

Handsome Boy

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Chris' roommate has a new boyfriend who keeps telling Chris how handsome he is.

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

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1.

I was driving home from work when I saw the jogger ahead. He ran at the side of the road, in my lane, heading the same direction I was, his back to me. He ran, sweating in the heat of the summer sunset, in a pair of short blue running shorts, track shoes, and a baseball cap. I thought to myself, *That's a good-looking gait--nice body too, really nice torso.* Yeah--sexy, near-naked joggers certainly were a nice perk on the daily commute.

I drove past him but didn't get to see his face until I pulled ahead of him. I looked in my rearview mirror and--*Oh, fuck!--*I recognized him. Mr. Cute Jogger was my roommate Dolph. *Ew!* I couldn't lust after Dolph. Sure, he was gorgeous, but after all the years we'd been friends, it would be too much like lusting for a brother or something.

I walked into the apartment I shared with Dolph, purely platonic roommates, and poured myself a glass of ice water. Dolph worked a few blocks away--he didn't have my commute and left later in the morning and got back earlier in the evening. I sorted through the mail he had left on the counter and sipped my glass of water. Bill, bill, junk mail, bill, junk mail.

Dolph came in a few minutes later. "Hey, dude," he said. "How was the office?" He pulled off the baseball cap and the longish corn silk hair he'd tucked up under it spilled out. No wonder I hadn't recognized him before without his familiar shoulder-length locks. He started pulling off his shoes and socks.

"Not bad. Same old. Yours?" We had this familiar conversation every day. I tossed the junk mail into the trash can.

"Not bad either." Dolph busied himself doing various post-run stretches and yoga poses, his back to me, while I pretended not to notice his twisting-turning smooth body practically falling out of that thin pair of running shorts.

"Oh, that new therapist at work asked me out, like I thought would. We're having dinner later." Dolph worked as an office manager at one of the counseling offices in town, the kind of place that does psychotherapy, massage, acupuncture, and a bunch of other borderline metaphysical *woo-woo* shit--but Dolph handled the reception, scheduling, billing, administrative stuff like that. He and some new therapist the place hired had been having a torrid flirtation for a few months now, and Dolph had just about given up hope of getting the therapist to ask him out. That's Dolph's thing: he's extremely good-looking, and he goes out with a lot of guys--I mean, a *lot*--whereas I usually went to bed with blue balls every night unless I jacked off. But the guys Dolph dated, they have to do the pursuing, and they have to ask him out; he never made the first move. Which probably was why he and I never hooked up and ended up just as friends instead. Still, it sounded like he'd been doing everything short of waving an *Ask Me Out!* sign to get this new guy's attention. I'd seldom seen Dolph so smitten.

"That's cool." This was me being nonchalant. "I'm meeting some friends to see that new movie. I won't be home 'til late myself." Which was true; we were getting together to see a movie. I just wasn't that interested in seeing it, myself.

Dolph sniffed an armpit. "I'm going to take a shower. I'm all sweaty." I resisted the urge to offer him a tongue-bath, which got me wondering what his sweat would taste like ...

"Should I wear the gold one, or the green one?"

"Huh? What? Sorry--wasn't listening."

"My shirt. Should I wear the gold one tonight, or the green one?"

"Green." I said. "It brings out your eyes." Truth was, he'd have looked gorgeous in either one.

He grinned. "Thanks. You're the best."

I met Dolph back in college. Everybody thought he was from California. He looked like the stereotypical California surfer--blond hair down to his shoulders, blue-green eyes, always smiling a lopsided smile, and that lanky, trimly muscled surfer's build. He used all the California words--"dude" this and "rad" that and "bro." He had a swimming scholarship. Everybody thought "Dolph" was short for Adolph or something, but he told me "Dolph" was short for "Dolphin"--his high school friends nicknamed him "Dolphin" because he

swam as good as one, and over time the name eroded down to "Dolph" and everybody called him that. Sure, he was the epitome of the California surfer, but he was originally from Ohio, dude. Fucking Ohio. Still, I decided he was cool and after an initial flirtation that never went anywhere we got to be friends. After graduation, we happened to both get jobs in the same nearby city and decided to share an apartment. We found we were compatible as roommates--in spite of his laid-back surfer attitude, Dolph turned in his share of the rent and expenses on time every month--and five years later, we were still sharing an apartment. It was a comfortable arrangement for both of us, though maybe a little sexually frustrating for me.

I got back to the apartment around eleven o'clock, after dinner and the world's most boring movie ever--though my friend seemed to like it because he had a major crush on the D-list star. I let myself in.

"Oh," I said, and, "Hi." Because Dolph and his date were in the living room. By this hour of the night, he and his date *de jour* were usually in his bedroom, working their way through a box of condoms. To see Dolph and a date in the living room, fully clothed, and *not* piled on top of each other was-- Well, this must have been one of the signs of the Apocalypse or something. But there they sat, the date on the couch, Dolph in the adjacent chair, with nearly three feet of space between them, watching some movie.

"Hi," they both said back.

Dolph said, "Chris, this is Steve. Steve, this is my roommate Chris."

Steve, a.k.a a date *de jour*, and I shook hands. I seldom bothered to remember their names, because they seldom lasted two weeks.

Steve was older than Dolph and me. He looked to be about thirty-five. Handsome, with an easy masculinity. Penetrating brown eyes. Dark brown hair. No hair at the throat of his shirt, in the space opened by the top two buttons, but thick, dark hair on the forearms beyond the short sleeves of his summer shirt, a little bit of a biceps tattoo visible at the hem of one sleeve. Thick basket in the crotch of his slacks. I could see why Dolph found him attractive, although I'd probably have called him *hot*, myself.

Steve said, "Dolph, you told me he was nice-looking, but you didn't say he was this handsome," as if I weren't standing right in front of him.

Dolph shrugged and grinned. He seemed a little groggy, like maybe he had been dozing during the movie or something. That might explain why clothes hadn't been shed yet.

"Well, on that note," I announced, "I'm heading to bed." I backed toward the hall. "Got to get up early and head to work tomorrow. Don't stay up too late, you crazy kids."

"Good night, Chris," Steve said.

"Night, Chris," Dolph echoed. Which was--what?--his second or third sentence in a row that didn't have the words *dude* or *bro* in them? Surely this was the end of the world!

I stripped down to my boxers and turned off the bedroom light. I had to leave the door cracked. This apartment was small and cheap, and the air conditioner wasn't that effective--we called it Barbie's First Air Conditioner because it was practically a toy. If I closed the door, my bedroom got stuffy and hot in the summertime, and I didn't sleep well in stuffy or hot. I slid between the sheets and rolled over and tried to get some shut-eye.

I heard the television as a dull murmur. No problem; I could sleep through that, and often did. Dolph didn't have to get up early to start a long commute, so he usually stayed up later than I did. I heard them chatting--well, mostly Steve--and I could sleep through that too; no problem.

Clear as day, I heard Steve say, "Stand up." The television was off now--no background noise competing. Steve said, "So easy to stand up. Go ahead; stand up now."

I thought about it a second. He was right. Standing up would be easy. I pushed back the covers, swung my legs over the edge of the bed, and stood up.

Steve said, "Come here. That's right. So easy to come over here. One foot in front of the other. That's the way."

So I pulled my bedroom door open further and stepped out into the hallway, coming to him just like he said.

Dolph stood in the living room, in front of Steve. Steve craned around Dolph's hip to look when I walked in, his eyes wide. But after studying me a moment his face settled and he grinned.

"Well, well. Look who overheard us. Very good, Chris. Come here. So easy to come over here and stand beside Dolph."

So I did.

"Just keep breathing deeply," Steve said. "Listen to the sound of my voice. Focus on it. You find it so easy to listen to me, to focus, to relax. Let your body grow heavier. More relaxed. More focused. Drowsy. You feel good. You feel comfortable. You're relaxed all over. Just let yourself drift, drift, and enjoy this comfortable, relaxed state. It feels good. Maybe your cock gets aroused because your body feels so good. That's it. Yes, I can see it's happening. Relaxing. Focusing. Cock getting so quietly, peacefully, happily aroused. Innocent, comfortable, peaceful arousal. You may find that your head is getting heavier, maybe tends to nod forward. Just let yourself drift in an easy, calm, relaxed state, feeling so happy and comfortable and horny."

2.

I woke up in bed. There was an arm around me. I opened my eyes. This was not my bed or my bedroom--it was Dolph's. Steve, still asleep, and I faced each other--his arm across my body--with Dolph spooned up behind Steve. My first thought was, *What the fuck is going on here?* My second was, *Shit, I'm gonna be late for work!*

I oozed out from under Steve's arm, out of Dolph's bed. I found his clock and checked the time. Eight minutes before I normally got up? Good! I wasn't late after all.

I was naked. Where were my boxer shorts? What happened last night? What had we done?

I'd worry about that later. Right then, I had to get a shower, get dressed, and get on the road.

One shower later, freshly shaven and dressed in slacks, a crisp shirt, and a carefully knotted tie, hair combed, a glass of juice quickly dumped into my stomach, I was ready--and still with a few minutes to spare too. Go me!

I stashed the glass in the sink. Where were my car keys? Ah, right where I usually left them. Good.

I was ten seconds away from walking out the door when I heard Steve's just-woke-up voice from the bedroom: "Hey, handsome boy, come here."

What did he call me? I knew those words. I knew what they meant.

"Did you hear me, handsome boy? Come here."

So I walked into Dolph's bedroom. Dolph was still asleep, but Steve was awake and smiling at me.

"Don't you look handsome in your business duds, handsome boy? Are you horny, handsome boy? Still got a little morning wood maybe? Come here, handsome boy. Do you need a blowjob to start your day right, handsome boy?"

I walked to the edge of the bed. Steve unzipped my slacks. He fished around in my boxers and hauled my semi-hard dick out through the hole.

"Don't worry. It'd be a shame to mess up your pants, handsome boy. I'll be careful." He licked around the tip, then put his mouth over it, swallowing it except for the last inch, not getting too close to my pants.

My mind lost track of my thoughts. His mouth was the cylinder for my cock to piston into. He was good, gentle but animal-rough sometimes too, putting just enough friction on the underside of my dick to bring me higher and higher. Just when I felt close to cumming, he slipped my cock out of his mouth, blew on the tip, just the tip. Then he licked at my cockhead again before he sucked my dick in his mouth for about a minute, causing that sudden sharp, exciting feeling to erupt in it and my balls. I climaxed and spurted my load into his mouth.

He swallowed it. He patted the back of my thigh. "Very good, handsome boy. Now, better get your clothes in order and get on the road. Have a good day at work."

"Yes, sir."

3.

When I got home from work, I veered into the kitchen to get my usual glass of ice water and go through the mail. I carried the glass to the living room with me, and there was Steve, sitting on the couch.

"Oh," I said. "Hi." Which meant, *What're you still doing here?*

"Dolph's out for a run."

"Oh. Okay."

"So it's just you and me, Chris, 'til he gets back."

"Uh. Okay."

"It's just you and me, handsome boy."

Those words again. I knew what they meant. They meant something special. Why did my head feel all scrambled when he said them?

"You like being my handsome boy, don't you, handsome boy? Yes, I can see you do. Put down that glass and come here, handsome boy. Have a seat right here."

Leaned forward, he patted a spot on the floor, between his legs. I walked over and lowered myself, parking my butt precisely where he had patted. I was conscious of his legs on either side of me, his torso bending over me.

"Good, handsome boy. Focus on my voice. So focused. Arms and legs so heavy, too heavy to move. So relaxed. You look so handsome in your work clothes, handsome boy. But you're even more handsome out of them, aren't you? It'd be a shame to mess them up. So, handsome boy, how about you allow me ..." He reached under my necktie and started unbuttoning my shirt. I let him. He pulled my shirttail out of my pants. "Let's keep your tie on for now. You look so sexy in it, handsome boy." He turned up my collar and worked my tie up a little around my neck. He slipped my shirt off my shoulders, down off my arms, and off. My necktie dangled against my bare chest.

"That's it, handsome boy. You look so sexy."

I let him do what he wanted. My body felt too heavy, too relaxed and limp, to move. He slipped off my shoes, then my pants. That left me in my necktie, boxers, and socks. He massaged my shoulders, which felt great. "That's it, handsome boy. Let go of all the tension and focus on my voice. Submit to me, handsome boy, and just follow my simple suggestions."

The door opened and closed. "We're in here," Steve called out.

Dolph walked in. He was sweaty from his run, hair falling free today. Shirtless. He wore a pair of red running shorts today and his usual athletic shoes.

"Come here, pretty boy," Steve said. Dolph smiled. He knew those words--he knew what they meant. They meant something special to him. "That's right, pretty boy. How did running without your jockstrap make you feel, pretty boy? Did it make your dick hard, pretty boy?"

One leg of Dolph's shorts showed a lump of hard cock. A long lump.

"See?" Steve murmured near my ear. "Isn't he a good boy? I've been hypnotizing him for weeks, long before last night. "He's very cooperative, don't you think?"

Steve sat up and said, "Come here, pretty boy. Sit down beside Chris, right here." Dolph shuffled over. He didn't seem surprised to see me sitting there in my tie and underwear. But he didn't seem *not* surprised either. He seemed like he didn't even notice me. "That's it. Get those shoes and socks off, pretty boy. Good. My handsome boy and my pretty boy together. What am I going to do with you now?"

Again I said nothing. I didn't have too. Steve reached down, and his finger flicked at the hem of Dolph's shorts. Dolph's cock nudged out through the widened opening, rising erect into plain view. Steve ran a finger along its length before withdrawing.

"Hey, pretty boy, I think your roommate Chris needs some relief. Why don't you give him a hand with that cock of his?--Or better yet, a mouth."

Dolph stretched across me. His open lips neared my boxers and the swollen, leaking prick trapped inside them. Seconds later he was all over me, freeing my cock and feasting himself on my fat shaft.

His breath was so hot it stung. His tongue was moist beyond reason. The way his lips closed around my swollen cockhead sent a current of pleasure stunning its way through me. Dolph sucked me with the playful energy of a kid in heat, smiling all the while. He proceeded eagerly down my thick, hard shaft, my dick extending down his throat. Like a dog, he salivated all over my boner as he deep-throated the hell out of it.

Steve purred, "He's got a great mouth, doesn't he, handsome boy?"

Those words again. "Mmm," was the best I could manage.

"Tell our pretty boy how much you like it, handsome boy."

"Yeah," I panted, "I like it--so good."

Dolph kept it up for quite awhile, coming up several times for air. He gave great head. Few men I'd known were as skilled.

I couldn't last much longer. I sighed and my back stiffened. Dolph worked my big boner too well for me to delay the inevitable. I couldn't help myself. I let Dolph suck me off almost till the bitter end.

"Make yourself cum, handsome boy."

Seconds away from losing it, I pulled my throbbler from Dolph's lips and finished the job myself by hand. It didn't take much more than a few strokes with his spit as lube. Dolph had already primed the holy shit out of my cock.

Seconds later, I lost it all over the two of us and the couch. Dolph watched in dazed awe as my first waves of jizm blasted several times.

Neither of us said anything as I continued to work the remains of my climax from my system.

"Chris, why don't you feel Dolph's rod. See how hard it is." I grabbed the crotch of Dolph's sweats. He didn't protest as I casually felt him up the way I'd always wanted but had never done. Seeing a guy's prick was one thing, but feeling the definite impact of another man's boner was completely different.

"Good, handsome boy. Good, pretty boy. Now, Dolph, why don't you slip off those shorts?"

Dolph did, settling back naked in the same spot on the floor beside me.

"Now, handsome boy, why don't you thank Dolph properly by making his dick feel good?"

I smiled. Dolph was every bit as hard as I'd ever been for him. He wanted to get off so fucking bad he couldn't stand it. A little part of me said I shouldn't, but I couldn't allow him to leave with an unworked woody.

My hand ventured around his cock. I was wasting no more time on foreplay, going instead directly for the goal. Dolph trembled as my fingers gently pulled back his tightened foreskin. Completely exposed to me now, he sat before me with a kind of relaxed openness I found appealing. Dolph wanted me to suck him off just as badly as I wanted to taste him.

Now my lips parted and my tongue extended. I tasted the pre-cum copiously leaking from his unsheathed cock knob. A nearly silent sigh escaped his mouth as I sampled all his masculinity had to offer. He tasted

delicious, like I always knew he would.

Dolph had a truly amazing boner. No wonder he got laid so often. His dick stood upright and proud, and I liked everything about it, the look, the smell and the taste, and probably more than I should have. I wasn't thinking about what this might mean between us later on, because right then all I knew was that Dolph had a boner and it was my job to suck it.

My roommate's dick was pretty spectacular. I quickly ate his hard-on. Dolph did nothing and said nothing as I sucked him off, other than a few low gasps of delight as I feasted on the naked flesh of his delicious cucumber-cock.

What I did for the longest time was slowly run my wide-open lips and tongue up and down his hot and stiffened prick. Several times, he pushed it gently down into my throat. So I deep-throated him for a while because it was what we both wanted to do. Never once did he plead for me to do it to him. He continued to sit there beneath me as I gifted him with the ultimate man-pleaser. Maybe I'm bragging, but I'm really good at giving head, and the head I was giving him had to be more awesome than most he'd had.

Dolph started to really give into the head I gave. Tremors ran visibly through his groin and stomach. His fingers clutched at the floor as I continued to tease my lips and tongue along the full length of his throbbing boner. Things were quickly progressing toward a sensational finish.

Then, rather abruptly, Dolph shuddered. His dick popped out of my mouth only seconds before his cockhead exploded its hot, sticky masculinity. I couldn't believe how obsessed I'd become with getting him off. How had I gotten so carried away that I missed all the warning signs? If he hadn't pulled back, his spectacular climax would caught me by surprise, maybe choked me if he shot down my throat. I watched as he shot his thick, ropes of cum, and I felt them land on my chin and neck. He'd squirted more than I had, but his orgasm couldn't have felt any better than mine. I think we were both happy.

Dolph collapsed under me, spent and limp. We lay there beside the couch for a while. Neither of us made a move to pull apart. I could have easily stayed there with him all night. I was too relaxed to move. I had been fully satisfied, and still I wanted more.

I'd nearly forgotten about Steve. I heard him say, "That's it, pretty boy. That's it, handsome boy." I practically glowed with contentment.

4.

Weeks passed in this odd way. It was not what I anticipated. I expected Steve to disappear, but he kept coming around. Usually Dolph dumped his date *de jour* after a few days. Maybe this time it was different since they worked together. Steve came over nearly every other night.

I knew what was happening. Steve would call me his "handsome boy," or Dolph his "pretty boy," and we'd do whatever he wanted, whether we wanted to or not. Even though I knew he was hypnotizing us, I didn't put an end to it. Frankly, I guess I liked the sex too much. There are worse fates than getting laid regularly, and it had been a long dry spell for me before Steve came on the scene. No-strings sex with Dolph was a bonus--I hadn't admitted to myself how much I was crushing on him, and had been since we met.

It's Saturday afternoon. Dolph and I had been grocery-shopping. Both of us laden with bags of groceries, I followed him to the kitchen where he opened the fridge. He said, "Dude, Steve is coming for dinner tonight.

Do you mind?"

"Oh, uh--no problem," I said.

He nodded, and we put away the food.

I hadn't showered yet, so I decided it was time to do that. If I showered now, the hot water would be recharged in time for Dolph to shower before Steve arrived. And Steve was Dolph's boyfriend, after all.

Boyfriend. I wondered if they call themselves boyfriends yet.

I was not sure what I'd call Steve. I liked him well enough and the sex was great, but outside of stuff we did when he hypnotized us I barely knew the guy. I wasn't sure I'd call him a friend. I wasn't sure I even liked him.

In the bathroom, I stripped and began my shower and found I was spending too much time, but the cool water was such a luxury after all the summer heat outside. I soaped my cock and worked it a bit, then relented, rinsed off, stepped out, dried myself. I didn't want to get back into my sweated-in jeans so I wrapped the towel around my waist and headed back down the hall.

In the kitchen, where some of the groceries remained out for use in cooking the evening meal, Dolph had his head in a cabinet, searching for some pan or other. I'm not much of a cook, but Dolph is, and I didn't even bother to keep up with what some of the things in our cabinets were for.

He pulled out some spatula-thingee, held it up like a stop sign, then lowered it as if opening a gate. "Chicken or salmon?" he asked, eyeing me, the towel. I wondered what would happen if I dropped the towel. Would he moan appreciatively, or would he avert his stare? He'd seen everything I had to offer before, and had had it in his mouth, ass, and hands several times by that point.

"What about the eggs and bacon?" I asked. My love for breakfast any time of day was well known.

"No, seriously."

If I dropped the towel, would Dolph come to me and slide his hands over my chest, down my stomach, onto my cock? One hand? Both hands? Would we make love, or just fuck? Would he call Steve and break up with him, tonight's "chicken or salmon" question averted, and spend the rest of his life with me? I spread my feet, took a wider stance. The curve of my quiet cock pressed gently forward against the front of my towel.

"Chicken," I said, and retreated to my bedroom to put on clean clothes.

5.

He knelt and sucked me into his mouth. Hands on my butt, Dolph squeezed my cheeks as he did me, pulling and slurping, head bobbing. His tongue was a wonder and he was all up and down me until I started to squirm, then thrust. He pulled back just as I let go and pumped cum onto his face. I watched white gobs land on his cheek, forehead.

When I was spent, he stayed where he was, kneeling before me. I was naked except for my jeans, pulled down around my thighs. Dolph was naked, period. He stopped sucking me, but he left one hand on my ass.

"That's quite a dick you got there, handsome boy," Steve said. "That's quite a dick you just sucked--right, pretty boy?"

"Yes, sir," Dolph muttered.

Steve wiped my cum off Dolph's cheek with a napkin. "I'll bet you'd like to fuck Chris' ass later, wouldn't you, pretty boy? Chris has a hell of an ass too--right, pretty boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Chris, handsome boy, how'd you like Dolph here to fuck your ass?"

I turned, and Dolph's hand fell away, and I bent over the table, presented myself to him.

Steve said, "On second thought, maybe I'll fuck you first, and then Dolph can fuck you after. That's okay by you, isn't it, handsome boy? You'll love it, like always, right?"

I said, "Yes."

I heard clothes being discarded, a condom packet torn, and then he was there. He was inside me and all was right with the world. I felt his dick deep in my rectum, realized I was taking a good-sized piece of meat. I opened myself to him and he ground into me, drove that pole thoroughly up into my bowels and I got hard again as he thrust in and out, putting his boner where it belonged.

He was grunting now, each fleshy slap accompanied by ever louder sounds. And then he picked up the pace and I savored his rise, that out-of-control moment when cum was running the chute. He groaned long and low as he let go. He took some time to empty, thoroughly pounding my ass, and I enjoyed this exquisite corn-holing. When he was fully spent, he slumped over me, kissed my neck, then slid out.

He was magnificent. He bent around to kiss me, and I tasted the chicken Dolph cooked for dinner in his mouth. A smattering of dark hair across his pecs and stomach, inviting. He pulled off the rubber and I glimpsed that cock of his, long, hose-like, uncut. It dangled with such promise, even when spent. The balls were high, already recharging.

"Your turn, pretty boy," Steve said, and I felt Dolph behind me, mounting me, penetrating my hole.

Part of me loved this position, so vulnerable, so damned ready. I felt Dolph clamp one hand on my shoulder and the other on my hip as he started giving my spongy chute a workout.

When he was squirming and panting, nearly ready, I couldn't last any longer, and my swollen prick fired off a second volley of sperm. Dolph followed with his own orgasm a minute later.

Steve said, "Good boys." Then: "Y'know, we never did get around to dessert."

We laughed easily as we shared bits of our lives over cheesecake. Dolph and I weren't always hypnotized. Even aware and awake, we felt spent and cooperative around Steve.

"I should head home now," Steve said as the night grew late, but he didn't.

Later still that night, as I guided his swollen dick again into my mouth, we ended up on the floor in that perfect circle, dicks in mouths, me sucking Steve, Steve sucking Dolph, Dolph sucking me, pulling the cum

out of each other in a languid communal suck. We were so in tune we came almost simultaneously. Except for the hypnosis, I thought we'd found an excellent arrangement.

6.

Weeks passed in this odd way. Steve had Dolph and I caught in a sexual frenzy that had us in near-constant arousal. We fucked in the living room, the kitchen, the bedrooms, in the bathroom after a long shower. I was satisfied like never before. When sleep arrived, it was deep and restful, usually in Dolph's arms or Steve's.

"Dude, I want to ask Steve to move in," Dolph told me when *de jour* had turned into three months, practically a record for Dolph. I frowned, considering, but said nothing. "What?" he asked. "Problem, bro?"

"No," I told him, when I knew there was. A little tornado had sprung up inside me, tearing through my emotional trailer park, and I had to work at keeping still.

"He'll drive us crazy," I finally managed. "Things are *different* what he's around."

He took my hand. "That's the idea, dude. Besides, he's over here nearly every night as it is."

We shared that easy, familiar laugh of longtime friends, and that's when I got it. Dolph and I were easy and familiar, but we were not a couple. Not that kind of couple. Dolph and Steve--they *were* that kind of couple. The three of us? What were we?

"Let me think about it," I said.

"What's to think about?" We were on the couch, still naked, our discarded clothes strewn across the floor. Steve had left half an hour ago--we'd fucked to exhaustion again, but still Dolph's hand slid onto my cock.

"I'm not used to living with anyone but you," I lied. "This place isn't that big. Won't a third cramp our independence?"

He fingered my dick like he would a clarinet, then withdrew his hand, embarrassed. His pout wasn't visible but was there nevertheless. Without Steve and his hypnosis, Dolph and I were just friends. "I'll think about it," I assured him.

I leaned over, nuzzled his neck, wished I loved him, knew I didn't. He murmured, kissed me with closed lips, while I faced the fact that sex and friendship were what we had, and this was a predicament. "But now," I said, peeling myself off the couch, standing up, "I have to go to bed." I stopped myself from giving Dolph that clichéd "early morning" line, even though it was true, but we both knew it was right there, ready for blurting. I gathered my clothes. He watched me from the couch. I kissed him on the cheek, still naked, knew I cared for him, but when I retreated to my bedroom I took nothing away but my naked body and discarded clothing.

7.

I worked late the next night, even though there was no need. I sat in my cubicle and stared at a blank screen, knowing I didn't want to lose Dolph, that he was a big part of my life, but also that what we had was not what he thought it was. Part of me wanted to go to the apartment and fuck him, sans hypnosis for once, until he forgot about Steve and cohabitation and all things permanent; the other part wanted to explain things, not

fuck at all.

I considered instead going to a bar to pick up a trick for the night, or a sex club for an anonymous fuck, because that was all this thing with Steve and Dolph really was too. The internal dialogue finally got to be too much and I left the office, started my hour commute home. Once there, by the time I reached our door, I had a hard-on.

Dolph was home; so was Steve. They were on the couch, watching some movie. Dolph was wearing nothing but a pair of gray sweatpants and had a bowl of popcorn in his hand. Steve wore a tee shirt and jeans.

I walked through the door. I pointed at Steve and said, "Whatever happens, you don't say a word. Got it? Promise me."

I went right to the couch and grabbed Dolph's crotch, and the bowl went flying. Seconds later we were on the floor, curled into an urgent sixty-nine while the movie played on. I had to have him, I realized as I sucked his dick and worked a finger into his hole. I didn't care if Steve watched. Dolph groaned, worked me the same way. We laid there feeding our cocks to each other and finger-fucking. Somehow without Steve it seemed mechanical, just us performing these acts by rote. I decided I didn't want to "make love" to Dolph, whatever that cliché meant. I wanted to fuck him. When I fucked him, we were on the floor amid the spilled popcorn. I rode his ass and decided this must be what "love" is--ass love, dick love, a coveting kind of affection. Forget emotional bonds. Unnecessary.

Dolph pulled away before either of us came. Dolph dropped himself in the middle of the couch, and I settled, naked, beside him, elbows barely touching, but bodies not entwined. Steve sat on the other side of Dolph, glancing at us now and then, but not saying a word. We all stared at the TV screen but continued to ignore each other. When Dolph started to talk--whatever he wanted to say, I didn't want to hear.

Sex was what mattered. I reached for Dolph's body, shutting him up by planting my mouth around his responding cock. After a few minutes of this, I went for his ass again. Sex was what mattered. The more I thought about this, the better it felt, and I rode him with new abandon.

I pounded Dolph's ass all the more, and he yowled in equal proportion. I dug my fingers into his hips as my cum exploded into him and I unleashed a scream of my own.

"Man, what got into you, dude?" Dolph asked when he rolled over, bits of Ohio awe peeking through his air of California cool. His dick was partly stiff; he stroked it absently but looked at me.

"You do it for me," I said. "You probably know that by now."

I reached down, wrapped my hand around his, and together we jerked him until big gobs of cream spurted onto his stomach. "Go for it," I said as we pumped him dry.

He groaned throughout, then went quiet, which spooked me. I got up, rushed to the bathroom, stayed there until I could breathe again. When I emerged, Dolph was dressed in his sweatpants once more and back on the couch beside Steve.

Steve spoke for the first time. "What gives?"

"I should ask you."

He said nothing, and I shrugged.

Dolph frowned, then told me, "Dude, ever since I told you I wanted Steve to move in, you haven't said ten words."

"Oh."

"Eleven words."

I didn't want to put my clothes on. I stood there naked. I wanted to get Dolph's off again, to get my face down in his crotch and eat my way around to his sphincter rim, devour his ass, never come up for air. My dick stirred. He shook his head and laughed: "*Duuude*." I felt suddenly alone, realizing that we were not at all alike.

"What are you thinking?" Steve asked.

"I don't love you, either of you," I finally admitted. I shut my eyes, afraid to witness their reactions.

A long moment passed, then Steve said, "Is that it? You think this is about love?"

I opened my eyes, confused.

"Come here," he said. He and Dolph hunched sideways, making room for me on the other side of Steve. He patted the cushion. I sat next to him. "First of all," he told me, hand on my thigh, "I'm not going to try labeling what we have between us. Friends, fuck-buddies--I don't give a shit about names. As for love, we certainly are not there yet. Maybe won't ever be. Dolph and I have only been going out a few months. What the three of us have is wild and perfect; it takes me--us--way past anything or anyone I've ever known, makes me want to do things I never wanted to do with anyone else. Dolph only asked me to move in so I wouldn't have to run back and forth across town every night, so we can just fuck each other all the time. Love? You must be shitting me."

I took this in and felt relief run through me, a blessed kind of heat. Steve took off his shirt, his pants. "I don't have to move in," he said as he crawled over to straddle me. His cock was filling and I took hold, gave him a long squeeze. He bent down and kissed me. I surprised myself by opening my lips and kissing him back, passionately, as I tugged at his cock. Maybe this was an excellent arrangement after all.

"We're just fine the way we are," he said. "Aren't we, my handsome boy?"
