

Zapped

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: An enterprising young life coach expands his clientele.

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

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Because no one answered when I rang the front door bell, I let myself through the gate into the back yard. On summer afternoons like this one, according to his father, Dorian Whittaker spent a lot of time around the pool.

Sure enough, in the middle of a pool larger than my apartment, a body swam. Male. Strong arms, broad back, a promising butt in black swim briefs. I stood on the concrete skirt at the edge of the pool and waited as he swam closer. Oblivious, head down, he hadn't seen me yet, so when he was a few yards away I gave his mind a little *notice me* nudge.

He came up out of the water, sputtering, swiping water back off his face to peer at me. Surprised to find he wasn't alone, he barked, "Who the fuck are you?"

"You must be Dorian," I replied, giving him my best business-like smile.

Of course he was Dorian. I saw the resemblance to his father in his face. But where his father's hair was middling brown, Dorian's was black, cut short. His eyes showed a little Asian ancestry; since his

father was practically Mister Caucasian Poster Boy, the Asian eyes must have come through Dorian's mother. Since he was now standing in waist-deep water, I had a good view of his chest: nicely muscled, shaved completely hairless, without even a treasure trail from his navel into the top of his swimsuit. Couldn't see his bulge, though, because the waterline came up to his waist. His father was mid-forties and moving from *classically handsome* to *distinguished-looking*; Dorian was twenty-two, according to the information his dear old dad provided, and definitely hot. I smiled wider and thought to myself, *I'm gonna enjoy this*.

"Yeah?" he challenged, "and who the fuck are you?"

I didn't blame him for being hostile. He probably hadn't bothered to listen when his father mentioned I'd be dropping by, so Dorian had no clue who I was. To him I was just some stranger in a dress shirt, slacks, and a pack that might have been a laptop case, standing in their back yard and interrupting his swim. I'm in my mid-twenties, and with my floppy sandy-colored hair, I work a business-geek/stoner look that often causes people to underestimate me and what I can do.

I answered, "Hi, I'm Zap, from Life Changers, Incorporated. Your dad--"

"Ain't here. What kind of name is 'Zap' anyway, and what the fuck is 'Life Changing'? Where the fuck do you get off just barging in here?"

"Life *Changers*. Think of me as sort of a life coach." Now, mid-twenties might seem too young to be an effective life coach, but I was damned good at it, and I had a secret skill that I'd used to garner a roster of upscale clients who paid very well for my services. "We help you assess whether your life is on track and can help you make changes. Your dad said you might not hear the doorbell and I should just come around back and let myself in--"

"I don't need a life coach. What the fuck do you want?"

"Your father thought you might benefit from our services. He hired me to provide four sessions to help you--"

Dorian fumed: "I don't need your help. My life is going just fine. You can leave now--and tell that fucking bastard who calls himself my dad to mind his own business. I'm an adult now, and I can make my own choices. Just 'cause he doesn't agree with them don't mean I need to change nothing. Got that?"

Well, so much for keeping things all nice-nice. I was going to have to go into his head sooner or later--looked like it was going to be sooner. Which was the way I liked it anyhow.

In my most authoritative tone, I ordered, "Dorian, look into my eyes." Strictly speaking, eye contact isn't necessary, but I find entering someone's mind is easier when their attention is focused on me. Why do I call myself Zap?--Because of what I could do to minds. For Dorian here, I sent a light initial mental zippity-zap, a cocktail of the usual starter "suggestions," slipping them in underneath his thoughts: *Relax. Friendly. Cooperate*.

Dorian blinked as the "suggestions" sank into his mind and became part of his consciousness. *Cooperate. Focus. Obey*. Just another few seconds, and I would have him. That arrogant little prick had no idea what was happening. *Cooperate. Obey. Friendly*.

Dorian's lips parted slightly as his thoughts aligned with mine. The angry frown on his face slowly was turning into a happy-goofy smile. *Friendly. Obey. Obey. Obey.*

"Zap ... Hi," he said again, happier this time. He grinned at me, suddenly realizing I was his very best friend in the whole world, even though we'd never seen each other before. Another moment and my hold would be complete. And there--I had him.

"Hi, Dorian. Why don't you come over here."

"Okay. Sure, Zap." He pushed through the water toward the edge of the pool, still smiling at me. Yes, he was a good little mind-puppet, not resisting at all, not even questioning why somebody he'd never seen before was suddenly his best-est friend ever. He climbed out of the water, shedding droplets everywhere, and stood before me. Up close, his swim briefs, black with white and red piping around the waistband and down the sides, clung to every curve and left little to the imagination--they showed quite a promising crotch-bulge. Yes, I was definitely going to enjoy this.

Oh, sure, I could claim I got this ability from finding a magic rock. Or maybe I was kidnapped by aliens who performed experiments on my brain. But who gives a fuck, really? I can make people do what I want, and I'm too busy having fun to waste much effort wondering why.

"Let's go over here," I said. I put my arm around his wet shoulders and escorted Dorian over to a pair of poolside chairs. He of course was content to comply and came along docile as a lamb. "Have a seat."

"Sure, Zap," and he gave me that grin again. In spite of his attitude earlier, he was really a handsome guy, and that puppy smile made him even cuter.

Well, I had a job to do. Work first, play later.

We sat facing each other, close enough for me to lean forward and put my fingertips on his temples. This was mostly for show--I knew from my monthly sessions with his father that the grounds were under the watchful eyes of multiple video cameras. Daddy would no doubt be reviewing the footage; this way, he would know he had gotten his money's worth.

I burrowed deeper into Dorian's mind. His expression went slack, jaw hanging open a bit. There: Now his mind was receptive to a little "reprogramming." The first part was easy. I'd memorized the short list Dorian's father had dictated, a series of "improvements" he wanted made to his son's mind. I could have made the changes all at once; but since I'd been hired for four sessions, I preferred to pace myself. Besides, I believed changes should always be made gradually--less chance of resistance from the subjects or problems later.

- *Reduce addiction to video games*--okay, I started off slowly, making video games seem maybe a ten percent less interesting.
- *Increase ambition*--which in Daddy Whittaker's mind meant *get a damn job already and stop laying around the house all day*--getting Dorian motivated to get his résumé together was easy. With his father's business connections, Dorian would get a job quickly, but he had to put himself out there first.

- *Decrease laziness*--Dorian's body showed he spent a lot of time in the gym and swimming, so he wasn't lazy. Probably I just needed to make a few tweaks, maybe add a little motivation, increase his interest in things that didn't involve the gym, the pool, or video games.

All done. So far this had taken less than ten minutes. So how to kill the rest of the hour? As deeply in his mind as I was, he had no secrets from me. I definitely took note of two things. First, like his dad, he has a secret hankering for dick. Second, he thought I was cute. Increasing his interest in one particular activity that didn't involve the gym or video game was going to be just too easy.

Now, what does one do when one has a handsome, muscular twenty-two year old mind-puppet under one's control and fifty minutes left in the session? I don't know what ethical life coaches do, but I intended to enjoy the opportunity.

So I told Dorian, "Stand up," and he did. "Let's go to your bedroom."

"Okay, Zap."

He led; I followed. Fortunately, by this time, the summer sun had dried most of the water from his hair and skin, so we didn't have to worry about dripping on the expensive marble floors and making more work for the housekeeper, who of course was nowhere around. This first session happening on the housekeeper's day off?--Not accidental. I'm not a fan of interruptions.

Oh, sure, I could have lived in a house like this--I could have used what I can do to make myself rich. But that would have attracted a lot of all the wrong kinds of attention, and I've always preferred staying under the radar instead of ending up on some government research dissection table.

Dorian led me upstairs, where plush carpet replaced the marble flooring. We were alone in the house, but when we reached his bedroom, I locked the door, just in case. I'd learned long ago that *alone in the house* sometimes doesn't last, and I wanted no surprises later.

"You're a good-looking guy," I told him, and he smiled wider, basking in my praise. I groped the front of his brief swimsuit; he giggled at my forwardness but didn't pull away. I felt the shaft and ball sack barely hidden underneath the fabric. The front of his suit slid down--he was shaved all the way down to the top of his pubes.

"Strip."

"Okay." Dorian pushed his damp swimsuit to his knees, exposing neatly trimmed pubes, and his plumb but still flaccid cock bounced out into the air. *That looks promising*, I thought as I assessed it. His happy cock was starting to harden without my help. His swim trunks dropped to his ankles, and he stepped out of them and stood there, his body on display, awaiting my approval or my next instruction.

"Pick up your swimsuit and take it to the bathroom. Drop it in the sink, not on the floor." Sheesh--Didn't everyone know not to leave wet clothes on the carpet? Maybe I'd add *be considerate* to his new instructions in our next session. But for now, I decided to cut him some slack because he was being such an eager little mind-puppet. I couldn't fault him for having followed my instructions exactly.

By the time he'd trotted to the adjoining bathroom and back, I had my shirt and my shoes off. I held my arms out from my sides, displaying my toned body for him. He definitely liked what he saw. His

cock was completely hard now, pointing forward like a divining rod. My next instruction was easy: "Okay, Dorian, strip me."

"Cool," he grinned as he sank to his knees. He reached for my belt, then undid my pants and zipper. "Boxer briefs--so sexy," he murmured, and then he pulled my underwear and my pants to my ankles. I lifted my left foot, putting my hand on his shoulder to steady myself as he tugged my pants and underwear off that foot and then went after the sock. I lifted my right foot and we repeated the process for my other leg. I was now as naked as he was.

"Suck my cock," I said unnecessarily--my hard dick was, after all, right in front of him and he had already licked his lips as he watched it bob in the air. Now that I'd given his hankering for cock free rein, he went after my dick without needing another mental zap from me.

Dorian might not have told his father he was gay, but he definitely wasn't a stranger to cocks. My dick's bigger than average, and he didn't even flinch. His tongue definitely knew what felt good on a penis. I moaned appreciatively as he licked and kissed it; then he started taking the head and first inches of shaft into his mouth. He also knew what to do with one hand on the portion of the shaft that he hadn't gotten in his mouth yet, and what to do with his other hand on my balls. Good. That meant I didn't have to tutor him through the basics, and I could just enjoy the blow-job.

Yes, Dorian had clearly sucked dick before. He was oddly gentle at first, caressing the countless exposed nerves across my cock-head with his spit-slick lips before flicking his bumpy tongue into action. Once his lips were locked around the first few inches of my shaft, though, that tongue lost all pretense of being a kinder, gentler organ. As Dorian slowly cranked up the suction, first the tip and then the blade of his tongue whirled around my throbbing knob like a vortex of psychotic hornets.

Dorian was pretty good. Problem was, he knew it. He kept looking up at me with this so-fucking-pleased-with-himself expression every time his tongue did this little thing on the underside of my cock-head. Okay, I did make a couple of covert little suggestions regarding the ways I liked to have my balls played with. He dropped his head off my cock and went to sucking and lapping at my hairy stones.

He didn't notice me messing with his head--they never do--so for the next part I let him think that moving his little tongue-party around to my back door was all his idea. His hands on my hips turned me around and parted my ass cheeks. I bent over to oblige him. His mouth followed his nose into my crack in search of my butthole. The lips sucking at my musky hole and the tongue drilling at it were almost too much for me to handle--the sensations conspired to seduce me away from myself, and I needed to keep my mind focused if I was going to keep my grip on Dorian's mind. The harder his mouth worked my ass over, the higher I floated on a sweet and honeyed tide of rapture; all the sensations at first glowed bright and golden and then, gradually over the many minutes, darkened to a velvety black of abject bliss. Much, much later, he pulled his face out of my ass, turned me to face him, jabbed my dick back into his throat, and began all over again.

I was still so befuddled by the ass-chewing he'd given me that I didn't even notice when Dorian pulled me down to the carpet with him and shoved his dick into my face even as he kept busy grinding his gullet around mine. Sixty-nine? Okay. Since his mouth and throat were doing such wicked, deliciously wanton things to my dick, I decided I didn't mind him taking a little initiative.

He wanted to suck my dick--and to writhe and shudder in contentment as I sucked his. His head was so pumped full of need that I couldn't really take all the credit; my little mind-zap thing had gotten the

party started, but now Dorian wanted to push past the preliminaries. I got my mouth acquainted with his hard-on, which measured six inches and nicely thick. Every now and then I took a break to show his nut-sack a good time too--but I have to admit that most of my attention was focused on the cruel tricks Dorian's tight throat were playing on every last inch of my crank. He sucked and ground and twisted and squeezed all at the same time, and I was content just to wallow in how good his mouth felt.

Yeah, Dorian surely knew how to turn a little sixty-nine action into a big event. Time and again as I licked his dick or lapped my eager and very sloppy way around his balls, Dorian would lure my dick toward the red zone and then shut down the party. My balls were aching with need. After almost half an hour of his cock-teasing torment, my testicles felt as though he had taken a sledgehammer to them. As much as I loved the tight, insistent feel of his warm throat wrapped around my cock-head, and the caresses of his fingers, and the smell of his crotch as I chewed his nuts and licked his ass, now was my turn to push us on to the next event.

Getting my dick out of his mouth wasn't easy. Rolling him on his back and lifting his legs was even more difficult. All of a sudden he realized I meant to fuck him. "No, Zap," he panted. "I never let guys--I've never--"

Aww, how cute; part of his mind was actually trying to put up a struggle. His terror glowed bright and strong in the front of his thoughts. As good as he was at cock-sucking and sixty-nining, Dorian had never been butt-fucked before. Well, let's see: a few zippity-zap tweaks here to decrease his fear that getting buff-fucked would be emasculating, a few zaps there to increase his curiosity, and--success!--suddenly his legs were in the air.

"Fuck me," he groaned. "Oh, man, Zap! Please--fuck me!"

After that, it was a snap. I pulled a condom and some lube from my pack; he probably had some secreted around his bedroom someplace, but I didn't feel like poking around in his head to find out where, and frankly I always came prepared. I suited up my cock. Since I assumed his ass would be tight, I applied plenty of lube.

My fingers tried to work his asshole open, but his sphincter didn't want to relax. Getting a finger inside him took a while, and he still wasn't loosening enough to admit my cock-head. Okay, we'd have to do this the hard way. I put my cock-head at this asshole and pushed, pushed again, pushed some more. Getting my glans past his gateway took longer than I expected. Then, after a long, slow look down into his face and along his perfect torso to relish what I was getting myself into, I did just that--I shoved my dick into his ass, deep and fast. His eyes flashed wide with agony and his mouth gaped open and I clamped my thoughts around his mind half a second before he would have screamed. A little zippity-zap here, a little zappity-poke there, and pretty soon Dorian had his head rolled back on the carpet and his eyes eased shut to savor what his ass was learning to love best: being taken hard by another man and used for his pleasure.

Dorian's guts first fled from my invading dick and then they fought back by churning fiercely against my shaft and cock-head. A few minutes later, when Dorian's eyes opened and looked up into my face, I knew he had learned to find the pleasures in being fucked up the ass; he'd learned to embrace his inner butt-slut, and with only minimal adjustment from me. From then on, every fierce stroke and crash of my body rutting against his, every moan, every twisted tit, and worshipful glance at me propelled him closer to bliss.

A quick shift of position, and Dorian was on his hands and knees, taking my dick doggy-style. Another shift, and we were on his bed with him on his back again and his legs wrapped around my waist. Good thing I was mostly interested bringing this party to a close by that point, because I was up his ass less than two minutes before I felt myself losing it. Dorian was looking at me like I was delivering the pleasure he'd been waiting his whole life to experience, and I think his pretty doe-eyed gaze did it. Of course, the hands clawing at my chest and the heels spurring me to gallop faster and deeper up his ass didn't hurt. The smell of man-sex, the slick sweat, and the fierce sound of our bodies crashing together all made my nuts spin out of control. I reached through Dorian's pleading eyes and into his head and yanked his orgasm-trigger, just as my own climax began. My body flushed wad after thick, creamy wad of jism deep into the condom inside the hungry recesses of Dorian's butt. Dorian spewed a huge amount of cum across his belly and chest.

When, seconds or hours later, I opened my eyes again and found myself in his, I leaned low to kiss his lips for the first time. His hands moved to the back of my head and pulled me harder against his face. Not until after I came up for air did I realize my hips had been dry-humping his hole on autopilot the whole time and were rapidly working me toward a second nut. I let my hips do their worst, dicking this newly minted butt-slut the way he deserved, even as I lapped up the leavings of his load from his chest and shared them with his tongue in another kiss until, much too soon, my body blasted its second creamy payload of cum into his eager clamping ass.

After I jacked him to his own second ball-draining orgasm while kissing him hard, Dorian wanted to spend a little time cuddling, but I needed to get ready for one more task coming soon on my schedule. I tickled his thoughts with: *Sleep, sleep, sleep*. Since he was already exhausted from the aftermath of our exertions and his two orgasms, he slipped into a deep slumber without resistance. One more thing, while I had his mind skewered with mine: *Don't forget to tell your father ...*

That Dorian was gay? Nah, I wasn't that manipulative. I'd keep his secret. He'd tell his dad when he was ready, and I suspected he'd find his father was unexpectedly sympathetic.

... tell your father thanks for the Life Changers session.

When he woke up, he'd have only vague memories of us talking for a while out by the pool, and our sex would seem like a dream he'd had when he came inside afterward to take a nap. Hey, I might be a little "ethically challenged" sometimes, but I made sure my clients never remembered anything clearly that could get me in legal trouble. Not until I knew they were completely devoted to me, that is ... like, after the second or third session.

I eased myself out from under Dorian's heavy slumbering arm, slid away, gathered my clothing, and began to dress. I looked down at my handsome new conquest--er, *client*--sleeping nude on his bed and decided once again: *Damn, I love my job.*

I went into Dorian's bathroom and washed the lube off my hands. I'd reapply more in a little while, if I needed it. Then I flushed the condom. Let's see--I was going to need a hand-towel. I took one from the rack.

Now to grab my pack and head downstairs. If I timed this right, just as I reached the bottom of the stairs ...

The front door opened and Beau Whittaker, Dorian's dad, walked in after his day at the office. He was surprised to see me: "Zap?"

I just smiled. I love when things come together as planned. "Hi, Beau," I said. "I just finished my first session with Dorian. I think you'll be pleased with the results."

He of course didn't reply, because the couple of seconds in which I crossed the few steps that separated us was all the time I needed to zap Beau into a light trance. His expression went blank as his mind fell back into that familiar receptive state, ready for instruction.

I unbuttoned his shirt so I could get to his nipples, and then I unzipped his pants, fished inside, and pulled his half-hard cock out through the opening.

"Think of this as a bonus reinforcement," I murmured as I drizzled a little lube into my palm and wrapped my hand around his woody. Beau groaned as I tweaked his nipple with my other hand and hit his mind with a little tease of pleasure. "Just my way of saying thanks for referring Dorian to me."

Brown-haired, handsome, mid-forties, trim from a Life Changers-inspired gym routine that was as fierce as his business acumen--Beau was definitely a good-looking man, and he was definitely receptive to the little zap I was laying on his mind and his body. His cock swelled rapidly in my grip as I pulled at a nipple.

"Nothing like a nice, relaxing refresher session at the end of a long day, is there?" I grinned, and another nipple-tug made him moan again. His cravings for dick might have still been a deep secret, but under my tutelage Beau had definitely come to enjoy the man-to-man contact he had always craved. His cock was about six inches long, just like Dorian's, and its helmet-head loved the attention.

"That's a good boy," I whispered to Beau as I reinforced the "improvements" I'd planted in his mind during our sessions. "A nice cum at the end of a long day will feel so good." I kissed him, and he kissed back. I broke away from his mouth to say, "Cum for me, Beau," and gave him a final mental zap.

That was all he needed. His face twitched. His cock jerked. His body shuddered. His dick spurted cum across my fingers and onto the marble floor. I stayed in his head as he rode through his orgasm.

Damn, I loved my job.

Afterward, I wiped his cum of my hand with the towel I'd taken from Dorian's bathroom. I dropped the towel onto the droplets Beau had squirted onto the floor. He'd snap out of his trance in a few minutes, long before Dorian woke up. I'd keep Beau's secret too. I was, though, considering the possibilities of a little father-son group session. Two tongues always felt doubly good on my cock. And technically their secrets would still be safe if I made sure neither of them remembered what happened, right?

"Better get dressed and clean up that mess you made," I ordered Beau as I let myself out. "Once again, thank you for choosing Life Changers, and I'll see you next week."
