

Attitude Adjustment

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Jet has a bad attitude, and he's about to find someone who can help him make some changes.

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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The first thing everyone said about me was: I was a cocky punk with a bad attitude. I admit it, but I definitely don't apologize for it. Hey, I didn't choose this 'tude; it chose me. When people complained about it, I always told them the same thing: *Fuck you*.

I also admit I said *fuck you* too many times to the wrong people. Hey, I was eighteen and between the ages of thirteen and seventeen I'd already been in juvenile court, like, ten times. I never hurt anyone—the charges were all petty stuff like vandalism and some minor shoplifting when I needed food to survive, shit like that. I don't fucking rob people or beat people up. I'm not violent.

If you're one of those fucking bleeding-heart assholes who wants to blame someone for my attitude, let's blame my folks. Can we at least agree on that? Maybe I have a chip on my shoulder 'cause my mom left us when I was four years old and my dad is almost never around. Supposedly my dad and me both lived in that crappy old trailer a few miles outside of town, but really it's just me living there. When my dad has money, he spends it gambling; and whenever he is around, he's drunk. And hell, if

your parents named you *Jasper*, you'd have a fucking attitude problem too, wouldn't you? That's why I tell everyone my name is Jet. My old man only gave me one thing: an example of how *not* to live. Thanks to him, shit, I never touch alcohol. The strongest thing I ever drink is soda--unless you count cum.

Don't fucking think of me as a badass with a heart of gold. People like that only exist in bad movies.

The guys that know me say I have a *throat* of gold. I have really blond hair and big blue eyes, so some people treat me like a fucking puppy. I guess that's why I act about the opposite of what they expect. Before I turned eighteen, I got in trouble tagging buildings with spray paint and mouthing off to cops. I'd have been in deep shit a lot more often except sometimes I got off the hook 'cause I was a cute and innocent-looking teenager. At least people said I was. I also sometimes got out of trouble by sucking cock. Sometimes it seems like everyone who's got a dick wants me to suck it. I like sucking cock; I've sucked a few cop cocks and I don't mind that either. Dick is dick, you know?

I also have to admit I'm kind of crazy for cum. When I don't get enough jizz, I act out even more. That's the reason I liked being in juvenile detention so much; our well-meaning court system would lock me up with a bunch of other horny teenagers who wanted to blow a load all the time--and usually they blew it down my throat. Wring your hands and moan about *how awful*, but I fucking loved it. Sometimes I felt like the reformatory cum-rag, and for me that wasn't a punishment. I was always sad whenever I got released from detention. I knew I won't get to guzzle that much jizz again until I got sent back in. Maybe if I sucked the right kind of cum, my attitude would change, but that hadn't happened so far. Even with all the guys I'd sucked, I'd never met a Prince Charming whose magical cum could change me.

A few weeks back I was tagging the new sporting goods store the day after its grand opening, and the manager came out and started yelling at me. He was kind of hot--five feet eleven, a hundred and seventy pounds, brown hair, blue eyes, about thirty years old, but really straitlaced. He was giving me major shit about calling the cops until he got a closer look at me and then he just smiled.

I'm six feet tall, about one hundred and sixty pounds. I'd taken a shower earlier that day, so my blond hair was still clean and I looked all fresh-faced. From the way he smiled, I knew he liked what he was seeing. Me, I just wondered what his cock looked like.

He asked if I was eighteen. I'd just turned eighteen a month ago, so I nodded. "Yeah. What of it?" I said, shaking my fucking can of red spray paint--my favorite color--slow and easy. I shook it up and down, suggestively, like I was stroking long, thick cock. The manager looked like he might have a long one.

"So ... how about this: If you suck my cock, I won't call the cops," he said, rubbing his dick through his fucking khaki pants.

"Fuck you!" I told him. What he didn't know was that I was determined to try and suck his cock even if he *did* call the cops. Through his khakis I could see he had a really nice fucking piece of dick. My bad attitude was going to make him work for it. I wasn't going to be a push-over.

"Okay, buddy," he said, taking out his cell phone. "Have it your way." He was just putting on a show to prove what a badass store manager he was. Hell, if I wanted to avoid getting arrested, all I had to do was run off down the alley, so obviously I was hanging around for some reason. I bet he'd already figured that out from the way I kept looking at his crotch and licked my lips every time.

I could tell that he wasn't going to call the cops by the way he smiled at me--that and the big fucking hard-on sticking down his left pants leg. I wanted to suck his dick really bad, so I played along with his badass manager routine and told him I'd suck his fucking dick if he wouldn't call the cops on me. *Pleeeeee don't call the police, mister; I'll do anything.* I even managed to make my voice quiver a little, like I was really scared.

I thought he'd take me into the back of the store, maybe to his office or a storage room or whatever these crappy chain stores have in the back, but he didn't. He stood there in his cheesy black polo shirt with the store logo, and he unzipped his khaki pants right there in the alley behind the store. *Fucking freak*, I thought to myself, but I wanted to suck his dick even more after seeing the huge pup tent in his plaid boxers after he undid his belt and the waist button and let his pants fall to mid-thigh. I sneaked a peek at the name tag on his store shirt: *Jack Carson, Manager.*

Just the thought of me sucking his dick was giving Jack a monster bone--fuck, it was giving me a boner too, so I didn't mind that we'd be doing it in the alley. *What the fuck; could be hot*, I thought.

"Take off your shirt," he ordered.

I took off my white wifebeater. I could tell he was impressed by my eight-pack abs. Hell, I didn't even have to work at it. When you're eighteen and as lean as I am and sometimes you don't get much to eat, they're just there.

Jack took off his stupid black polo shirt and looked lots hotter without his cheesy clothes on. He had a nice-looking body: smooth, tan chest, with pecs that showed he worked out at the gym. When he moved closer, like he was going to kiss me or something, I pushed him away. I was going to suck his cock, but I wasn't into all this lovey-dovey kissing crap. "No fucking kissing," I grumbled. "The only thing I'm putting my mouth on is your fucking dick."

He ordered me to, "Get on your knees, punk." Good. About time we were getting this show underway. "Fuck, you're hot," Jack hissed as he stroked his dick through his boxers.

"I know," I said, as I rubbed my hands over my hard abs. "So, you gonna take out your fucking cock, or what?"

"You're one cocky little punk, aren't ya," he grinned, probably thinking he was the one with the upper hand here.

While he pushed down his boxers, I took a risk and fumbled at my baggy jeans and of course my hard seven-incher sprang up. Some guys don't like when the other dude pulls out his cock--it reminds them the guy blowing them really is a guy--but Jack didn't seem to notice. Which was good, because I liked to stroke myself some while I sucked; kept my interest level *up*, if you know what I mean.

My face was directly in front of Jack's huge boner. Fuck, now that I saw it out in the open, I wondered how he'd kept it from ripping right out of his fucking boxers. That fucker had to be somewhere between ten and eleven inches, and unlike a lot of big dicks I'd encountered before, his was fully *hard-hard*. He swayed his hips, and that big fucking schlong slapped against my cheek with a soft thud. Most punks being made to suck would have just put their mouths on the dick and done the bare minimum to get the other guy off, but not me. I liked to embellish my cum-meals. I stuck my tongue out and, starting from his smooth, low-hanging balls, licked upward. I traced his thick shaft with my tongue until I reached his fat mushroom head, where I licked off his pre-cum. If he was smart, Jack

was probably understanding right about then that I wasn't nearly as innocent as I looked. I love the awestruck expression guys get when they realize they're in the hands--and mouth--of a professional cock-sucker, like they can't believe their good luck. Yeah, that expression was slowly dawning on Jack's face as I tongue-teased him.

Then I really went to work on his cock.

"Fuck!" he grunted, knees almost buckling, as I swallowed his long meat-stick all the way down to his neatly trimmed pubes. I looked up at him, my mouth full of his dick, and he looked down on me with that amazed smile of his. I could tell he was admiring my body, my face, my skills--the whole package. "Fuck, punk. You are one fucking good cock-sucker!" he said, as he grabbed the back of my head and started to fuck my face with his thick, perfect cock. His huge balls were now slapping against my chin. "Fuck, yeah! Work those lips on my dick! Work that tongue! More tongue!"

I knew what I was doing, but I didn't mind if Jack tried to give me instructions, as long as he didn't go overboard. I wasn't really paying attention to the nonsense coming out of his mouth anyway. He might say *more tongue* and I'd give him a gentle nibble on the sensitive underside; or he'd say *suck it deeper* and I'd lap at his balls. I kept on doing what I was doing. He didn't seem to mind.

I stuck my right hand down and stroked my dick as I spit-polished Jack's cock. I used my other hand on his ball sack. From the reactions I always get, I know I'm a fucking awesome cock-sucker. I think it's because I have a big mouth and, like, no gag reflex whatsoever. I could probably take a fucking beer can down my throat if I wanted to. And the store manager's thick dick was almost that fat. He was thrashing his head around, and his body started to shake. I knew from experience that he was about to feed me his cum. As I massaged his balls, they tightened in my hand. I went all the way down on his dick, making sure I made it all nice and wet.

"I'm gonna shoot," he moaned. A couple of seconds later he was pumping his hot cum down my throat. "Ahhhh!--Fuck!"

As I chug-a-lugged down his thick nut-sauce, I shot my own milky cum. Jack was a nonstop cummer, squirting so much that I couldn't take all his load. The excess sperm spilled out of the corners of my mouth. I took my hand, gooey from my own spunk and wiped my lips.

"Fuck, that was amazing!" he said breathlessly as he pulled his shirt back on. "You're a real cock-sucker!"--which I chose to interpret as a compliment.

"I know," I said. Then I grabbed my boxers and jeans and pulled them up.

That's when the fucking cops showed up. Jack must have called them earlier, or maybe somebody in the store called after seeing what was happening on the security cameras--wouldn't it be a hoot to see Jack trying to explain *that* to his coworkers!

Their squad car blocked the end of the alley, so I couldn't just run off. Oh, sure, I could have tried to explain to the cops that everything was all settled and I'd traded Jack a blow-job in return for letting me go. But here's what the cops would have seen: The store manager standing there fully clothed, me standing there with my *fuck you* attitude, my wifebeater and a backpack bulging with paint cans in one hand, a can of spray paint in my other--and a half-done graffiti tag on the nice new wall less than ten feet away. And wouldn't you know it: they were both women cops, not a dick between them that I could use to talk my way out of this mess.

Of course they arrested me. As they pushed me into the back seat of the police cruiser, with Jack smiling this big gloating grin, I flipped him off as best I could with my hands cuffed behind my back. I'm not sure if he heard me when I muttered, "Jack, you bastard."

For reasons that the cops later never explained to me, but which probably had to do with something like the manager being caught on a surveillance camera receiving *an oral sex act* from the *alleged perpetrator* of the graffiti crime, the sporting goods store decided not to press charges. The cops also didn't tell me the charges were dropped; they let me stew in that holding cell until the next morning, the fuckers.

Before releasing me, though, just to prove what a complete and total ass-wipe he was, the policeman in charge of writing up the paperwork on my case hauled my ass into a room for a meeting with my probation officer, who *just happened* to be visiting the police station--purely coincidental, yep. What are the odds of that? This was, like, the eighth probation officer I'd had since I was thirteen, and I hated him. He always greeted me by my full name--*Well, if it isn't Jasper Edmund Thompson*--which pissed me off even more. My name is Jet. J-E-T, my initials, get it?

I wanted to jet the fuck out of there, but my probation officer was determined to give me the usual speech about how I needed to change my fucking bad attitude. I knew I was getting off lucky. Now that I was eighteen, I'd have to be careful about avoiding trouble with the law. If the store had pressed charges, I'd have been tried as an adult in court, and adult jail didn't seem quite as much fun as juvie detention had been. The probation officer said maybe I should take up boxing or something at the local Y. He said I needed to find a better "outlet" for my aggression, said it would change my whole outlook on life. *Fuck you*, I thought. I hate these bleeding hearts who always think they know how to save me. Life wasn't like some movie where some self-righteous prick like him would help me magically find redemption during my darkest hour and I'd turn into an upstanding citizen. No, only two things in this world could possibly save me: a one-way ticket out of this dead-end town, or a bucketful of cum sucked from the right guy. And like I said before, I'd never met a Prince Charming whose cum could change me.

So, sitting in my trailer--with my dad passed out on that ratty-ass couch and drooling still more bodily fluids onto the upholstery!--I was so fucking bored. My options were either to go to the Y or to the train tracks where I knew I'd get into some kind of trouble. I decided I didn't want my future to be more of my past. My innocent-looking routine wouldn't be enough to get me out of trouble much longer. I was an adult now, and trouble had more consequences. I didn't want to turn into a loser like my dad, but I feared I would unless my bad attitude underwent a major adjustment. Maybe my mom had the right idea when she got the fuck out of here.

I decided maybe I *should* check out the fucking Y, just because I'd never been there before. It would at least be something different--and who knew where it might lead? Besides, maybe I'd find a hot athletic-type dude who needed his nuts drained. So the Y it was. On my way out of the trailer I tripped over an empty beer can and nearly fell on my ass. "Fucking drunk!" I yelled and slammed the fucking door behind me, hoping to wake my asshole dad.

The fucking Y was a dump, but at least I wasn't at home or in jail. It was basically empty--not a lot of people in our small town used the Y. The boxing gym smelled like sweat and grime, but the boxing coach was cool. His name was Parker. He was jumping rope in the corner when I walked in, and no one else was around. When we introduced ourselves, he shook my hand and patted me on the shoulder, which I usually hate, but I was in lust from the moment I first laid eyes on him. Parker was about six feet tall, two hundred and ten pounds of trim muscle, thirty-two years old, with dark hair

and eyes--extra-hot! I could see he'd boxed most of his life and was once in the Marines; he had a U.S.M.C. tattoo on his left arm. All he was wearing were shiny blue boxing shorts, and the sweat dripped off his solid chest down into the crevices of his six-pack. I was glad I was wearing my super-baggy jeans, because they helped disguise my boner.

Parker asked me a couple of questions, and I was surprised to find I was reacting all shy and polite, which definitely wasn't like me. He offered to show me a beginner's routine. Parker let me borrow a pair of his boxing shorts--which were red, my favorite color--and I changed in the locker room. He waited for me outside. When I came out he grabbed my arm again, which pissed me off, and pulled me over to the stretching mats. He was really intense but in a sweetheart way, so I pushed the anger away.

"Always stretch before you work out," he said, as he spread his legs open and began stretching his hamstrings. "It helps your muscles relax and loosen up. And you should also stretch after your workout too." The way he was grinning, I thought he was making fun of me, but he seemed to genuine for that.

I stretched beside him, watching him so I could try to copy his moves. But I couldn't help looking at his crotch and the outline of his dick in his shorts. Damn!--He was fucking hot! I knew he was checking out my package too, 'cause I caught him staring at my crotch when I looked at his dick a second time. His was definitely bigger and harder now. Before long, his dick grew so big and hard, it almost poked out of his shorts. I guessed that he was packing about eight inches long when fully hard.

While we stretched and checked out each other's cocks, we swapped our histories. Parker was basically a rich kid who got into a lot of trouble when he was my age 'cause his parents ignored him. His dad owned a chain of furniture stores and was never around, and his mother was always out shopping, having affairs, or getting plastic surgery. Fuck, no matter who you are or how much money you have, life is never fucking easy, is it? Parker started boxing around my age 'cause his parole officer told him it would be good for him.

"Mine too!" I said, blushing at how enthusiastic my outburst sounded. Definitely un-cool. I think I was really getting into Parker and thinking maybe he would be my Prince Charming. I really wanted him to like me too.

"I had a good mentor," Parker told me as we began our workout. "He taught me how to focus my anger and turn my whole attitude around. If you're willing to dedicate the effort to changing your mindset, I can show you too." Parker smiled at me and I probably nodded like some dopey bobble-headed doll. Fuck, I needed to get my giddiness under control!

After about two hours of jumping rope, lifting weights, and hitting bags and each other, my first day of boxing training was mostly over--except for the post-workout stretching. Back on the mats, Parker showed me how to stretch out my exhausted muscles, bending this way and that. He explained how stretching helped start the recovery process. We ended up lying flat on our backs on the mats and staring at the ceiling. Which was okay, except that looking up at the ceiling meant I couldn't sneak peeks up Parker's shiny blue shorts.

I was exhausted and could have easily taken a nap. Parker, though, was in talkative mode, telling me about his mentor and the way he trained Parker to change his outlook on life and stop being a shit to everyone around him.

"Sounds like a lesson I need to learn," I sighed.

"It's easy," Parker replied. "If you're willing to follow it through, I'll teach you."

"Okay."

"Just lie there and relax for a minute," Parker said. "What do you see when you close your eyes?"

"Uh ... Just sort of a dark emptiness, I guess?"

"Think of that darkness inside your eyelids as being all the darkness and negative things inside of you. The universe, life itself, is actually full of light, a healing white light all around us. Imagine everything outside of you is saturated in white light. It's all about your attitude and what you decide to let in. That light wants to come in and fill the darkness. Here's how you can make it happen. Concentrate on your right hand. Focus all of your attention on it. Imagine the healing white light trying to enter through your hand. Do you want to let it in?"

"Uh, I guess so?"

"Good, Jet. I'll talk you through a way to make that happen. I'm going to count from one to twenty. As I do, focus on the way that white light shines into your right hand and into your right arm. Concentrate on the way the warm, pleasant light enters and the relaxed, peaceful feeling it brings into your hand. As I continue counting, focus on how feeling seems to grow stronger and stronger. Maybe your hand will need to twitch or move, and that's fine. Maybe it even starts to lift off the mat. That's all fine. Don't resist. Just let it happen. You're here to let it happen. Ready?"

I reined in my urge to say this sounded like a pile of shit because Parker was hot. I wanted him to like me; maybe he'd let me suck his big whang-bone if he liked me. And besides, I really did want to make some changes in my life. So instead of saying *fuck you*, I said, "Uh, sure."

"One. You can sense the white light gathering around your right hand. Feel the first light, easy sensation of the light moving into the fingertips. Two. The feeling is spreading all through your fingertips. Three. Feel the white light spreading up to the first join in your fingers. Warm. Relaxing. White light spreading slowly and gently. Four. Spreading up through your fingers to the knuckles across the back of your hand. Fingers feeling so warm and relaxed, filled with the white light."

This "white light" stuff still seemed silly, but the weird thing was, my hand *did* feel warm and relaxed.

"Five. The light spreads through your hand, up to your wrist. Just let the light continue to flow into your arm. It feels good. Think of your left hand now. You'll see by comparison that your left hand is beginning to feel very, very heavy. Six. The light spreads through your arm and into your shoulder. Seven - Spreading over and into your chest. You're doing great. Deep breaths. Eight. Exhale--breathe out the negative darkness. Inhale--breathe in the positive light. Take it in and let it become part of you. Nine. The light spreads up and into your neck. Ten. You feel great. So warm. So relaxing. So peaceful. Spreading into your head, your face. Eleven. Think again of your left hand, the way it has grown so heavy. So very different from the light and warmth that fills your face. Twelve. Breathe out the negative. Breathe in the positive. Feel the light becoming part of you. Thirteen. Gentle, relaxing warmth spreading all through your body, making you feel so quiet and heavy, but peaceful and open at the same time. Fourteen. Light is filling your thoughts now, pushing away the darkness, leaving only a quiet sense of relaxation, like a hypnotic trance. Fifteen. Close your eyes. You can feel the light even with your eyes closed. Sixteen. Feel your eyes close and lock shut. The more you try to open

them, the tighter they lock shut. Seventeen. Nearly ready. So relaxed. Relaxed and drowsy. Slipping into sleep. Eighteen. Slipping gently into hypnotic sleep. Feels so good, so relaxing. Sleep. Nineteen. So relaxing. So irresistible. Sleep. Slipping into hypnosis. Slipping. Twenty. Sleep ..."

I know he said more. I was kind of aware of him talking, but not aware at the same time--like I was napping but not really asleep. I don't know what he said; it was more the feeling of his voice washing over me, and I liked it. I liked this feeling a lot.

I woke up with an erection. Well, not exactly woke up, not yet anyway. More like I just opened my eyes. I was still lying flat on my back on the mat, and I had a boner that felt so hard and so good. I liked that feeling a lot too.

"That's it, Jet," Parker said, sitting cross-legged beside me. "Sit up."

I pushed myself up until my torso was upright. My body felt weird, heavy and light at the same time, almost too relaxed and heavy to move, but I managed to sit up somehow.

"Exhale darkness. Inhale light. How do you feel?"

"Good ... I feel good."

"Excellent. Now your challenge is to embrace that feeling every day until it becomes part of you," Parker grinned, and I felt good because I'd somehow pleased him. "You're doing very well, Jet. Do you think you can stand up? It's easy to stand up and still stay so relaxed."

I thought about it. My legs worked slowly, and Parker had to help a little, but I managed.

Parker led me into the locker room to shower and change. The Y was still basically empty, and we had the locker room to ourselves. Parker stripped; trainers, socks, shorts, jock-strap--getting naked did not take him long. Like the rest of his body, his dick was perfect. It was semi-hard.

"Strip, Jet," he told me. I thought about it. I could do this. Moving took more concentration than usual because all my muscles felt so heavy and relaxed, but I could do this. Untied my sneakers. Off they came. My socks too. The red shorts I'd borrowed from Parker. The boxers I'd kept on because I didn't have a jock-strap. Then I was naked and feeling a sweet sense of accomplishment for having done what he said. I didn't care that my cock was swollen and half-hard. I didn't care whether Parker saw it.

"Breathe out the negative. Breathe in the positive," Parker told me, and I nodded. "Good man." His hands on my shoulders guided me. "Let's hit the showers."

As Parker directed me into the communal showers, part of me worried, *What will my probation officer say if we're arrested for fucking in the locker room?* But the rest of me was feeling too sweetly relaxed and cooperative to care.

Parker turned on two adjoining faucets, stepped under the spray from one, and told me to get under the other. He turned to face me. I saw his dick and balls swinging back and forth. I knew he was staring at my perfect bubble-butt as I moved under the shower next to his. I could feel his eyes on my ass cheeks, and my dick reached its full size and hardness.

"Feels good, doesn't it? Just let it relax you," Parker told me.

I closed my eyes and let the warm water flow over me.

I felt Parker's stiff cock rub in between my ass cheeks. "Shh," he murmured next to my ear. "Just stay like that." I let the warm water wash over me, my eyes still closed. Parker's erection poked up and down the edge of my ass crack. As he teased my ass with his cock, he reached around and began stroking my hard dick. The warm water beat down on us both.

"I really like you a lot, Jet," he said softly to me. "And I think you like me too. Breathe out the negative. Breathe in the positive. You're doing very well. And now here's something else I think we both want to do."

He kissed the side of my neck, and then his mouth found my left earlobe and sucked on the end of it. I moaned like a puppy dog. Then he turned me around so our hard cocks tapped against each other. Under the warm shower, he pushed me down to my knees and poked his hot cock at my mouth. "Open wide, Jet. Just let it happen."

I opened my mouth, and his cock-head slid inside. I was so relaxed that this all totally felt like one of those lame sex dreams where I dream I'm in some porno movie, about to suck all the cock I want. But it wasn't so lame, because it wasn't a fucking dream and it wasn't a movie. It was *really* happening to me.

"Damn, Jet, you have the fucking sweetest mouth ever," he said, as he pumped his beautiful dick into my mouth. And I was right: rock-hard, he had a perfect eight-inch cock. Not too long and not too thick. It fit my mouth perfectly, like in a fairy tale. Sucking him when I was this relaxed felt so sweet. I wanted to do it forever.

"Yeah--fuck, yeah--suck my fucking cock," he moaned. The warm water spilled over our bodies. "I want to fuck that nice sweet ass of yours too. You want me to?"

I nodded with his dick still in my mouth. He turned the water off and helped me to my feet. He took my hand and led me out of the showers, to the farthest corner of the locker room. It smelled like dirty socks and sweat, but I didn't care. *Breathe out the negative, breathe in the positive*, as he kept telling me. Parker pushed me down onto my knees again and stuck his dick back in my mouth.

"So fucking sweet!" he whispered down at me. "Your mouth was born to suck my dick!" He leaned against an old rusty locker and with slow gentle thrusts fucked my face. I made his dick so wet and hard that when he pulled it out and slapped it against my face it kinda hurt.

"Before I fuck you, I wanna do something," he said, as he turned me around, bending me over the locker room bench. With my ass in the air I felt him spread my cheeks apart. His wet tongue darted into my warm hole.

"Urrr!" I moaned loudly, which meant *Fuck, yeah!* I writhed on the bench as he devoured my asshole with his tongue and mouth.

"Shhhhhh! Not so loud!" he whispered, muffled by the flesh of my ass. "I love your ass!"

Parker moved underneath me so I could suck on his cock while he ate my ass out. I was determined to give Parker the best blow-job I'd ever given anyone. My mouth covered every inch of his rod. The only sounds we could hear in the locker room were our slurpings and the distant occasional dripping from the shower.

"I'm gonna cum if you keep doing that," he said as I sucked on his pole. "But I wanna feel your sweet tight ass wrapped around my cock first."

Parker ran to grab a condom from his locker. My lips were swollen. They hurt a little from sucking his cock for the past twenty minutes, but I didn't mind. Parker leaned over and kissed my cock-sucking lips as he ripped open the condom and pulled it over his spit-slick prick and applied some lube.

"I am going to fuck you so good," Parker said in between kisses. "And then I'm going to cum in your mouth. I want you to drink my load, Jett. Can you do that for me, baby?"

I just moaned, because I definitely wanted to swallow his cum.

"Get ready, baby--we're gonna fuck the negativity out of you and replace it with a positive attitude." Parker turned me around and bent me over. I felt so cooperative and so willing to do, and be, whatever he wanted. And at that moment, when he called me *baby* and bent me over and stuck his hard prick into my asshole, I knew that I was a changed man. Parker was going to fuck the cocky troublemaking brat out of me, and I was going to love every second of it.

"Fuck, your ass is fucking tight!" he said as he pushed his cock against my butthole. "Relax, baby. Breathe out the negative. Breathe in the positive. Just relax for me." We both let out a sharp gasp as he penetrated me. He moved slowly at first, and gradually he began to pound his dick in and out of me. My ass rose to meet his cock at every thrust. At some point during this, I think I woke up for real, but I didn't care--I wanted his cock too badly to give a shit about anything else. His dick slid in and out of my hole smoothly. After about ten minutes of fucking me doggy-style, he said he wanted me to get on top of him and ride him, so he could see my face.

I climbed on top of him and guided his hard rod back up my asshole. I began bouncing up and down on his dick, jerking my own cock to the rhythm of our fucking. Our eyes locked onto each other as our flesh made soft slapping sounds. Each time his dick went in, I tightened my asshole. I could feel every vein throbbing on his hard fuck-pole. As I rode Parker's perfect piece of meat, I could feel the spooge in my balls getting ready to explode.

"Tell me what you want," Parker crooned.

"Fuck me!" I shouted. "I'm gonna--" And then I was shooting gob after gob of white jizz onto Parker's sweaty chest. "Ahhhhh, shit!"

"Gonna fucking blow my load too!" he moaned. And as promised, he gently pushed me off his cock, stood up, pulled off his condom and stuffed his cum-spurting dick down my throat. I swallowed every single drop of his hot sweet seed as it squirted out of his twitching cock. And as his cum filled my mouth and throat I knew that my badass days were behind me.

Parker and I have been going out ever since we met at the Y, and I haven't done anything that's gotten me in trouble with the law since then. I'm still a little cocky, but we're working on that each time Parker relaxes me and fucks me. Breathe out the negative, and breathe in the positive, as he always says. He makes me want to have a more positive outlook. Life still isn't movie-perfect but, each time he drills my ass when I'm relaxed like that, I know he's fucking a little more of that bad attitude out of me--and I love it.
