay? Ours was a late-afternoon flight--how many hours had passed in a trance since that three-way on the studio couch? As much as I tried to remember, it was all a big gray blank.

Anyway, Breck and Eric were in the back seat, still locked in sleep. Chad said, "Don't worry about them. They'll remember the sex, but they won't remember being hypnotized at all. That's the easy thing about hypnotizing video game aficionados: they're used to going into those highly focused, trancelike states, and they're used to losing whole chunks of time." See? It's things like that that make me think the whole thing happened, whether Breck remembers it or not, whether it seems like a dream or not. When I ask him these days, Chad always evades my questions.

Anyway, whether it really happened--or even happened the way I think I remember it--is a question for another time.

Right then in the car, I just grinned back and said, "Yeah, I guess so. Man, I can't believe you just went for it like that, hypnotizing us. You got some balls, dude."

He shrugged. "Ah, anyone can have that kind of balls. It's just a matter of knowing your limits, knowing the other guy's limits, and then getting what you both want within those two sets of limits. I never push anyone past their restrictions. Well, not *too* far, at least. Nobody did anything they didn't want to do. You sure seemed to enjoy it, didn't you?"

That made me laugh. "Hell, yeah! I had some great sex with you guys." Just remembering had my cock getting hard again in my shorts.

"You're a sexy young guy. All you have to do is come on strong and you find people falling all over themselves for you, right? If you're talking about hypnosis, it's all in the self-confidence you project--the secret is in using the idea of *seduction* to supplement the idea of *induction*. All hypnosis is self-hypnosis, and you just need to make your subject *want* to be hypnotized. Hypnosis can be pretty seductive too, don't you think?"

I pushed my crotch forward just a little to highlight the lump in my crotch. "You sure managed to 'seduce' me with it," I laughed.

Chad was eyeing my wood out of the corner of his eye as he drove. "Looks like things may not be over just yet." Without missing a beat, he reached over and massaged my rod lightly through my shorts.

"Dude, did you hypnotize me into getting hard?"

"Nope--you're awake now. Anything that happens from here on happens because of your own free will." He gave my cock a gentle squeeze that sent a shudder of pure pleasure through me.

Chad deftly unsnapped my shorts and unzipped me. I let him--why not? His fingers curled around my cock and he stroked it as he drove. He knew tricks I'd never thought of before, and even one-handed he had me pretty near cross-eyed there in my seat.

He pulled off to the side of the road, put the car in park. He bent over, and his mouth fit onto my cock like a velvet glove. He eased me to the brink, then backed off. He had me gasping. "C'mon, dude, let me cum," I begged softly as he did this smooth trick around my glans that felt like electric jolts jumping from his tongue.

His mouth nursed me so gently, the sweetest blow-job I've ever gotten. My orgasm came easy, just a gentle rise of bliss all through me instead of the usual sudden burst as he swallowed my load. I sank back into the seat, thoroughly spent. "Thanks, dude," I whispered, wondering if I should reach for his crotch and return the favor. He answered that question for me when he winked, put the car in gear, and merged us back into traffic.

At the airport, as we pulled into a parking space, Chad looked at them in the rearview mirror and said, "Breck, Eric, it's time to wake up." Their eyes opened, and they yawned and stretched.

"There already?" Breck asked, blinking and looking around at the airport.

"Man, that was fast," Eric said, sitting up and flexing those gorgeous arms of his.

Chad gave me a triumphant grin and a wink. "Yeah," he said, "traffic was kind of light."

So we got our bags out of the trunk and headed inside to find out departure gate. When time came to board, I hugged Chad goodbye, then Eric, feeling bold enough to give them each a little kiss on the lips. I'd come to Newark knowing them as friends, and I was leaving knowing them in a whole different way.

I got to admit, though, I spent the whole flight back thinking about what Chad had said about anybody having the balls to push for what they want. I had some fantasies I wanted to explore, but I wasn't sure how to make them come true. All I knew was, if all I had to have was the balls to grab for what I wanted, Breck was going to be in for some very interesting experiences very soon.

[On to Part 3](#)

True Life, Part 3

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

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?

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Special thanks again to Chad/Epaphus (epaphus@mindspring.com) for, uhm, the inspiration. (Wink!)

True Life, Part 3

10. October 31, 1999 (and Thereabouts)

Chad started calling a couple or three times a week. Before, we had talked on the phone maybe two or three times in the whole two-plus years we'd known each other. But after what went on when Breck and I went to visit him, and since he was planning to come to Atlanta in November for our mutual friend William's annual Thanksgiving blast, I guess things weren't the same, right?

Anyway, he started calling a few times a week, always after 11 p.m., when my roomies had gone to bed and we wouldn't be disturbed. Breck said Chad called him too, which I thought was cool, because it meant they were hitting it off. On nights when I was alone, Chad and I talked for hours--and if I sometimes didn't quite remember what we talked about the next day, that was okay too, because that's just the way conversations are. Or if I was with Breck that night, at my apartment or his when Chad called, Breck and I would cuddle up real close with the phone between us so we could both talk to and hear Chad at the same time. It was great.

I was kind of glad Chad was calling. See, I had this huge-ass project at work, my first big project since I started (right after graduation) back in May, and I was *stressed*. This project was going to culminate in a big presentation to a potential client on November 1--a client from Chile--so in addition to being my first big project, with "make or break Brock's career" written all over it, it was for a potential client whose language I didn't speak and who was described as "only semi-fluent" in English. Oh, yeah, I was

a stress-dog. Anyway, talking to Chad sure helped me keep things in perspective. See, he used to work in a similar field, only from the other side, since he used to get presentations like the one I was going to be giving, and he had plenty of good advice that made me look like I *really* knew my shit to my boss and coworkers. Plus, talking to him just plain relaxed me. As Breck said, "I always sleep so well after talking to Chad."

Breck and I went to a Halloween party on October 31. Yes, that was the night before my big November 1 presentation, but I needed to kick back and have some fun. Bill came up for a visit and went to the party with us. I prepped for my presentation all that afternoon, so I didn't feel bad about going out that night. I'm not a slacker.

Halloween means costumes. Bill came in his Marines uniform, full kit, dressed to the hilt. Breck borrowed this medieval costume from his oldest brother and went as Prince Charming--it was cream and baby blue, and it highlighted his blond hair and green eyes nicely. Breck and Bill both looked good enough to eat.

Me, I went in one of my wrestling singlets--the revealing electric blue one that clings to and highlights every muscle. It showed plenty of skin too, which is always a plus for an exhibitionist like me. Which of us looked best? Well, I was given more phone numbers that night than either Breck or Bill, and that's how *we* were measuring success. Ha ha! Naturally, Bill claimed he was straight and hadn't really been trying to get men's phone numbers at a gay party, which was his way of protecting his pride, and Breck wasn't about to show that he was jealous either, but I couldn't help rubbing it in, just a little.

Now, you're probably thinking we came back to Breck's apartment after the party and hypnotized Bill, or each other, and had a great old time, right? Well, it crossed my mind, but we didn't. Sorry to disappoint you. See, it was after 1:30 when we got in, and all three of us were partied out. I was so horny I was buzzing--hey, you don't get the kind of attention I got that evening without getting plenty horny--but I was also tired. Nothing happened when we got home. We pulled out Breck's sleeper-sofa and left Bill to crash there (he was more than a little drunk and he had to drive home in the morning), and Breck and I went to crash in his bedroom.

There was a message on Breck's answering machine, and he played it as we peeled off our outfits. (Naturally, mine took a lot less time to take off than his.) It was from Chad, wishing us a happy Halloween. Give him a call, he said, if we got in before 2:00.

Breck was putting his costume on a hanger. I picked up his cordless phone and started dialing Chad's number.

"Isn't it a little late to be calling?" Breck asked.

"Nah," I said, trying not to stare at his cock and that fine, fine body. "He said he'd be up for another half-hour."

We were feeling good, in spite of being way tired, so Breck and I cuddled up on the bed, the handset on his cordless phone between us--so both of us could talk to Chad at the same time. He answered after the third ring. "Happy Halloween!" we yelled at the tops of our lungs when he picked up. Man, we must have been punchy, because that really cracked us up, big-time. We talked for a while, laughing, telling him all about this huge-ass party we'd been to. The hosts were mutual friends of Breck and me--and they must have been "mutual friends" with half of Georgia too, because there must have been close to one hundred people there. Good thing they had a big house and a huge yard.

Chad was talking about how Halloween was one of his favorite holidays. (He and I both love really bad horror movies, and there's always a shitload of them coming out at Halloween.) I was starting to get pretty sleepy. I figured I needed to be getting some sleep pretty soon, but Chad was in the middle of telling us something. I stretched and yawned. I figured I could listen with my eyes closed, so I let them.

I opened them a little while later. It was nearly pitch dark, still night. I distinctly remembered the overhead light still being on when I closed my eyes--Breck must have turned it off?

I felt wide awake. Something was prickling at me, like eyes watching me in the dark from across the room. I lay on Breck's bed, next to him. I remembered taking off my singlet, and I remembered him taking off his Prince Charming costume--but there we were, wearing them again. Had I only dreamed we took them off? Or was I dreaming now?

Halloween--that word kept running through my head like an explanation. A night for tricks and treats.

Breck stirred. "Whazzit?" he mumbled. He looked up at me, blinking.

I whispered tensely, "There's someone here in the room with us."

My tone made him stiffen, and he looked around, searching? "Where? Who?"

Bill? No, we both knew it wasn't him. Bill wouldn't hide in the shadows and try to spook us like this--Halloween pranks aren't his style.

Breck climbed off the bed. "Who's there?" he stage-whispered. Guess he didn't want to wake up Bill, in the living room on the sofa, if it was just our nerves. Breck was edging toward the door, toward the light switch.

I got out of bed too. *This has to be a dream*, I kept thinking, *just a dream*. It was too blasted dark to see anything, but I definitely felt someone in the room with us. I couldn't see him--and I sensed it was a *him*--but there was definitely something there in that corner, a vague shape and a feeling like something *waiting*, just a few feet away from the door, directly on the other side of Breck, where the shadows were deepest.

Then, right there in the corner, less than four feet from Breck, twin points of silver light opened up. Eyes. Looking right at him. Holy *shit!*--I nearly jumped out of my skin!

Breck didn't say anything. Didn't move. It was so dark I could barely see him--good thing his Prince Charming costume was so light-colored. He had his back to me. He gave a little moan, just one, so soft in his throat, but he was just standing there, not moving, maybe just swaying a little, not seeming to react at all.

I said, "Breck? What is it?"

He didn't move, but the eyes swiveled my way, and I felt them touch my gaze like ... like ... Shit, I don't know how to describe it. Like *fascination*, I guess. Those glowing silver eyes hit mine, and it was like I'd never seen anything so fascinating in my entire life. All I wanted to do was just stand there and stare into them.

I couldn't tell what was going on. I was looking at the silver--couldn't look away--as the eyes swam in

the dark in front of Breck, disappearing for a second since his head was between me and the eyes, then reappearing. I saw motion at Breck's shoulder, his pale blue doublet being opened and slipped off his shoulders. His tunic being opened. His smooth-skinned shoulder and torso and arms being exposed. Breck was just standing there, letting himself be undressed.

His trousers jiggled, then glided down off his alabaster hips. The eyes lost altitude, falling down to waist-level.

Hands, pale hands emerged from sleeves black as the surrounding night to grip his hips. Breck just stood there. Was he being blown? He had his back to me, and I couldn't see. I kept waiting for the eyes to reappear.

Breck gave another groan, louder, and suddenly his body went slack. He was snagged by the pale hands before he could fall, caught up in arms that lifted him, gently, easy as a doll, and carried him to the bed and laid him out. In the faintest light filtering through the thick curtains that drowned Breck's window, I saw Breck's face. Eyes closed, like he was just sleeping. And I saw the silhouette. A man. Tall, dressed all in black. A cape, lined in glossy red, like in a hundred bad horror movies. The profile seemed somehow familiar--I didn't have to be afraid.

The eyes. A little above mine--taller--gliding toward me through the darkness. I couldn't turn away, couldn't move. Hovering directly in front of me. Staring right into me, fascinating me, distracting me. I was looking directly into a sensation like heaven. This expectant feeling was rushing through my skin, all over, tingling like electric current. His cool hands caressing my biceps. My skin sang out everywhere he touched me. Something inside me was stirring, a great fluid strength that I didn't know I had. Slipping one strap of my singlet down off my left shoulder. His lips crisp against my neck on that side, down low. The shoulder strap being lifted from my right shoulder and pulled away, peeling the clingy fabric from my pectorals and back, down over my belly. Kissing my cheek, tenderly, then my neck and shoulder as he drew the singlet down past my hips. Those eyes, point-blank, blasting into mine, then dropping away as he knelt, looking at my cock now instead of my eyes, though the memory of those silver eyes still prickled in my head. My rod--so hard, so needy, aching for attention--pointed right at him, truer than a compass needle. His hand wrapped firmly around it. His mouth, muscular and chilly-moist as wet marble, kissed the tip, just the very tip, and then his tongue glided over my glans, down around my shaft.

He fell on my meat hungrily, sucking at it. His ravenous mouth had the shock of a theophany. All the sinews of my cock, all the muscles of my hips and abs and thighs, all the fibers of my swaying body--everything was drawn irreversibly into the scalding vampire-bite of his kiss. My dick in his mouth felt like one fat, stretched-out vein. The more he sucked, the more I relaxed--wave after wave of sensation washing over me, lulling me into a state that I can only describe as womblike, the kind of pure passivity a vampire's victim must assume, at first hypnotized, then paralyzed by the act of literally nursing someone. I came--hard as a blow to the gut--and then I must have blacked out.

I awoke to the annoyance of Breck's alarm clock, chirp-chirp-chirping that it was time for me to get up and get ready to go deliver my big presentation. I rolled and blinked. Breck too. We were naked, entwined on his bed. Over his shoulder, I could see his costume on the hanger, right where I remembered him putting it the night before. So had it happened, or was it really just some dream? Had Chad *made* me dream it?

We kissed good morning. Breck sat up and rubbed his face. "*Whew!*" he said. "I had the weirdest damn dream! I don't remember much of it--it was pretty fucking weird ... and you were in it." He started to climb out of bed.

"Yeah?" I said, catching his hip and pulling him and his morning woodie back down on the bed with me. "Well, I'll tell ya mine if you tell me yours."

11. Mostly November 18, 1999

Anyway, my presentation later that day went very well, and I was like *Hell Yeah!* all day after that! When I spoke to Chad that night, I made sure to give him props for all the great advice he'd given me all through the project. He played it modest, saying I did all the work and all he did was give me the benefit of his experience, and he didn't expect anything less than success from me. Oh, yeah, dude sure knew how to stroke my ego.

From there, things turned gold at work. I got a bonus, got assigned to some other hot projects. The way I handled my presentation made a lot of the higher-ups really sit up and notice me, so I was determined to shine.

Which meant way *more* stress, because now I couldn't afford a fuck-up. Everything had to come off perfect. This wasn't like wrestling--this was a whole different kind of game, and the stakes were even higher. Wrestling is about strength, strategy, testing the limits of the body--this was more about strength of will, vision, and testing the limits of mental endurance, which were all areas I hadn't competed in as much before. Chad said that the secret to success wasn't in wanting to win--everybody wants to win, but not everybody can. The secret, he said, was you also had to make everybody else want to let you win.

Chad--I don't know how he did it, but he could always make all that stress disappear. For a while, at least. I would come home stressed almost beyond what I could endure, and Breck could help me start to unwind, but then on those nights when the phone rang just after 11:00, I could count on feeling great and sleeping like a baby. I guess you could say I came to depend on him nearly as much as I depended on Breck to be there for me.

So when he told me he was coming back here to Georgia for William's party, I was all about looking forward to seeing him again. I was all over it! William's party is always the Saturday before Thanksgiving. He does that so that all of his friends could get together--and they come in from all over the eastern seaboard--for Thanksgiving and still be able to spend the holiday itself with their own families and friends. It's a huge dinner/mingle/party thing that starts about 2:00 in the afternoon and runs ... until. This was going to be my second time attending. See, I met William at my college, where he's the head of one of the computing centers for one of the schools; he manages the gay/lesbian/bisexual list-servers there too.. Chad knows William from grad school--Chad got his Ph.D. from the same college I attended, a couple of years before I started, and William was in grad school then too, and they met at one of the gay student groups here. See, it's almost impossible to be gay on that campus--even if you're closeted, like I was to most people at that time--without knowing William. Ha ha!

First Eric wasn't going to be able to make it and Chad was coming alone; then Eric managed to get free, so he was coming too. Eric would be flying in on Thursday at noon, and Chad would arrive from New Jersey on Friday. They were both going to be flying out on Monday morning early. Breck made arrangements to be off while they were here. I tried too, but I couldn't get off Thursday, when Eric was arriving, but I did get Friday off.

That meant Breck had to go pick up Eric--"Mr. Soccer Stud," we called him--at the airport. And spend the afternoon with him. I wasn't jealous. Not a lot, anyway. (See, this was about a week after Breck and I had a fight about fidelity, but I'll talk about that later. Right now, though, we were all forgive and

forget.)

When I got to Breck's place, I found a note that read, "Gone to Piedmont." So I headed to Piedmont Park, and I found them in the middle of a big grassy field, playing around with a soccer ball. Breck plays soccer sometimes with his buddies and he's pretty good, but you could tell just from the way Eric moved he was seriously better. It was like the ball was part of him and he was just letting Breck play with it for a little. I don't play soccer at all, so I sat cross-legged off to the side and watched them run and feign and kick and pass headers at one another. I got cruised by several guys while I was sitting there, particularly from this cute shaved-head blader boy, but mostly I watched Eric and Breck play around. You could tell from the way they laughed and looked at each other, they liked each other a lot.

They looked good together too. Both of them were blond; Breck has hair the blond of sand, and Eric is a strawberry blond. They were both very, very cute. About the same age--Breck's 25, and I think Eric's 26. Great bodies too. Eric had his shirt off when I got there, and Breck lost his a little while later. Their muscles were honed by being athletic all their lives, like mine. I had the edge on Eric in upper body definition, probably strength too, but he probably had a slight edge on me as far as legs and running endurance. But just a slight one.

"Hey, there's Brock!" Eric shouted, pointing my way. He passed the ball at me, and I jumped up, sent it back with a header. Okay, I meant to send it back at Eric, but instead it flew right for Breck. Okay, so it looked like a good pass, and intentional too--my ego was intact. Ha ha! Breck snatched the ball on the run, heading my way, and he dropped it just before colliding with me and kissing me hard and giving my crotch a squeeze. In spite of our argument the weekend before, how could I *not* love this boy?

We went back to Breck's, where they showered (separately) and changed, and we headed out down Piedmont to Cowtipper's, my fav restaurant, for dinner. Our waiter was really flirty--after all, we were easily the three best-looking guys there--but ... well, neither Breck nor I found him attractive, and Eric, being another of those guys who fuck with other guys but calls himself "straight," wasn't interested, so we only flirted back with him a little bit, just enough to get him flustered a time or two as he was reciting the specials or asking if we needed anything.

I was curious, and this was pretty much the first time I'd been around Eric when Chad wasn't around, so I asked him, "So, if you're straight, what's up with Chad? You guys been dating--what?--like, over two years?" See, I was curious because Bill also says he's straight. That's different, though. Bill's been my best friend since we were, like, 11. He was one of the first people I came out to. He was straight and I was cool with that, though I had this huge crush on him. He told me he had sex with men twice while he was in the Marines--one-time things, each time, when he was drunk and horny. This past summer, I finally kind of pushed our friendship into sexual waters, and we dated and did the whole boyfriend thing for two and a half months or so. The sex was good. Bill was always saying he was straight, though, and didn't want people thinking he was queer. I guess, since he was still in the Marine Reserves, that maybe he could have gotten in trouble or something if they did. Eric was a soccer player--maybe he had to be "straight" to play pro sports. That's why I asked.

Eric chewed, thinking. "I don't know. I think about it sometimes, and I really can't say. I know why I started dating him. He's a great guy, and I wanted us to be friends. I'd just broken up with this girl I was engaged to--she caught me in bed with her best friend--yeah, stupid, I know. Before him, I only dated women. Never even thought about a man. He was really sweet and funny--smart too. He was persistent but not in a pushy way, y'know? He'd do things to make me feel good. After we were hanging out as friends for about six weeks--it was one night where we were hanging out at his place watching some movie on cable--he just put his arm around me and I just kind of let him. That's when I realized I liked him as a lot more than just a friend. It took a long time before I let him kiss me or blow me--and it took a

helluva lot longer before I blew him or let him fuck me. I had some hang-ups I had to get over. That, and he's kind of well-hung and I wasn't sure I could take it. First time he took off his pants in front of me, I was like, *Holy shit, is that all him? That can't be legit!* It's fun and he really gets me off, but the sex stuff, that's just for Chad. I don't really think about other guys. It's all chicks, except for him. Yeah, I love him--I'm crazy for him, I guess. Yeah, we've done some three-ways with other guys. But Chad's the only guy I ever felt like this for, so I think I'm still straight."

Breck asked, "So do you think he hypnotized you into loving him?"

Eric laughed. "No frickin' way, man! That hypnosis stuff, it's all a bunch of crap. Yeah, I know--Chad has this big certificate on his wall that says he can do it. You've seen it too--right there on his living room wall, larger than life. But, let's be real. I guess if you think you're hypnotized, you're hypnotized. But I don't believe in it, and he's never even tried to hypnotize me, 'cause he knows it won't work. I'm too strong-willed."

Breck and I, we both knew perfectly well hypnosis is real, so we just looked at each other. Then changed the subject.

Later that night, the three of us were sitting around Breck's place, having a few beers, channel-surfing, and shooting the shit. Just being guys. I had the next day, Friday, off because Chad was coming in.

Eric stood up and stretched and excused himself to go pee. I guess he saw the portable phone next to Breck's bed as he passed the bedroom door, because he paused there on his way back and asked if Breck minded if he used the phone to call Chad. Breck said okay, and Eric disappeared into the bedroom and closed the door most of the way for privacy.

Me, I had to take a piss a few minutes later, so I pulled myself off of the carpet where Breck was propped half on me. When I came out of the bathroom, through the crack in the bedroom door, I saw Eric's leg. He must have been stretched out on the bed. I peeked through the gap. I could only see up to mid-thigh, where it looked like his shorts were bunched. I heard him moan, heard a familiar rubbing sound. *He's having phone sex with Chad*, I thought, grinning.

A voice whispering next to me: "What's going on?" Breck had crept over. I let him peer through the crack. "Oh, man!" Breck mouthed silently to me.

Eric moaned and said something I didn't catch, and that rubbing sound sped up.

Breck eased the door open a little further.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I hissed softly. Probably Eric wouldn't hear over the TV behind us, but why take chances?

Breck grinned at me when he pulled back from the crack. "You gotta see this," he whispered.

I looked. Eric was stretched out on the bed, all right. On his back. The phone wedged up against the side of his head. He had his shirt off, his shorts wadded at mid-thigh. His body was nearly perfect. He obviously didn't see us. His eyes were half-closed, fluttering and blinking rapidly; his gaze was unfocused, aimed at something in his head only he could see. I took one look at his expression a mixture of slack and lust, and thought, *he's entranced*. He was jacking off all right, quickly, one hand working over his pretty circumcised penis. His other hand arced though the air in front of him, and his lips

worked, as if he was caressing and kissing a phantom lover. His balls were riding up tight, and his breaths were ragged. He was about to cum.

I pushed Breck away. "Give the man some privacy," I murmured, pushing Breck back to where we had been sitting. I parked myself as well.

"Dude," Breck said, laughing. "Did you see his face? And he says he's never been hypnotized! That's such a crock of bullshit."

"Maybe he just doesn't remember," I replied, grinning,

"Riiiiiiight," Breck smirked. "Doesn't remember it, my ass! No one is *that* good!"

Just then we heard a guttural grunt from the bedroom. Then nothing for several minutes. Then the door opened, and Eric shuffled out--shorts pulled back up but shirt, shoes, and socks off. He dropped his shirt and shoes and stuff by the couch, then fell face down on it. "Guys, I'm beat. I think I'm gonna turn in."

"How's Chad?" I asked.

"Huh?" Eric looked at me mid-yawn, surprised for a second. "Oh, he's fine. We're all set for tomorrow."

"Cool," I said, flashing a grin that might have been for Eric or for Breck, but for different reasons. I reached for the cable remote like nothing had just happened and turned off the TV. "Breck, let's turn in too, okay?"

I turned out the lights, and Breck went to pee. We met up in his bedroom. We stripped down and crawled into bed. He slipped into my arms, and I kissed him, forehead first, then mouth-to-mouth. He squeezed my ass with one hand, and his cock began to swell and rise against my hip. *Okay*, I thought, *I'm about to get some*.

The phone rang.

Breck yanked it up off the cradle. "Hullo?" Okay, now you're probably thinking, what convenient time for Chad to call. Right? Maybe, but Breck said, "Hi, Mom ... Oh, nothing--just hanging out and getting ready for bed ... No, you're not disturbing anything." He made an awkward face, and I nearly busted out laughing.

He chatted with his mother for a while, and I said hello to her too and we spoke for a few minutes. (I haven't met her in person, but she knows about Breck and me dating and always asks how I'm doing.) I guess all total, we were on the phone with her for maybe ten minutes. More than enough time for our erections to disappear, but we both knew they'd come back quickly.

Breck hung up, and not ten seconds later--before we could even start kissing--it rang again. He picked up and said, "Hi, Mom, what did you forget? ... Oh, hi, Chad. Yeah, Brock's here."

Breck and I shifted so our heads were together, one ear each pressed up to the phone between us. "Hey, Chad," I said. "Can't wait to see you tomorrow."

He said, "I'm looking forward to it too." He said something else too, about what he wanted us to do. I think maybe there was a keyword in what he said, but I felt myself zoning out. Breck's eyes were

fluttering and blinking. I realized mine were too. I was so very sleepy. Breck was too. Chad told us what he wanted us to do again, and I felt my whole body relax and sink into the bed, into sleep, against Breck's.

It was just a dream, I think. The covers were pulling back, and I opened my eyes and my body was climbing out of bed, on auto-pilot. My body walked to the bedroom door opened it. My voice said Eric's name and something else, an instruction from Chad. Eric rose from the couch and walked toward me. He and I climbed onto the bed with Breck, our heads together so we could all hear Chad at the same time.

I had an erection, so hard it sang out to be touched. Breck was hard too. Eric eased his shorts down and off in one smooth glide, and he was hard and naked too. Breck lay back. Eric between his legs. Eric rolled back Breck's foreskin, fascinated by his cock, then began to blow him. Eric's hips turned, and his perfect cock called out to me. My hand wrapped around it and stroked it. This little pearl of precum formed on the tip, and I wiped it away, and my mouth zeroed in on his wood. Breck's hand on my ass, then one spit-slick finger flowing into me.

We shifted. Eric's mouth hit my cock, while Breck parted Eric's beautiful butt and rimmed him. I felt pretty damn good. My body relaxed, and my orgasm just overflowed from some quiet place deep inside me, gentle as a narcotic.

I sank back, suddenly so very tired, sinking from my dream back into the blankness of sleep. Breck was lubing Eric's ass. My eyes closed.

12. November 19, 1999

We went to the airport in Breck's car and picked Chad up around noon. After lunch, we headed back to Breck's to drop off Chad's stuff and let him make a few phone calls. We also had to meet Bill, who was coming in for a visit. Bill wasn't going to William's party, but he was coming in for that usual weekend of hanging out.

We were all just sitting around when Bill got there. Chad was on the phone, taking care of last-minute work stuff--he didn't miss a beat when Bill walked in but I still managed to catch his expression before he covered it up. It was definitely a "who's *that* hottie" look.

Chad came up to me in the kitchen after he got off the phone, where I was helping to myself to some water from the 'fridge. "So that's the guy you told me about? The straight Marine you used to date?"

"Yeah, that's him, but he prefers to be called 'Bill,' not 'that straight Marine Brock used to date.'"

Chad laughed. "He's cute. I'd like to get him in front of my camera. Hey, didn't you tell me Breck hypnotized him once? Or did I read that in one of the stories you posted on the Internet?"

"Yeah, that's right. A couple of weeks ago, before we came to New York."

"Was he a good subject? Military types usually are. Like you jocks." He poked me playfully in the chest.

I blushed and said, "Breck said he was--he didn't seem to have any problem getting him under."

Chad helped himself to a glass of water too. "Like I said, they're trained to follow instructions. It's just a matter of getting them into a state where they are willing to accept instructions from the hypnotist."

Just then, Bill walked in, heading to the 'fridge himself. "Hey, guys. Whatcha talking about?"

Chad said. "Hypnosis," and I just about panicked. He said, "I'm a hypnotist, and Brock was just asking me a few questions about it. Oh, by the way, I'm Chad."

Bill grabbed the bottle of Mountain Dew out of the refrigerator and put it on the counter. I swear, the boy's addicted to Mountain Dew--he would live on Dew and those Goldfish crackers if I let him. He said, "Hey, Chad. I'm Bill."

They shook hands. Chad said, "So, have you ever been hypnotized, Bill?" Chad didn't let go of Bill's hand. In fact, he had his left hand cradling Bill's elbow.

Bill said, "Huh?"

Chad pulled Bill's arm out a little straighter. "It's easy. Most people don't realize how easy it is. With the right approach, someone can go into a trance quickly. Bill, look at me for just a moment. As you focus your eyes on me and listen to my voice, just allow things to take place." Chad began raising and lowering Bill's arm, slowly, just a few inches each way, like a slow-motion handshake. "As I raise and lower your arm, have you noticed that drowsy, heavy feeling beginning to occur in and around your eyes? Each time I raise your arm, that heavy feeling in those eyes keeps getting stronger. As your eyes begin to close down, you want more and more to just allow them to remain closed. They're closing down all the way now. Let it happen. Want it to happen. Feel it happening now."

Bill's eyelids were blinking, starting to close. Chad raised Bill's arm higher into the air each time Bill's eyes blinked down, letting him associate his eyes closing with his arm being raised. Then Chad lifted Bill's arm still higher, and Bill's eyes shut.

To me, Chad whispered, "See? It's very easy. That's a rapid induction method for experienced subjects."

That pang of something I had felt as Chad just went for it again--was that jealousy?

Chad told Bill he was going to wake him up on the count of three, when Chad counted down and snapped his fingers, Bill's head snapped up, and his eyes jerked open.

"What happened?"

"Nothing. I just hypnotized you for a moment to demonstrate the process to Brock. I hope you don't mind."

"Did I ... ?"

"No, I didn't make you do anything. I just helped you go into a light trance, then brought you out of it."

Bill looked at me, and I nodded. "Oh," he said.

"You're a good subject," Chad said, and Bill kind of grinned. "And you're very good-looking too." When Chad started up his "Have you ever modeled for a photographer before" spiel, I left them there to chat.

Breck and Eric were sitting cross-legged on the floor, absorbed in trying to ace the other in some fast-paced PlayStation combat game. This wasn't like the time when we visited Chad--they had the sound

cranked up through Breck's stereo a little on the loud side, and I couldn't hear a thing from the kitchen. All I could hear was myself thinking. How should I play this? Was Chad trying to hypnotize Bill again? Should I try to find out? I didn't care if Chad hypnotized Eric--that was between them. I didn't really mind if he hypnotized me, since he knew I was kind of into it, and anyway I knew what was going on. I didn't care if he hypnotized Breck--Breck knows how to hypnotize and should have been able to recognize what was happening and not let it if he didn't want to. But Bill--Bill was clueless here. Breck had hypnotized him once without him knowing it, but that was when I was there. Even though we weren't dating anymore, Bill was still my oldest and best friend, and I didn't want him getting in over his head. So what should I do?

A few minutes later, just about the time I'd made up my mind to head back to the kitchen and see what's going down, Chad stuck his head out. "Hey, Breck, can I use your bedroom to shoot some photos for a while?"

Breck flung his answer over his shoulder--"Yeah, sure"--without taking his eyes off the screen.

A couple of minutes later, Chad and Bill both came out of the kitchen. Chad said to him, "Why don't you go on to the bedroom. I'll be right there, as soon as I get my camera out of Breck's car."

I followed Bill into Breck's bedroom. Did he seem groggy or awake? Had he been hypnotized? I couldn't tell. He seemed wide awake to me. I asked, "You know what kind of pictures Chad likes to take?"

"Yeah ... He just wants to take some pictures. Nothing serious."

"You sure you want to go through with this?"

"He says he won't publish them. It's just test shots and stuff. I don't have to do anything or take off anything I don't want to. He's going to pay me."

"Listen, Bill, do you know what he does when he's taking pictures of guys?"

"Brock, I can make my own decisions--and frankly, the only reason I'm doing it is I need the money. I gotta put new brakes on my car, and like, real soon."

That's when Chad came in and hustled me out. "Okay, guys," he announced, blocking the door, "I don't want to be disturbed."

Eric and Breck were both like, "Yeah, whatever," absorbed in their game.

Chad said, "That means you too, Brock. Do not disturb."

Okay, so Bill would be on his own. He was right: he was an adult and a Marine, and he could take care of himself. "Okay," I said, "sure."

So I stayed out in the living room with Breck and Eric and tried not to be--what?--worried? Jealous?

When they came out, Chad putting his film into a pack, Bill in his jeans and pulling his tee-shirt back on, I watched for signs. Bill seemed awake and alert, as if nothing except photography had happened. I followed Bill when he headed to the bathroom. He wouldn't tell me what happened. "Jesus, Brock, you

act like I was cheating on you or something," was all he'd say about it.

That night we hit the bars. Breck and Bill and I love to dance, so that's what we do at least one day most weekends. Chad isn't much of a bar person, but Eric wanted to check out the Atlanta clubs with us, so Chad came along too.

We went to EchoLounge and saw a band which it turned out Chad had heard of, called Man Or Astro-Man. He said he had a couple of their CDs. I thought they were kind of weird--this kind of surf-punk sound with a really sentimental 50s or 60s sci-fi nostalgia. Fun and lots of energy, but weird.

After that, we took Chad and Eric dancing. We hit our favorite clubs. The Heretic. Backstreets. The Armory. Around midnight, we ended up dancing where the crowd was hot and the music was hotter. Breck, Bill, and I whipped off our shirts, because that's what we always do--plus, with the heat of all those guys there dancing and so tight-packed, we were sweating pretty much the minute we hit the dance floor. Eric doffed his shirt too--for a straight guy, he sure danced pretty well.

We were having a great time. The music was primal, deafening as a panicked heartbeat. After a while, Eric leaned in and yelled over flood of sound that he was going to go see what happened to Chad. The floor was so crowded it took him a while to actually slip away. Bill, Breck, and me--we kept dancing our asses off. The DJ was spinning a great set, and we weren't about to miss any of it.

It must have been half an hour later that Bill left us to go get something to drink. Then Breck saw and waved at one of his friends and went over to say hello. I danced for a couple minutes more, but then the DJ kinda faltered by mixing in a song I didn't like, so I decided to hit the bar for something to drink too. I downed a bottle of water and decided to go look for the others.

I found Chad, Eric, and Bill back in the "cool down" area, this part of the club that's kind of separated off. It had its own bar and some tables and it was a little quieter--not much, though, because the *thump-thump-thump* of the music was full force. Muffled and monotonous, it sounded as numbingly hypnotic as listening to a lover's pulse. There were only two or three other people here--mostly everyone were out on the dance floor where the action was.

Something was going on with them. I could tell the minute I saw them. So I just stood and watched a minute from across the room.

Chad was leaning with his back to the bar. Eric, shirtless, in just his jeans, stood with his back pressed to the right side of Chad's chest. Chad's right arm circled from under Eric's arm around his chest like a shield, his hand gripping Eric's pectoral possessively. Eric's eyes were closed, head bowed slightly, a small contented smile.

Bill stood in front of them, kind of half in profile to me. He was sweaty and he had his shirt still off from dancing too, like me, like Eric. He was just standing there. Chad was talking to him. I couldn't read Chad's lips and I sure couldn't hear him--probably even Bill was having to strain to hear him--but I could tell from how intensely he was looking at Bill. The measured way he seemed to be speaking. The way Bill's eye were already blinking, heavy-lidded. The way this little smile was showing up on Bill's face. Chad's left arm opened out. Bill took a little step forward, into its circle. Bill let himself be turned around, let Chad's arm slip under his and around his chest, drawing him back until Bill's back settled against the left side of Chad's chest, alongside Eric. Bill's expression, as his eyes closed the rest of the way and stayed shut, was pure contentment. His hands came up and held on to Chad's arm like a security blanket, like a little kid being held by his father and sleeping in his daddy's arms.

Chad looked me right in the eye when I walked up. The music was so overwhelming, even here, I could barely make out his words. "Hi, Brock. Having fun?"

"Chad, what the fuck are you doing?"

"Same as you. Enjoying myself."

"No, I mean, why did you hypnotize them here, in a damn bar!"

"Because I wanted to. Because they wanted me to."

"Bullshit. Eric--you can do whatever you want with Eric, but Bill is my friend. You can't just--"

"I can't what? Hypnotize him without his permission? That's true. Look at him. He's right where he wants to be. He's feeling just what he wants to feel."

"And what's that?"

"Like he belongs. Same reason he joined the Marines. Same reason he got into a relationship with you. Same reason he's been letting Breck hypnotize him. All Bill wants is to feel like he belongs somewhere, to someone."

What he said about Breck surprised me. "Breck? That only happened once."

"Once? No, Bill doesn't remember it consciously perhaps, but when I hypnotized him before, he remembered it. Breck has been hypnotizing him pretty much every time he comes to visit."

"That can't be true." Why did I suddenly feel so angry and betrayed, unless it was true?

Okay, here's some background information on why I felt so pissed off. I told you earlier that I'd tell you about the fight Breck and Bill and I had the weekend before. See, I walked in on Breck giving Bill a blow-job. No, no, there was no hypnosis involved--at least none I could tell. As far as I could see, Bill was stretched out on the couch getting blown of his own free will, and Breck was kneeling between Bill's spread legs and he sure was blowing Bill. I didn't get really mad or anything--I was mostly shocked and surprised. I mean, I kinda suspected Bill and Breck were getting really friendly, but I kind of expected Bill as my best friend--and a straight man, too, or so he claims--to keep his hands off my boyfriend, just like I expected Breck as my boyfriend to keep his hands off my best friend. They're both good-looking and plenty sexy, so I could understand why they'd be attracted to each other, but *damn!* Some things people should just know not to do, and that Marine "honor" thing Bill's always talking about should have told him not to, but I guess Breck can be a real seductive bastard when he wants to be. Mostly I was pissed because Breck and I had been talking about becoming monogamous and moving in together and not having sex outside of our relationship. I thought we were talking seriously, but I guess Breck wasn't.

So that was just a week ago. I got pissed and threw Breck and Bill both out, and I didn't talk to either of them for a couple of days, until they both apologized and we all agreed to forgive and forget. A one-time thing--that's what I thought it was, and that's what Bill and Breck both swore it was. But now Chad was saying there was a lot more shit going on between them than I knew. More than Bill knew too, from the sound of it.

Anyway, that's all beside the point. Right then, right there in the bar, Chad was saying, "Maybe Breck had you in a trance when it happened, or maybe he told you not to remember it, but he *has* been hypnotizing Bill regularly." To Bill, Chad asked, "Bill, here's a question that's so easy for you to answer, and you can answer it honestly. Has Breck been hypnotizing you almost every weekend?"

Bill mumbled something I couldn't hear, but I read his lips easily enough. He said, "Yeah."

Chad said, "See? Listen, Brock, instead of staying at Breck's place, I think Eric, Bill, and I are going to get a hotel room tonight. We're going to want some privacy and it sounds like you have some things to work out with Breck. Is that okay with you?"

I put my hand on Bill's arm and gave it a little shake, trying to rouse him. "Bill? You don't have to do this if you don't want to. Bill? Wake up and let's go home." Bill squirmed a little, trying to nestle closer into Chad's chest.

Chad pushed my hand away tenderly. "Brock, he's right where he wants to be, and he's not going to do anything he doesn't want to. You have my word on that. Go find Breck. Talk to him."

"Fuck it! Fuck you!" I spat at him like cobra venom. I stormed off. Real mature, huh?

I found Breck by the door, where he'd just said goodbye to his leaving friends. "I wanna ask you something," I snarled.

Breck pointed at his friends and said, "Them? They're just some friends of mine."

"No. Shut up and listen. Have you been hypnotizing Bill more since that time with the candle in your living room?"

Breck looked at me. He started to say something, then stopped.

"Well? Answer me. It's a simple question. Have you been hypnotizing Bill since that first time in your living room? Yes or no."

Breck decided to tell me the truth. "Yes, but that wasn't the first time."

Holy fuck, was I pissed! "And just when were you planning on telling me?" I was staring him right in the eyes, daring him to look away.

He was staring right back. "I didn't think it was important. You know it's not important, Brock. Just let it go, okay?"

"No, it's not *okay*--"

Breck kept right on talking. "Let it go. You must be tired from your long week and all that dancing. Yeah, so tired. All that's really important is for you to *slee*--"

See, wrestling taught me to move like lightning. Breck never even saw my hands coming. One snapped around the back of his head, and the other clamped over his mouth. His eyes bugged out.

I growled, "Don't--you--*ever*--try--to--hypnotize--your--way--out--of--an--argument. Understand?"

Breck just stared at me for a moment. Then he nodded, as best he could with my hands clamped like a vice around his head.

I heaved him back. He ricocheted off some guy, but I didn't care. I stomped off out the door. Yanked my tee-shirt out of my back pocket and struggled into it.

I heard Breck yelling, "Brock!" behind me, but he had the sense not to follow me across the parking lot as I hailed a cab.

13. November 20, 1999

I didn't go home. I went to a friend's house and stayed the night there because I didn't want Breck showing up at my place to talk. I didn't want to talk to him until I was ready.

I thought about skipping William's party, but I decided to go because I had been looking forward to it for a couple of weeks and I wanted to see my friends. See, an invitation to William's Thanksgiving bash is a real coup; this was the third time I'd been invited, and I didn't want to blow this off. Yeah, I'd be sure to see Chad there too, but this mess wasn't his fault. I wasn't really that mad at him. I didn't know if Breck would be there--he was supposed to go as my date. I was hoping he'd have the sense not to show.

I had to go back to my apartment for a change of clothes before William's party. My roomies were all gone. No Breck either. Place was silent as a tomb. I had, like, twenty messages stuck to my bedroom door. A couple in each of my roommates' handwriting but they all said the same thing: "Breck called." I checked my email and deleted the seven or eight messages from Breck unread. Our second fight ever, and it was one week after the first. A bad sign?

Sure enough, I ran into Chad at the party. He asked if I was all right, said Breck had been way worried the night before. I said I was, and tough. I was glad to hear, though, that Breck hadn't come.

"So where's Eric," I asked, changing the subject.

"He's around somewhere--probably out back."

"And Bill?"

"He's with Breck." Okay, I had this flash of ... anger? Jealousy? Whatever. Anyway, Chad pretended not to notice. "Breck was pretty upset. I don't think he slept all night."

"Yeah, well, whatev's, buddy." Change of topic. "Listen, there's something I want you to do for me."

"Which is?"

"I want this stuff out of my head."

"This stuff? You mean, post-hypnotic suggestions or something?"

"Yeah. I hate that he has a way to hypnotize me again, and I hate that I don't remember much of what he's done, and maybe some other suggestions too. I want to remember it all."

He grinned and said, "You know, you can take care of that yourself."

"Huh?"

"You can hypnotize yourself. All hypnosis is self-hypnosis. If he taught you to hypnotize yourself on command, there's no reason you can't use those same ways to hypnotize yourself on your own."

"How?"

"Simple. Tell yourself the same things he told you when he induced a trance. That you're feeling relaxed. That you're feeling focused and open to making changes. Then suggest those changes to yourself. Tell yourself not to listen to his key words. Tell yourself that you'll remember everything. That sort of thing."

"Okay. I'll try that." I was feeling kind of iffy, though, because I had already been asleep a lot of the times when Breck did his induction.

"Let me know how it works."

I said, "Call me after this party breaks up. I'll tell you then."

"Okay. That might be late--some of us are going out afterward."

"I don't care how late. Call me."

"Okay."

I walked off. There were around a hundred people there, and I mingled and flirted because it got my mind off my problems. I saw Chad or Eric across the room every now and then, but that was it. Mostly I flirted with cute guys I didn't know--and there were a *lot* of them there. Nothing too serious, though, and all I did was flirt. Well, okay, so I flirted *hard* with this one real hottie and came damn close to letting myself get picked up by him, but I figured that would be a bad thing in my current state of mind and with things with Breck still up in the air. Anyway, I got the hottie's phone number, in case I want to use it later.

Things at the party didn't start breaking up until midnight--not bad for a party that started around lunchtime. I went home and told my roomies--two of them, Chris and Tim, were home--I didn't want to be disturbed, and I locked the door.

So that catches you up to right now, around 2:30 a.m. on the Sunday morning before Thanksgiving. I've tried to keep my mind off things while I'm waiting for Chad to call. I leafed through this fitness magazine. Checked my email. Wrote up what happened tonight in a hurry while it's still fresh in my mind. Shit like that.

Okay, I did try to hypnotize myself like Chad suggested--a couple of times, too. I never had tried before. I tried to clear my head and tell myself I was relaxing and opening up to suggestions. But ... well, I guess it felt just fricking weird to try doing it to myself, and nothing happened.

It's a little after 2:30 now, and I'm considering in the back of my head whether to jack off or just get some sleep, but I know Chad will call any minute because he said he would. He's a man of his word. He'll call, and then I'm going to have him put me into a trance. I've got a list of suggestions I want to give myself to lock out Breck's key phrase and to let me remember *everything*. All I need is for Chad to

help me open up and help me accept my own suggestions. He'll do it because I'm going to ask him to so I can put this right. And if he says no the first time--well, let's just say I can be a damned persuasive bastard when I want to be too. In the morning, I'm going to be a new man.

[On to Part 4](#)

True Life, Part 4

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

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?

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Special thanks again to Chad/Epaphus (epaphus@mindspring.com) for, uhm, the inspiration. (Wink!)

True Life, Part 4

14. July 6

The last time I added to "True Life" (Part 3) was about eight months ago, around the end of November. It's early July now.

Why the delay? Mostly because, as you probably read in Part 3, my then-boyfriend Breck and I were hitting some rough times, and we ultimately broke up. Only part of why we broke up got described in Part 3. Breck did apologize for all the shit he pulled, but he couldn't seem to apologize without also confessing some additional transgression that I hadn't known about, which just felt sketchy to me. I tried writing a Part 4 back then, which would have described how my friend Chad helped me undo some of the suggestions Breck had given me when he hypnotized me, but I found I was still too close to it all, still hurting. I couldn't manage to write about what was happening without also dumping a lot of shit about Breck and how angry I was into the story, and I didn't think it was fair to air all that to the Internet where Breck couldn't explain anything or say anything to defend himself. Since he and I were really trying to work out our issues, I felt he deserved a chance to work it out with me first.

Anyway, Breck and I finally broke up. Ultimately, though he was two years older than I (he was 25 at the time), he was a lot less mature. Maturity and age only sometimes go together. So I called it off and

told him we could maybe try dating again in the future, after he grew up a little. Most of our issues centered around infidelity and his cheating on me--and not just with Bill on the side, as I documented in Part 3. I don't have a problem with open relationships, but Breck made us agree to be monogamous, to "give ourselves time to grow as a couple," and what pissed me off was the way he broke the vow he made us agree to by secretly screwing around with about nine other guys total in the four and a half months we were officially together.

Anyway, Breck and I broke up, but there's the beginning of a happy ending there. In May, five and a half months after we broke up, we finally managed to put all the hurt and all the problems behind us, and we're really good friends. More than friends, really, though we aren't having sex. (Well, aside from that time we went to the nude beach together in early June, but that's another story.) Maybe we'll even get back together someday. *Maybe.*

Right now, though, I'm dating Sean. After Breck and I broke up, I dated a lot of guys once or twice--nothing lasting. Bill, my best friend, the ex-Marine (remember him from Parts 1 and 3?), and I started having sex again--even though he's really straight. That lasted until about mid-June when Bill met a chick and I met Sean--two things that happened pretty much at the same time. You'll be hearing more about Sean soon.

First, though, I'm going to tell you about my friend Chad's visit, his first time back to Atlanta, where I live, since November. This time, his boyfriend Eric was busy with some soccer function, so Chad had to come by himself. Bill and I (Sean wasn't with us since he had to work) went out to the airport to pick Chad up. He was going to stay at the apartment I share with my roommates while he was in town.

We went out to dinner at this great place that I'd never tried before, called Babette's. Chad and Bill know each other pretty well. They had this major magnetism thing going on during Chad's last visit; Chad had hypnotized Bill a couple of times too (which wasn't what made me jealous), and I think Bill had a couple of three-ways with Chad and his boyfriend Eric without me (which *was!*). So at dinner it was pretty clear to me that Chad and Bill were picking up where they left off, only minus Eric.

Chad is mid-thirties. Bill is my age: 23. You might think Bill and I would have nothing to talk about with Chad, but we have a lot in common, starting from our interest in the same kinds of music and going on from there. Chad is a certified hypnotist, and a damn good one too, and I know he has hypnotized me--and Bill too, though I don't think Bill remembers anything about it. Chad says Bill is an easy subject, the kind of person who naturally tends toward a hypnotic state of mind. Since Bill doesn't remember being hypnotized, and since he says he's really straight (sex with me notwithstanding, apparently), I had asked Chad earlier not to hypnotize Bill while he was visiting.

Annnnyhow, we had a great dinner, then went to hang out in a couple of bars, including this bar Chad really likes called Mary's in East Atlanta that plays videos. The VJ there played this hilarious Take That video for "Do What You Want" (Chad's request--he called it "the butt video"). Think of what a Backstreet Boys or N'Sync video would be if the guys bounced around shirtless in these tight black shorts nearly the whole time and even showed their bare asses a lot. We laughed our asses off!

It was Thursday night and we went back to my apartment for a drink before Bill had to drive home to that chick he's dating. It was after midnight so all three of my roommates (all straight--what a waste of cute male flesh) were apparently tucked in their bedrooms asleep or else were out with their girlfriends.

Chad sat down in the middle of the couch, and Bill parked his ass in his favorite chair, the one adjoining the couch with the perfect view of the television for playing video games. I went to the kitchen to get us drinks, and I found a note one of my roommates left for me, saying a friend had called and wanted me to

call back before 1:00. It was nearly that time then, so after I gave Chad and Bill their drinks, I excused myself to go to the kitchen to return my friend's call.

When I came out of the kitchen--it had to be less than fifteen minutes later--Chad was still sitting in the middle of the couch. Bill, though, wasn't in the chair. He was on the couch too now--curled up on the couch beside Chad, his shirt and shoes off, curled up in just his jeans with his head on Chad's shoulder, and Chad had his arm protectively across Bill's bare shoulders. Bill's eyes were closed, and he might have been sleeping. I knew Chad though, and I knew Bill wasn't asleep. Not normal sleep anyway. No, Bill had dropped his favorite USMC cap and his favorite tee-shirt, the olive one with "Marines" across the chest, onto the floor--no way this was normal.

Chad looked up at me and smiled.

"Chad," I stage-whispered. "Did you hypnotize Bill *again*?"

He feigned surprise. "Why, it sure looks that way, Brock."

I scolded him with, "Chad, I thought we had an agreement--hands off of Bill. No hypnotizing him without him knowing what's going on."

"Oh, he knows. Some part of him, anyway, knows exactly what's happening."

"Chad, we had an agreement. It's wrong to hypnotize Bill without his knowledge and permission."

"Right. And if he lets himself go into a trance, obviously he's given his permission. Plus, his subconscious mind has been practically asking me all night to hypnotize him. Bill likes being hypnotized." Chad looked down at Bill, almost nuzzling him. "Don't you, Bill?"

Bill mumbled, "Uh huh ...," almost too quietly for me to hear.

Chad said, "See?"

"Listen, Chad, I think maybe this is wrong. Bill is straight." Okay, maybe my voice was kind of raised above a stage whisper now, but I wasn't yelling. I was just making my point.

"No need to get upset, Brock. Bill is an intelligent, perceptive young man. Some part of him knows exactly what's going on. And as for him being straight--well, if I recall, you and he have been having sex on and off for a little over a year now. That's not exactly straight behavior."

"Chad, just this once, would you shut up about what is and isn't straight and just leave Bill alone? Just tell him to put his shirt back on and wake him up. He's my friend, and I don't like you doing this to him. You know that. Please? As a favor to me?"

"Why, Brock? Don't you find being hypnotized relaxing? Bill likes being hypnotized a lot. It's very natural for him, and I'm just helping him relax."

"Chad, this bullshit is just getting on my nerves, okay?"

"Brock, you're getting yourself upset over nothing. You used to love when I'd hypnotize you. Remember?"

"That's not the same thing, Chad. I knew what was going on, and mostly I liked it. Hell, I even wrote a story about it. But Bill--"

"Bill can wake up anytime he wants. But right now, he doesn't want to. Isn't that right, Bill?"

From Bill, "Uh huh ..."

"See?" Chad said. "Brock, you're making this big drama over nothing." His voice changed to that authoritative tone I remembered. "Have a seat."

I sat down in my chair. Don't ask me why--I just did.

"Brock, I want to help you relax and see things more clearly."

"No--I don't want to be hypnotized."

"Sure you do," he said, sounding completely sure of himself. "Just like all those times before. I want you to take a deep breath and hold it. Just hold it until I tell you to let it out."

Don't ask me why, but I did--I took a deep breath and held it.

"That's good. Now, I want you to imagine the oxygen flooding into your lungs and spreading out through your body. Good. Now let it out, slowly."

I let the breath out: " ... hoooooou ..."

"Now another deep breath, and this time, flex your feet and your ankles while you hold it. That's right. Send the oxygen down into your feet. Can you picture it in your mind? Can you feel the oxygen flooding through your ankles and feet and feeding the muscles and helping relax them?"

Chad kept telling me when to breathe, when to let it out, what to flex and where to send the oxygen. Seemed kind of silly at first, but I could feel the knots in my shoulders starting to loosen a little. Don't ask me why--I knew he was starting to hypnotize me, and I didn't even try to stop him.

"In a moment, I'm going to help you relax more completely. In a moment, I'm going to begin counting backward from 10 to 1. When I start the count with the number 10, let your eyelids close, and I want you to see yourself, in your mind's eye, at the top of a small set of stairs. The moment I say the number 9, and each number that follows, you will simply picture yourself moving down those stairs, relaxing more completely. At the base of the stairs is a large feather bed, with a comfortable feather pillow. The moment I say the number 1, you will simply sink into that bed, resting your head on that feather pillow."

Chad paused for a moment. Then he said, "Ten; eyes closed, picturing yourself at the top of those stairs ... Ten ..."

"Nine ... Relaxing and letting go. Nine ..."

"Eight ... Sinking into a more comfortable, calm position ..."

"Seven"

"Six ... Going further down ...

"Five ... Moving down those stairs. Relaxing more completely.

"Four ...

"Three ... Breathe in, deeply ...

"Two ... On the next number, one, simply sinking into that bed, becoming more calm, more peaceful, more relaxed ...

"One ... Sinking into that feather bed. Let every muscle go limp and loose as you sink into a more calm, peaceful state of relaxation.

"Brock, you can close your eyes now ... Begin breathing deeply and slowly ... Before you let go completely and go into a deep hypnotic state, just let yourself listen carefully to everything I say to you. It's going to happen automatically, so you don't need to think about that now. You will have no conscious control over what happens. The muscles in and around your eyes will relax, all by themselves, as you continue breathing. Easily and freely. Without thinking about it, you will soon enter a deep, peaceful, hypnotic trance, without any effort ...

"That's it. There's nothing important for your conscious mind to do. There is nothing important except the activities of your subconscious mind, and that can be just as automatic as dreaming, and you know how easily you can forget your dreams when you awaken.

"You are responding very well, Brock. Without noticing it, you have already altered your rate of breathing. You are breathing much more easily and freely, and you are revealing signs that indicate you are beginning to drift into a hypnotic trance again.

"You can really enjoy relaxing more and more, and your subconscious mind will listen to each word I say. It keeps becoming less important for you to consciously listen to my voice. Your subconscious mind can hear even if I whisper.

"You are continuing to drift into a more detached state where nothing can disturb you. Anytime something tries to disturb you, just let it go completely. Your mind puts the disturbance aside and lets it go.

"You continue becoming more relaxed and comfortable as you sit there with your eyes closed. As you experience that deepening comfort, you don't have to move, or talk, or let anything bother you. Your own inner mind responds automatically to everything I tell you, and you will be pleasantly surprised with your continuous progress.

"You are getting much closer to a deep hypnotic trance. You are beginning to realize that you don't care that you are going into a deep trance. Being in this peaceful state allows you to experience the comfort of the hypnotic trance. Being hypnotized is always a very enjoyable, very pleasant, calm, peaceful, completely relaxing experience. It seems natural, doesn't it, to include hypnosis in your future.

"Every time I hypnotize you, it keeps becoming more enjoyable, and you continue to really enjoy having me hypnotize you. You will always enjoy the sensations--of comfort, of peacefulness, of calmness, and all the other sensations that come automatically from this wonderful experience. You will be really

happy that you decided to let me hypnotize you.

"You are continuing to relax even more now, and you continue becoming more comfortable. You are going to find that any time you want to spend a few minutes by yourself, relaxing and feeling very comfortable and serene, you can automatically go back to this feeling you're experiencing now. You can put yourself into this world anytime you like. There are times when you will want this serene feeling, and it's yours whenever you want it.

"Continue enjoying this pleasant experience as your subconscious mind receives everything I tell you. You will be pleased by the way you automatically respond to everything I say ..."

When I opened my eyes, I knew I wasn't really awake. I felt too ... funny. It was that feeling I remembered from the other times I've been hypnotized: very relaxed and very, very focused. I was on the couch now, sitting next to Chad, opposite Bill. My shirt and shoes were gone. Chad's hand rubbed over my bare shoulder and neck, and I liked that, liked the way it helped me feel even more relaxed.

I had a hard-on. An urgent one. It felt good in my shorts. Chad purred something into my ear, and I wanted to take my cock out of my shorts, so I pushed my gym shorts down on my thighs and let my cock out. Bill was doing the same with his jeans, peeling them down to expose his erection. My hand started to jack my cock lazily, slow, steady strokes. Chad lifted his hips and eased his khaki slacks down. Bill is hung about average, and my cock is a little bigger than his. Chad's, though, is really large, bigger than both of ours.

Chad said something to Bill, and Bill shifted around on the couch. I watched his shoulder move as he jacked himself off. His other hand held the base of Chad's cock, and Bill lowered his mouth to it and began to lick the head. Chad said something to me. His cock fascinated me. I couldn't get enough of it. I needed to get down there too, and I turned my body so I could continue my peaceful jack-off while my mouth nuzzled his balls. I licked and lapped at them. He had big balls, and I ran my tongue over and over them in their sack. I moved my head up, pushing Bill's head back, and licking Chad's shaft. Bill's mouth slid off of Chad's dick, and my mouth stretched over it. I've sucked Chad before, and I knew to let my jaw and throat relax to fit him in. I sucked him in easy strokes. When Bill's cheek nudged mine, I yielded Chad's cock and let Bill suck it again, and I went back to licking his balls.

Everything felt so tranquil and soothing. Just three friends sharing a good feeling together. No urgency. Just enjoying our erections. Bill couldn't take as much of Chad's cock in his mouth as I could, but that didn't matter--we took turns blowing him while we jacked ourselves off. Everything felt lazy, soft, and slow. No tension. No need to rush.

Chad whispered that he was about to cum. Bill was sucking him right then, and he didn't pull off. Chad's body tensed and shuddered, then shuddered again. I could tell by the way his cock throbbed and his balls pulsed that he was shooting off. A little of his semen escaped the corner of Bill's mouth and rolled down Chad's shaft. I sent my tongue out to meet it and licked it, tasting the salt of it, following it up to Bill's lips. Bill eased his mouth off Chad's glans, and I kissed him, tasting Chad's spunk and feeling the slime of it coating Bill's invading tongue. Beneath us, I felt Chad's body relax as he sank into the afterglow of his orgasm.

Chad told us it was okay to cum when we were ready. Bill and I kept kissing, breaking for a breath, then kissing again. We were both jacking with languid, casual strokes. Bill's mouth tensed, his tongue froze in my mouth, and he moaned. I knew he was cumming. Right about the time Bill rode out his convulsions and began to sag, I eased across the point of no return, and my body glowed with ecstasy as my balls pumped out my load onto my belly and chest and arm..

Chad said something, and I looked up at him. He was smiling at us. He said it again, and I felt ... sleepy. Incredibly sleepy. I couldn't keep my eyes open, so I let them close.

I woke up the next morning in the middle. We were all three in my bed, on our sides. Bill in front of me, with my body fitted up against his back, and Chad behind me, his body fitted up along mine. All three of us naked, nothing but a light sheet covering us. My arm around Bill's body, Chad's across us both. Did anything about the night before bug me? Not right then. I had my morning hard-on, pressed up against Bill's bare ass, and I felt Chad's push against my ass-crack. It felt good--hell, my whole body felt great--and I lay there, drifting in and out of a light doze, aware of how great it felt when Bill shifted a little against my dick as he slept and when I changed position against Chad's.

Bill is such a romantic when he's horny--and I mean that sarcastically. I rose out of my dozing to the feel of him pushing something into the hand that I had draped across his chest. My fingers closed over it. Square. Flat. A condom. That made me smile. Bill pushed his ass back against my wood, just to make sure I got the idea. Subtle, Bill.

I was wondering how Chad would take waking up to me fucking Bill, wondering whether I should go through with this now that I was dating Sean. Bill ground his ass gently against my rod. Chad, still breathing deeply against my neck, had his arm across me, across Bill; I saw his hand lift, holding up a condom packet. Bill must have pressed one into his hand too. I felt Chad gradually guide his cock against my ass, and my body responded by rubbing my butt cheek along his length. Yeah, my body felt hungry, and that's ultimately why I did it.

I kissed Bill's neck, then shifted myself over him. Bill rolled under me, onto his back. Chad pushed away the sheet. Bill is a Marine, through and through, and he likes to take it like a man: on his back with his legs on my shoulders. He lifted his legs. He pressed the bottle of lube against my chest. Its chill against my pectoral made me realize how hot I felt inside. I pulled on the condom. Bill was looking me right in the eye as I squirted some lube onto my fingers, onto his ass, and started to work it in with my finger. He's a very handsome man--my age, dark hair, a tattoo on his left pec and right biceps. Hairless chest. Morning beard stubble. He grinned, and I grinned back. I gave him a kiss, not caring about his morning breath.

Chad was caressing my shoulders, stroking my back, so we knew he was with us. He took the lube from me and applied it generously to my ass. He worked a warm finger up inside me, and this comfortable feeling sprawled through me, and I worked my ass against his finger.

When Bill was ready, I pressed the point of my prick against his hole and pushed myself into him. We've had sex a lot in the last year, so we know just how to move together. When I was inside him, like always I stayed very still for a moment to let him get used to the feel of me inside him.

That's when I felt Chad's hands on my ass, his rod imposing its way into me. I pushed my ass back against it as best I could without pulling my cock out of Bill. Chad kept feeding more cock into my ass. He's long, and every time I thought I had almost the whole thing, he'd feed another inch into me. Finally, I felt his pubes and hips against my ass, pushing me in turn deep into Bill.

Chad kissed my neck. He had a hand around my chest, anchoring us together as we leaned over Bill. Bill's ankles slid wider. Chad's other hand held one of Bill's ankles and impelled it upward, easing my access to his ass. Bill grinned at me and gave a little nod--he was ready to get fucked. I was the middle man, so it was up to me to do most of the motion. I moved against Bill, drawing nearly out of his ass and then sliding back in, and Chad moved with me, then against me; with me, against me. Being in the middle like that is more challenging than you might think, but the three of us found a rhythm.

Bill just lay back, hands behind his head, legs in the air, my cock up his ass, and lost himself in the pure hedonism of being fucked. Chad's hands were everywhere. First he was forcing me forward with his chest so he could massage Bill's pecs, Then his hands were groping my pecs and stroking up and down the ridges of my stomach. Working their way roughly across my scalp. A light slap on my ass. Reaching up under my cock to tug on my balls. All the while his mouth nibbled at my ears, licked and kissed my neck and shoulders. He turned my chin roughly, and our stubbled cheeks ground together as his mouth found mine and fed me his tongue.

We changed positions. Bill on all fours, gasping as Chad burrowed his sizeable cock into Bill's ass. Me on my back in front of Bill, with him finger-fucking me and sometimes trying to suck me as Chad fucked him. Bill threw his head back; his face was a mask, overwhelmed with sensations both pleasure and pain that hit his head like a drug.

We shifted again. Me on all fours. Chad kneeling between my knees as he forced his cock into me again, a long-lost friend. (Okay, I'll admit it--I'm good in bed, but Chad is great.) Bill fed his cock into my mouth, so I could suckle it like a baby's last meal.

We moved again. Bill on his back again. Me fucking him, as Chad knelt beside us and fed his dick first into my mouth, then into Bill's.

Bill started to buck, groaning he was about to cum. He was on all fours again, with Chad fucking him doggy-style while I stood on the bed and let Chad lick my cock. I kept teasing Chad, playfully letting him have a lick, then pulling away, then letting him have it again. Chad turned his attention to Bill, who was jacking himself off as Chad fucked him. Chad's hand snaked around Bill's hip and forced away his hand, taking its place. Chad's hand pistoned on Bill's rod with ruthlessly efficient strokes. Bill sighed and cried out, face twisting, body contorting. His orgasms always hit him hard, and this one was massive. His whole upper body bounced as his pleasure tore through him like an earthquake. He sighed one last time, slowly going completely limp. His body slumped down onto the cum he had squirted onto my bed, slipping off of Chad's condom-covered cock. Bill moaned, barely able to move.

Chad pulled off the condom and pulled on a fresh one. He sprawled out on the bed. I straddled him, sat myself slowly down on his cock. His right hand found my pecs and nipples, his left hand on my thigh, as I slowly rose and dropped myself along the length of his meat. This way I could control the depth and speed of the fuck. My hands found his pecs and shoulders. His cock felt so incredibly good in me. He was saying something, telling me how great my ass felt.

Bill's eyes glittered as he watched us fuck alongside of him. He managed to prop up on one elbow for a better view. I like being watched. Bill reached out a hand, still almost limp from his overpowering orgasm, and wrapped his fingers around my cock. The motion of my body up and down on Chad's cock also pulled and pushed my cock inside Bill's grip. Bill managed to pull himself closer to Chad, and they kissed, slowly, lingeringly, deeply. Passionately.

I started to say, "I'm--" But then my orgasm erupted, choking the rest off in a strangled cry of bliss. I lost control of my muscles as that familiar fire roared through my body. The intensity stunned me, in more ways than one. I rode it out. At some point, I fell off Chad's cock, fell onto the bed at Chad's side opposite Bill.

I couldn't see--or feel--anything but a red haze for a very long time. When my eyes began to work again, they picked out the muscular expanse of Chad's chest, the graceful inward curve of his tight stomach. Bill's arm running to Chad's crotch, where his hand jerked Chad's cock. Bill was staring at that cock in wonder, as if he had never seen it before and didn't know how he came to be holding it. Chad's back was

slowly starting to arch, making his body rise like Atlantis from the bed. He gave a guttural groan--"Unnnngh!"--and wad after wad of white cum spurted out of his cockhead.

Bill kept milking Chad's cock long after his orgasm subsided, until Chad had to reach down and gently stop Bill from jacking him. They grinned at each other, then kissed. Chad turned my way and we kissed. Then Bill leaned in and let his tongue join ours. Not a bad way to start the day, I thought, not bad at all.

15. July 7

Chad went to visit and hang out with some of his other friends while I went to work. Yeah, I was late getting there, but it was worth it. And I just blamed the bus system, like always (hey, three-quarters of the time, it's true).

Chad caught up with us--Sean and me--when Sean came over after work, Sean is the guy I'm dating and he's really sweet. He says he's bi, and but he only started having sex with men a year ago--before that he only had sex with women. He's 20, which is three years younger than me, and he's about 5'8", which is three inches shorter than me. He was a wrestler in high school, like me; and also like me, he still wrestles in the gym as part of his workouts. The athletics all through high school gave him a tight, compact body packed with muscle, which he maintains by working out. Personality-wise, he's intelligent, great sense of humor, a real sweetheart, and very easygoing. He's extremely cute, angelic and masculine at the same time. Dark brown hair, cut short and usually gelled. Dark brown eyes. Hairy chest, which he trims but doesn't shave; hairy arms and legs too--he's the first hairy guy I've dated. He wears a semi-short little scruff of hair on the outside rim of his chin--not a goatee, just a little scruff that tickles my balls when he blows me. We met about three weeks ago at a mutual friend's house, and we hit it off immediately. I asked him out a week later, which means we had been dating almost exactly two weeks.

Sean came directly over to my place after work--he has a "mall job" at Electronics Boutique while he takes computer classes at one of the colleges in town--and he was still in his work "uniform": white shirt with the "EB" logo stitched in red, white tee-shirt under it, a name badge that announced "SEAN," khaki slacks, a new pair of trainers.

Chad met up with us at my apartment, and I introduced them. We went out to dinner at a really nice place--Chad's treat, since neither Sean nor I could afford a place like this--and I could tell from the way he kept looking around that Sean was impressed. Sean didn't say much during dinner; he can be a little shy sometimes. He seemed to like Chad, though, and vice versa.

We were going to go dancing later, but the time was too early after we finished dinner for heading out to the bars. So we went back to my place for a drink. I wanted to change clothes too, since I didn't want to go dancing in my nice clothes.

I offered them drinks before I went to change my clothes. Chad followed me into the kitchen to see what kind of juices we had in the refrigerator (he doesn't drink alcohol).

"He's a cutie," Chad said when I asked what he thought of Sean. "He reminds me of Bill"--which is kind of true: they're different heights, and Sean's chest is hairy while Bill's isn't, but they have the same hair and eye color, similar personalities. "What is it with you dating guys who are so much like Bill?"

"Lay off, Chad. Okay?"

"Okay," he said. Then: "So ... have you tried to hypnotize Sean yet?"

"Uhm, no," I said. "Believe it or not, *some* people don't try to hypnotize everyone they meet."

"You know what I mean, Brock," he said, grinning. "He's cute, and you're into hypnosis, so I just thought maybe you had tried it with him."

"Nope. Maybe I'll try it with him later but right now ..."

"Oh, come on--he's got all the signs of an excellent subject. I think he would respond very well to guided visualization techniques."

"Huh?"

"The 'picture yourself here, doing this' type of techniques. I think they would work very nicely for him."

"Chad, I don't want you to try to hypnotize him, okay?"

"Okay, you don't want me to hypnotize him."

I punched his arm playfully. "You can be such an arrogant prick sometimes."

"And you love that about me."

"Fuck you!"

"Sorry, steamy stripling--I'm a top."

We laughed, and I sent him back out to the living room with the drinks while I went to change clothes.

I decided on a gray wifebeater tee-shirt with a faded oil company logo and a pair of baggy shorts. The shirt would look good when I stripped it off later when we were dancing at the club, and the shorts were a pair Sean thought looked really hot on me. I checked my look in the mirror. Yeah, I'm a hot package, all right.

When I headed back to the living room, some part of me expected to catch Chad trying to hypnotize Sean. But instead, I saw them laughing and talking about video games (Sean's passion) and just getting to know one another. Whew!

We hit my favorite dance club. Sometimes the doorman gives us hell because Sean is only 20 and looks even younger; but since Sean started growing that chin-scruff I mentioned and with Chad there--he looks around 30 though he's older than that--the doorman must have thought Sean was older, because he didn't even card us. Even the bartender served Sean a beer without asking for ID. Then we were all three dancing together, and the DJ was spinning this killer set that included some cheesy Top 40 beefed up into massive dance mixes. We went at it pretty hard-core too, because Sean and I love to dance. Chad is no slouch, but you could tell he doesn't go dancing as much as Sean or I.

When the time seemed right, out there on the floor, I whipped off my wifebeater and tucked it in the back pocket of my shorts. I have a very nice body--it really shows how I've been working out for years--and out of the corners of my eyes I noticed a lot of guys looking at my bare chest. Sean's eyes were

aimed right at my pecs, narrowed like he was trying to memorize every hard line and curve to them. He really likes my chest. I admit I liked the attention.

Some chick spun me around to face her. She was dancing really wild and suggestive, working that "I'm a slut but I'm too hot for you" look. She yelled, "Dance with me!" over the music, so I did. She was pretty and slim and had a really big grin on her face. Her clothes were tight and showed off her nice body. I don't go for chicks at all sexually, but Sean claims to, so this display was mostly for him. I put my hands in the air, she put hers down, and her butt glided just a hair away from my crotch as we wiggled and ground to the thunderous rhythm. Five or six of her friends, all women, swarmed around us. Our dance was half pantomime sex, and we kept at it for two songs. Her friends were way more conservative and stiff. No wonder she wanted to dance with me. She was pretty good and was really enjoying herself. I enjoyed dancing with her too.

After a while, I looked around and didn't see Sean or Chad anywhere. I excused myself from the chick and her friends, though they tried to hold on to me and keep me from going, and I went to look for them. I half-expected to find them holed up in some quiet corner or maybe the parking lot with Chad trying to hypnotize Sean. But instead, I found Sean standing near the bar, at the edge of the bodies packed six deep around it. Chad was further inside that crush, taking three drinks from the bartender and passing him money. One drink was for me, and I gulped it gratefully.

Later, after we danced a few more hours, we went back to my place to crash. My roommates are never around much at night on the weekends, since they all have girlfriends, so we had the place to ourselves. I went to the kitchen and got us one last round of drinks for the evening, while we chilled out before bed. *This is it*, I thought when I carried the drinks back out to the living room, *Chad will be trying to hypnotize Sean for sure*. But no, they were both sitting right where I left them: Sean slouched shirtless in that chair, and Chad stretched out on the couch where he'd be sleeping tonight once we pulled it out into a bed.

16. July 8

I woke up in bed alone. I was expecting Sean beside me, but he wasn't there. That disappointed me--I really like to wake up before he does and watch him as he dreams--but his waking up first isn't too uncommon; he likes to get up early sometimes and play video games. He'll use the headphones so he can turn the volume up without disturbing me or my roommates.

Sean's clothes were gone. Most likely he got dressed, since Chad was here, before he headed out to the living room to fire up the TV and the PlayStation. So I climbed out of bed, thinking it was a shame to waste this great morning erection I had. From the floor by the bed, I retrieved the baggy shorts I'd worn the night before and I pulled them on.

The PlayStation and TV were both off. No sign of Sean. No sign of Chad. Something clattered from the kitchen. The sound of someone giggling guiltily and *shhhh*-ing someone. I imagined Sean and Chad having sex; I pictured Chad backed up against the stove while Sean knelt down and blew him, and then I pictured it the other way around. I was feeling jealous, and I hated that feeling, just *hated* it. I know I should have trusted Sean, even though we never said we'd be monogamous, had never even discussed monogamy--I didn't want to repeat the mistakes I'd made with Breck--but I guess I still remembered how Breck had hurt me by blowing Bill on the side. So I shoved open the kitchen door and caught them in the act of--

--fixing breakfast. Oh, they looked surprised and guilty enough, but that didn't disguise the fact that they

were both fully dressed and on opposite sides of the kitchen, Chad trying to be quiet as he whisked a bowl full of eggs for scrambling, and Sean rummaging through the cabinets for pans.

"Hey, babe," Sean said, heading to kiss me. "Did we wake you?" I was so relieved I felt like kissing him, and did, feeling like I should be apologizing to him instead.

I didn't let on about how I'd been jealous. I just grinned like an idiot and told Sean he should try one cabinet over if he was looking for the big frying pan.

My roommates weren't around--none of them had come home the night before, which wasn't too unusual since they all had girlfriends. Anyway, they weren't around to raid our feast. Scrambled eggs with bits of tomato and green bell pepper, toast with this terrific sauce Chad made up out of some blueberries Sean found in the refrigerator, turkey bacon--yummy! After we ate--and I mean, we really packed it away--I shooed Sean and Chad out of the kitchen. I didn't say so, but I was going to make it up to them by cleaning up and taking care of the dishes.

They had really made a mess. I don't know where Chad learned to cook, but he had single-handed turned the sink into something that looked like the aftermath of a hand grenade. I guess he'd been serious when he said I would need some help. I'd chased them both off, but I made a mental note never to make *that* mistake again. Sure, I had thought I needed to make it up to them, but I hadn't been jealous enough to deserve *this*!

Fifteen minutes later, maybe more, I've got the dishwasher loaded and humming--it's a cranky old beast, and it likes to hum for a while before it actually gets busy with the cleaning cycle--and I've done everything short of sandblasting to finally get the sink clean. Who would have thought ordinary blueberries could turn into adhesive sludge so quickly? I'm not one of those anal-retentive types who has to clean obsessively--not by a *long* shot!--but we had a problem with cockroaches when we first moved in, so we have to take the time to get rid of with anything that might attract them.

Sean and Chad were in the living room. I had heard bits of them talking--well, mostly Chad talking--from time to time, though not loud enough for me to make out what they were talking about. So when I finally finished off the bare minimum required to deal with the post-breakfast debris, I headed out into the living room to join them.

Chad was sitting on the couch. Sean was sitting in the chair, adjoining him. Sean's game controller sat, ignored, on one thigh where it had partially slipped out of his relaxed hands. Onscreen, the video game was frozen, paused, but Sean didn't seem to have noticed. His eyelids were drooping, fluttering. His eyes were turned up, like they were trying to roll back in his head; with his eyelids half-closed, I couldn't see much except the whites.

I knew immediately what Chad had done. He looked over at me when I walked in, gave me a quick grin, but he went back to whispering to Sean while I stared open-mouthed.

"Chad," I said, "you wake him up right now. You have no right to hypnotize Sean."

"I was just about to wake him up, matter of fact," Chad said. "We were just doing a little test, teaching Sean how to enter a hypnotic trance, to help make it easier for you to hypnotize him later. Okay, Sean, as I was saying, I'm going to count--"

I said, "I am *not* going to hypnotize Sean!"

To me Chad said, "But you've thought about it. Admit it, Brock. I've just laid the groundwork to help you out."

"This is *so* not the place for this. Just wake him up now, or I'll do it."

"I'm doing just that. Sean, I'm going to count to ten, and with each number, you're going to start waking up. You'll be able to remember as much or as little as you want; I'll leave that up to you. Ready? Ten ... Take a deep breath and feel the oxygen flood into your body as you start to wake up, gradually, at your own pace."

I waited until he was finished. Sean blinked and yawned and fumbled for his forgotten controller. He grinned at me and said, "Whassup?"--like nothing had just happened--as he started the game again.

"Chad, could I talk to you a second?" I stomped off into the bedroom, with Chad following me.

We kept our voices low. My opening salvo was, "What the *fuck* do you think you're doing out there?"

Chad said he didn't see anything wrong with trying a little induction exercise with Sean. He'd only taken him into a light trance and given him some "helpful" suggestions that would allow him to go into a trance easier each time. "Teaching" Sean to enter a trance, he called it. "In fact," he said, "we should probably test it several times throughout the day. Each time, it will get easier for him."

"Chad, *we--you--are not* going to hypnotize Sean. I don't mind when you hypnotize me sometimes--I admit I'm into it--but Sean is totally different. He doesn't even know I'm into hypnosis. And I'm not about to hypnotize him."

Chad shrugged. He didn't seem to think he'd done anything wrong. I swear, he's a really good friend of mine, but sometimes he seems just so fucking amoral! Not immoral, but amoral, as though issues like permission and consent and what other people want just don't matter.

Anyway, he swore he didn't do anything except induce a light trance and work with Sean for a couple of minutes to help him be able to go back into the trance state when he heard a trigger phrase. I told Chad I didn't even want to know the trigger--I figured if Sean didn't hear the trigger, everything would be fine.

So anyway, we're in Chad's rental car, driving through Atlanta on our way to Tower Records. Chad's driving and I'm in the passenger seat. Sean is sprawled out in the back seat. We've got the radio tuned to Album 88, which all three of us usually like, though right then they were playing a set of some kind of reggae crap that we all hated. So we've got the radio turned down low.

We're slowing as the cars ahead pause around a cluster of traffic lights. Chad looked in the rearview mirror and said, "Hey, Sean, would you like to ... *enjoy a trance?*"

I knew by the way he paused and stressed the words. I whipped my head around. Sean's eyelids were already sagging, his eyes trying to roll up.

"Chad," I hissed, "stop it. Wake him up right now, or I will."

Chad's satisfied grin faded a little and he sighed. "Brock, sometimes you're just no fun. Just wait a couple of minutes, and he'll wake up on his own. It's best if you let him wake up on his own."

I considered. Chad was the expert--maybe I should? "Okay," I said, "but don't hypnotize him anymore. Promise."

"I'm sorry. I was just trying to make it easier for you," Chad said.

Neither of us said anything. After a couple of minutes, Sean yawned and looked around at the shops we were passing, like he hadn't noticed anything different.

Later, in the theatre, the Tara, where we were sitting through the previews before some quirky independent movie, with Chad in the middle, he leaned over and said, "Sean, why don't you enjoy a trance" just a little too loudly and I elbowed Chad in the ribs. He protested in a stage whisper, "Ow! Okay, okay. He'll bring himself out of it in a couple of minutes."

Later, in the restaurant where we were waiting for our dinners, Chad just turned to Sean and said, "I know you'd like to *enjoy a trance*"--as if I wasn't even there. I guess the thought of hypnotizing Sean was kind of sexy, but I'd been through this before, sort of, with Breck and the last thing I wanted was a repeat of that. So I cleared my throat and glared at Chad until he held up his hands like he was surrendering.

Later, after we'd hit a few clubs and had a few drinks and danced like there was no tomorrow and flirted and come back to my place and collapsed, after we all had another drink just because we wanted one--beer for Sean and I, water for Chad because he doesn't drink--after all that, we were talking and joking and having a great time.

We'd all had a blast, and I was feeling a strong buzz from the alcohol. Quiet music from the CD player. I was settled back on the couch beside Sean. I was feeling all relaxed and just enjoying the way my body feels as I chill out after dancing all night. Sean was kind of peaceful at first, and I think he was maybe a little drunk. He was feeling more and more upbeat, and as our chill-out went on, he started teasing me and poking me, and I started teasing and poking back. It was just starting but it was a groove we get into sometimes, an escalating tease-fest that some of our friends call "The Brock and Sean Show." It always ends the same way--with us wrestling and scuffling playfully on the floor. Like I said, Sean and I are both wrestlers, and we love it. It's almost like foreplay for us sometimes.

Chad said something, but I didn't catch it. Actually, he'd been saying a lot of things I hadn't caught. I was busy pushing Sean's arm, making him nearly slosh himself with his beer, and he was pushing me back, and we were giggling like three-year-olds, like every time we get in this mood. Sean stashed his beer on the end table so he wouldn't spill it as he poked at me. Chad said something else but I didn't pay attention. I was grabbing for Sean's shoulders, and he was pushing me back, and we were tumbling off the couch and into the floor. The Brock and Sean Show was in full swing.

Sean and I rolled over and over a couple of times in the open carpet in the middle of the room. I knew Chad was watching us--I caught a glimpse of him watching us and smiling like he was a parent indulging a couple of kids--and I always like having an audience. Sean and I were grappling--half of it jockeying for position, and half just grooving on the feel of our bodies pressed together.

We're just having fun, but there's always part of this that's a serious contest. I'm bigger than Sean, and stronger, though he's packed with muscle too, and frankly I'm the better wrestler; and because of all that, he always has to be quick and aggressive, as if deep down he thinks he has something to prove. He pushed around me. I was nearly face-down, nearly in a defensive mat position, and he was sliding around me, across my back, trying to get a body lock on me for a gut wrench. I dropped closer to the

carpet to keep him from locking his hands around my torso. He hooked his hand on my shoulder to try to lift my chest up enough to complete the lock. He was going for a high gut wrench. No problem. I saw this coming and managed to break out and slip away before he could secure his lock. We were just getting warmed up.

We circled each other in the small central space. I went on the attack with a two-on-one armlock. It's a grip that looks sort of like I'm trying to shake hands with him, and it's used to pull an opponent close enough so you can attack his body or shoulder. Sean tucked his elbow close to his ribs and tried to counter by grabbing my elbow, going for a two-on-one of his own. I feigned an attack at his shoulder, and he pulled away. I circled around his center of gravity to keep control of his arm. Since he's shorter, he has an advantage sometimes on keeping his center of gravity low--an advantage on leverage too in some situations. This wasn't one of those situations. He tried to force my arm down, and I pulled, making him extend his arm. In a heartbeat, I was after an armlock on him, with my back turned toward him and his right arm stretched over my right shoulder. I dropped to my knees for a flying mare throw, which is a swift move where I bend forward quickly and touch my forehead to the carpet while throwing him up and over my shoulder. Sean kept rolling--to evade the lunge I was making for his arm as the first step to a half-nelson.

He rolled out of reach and crouched on his knees. We were both panting. I was expecting him to come at me while I was down. Instead, he looked over at Chad for a second. Sean took hold of the bottom of his tee-shirt. He lifted, crossing his arms as he pulled his tee-shirt up and off of his body. He dropped it, chest heaving in more oxygen. Sean has a great body--very muscular pectorals and arms, tight stomach, perfectly proportioned V-shaped deltoids. Muscular and sleek without being overbuilt. His chest is hairy, and I liked looking at it. Like I said, a lot of this was like foreplay for us.

But a lot was serious stuff too. I ignored the vacant look around his eyes and went for an arm attack. I was trying for an armlock hip throw--risky since his center of gravity was lower than mine. In that maneuver, I would try to pull him up and toward me, trying to get my center of gravity under his so I could use my hip to lever him off the floor and throw him. Sean ducked to the side, snatching at me. No, not at me--at my tee-shirt, which he held on to, tugging at it. It bunched under my shoulders. He was trying to use it to limit my range of motion. I lifted my hands and dropped, slipping out of my shirt and out of his grip. I have a great chest too, a little more muscular than his, and perfectly smooth and hairless. He was looking at me, and I knew Chad was too, so I flexed my arms a little for show.

Chad said something else. I wasn't paying a bit of attention to what he was saying. He said something, a key phrase that suddenly made me feel really focused--very relaxed and intensely focused. His words washed into me; I felt the key phrases sink into my head and then slip away before my mind could grasp them. There was nothing in what he was saying that should distract me, nothing at all. I ignored that fuzzy feeling that was coming over me. Too much beer, maybe. I was focused on Sean.

Sean came at me. No technique--just slamming his body into mine and driving me back onto the carpet. This wasn't wrestling anymore--this was just the two of us working and straining our bodies against each other. Muscle against muscle. Skin on skin. I started getting hard. Yeah, I can usually keep my cock under control when I'm wrestling by keeping my mind on winning, but my thoughts were getting less and less important, and besides, what Sean and I were doing now was a lot more erotic than wrestling on a mat. If we had been alone, this is where we would had started tugging at each other's clothes, maybe gotten naked--but I think we were both still sort of peripherally aware of Chad watching us.

Instead, all I did was kick off my shoes, and Sean did the same. Now, with both of us squirming and writhing on the floor, our contest had no formal holds and our strategies were much more instinctive. We rolled, each trying to get the dominant position. Front to front, arms gripping and pushing and

tugging, legs tangled, hips pressing hard-on alongside hard-on through our pants.

Chad said a few words--but frankly, who cares? Not me, not right then. Everything touching my skin felt amplified, intensified: the carpet, my shorts, the stir of air, Sean's hands touching me now. I let Sean roll me onto my back. He lay on top of me, arms stretched over his head to hold my arms down. He was looking me right in the eyes, his own half-closed and dreamy. He slid his chest against mine, scratching me with his hair. My nipples stood up and took notice as he scrubbed his chest roughly over them in turn. He kept one hand pinning my arms overhead--though I could have broken free easily. His other hand slipped between us. He popped the button on my shorts, worked the zipper down. I never wear underwear, so his fingers found my rigid prick easily. He teased his fingertips along my length, then connected more tightly to stroke the shaft gently but firmly. He shifted and unbuttoned his own shorts, unzipped, worked his shorts and briefs down to mid-thigh. Sean kept his eyes locked on mine--a different kind of wrestling--and he glided his body up and down, grinding our cocks alongside each other between our groins. The roughness of his pubes provoked my cock deliciously.

I was feeling very relaxed--a feeling that I seemed to recognize. Chad was saying a few words now and then, and I just let them wash past me. I knew he was watching and it turned me on even more to perform for him.

Sean pulled away. I lay there, watching him. Sean looked over at Chad. Chad said something to Sean, a key phrase, and then he said something to me, something that helped me feel even more relaxed and focused, then something to Sean again, and something to me again. Sean shucked his shorts and briefs and socks. He rotated his hips toward my head, his head descending into my crotch. His naked body settled alongside me, hips turned toward me. I reached for his cock and guided it into my mouth, even as he was burying mine in his mouth.

His mouth was wet, inviting. As he sucked me, I moaned, letting the vibrations tingle through his cock, which felt achingly stiff in my mouth. I lapped at his balls, sucked them one at a time into my mouth, then returned to his dick. Sean was groaning now too, sounds that I felt ripple from his mouth into my cock. His body was stiffening, arching. He was about to cum, and I stepped up the tempo, sucking with real gusto. My mouth said "I love you" to his body in a more primal way than words can convey. His body responded with an eruption--of pleasure through every nerve of his body, of his cum into my mouth.

I continued to suckle it gently until his body relaxed and he pulled his nearly flaccid cock out of my mouth and away from my tongue. He returned to sucking me after the interruption of his orgasm. My balls were alive with pleasure, practically two burning orbs in my scrotum. I was growling and whimpering and pleading. "That feels so fine ... So fine ... Don't stop ... So sweet ... Sooo ..." As my orgasm began, my voice cracked into gasps.

Sean didn't stop. He continued to suck me as I erupted. I pushed my cock deep into his mouth just in time to shoot the first bolt of my jism, and I held it there as my balls emptied themselves in convulsive spurts. I whimpered weakly and sank back into the carpet, so relaxed and sleepy now that I nearly passed out.

Chad said a few words more. It was time for bed. My body rose somehow, almost of its own accord. Sean stood up too. We shuffled into my bedroom and fell into my bed, into each other's arms, into sleep, into that pleasant blankness that I've come to know so well.

17. July 9

Chad was gone when I woke up. Sean was still slumbering. I had to pee, so I climbed out of bed and stumbled to the bathroom. That's how I knew Chad was gone.

He had an early plane home, and Sean and I had overslept. Chad had left without waking up, but he left a folded note taped to my bedroom door. It read, "By now, you've seen me do it enough that you can do it too. When you're ready, try it. The groundwork has been laid."

Sean. He was talking about Sean. Me hypnotizing Sean.

I crawled back into bed. Sean was still asleep on his back. His eyes danced under his closed lids as he dreamed. I slid my body up alongside his. He looks so adorable when he sleeps, a dark-haired angel. He stirred and his eyelids fluttered and opened. His mouth curled open in a yawl.

"Morning," I said, bending in toward him.

"M'rrrn'ng," he mumbled, returning my kiss.

"So how much do you remember? About last night, I mean?"

He looked confused for just a moment, remembering. "A lot, I think? Nearly everything?"

"So you know that Chad ..."

"Hypnotized me? Yeah." Sean stretched and yawned again. "He kept telling me for the last two days he was gonna do it. I guess he did."

I remembered Chad telling me that one of the times when a person is most receptive to being hypnotized is when he *expects* to be hypnotized.

"And you're all right with that? You were willing to have that happen to you?"

"I guess so. I guess, like, I was not *un*-willing. Uhm, I mean, it's not like he could make me do anything I didn't want to do, right? You can't be made to do anything under hypnosis that you really don't want to do, right?"

That depends, I thought, *on whether he can change your mind about whether you want it or not*. But what I said was, "Uh, right."

Sean tucked his hands behind his head on the pillow. "Every time you were out of the room, he'd say something like, 'I'm going to hypnotize you soon--you know that, don't you?' Or he'd say, 'I'm going to hypnotize you soon, and there's nothing you can do to prevent it.' I was always like, 'Whatever, dude, I don't think I can be hypnotized.' but I guess he did it after all." He was grinning up at the ceiling.

"Yeah?" I said.

"Yeah."

"I'm going to hypnotize you," I said. "You know that, don't you?"

He looked at me, grinned--"Oh, fuck you, Brock!"--and gave me a playful push.

"No, it's true. I'm going to hypnotize you, Sean, and you won't be able to stop me."

He laughed and shook his head and climbed out of bed. "Whatever, Brock." I admired his naked body as he stretched--his back and that fine, compact ass pointing right at me--and then he followed the remains of his morning hard-on into the bathroom to pee.

"You don't believe I can, but I will." This I said leaning against the bathroom doorframe, watching him shake the last drops of piss off the end of his cock.

"Sorry--not gonna happen, Brock."

I reached over and turned on the shower, cranked the knobs to about the usual settings. When Sean tried to walk past me, I grabbed him and pulled him to me and kissed him. My hands held his biceps and triceps. His hands fell naturally onto my hips. My naked body pressed up against his, and I felt both of us beginning to stir sexually. I tested the water temperature with one hand, held on to him with my other. We've had sex in the shower several times--one of my favorite places--so he knew what to expect, which made his cock zoom up, missile-ready.

I stepped in, pulled him in after me. "I'm gonna hypnotize you," I said as I pushed him into the spray and eased myself alongside him. "You know it's gonna happen."

"Just shut the fuck up and kiss me, Brock," he said, and we let our tongues play together as the water crashed into our heads.

I pushed him back against the shower stall wall, using my hand in the center of his chest to hold him there. By now, we were both fully hard. "I'm going to hypnotize you," I murmured, barely louder than the water. I looked him directly in the eye, and he looked me right back. "And you're going to let me, aren't you, baby? You may think you want to resist, but deep down you know you won't. I'm going to hypnotize you. I bet you still remember how it felt. Right? Kind of like you're starting to feel now."

He put his hand on my wrist, said, "Cut it out, Brock." But he didn't push my hand away.

"*Shhhh*--it's okay, baby. I'm right here. I'm going to hypnotize you now. You can already feel it happening. Like the way you take a deep breath"--I took one, and he followed along, still looking me right in the eye--"and let it out. *Hooooo* ... See how easy? It's so easy to just relax and *enjoy a trance*."

When I said his key phrase, Sean blinked. His eyelids fluttered.

"That's it. Just relax, Sean, and let yourself *enjoy a trance*."

He blinked when I said his key phrase. His eyelids drooped a little, and his eyes started to unfocus.

"That's right, Sean. Relax and let yourself go back into that pleasant state of hypnosis you enjoy so much. Take a deep breath. Hold it--that's the way--and let it out ... Relax and *enjoy a trance*."

Sean's mouth moved; he was trying to say something.

"*Shhhh*," I said. "There's nothing you have to say, Sean. All you have to do is *enjoy a trance*."

I was about to start an exercise to deepen Sean's trance--he was only lightly under, at best--but his mouth

kept moving, like he had something really important he had to say.

"What is it, baby?" I asked him, thinking he was trying to protest. "What do you have to say?"

Sean's mouth moved, and he said--he said--he said the key word Chad had used to help *me* re-enter the trance state, and I felt the word wrap around and muffle my thoughts like a blanket.

"Chad said ..." Sean said, fighting against the light stupor his own key word had induced in him, "... he said ... to say ...," and then he said the key word again.

I was getting lost in a very light trance state. Familiar. Some part of me wanted more.

Sean's own induction was starting to wear off--he was coming out of it. Sean had his hands on my shoulders, pressing me down. "On your knees," he murmured, and I knelt on the hard porcelain. His hand-on pointed upward, looking me right in the eye as Sean directed my attention to it and told me to suck it, which I started to do willingly. He had one hand on my scalp, his other behind his ass, probably working a finger into his asshole, which he loves while getting sucked.

Sean must not have known anything about deepening the trance, because he didn't do it. Instead, he left me just barely under the influence of the key phrase. He mumbled suggestions for what he wanted me to do to his cock with my mouth, where to lick, when to suck or tease it, stroking my head with a cadenced hand. Since he didn't deepen the trance, I'm not sure I was really hypnotized. He used the keyword just often enough to keep me in that warm, relaxed state where hypnosis starts, a place where I still felt obliged to follow his instructions. He kept telling me how attractive I was, how much he loved me, how much he loved what I was doing to him, and breathlessly, "oooooh, *yeah*, dude, you do that just right." I felt an incredible trust between us, felt incredibly connected to him. The key word kept this comfortable state refreshed. I was willing and ready to do exactly what he wanted, which I would have done anyway.

He didn't let me suck on him very long. He turned off the water and told me to stand up, step out. He patted both of us dry with a towel, using the key word just often enough to keep me from snapping out of this light trance.

Sean told me to follow him to the bed. He lay down on his back, knees up and angled. Sean and I both love to fuck and get fucked--we're both versatile and we swap topping and bottoming about equally. Right then, Sean definitely wanted to get fucked. He handed me the lube and told me to work some into his ass, get him warmed up. His cock was still hard, but I ignored it and dripped the lubricant onto my fingers and his hole. He was using the key work just often enough to keep me receptive and focused on what he told me to do.

I pushed a gooey finger into his slick opening. Sean moaned. I worked him with one finger. His ass started to relax, instinctively. After a minute, I eased in another finger. He handed me a condom packet, told me to put it on. Just as I was registering what he handed me, Sean started moving against me, fucking himself on my fingers.

I pulled out my fingers, pulled on the condom, positioned myself, and started pushing into him with something longer and more substantial, covered with the slick lube.

Sean let out an honest, "Ooooh, fuck!" as I began to fill him, vacate and fill, vacate and fill, plunge into, dive into, thrust into hard and fast, then not at all, the whole of my cock buried all the way inside, then withdrawn slowly, all the way, then stabbed back in. He wasn't using the key word anymore; all Sean

could say was, "Oh, yeah--fuck me!" as my body started the hard fucking all over again, broken only by occasional pauses and several fresh stabs that start at his sphincter and terminate all the way deep inside the core of him.

Sean loves to get fucked, and he was jacking himself off while I worked at his ass. "I'm gonna cum," he whispered.

"Yeah, man," I whispered back, not caring whether this told him I was fully back in the moment. "Cum for me, Sean."

He squeezed and stroked at his cock, lost in the pounding that rushed through him to his ears. "Oh, yeah--fuck me harder," he panted, and his semen began jetting out of his cock, as his body spasmed and thrashed on the bed.

I picked up my pace. As it started to happen for me, I pulled back, pulled out of him, then pressed myself forward, my weight forcing ardorously down on Sean. Sean held our mass barely balanced as I tugged off the condom, tugged at my fiery cock, began my ecstatic orgasm. My cum spurted out all over his thighs and stomach, some of it mingling with Sean's spent load. I fell forward to kiss him as my cock emptied out into some mystery, our limbs knotting into a mobius strip, Sean feeling infinite, me feeling infinite too.
