

# Becoming Men

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: The coaching staff at Hermes Academy takes an interest in helping the athletes mature into young men.

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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*Hermes Academy for Men offers a unique program of individualized education combined with athletics, academic, and social activities. Nestled in a hidden valley between pine-studded hills, some fifteen miles from the nearest town (Brookhaven, population 5,000), Hermes allows its students the optimal opportunity for self-development in a friendly, understanding all-male four-year college atmosphere.*

Cliff hand-shielded his eyes against the late afternoon sun as he watched the shorts-clad youths jogging the oval track around the football field. The assistant coach was in his late-twenties, his dark blond hair clipped short, his features tanned and cleanly cut, and his T-shirt and sweatpants outlined his muscular physique. "Okay, flag 'em down and call 'em in, Dean," he said to the man standing beside him. "Let's call it a day."

"Right, Cliff."

Dean raised the whistle hung on a lanyard around his neck and blew two shrill blasts, arm-waving the young

athletes toward the gym. Fresh out of college, two weeks into this new job, and not much older than the jogging youths himself, at twenty-four Dean was a handful of years younger than Cliff. His brown hair lay in easy waves, and he brushed a lock back off his forehead. Like Cliff, he wore a T-shirt and baggy sweatpants.

"You gave the guys a good workout today," Cliff said, his gaze on the student athletes hustling from the field. "Getting used to the job?"

"I guess so." Dean smiled easily. "You warned me that Hermes was a world of its own when you recruited me at State."

"Coach warns everyone the thing when he hires 'em. The other assistant we had last year couldn't hack it. He was a big-city boy."

"Hell, I kind of like being out here in the middle of nowhere," Dean admitted, then shrugged. "But, to be honest, sometimes I miss the bright lights and night life."

"You've only been here a couple weeks. Hell, the Fall term is just starting. You already feeling antsy?"

"Um. Sometimes, maybe a little." He wet his lips self-consciously. "Uhh, Cliff, what about the 'social activities' Hermes advertises? I mean ... Well, it's an all-male college, and these guys must need ... You know."

"Sex?" Cliff answered casually. "It's fifteen miles to Brookhaven, and there's damn little action there. Or it's a couple of hours to the city, if they're one of the few lucky enough to have a car on campus. Sometimes the hypnosis I mentioned helps, but we can't hypnotize all of them, you know? Besides, most of 'em seem to manage just fine on their own. What do you think they do when they're horny?" He grinned and clapped Dean on the shoulder, buddy-like. "What did *you* do when you were a college student?"

"Shit, I guess every guy--uh ..." Dean frowned and turned toward the gym. "We'd better go keep an eye on them."

Cliff left his hand on the younger man's shoulder as they sauntered to the building, pulling it away only when they entered the locker room. The air was humid and scented with sweat and disinfectant, and the young athletes were milling about, joking and cursing and bullshitting, some stripping and heading for the showers, others already naked and returning wet-skinned and fresh-scrubbed.

"Man!" Cliff chuckled. "I always get a kick out of the way guys don't give a damn in the locker room. Maybe that's one reason I decided to go into coaching."

Dean looked surprised for a moment, and then he smiled easily. "Yeah, I know what you mean," he agreed. "There's something about horsing around, and a good hot shower after a workout--" He glared at a tall, lean naked youth bent over at one of the locker-lined walls. "Bill! Pick up that towel, dammit!"

"Yes, sir!" The bare-assed athlete snatched up the towel he had dropped on the aisle floor, and he straightened again, frowning. "Sorry. Don't get pissed at me, Dean."

"I'm not pissed--I just don't want you leaving the place a mess." Dean looked away, trying to hide a smile. "Shit, get dressed and haul your ass outta here, Bill. See ya tomorrow."

"Sure, Dean!" Bill nodded eagerly. "Anything you say, Dean!"

"Hey," Cliff murmured, elbow-nudging Dean in the ribs, "looks like Bill's got himself a case of hero-worship."

"Huh? What makes you think so?"

"The way he snapped his ass into gear when you bawled him out. The way he looked at you. What he said about 'anything you say, Dean.' He probably knows you were one of State's best players before you graduated; maybe he even went to see you play a time or two. He looks up to you. Yeah, I bet he really *would* do anything you say, know what I mean?"

"I--uh--I don't think so?"

"You'll get used to it if you stick around here. Hell, when I was Bill's age, there was nothing I wouldn't have done for my coach. Nothing." Cliff spotted a compact-bodied blond tromping out of the showers and toward them, naked except for the towel cinched around his waist. "How's it going, Robby?"

"Fuck ya!" the young athlete grouched when he looked up and saw them. "Yer an asshole, Cliff!"

"Still pissed off at me, buddy?"

"Damn right I am!" He pulled the towel knot tighter at his hip, still glaring at the man. "Both fer what ya did, an' 'cause ya knew them Stallions was gonna jump me after, when they seen what ya did."

"That's what you get for screwing up." To Dean, Cliff added, "Robby was fucking off yesterday, and I had to discipline him, paddled his ass a few times."

"Crap!--That's not all ya did, an' ya know it! The paddling weren't nothing. But that other stuff? Ya practically served me up to them." Robby shifted his gaze to Dean and almost grinned. "Must be hell fer ya, havin' to work with a bastard like Cliff!"

"Aw, Robby," Cliff began as he pulled the silver pendant out from under the neckline of his T-shirt. "Don't be like that. I know you don't want to stay angry at me." Robby's attention shifted back to Cliff, and the youth's eyes locked onto the pendant as Cliff made it turn slowly back and forth at the end of a few inches of chain. "Just let the anger go, Robby. Just relax."

The blond youth's mouth worked as if he started to say something but his eyes never left the pendant.

"I know you want to let the anger go, Robby. Maybe the anger feels like a warm, red liquid. And maybe you feel it start to flow, just kind of drip and flow, a little trickling down your neck, down your shoulders, down your arms, dripping off your fingertips, and disappearing. Maybe the anger is draining away, slowly but surely, and taking all your tension with it, leaving you relaxed."

Cliff noted with satisfaction, out of the corner of his eye, how intently Dean was watching this display now that he had realized what Cliff was doing to the athlete. He knew Dean was absorbing every detail: the way Robby swayed a little as Cliff continued to talk, soft and low, how his eyelids were already drooping, and the way Robby had not looked away from the pendant. Cliff saw Dean take note of the ridge rising in the crotch of Robby's towel, a nice-sized lump starting to push the terrycloth forward.

"That's it. All the anger is draining away. All the tension, draining away. Just relax and let it happen. Just relax and focus. Focus and let yourself sink back into that relaxing hypnosis you enjoyed last time. Relax.

Focus ... Hey, Mike, come over here a second."

A shirtless athlete in jeans and running shoes, his hair still shower-damp, appeared beside Robby. "Yeah, Cliff?"

"Robby here is feeling all relaxed and horny. Why don't you take him into the storage room and help him out."

Mike grinned like a wolf. "Sure thing, Cliff." He put his arm around Robby's shoulders and turned the toweled body. "Focus on my voice, Robby. I'm gonna help you feel real good ..." Mike guided Robby away.

"What was *the fuck* was that all about?" Dean hissed after a long moment. "What was that? Did you just hypnotize him?"

"Yeah. Robby's got some growing-up to do." Cliff watched Mike and Robby disappear into the far end of the locker room. "He's learning, though. He'll shape up. The Stallions will help keep him in line."

"Fuck! That was ... I've never ... Damn, that was kind of intense!"

Cliff shrugged, tucking away the pendant into his T-shirt collar. "You'll get used to it. Maybe I'll even teach you how."

"I--Fuck!" Dean clamped his mouth shut for a moment and thought hard, then changed the subject with: "Who are these 'Stallions'?"

"A sort of fraternity. Mostly athletes. Lettermen. Big deal." He shrugged, unconcerned. "When they see a guy's tail is paddle-hot, they usually like to add a few licks of their own. And when they have a guy hypnotized?--Man, that's something to see!" He snorted. "Yeah, Mike'll take good care of him. Hell, Robby's lucky the Inner Circle didn't get him."

"The 'Inner Circle'?"

"The big wheels of the Stallions," Cliff explained. "They're a bunch of cocky bastards, but they're well-trained and they toe the line; they help keep the other guys in line. Only guys who've been through the initiation know who the members of the Inner Circle are." He turned back to Dean, grinning. "I guess that's one of the 'social activities' Hermes doesn't advertise."

"Yeah, uh, I guess so." Dean stared down at the floor, watching the toe of his shoe scrape the slick cement. "What did the Stallions make Robby do yesterday? After you hypnotized him, I mean."

"Officially?--I didn't see a thing. Unofficially?--Probably just a little, you know, sex. Maybe they made him give them hand-jobs, maybe a couple of blow-jobs. Nothing he hadn't done before, I bet, and nothing he wasn't willing to do again." Cliff noted the way Dean sucked in a fast breath. Still smiling, Cliff started down the main aisle of the locker room. "C'mon. Let's close up and have a drink before we get out of our work duds."

"Yeah. I could sure use a drink."

This was becoming their routine at the end of most days. The two men swaggered the length of the locker room, kidding the youths and hurrying them along, and then they turned down the white-tiled corridor leading to the showers. The towel area at one side and the latrine opposite were empty, but the sound of

gushing water came from the shower room, and they checked it automatically. A black-haired athlete of about twenty-two stood alone, facing one of the sprays and soaping himself lazily. His wide shoulders blended into the bronzed, muscled hills and valleys of his tapering back, and the trim curves of his olive-pale ass were smooth and glistening. "Hey, Link," Cliff called to the youth. "About finished?"

"Hell, no." He glanced over one shoulder at the two men, slicking his damp hair back off his wide forehead, and a broad smile lit his handsome, masculine features. "You bastards made me work up a real sweat today." He turned to face them and centered his attention on Dean. "How's it going?"

"Okay," Dean answered. "Hurry it up, huh?"

Link seemed to ignore the men while he lathered the sharply etched plates of his chest, as if he were displaying his nude body for their appreciation. A few strands of black silk licked outward from between his pecs toward the oblong, dark nipples at each side, and the strip of untanned flesh at his hips emphasized their slimness. Looking down, he watched his fingers trickle over his taut, flat abdomen to his loose -swinging cock, and he flipped the limp column to one side as he washed his bulging testicles.

"Dean and I are going to clean up," Cliff said casually. "Make sure the guys don't leave the locker room a mess, will'ya, Link."

"Sure." He gripped his prick and soaped it openly, drawing his fist forward and back and making the crimson head expand between his fingers. "Don't I always see to it that everything's in top shape?"

"Shit," Cliff muttered and turned to head back down the passageway, Dean following, and when they were out of earshot, Cliff chortled. "That Link's a damned show-off."

"He's a good-looking guy, and a good athlete too."

"That isn't what he was showing off, and you know it," Cliff chuckled as they started across the locker room toward the door marked *Staff Only*. "He's hung like few men and he knows it."

"I--I guess so."

"Yeah." Cliff opened the door, and they entered an office-lined hallway. "And he's got most of the guys here at Hermes swinging on that dick of his."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Sucking and fucking." He went into a sunlit office labeled *Asst Coach* and crossed to the desk in the corner as Dean closed the door behind them. "I caught him getting a blow-job in the showers last week."

"What did you do? Paddle his butt?"

"Hell, no. What for?" Cliff sat and brought a whiskey bottle and two glasses from the bottom drawer of the desk. "I figured Link wasn't raping the other guy or anything like that. Also, it was kind of wild, watching him feed all that meat to a cock-sucker." He splashed liquor into the glasses and offered one to Dean. "Ever see a stud get his rocks off?"

"I dunno," Dean answered warily. "Maybe."

"Like I said, Link's a show-off." Cliff tasted his drink and leaned back. "Shit, most guys get their rocks off

together in school, especially out here in the boondocks at Hermes. Jerking off. 'Sexual experimentation.' Getting sucked." He laughed to himself. "I sure as hell remember my first blow-job. Believe it or not, it was my football coach when I was in college."

"What!--Honest?"

"No lie. My freshman year, and I was working my ass off to prove I could play college ball. We had a night game upstate so the team stayed overnight at a hotel, and the coach booked me as his roommate. I thought he was king of the world--you know how kids idolize their coaches--and when we hit the sack, he started talking about sex and how I was a grown-up man with a man's needs, and all that. And he started playing around, you know, giving me a rubdown, getting me relaxed, and getting me turned on." Cliff turned toward the window, his back to Dean. "And then he went down on me."

"Fucking hell!"

"Shit, I didn't mind. As a matter of fact, it was sort of special, having the coach be the first to give me a blow-job and take me off that way." He sipped again, slowly, in no rush. "How about your first blow-job, Dean?"

"It sure wasn't with my coach!" Dean exclaimed, breaking his usual reserve; he paused to drink, then shrugged. "Okay, so most guys experiment in college."

"Sure."

"There was this guy," he went on. "Pete. He was a senior when I was a freshman. We lived in the same dorm, and we got to be buddies. And we'd, you know, jerk each other off after class sometimes. And one afternoon, he showed up with this pal of his. And when we'd all stripped down and started to jerk each other, Pete said this other guy would suck me if I wanted him to. So I said yeah, and that was my first." Dean gulped on his drink. "Then he and Pete sixty-nined. No sweat, know what I mean?"

"You bet." Cliff raised his T-shirt with one hand and rubbed his palm over his flat, hair-sprayed belly. "The second time we had a night game and stayed overnight, I went down on the coach. He was real neat about showing me how, and when I finally got his load, I sure felt proud." He chuckled, still gazing out the window. "I bet I was pretty lousy at sucking until I got the hang of it, but he never let on."

"He must've been a good guy."

"He knew I didn't know shit about sucking cock, that's for sure." He paused, then, "How about your buddy Pete?"

"Christ, I barely got his dick in my mouth before he creamed," Dean blurted, and then he blushed at what he had unintentionally revealed. He nodded, deciding to own up to what he had said. He reached down to tug the front of his sweatpants. "He was a real horny guy."

"What kid isn't at that age? Eighteen, twenty--a guy's balls are hormone factories working overtime, keeping him horny all the time." Cliff emptied his glass and swung back, putting it on the desk. "I don't know about you, but I still am."

"I ... I guess I am, too."

"My coach used to joke about how I was always ready to get my rocks off. We ended up doing just about

everything before I graduated."

"Everything?"

"You know it," Cliff chuckled. "I sure remember when he popped my butt-cherry."

"You mean, he--he fucked your ass?"

"Yeah. We were shacked up in a hotel room together the night we won the big away game, and maybe he hypnotized me or maybe it was just the booze we drank celebrating, but I woke up to find him slipping his meat into my tail." Cliff peeled off his shirt and wiped it over his solid shoulders and the golden peach fuzz washing his powerful chest. "Shower time, pal."

"Hell," Dean muttered, then, "Okay." He watched the handsome blond assistant coach untie the drawstring holding his sweatpants. "That coach of yours, he was pretty rough on your ass?"

"Shit! He knew I was ready to try it. And he used plenty of lubricant. He went real slow and easy that first time; but later on, both of us humped each other like rabbits. He fucked me; I fucked him." He hooked his thumbs inside his jock-strap and drove it down with his pants, hunching forward to tug the clothing from his ankles. "Who plugged you the first time? Was it Pete?"

"No. It ... He was a different guy at college." He saw Cliff straighten, naked, his mature genitals dangling from his wire-haired crotch, and Dean swallowed hard before he continued with man-to-man frankness. "We pledged the same fraternity, and after initiation, we both got shit-faced drunk. We were up in his room, and he told me to drop my pants and bend over so he could check the paddle marks on my butt." His voice dropped to an intimate murmur. "I was too wasted to say no, so I did what he said. He must've already lubed his rod 'cause he slid it into me. Shit, it hurt like fucking hell at first, and then ... Well, you know."

"You liked it?"

"Sort of, I guess." Dean swallowed. "No, not really--not that first time. Hurt too damn much." He finished his drink in a gulp. "Hell, the next day, he apologized and said I could even the score, so I screwed his tail. I liked that. We kept on fucking each other every chance we got, and I learned to like it once I got used to it. Liked it a lot. We ended up being roommates and fuck-buddies until we graduated."

"That's why you got all interested in a neat little ass like Link's, huh?" nude Cliff snickered and sauntered toward the door without waiting for an answer. "C'mon."

They walked down the hall in silence, and Cliff led the way, his relaxed cock swinging, into a small dressing room. He continued on to the shower alcove, pausing at the entry to glance back, and he wet his lips as he saw Dean tugging off his shirt at one of the lockers, then smiled to himself.

Shower sprays jutted from each of the tiled walls, and Cliff chose one at the side, set the temperature, and stepped beneath it. Eyes closed, he turned and twisted, drenching himself, and he heard Dean come in and start the shower opposite. He blinked and palmed his brawny nakedness, picked up a bar of soap from the wall holder and began lathering himself, and finally he turned to face the other man. Dean had a trim, athletic build, solid and well-muscled, and his hard-arched chest was dusted with finely spun brown hair. A band of untanned flesh from his shorts marked his hips, and his lean prick hung over his crinkle-sacked testicles. Dean had his gaze fixed on Cliff. "What're you staring at?" Cliff asked, unconcerned.

"I was just thinking, you know, about when you came up to State to talk to me about coaching here at Hermes." He grabbed a bar of soap and hunched forward to lather his burly thighs. "I had interviews with guys from a couple of other schools, but they were more like typical 'sit in a room someplace and talk' interviews after practice. You were the only one who got naked and talked to me in the gym showers. I remember you had on that pendant. The one you just used to--you know--with Robby. Coach wears one like it, too. What's it mean?"

Cliff fingered the silver medallion, approximately half an inch across. "It's modeled after a Greek coin, with an image of the god Hermes on the front."

"Oh, like the school?"

"Yeah, kind of, but it goes deeper. Hermes was the god of transitions, of changing from one place or condition to another. He was the patron of academics but he also invented athletic sports like wrestling and boxing. He was the patron of initiations too, especially initiations into manhood. He was the god of intelligence and oration and using words to get what you want. And isn't that what hypnosis is?--A way to use words to cross barriers and get a guy to go along with what you want and toe the line?"

"I guess." Dean thought a moment. "Back at State, you didn't try to hypnotize me with it, did you?"

"In the showers?" Cliff shrugged noncommittally. "Even if I did, I couldn't have done much, what with it being your first time and the possibility somebody might walk in on us. Maybe I joined you in the showers because I figured we'd talk more straight-out if we were stripped down together." He grinned at Dean's masculine nakedness for a long moment. "You've got nothing to be shy about, pal."

Dean blushed a little. "Neither do you."

"On the other hand, you aren't a show-off like Link."

"I might be if I was horse-hung like he is."

"I thought you were too busy checking his ass to notice his meat," Cliff teased, amused at the way Dean was admitting more and more about his interest in man-sex. "You got plans for the weekend? Maybe you should come up to Coach's cabin with us."

"Oh? What's going on this weekend?"

"We're taking the Inner Circle of the Stallions. Give 'em all a chance to relax and have some cut-loose time. You know: Get 'em away from campus for the weekend; get 'em out in the woods where they can blow off some steam. There'll be a bunch of sunburned butts and worn-out studs come Monday."

"Yeah?"

"Hell, that's what I mean about 'cut-loose time.' The cabin's back in the hills where nobody can see what's happening, so we all strip down and have a ball. Booze. Sex. You name it."

Cliff ducked back beneath the shower spray, rinsed off, then headed for the dressing area. He grabbed a towel from the stack outside the shower alcove and began drying off, and he smiled to himself again, sure of what he was doing.

Dean came from the showers to towel off, and Cliff noted that the young man's prick was partially puffed.



"Cliff--uhh--about this weekend at Coach's cabin. Who's going to be there?"

"Coach. Me. The Inner Circle. Some of the new guys that the Stallions want to induct as members. We're gonna get the new guys initiated; get 'em broke-in right."

"Will Link be there?"

"Maybe." Cliff dried his genitals lazily. "You have to go through an initiation before you find out who's in the Inner Circle."

"Hell, I didn't mind my fraternity initiation at State."

"This one'll be more like your session with your buddy afterward. The initiation might involve getting hypnotized too. Think you can handle it?"

"Uh," Dean started but paused. A moment passed, and then, quieter, "Yeah, I can handle it."

Cliff, grinning, reached out and grasped Dean's cock without shyness. Dean jumped, startled, but didn't pull away. Cliff snickered, "Those horny studs'll wear you out, pal. And vice-versa." He felt Dean's nice-sized shaft begin to stiffen.

"Shit!" Dean hesitated, then let his hand move forward to grip Cliff's prick, and his voice thickened with sex-hunger. "How about, you know, how about a little action right now?"

"Better save it for the weekend," Cliff said, letting go, stepping back, and he wrapped his towel about his hips as he started toward the doorway. "I'll let Coach know you're coming along."

"Tell me something, Cliff. Where'd you go to college?"

"Right here at Hermes."

"And the coach you were telling me about, the one who hypnotized you and fucked you? He's still here?"

"You're getting the picture, buddy." He glanced back, smiling at Dean's muscular nakedness and half-erect prick. "Take your vitamins. You're going to need all the strength you can get this weekend!"

"Damn!"

Chuckling to himself, towel-clad Cliff sauntered from the dressing area and down the hall to the door marked *Coach*. He knocked, then entered. Venetian blinds were closed over the windows, leaving the large office in shadows, and a thick-chested man sat behind the cleared desk, his features harsh and weathered, his dark hair streaked with gray.

"How's it going, Coach?" Cliff asked as he closed the door behind him.

"Link and I've been going over the details for this weekend," the man answered, nodding to the handsome, bare-chested athlete slouched in the chair opposite. "Where've you been?"

"Showering with Dean. Add him to the list. I talked him into coming along."

"You checked him out?"

"Yeah." Cliff grinned at the rugged-built coach. "I told him how you raped me when I was a student here."

"Shit, if that was rape, it was a two-way street!"

"Anyway, Dean knows the score. He's willing--fucking, hypnosis, the whole deal." Cliff turned to Link. "He thinks you're a sexy stud, buddy. He's hot for your ass."

"It's going to be his ass, if he shows up this weekend," Link said, blinking as if he had just awakened and pawing the crotch of his low-slung jeans. "He didn't mind staring at my dick either, when I was in the showers, right?"

"And you sure didn't mind showing it off," Cliff answered. "That's what I told him, that you're a damn show-off."

"Says the man who comes strutting in here wearing just a towel? Besides"--Link flexed an arm to display a bicep--"you never had any objections to me showing off a little before."

"Hell, no." He laughed and reached over to muss the youth's hair playfully, then sobered. "Better plan an extra-special initiation for Dean. From what he said, he'll be ready and willing for plenty of action."

"Right. You hypnotized him yet?"

"Naw. But I've tested him for suggestibility, and he's done real well. I think he's ripe for the pickin'. Get him horny, and it won't take much to put him under real deep, first time or not."

"I ...," Coach muttered, leering, swinging to his feet and striding toward the door, "... think I'll go see if Dean wants a ride home. Lock up when you leave."

"Sure," Cliff said carefully as he watched the man exit. Then he shifted back to Link. "Coach's horny. Didn't he give you his load while I was with Dean?"

"Yeah, he had me under until right before you came in, and I gave him a real nice blow-job. But he's like you." Link stood up and stretched, his trim, shirtless physique glistening in the dulled light. "The first time just gets him started." He crossed to the door and flipped the lock. "You trade cum with Dean?"

"No. I told him to save his load for you Stallions--but it sounds like Coach has other plans." Cliff looked pointedly at the handsome youth, but one corner of his mouth crooked into a smile. "What're you doing, buddy?"

"One guess." Link continuing to unfasten his jeans. "You came in here wearing nothing but a towel 'cause you're horny and you were hoping Coach would hypnotize you and take your load. You may act all bad-ass but you get horned-up just like the rest of us. Well, I can take care of that load for you. Besides, you and I've never fucked in Coach's office, just the two of us."

Link peeled off his pants, and his cock snapped free, full-hard and glowing with heat. The shaft had grown thicker and longer, and Cliff grinned at its potent stiffness. "Blowing Coach must've gotten you turned on, Link."

"Everything gets me turned on." He stepped up in front of Cliff and ran his palms over the man's solid, silk-slicked chest. "Especially you, damn it."

"Likewise."

"Remember the first time, you and me? You stuck your head in the shower room while I was soaping up and yelled at me to get my ass into your office pronto, and all I had time to do was grab a towel and wrap it around me, like the one you're wearing right now." His gaze met and held Cliff's, as Link rubbed his hands downward to the terrycloth at Cliff's hips, unknotted it, let it drop.

"I remember," Cliff said. "I remember every time we've gotten our rocks off together."

"You pulled me into your office and shut the door, and I was scared shitless. I thought you were gonna bawl me out because I'd fucked up real bad somehow. You started talking to me all soft and low, and holding out that damn pendant--and the next thing I knew, you had me in a trance and I was on my knees, and you were pulling down your jock-strap. Hell, if I hadn't been hypnotized, I damn near would have shit when I first saw the size of your hard-on, Cliff." Without shifting his eyes, Link let his fingers trickle into the man's wire-haired crotch and enclose his rigid prick. "Soft, you look about average, but when you get hard-up, you throw a real giant. I wonder what'd happen if my dick swelled up that much."

"You'd probably trip over it and break a leg every time you got an erection."

"That'd be every time I match peckers with you, like now, and every time we strip down together, and every time we--" He took a fast breath and dropped to his knees. "Do it, Cliff," Link said, voice tight with intensity. "Do it like you did that first time."

"You're *already* on your knees," Cliff teased, remembering the first time. Link had been a freshman, new to the team and puppy-eager to please the coaches. A little alcohol and man-direct comradery had relaxed the young athlete, and then Cliff's voice, coaxing and cajoling, had finished the job of hypnotizing him. But unlike Cliff's first time, Link had been no virgin to man-on-man sex, definitely not, not with the way he used his tongue to--

"You know what I mean," Link wheedled, pulling Cliff out of the memory. Please?"

Cliff pulled the coin-sized pendant away from his chest, held it out in the air above Link's hungry eyes. "Relax," he told Link, and, "Focus." Link grinned, eager and expectant.

Without hurrying, Cliff coaxed the naked jock, letting his voice seduce Link, walking him through the induction, guiding, instructing. "Sleepy-eyelids starting to close."

Cliff admired again the smooth skin of Link's wide shoulders as the jock knelt there in front of him, the muscled arms and solid chest. The youth's upturned expression, half-closed eyes locked on the pendant-coin, said he was practically begging to be hypnotized. "Breathe deeply; let yourself sink."

The image of Hermes on the silver pendant caught the dim light as it turned. Cliff wanted very much to have the youth hypnotized, but he took his time, guided the athlete with a steady, easy cadence. "Relaxing more completely."

Cliff looked further down to Link's slim waist. If he leaned forward, Cliff knew, he'd see Link's neat, tight rear; out of all the college's athletes, Link's ass was the best. "Relaxing, letting go."

Cliff saw Link's cock jutting at full-mast, almost a perfect cylinder, smooth as ivory, slick as glass, capped by the pink-red glans that came almost to a point at the tip. Soon, that erection would be spitting its cum, but not

yet. Soon, but not yet. "Calm, ready for peaceful, obedient sleep."

Sureness. Confidence. Cliff's voice betrayed little of the sex-hunger that kept his cock stiff. He wanted his voice to convey that he was in control, that Link should obey. "Perfect relaxation, deeply asleep, deeply hypnotized."

Link wanted this, wanted it badly. Cliff liked being able to lead him into trance and give him this experience. Liked knowing the athletic stud was practically begging for what would come next. "Ready to obey; ready to suck my dick. Suck my dick, Link."

Link's hand moved slowly, gripped the base of Cliff's cock-spear, and steered the red-amber head to his lips. Link nibbled at the tip, sucked the droplet of pre-cum into his mouth, tongue-washed the gleaming crown, caressed the vein-marked shaft, turned it so that he covered every inch, finally drew the rigid column into his mouth slowly, willingly, deeper, all the way.

Cliff took a deep breath and locked Link's head in his hands, holding him face-pressed to his groin for a long moment, and then he pressured the youth down on his back on the carpeted floor, kneeling across his chest with his stiff iron still partially buried in the warm, spit-swirling mouth. Link looked up, his eyes half-closed. "Suck me," Cliff ordered, and Link wrapped his arms about the man's hips and raised himself, consuming the powerful tool once more.

"Damn show-off!" Cliff snickered, mussing Link's hair. He moaned as Link worshipped his cock for a few minutes, and then Cliff eased from over the young athlete, keeping his prick between the clenching lips as he twisted to lie on his side, their bodies facing each other, head to crotch. "Hell, your horny meat needs as much action as mine does. That's it--just keep sucking me."

Link's swollen cock lay back against the pale flatness of his belly, the glistening under-cord exposed and hard-etched, a dribble of clear liquid dangling from the arrow-shaped crown toward the shallow navel, and Cliff could not help admitting to himself that the young stud threw a beauty of a rod. Sure, he and Link had kidded about how they were hung, nothing serious, the way Cliff had joked with Coach when he was Link's age, easy-going, letting it happen, learning, loving.

Cliff eased forward and ran his lips over Link's exposed testicles, inhaling the fresh, warm scent of his maleness, and he let his tongue lap over the tightly sacked balls gently. He felt the youth shiver with pleasure, and he licked and sucked each potent nut, then the sharp-cut valley at each side, then the throbbing cock.

The two men locked together, each suctioning the other's prick rhythmically, and Cliff slid his arms about Link's waist, cupping the teenager's sleek ass cheeks in his palms and outlining the cleft between them with his fingertips.

Link gave a muffled grunt of ecstasy, and a short belch of cum shot into Cliff's mouth. The man tasted the musky liquid, swallowed it, and suctioned for more; and as the hot sperm poured out with increasingly heavy spurts, his own climax engulfed him. Cliff was drinking the kid's cum and shooting his own, sucking and getting sucked, like when he was Link's age and traded cum with Coach! *Yes!*

They held together long after they were both drained and even longer, and when they finally let go, they lay back head-to-toe, side by side.

"Cliff?" Link's voice was sleep-groggy, his trance still wearing off, waking up.

"Yeah?"

"That was great, huh?"

"Like always, buddy." Cliff reached over to toy with Link's relaxed genitals. "Want to shack up together at the cabin this weekend?"

"I'm counting on it." He twisted around to lie back with his head on Cliff's taut belly. "When we're done initiating Dean, I want to hit the sack with you and Coach."

"Oh? How come?"

"You guys dig each other, and I dig both of you," Link said thoughtfully. "When you were my age, you were hot for Coach, right? Well, it'll be like I'm sharing that when I'm sandwiched between the two of you."

"Shit," Cliff grumbled. "You're practically still a kid. A damn punk kid."

"I'm twenty-two--not a kid anymore. I'm graduating at the end of this year," Link grinned. "Sunday night, after everybody else leaves, I want us to stay over. Just you and me. We can come home Monday morning in plenty of time for class. Okay?"

"Okay." Cliff let his hand wander over Link's hard, hair-glazed chest. "Ready to fuck Dean's butt this weekend?"

"Sure. I haven't plugged a fresh ass in a while."

"How about Robby? He said you Stallions jumped him."

"A couple of the guys plowed his ass. I settled for a blow-job." Link shifted lazily. "We're going to initiate him into the Stallions this weekend."

"How come?"

"Well, you *did* steer him right at us, you horny bastard," Link grinned. "But he'll make a good Stallion. He's damn good sex. Real enthusiastic, a no-limits kind of guy. He'll probably get himself promoted into the Inner Circle by the time I graduate." He drew an audible breath. "Plus, Robby's got that rebellious streak that I know you'll enjoy taming with sex and hypnosis--"

"Just like I did with you?"

"Just like," Link acknowledged amiably. "He's a sophomore, so he'll be around for a few more years. He'll keep you busy, and he'll keep your cock worn out and your balls emptied while I'm off at grad school getting my coaching degree."

"Shit, buddy--"

"That's what you did for Coach when *you* got close to graduation time," Link said with sureness. "That's what he told me."

"He talks too damn much!" Cliff growled, and then he cooled, exhaling slowly. "Okay, so I tried to find a replacement. An extra-horny stud who'd, you know, keep Coach's balls drained real good while I was gone."

Until I finished grad school and came back."

"And when you came back?"

Cliff paused, then sighed. "We'd ... both changed. I guess that's a risk all the hypnosis and sex in the world can't prevent. Sure, I was still nuts about that son of a bitch--still am--but ... Well, I'd grown up." He let his fingers drift downward toward Link's exposed crotch. "Maybe the same thing'll happen to you."

"Maybe. Maybe not." The youth sounded doubtful, and then he squirmed to bring his genitals into the man's reaching hand. "Think there'll be a job for me coaching here at Hermes when I come back?"

"Probably." Cliff's fingers found the athlete's overheated prick, thick and strong and half-hard again already, and he chuckled. "Damn show-off!"

"Just like you!" Link snickered as he rolled around to lie flat on top of Cliff, cock-to-cock, and he embraced the brawny assistant coach hungrily. "Shit, I can hardly wait for this weekend. Initiating Dean. Blowing off some steam with the guys. Shacking up with Coach and you. And spending that last night together, just you and me!"

"You're asking for it," Cliff mock-threatened, rubbing his palms over Link's back and down to the slim, curved arcs of his ass. "When it's just you and me, you're going to get my dick up your butt all night long."

"I'm counting on it," Link replied, suddenly serious. "I want to spend the whole night with your fucking dick in my tail, and maybe with my dick up your ass a time or two, too. I wanna prove I can make you feel better than any other guy around."

"Show-off!"

"No, seriously--I love you, Cliff."

"Awww." He wrapped his arms about the eager young stud, closing his eyes and remembering when he had been Link's age and confessed the same thing to his coach. "I love you too, buddy. No matter what. Always, damn it!"

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