

Need

by Wrestlr

[M/M, hypno, MC]

Synopsis: What do you do when you need to be studying but you also need to get fucked? And then your hot straight roommate needs to get off?

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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Lucas and I had decided to be roommates because we were both on the college soccer team, we were friends, and we got along well. He knew I was gay and said it didn't matter to him; I wasn't out to the rest of the team, and he agreed to keep my secret. I only told him because he was my roommate and I thought he ought to know. I knew he was straight and that didn't bother me either--the whole team knew about his on-again, off-again relationship with Zinnia, this chick he was usually dating.

My favorite part of playing soccer?--Had to be checking out all those well-built bodies in the locker room after practice. I'd long ago given up on trying to stop looking at all the semi- and fully naked young jocks around me, and now I just focused on disguising the *reason* I was looking. I wasn't staring at the cute tight-bodied goalie because he was naked after his shower and had an amazing ass; I was looking at him because he was telling a funny story to one of the other players. I wasn't watching the Latino forward put his foot up on a bench and run his towel up under his big balls and dark, dangling dick as he chatted with an equally naked beautiful blond Lucas; I was ... Well, okay, I was watching the forward dry his balls. I glanced away, but Lucas had already caught me and gave

me a wink because he knew why I'd been looking. I was always kind of surprised that everyone else seemed oblivious to the lust in my eyes, but none of the other guys had ever called me on it, not once.

One evening after I had been studying some fuck-awful boring psychology textbook alone in our dorm room, I went out to get something to eat. Reading erotic hypnosis stories for fun?--Fucking hot. Reading a dry textbook chapter about hypnosis for class?--Fucking boring. I was tired of studying. On top of that, I'd been fighting a recurring hard-on all afternoon and all evening, but I hadn't jerked off yet. I was saving a good jack-off session as a reward to myself for getting through all the readings for the exam the next day. The barista at the snack shop had sorta-kinda flirted with me a little and had the most beautiful eyes, and that sure didn't help my horn-dog situation. I'd had sex with guys exactly three times before, I definitely wanted to have sex with a guy again, and my erection was sure lobbying for me to haul this cute barista back to the stockroom and have sex with him right then and there, lots of sex, in every position we could imagine. But I was a good boy and instead went back to my dorm room to finish studying. Dammit. Frustration made my balls ache, and I told myself maybe I'd check back the next day, after the exam, and see if the barista was still interested. Maybe I could get his phone number or make plans to hang out with him or something. Maybe he'd even let me hypnotize him too--that thought was so fucking hot my dick nearly went into meltdown, and my erection had to be obvious to anyone who even glanced at my crotch. Hell, I barely managed not to cum right on the spot.

The time was around nine-thirty. I entered our dorm room to find Lucas dressing. I arrived just in time to get an eyeful of his cute butt as he pulled his ratty old sweat-shorts up over his boxers, in the process of changing out of the nicer clothes he'd worn when he left earlier for his date with Zinnia. That ass: my eyes and cock immediately noticed it, and I had to check to make sure I wasn't drooling. Lucas definitely had the nicest ass on campus, and I definitely appreciated it. But while Lucas knew I was gay, he didn't know I was crushing bad on him. I'd never told him how much I lusted for him because I wasn't sure how he'd react.

"You're back early," I said, playing it cool as I dropped into the chair in front of that tiny workspace the dorm laughably called my "desk," ever-so-casually picked up my psychology textbook. I positioned the book to prevent Lucas from seeing my back-with-a-vengeance boner. Usually Lucas was gone until at least midnight on date nights, and I'd thought I'd have plenty of time to finish the readings and my reward jack-off before he got back. But I was happy to see Lucas' ass, and Lucas in general--shirtless and barefoot and blond-haired and still practically naked except for those sweat-shorts and boxers.

He, though, definitely didn't look happy, not at all. His relationship with Zinnia was probably most famous for being rocky. Hell, twenty miles of gravel road would be less rocky. One of the other guys on the team had dated her a couple of times the year before she and Lucas hooked up, and he described her as "kind of a real cunt," so I guessed the cause of Lucas' dour expression: "Zinnia's being a bitch again, huh? What was it this time?--Something you said, or something you did?"

He sighed and flopped down on his back on his narrow bed. "Yeah, Zinnia again," he said looking at me. "It's always fucking Zinnia. I can't figure her shit out. Ever since we got back together"--*this most recent time*, I thought but didn't interrupt him to say--"she acts like she's all hot for me like before, and then nothing, not even a quick feel. I ..." He trailed off. "Uh, sorry. Same old story, right? You probably don't want to hear this shit all over again."

I shrugged. "I don't mind."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Of course."

Lucas took a deep breath. Man, whatever he was about to tell me must be an awfully big deal, I thought.

"Before we broke up, things were mostly good between us physically. Even when we were having problems, she was always willing to fuck, and the sex was fucking awesome, man. But now we're back together and all, but ... nothing. It's been three weeks. I don't know what the fuck is up, and all she says, "Oh, Lucas, I just need to focus on my schoolwork instead of sex and, if you can't understand that, maybe we just want different things out of this relationship." Man, I tell you--she acts like she wants me, but then zip, nada, nothing. Man, my balls are about ready to fucking explode, man!"

"I can't help you with Zinnia, but as far as your balls are concerned there's always ..." I made the universal sign for cock-stroking with my hand.

"Very funny, smart ass. That gets old real fast. Trust me on that. What I need is some ass!"

I knew exactly what he meant about jacking off getting old! By now, my cock was going crazy, which made me bold in a way I'd never been before.

"I could--uhm, I could help you out with that." The words were out of my mouth before I even knew what I was saying. I thought, *Oh, fuck--stupid, stupid, stupid*, but I couldn't take my words back. Why did I say something so dumb? Just because Lucas needed some tail didn't mean he'd be interested in mine. He was, after all, straight and dating a chick, even if she wasn't having sex with him.

Surprised, Lucas said, "Uh ... what?"

I had a split second to decide: I could pretend I was joking, or I could commit to it. My aching nuts decided for me.

"You said you needed some ass. I could help you with that."

Confused, Lucas just looked at me. "Uh, you know some babe you can set me up with?"

"No, you moron."

Lucas' eyes grew wide as he realized what I meant. "*You?*" he asked uncertainly. "You want me to fuck you?"

Maybe I could have still laughed it off as a joke, but instead I nodded--"Yeah"--and waited for his reaction.

"You let guys fuck you?" Lucas knew I was gay, but he couldn't seem to believe what I'd just said.

More importantly, he hadn't said *no*. Could that be a chink in his heterosexual armor? I answered his question by shrugging and saying, "Yeah. I've done it a few times." If three times could be considered *a few*, that is.

He chuckled and shook his shaggy blond head. "I can't believe you're serious!"

I couldn't back out now. Sometimes life is like soccer: when you get a shot at the goal, you have to take it.

"Listen, you need to fuck. I want to get fucked. I bet my ass is a whole lot tighter than Zinnia's pussy. Trust me--my ass is nice and tight. We can even turn out the lights, and you can pretend I'm her."

The idea was really getting to Lucas. I could tell by the lump growing in the front of his sweat-shorts. My straight roommate was getting a hard-on thinking about fucking some ass--*my* ass. He wouldn't have ever considered what I was proposing if he hadn't been so desperate to score some tail. My own erection ached for some attention too. I couldn't believe I was actually trying to seduce him!

He sat up on his bed and looked at me. His eyes were glazed with lust, but I saw hesitation there: he had a real problem with fucking another guy. "No." He shook his head again. "I don't think so."

"No one will ever know," I whispered.

"You won't tell *anyone*?" he asked, heavily emphasizing *anyone*.

"I swear."

He thought about it another second. "No," he stated again flatly, falling back on his bed and staring at the ceiling. "No fucking way." But his erection didn't subside. In fact, the way he was lying back on his bed seemed to make his cock-mound seem even more pronounced.

I couldn't risk losing after I'd come this far. Time to bring out the big guns. Besides, what better way to prepare for the exam on hypnosis than by actually hypnotizing somebody?

"Look, I know you have some concerns. That's understandable. You should focus on your concerns. Maybe you can group all those thoughts together. You know, so you can kind of examine them at the same time, from all sides."

"Hmm?" he muttered without looking at me.

"Sure, it's easy. You can move all those thoughts off to the side so you can consider them all at once, like you're making a list of things on an app or something."

"What the fuck are you--"

"Don't talk. Just listen. I'm trying to help. It's okay to list the reasons why you don't want to do it. They're probably valid reasons, too. Just group them together off to one side in your thoughts. It's easy. Close your eyes if that makes it easier."

He didn't, but--whatever--I kept going.

"Now once you've got your reasons grouped, you can look at them all at once, like they're all really one thing. And you can see where they get their power. That probably seems obvious, I guess, but what might not be so obvious is the way you can control them. You can control how much power they get, or you can take that power away from them. You know that now, I bet. In fact, if you want to, you can unplug them and let them run down, just like your phone does when you don't recharge it."

You can unplug them and watch them slowly run out of power. It might be easier for you to imagine if you close your eyes. Just for a moment, maybe. Close your eyes and imagine those reasons unplugged and slowly running low on power."

Lucas sighed vaguely and closed his eyes.

"That's it. You can continue watching them run down even with your eyes closed. You don't need to pay attention to what I'm saying. Watching them run down and slowly start to fade is more interesting anyway. I bet it's easy to imagine, right? One by one, they're fading, running out of energy, fading, going dark. And as they fade, you might notice something interesting. They may be trying to drain power from the rest of your thoughts, making them run down too, making them go dark. That's okay. You can watch that happen too. Just let it happen. Let all your thoughts run down, fade slowly, slowly go dark, so very quiet and still and peaceful. That's okay. Maybe it feels a little like when you're falling asleep and your thoughts start to go quiet as you sink down into sleep. Maybe you can relax and just watch that happen. You've had a long day. You're already sleepy, already sinking toward sleep. That's okay. Let it happen."

Lucas made noise halfway between a sigh and a hum--"Hnn ..."--hardly any sound to it. He turned his head a little, like maybe he was trying to resisting.

"Just relax and let your thoughts run down," I encouraged him. "Everything fading, going dark. Sinking slowly, slowly sinking into peaceful, quiet sleep. Sinking."

He half-turned his head again.

"Thoughts so quiet now. Sinking. When you're ready, watch your thoughts fade away, one by one. Give yourself permission to sink into sleep. That's it. Peaceful, quiet sleep. Sleep. Sleep now."

At last, just as I was about to decide he wasn't ready to submit, Lucas made that noise again, even quieter this time--"... hn ..."--and his face and body visibly relaxed.

"That's it. Sleep. Feels so good to sleep. Not thinking about anything. Just relaxed and sleeping. Sleep. And you might find that as you sleep, you start to dream a little. It can be as peaceful or as real as you want it. Maybe you dream that there's someone beautiful with you. Someone so desirable. Someone who makes you so hot. Maybe that someone touches you, and that touch helps you relax and sleep even deeper, like this." I put my hand gently on Lucas' bare knee. "Whatever happens--it's all right. It's just a dream. No worries. Anything can happen in a dream. And this someone is so hot, so desirable, and you want it to happen so much, as this person continues to touch you. The dream is becoming clearer. You are sleeping deeply. All your resisting thoughts have already gone dark, so anything that happens while you're asleep is just part of the dream. Just a dream, and maybe you're curious to let this dream unfold, see what happens, see what it's like, just this once, while all your resisting thoughts and all your objections have run out of energy."

That lump in the crotch of Lucas' shorts seemed to have gotten even bigger. I could see the shape of his cock-shaft plainly through his ratty old sweat-shorts, and his erection proved he still needed to get off badly. If he were awake, maybe he would still have real reservations about doing this. But right then, he wasn't resisting at all as my hand slid up his thigh. I mean, at some level, he had to know it was me touching him, but every part of his body remained relaxed and limp, except for his stiff cock, and that told me he was receptive to what was happening. Maybe he'd have never let me get this far if I hadn't hypnotized him, but he was definitely letting me now, and I was ready to go further.

I concentrated on moving slowly, not doing anything to spook him into waking up. I wanted badly to kiss him, but I didn't dare try. Lucas was gorgeous, from his shaggy blond hair and beautiful eyes to his powerful chest and tight abs. I wasn't about to do anything that would blow this shot at blowing him. Slowly, my fingers eased their way to the waistband of his sweat shorts, as I kept telling him how relaxed he was, how this was just a dream, a dream that someone beautiful was with him and wanted him. I hooked my fingers under the elastic of his shorts and boxers and eased the fronts down together, exposing his dick. I'd never seen it erect before. Lucas' cock was long and hard, but not too thick. Perfect, just like the rest of him. I licked the shaft.

"Mmm ...," he groaned quietly but appreciatively.

"Shh," I told him. "Just relax and let it happen. Let the dream happen."

My asshole itched for his dick, but I wasn't sure how he'd react if I went directly to the main event. Instead, I licked his cock again. I slipped the head of it between my lips and took the first couple of inches into my mouth, working my tongue back and forth along the underside. Wrestling his sweat-shorts and boxers was difficult with his body completely limp like that, but by the time I managed to wiggle his shorts down to the tops of his thighs, I had his entire cock in my mouth. Now that my hands were free, I used one to tease his balls while the other helped my mouth service his shaft.

Some part of Lucas was definitely starting to enjoy the attention. I pulled my mouth off his cock and gasped for a breath or two. When I put my lips around his glans again, his sleep-clumsy hand caressed my head. I chuckled around his rod as I wondered who he was dreaming about. "Suck ...," he mumbled. "Suck ..." Then he surprised me: his hand clasped my head and his hips thrust his dick up into my throat. Tears stung my eyes, and I almost choked on his massive meat, but I could handle this--I managed to get control again. I bobbed my head up and down on his dick. Lucas kept making little quiet noises and trying to push my head farther down. Soon we both had his dick speared into my throat. His trimmed bush tickled my nose.

I nursed his cock happily for a few minutes. It was such a pretty dick, attached to a pretty man, and it deserved every moment of the attention. His girlfriend was a fool if she wasn't riding this cock every chance she got!

I pulled off his cock. "Suck ...," he moaned again, sounding disappointed that my mouth was gone.

"Just relax, stud. The dream will continue in just a moment," I assured him. I got my shoes and socks and pants off. I got a condom. I got my little bottle of jack-off lube.

"First, the person has to get you ready. Just continue to relax and sleep. Dream about how good you're going to feel. This will just take a moment," I said, as I tore open the condom wrapper and started rolling it down his shaft.

I lubed my ass quickly--did a half-assed job of it, no pun intended, but I was too eager to get his dick inside me.

I climbed up on his mattress with him and straddled him. "Are you ready? Are you ready to fuck a tight hole?"

"Urrrr ...," he gurgled. I interpreted that as his subconscious mind's way of saying *Hell, yeah!*

Facing him, I crouched over his groin and guided his cock-head to my hole. I began to sit. I wasn't loosened up enough yet, so getting the head inside my sphincter was tougher than I thought, took a little longer. I grunted at the pain as it began to ease into me. But I needed that cock inside me as much as Lucas needed it inside someone, so I couldn't--wouldn't--stop now.

"That's it," I assured him breathlessly as I got used to the sensation and took another inch. "Nothing matters except your dick and the ass you're about to fuck. Now come on--stick it in."

As I sank lower, Lucas moved his hips and thrust nearly the whole remainder of his cock into me. I yelped in pain. "Okay," I assured him after I had a moment to get used to it. "It's okay; just relax and take it easy. I hav--I mean, this person--hasn't done this much. They're really tight. Go ahead now and fuck, but take it easy."

Lucas slowly worked his hips up and down, making little thrusts that pushed his cock in and out of my ass. I could tell some part of him really wanted to shove it all the way in, but he was too sleep-relaxed to do it that way. His cock set my ass on fire, and the fact that it was Lucas doing this to me set my whole head aflame. After a couple of thrusts, I started to relax. The more I did, the better it felt. As his dick slid in deeper, I loosened up more. Soon, the pain was gone, and only the pleasure remained.

"Uuugh ...," Lucas moaned blissfully.

Lucas' cock felt bigger--a lot bigger--than it looked as it slid back and forth in my ass. I was glad he wasn't any thicker because I probably couldn't have handled it. As it was, I felt like he was shoving a soccer ball up my ass! Our strokes were short at first--just an inch or two in, then out, then a little more in. My own erection bobbed happily in the air over his abs, and I didn't dare touch it for fear of shooting immediately. No, I wanted all of his cock first. Lucas had one long cock, and it sank deeper and deeper into my ass, the strokes getting longer. After what seemed an eternity, I felt his pubes crush against my butt cheeks and knew we'd finally fit his whole rod into my butt.

"Mmmh," hummed Lucas contentedly.

I was glad he was so into it. I was more than half-afraid he'd wake up or something. Getting fucked by Lucas was the thrill of my life, but I didn't know how the conscious part of his mind would react. If he were to wake up, would he get angry, or would he keep fucking anyway just because he needed a place to stick his dick? I made sure to keep telling how deeply relaxed and deeply asleep he was, to make sure he didn't wake up.

Lucas kept pulling his cock out slowly, then pushing it in again. Whatever he was dreaming, whoever he was dreaming about, he was definitely into it. I was definitely getting into getting fucked by his long, sleek cock. By now, his strokes brought no hint of pain, just pleasure. I'd fantasized about getting fucked more times than I could count, but I'd never thought I'd make my dreams of getting fucked by Lucas ever come true. I felt like I was constantly on the verge of cumming. If I'd known how good his cock would make me feel, I'd have tried this sooner! "Fuck me, Lucas," I hissed. "Just relax deeply and fuck me hard!"

The words were barely out of my lips when Lucas rammed his dick deeply up into my ass, making me grunt. He'd been just barely keeping himself under control; now that I'd given him the green light, he plowed my ass like a rutting animal. Only that fact that I was on top and could control how far he thrust inside me kept him from splitting me in half!

"You fuck like this, and Zinnia doesn't want it? She's out of her mind!" I chuckled between moans.

Lucas didn't answer; he just kept fucking me.

Lucas was gorgeous. Every muscle in his body tensed and flexed as he pumped his cock into my ass. The way his pecs looked as they worked was nearly enough to make me shoot. His torso was magnificent. I wished that I could just lick him all over. His biceps bulged as he held on to my waist and pushed his hips violently off the bed and slammed his cock into me. Lucas wasn't just fucking me with his hips and his dick--he fucked me with his entire body.

Lucas gasped and sweated. My muscles strained to keep me in place. Lucas rammed me so hard I had to brace myself to keep from toppling off him. After a few more minutes we developed a rhythm. He slammed his cock up into my ass and I shoved down against him. We both needed the same thing--his dick as far up my ass as we could manage, as often as possible.

I could feel weeks of frustration being released from both of us as Lucas fucked me. His body uncoiled the tension it had been carrying, relaxing and devoting all its power instead to the fuck. He was pounding out his aggression. My own stress was being released as well. How long had I wanted this and waited for it? At last I had his dick up my ass, and it felt better than I'd ever imagined!

My hard cock swung between my legs, sometimes smacking his abs on the down-strokes. I couldn't touch it, but I didn't need to. My dick had never felt better as it throbbed and drooled pre-cum down onto Lucas' stomach. Lucas was pushing all my buttons from the inside. My nuts swung back and forth, heavy with cream; they had such a huge load built up they almost hurt. Looking down at Lucas again sent me over the edge--I threw my head back, groaned, and blew my load without touching myself.

My cock fired spurt after spurt of hot jizz across Lucas' chest, in what had to be nearly the biggest load of my life!

Halfway through my ejaculation, Lucas made a noise--"Urk!"--and blew his own load. His hips pushed and shuddered against my ass as his orgasm convulsed through him.

I felt his big dick soften. When I regretfully lifted my ass up, his dick slid out of my hole.

I said, "That was an incredible dream, wasn't it?"

Lucas groaned in agreement.

"Just stay deeply asleep, and let the dream fade," I said, as I quickly pulled on my underwear and pants. Lucas sighed and lay there peacefully.

"Just continue to sleep until you're ready to wake up. Maybe in ten minutes, maybe longer, but just sleep until you're ready to wake up in your own time. You'll feel so refreshed. Maybe the dream will fade, like they sometimes do, or maybe you will still be able to remember it. You can choose whichever is more comfortable for you."

I pulled the used condom gently off his softened cock. I didn't bother to clean my cum off his chest. I grabbed a couple of textbooks and crept to the door. "Thanks," I whispered to him. My plan was simple: take a walk around campus, come back in maybe twenty minutes, as if I was just getting back from the library and hadn't been there earlier.

And twenty minutes later, when I got back to our dorm room, that's exactly the way I played it.

The sound of me opening the door woke him. He yawned and stretched.

"Dude!" I said.

He looked down, saw his shorts pulled down and the spots across his torso that could only be spent cum. "Fuck!" he barked and grabbed his pillow and covered his crotch with it.

I made a big show of blocking my eyes and not looking.

"Sorry," he moaned. I heard the sound of cloth scrubbing across skin--likely Lucas was wiping off the cum and tugging his shorts back into place. "Okay, you can look now. Sorry, I must have fallen asleep. I had the weirdest fucking dream."

"I bet," I laughed. "The aftermath is, like, burned into my retinas, dude."

"I better go get cleaned up," he said, blushing, as he grabbed his towel. He pushed past me and headed toward the shower.

He didn't seem to remember anything that had happened. But who knew what would happen when he got back from the shower? I was supposed to be spending the evening studying, and I had sure learned two things, one about Lucas and one about me. One, I learned Lucas could be hypnotized--quickly and deeply. Two: Now that I'd had a taste of Lucas, I learned I definitely needed to be fucked by him again, and soon.
