

Chemistry

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Something's going on in the Athletics Department--and how are two of the Chemistry Department's researchers involved?

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."

Copyright - 2024 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- <https://wrestlr.neocities.org/> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.mcstories.com/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

Chemistry

by Wrestlr

1. Devin and the Coach

Devin had been dreading that moment for weeks, since the first day of football practice. He'd been super-careful, but today had been a bad day and he screwed up, repeatedly--and not in a practice where he could make excuses, but in an actual game. Not just a couple of minor mistakes, either--he must have looked like a fucking five-year-old stumbling around out there on the football field. The cursing and hollering from the sidelines left no doubt about it: He knew Coach was *pissed* with him.

The new coach had Devin by the balls, and he could think of no way out. If he wanted to keep his scholarship, Devin knew he would just have to accept his fate, take whatever punishment the man decided to dish out.

As a black kid, growing up and coming out in a mostly white suburb, Devin had always felt a lack in himself, as though something important were missing. Back in high school, he mostly dated white guys, maybe

because he wanted the proximity to their white privilege and hoped some of it would rub off on him to fill that void. But he felt pressured by the white guys he dated to be a certain type of black man: the well-hung black sexual animal. As a teenager, Devin was well-endowed and always horny, so being the big black football jock-stud was an easy role for him to fill--but that role was never all there was to him, so being what they expected of him was fun when he and the other guy were getting their rocks off, and frustrating the rest of the time. As a black man, he had to take whatever opportunities he could get or make. Football was his chance to finally be the man he wanted to be. He loved football, and his skill at the sport earned him a scholarship. Maybe he'd turn pro for a few years, make some money doing what he loved. And if he didn't go pro, a college degree paid for by his scholarship would still be his opportunity to a better life. Either way, his entire college career and everything that would follow depended on keeping that scholarship, which meant he had to stay on the team at any cost, pay any price.

Devin knew he wasn't the first. Coach had singled out his roommate Serge a couple weeks before for some fuck-up or other. In fact, a lot of guys on the team had been punished, and rumor said the new coach had some unusual ideas about discipline. No one would talk about what that meant, which Devin thought was weird because usually secrets and gossip spread quickly through the team. Whatever the coach's methods were, the guys who'd been disciplined kept their mouths shut; still, the guys were easy to identify because they had each started wearing the little crystal pendants--maybe in solidarity?

Well, if his roommate could get through it, so could he, Devin decided. At first, he thought no one had noticed when he messed up in the game. But the yelling told him Coach had obviously seen. Then Devin fucked up again and again. The other players had covered for him during the plays because they were a team, and they still gained a few yards more than they lost. The team lost the game, but not because of Devin's screw-ups. Or at least he hoped Coach didn't blame the loss on him.

He wasn't surprised when Coach summoned him into the office for a post-game "conference." Devin had been at his locker when the summons came. The locker room atmosphere was muted because the team lost. Devin's body ached after the tough game, and he had been hoping to peel out of his gear, change into his street clothes, and sneak the hell out of there before Coach could take out his anger on him. Sit around bullshitting with his buddies while covertly appreciating his teammates' naked bodies as they tromped to and from the shower?--Not today. The bullshitting and showers were Devin's favorite parts of being on the team, but he was going to skip all that in order to escape sooner.

No, he had only managed to get the jersey and pads off the top of his body, his sweaty torso bare, still fully geared from the waist down, when the assistant coach tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Yo, Devin. Coach wants to see you. His office, right fucking now. Go."

Devin nodded his acknowledgement to the AC. Half of his teammates looked at Devin with pity. They all knew Coach was angry, and that meant Devin was in for some hard discipline and punishment. Some of the other guys, the ones who'd encountered Coach's discipline previously, the ones who wore the small crystal pendants, winked or smirked at him as he trudged for Coach's office.

When Devin knocked on the door, Coach barked, "Get in here, dammit." Devin entered humbly, closed the door behind himself. He'd take whatever punishment Coach dished out--anything to stay on the team.

The head coach was a white guy, forty-ish, built like a Marine Corps drill sergeant, and about as gruff. He sat behind his desk, and the assistant coach--everyone called him the *AC*--stood stiffly off to one side and behind him, his posture only a little looser than if he was a Marine standing at attention.

"What the fuck was that mess out there today, boy?" Coach grouched at Devin. The player bristled a little, reminded himself that Coach calling him *boy* wasn't racist--Coach called everybody *boy*, even the assistant coaches when he was pissed, and right then he was major-pissed. "You been lucky, made some little mistakes

along the way but nothing big until today. We nearly lost possession and a whole lotta yards because of you, and you can't always expect the other guys to be picking up the slack if you fuck up. You know it's your turn, and I've been waiting for this."

Devin tried not to react as he saw the big man reach under his desk to scratch at his genitals--or maybe play with himself. Was he getting off at squeezing Devin's balls in a metaphorical vice? Or ... Devin wondered if some of the nastier rumors were true, the ones that called Coach *Ol' Ass-Raper*. He had always thought those rumors were just a weird nickname, a euphemism for being tough, pushing his team hard. Devin shivered a little at the thought. No, surely not. Wouldn't his roommate Serge have told him if the coach ever tried anything sexual?--Surely Serge would've warned him!

Coach seemed to be waiting for an answer to some question Devin hadn't heard while he was distracted, so Devin gave an all-purpose answer: "Yes, sir?"

Coach sighed and rolled his eyes. "Sometimes I wonder why I even ... You thirsty? I am." He reached into the mini-refrigerator in the corner behind his desk, pulled out two small bottles of cola, placed one in front of Devin. Coach unscrewed the top of the other bottle and chug-a-lugged it.

Devin didn't normally drink colas--too much useless sugar--but he was really thirsty; he still needed to rehydrate after the long, sweaty game. Besides, he was afraid of angering Coach further by asking for water instead. A prima donna in cleats?--Not Devin! He reached for the bottle in front of him, heard the plastic teeth on the tamper band snap as he gave the cap a twist. He swallowed a mouthful of cola, then another. *Bleeh*. Definitely not a favorite. He set the cap and the bottle on Coach's otherwise bare desk. No need to ask whether he should look for something to put under the bottle--that desk looked pretty beaten-up already, and one more water ring would barely be noticed.

Coach's voice was hard, uncompromising: "Do you know what happens next?"

"Uh ... No, sir?"

"Good. That means your teammates been keeping their damn mouths shut, just like I told them. I hope you're not a wimp. Some of your teammates did nothing but beg and complain like little bitches at first, hoping I'd let them off easy. That shit just makes me mad. If you handle it like a man, everything'll be easier, because you'll have a real man taking care of you."

"Uh ..." Devin wondered what the fuck Coach meant. Coach's tone made him nervous, because every time a guy had said *take care of you* to Devin before, he'd meant it sexually--*Gonna take care of that black ass* or *please let me take care of your big black cock*--but Devin replied, "I'll try, sir."

"You can take off your pants now, or later. All the same to me."

What the fuck? So Coach meant his punishment to be a bare-ass paddling? Devin hadn't been spanked since he was a snot-nosed kid. And in front of the AC? All of that seemed more like a humiliation than a punishment--something a five-year-old or a fraternity pledge would have to endure, not a twenty-year-old football player--a grown-ass man! But if a paddling would get Coach's forgiveness and protect his place on the team and his scholarship, Devin would bend over and take the licks like a man. How bad could the spanking be? A sore ass for a day or so seemed a small price.

So Devin said, "I guess now, sir?"

"Ready to get on with it, huh? That's the spirit. Not that it matters too much, 'cause the drug will be kicking in any second now."

That surprised the shit out of Devin. "Uh ... What drug?"

"In your cola."

Devin frowned at the bottle. He had drunk about two-thirds of it already, but surely he remembered the anti-tamper seal breaking when he opened it?

Coach seemed to know what he was thinking. "You fucks are always so trusting," he said, shaking his head. "Hypodermic needle, stuck through the plastic near the bottle neck, right before you came in. Gets the drugs into the bottle but don't break the seal, so it don't tip you off, and don't leave a hole big enough to drip. The cola covers the taste."

Devin wondered what he should do. "I need to go ...," he began, but the thought was already floating away. Go where?--Get help?--Which way to a hospital to get his stomach pumped?--Could he get back to his locker, get his phone, and call an ambulance?

When he tried to stand, Coach's meaty hand clamped on Devin's bare shoulder, surprisingly strong, and pressed the player back into the chair. "No, boy, you definitely need to stay right there. Trust me on that," the man told Devin firmly. "You're not going anywhere 'til I say we're done."

Stay? Devin thought about that. He needed to stay on the football team, needed to stay in Coach's favor. And anyway, somehow he didn't feel too upset. In fact, he felt kind of light-headed, drifty, like what Coach said about a drug didn't bother him as much as it should have. And anyway, surely Coach wouldn't have given him anything harmful, right? Devin should trust Coach, like he said. Devin stopped trying to stand and let his body relax in the chair.

"The drug's a special mix. One of the big brains over in the Chemistry department dreamed it up. Hits kind of like Rohypnol, Thorazine, shit like that. Fast-acting. Don't knock you out, but it makes you real relaxed, real cooperative. You'll do pretty much what I say, which gets you started. That way when we get to the *real* fun part, the drug's already bypassed your resistance and the orders sink in faster and deeper." Coach picked up the bottle Devin had drunk from. He held it to Devin's mouth. "Now, drink the rest of it like a good boy," Coach grumbled, not like an angry authority but coaxing as though he were talking to a petulant child. "Drink up."

Devin felt the liquid touch his lips as Coach slowly tipped the bottle, and he opened his mouth. Wait, Devin wondered, why was he drinking something he knew was drugged? Because Coach said to, of course. Devin couldn't stop himself. The cola flowed in, and he swallowed and swallowed, and only a drop or two escaped to run down the corner of his mouth.

"Good boy. Drink it all."

When the last mouthful was gone, Coach pulled away the empty bottle and grinned triumphantly. "There. Got the full dose now."

Devin sat and stared at him. He felt ... well, relaxed but not relaxed exactly. Heavy. Too quiet to think or move, and the feeling was only getting stronger. *Still*. Yes, that's what he decided he felt: He felt still, as if he was floating on a lake or in a void somewhere far away from what was happening, though he was right there, just floating and, and the words Coach were saying were just tiny ripples on the surface of the vast, dark lake where he floated, the lake that separated him from the real world.

"Still with me, boy?" Coach snapped his fingers twice in front of Devin's face, and the jock's eyes drifted to stare at Coach's hand. "I said, get your pants and all the rest of your gear off."

Gear? Right. Devin was bare-chested but still wearing his uniform duds from the waist down, and Coach had already told him to get his pants off. How should he make that happen? Right--his shoes first. He tried to lift one leg, and his foot swam in the air before him. Devin reached for it, both hands, missed, tried again.

"Oh, for the love of--!" Gruff-talking Coach was in front of him, Devin's cleat anchored against a thigh as Coach untied Devin's shoe, tugged it off, then pulled his sock down and off. Devin wondered whether his post-game sweaty foot stank, though Coach didn't seem offended. Devin wanted to do something humorous like wiggle his toes, lighten the mood, but fine motor control seemed to be evading him right then.

"Now the other one." Coach dropped Devin's bare foot, held out his hand for the other one, which the player lifted. Coach untied, pulled off the shoe, sock too. Devin watched it happen from where his thoughts floated lazily.

"Pants too. Stand up."

Up? Up was ... which way? Move his torso, shift his weight. Straighten his knees and hips. There! Shaky, but Devin was standing up. Yeah!--he'd done it!

Devin watched as Coach's hands fumbled with the drawstring on his uniform pants. Something was wrong about having another man open the front of Devin's pants, but he was too occupied with trying to stay standing upright. Besides, vague thoughts flowed through Devin's head: ... *stay on the team ... any cost ... take any punishment ... whatever Coach wants ...*

Coach pulled Devin's pants and jock-strap to his knees. Devin felt the man's hands on his shoulders, turning him, then a downward pressure. "Sit," Coach ordered, and Devin's knees buckled and his body sat solidly back into the chair. Coach knelt and Devin felt his feet lifted one at a time, his pants and jock sliding off one foot, then the other, and then he sat naked before the demanding older man. Should Devin hide his junk with his hands, he wondered, or just leave everything out on display? Coach and the AC had seen him naked before, and anyway his hands felt far too heavy to move, so Devin let that decision slip away.

Coach sat on the edge of his desk. "The drug got you started, boy, so let's get you the rest of the way." He gestured at the AC and ordered, "You, make yourself useful. Put the whammy on him."

The AC until now hadn't done or said anything, but now he looked at Devin and came closer. Something about him seemed stiff to Devin, like the man wasn't himself, moving like a sleepwalker. "Pay attention. Are you ready to be hypnotized?"

The word slipped past Devin, but he felt my awareness focusing on the AC, and he heard himself repeating, "Hyp ...tizzze ..."

"Yes. The drug makes you suggestible, so techniques like hypnosis can wrap around your mind faster. Don't worry. Your part is easy." The AC reached for a something. "I want you to do two things. I want you to count the number of seconds--one Mississippi, two Mississippi--until I say to stop, and I want you to look as deep as you can into this." He held up a thin silver necklace chain, an inch-long clear crystal dangling from it. "Look deep into it, and maybe you'll be able to see your ideal self. Maybe your ideal self is sitting in a chair just like you are, or kneeling on the floor, but you gotta look deep to see him."

The crystal started to sway back and forth, not fast, and Devin had to concentrate to keep trying to see the image the AC said was in it. *One Mississippi ...*

"That's it. Concentrate and count. Quiet and passive. Concentrate on the crystal. Sleepytime is coming. I know you're tired. Take a deep breath and keep concentrating, keep counting. That's good. Exhale slowly. Sleepytime is coming."

Ten Mississippi ... Eleven

"That's it. I know you're tired. So tired. Sleepy. But stay awake and concentrate. Stay awake as long as you can. Take a deep breath ... Yeah. Exhale slowly. Getting sleepy but try to stay awake. Sleepytime is coming."

Twenty-two Mississippi ... Twenty-three

"Yes, you're getting the hang of it. You might've been a royal fuck-up out there on the field, but you're doing pretty well. Are your eyes getting tired? Maybe they're starting to close? Yeah, you're really tired. Sleepytime is coming. Keep concentrating and counting as long as you can, even if your eyes want to close. You can do that, right? You're tired, maybe sleepy, and I know your eyes want to close, and that's okay--you can keep counting; keep trying to see the ideal you in your mind's eye even if your eyes close. I can tell you're slowing down, getting harder to count, getting sleepy, getting ready for your eyes to close."

Devin felt as though he was counting slower and slower, having trouble remembering which number came next. *Fifty-six Mississippi ... Fifty ... Fifty-seven Mississippi* All he knew was he needed to keep counting, keep concentrating, matter how tired he felt. He could almost see it inside that crystal, a little image of himself. *Sixty Mississippi ... Sixty-one Mississippi*

"You're going well. Just let your eyelids close if they must. You can still count, still keep trying to see the ideal you in your mind's eye. You don't need your eyes open to see that. Just let them close. That's it. That's the way. Just leave them closed until I say to open them. There. So much better with your eyes closed, right? It feels just like falling asleep at the end of a hard, tiring day. You're very tired. Falling asleep sure would feel good, right? Just let your body relax; let your mind relax, too. You can keep counting or stop, whichever you want. Let your mind drift, drift toward sleep. So tired. So sleepy. Falling asleep, aren't you. That's fine. That's how you're supposed to feel. You can just let go and drift down. Let yourself drift all the way down, deeper and deeper into sleep. Nothing else matters except my voice, guiding you into sleep. Relax deeper. Drift deeper.

What number was next? Devin couldn't remember. He felt as though he was hovering at the brink of something. *Mississippi ... Missi ... Mississippi*

"Do you feel it? Maybe a pleasant tingling sensation in your toes or your fingers--feel it growing. Just a pleasant tingling sensation, growing stronger, spreading through your whole body, a pleasant tingle of total and complete relaxation. You're so relaxed. Drifting. So ready for sleep. Sleepytime is here. It's time for sleep. Exhale deeply and let yourself just sink into ..."

Later, when Coach's voice told him to, Devin managed to pry his eyes open. He wasn't asleep anymore, but he wasn't sure he was awake, either. Coach leaned over him, leering; Coach had taken off his shirt, and one hand griped Devin's bare shoulder. Somehow, Coach's grip and his presence were strangely comforting. Devin felt his cock twitch but didn't know why. The AC was gone. Devin's clothes were gone--he was naked--oh, right, Coach had stripped him earlier. No problem there; Coach had seen him naked lots of times. Devin's cock felt plump, not erect, but interested in something and pleasantly part-aroused. He wasn't sure how much time had passed; he felt oddly numb and tingly at the same time. His mind seemed to spin slowly, with thoughts floating in and out. He couldn't seem to hold a thought for more than a second before it drifted out into oblivion. Being unable to hold only a thought for long also meant he couldn't hold on to any cares or worries. This thought-less, care-less state felt, well, nice. Devin wanted to feel that way all the time. He had thought Coach was angry before, but why? Somehow he couldn't remember. Coach seemed pleased with Devin now, so maybe everything was all right again?

"Well done, boy," Coach said, grinning wider. "You've got a real knack for this kind of training. Did you enjoy that?"

Devin nodded, not really able to focus on why or decipher what had just happened. He didn't feel quite awake, not yet, but he wasn't really asleep anymore, not like he had been just a minute ago. All he knew was he had been floating and sleeping, sleeping deeper than he'd ever slept before, and Coach's voice or maybe the AC's voice and a bunch of words had streamed through his mind, words he didn't really remember or comprehend, but somehow he simply knew he'd understood and accepted them.

"Just relax. You're going great. You still feeling sleepy? Yeah? Good, 'cause you know what time it is?" Coach lifted the crystal pendant back into my line of sight and Devin's gaze went to it and into it. It's *sleepytime*, boy ..."

A tiny bit of Devin's mind was like *What's going on*, but the rest knew what Coach's words meant. He closed his eyes and let himself sink and drift again.

Devin floated for a while. When Coach told him to open his eyes again, Coach was standing really close, practically straddling Devin, and his body pulled back. Coach was naked, his cock erect, average-sized for a white guy, veiny, bobbing with arousal in the air; something wet made it shine. Devin's mouth was open, slack, and his jaw ached. He had a familiar male taste in his mouth. He had been sucking Coach's cock. He'd been doing a good job, the best job he could, wanting to make Coach feel good, make up for being a fuck-up earlier.

"Yeah," Coach was saying quietly, his thumb caressing something liquid at the corner of Devin's mouth, "you're too good at that--definitely not your first time sucking cock, is it." He smiled, sounded pleased, gloating a little maybe? Through the haze in Devin's head, he smiled too, felt pleased to have pleased his coach. Devin wanted to please him more. The player's cock bobbed happily too. He was naked, horny as fuck, wanted to jack off, wanted to cum, but he knew he shouldn't touch his cock. Being horny made him want to do things, made him want to do whatever his coach said. Devin knew he must always do what his coach said, without question, without hesitation, no matter what.

"Come over here and get on your knees," Coach commanded, stepping back further. His cock stuck straight out, pointing at Devin. Coach gave it a quick, casual stroke. "You're going to suck my cock again. You're going to get it hard and juicy. Then I'm going to fuck your butt and teach you to think twice before you make stupid mistakes on the field again. You're learning your lesson good, but we gotta make sure it really sinks in, don't we."

Devin slid off the chair and knelt between the man's legs and moved his face into Coach's crotch. He could smell the sweat and funk already. He tried to breathe through his mouth so he wouldn't have to smell Coach's raw lust. Devin had sucked lots of white guys, made them feel good, and he was going to make Coach feel good, and he was going to stay on the team at any cost, and he was going to learn the special training, and--

"Chew on my cock. Eat it, you damn fuck-up. You know you don't deserve my cock, but I'm gonna give it to you anyway. The only thing you're good for is sucking some guy's cock and fucking up. Well, now you're going to suck so you'll remember not to fuck up. Most guys think this is a punishment, at least 'til they learn to like it, but you seem like you maybe enjoy it already. That's okay. As long as you learn the special training, that's the important part. Now, suck."

The coach pushed his cock-head forward and poked at Devin's mouth. Devin opened and took in the first few inches. The musky cock-and-sweat taste was strong. The whole thing was arousing in a weird way. He had always thought Coach was a good-looking, fit dude, but he had never thought much about his coach sexually, never imagined getting on his knees in front of the man.

Coach was growling, "Suck it. I know you want it, boy. A fuck-up like you?--Sucking a real man's dick is the only thing you're good for. I should make you suck the team's dicks all the time. I'm surprised you got time

for football with all the cock-sucking you probably do."

The coach forced Devin's head down hard. The thick head punched past Devin's tongue; the shaft followed. Inch after inch. Okay, that was uncomfortable, awkward, nearly shook him out of that lingering drifty state, and Devin had to struggle to hold on to it. He was supposed to learn how to hold on to it. He opened wider, and the penetration was easier. Coach continued to push, shoving his cock deeper into Devin's mouth. The player didn't usually like being treated this roughly, but what could he do? He needed to learn his lesson, learn the special training, take his punishment, prove he deserved to be on the team, prove he would obey every order and not fuck up again.

"Relax your throat, asshole. I want you to take it all the way. I want you to show me how good a cock-sucker you really are, and I better not feel any teeth."

Devin didn't mind sucking cock. The guys he had dated all said he was good at it. Given a chance he'd have shown the coach how good he could do it even if the older man wasn't making him. Coach had a nice piece of meat that Devin could have enjoyed sucking, vein-ridged and very hard, lots of crotch hair. Coach was making him suck, but so what? Coach's intended punishment wasn't that bad, not for Devin, and he would happily do what the coach told him in order to keep his place on the team.

Coach grabbed Devin behind his neck, pulled his head forward, driving that hard, fat rod as far as it could reach in Devin's throat. The player gagged a little but Coach didn't seem to care. Seemed like his goal as to get what he wanted and to hell with anyone and anything else. Coach didn't stop pushing until his dick was as deep as possible inside Devin's wet, clinging mouth and throat.

Devin looked up and watched Coach. The older man was in charge. Devin felt himself submit to this man completely, not just a letting-go of resistant but an intense, active acceptance, and he watched the coach's smile grow as the man realized what was changing in Devin. Something he or the AC had said before, when Devin was sleeping, floated up in the player's head: this feeling of submission was somehow almost as good as fucking. Yeah, it sure was.

"Oh, that's real good, boy. You like taking your coach's peter down your throat? You're good at it. Hardly gagging at all. Now I'm going to pull out and let you breathe. But you'd better be quick because it's not going to be out for long." He eased back and Devin's head came up long enough to catch a quick breath before he forced Devin's mouth back down on his hard dick. Over and over he did this, penetrating as deep as possible with each thrust. Devin was struggling. He had eaten bigger dicks, but no one had ever been this rough with him. Devin was barely able to get his lungs half full before the coach's meat was blocking off his air again. The player thought of pushing Coach away, but he couldn't make the man mad; Devin had to prove he had learned; he had to let that thought drift away. Devin could only kneel there and try to do the best sucking he could and hope the man was horny enough to pop soon--hope his coach would pop quickly and be done with him.

"You're too good," Coach gasped. He pushed Devin back off his dick. "I gotta to cool down. Almost shoot my load. We've got other things to do, you and me, before I give you my cum." His eyes raked over the player, paused on Devin's erection. "Hell, boy, you're enjoying this, ain't you? Your dick's as hard as mine." Coach reached for something on his desk, and then there was the crystal pendant again, in front of Devin's eyes. "That's good. Look into it just like that. You're doing good, boy. The more you relax, the deeper it locks in, right? You like it too, like it a lot. You like letting go. You like when it's *sleepytime*, don't you. Let's see what else ..." He said more, but Devin's eyes had already closed and he had already begun to sink back, heading deep into sleep.

When Devin drifted back to wakefulness, something was pushing at his body, a rhythmic *push-pause-push*. He was bent forward over Coach's desk, chest and face pressed against the ancient top, arms stretched out as

if reaching for the opposite side. A sharp pain-pressure in his ass told him what was going on--he was getting ass-fucked. A voice behind him growled, "Yeah, definitely ain't your first time, is it, punk?" That told him he was being fucked by Coach.

Another body moved beside him. Devin looked up. The Assistant Coach--the same one who'd summoned him to Coach's office. Devin had nearly forgotten about him. He was late-twenties, lithely muscled, and naked except for a little chain around his neck, a crystal pendant. He was hard-cocked, grinning vacantly as he watched Coach and his well-lubed cock fuck Devin's ass. The AC reached down and grabbed the player's rod, giving it a couple strokes. "Hey, Coach, I think Devin here likes getting fucked nearly as much as he likes sucking. You hypnotized me and made me hypnotize him, so you owe me."

"Don't owe you shit," Coach grumbled. "You do what I say, just like he does."

"Come on," the AC begged. "How about letting me take a turn at his ass?"

A sigh from behind him. "Oh, all right."

Devin felt Coach pull back, and the AC took his place behind the player, between his spread feet. Devin wasn't an ass-virgin but most of the white guys he had dated expected him to top, and he didn't have a lot of experience as the bottom, so part of him was afraid of the coaches' cocks in his butt. If the AC fucked his ass hard, it was sure going to hurt.

"Stay bent over the desk, boy," Coach growled as Devin saw him pass the lube bottle to the AC. "Just concentrate on feeling so good and obedient. You can't get enough dick, and you know a good fucking is just what you need. Say 'Yes, sir, Coach, I need to be fucked.'"

Devin wanted to beg them not to fuck him, to let him finish them off with suck-jobs instead. He wanted to promise to do a good job, make them feel really good. But somehow all he could do was try to repeat what Coach had ordered him to say--"Yzzir, C'uch, I need ... fuck'd"--though his mouth was unable to make words right, his arms and legs too heavy-limp to move. Devin moaned.

"Open your ass for him, Devin," Coach said as the AC poked his cock-head against Devin's hole. "Let's see if his dick in your black ass turns you on as much as mine did. Don't fight it, boy. If you want to play for me, you've got to play with me. You can get up and walk out of this room and leave this college, or you can relax, learn your new training, and let us fuck your tight little hole."

Devin had no choice. He had to take it. Part of him wanted to take it. He felt his body relax as if on its own.

"Good boy. Yeah, look at that hungry hole," Coach said. "He's gonna fuck you, and I bet you're gonna love it. Just think about how good it feels and don't think about anything else."

The AC pushed in, sharp and fast.

Devin gasped. From far away, it hurt. He wasn't prepared for the quick penetration.

With his cock in Devin's ass, the AC shifted his stance. He slid back from the player, stopping just before his cock would have popped out. With steady pressure the AC pushed through that ass again. To Devin, everything happening back there seemed to be so far away, almost like someone else was being fucked instead. The AC's cock came into Devin until his nuts pressed tightly against the player's ass-cheeks. Devin had been told he have a great ass--both great-looking and great to fuck. He was feeling pain; none of the others who'd fucked him had hurt too, but they hadn't plugged him this quickly. Some tiny part of him was almost ready to say to hell with everything when the AC showed a little common sense. He didn't move but let Devin get accustomed to being filled with a new piece of hard, hot meat. Slowly the burning pain turned

to a dull ache. Devin felt that resisting part of himself be made quieter, get pushed down into the deep relaxing depths that he floated on top of.

"You ready now?" one of them asked; Devin was too floaty to notice which one.

"You'd better be," the voice snickered--the AC?--"because you're going to get your black ass royally fucked. I'm going to ride you until you're begging for more. I'm going to fuck you senseless with my big meat--I mean, *even more* senseless."

"Do what you want," Coach said to the AC. "As dazed as he is, he'll let you do anything--won't you, Devin. But get it over with. I want to fuck his ass too and shoot my load in it."

Hands on Devin's hips, the AC began to fuck. His cock wasn't that big, better than average, but Devin had taken bigger. The way the AC was using it, though, was intended to hurt and humiliate a guy. The AC wanted to be the big stud. He wanted to use power-fucking to make up the status he lacked as one of the second-in-command assistants.

The head coach's voice wove through Devin's mental haze. "Take that dick, boy. Yeah, easy to relax and take it, ain't it. You like a hard one up your shit-chute, don't you. You like having your butt plugged. Every time you relax back this way, you're gonna like sucking and fucking, getting sucked, and getting fucked too. We're gonna show you how a real man does it, how a real man focuses and never fucks up out on the field. Say thank you to us."

Devin heard his throat make a few incoherent noises that were supposed to be *Thank you, Coach*.

"Take it, you fucking fuck-up. Take it," the AC droned as he fucked Devin's butt. "Take my dick up your black ass." He plunged into the player's ass harder and faster. Obviously the AC wasn't going to last long--he was already getting close. Devin found a way to make his ass relax on the in-strokes and clamp down as the AC pulled out. "Such a good ass," the AC moaned. "Take it; take it--"

Devin's cock had softened when the AC poked his ass open so roughly, and it swung underneath his hips as the AC fucked his ass. Devin was doing what they wanted, but he could control the way he did it at little, his part of the fuck: *relax-squeeze-relax-squeeze*. The feeling of relaxing, cooperating, doing what he was told had his cock starting to plump again. He wanted to reach down and jack himself, but he couldn't make his limp arms move. He hadn't been told to do it.

Devin could use his ass muscles to control the fuck and the AC's dick. By doing what he was told, he had found a way to make sure the AC's ride in his butt was going to be over soon.

Then the AC yowled and buried his cock deep, all the way in Devin's guts. His gripping hands squeezed the player's hips. Devin felt him shudder, heard him yowl again, quieter this time, voice quivering in satisfaction.

"Outta the way." Coach pushed the AC, and Devin felt the AC's cock pop quickly out of his hole, felt Coach take the AC's place. "Tighten that ass of yours," the Coach ordered. "Make my dick feel good. I'm gonna fill your black ass with my big load--gonna wash your guts with my ball-juice."

"Do it, man," the AC panted from somewhere behind Devin. "Shoot your load in him. Fill him with cum. Show him how a real man fucks."

Coach was already doing just that. He pumped hard, and Devin forgot everything else as the feeling took over. As Coach's hard cock plunged over and over into his ass, Devin could barely concentrate enough to keep up the cock-milking rhythm of opening up as the coach pushed in, then gripping tightly when he pulled back.

"Fuck you so hard, you fuck-up," Coach hissed. "Just stay relaxed and understand how much you love my big cock fucking your ass."

That seemed to do it. Coach couldn't hold back any longer. Devin felt him shove in deep, just like the AC had, as he got his orgasm and began to spray his nut-juice up the players ass. Coach shudder-pumped Devin a time or two as his body squeezed out all its cum.

Fully drained, Coach pulled his cock out of Devin's ass and dropped back into his chair beside the desk.

"Well, I guess you learned your lesson, Devin. You sure like the new training, don't you." Coach reached for his pendant, and it pulled at the player's gaze. "You learned your lesson real good. Now it's time for you to go *sleepytime* again, so we can ..."

,center># # #

Devin dried himself off and walked naked into the locker room. He wasn't all the way awake, but he was aware of what was going on again. What the fuck had happened, was still happening, to him? Every time he tried to wake up, he was unable to, not fully; he would rise, but then he'd sink back into ... well, not sleep exactly, but something like being too drowsy to concentrate. This time he had sort-of woke up in the showers, halfway through washing himself under the spray. No one else seemed to be around.

No, the AC was around, dressed, sitting on the bench next to Devin's locker. The locker door was open, with Devin's street clothes laid out on the bench.

Still hazy from the whatever that new training had done to him, Devin had never felt so compliant before. What happened? What had they done to him--other than the bits he sort-of remembered, confirmed by his sore ass? He still felt slightly sleepy and drifty even though he was awake. Had they let him cum? He didn't think so. Fucking unfair.

Devin walked to his locker, not caring if the AC saw his naked body, and looked down at his clothes. T-shirt. Shorts. Socks. Trainers. No underwear? He guessed he wasn't supposed to wear underwear. Something lay next to his T-shirt. He picked up the thin chain and crystal pendant. He fastened the chain around his neck without a second thought, without any resistance, still wondering what on earth they had done to him and what he was doing. This felt right, though.

The AC watched. "Still feeling it, huh? Well, I think we have time for a quick test, just to see how well it took." He pulled his own crystal pendant out of the neckline of his T-shirt, made it dangle in the air. "Look deeply into it, Devin. That's right. Just focus on it."

Devin felt like the crystal was vacuuming his awareness into it.

"I never got to see how well you can suck," the AC murmured. Devin heard a zipper being opened. "On your knees. Suck me, Devin. That's right, it's *sleepytime* again."

Devin couldn't fight it. He was naked and still horny and sinking. Before he knew what was happening, his thoughts were curling up and going to sleep inside his head and he was unable to resist the AC's order. Devin went to his knees and opened his mouth as the AC pulled out his rod ...

#

"Where've you been?" Serge asked sleepily.

The AC had just walked Devin to his dorm room. Devin was still groggy, still waiting for the last of whatever

they'd done to him to wear off, and the AC made sure he got to his room okay. He had been unable to manage the coordination to get the door unlocked, so the AC did that, pushed Devin inside. "This fuck-up's all yours. Have fun," the AC said to Serge, before backing out and closing the door behind himself.

Now Devin was alone with his roommate Serge, who sat up on his own bed. Serge, Latino and black-haired, was stripped to a pair of shorts and that pendant he'd started wearing after Coach punished him a couple of weeks ago. Devin stood there, in shorts and trainers, shirtless, the rest of his clothes in the gym bag still gripped in his left hand.

Serge grinned big, eyeing Devin's bare chest--which he'd seen a thousand times so what was the big deal? Oh, right. The pendant Devin wore now, like his. "Well, well--look who got his ass handed to him for those fuck-ups during the game. Looks like they did a real number on you, didn't they? You're so fucking out of it! Coach musta been real mad at you to keep you in a fugue so long. Well, now you're in on the secret training too, right? I bet you were a natural. I can just tell."

Serge fingered the crystal he wore. Devin's eyes locked onto it and didn't move away. "Like it? Now you know what it really means, don't you? You like what it means too, don't you? I can tell. Did they let you cum? No? The madder Coach is, the longer he makes you wait to cum. I bet you're horny as fuck, right? Put down your gym bag and get your ass over here."

Devin could feel himself sinking into Serge's pendant, thoughts slipping and harder to concentrate. His fingers opened, and the bag eased from his grip and thumped softly on the floor. He took a couple of steps; the dorm room wasn't big, so he was right next to Serge's bed. He felt Serge's fingers massage the lump in the front of his shorts, the half-hard lump that swung easily because Devin wasn't wearing underwear. Devin should have stepped away, pushed Serge's hand away, and maybe he could have, but he already felt so ...

Serge snickered as the tube in Devin's shorts thickened. Devin couldn't turn away from the crystal or pull his crotch away from Serge's teasing fingers. Serge's touch felt so good, and Devin needed to cum so badly.

"Yeah, horny as fuck, aren't you? Good." Serge leaned back, pushed down his own shorts to expose his hardening cock. "Tell you what: Relax, Devin. It's *sleepytime*. You suck my cock real good, and maybe I'll let you cum. But not just yet. I'm good for at least two pops before I'm done, so you won't be cumming for a while. Man, your jaw's gonna be sore tomorrow. Just relax, Devin. Just you and me now, and it's sleepytime. You know what that means, don't you? Yeah, you do. Drop your shorts and get over here. Get on your knees. Yeah, it's sleepytime ..."

2. Jason and the Man at the Park

One month into the school year, and Jason was still trying to get his life and his apartment in order. A child prodigy, up until now he had lived at home--he had never lived in a full-grown adult apartment on his own before. His family had always managed the details of daily life for him before, while he devoted his life to going to school and studying. He was on his own now. Sometimes being an adult was exactly what he imagined it would be when he was five: staying up late and eating Lucky Charms for dinner. Other times, adult life was a complete cypher of social interactions and simple tasks everyone else seemed to know how to do almost instinctively but he'd never heard of before. He was book-smart, but he'd never realized until now how much about daily tasks he'd never learned, especially about laundry and cooking--how was he supposed to determine when a load of laundry needed this detergent or this additive?--how and why did he need to julienne a carrot?--and how the heck was tomato sauce different from tomato paste, and why did he need one to make lasagna but not the other? He never had to start doing things for himself before, and adult life was sure confusing! Biochemistry was easy for him, but a simple trip to the grocery store baffled him. He never knew how much to buy of what.

But Jason was starting to get adjusted to adult life. His landlord Paul had helped a lot. Like Jason, Paul was also a professor at the college. Jason had rented the small apartment that Paul and his son Tom had built over their garage.

At eighteen, Jason was one of, if not *the*, youngest professors in the history of the college. In elementary school he had been identified as gifted. He finished high school when he was twelve. He completed his doctorate in biochemistry in his early-teens; he would have taken a teaching job with a college then, but because he wasn't eighteen yet he wasn't old enough to sign the contract. So he had stayed in college, completed a second doctorate, gotten a small research grant. Since that grant wasn't enough to live on, he'd taken a lecturing position. Now, at eighteen, he was starting his career, in his first semester as an instructor and researcher at this college.

He was lonelier than ever before. He'd never had any close friends. Kids his age?--He had nothing in common with them. His classmates?--They were always older, and he was never old enough to participate in their activities, too young to go out drinking or chasing girls with the guys. He had learned about jacking-off from a book, mastered the basics soon enough, and practiced the act regularly and enthusiastically; it provided much-needed relief from the hormones that didn't care how smart his brain was when they made his cock harden and balls scream for release. His thoughts while jacking were focused on reaching the end result--touch his body here, do this to his cock like that--and not about other people, so he wasn't sure which sex he preferred in a partner, or why he would even need a partner for sex. Jacking off provided sufficient relief.

Jason was almost a virgin. The girls in college thought he was cute but too young to date. One had decided that fucking "the kid brainiac" would be fun. The experience was disappointing for both of them. The moment they'd gotten undressed, he'd been struck with stage fright, performance anxiety, a dozen self-doubts that threatened to sink his erection. Why hadn't he waited for someone prettier? Did she have any diseases? What if she became pregnant?--Or worse, clingy? He had to concentrate on what he was doing to keep his cock up, and the fear prevented him from enjoying the experience. He didn't know enough to hold back and satisfy her. Afterward, she seemed to think taking his virginity had been a nice adventure, but once was enough. She wasn't interested in more?--Whew! He was relieved. His official deflowering over, he was once again happy to go back to jacking off. What was the big deal about sex that jacking off didn't do more efficiently? It was satisfying enough, he told himself, even if it didn't do much for his loneliness. And now once again he found himself in a situation where his coworkers and fellow faculty were at least ten or more years older than he, with completely different concerns--their non-work lives revolved around houses, marriages, children in school. Hell, he was younger than most of his students.

He was glad he'd found this place. He liked the apartment itself well enough--it was built for efficiency, and the location was convenient, walking distance, just a couple of blocks from the edge of campus. But especially he liked his fellow faculty member Paul. Paul treated him as an equal, overlooking his youth and social awkwardness.

Tom, Paul's son and a sophomore football player at the college, was Jason's age and was making an effort to be friendly. Tom sometimes teased Jason about his inexperience and not knowing much about how the world worked, but seemed happy to help him when he could. They had gone out together a couple times looking for fun. At eighteen, Jason was slowly learning how to be a teenager and an adult at the same time. He was starting to grow up.

That night, the hour edging toward late, Jason didn't feel like sitting around the apartment all evening. He took a shower and dressed: Nice T-shirt, shorts, ankle socks, trainers. Thinking Tom might want to do something, maybe see what the nearby movie theater had playing, he went over to the adjoining house, but no one was home.

Jason decided the night was too nice to go back inside. A walk seemed like a good alternative.

Several blocks down the street was a park. He liked walking in it. He'd been there several afternoons, doing his three-times-a-week jogging, or just stretching out and reading some scholarly paper on his computer tablet in the sun, or going over his research data. The park was a quiet oasis away from the noise of the city. He had never been there after dark, but he assumed it was safe. These were the suburbs, right? Yes, even if there weren't many lights, it was probably safe.

He saw more people in the park than he expected at that time of night. He noticed most were men of various ages. The few women reminded him of the hookers Tom had pointed out one night. Tom had suggested they might try a couple but Jason couldn't see any point in paying for sex; he hadn't said so, but he didn't want to pay for something he'd likely not enjoy and would probably make him feel more awkward afterward. Tom hadn't pushed the issue.

Several men nodded and said hi quietly as Jason passed them. About halfway through he sat on an empty bench to enjoy the night air.

Suddenly someone was sitting beside him, close but not too close. "Nice night," said the man, forty-ish, masculine, muscular.

"Yeah, it's a great night."

"I've never seen you here before."

"I come here some afternoons. I'm not usually out here this late." Adult conversations always baffled him. What did his park-going schedule matter? So much of every conversation seemed to be about nothing at all. But he was learning; he could do this. He might feel awkward around adults--well, almost everyone regardless of age, really--but he was learning some rote ways to keep his side of the conversation going and not seem too unfriendly.

The man nodded. "You should come out nights more often."

"What?" Jason said.

"You're a good-looking guy; you look like you're in good shape. You work out?"

"Uh ..." Jason was not following this turn in the conversation, sudden and incongruous, but felt oddly, intensely flattered that the man seemed interested in him, in conversing with him, in looking at him. Was the man complimenting him? Or just making conversation? He decided the man was giving him a simple compliment--no need to overthink this. "Yeah, I do. When I was fifteen at my old school I started putting on some weight, because I was studying too much and not getting much exercise. So I went to the Athletics Department and they put me on some exercise routines, mostly jogging and stuff, that got the extra pounds off. I keep to it a couple times a week." Was he babbling? Probably he was babbling. The man certainly didn't care about any of this. Jason made himself shut up.

The man simply nodded. "Well, you look good. Lean, tight body, looks like. A sound mind deserves a sound body. Handsome, too."

Oh. Now Jason understood. The man was propositioning him, in some circuitous way. Adults were so weird; why not just come out and say what they meant?

Sitting there with his legs stretched out, Jason was suddenly even more nervous. Did he *want* to be propositioned? He shifted position, pulled his legs in, his feet under the bench.

"Have you seen the rest of the park?" the man asked. "The part over there, away from all the lights."

"No, I haven't." Jason realized immediately what he'd said. The man was propositioning him and had asked a leading question, and Jason should have changed the subject or said something else, *anything* else, but instead he'd followed the leading question, and now the man probably thought he was interested, and--and-- Well, *was* he interested? Did Jason *want* to be propositioned?

"Want me to show you how nice it is?" the man said, putting his hand on Jason's thigh, a gentle but solid grip, unmistakable even to Jason's inexperience. The hand squeezed gently, and Jason felt--

--He felt his balls tingle pleasantly and felt his cock wake up and begin to swell, heart beating faster, a warm arousal spreading through him and a prickling nervousness too. His body seemed to already know how to respond. This never happened when he jacked off. He hadn't expected this physical reaction to the man's touch.

Did he *want* to be propositioned? His body seemed interested, but Jason wasn't sure what to do, or if he wanted to do it.

The man's voice lowered to a confident rumble. "It's real nice, away from all these people. I think you'll like it." The hand slid a little higher on Jason's thigh, another squeeze.

Jason swallowed hard. He should say *no way*, stand up, and walk away, even if doing so caused a scene and the other men in the park stared at him. No, being stared at would be too embarrassing--Jason was supposed to be an adult--he should be able to communicate with this man, to respond to him in a way that didn't cause everyone to stare or the man to become angry with him. Maybe he could just brush the man's hand away and say *no, thanks*? Was that rude? This man, a stranger, was trying to proposition him, and Jason had no idea what he needed to do or say--and now he was horny too! Whatever the man had in mind, Jason's cock sure seemed to ready for it.

"Come on," the man said, and his body shifted as if he were about to stand, but not yet letting go of Jason's thigh.

Jason felt forced into a decision: Did he *want* to be propositioned?

"Sure," Jason heard himself reply. "Okay."

Following the man down a path, Jason knew he should turn and run away, but he'd said okay. Why was this so hard? He didn't want the man to be angry with him and cause a disturbance, but he wasn't sure he wanted ... whatever the man had in mind either. The researcher in him suggested a third path: Investigate what the man had in mind, then decide. That seemed a reasonable choice. Okay, so now he had a plan. Jason felt better already.

The man led him through a break in the bushes, a brief passage through darkness, then a small clearing, barely ten feet across, thick underbrush walling them off from the outside world, the sky visible overhead as the moonlight poured in, so Jason could see well enough.

The man stopped and faced him. Jason felt hands on his body. The touches started on his chest, intimate, and moved down his waist to his hips, even more intimate. He didn't know what to do. He had never been touched this way by a man--or by anyone, not even that one girl who had seduced him. Should he return the man's touches?--Touch the man the way he touched Jason? Jason's body felt locked, immobile with nervousness. This all seemed strange; arousal and fear were all mixed together until he didn't understand what he was feeling.

"Just relax, boy. I know how to make you feel good, real good. You'll see," the man said as he pressed one hand between Jason's legs. His other hand moved behind the boy's head, urging him closer. Jason bent away. The man was trying to kiss him? Jason couldn't do that!--Strangers didn't kiss each other!--Men didn't kiss each other!--Messy spit!--Orally transmitted diseases!--Jason's mind raced through ticking off the many reasons like a checklist. He wanted to pull back, but the man was gripping Jason's erection tightly through his pants, locking him there. Jason couldn't escape now, not without hurting himself.

"Don't kiss, huh? Well, that's okay. What I'm holding is too nice to let get away. Feels like a big one." The man didn't sound angry at being refused; he sounded confident, like he knew exactly what was going to happen. "Just relax, boy. Don't worry. I'll take care of everything."

Jason had known he was hard but he hadn't realized how super-excited he was until the man opened his pants and gripped Jason's erection through his underwear. He heard himself moan.

"That's a nice, big dick, boy. But sooner or later, if I'm gonna do this right, you're gotta get some of those clothes outta the way. You can get your duds off now or later--all the same to me."

What an audacious ego this man had, Jason thought, for assuming there'd be a later!

The man dropped to his knees, pulling Jason's pants and underwear down at the same time, a practiced move. Jason gasped as the night air swirled across his ass and groin.

Something warm and wet replaced that hand around Jason's cock. The man was licking his dick! His first blow-job! That one girl he'd fucked hadn't done that; she was only interested in letting him stick his erection in her pussy--a minimum of kissing and no oral sex. The man's slick tongue covered every inch of Jason's prick-shaft several times. The mouth went under and licked Jason's hairy balls. Moving up, the man took the cock-head in his mouth. Grabbing Jason's ass, the man took about half of his dick into his throat before gagging slightly.

Jason wasn't sure what to do. Just stand there? Do something with his hands?--Maybe rest them on the man's head? And should he do anything with his hips, his dick? Pump a little, or just stand there and let the man suck it? And what about his dick itself? He hadn't seen many other guys naked. He hadn't taken gym class in high school. In college he had always lived at home, never in a dorm. He wasn't sure quite how his cock measured up to other guys'; he thought he was right in the middle of the cock sizes he'd seen in porn vids, but were those a statistically valid sampling? All he knew was his dick felt good in his hand when he jacked off. Now, it felt better in the man's mouth. And the man didn't seem disappointed with his size, not at all.

Jason tried to push his erection deeper into that mouth, but the man pulled his head back, releasing his meat. "Crap, boy! Take it easy. I'll suck you off, but let me do it. Your big dick isn't going to go down without a lot of work. Don't force it." The man went back to work. Slowly as the mouth moved up and down, the stiff rod went deeper. Once the cock-head opened the man's throat, the shaft followed. Jason's cock had never known anything like this. The girl he'd fucked was far from being a virgin, and that whole experience had been weird; he'd needed to concentrate to keep his dick hard. Nothing he had done with her had felt as good as what this man was doing to him. Staying hard was no problem now. His ass-cheeks, thighs, and ball-sack tingled from the night air, and every inch of his cock tingled from the tight throat and the licking tongue.

The man started a pattern: Two or three deep suck-thrusts, pull up to catch a breath while his tongue circled the fat cock-head, back down for a few more throat-stretching plunges, then back up. One hand moved over Jason's smooth ass as the other tested the tightness of his balls. Whenever Jason's testicles would withdraw to the base of the cock, the man would pull on them and slow his mouth rhythm, trying to prolong the climax.

It worked. Jason could feel himself approaching his climax-peak, then withdrawing. His balls surely couldn't

take much more of this! They needed to unload. He didn't know what to do. Should he go ahead and cum, get this over with so he could get out of there?--Or should he let the man keep calling the shots?

Finally the man pulled off his cock. Jason mewled his disappointment and frustration.

The man stood up, standing close. "Hey, you're that new guy, the one they say is some kind of genius. Jason Cole in Biochemistry, right?"

"Uh, yeah?" Physical proximity to a stranger always made Jason nervous, and now this guy knew Jason's name and where he worked? He felt a rush of shame and adrenaline. What the fuck? Who was this man?--A blackmailer? Jason wanted to pull away, but the man had a good, firm grip around the base of Jason's cock with one hand, holding him in place. Jason started to step back anyway. "Listen, maybe we better--"

"Relax. I'm just making sure," the man said, all smooth confidence. "Here, I got something I think you'll like." His other hand came up, and Jason glimpsed a small plastic bottle with a spray nozzle pointed at him--*Fsst!*--and the man sprayed him quickly in the face.

Jason flinched a little as the mist hit his eyes and cheeks. *Rude!*

Fsst! Fsst!

"What the--?" Jason couldn't pull away, not with the man's other hand clamped around his cock-root. The liquid made his cheeks and nose prickle, stung his eyes a little, not badly, just enough to feel irritated. "What the fuck, mister?" Jason should push him away--he really should--pull his penis out of the man's grip and ... and ...

"Give it a second," the man said, looking at him intently. Then he grinned. "Stand still, just like that. Don't talk. Don't move or do anything unless I tell you to. Open your mouth." Jason did, and here came the spray bottle again. *Fsst! Fsst!* "Close your mouth."

Okay, weird. A slight bitter taste on Jason's tongue, thoughts racing through his mind, but losing linearity, tumbling over each other: The mouth ... Lots of mucous membranes, blood vessels, whatever was in that spray would be absorbed quickly into his bloodstream, faster than through his skin ...

"Swallow."

Jason swallowed, wondering why he was simply doing what he was told. He wanted to protest, to get away, but he'd been told not to talk, not to move. He felt ... dizzy, a little disoriented. What was in that spray?

"Works fast, don't it. Don't worry--it's safe. Knocks out your inhibitions, makes you real obedient. Problem is, it wears off quick. But if it's combined with something else, like a little hypnosis, the suggestions sink in real deep, makes the hypnosis a dozen times more effective. The suggestions take hold more like orders."

The man lifted something else into the moonlight where Jason could see it. A quartz crystal dangling from a thin chain? But hypnosis, at least the way the man was talking about it, was just a myth used as a plot device in television shows and movies, wasn't it? Jason had never watched much television and had insufficient information to process this.

"Right about now you're probably thinking your big brain can't be hypnotized. Maybe you're too intelligent or something. Couldn't possibly work, right? Well, that's where the drug comes in. You'll do what I say, and I say you want to be hypnotized, don't you. Yeah, you do. You want to be hypnotized more than anything. Your big brain ain't gonna fight it at all. In fact, your big brain is going to make sure happens, make sure you get hypnotized good and deep. So just look deep into the crystal. Concentrate, because you want this bad--want

to be deeply hypnotized. Concentrate. Look deeper into it ... Concentrate on my voice and the crystal. Watch it sway as you breathe in deep ..."

###

... *Nine hundred ninety-nine ... One thousand.*

Okay, he had finished counting and now he could wake up. Jason blinked and looked around. He was still in that clearing, but now he was alone. The man must have left while he was counting. Jason sat on the ground, legs stretched out in front of him, torso leaned back on something, maybe a tree trunk at the edge of the clearing. His T-shirt was still in place, but his shorts and underwear were bunched around his ankles.

Some time had passed, but how much? All he remembered was how much he'd wanted, needed, craved to be hypnotized when the man said it. And what had the man done to him while he was hypnotized? He remembered only being asleep--well, not really asleep, but locked in something that felt a lot like sleep--and something about waiting for instructions that would come soon, instructions he would want to obey, need to obey. That part was unclear, all jumbled up.

Jason stretched, enjoying how relaxed and aroused his body felt in the night air, under the moonlight. The motion made him aware of his cock, which was hard, so very hard, and demanded relief as his arousal seemed to swirl down into it. His balls needed to be drained before he could snap out of the last vestiges of that sleeplike state. Jason wrapped his hand around his meat-shaft and began to stroke. The man's mouth had felt great--his first suck-job! Why hadn't he known how great being sucked would feel? Just thinking about the man's lips and tongue and throat made Jason's dick pulse and sent his buzzing nuts into overdrive. He remembered how he held the man's head to keep from stumbling, how the man's lips and tongue and throat had gripped his cock-shaft, as if trying to vacuum the cum directly out of his balls. It had felt so good! What he was doing now felt good too, almost as good. He stroked faster. He couldn't hold back any longer, didn't want to hold back. He pulled up his T-shirt tail with his other hand so he wouldn't mess it up with his load. Nothing could stop his orgasm, which was getting closer, closer--tipping him toward the point of no return--right there!--right fucking there!--cumming--

"Ahhh!"

He felt as though eighteen years of lust and frustration surged through his cock, a river of satisfaction and relief that flash-flooded through him. Bolts of his cum surged out of his balls, burst from his cock, leaped into the night air, before splatting down against his exposed flat stomach.

"Aww, fuck!"

He felt like he'd found something he'd been looking for all his life. He wanted this to last forever, kept stroking long after he normally would've stopped, hoping to prolong the feeling. But slowly his orgasm faded into a relaxed afterglow that left his body limp, his thoughts drifting. He lay there, panting, every muscle in his body slack. His legs jerked slightly as an aftershock rippled through him. He lay there just savoring how his body felt. Why hadn't he known his body could make him feel this intense pleasure? His fingertips traced a languid design in the cooling cum that speckled his belly. Good thing he'd pulled up his shirt! His balls felt profoundly drained. He had never felt so spent before. He felt perfect. The end of the perfect climax.

###

Jason slept well that night. Probably better than he ever had. Somehow he'd managed to wipe the cum off his hand and stomach with some leaves, gotten to his feet, assembled his clothes back in place, and stumbled back to his room, where he'd stripped, fallen into his bed, and fallen asleep instantly.

Now, waking up, he didn't have his normal morning hard-on. Sure, his cock was fluffed up, but it wasn't demanding attention. Last night he'd let a stranger blow him, let him hypnotize him too, then jacked off outdoors where just anyone could've stumbled in and seen him! He stretched, then pushed a hand into his crotch, wrapped his fingers around his cock. His other hand tugged gently at his balls the way the man had. That sure felt good. Not as good as when the man had sucked him off, but good, felt good to his cock and his hand.

How could a man do those things with his mouth to another man? How did taking a cock in your mouth feel? How did it taste? Men were supposed to do it with women, weren't they? But obviously men could do it with men too. Now Jason had tried one of each, and what the man did to him felt a lot better.

Statistically, he thought as his mind processed, one of each was too small a sample set on which to base a such an important conclusion. More research was needed--a new project, comparing sex with men to sex with women. His sort-of friend Tom seemed interested only in doing sexual things with girls. Maybe Tom could introduce him to a few. Some of the hookers hadn't looked that bad, as long as he could find a way to be sure they weren't carrying diseases. If this was an example of what the park offered at night, Jason shouldn't have any problem finding material for the other half of his research, the male half. This wasn't something he could use for his research grant but it might certainly be an interesting side-project.

And that sprayed drug, and the hypnosis! He didn't know how to process those parts at all. Extraneous data? He'd woke up last night feeling weird, hazy. Masturbating--his orgasm sure broke him out of the daze he'd woken up in, but his climax had plunged him into a new kind of daze. He had probably jacked off a thousand times since he had learned how to do it. But last night was--wow! That he'd managed to get home was a miracle!--If he believed in miracles, that is.

And now, this morning, for the first time he noticed how good it felt just to hold himself. Not to jack off for a quick, efficient stress-reliever, but just caress and touch his hard cock. The man had complimented his cock size and his appearance. Jason hadn't paid much attention to how he looked before. Letting his shaft and balls drop, he ran his hands over his chest. A small amount of hair had sprouted around his nipples about a year before, just a few follicles. Another thin line formed just above his navel, trickling down his hard, flat stomach until it spread out into the pubes that surrounded his cock. He ran his hand over every strand.

The man last night had said something about ... what? Fucking him. His mind supplied factoids that a newly fucked ass would feel sore afterward, but his ass didn't feel sore, ergo didn't feel as if it has been fucked. Had Jason been awake when the man had said it? Or had he been hypnotized? Wow, in the moments after the drug took hold, he'd really wanted to become hypnotized, just like the man said, so Jason hadn't wanted to resist and certainly hadn't even tried. He barely remembered being hypnotized beyond the first few minutes, but he certainly remembered it felt great, knew he wanted to try it again, feel that way again, and soon. What else had the man said, something about how hypnosis was awakening and harnessing the pleasure in his body, his cock, balls, ass. But did he want to get fucked in his ass? Was that a variable that would skew the *women versus men* research project? He could screw both, but he could only get screwed by a man, and the unilateral nature of sex with women versus the bilateral nature of sex with men might disadvantage the women-side data. But could he simply ignore the bilateral data with men? Jason ran his hand over his ass: his cheeks felt small, firm, and except for the hair in crack, smooth. He wondered what how slipping his dick into another man's ass would feel. The same as a pussy? An asshole would have to be tighter than a girl's slit. What would he feel if a man slipped his cock into Jason's ass?

By now, his cock had expanded to its full size. His balls still felt empty from last night's major orgasm, but Jason knew he was going to jack off. Almost every morning he jerked and came, like a formality or a morning chore, but today felt different. Today he was using his mind as well as his body. He was more aware of what he was doing. He was enjoying his cock in his hand, not just his hand on his cock. He was becoming aware that there was more to sex than tugging on a piece of flesh until it squirted a discharge of bodily fluids

onto his stomach.

What did he feel when he touched himself? How did different touches feel? Running his hand over his chest, he noticed his nipples had hardened. He tried pinching them like he'd seen in some porn videos, liking the way they felt even better. When he pinched hard, one nip, then both at the same time, a tingling sensation shot from his tits straight to his nuts, making them jump in their sack. Just thinking of them as *tits* seemed to unleash a new flush in him. Reaching down, he gripped the loose-hanging orbs lightly as he slow-stroked his blood-filled rod.

Spreading his legs, lifting his knees, he reached between them and probed around until he found his asshole. Running a finger around the vaginal hole added to the miasma of sensations. Yes, he might learn to like this. He hadn't known his ass could add so much to his pleasure.

He tried to penetrate the hole with a finger, but it was too tight. Bringing his hand to his mouth; he wet his finger with spit. Returning it to his little hole, he was able to penetrate to the first joint. It felt uncomfortable in a vague way, no real pain, mostly unfamiliar, but it felt good too. Nerves around the edges of his hole seemed to sing. Slowly applying pressure as he long-stroked his hard cock, his finger slid in deeper, until it had penetrated as deep as it could reach. Any pain was gone now. He pulled back out to the fingertip and reinserted it. After several strokes he relaxed enough for some hard, deep finger thrusts. His dick was harder than usual, as hard as it could physically get.

Except for last night, this was the best his body had ever felt. Jason fist-pounded his cock as his finger probed hard and deep into his ass. He tried to hold back, make the experiment last, but he was going to shoot his load. His orgasm was going to be a big one. He wanted to climax, but he also didn't, not yet. He needed to relieve the pressure with his usual quick efficiency, but he wanted the feeling to continue and awaken his body more. This experiment couldn't have both outcomes.

The first rope of thick ball-juice shot out of his cock before he realized. Before the cum even splashed onto his chest, Jason felt his orgasm hit, and he cried out quietly in surprise and bliss. Several more cum-shots followed, and his pleasure became a tidal wave. A smack of sperm struck his neck. Another whapped the side of his nose, a slime trail across his lips. As he floated and crested through his ecstasy, he licked his lip, tasting it.

After last night, he'd been sure he had nothing left in his balls. He didn't know where all of this liquid came from. *Testicles, the seminal vesicles, the prostate, the bulbourethral glands*--sure, but he knew anatomically where semen originated, but how had his body replenished the fluids so quickly and abundantly after being so thoroughly emptied last night? His body was coated in his juice, and plenty soaked his bedsheets too. He was glad he had learned to do laundry. He knew he should get out of bed, clean up, but all he wanted was to fall back into deep sleep. First, though, he decided as he started stroking his dick again, time for another experiment: If one finger felt that good in his ass, he wondered how two would feel.

3. Paul and Tom

Paul had come to the apartment over the garage to ask whether Jason wanted to go to breakfast with Tom and him. When he found the door cracked open and heard the moaning, he tiptoed inside and up the stairs, thinking Jason might be ill. Spying the boy lying there naked on his bed with one hand wrapped around his dick and the other between his raised legs, Paul knew Jason wasn't feeling bad. No, he was probably feeling really damn good. Lurking out of sight, Paul watched as the boy brought himself to orgasm, released a torrent of cum. Then, grinning as Jason sank back into the bed and seemed at the cusp of falling back into sleep, Paul quietly slipped out.

"Breakfast will have to wait, Tomcat," Paul told his son Tom. "Something more urgent has come up."

"What is it, Dad?" Tom asked, and then he saw Paul squeeze the hard-on in the crotch of his slacks. "Oh!"

"I just walked in on Jason jacking off. If he wasn't a coworker, I'd be licking the juice off his balls right now. He's a cute kid and he looks even better naked."

"You saw him naked? How's he hung? Did you beat me to fucking him?"

"I'll tell you all about that later. Right now, get your ass to the bedroom. I've got a hard-on like you won't believe."

"Oh, I believe it. I can see it through your pants," Tom smirked. "I'm kind of hungry, but I guess I can eat you for breakfast instead. You wanna flip to see who's on top?"

"No way--I want to be in control this time."

"Okay, but you're going to owe me one, though."

"Deal."

Clothes were discarded in a flurry during their rush to the bedroom. Tom was the first one naked. Falling back on the bed, he waited for his father. Paul wasn't far behind. Dropping on all fours over his son, Paul bent down and kissed him. "I love you, Tomcat."

Tom always said he hated that nickname, but he also kind-of liked when his father used it; the nickname was something special, just between the two of them. Tom laughed. "*Now* you tell me something like that? What you love is the way I suck your big dick, how your dick feels in my tight ass, and how mine feels in your mouth and ass!"

Paul grinned wider. "You're right. And I know what you love too." He leaned forward until his hard chest hovered over his son's face, the small crystal pendant around his neck swinging between them. "Look deep, son. Look deep and relax. It's *sleepytime*."

Tom released a contented sigh, eyes closing, as the familiar hypnotic trance began taking over his mind.

"Good boy. You go into sleepytime so easily now, don't you? You're such a good boy. Now it's time to give your daddy's big dick some loving. Lick it. Suck it."

Sliding forward until he was straddling Tom's chest, Paul pushed his dick-head at Tom's mouth. Tom's slow-moving tongue licked the head before Paul told him to open wide. He pushed forward until his cock was lodged in the beginning of his son's throat. At this angle he couldn't go farther, but that was fine. He wanted to fuck his son's mouth for a couple minutes.

When they had first started having sex a couple of years ago, Tom had been afraid of his dad's big piece of meat. Paul had been patient and hadn't forced Tom to do more than he wanted. He had shown the boy how good it felt to have a mouth sucking on his cock. The boy had reciprocated.

Then a guy on the coaching staff that Paul dated a while last year introduced him to hypnosis kink-play, and Paul introduced Tom to it too, and being hypnotized made everything so much easier. Hypnosis and patience and practice were all that was needed to turn the boy into a willing and expert dick-sucker, a happy cock-slut. Before long Tom could take his father's fat prick to the balls without gagging. More time and more intensive hypnotic training had been needed break in the kid's ass. Tom hadn't wanted to get fucked at first. Paul had to

use hypnosis and sex to wear him down. Starting with his fingers, sometimes a small dildo, he gradually worked on introducing Tom's entranced subconscious to the pleasure of ass-play, knowing his conscious mind would follow in time. Soon, Paul had worked Tom up to a dildo that was almost as big as his cock. After a while of that, Paul had worked Tom into an extra-deep trance and did the final bit of stretching personally. Now Tom could take his dick happily and hungrily; he'd learned to love getting fucked.

Sometimes Paul let Tom hypnotize him too, but what Paul had not realized at first was that Tom also had his own plans. One day Paul had snapped out of a trance to find himself on his back, legs up and over Tom's shoulders, as his son slid his cock in and out of Paul's buttocks. Rather than get upset, Paul realized getting fucked felt good. His ass had stretched quicker and the boy's cock wasn't yet as man-sized as his dad's. The training had been worth the time for both of them. They both loved a big piece of hard meat pumping their assholes. Getting fucked felt almost as good as doing the fucking into a tight ass.

Made pliant by the hypnosis, Tom let his father fuck his mouth for several minutes before Paul shifted position. Paul lay back on the bed and spread his knees. "I'm too horny to make this last, Tomcat," Paul groused. "Get over here and suck my load out of my nuts. Then I'll take care of you."

Moving sleepwalker-slow, Tom knelt between Paul's legs. His entranced mind knew exactly what to do. Wrapping his hand around his father's big nuts, he lifted the rigid prick and lowered his mouth over it. "That's it," Paul encouraged softly as he felt his cock-head touch the back of Tom's throat. Tom knew exactly to hold Paul's meat in his throat as long as he could, the way Paul liked it.

Entranced or awake, Tom loved sucking his father's dick. Paul knew his son had experimented with sex and blow-jobs a few years ago with some of his buddies and had dated a couple of guys since then. Cameras Paul had secreted around the house caught them when they thought they were alone. The friends' dicks were pretty good, but a little hypnosis had ensured that Tom most loved having the one that created him stuffed down his throat. "Yeah, son, suck that thing. That's it, Tomcat. Show me how much you like my big dick in your mouth. Nobody sucks cock as good as you do. Suck it 'til I fill your stomach with my ball-juice."

Tom was doing just that. His head moved up and down, letting his father's fat rod thrust deep into him. Yeah, Paul sighed, entranced or awake, his son had become the best cock-sucker he could train him to be. Tom knew how to catch a breath, then swallow the meat again, and he was a hungry sucker too.

Suddenly, Paul grabbed his son's head and started shoving his hips upward. His orgasm was about to hit. He buried his dick as deep as he could in the tight throat. He was treating Tom like a hole instead of a son, because that's what Paul needed right then. Hot juice pumped and his body jerked. A pleasure-wave washed out of his cock and nuts, swept through his body and went spurting out the slit in his cock, only to be replaced by another. The memory of Jason jacking off filled Paul's mind as he came in his son's mouth.

Tom gently milked his father's dick, licking up the last traces. Each stroke of his tongue made Paul jerk.

"That's enough," Paul gasped. "Sit up. Go ahead and jack yourself off, Tomcat."

Tilting his torso upright, Tom took hold of his own cock and began stroking it. Paul loved to watch his son masturbate. He loved watching the thick foreskin move over the head of his boy's cock. He liked sucking it even more.

Paul moved until his face was an inch away from Tom's cock. "Now! Cum for me, Tomcat. Cum hard. Cum hard for me!" Tom grunted and bucked, grunted louder and continued to jack off as he shot his load. Paul stuck out his tongue and caught most of Tom's spunk and swallowed.

At some point, Tom had woken up from his trance. Now they lay curled together on the bed in the aftermath of their orgasms. Paul tilted the boy's head back and gave him a deep, probing kiss.

"I don't know whose cum tastes better, yours or mine," Tom said. "Now tell me about Jason. I want every detail."

"Or maybe you'll just have to see for yourself."

Tom snickered. "Yeah? Well, maybe I will."

4. Alan and Harris

Harris was about to enjoy what he considered one of the perks of his job. As head of the Chemistry Department, he was responsible for hiring the teaching assistants. The interviews were normally arranged prior to the start of the semester but that new professor, the young one, needed help with his course load and had asked for an assistant to be hired to take on some of his grading and administrative tasks; the professor needed to free time freed up so he could work on a research project. So the Department had posted a notice asking for seniors or graduate students to apply.

That was why Alan was sitting in the chair in front of his desk.

Harris had a weakness for short, solidly built, good-looking blond guys, and Alan was perfect: about five-nine, fit, obviously spent some time in the gym or playing sports with his buddies but without being too bulky. Although he was a senior, set to graduate in the spring, his stature made him look younger. The bulge in the front of his light-colored pants suggested to Harris that Alan was well-built all over.

"I see by your records that you're near the top of your class. Do you think that you can do the job and keep your grades up?"

"Yes, sir. I have the free time and I can use the money. And the experience will look good on my records now that I'm applying to grad school programs."

"Being a teaching assistant doesn't pay that much, especially considering the hours you will be putting into it," Harris said as he got up and walked around the desk. "You'll be working closely with the new professor. He can be rather odd sometimes. You'll have to be able to get along with him." Harris leaned back against the edge of the desk. He had worn boxer shorts on purpose. The position made his pants tighter in the crotch, outlining his cock and balls. He watched for a reaction. Did he see a flicker of interest? Advance to step two then.

"I get along with just about everyone," Alan answered, glancing from Harris' face to his crotch then back up. "I'm real friendly. I'm sure he'll like working with me."

Harris dropped his hand to his thigh so that it almost touched the head of his bulging dick. "I'm sure he will. You'll be working with me, too. Though you'll be assigned to him, all the assistants report to me. Do you think we'll get along well too?"

Alan noticed how Harris' finger stroked absently as the end of the tube showing in his slacks. "Sir, if this job is going to be based on something but my professional ability, I don't want it. I think I know what you're implying and I don't work that way."

Harris took his fingers away from his cock, though it seemed to be expanding on its own. "I'm sorry if I've offended you," Harris said, deciding he had gone too far. "I'm not implying anything. You've got the job subject to a final interview with the professor himself."

"Good. I'm glad we've cleared that up. Now, was I right about something else? Because I can be real

friendly--but I want some real job experience and don't want to get the job based on ... well, *that*." Alan reached over, put his hand on the bulge in Harris' pants and squeezed gently.

Harris' cock went from interested to hardening. "Yes, I think we understand each other," He said, putting his hand over Alan's. "Now that the interview part is over, do you want to ... do something about this?"

"Absolutely! I've wanted to ever since the first time I saw you. If that thing"--Alan nodded down at the oblong bulge in Harris' slacks--"gets as big as I think it will, I absolutely do."

Harris liked to have the young men make the first move, so they couldn't claim he'd coerced them into it. Plus he didn't like training blushing virgins or closet cases; he wanted to see if Alan could back up his big talk. "Why don't you show me what you have in mind."

Alan grinned, moved his hand up until it was on the tab of Harris' zipper. Pulling it down, he reached inside and pulled out the department head's long, veiny dick. Scooping in again, he pulled out the balls. He slid his hand over the rod, capped and uncapped the head as it bloated. Harris watched Alan watch his cock grow, liked the way the student's eyes scanned every inch of his rod.

"Think you can handle all of it, Alan?"

A breathless reply: "Yeah ... It's big, but I bet I can handle enough of it to make you feel good." Dropping to his knees, Alan took the head in his mouth and started licking.

That was all Harris needed for his rod to get fully erect. He cupped his hands around the back of the boy's head, holding him in place as he pressed into the warm mouth. He felt Alan try to swallow it but the mouthful of meat wouldn't go down. Alan twisted his head. No luck that way either. Harris pulled the boy off his dick. "Let me lock the door and we can get comfortable."

As Harris walked to the door, erect cock sticking out of his pants, Alan started to unfasten his own pants, but Harris stopped him. "I want to unwrap you myself. Get on the sofa and I'll be with you in a moment. Keep it hard from me." With the door safely locked, Harris stripped quickly. He leaned over the sofa and kissed Alan. Alan kissed back, clasping his arms around the man's hairy chest. Yeah, Alan was hot and ready to go, Harris thought. He worked his hand down the front of the student's shirt, unbuttoning it. He let his hand slip inside, feeling the muscles. When he got to the belt, he couldn't resist skipping lower and giving the boy's crotch a quick grope first. The lump there felt nice--solid, knotted as if the boy's erection was bent nearly double inside tight briefs. Harris wanted to yank Alan's pants off, free that cock, and get directly to making it cum. He held back, though. He hadn't had anything this nice since one of the jocks had needed special counseling. He wanted to enjoy having Alan's body. Alan sat passively, allowing Harris to call the shots. Harris broke away from the sweet mouth and worked at Alan's shirt buttons, pushed the garment back off his chest and shoulders. Lowering his head, Harris kissed the bare pectorals, licked and flicked his tongue over one nipple, then the other. He returned to the mouth for a deep kiss.

Alan moaned.

"Like that?" Harris smirked.

"You're a good kisser, real good."

"Just you wait. We haven't gotten to the best part yet."

Kneeling beside the couch, Harris removed Alan's shoes and socks. Yes, Harris thought, Alan really likes the attention, and Harris liked having the boy's compliant acquiescence. Probably the student had never been with a real man before, probably was used to quick episodes in dorm rooms with nervous closet cases. Alan

seemed to be enjoying the slow attention Harris was lavishing on him. Well, Harris would make sure the boy always remembered what they were about to do!

Alan still had his pants on, and Harris needed to remedy that. He slowly opened the front of them. Alan bit his lower lip, lifted his hips and stared expectantly at him as Harris slowly slipped the pants from under the boy's ass. Yes, tight briefs, just as Harris had suspected, some silly designer type, the pouch distended by the bent-over erection trapped inside. Harris couldn't resist placing a kiss on the stiff cloth-covered cock. The briefs followed the pants down to Alan's thighs, then down to his ankles, and off. The boy had nice legs and a fat, six-inch dick with a pair of nearly hairless nuts pulled tightly against the base. At this rate, Alan didn't look like he could hold back much longer. Bending, lifting the boy's rigid dick, Harris licked the head, opened wide, swallowed it to the root. Alan's cock was just long enough for the head to slip into his throat. Harris groaned around the cock in his gullet, Alan answered with a quiet gasp-moan of pleasure.

Slipping his hands under the boy, Harris grabbed the tight little ass and pulled forward. Alan's prick was forced as deep as possible into Harris' throat. This was the type of meat Harris loved: big enough to suck, but not so big that it was uncomfortable. When he finally had to come up for a breath, he ran his tongue around the sensitive head.

He wanted to suck on the boy's tasty cock until it shot its load, but he needed to give some attention to body parts he had missed. Releasing the hard dick, Harris attacked the boy's tight nuts. They were bigger than he expected on a kid this size, probably full of cum and needing to be drained. They were drawn up too tightly against the base of the cock--this kid was about ready to shoot--and Harris couldn't pull them down enough to suck, but he was able to give them a good tongue-bath. He was going to raise the kid's legs and get a taste of his little ass when Alan reached his limit.

"Yahhh," the kid croaked, head dropping back. The cream burst from his tight nuts, a solid stream, another, followed by several smaller bursts. Harris pulled back when he realized what was happening. He licked at a rope of cum that had landed across the boy's thigh. The juice tasted as good as he knew it would; juice from a dick as pretty as this kid's couldn't taste bad. Harris licked and washed the boy's sensitive prick-shaft and head several times before swallowing, making Alan groan and shudder helplessly. Releasing the cock, Harris licked the boy's crotch and thigh, making sure he hadn't missed a drop.

Alan's limbs went limp on the sofa after his orgasm. Covering Alan's body with his own, Harris kissed him, letting the kid taste his own cum on Harris' tongue. His own cock needed some attention, but it could wait. He didn't want to do anything to spoil this moment for Alan. He knew from the way the boy reacted, his climax had been an intense one. Harris wasn't a selfish man; he had gotten almost as much pleasure as he had given, and he wanted to make sure Alan would be coming back for more.

Alan regained his strength quickly. He pushed Harris back. Harris rolled into a sitting position on the floor; he was a little shocked by Alan's action until he saw the smile. "Now," Alan announced, "it's your turn, dude. I promised I'd suck your big dick, and I'm gonna suck it 'til you beg me to stop."

Alan crouched over Harris' midsection. He sank Harris' cock deep into his mouth. Harris was oozing pre-cum and Alan mixed it with a lot of spit. Pushing hard, the kid forced the dick into his throat. Harris assessed the kid's sucking skills; Alan was no beginner, but also no expert, eager, some experience, but probably hadn't done a lot of sucking yet; maybe he gave up his ass instead of his mouth? Whatever, Alan was trying enthusiastically to do a good job, so Harris could overlook a few mistakes and teeth scrapes. Soon enough Alan had all of Harris' length in his mouth, down to the crotch hair. Alan was getting the hang of making little thrusts with his head until he needed air.

Alan already knew a few tricks with his tongue. Soon Harris was zipping closer to orgasm, faster than he wanted. The tight throat gripping his dick was too intense. Clasping the boy's head tightly, Harris mouth-

fucked him. Alan hummed and moaned, and the vibrations felt great along Harris' embedded shaft. Too soon he felt himself flip toward his climax. "Gonna cum," he warned. Alan's lips and tongue pressed harder, slid up and down Harris' shaft faster. That did it. "Fuck!" Harris was cumming hard, filling Alan's mouth, and Alan shifted from sucking to swallowing what was pouring out of Harris' peter.

Afterward, lying together on the floor, Harris hugged Alan to his chest, reached an arm down to cup and squeeze his ass. "You want to fuck me?" Alan asked.

"Yes, I do."

"You got someplace we can go? I don't want to do it here. What if someone hears us through the door."

"Let's get dressed and go to my place. My bed will be a lot more comfortable. Besides, that lock won't keep out Lars. I think he snoops sometimes after hours."

"Lars? Who's that?" Alan was already reaching for his briefs.

"Oh, he's the janitor. If he catches us, he might want to join in, but I want you all to myself first."

"Not sure if I'm ready for a three-way." Alan deciphered his tangled pants, began to push his legs into them. "Damn, if my professor is as much fun as you, I'm going to enjoy this assistant job."

A few minutes later, both dressed and walking out of the office, Harris pointed and said, "Oh, now's a good time to arrange for your interview. That's the professor you'll be working with. Come on--I'll introduce you."

"You mean Professor Johnson?" Alan asked, sounding pleased.

Harris caught himself feeling suddenly jealous. Paul Johnson was popular with the students, and a damn attractive man; of course Alan would want to work with him--but Harris hadn't meant Paul; he was referring to the young man with whom Paul was talking. "Professor Cole, I'd like you to meet Alan. He's applying for the job as your assistant."

Alan looked confused. Harris understood. Jason Cole was young enough to be a student himself, two or three years younger than Alan, and no one would expect him to be a member of the teaching faculty. Harris supposed Jason got similar reactions often, one of the hazards of being a boy genius.

"Nice to meet you," Jason said offering his hand, as if repeating some formal ritual he had memorized.

Alan shook it, smiling and trying not to look confused.

"We'll have to arrange an interview before he gets the job, Professor Cole," Harris said. "Perhaps tomorrow at eleven a.m.? That's right after your morning lectures, I believe?"

At that moment Jason was distracted by something down the hall, seemed to see something that upset him. Harris glanced that direction: just one of the coaches, talking to one of the students. What was the problem? "The interview?" Harris prompted Jason.

"Sorry," Jason replied, snapping back to their conversation. "I don't need to interview him. If you think Alan's right for the job, I'm sure he'll be fine."

5. Tom and the Coach

The coach was talking to Tom Johnson, Professor Paul Johnson's son, when he spotted Jason. The boy saw

him too, a shocked expression on Jason's face, and the coach smirked at him, knowing they were both remembering that night in the park. He wondered whether the boy remembered what happened after that. Probably not; guys seldom did after they were dosed and hypnotized. Coach had liked sucking the kid's prick, but he especially liked thinking about what would happen soon, as soon as he sent a particular email. The results would be worth his effort: watching the boy's apartment for a couple of weeks, getting to know his routines, following him to the park that night.

He watched as Jason walked away with the others. He wanted a piece of that boy's tight little ass. Maybe he'd stake out the park again? Now that he knew the kid had discovered the park, he figured his chances were better. If not, he knew where the boy lived, could just knock on his door. Either way, another spritz with the chemical, maybe a little hypnotic reinforcement, and Jason would be his, would eagerly do whatever he wanted for an hour or two, even give up his ass for fucking.

Coach turned his attention back to the student in front of him. Tom. The Coach had had him many times before; he was one of the first Coach had wearing a crystal pendant that signaled he belonged to the coach's special crew. The thrill of conquering Tom was long gone. Coach liked the process more than the end result, the pursuit more than the conquest. But Tom would do, until the Coach could start the second phase of his plans for Jason. "Come to my office after practice," the coach told Tom. "We've got something important to discuss."

Tom of course nodded. Players always wanted to make their coach happy. "Yes, sir."

The way Tom was looking at him, Coach was sure the athlete was horny. Of course he was; guys his age always were. That horniness made them easy to seduce and control. Coach would enjoy taking control of Tom again, even if doing so had become too easy. Coach would enjoy fucking the boy like a sex toy, getting him off, emptying both of their loads of cum.

After practice, the coach was sitting behind his desk when Tom knocked on the half-open door and walked in. "Lock the door and get over here," Coach growled, fingering the crystal pendant on his desk. "I don't have a lot of time. I've got some important plans I need to get to, but I need to get a load off first."

Tom nodded, locked the door, and walked over to the desk. He wore nothing but a pair of gym shorts, the elastic waistband of his jock-strap poking over the top, and his own pendant, the one that marked him as one of Coach's special boys, the jock-boys Coach had hypnotized and made service him. That first time, Tom had fallen into a hypnotic trance almost too easily, too quickly, and Coach wondered whether someone had hypnotized him previously. If so, Coach was happy to take advantage of that someone's groundwork. Since then, Tom had serviced Coach often. He knew what was expected of him. By now Coach wouldn't need the spray to jump-start the process, which was good because he had a finite amount of the spray--for now. No, just a few minutes of trance-talk with the crystal was enough to have Tom deeply asleep and ready to obey every order.

"Well, what are you waiting for," the coach asked as he stood up and pushed his sweatpants and jock-strap to his knees. "Get your fucking shorts off, then get down there. Kneel, boy. You're gonna suck my dick until it's hard. Then I'm gonna fuck your ass, so you'd better get it real wet and slippery."

Tom pushed his gym shorts to his ankles, then kicked them off. He didn't bother with his jock-strap. The coach hadn't told him to remove it and anyway Tom knew Coach wasn't going to touch anything but his ass, and his jock left that exposed, so he felt no need to uncover the rest. Dropping to his knees between the coach's legs, Tom took hold of the semi-erect cock. Licking around the crest, he got the head wet before taking it into his mouth.

Tom could get all of the coach's semi-thick prick in his mouth. He used the opportunity to work up lots of spit

and wet the shaft before it finished hardening. Blood pumped swiftly into Coach's dick, swelling it. Tom liked to think he gave good head, and he wanted to do a good job on his coach's knob. He didn't want to do this but felt compelled--and he didn't want Coach to be displeased by a substandard suck-job. Coach was rougher when he was displeased.

Tom reached between the coach's legs and took both big balls in his hand. He squeezed them, not too gently. He felt the cock harden a little bit more. He knew Coach liked his sex a little rough, and Tom knew how to use it to his advantage. If he could get the coach to shoot quickly in his mouth, he could save his ass. He hoped the coach would be satisfied with hurried blow, especially if the coach had plans he needed to get to as he'd said.

But if the Coach really wanted his ass, Tom wouldn't be able to stop him or prevent the fuck. Coach's tricks were embedded too deeply in his mind, and Tom wouldn't be able to refuse him--and even if he was able to work up the will to say no, Coach had that spray that would shut off his inhibitions and make him unable to resist whatever the man said.

The coach's cock was hard enough now. He pulled it roughly out of Tom's mouth. "Get up and bend over the desk." Tom did as he was told. The Coach picked up a bottle and for a moment Tom worried that it was the spray, but then he recognized with relief the lubricant label. Too, this meant Coach wasn't going to dry-fuck him. Lately Coach had gotten rougher, treated him more like a hole than a person, so Tom was thankful for this small consideration.

He watched Coach move into position behind him, felt one hand spread his ass-cheeks. The other hand Coach used to guide his hard dick to the tight hole and poke against it. That meat wouldn't go in easily; with no warm-up, Tom's ass was too tight for easy penetration. Tom readied himself for Coach to push hard, and he bent his head down and screwed his eyes shut, expecting pain.

Tom felt the coach lean to one side. "You gotta relax, boy, if I'm gonna get my dick in you without hurting you." Coach pulled the waistband of Tom's jock-strap, then let it snap back--*Whap!*

"Ow! Fuck!" Tom barked, eyes popping open and head flipping up.

Coach was dangling his crystal pendant in front of Tom's eyes. "Hush, boy. It's *sleepytime*. Just relax. You know how you love to stare into the crystal. Sleepytime, boy, sleepytime ...

With his eyes closed again, locked in that head-space almost like sleep where he drifted, Tom felt the rhythmic pumpings at his ass, as regular as his heartbeat. His ass hurt, but that was far away ... Far away and ... And what? Tom couldn't hold on to his thoughts when he was locked this deeply in almost-sleep. All he felt was the solid desk holding him up, the steady rhythm rocking his body, the ring of red sensation starting to turn white with familiar pleasure.

Later, Tom blinked and lifted his head. He was standing alone in a familiar tiled room, still in his jock-strap, as a showerhead poured warm water down on him. He didn't remember coming here--likely, when he'd finished with Tom, Coach had told him to go take a shower, and Tom had done exactly that, without stripping off his jock first. Now the hypnosis had mostly worn off, and here he was.

Only the hypnosis hadn't worn off, not all the way. He was in a light hypnotic fugue, unable to fully wake up until ...

Coach, the bastard, had left him with what the older man called a *parting gift*. A fucking parting gift, like Tom was a noob or something.

Tom sank to the floor, his ass on the wet tile, knees pulled to his chest. How long? He hadn't been under the

spray long enough for his fingertips to prune. so ... not long?

Yeah, probably best to just sit here and let the shower spray protect him like a warm cocoon. He needed to cum in order to break the spell and wake up fully, but he knew he couldn't touch his own stiff cock, not like that.

Coach hadn't let him orgasm. The bastard liked to not let the first-timers cum, not let them wake up all the way, keep them aroused, keep them a little hypnotized. The first-timers would stay in a horny, half-hypnotized state, unable to wake up all the way until they came--either orgasmed spontaneously from being overstimulated or *someone else* made them cum. Being horny powered the lingering hypnotic fugue, and the hypnotic fugue powered the horniness. Bastard called that a *parting gift*.

Yeah, Tom knew he was easiest to control when he was horny, and Coach knew it too. Coach liked his boys easy to control. He'd probably have kept the players hypnotized all day every day, if he could. Coach loved winning, and what were being in control and fucking if not other kinds of victory? Coach wasn't the biggest-cocked man to ever fuck him, but he was the one who hurt Tom's ass the most. Coach usually didn't like using enough lube, liked the feeling of shoving his cock into a half-dry ass. This was the way, Coach said, a real man fucked ass.

Well, Tom wasn't a clueless noob to be befuddled by a parting gift. Maybe he wouldn't be able to stroke his cock, but he knew other ways to get off and break free. He squeezed his cock through his jock-pouch, felt the rough weave scrape his sensitive head. His forearm between his legs, press his thighs together around it, hump his arm a little. Wouldn't take much. Just a little more. A little more friction. A little more sensation and stimulation and--Yes, there!--Cumming! Tom bit his lower lip as he climaxed, ejaculating into his pouch, a weak orgasm, unsatisfying but enough to make his cum flow and break the parting gift's hold on him. *Aaah ...*

Tom sank back against the tiled wall, let his legs go limp. He could feel the last of the hypnotic fugue evaporating, wondered if enough water was hitting his jock-pouch to wash away his cum. No, probably Tom would need to rinse out the inside of his jock in a minute--just as soon as he could stand again.

Little half-dream snippets came back to him. The coach hadn't started fucking hard right away. He'd gone slow-ish at first, not for Tom's benefit, but his own. Coach didn't have a lot of time before those plans he'd mentioned, but he had enough to prolong Tom's humiliation a little.

Tom wished the coach would find a new favorite ass. He hated being fucked by that man.

Once Tom had hero-worshipped his coach, loved the man practically like a second father, like all jocks do. Now, the only reason Tom let his ass be used like this was to stay on the team. He'd made the team because he was good; he stayed on it by following orders and letting the coach fuck him.

His father had been so proud when Tom made the team. How could he break his father's heart by getting kicked off? He was sure his father would find out the real reason--the reason that would surely jeopardize his father's career and research. The coach knew this and used it to his advantage.

Coach fucked so differently compared to Tom's father. His father Paul always fucked with slow and gentle strokes, maybe even too gentle sometimes, fucked for mutual pleasure because he loved his son. Coach fucked rougher, fucked for dominance and because he loved to fuck.

Those first few times that the coach fucked Tom's ass, he went slowly, started with slow, short strokes. Just enough to make his cock feel good in Tom's ass. That ass was tight and Coach didn't want to damage it--or, probably, his own cock. Then, as Tom's hole opened up, Coach would make the strokes longer. He didn't have a huge cock, not like some of the guys on the team. However, he had used it enough to know how to get the most out of a fuck. He took the longest strokes he could. Pulling out to the head and shoving back in, brutally.

Tom had enjoyed the difference. His father was so gentle, almost too much so, and Coach's rougher style was an interesting change. Most of the guys Tom had let fuck him fell somewhere between those two types.

That first time, Coach had started out bending Tom over his desk and fucking him from behind. Ass-raper, the team called Coach behind his back, and Tom had always thought that was because Coach drove their asses hard during practice. But now Coach really was ass-raping him.

Suddenly Coach pulled all the way out of Tom's ass, grabbed his shoulders, lifted and turned him over, before pushing Tom onto his back on the desk. Lifting the player's legs, the coach reinserted his cock roughly, declared, "I like it better this way. I like watching their faces when I fuck 'em." The coach resumed his long strokes as soon as Tom got accustomed to the new position. "Wouldn't your old man be proud of you if he saw you now," the coach asked sarcastically. "What would the big, important chemistry professor think if he knew you took cock in your ass like a champ? Would you still be his macho athlete son if he knew you liked to get butt-fucked?"

Tom hadn't mentioned that he and his father had been fucking for a couple of years now; in fact his father had been the first. Well, let the coach have his little degradation talk; some guys were into that. Tom didn't care; he knew the truth.

That first time, Coach had kept piling on the degradation. "You want me to kick you off the team and tell your daddy why? Want me to tell him what you stole?"

"No, sir."

"Then you'd better start moving your ass. I want to see you enjoying this fuck. I don't like fucking someone who just lies there. Move your ass!"

Tom had known what to do. He'd gotten fucked enough to know, and knew how to find pleasure in it. He'd grabbed the edge of the desk. This gave him enough leverage to raise his butt whenever the coach slammed his dick into it. Tom's cooperation obviously turned the coach on a little more. "That's more like it!" the man had said. Then he started to slam-pound Tom's tender hole.

Tom had been jacking off while Coach fucked him, but slowly; Tom wasn't in a rush to cum, wanted his coach to shoot first; Tom hated being fucked after he'd cum, so he always wanted his fucker to bust first. Coach's cock felt like it had doubled in size inside Tom's ass, creating a bunch of new sensations. Tom felt as if the Coach was drilling deeper in his ass than anyone ever had before. Coach's face scrunched, and he let out a primal groan, and Tom knew he was cumming, shooting his sperm into Tom's ass. That's when Tom let go and let his orgasm burst through him too, thinking their sex was about to be over. But when Tom came down from his climax-high, Coach kept fucking him. He fucked long after his dick stopped pumping cum. Tom didn't like the way this part felt, but he tried to moan and act like it was the greatest fuck ever. Coach fucked until his spent cock got too soft to maintain the penetration. Only then did he stop. "You're a damned good lay," the coach stated, pulling his prick out of Tom's sore ass. "I bet no man could turn down your hot little hole once he's tried it. Remind me to do that more often. You don't mind me using your asshole, do you?"

"No, sir," Tom had lied. Back then he'd still loved his coach, wanted to make him happy, make him feel good. Tom had liked the first part of the fuck, but not the way it ended.

"Good. Now get dressed and get out," the coach had said, reaching for his pants and a towel to wipe off his sweat. Just like that, Tom had been dismissed.

What had started as sex really changed some time later, with a small act of bragging and theft--well, not theft exactly, since Tom had intended to return it after he proved what he'd been bragging about--*borrowing* was

how he'd justified it to himself--but then events got out of hand.

Coach had been fucking him for a couple of weeks at least--Tom had been in Coach's office for some reason or other, and the Assistant Coach was there, and Tom had opened his big mouth and mentioned his dad's research, a little harmless bragging about his father's breakthrough, and that was the conversation that got all this started. Tom didn't want his father to know about that part. He wasn't proud of what he let the coach talk him into doing, or how far things had escalated since. Now he was too deep in this mess to turn back.

Tom held his legs tighter to his chest, face pressed into his knees as the shower spray pelted his head and shoulders. He wasn't going to cry, not this time; but if he did, at least the shower would hide the evidence. How the hell had things gotten to this point? Tom fingered the small crystal pendant at his neck. All of this felt so out of control, and he couldn't fix it, not anymore, not with half the team wearing similar pendants--

Pendants that meant--

He wasn't going to cry, but he needed to figure out a way to fix this.

Suddenly, the shower went off. "Huh?" Tom mumbled. Hadn't he been alone? He lifted his head half a second before a folded towel dropped on his chest and knees.

"Get up and dry yourself off."

Tom looked up, blinking through water that ran into his eyes. A man in a dark blue jumpsuit towered over him. What was a janitor doing here? Tom wiped the water dripping across his eyes so he could see clearer. No, not a janitor, not really. Tom knew this man. "Langley?"

6. Tom and Lars

"It's 'Lars' when I'm wearing this." The man Tom knew as Langley squatted beside him and tapped the name badge on his coveralls, the badge that read *Lars*.

"What are you doing here? Why are you dressed like ...?" Oh, right. Spy stuff, probably. Langley--*Lars*--was the "government liaison" and contact person for Tom's dad's research. Tom wasn't sure what agency Langley worked for, but it probably had a cluster of letters for a name--C.I.A., F.B.I., D.O.D., N.S.B.--hell, maybe P.E.T.A. for all Tom knew. The late-twenties man, tall and muscular, always wore his red-blond hair in an efficient crewcut, always bore a stoic *I'm in charge and I can break you in half* air of alpha-male strength barely restrained, probably gained from serving in some elite military fighting unit before his current assignment babysitting the secret research project Tom's dad was running. Langley was good-looking, sure, but Tom always thought his coolly detached attitude made him seem unattainable and thus elevated him to *sexy as hell* status.

Tom unfolded the towel, tried to hide his wet, jock-strapped body behind it. He was suddenly ashamed at having been caught sitting there in the showers. He hadn't cared if anyone found him, but now that someone had--and Langley, no, Lars at that--Tom as mortified. Fortunately, under the guise of drying his hair, Tom could use the towel to hide his head.

"What's wrong, kid?" he heard.

All Tom had to say were three little words: *It's all connected* or maybe *All my fault*. But then what? Would Langley understand? Would he take care of everything? Would he arrest Tom, or whatever government agencies did? And what about the risk to Tom's dad and his professional reputation? Shit, too much was at stake to just confess!

"Nothing's wrong." Crap, had Tom's voice really come out as a half-sob?

"Don't bullshit me. I know what goes on around here. I know that bastard just fucked you."

Maybe anger could end the embarrassment over sounding like a five-year-old? "Go the fucking hell away and leave me alone." Nope, now he definitely sounded like an angry five-year-old.

"I think you could use a little help. Get up."

Tom felt hands under his armpits, lifting, practically effortlessly. Holy fuck!--Langley was strong!

"That coach is a real bastard."

Tom choked out an attempt at a laugh. "Well, yeah. That's kind of his job."

"Stop bullshitting me. You know what I mean. What he does to the other guys is bad enough, but when he does that shit to you, I want to kill him."

Tom looked up at this point. He hadn't thought anyone but his dad would ever say that about him, much less Langley.

"I'm sorry," Tom said, standing, wrapping the towel around his jock-strapped waist. "I need to get out of here."

"What you need to do is dry off, get dressed, and let me take you home." Langley's arm around Tom's shoulders was a quiet strength that guided him toward the lockers. Just how strong was this man? Tom was strong himself, played football and lifted weights, but he had the feeling Langley might be even stronger than he, the kind of casual physical presence that says *I could force you if I wanted to, and I'd win.*

Tom fumbled with his locker. "Can I ask why you're here dressed like a janitor? Without compromising any state secrets, I mean." He meant that as a joke, but his father did super-classified research projects for the government, classified enough to warrant a handler-bodyguard usually hanging around nearby.

Langley gave a measured breath. "Well, as you know, a sample of a chemical your father was researching came up missing a while back."

Tom froze. Langley knew about that? But how much did he know?

Tom had been in the office talking with Coach and one of the assistants. He'd mentioned his father made an accidental breakthrough in developing a chemical with military applications. The chemical, fast-acting when consumed or absorbed through the skin, reduced a target's inhibitions to negligible levels. In effect it dampened free will, made the subject compliant, willing to follow any instruction, do anything he was told, confess any secret, though the effect only lasted a few minutes.

Neither Coach nor the AC believed him, and being called a liar angered Tom. He made a plan. He'd gone by his father's laboratory ostensibly to say hi; everyone there knew him, so no one paid much attention to him. When no one was looking, he'd palmed one of the small test bottles with the spray applicator from the tray, replaced it with an empty bottle so no one would notice. The bottles weren't secured during the testing--why would they be? No one knew about the chemical yet, and everyone in the lab was trusted. If anyone found the empty bottle, they'd think it got swapped by mistake, right? Besides, Tom wasn't really stealing it, just borrowing, and he would bring it back. Once he swapped it back tomorrow, nobody would be the wiser.

But how much did Langley know? Did he suspect Tom had taken it? Did he know how awry things had gone?

The next day, in the coach's office again after practice, Tom had triumphantly placed the bottle on the desk and declared, see, he hadn't been lying. The AC had picked up the bottle, examined it skeptically. Coach quick-plucked the bottle from the AC's hand, and before Tom could react, turned and spritzed Tom in the face. Fsst! Unable to flinch away in time, he felt the mist hit his nose, cheek, neck, a mild tingly-burning sensation. And then he felt odd, not bad, just not quite thinking clearly. His body felt somehow aroused, and he started to get an erection, and the coaches definitely saw it. The chemical made the subject do whatever he was told? They tested that, ordering Tom to do all sorts of things he would have been too embarrassed to do normally, including take down his shorts, show off his growing hard-on, and give it a few strokes while they laughed and dreamed up new, even more demeaning things to make him do.

After a few minutes, the effect started to wear off, and the coaches seemed disappointed. The AC said that maybe hypnosis could extend the suggestibility--the spray would start the process, and once the subject was cooperative, the hypnosis would bring on a real trance that would last longer, even after the effect wore off. The AC had a degree in sports psychology and used to date Paul, Tom's dad, for a while last year; they'd often played hypnosis games together--the AC knew how.

So they tried it. Since the first dose hadn't fully worn off yet, Tom wasn't able to work up any resistance when Coach sprayed him again. Then the AC started an induction, telling Tom "relax," and "everyone experiences hypnosis differently," and "just breathe," and "sleep." Tom hadn't fallen asleep, or not real sleep anyway. He felt as if he were half-aware and half-dozing, eyes half-closed, just drifting inside his head. All he knew for certain was that he wanted to be hypnotized like the AC said, and now he was hypnotized. The AC seemed pleased, was telling Coach how quickly, how deeply, Tom had gone into a hypnotic state, how this would definitely work.

The AC was laying the groundwork, telling Tom how easily he would return to this entranced state, and Tom couldn't do anything but listen. He couldn't warn the AC before Coach shot him with a burst from the spray bottle. Then Coach started reciting the induction he'd just heard the AC give Tom, and the AC went down into hypnosis too. That was the start. Over the days that followed, Tom couldn't stop Coach from using the chemical and the hypnosis on him again, and on his teammates, one after another, until now a good percentage of the team ...

Tom wriggled down his wet jock-strap from underneath without taking his towel off, not wanting to expose himself--though he knew Langley had already seen his bare butt, seen him almost naked, so what was the big problem? And Tom wondered whether he should just confess to Langley about being the one to take the bottle. After all, Coach kept threatening to blackmail him with that secret. But if Tom confessed, then what? Would Langley be angry, haul Tom off to prison or wherever people who messed with top-secret research projects disappeared to?

"Look, Tom, you know you can trust me, but I need you to help me fill in some gaps. I know your father had some kind of security breach; I know the coaching staff has some kind of hold on you; and I know it has something to do with this." Langley held up his hand, and Tom saw a thin metal chain and a crystal dangling from it.

Tom's hand went to his throat. His own necklace was missing. How had Langley--? That arm around his shoulders earlier--must have been when Langley--

"Professor Johnson, your dad, wears one too, so are all these things connected? Does someone have a hold on Professor Johnson too? I need to know. Help me out. Tell me what you know."

How could Tom explain to Langley that he liked sex while hypnotized? Tom and his dad had been fucking for a couple of years now. But when Coach started--Well, Tom loved his coach, had loved the sex at first, at least early on before Coach got so ... How did Tom explain to Langley? *I told Dad to hypnotize me and he did, and it felt do damn great, and we loved it, and he was into it too, so now sometimes we both ...* Yeah, Langley would freak out over that. Incest? Mind control? Coach's potential blackmail? Nope, no telling what damage those pieces of information would do to his father's research grants and professional reputation.

Tom squeezed his eyes shut. He couldn't deal with this, not consciously. Maybe his subconscious could handle it? Tom opened his eyes, stared at the crystal Langley held as he waited for a response. *Sleepytime, sleepytime, sleepytime*, Tom chanted in his head, hoping to escape into a state where nothing bad could touch him.

Langley flipped his hand like a stage magician, and the crystal disappeared from sight. "Hey! Hey! Stop that! What are you trying to do? Where were you trying to go in your head just then?"

"Look, I can't handle this. I'll answer any questions you wanna ask, but ... Look, all you have to do is hold up the crystal and let me do this. Then you can ask me whatever you want and I'll tell you, and it'll be the truth. But I can't--I ... Look, please, okay?"

Langley narrowed his eyes, but pulled the crystal pendant from a pocket, held it up. Tom repeated *Sleepytime, sleepytime, sleepytime*, over and over in his head. Yeah, he could feel something start to happen, a slipping, falling ... but he seemed to go only partway and got stuck. Dad used an induction. The coaches used the chemical and a keyword. But Tom had never before tried doing this all by himself.

And the process didn't seem to be working.

"Look deep, son," Langley said. "Look deep and relax. It's *sleepytime*."

How did Langley know the special word? He said it, Tom realized, not like Coach but exactly as his father did. Had Langley been listening in on their private lives? Did he have their home bugged? Tom would have to worry about that later, because he was already slipping away.

A time later, Tom heard, "That's it," along with, "Come on. Open your eyes."

So Tom did, looked up. Langley stood over him, the tiniest hint of a smile on his otherwise typically stoic face. Tom sat on the changing bench in front of his locker. His towel must have slipped off, because now it has been draped at an angle over his lap and crotch. Part of it stood up, because Tom's erection underneath pushed at it. Tom was so used to having sex every time he got hypnotized, his body responded automatically.

"That's it," Langley told him. "How do you feel?"

"I feel ..." All his worry and fear were gone. Just like that? How? The tension in his body was significantly reduced. All he felt was a profound and quiet trust, a confidence that Langley would take care of everything. All Tom had to do was relax and trust him. "I feel good ..."

Langley sat straddling the bench, facing him, a few inches separating them. "That was an interesting conversation. You remember any of what we talked about?"

Tom shook his head no. His thoughts seemed to be moving so slowly.

"Well, don't worry. You're not in any trouble. I'll try to keep you out of it. But this is a problem I need to clean up."

"I understand." Tom felt such a warm and open trust in the man, a pure affection. Before today, Langley had been an occasional presence, but Tom had never gotten to know him. Now he felt a deep, profound faith in the man. He didn't need to keep any more secrets. He could trust Langley, reveal everything; that feeling of trust was so much stronger now. Had Langley suggested this while Tom's mind was open and receptive? Probably, but Tom didn't mind. Letting someone else take on the worry felt ... good. Having someone else to deal with the problems felt comforting, almost too comforting.

Tom shifted, and the towel across his lap slipped down enough to show the root of his stiff cock. "Sorry," he mumbled, and he reached to pull the towel over his crotch again. Why were his hands moving so slowly, clumsily? The way he felt--everything, emotionally and physically, felt so intense and so dense, as though he were moving through water instead of air, cock so hard, everything so much stronger than it should have felt. This was the way he felt when he was ... When he was what? *Sleepytime*.

"Don't worry; you don't have to worry about anything when you're like this. And no one's going to come into the locker room this late, except the janitor," Langley said, tapping the *Lars* nametag on his coveralls, "and I'm the janitor."

"I'm ... not ..." Tom had trouble forming the thought, making the words. "Not ... wake ... You said ... open eyes ... not wake ..."

Langley's mouth gave the briefest quirk of approval. "That's right. In some ways, if I understand hypnosis correctly, you're still asleep, even though you might seem awake. You're a smart kid--you figured it out pretty quick." The man moved a little closer. "You said Coach likes to fuck you when you're hypnotized. Is it true I can do whatever I want and you'll say yes?"

"I ... Yes ... Maybe Yes ..."

"Because there's something I've been wanting to do a long, long time." Moving his hands to the jock's knees, Langley spread them. "I know your coach just fucked you, but I think he missed the best part," the man said as he lowered his head and eased the towel away. Tom was shocked, but his dick knew exactly what was happening; already three-quarters hard, it reacted by stiffening further, pulsing, a flush of arousal when Langley kissed it. Tom inhaled a slow, short breath when Langley took the tip into his mouth. By the time Langley had taken a couple good sucks on it, Tom's dick was a full-fledged boner again.

"I don't suck cock that often," Langley came off of Tom's prick to say. "Usually I'm the one that gets the action. But you've got a nice cock for sucking."

Tom understood: Langley was trying to give him some type of reassurance. As the man returned to sucking, Tom relaxed. All of his problems seemed to turn into liquid and flow out of the end of his cock. Was this something Langley had told him to feel? The pain from his ass subsided. Tom felt comforted and cared for. Langley was more of a man than Coach would ever be.

Nearly half the team had felt Coach's wrath and been made to submit to his control, suck his cock, get their asses fucked. Coach oversaw who was on the team, who played, who kept the athletic scholarships that kept them in this college, but now he had half the team hypnotically by the balls and took what he wanted when he wanted. This was different. Sure, Langley had started sucking Tom's dick without asking, but he wasn't making an animal attack on Tom's body like Coach did. Langley was showing a tenderness that Tom had only felt before with a couple of guys.

Tom spread his legs further. Langley sucked for several minutes, seemed to enjoy Tom's cock in his mouth. He wasn't rushing to take Tom's load, but seemed want to spend time making Tom feel good first. Langley released the rod, slowly licked downward. After tonguing the sack-skin, Langley opened his mouth and

pulled first one ball into his mouth then the other, finally sucking both of them at the same time. Tom was getting hot. The coach had fucked him brutally. His father and his ex-boyfriend Devin had always made tender love to Tom's ass. But all of them had mostly wanted to fuck his ass. Tom's dick almost never got all the attention it wanted.

Langley released Tom's nuts from his mouth and kissed each. His palm on Tom's chest pushed the boy down, lying along the bench. Quick kisses upward along the athlete's taut belly brought the agent to Tom's erect nipples. Tonguing and gentle bites sent ripples of pleasure through the boy's body. More tender kisses brought Langley up to where he was looking down at the cute jock. They kissed several times.

"I want your ass," Langley said, sliding his hands down Tom's sides and under his butt. Tom tensed. He had taken the coach's rough fuck, but Coach wasn't that big. Tom could see a lump in the crotch of those coveralls; it didn't promise the longest cock, but Langley packed a lot of bulge there, and Tom wondered what it looked like, what it might feel like splitting his ass. Did he want that?

Langley must have felt Tom tighten up. "Relax," the man smiled, kissing Tom again. "I don't mean I want to fuck you. I want to eat your ass." When Tom didn't relax, Langley added, "Or I could just suck your cock a while."

Langley pulled away, unzipped the front of his coveralls, revealing a wide chest of carefully trimmed red-blond hair. Langley's arms and chest were muscled for efficient strength, the torso of a Viking warrior. The coveralls slid down. The chest hair tapered to a thin line at his navel before disappearing into his underwear, white briefs. The pouch of his briefs was bulging, pulling away from his thighs. Tom could see the rugged tubular outline of a monster cock. Langley's hooked thumbs pulled down the waistband. Into view came his erection, about five and a half inches long and man-thick, one of the thickest Tom had seen, heavy foreskin already pulling back, the knob-head wider than the shaft, atop a sack of large balls, then muscular thighs. Tom wanted to suck the substantial cock, but he couldn't move.

Naked now, "I think you need your cock sucked some more," Langley said, "and I'm just the man to do it. Coach didn't get you off, did he? You got a big load of cum worked up? I'm going to suck that big load out of your nuts. If you like it and ask real nice, I might suck you off a second time too."

Tom didn't mention the weak orgasm he'd used to break the parting gift; that wasn't important, and Tom would happily cum again. Langley knelt between Tom's thighs. Inside the big man's mouth, Tom's dick felt great. Usually his ass was the part that got the action. Blow-jobs, whether before or after getting fucked, had always seemed more a courtesy or a step, like hiking the ball to move it from point A to point B on the football field. Langley was sucking him as if sucking alone was all that mattered, the point of the game, the goal. As distant as his thoughts felt, Tom could just sit there and observe, like he was studying Langley's technique, as the man took Tom's dick all the way down and rubbed his nose in the soft crotch hair that Tom had trimmed a few days before. One hand cupped and massaged the athlete's nuts; the other alternated between Tom's erect nipples, pinching first one then the other. Tom didn't try to hold back. These days, now that his hero-worship for Coach had turned into something like resignation, Coach's dick in his ass didn't turn Tom on, but the head of it banging against his prostate always felt good and got his arousal flowing. Now, this big, beautiful man was giving him the best blow he had ever had.

Without warning, as Langley tickled his nuts and tongue-teased underneath his cock-head, Tom felt his climax begin. The first warm wave of orgasm slow-climbed through his body and spread through his awareness. His heavy nuts tightened. The first bolt of ball-juice, thick and forceful, pumped through his rigid dick and into Langley's throat.

Raising up, the man worked on just the head of Tom's prick as that rod filled his mouth with sperm. Tom was cumming so forcefully that his body tried to push off the bench of its own volition. Langley held the boy's

hips to keep the jerking cock in his mouth. He swallowed with practiced efficiency.

When the flow subsided, Langley took Tom's subsiding cock all the way down a couple times before releasing it. Standing, he leaned over the boy and kissed him. Tom could taste his cum still clinging to Langley's tongue as he returned the man's kiss. Langley's erection was pointing directly at Tom's head. The athlete wanted to taste that too, but wide-stanced Langley wrapped his own fist around it, pumped his cock with fast, competent strokes. Ten seconds, and Langley's head fell back. "Nnnn!" His cum spurted across the space between his cock-head and Tom's chest, spattering there.

The jets ended. Langley released his cock. His chest glistened with a light sweat. He ran a thumb over Tom's chin. "I see why," Langley said. "You look so good, jock-boy, sitting there hypnotized and covered in my cum. I could maybe get used to this." He stepped back. "We made a mess. I think we both need a shower now. Think you can stand up for me, or do you need more sleepytime?"

Tom was already hypnotized, so the word didn't shove him down into darkness the way it usually did. But the word did reinforce how he felt; the slowness around his thoughts toughened, made staying half-sleep like he was easier. He nodded, tried to stand.

Langley's firm grip assisted. The man's arm around Tom's shoulders guided him toward the showers again. "First we shower, then we eat," Lars told him. "If you want to eat my dick while I eat your ass, that's okay. Let's get your little butt clean."

In the shower Langley ordered Tom to wash him, and then Langley reciprocated, making sure to have Tom bend forward so that the man could wash all traces of Coach's cum and lubricant from the jock's ass. A couple of fingers in the hole itself also helped. To Tom, the man's thick and confident fingers felt like a small cock, and the slow strokes soothed his tortured ass. He pressed his hips back against Langley's hand, hoping to get deeper penetration, maybe another finger.

Somewhere during the shower, the fingering, Tom woke up, really woke up, as the hypnosis finally wore off. At least he was pretty sure he was awake when Langley crouched behind him and cupped his ass with big, muscle-dense hands. Spreading Tom's cheeks, the man raised his head and started licking around the tight little hole. *Oh, fuck, yeah!* Tom thought as he tried to relax and widen his sphincter for the tongue. The tongue in his ass was good, but Tom wanted Langley's cock in his mouth; he liked sucking and thought Langley's thick one would be a real challenge.

By now Langley was shoving his tongue deep into Tom's hole like a semi-hard dick, as if dedicated to showing Tom how good a tongue-fuck could be. Tom couldn't help jacking himself as Langley licked and probed. He might even try to take the agent's prick in his ass if Langley agreed not to tear him apart with it. But the double action of getting tongue-fucked and jacking off took a toll. Before either of them wanted, Tom groaned and started shooting his latest load.

When Tom was spent, Langley ignored his own hard cock and turned off the water, indicating an end. Tom was disappointed but didn't dare say anything; he didn't want to seem needy. Drying off quickly, he followed Langley back to the locker room.

"I hope you enjoyed that," the man said, making no effort yet to dress.

"Sure did. I thought my ass was about to fall in love with your tongue," Tom said, hoping he didn't sound too cringeworthy.

"Promise?" Langley said bending in and kissing Tom.

"So what do we do next?" Tom asked, meaning--Well, he wasn't sure what he meant.

Langley's face was all stoic angles again. "About Coach Ass-Raper? Let me worry about that." He bent over and retrieved something. "But first, I'm going to hypnotize you again. I'd like to ask if you're willing, but truth is, this isn't optional. I can't risk you accidentally calling me Langley or letting slip that I work for the government, so I'm going to make you forget for a while. When you wake up, you'll know me only as Lars the janitor." Before Tom could digest this, Langley lifted the crystal in front of him and told him, "It's *sleepytime ... sleepytime ...*"

7. Jason and Tom

Tom stuck his head through the door of Jason's apartment. "I'm bored. Wanna to go out and see if we can find something fun to do?"

Jason didn't mind the way Tom or his father Paul sometimes came over unannounced--in fact, he often liked the distraction. But today? "Ugh," he moaned from the desk where he sat over a screen folder filled with tests waiting to be graded. "I'd love to, but I've got too much work to do. I must get these exams graded by Monday morning."

"I figured you'd say something like that. That's why I brought this," Tom smiled, pulling a six-pack of beer from behind him. "We can stay in and find something fun to do."

Jason hadn't drunk alcohol much before he moved in here. But tonight, a beer buzz? "Sounds good. Maybe these tests will look better after a beer."

Jason's apartment was one main room that served as his kitchen, bedroom, and living space. Tom popped two cans of beer open and stashed the rest in Jason's refrigerator. Jason watched Tom pause to survey the shelves, which were full--but not too full--of food. Yes, he'd caught Tom checking up on him, and maybe now Tom would think Jason was finally getting the hang of being an adult and living on his own. Tom strolled over, handed one of the beers to Jason, then sat down on one end of the small sofa adjoining the desk.

"Thanks," Jason said after taking a long swallow from the cold can. *Bleeh*. He was learning to enjoy a little buzz sometimes, but he thought he'd never learn to enjoy the taste of beer. "I might need two cans for this batch."

"They can't be that bad."

"Yes, they can. And this is only half of them. My teaching assistant Alan's making a first pass through the other half this weekend. When I took this job, I thought I was going to be lecturing and working on my research. I never knew I'd have to handle so much grading and administrative bullshit. If it wasn't for Alan, I'd never catch up."

Jason finished the beer quickly. So far, the prospect of grading papers didn't seem to have gotten any better. Jason wasn't sure what was wrong with him; ever since that night he'd gone to the park, run into that man, woke up with his pants around his ankles, and masturbated right there where anyone could have seen, he'd been unrelentingly horny almost all the time, jacking off like a fiend multiple times a day. And he'd gotten that anonymous email with what looked like someone's chemical analysis notes. He'd somehow become almost fixated on that too. Obsessed. Practically every moment that he wasn't teaching, working on his own research project, or jerking off, he was working on a side project to try to duplicate the one in this mystery email. Maybe he was fascinated by it because he could see no way the original researchers could have gotten from their starting place to their end result, and they hadn't been able to recreate the results either. Something undocumented must have gone wrong with the process. An inhibition-lowering drug funded by the government? Jason was indeed intrigued. He was sure he could reverse-engineer it into a repeatable result,

but he wasn't sure why this side-project had become so important to him. How the hell did adults prioritize so many competing tasks?

Plus, he had some suspicion the mystery email about his new side-project was tied into that man he had met in the park. Jason had gone back twice since then, both times driven by an urge almost as if being there had been scheduled or he had been summoned, and he was pretty sure he'd met that man again, but he didn't really remember much until, both times, he woke back in a clearing in the woods with his pants around his ankles and his just-orgasmed cock softening in his hand and a load of fresh cum on the ground.

Too out of control. Too many mysteries.

"Fuck it," Jason sighed finally. "I can't handle any more of this grading crap. Still want to drive somewhere and look for something fun?"

Tom rolled his eyes. "Dad would shoot me if he found out I took the car after I've been drinking."

"Nah, Paul won't shoot you--he knows how hard getting blood stains out of the carpet would be. But I guess you're right. I don't really want to go out either."

"We can just hang out here. We can finish the six-pack, and I downloaded a new porno movie. We can get buzzed and watch it."

Jason shrugged. Porn always seemed uninteresting except perhaps as a demonstration guide, and watching never seemed to have little effect except make him horny--*hornier*--and he was already out of his mind most of the time with the need to jack off. But at least porn would be a distraction from grading exams. And would porn make Tom want to masturbate alongside him?--Would he get to see Tom's penis? He decided he did want to see it; that might be useful for the *sex with women versus men* side-project he had been considering; seeing other penises might be useful, at least for gathering comparative data. "Okay. That sounds good."

Tom went to Jason's computer, logged onto his own cloud account, synched it to Jason's television. Cheesy porn music blared. Well, good thing Paul was gone to that conference for the weekend, so Jason didn't have to worry about loud music, right?

Hmm, based on the first few moments--two guys, one girl--Tom seemed to have downloaded a bisexual flick. In planning his investigation into whether guys or girls were better at sex, Jason hadn't considered the possibility of sex with both at once, how that might skew the *versus* comparison. Maybe this porno would give him some ideas about better assessment techniques. If nothing else, maybe he would pick up some pointers, expand his repertoire of positions and skills, at least his theoretical understanding of them.

By the end of the second beer, the movie had an inevitable effect. The boobs were big--artificially so, Jason thought--and the cocks were big too, though those were probably real since a dick was harder to augment. Jason was fighting a hard-on and several times had to shift his prick to a more comfortable position.

Tom seemed to be having the same problem, sometimes moving his hips too, adjusting his groin, and two or three times from the corner of his eye Jason thought he caught Tom checking out his crotch. Well, wasn't that just simple anatomical curiosity? Jason had a big dick, a big lump in his crotch, so why shouldn't Tom be curious about it? Purely scientific interest, surely, like Jason's about Tom's cock. Jason was fighting the urge to rip open his pants and grab his dick, though he wasn't sure Tom wanted *that* much of a look at what he was packing. Jason knew he would have to be more subtle about rearranging himself and ignoring Tom's glances. Jason didn't want to ruin their budding friendship.

Jason's phone pinged. He picked it up. A new message from an unknown sender:

Park. 10:00 2nite.

Who the hell? Which park?--*That* park? And what was happening at ten o'clock? That was a couple of hours away.

Tom asked, "Who was that? Someone wanting a hot booty call?"

"No, uh ..." *Make up a lie quick.* "It's Alan--a question about his half of the tests he's grading. I'll reply later." There: That sounded both believable and boring enough to shut down further inquiry.

Tom rolled his eyes. "I wish I was smart enough to understand half the stuff you and Dad know. But I inherited all the looks and this killer bod, not the brains. I think I got the better end of the bargain, don't you?" Tom's grin announced he was joking.

"Fuck you," Jason snickered He'd picked up from Tom some time ago that among jocks *fuck you* was the perfect all-purpose response for any statement.

Tom snickered too, and they went back to watching the porno.

"That guy looks familiar," Tom said at one point.

Onscreen, a big red-blond white guy with a military body and a slimmer black guy with dreads were hard-railing a bleached cheerleader-type woman simultaneously in her mouth and pussy. "Which one?" Jason asked, hoping his voice was steady.

"The blond guy with the crewcut. He looks like a younger version of somebody ..." Tom shook his head. "I can't remember who. His name is right on the tip of my tongue ... but I can't remember."

"Maybe you've seen another video he was in."

"No, I'm talking about someone from real life. I just can't seem to remember his name ..."

Onscreen the actors cavorted in positions that seemed a lot more gymnastic than most of the--admittedly few--porn scenes Jason had watched before. The actors kept shifting around, and the black guy ended up on his elbows and knees, eating out the girl, as the blond man positioned himself behind the black guy's up-tilted ass and prepared to enter his buttole.

"If he lets himself be fucked in his ass by a man while he's having sex with a woman, does that make him bi?" Jason shut his mouth quickly, having not realized he said that aloud until Tom looked oddly at him.

"People have preferences. Some like ass-play, and some don't. I've known some straight guys who liked having their butts played with. They say it feels good. Kind of different, but good."

Jason frowned. "Huh." So identity and activity were sometimes independent? Jason has sort-of known that, but hadn't considered how it might affect his experiment. How would sex with a straight man differ from sex with a gay one? More variables to calculate, too little data. "How would straight dudes know about that?"

"Really?" Tom shot him an incredulous look. "Sometimes I forget how young you are. You've never heard of pegging?"

"Fuck you, old man. You're what?--A year older than me?--Two? Not all of us are perverted fuckers. What's pegging?"

"Some guys like it when a girl wears a strap-on--you know, like a pair of panties with a dildo sticking out of

them--and fucks them. The ass has a lot of nerve endings, and there's the prostate, so it can feel really intense when something stimulates a guy back there. Or so they tell me."

The whole concept seemed a little too weird and intimidating. Jason tried to picture himself bending over so some girl could fuck him with a dildo, but the image wasn't sexy at all. "What's the point? If I were going to take something up my ass, I'd rather a guy do it with a real one, not a girl with a fake dick. A guy would at least know what he was doing."

Tom nodded at the screen. "That's kind of what that black guy is doing right now with the white guy's dick up his butt."

"Huh. Good point, I guess."

Tom smirked. "And what about a finger? Don't tell me a girl hasn't ever stuck a finger up your back door while blowing you or while you fuck her?"

Jason's mind struggled to process this. "Huh?" Did girls *do* that? That one girl Jason had sex with that one time hadn't indicated she wanted to play with his butt--but, to be fair, he'd never asked. Insufficient data.

"Some do. I mean, I've heard from some of the guys on the team that they like it."

"Huh--?"

"Are you having a stroke? Is smoke about to come pouring out your ears?" Tom gave Jason's shoulder a little push. "Use your big boy words."

"I was just curious."

"Next time a girl plays with your dick, ask her to do it. Maybe you'll get your mind blown as well as your cock."

"No, I don't think so. Asking some random girl to stick her finger up my butt would be weird. What if she says no or gets grossed out?"

"So do it to yourself the next time you jerk off."

"Huh--?"

"Okay, now you're saying that on purpose."

Jason grinned. "Maybe."

Tom play-punched Jason's arm. "I'm not saying you'll see stars or get your world rocked, but maybe you will. You'll never know unless you try."

You'll never know unless you try. Jason tried to process this. Suddenly his simple *women versus men* research project seemed much larger, more complex. Too many variables, too much missing data, and now his data element sets were turning into a Venn diagram of overlapping circles? How would he ever figure this out? His own research projects and reverse-engineering that mystery chemical seemed simple by comparison. He shifted again to hide his returning boner.

"Huh." Jason shifted and lifted his head. Onscreen, a new scene had started and a different porn actress in a daisy chain was squeal-moaning through an overstated orgasm as she sucked a new actor, who sucked the other new actor, who ate out the actress. "Did I fall asleep?" Jason said as the actress thrashed and overacted

as though she were having a seizure.

"Yuh," Tom snicker-slurred. "You snore."

"Do not." Jason realized he was slurring a little. Too much alcohol, too little tolerance?

"How would you know?"

"Fuck you." Really was an all-purpose response.

On the low table were six beer cans. Jason had had two--hadn't quite finished his second, actually--so did Tom drink the other four? And were four beers enough to make Tom's movements clumsy and his speech kind of sloppy-intoxicated like this?

Onscreen, the movie seemed to be ending. One thing about porn vids that Jason liked: When the sex was over, the movies usually just ended too, no long, pointless list of credits afterward.

"Well," Tom began, "I guess I'd better go back to that big, lonely house. I hate sleeping there alone when Dad's gone."

"Need some help?" Jason suggested, noticing how Tom's body wavered as he tried to stand.

"Yeah, if you don't mind. Must be drunker'n I thought. Don't think I can make it on my own."

Jason had made the offer without thinking. He regretted it immediately. He wanted to jack off and relieve his tormented cock and balls. Now, he'd obligated himself to get Tom across the way, maybe even upstairs to his bedroom, before he could take care of his own needs. Well, what the hell--Tom was his friend, and this was one of those things friends did for each other, right? And helping Tom would only take five, maybe ten minutes, twenty tops, and then Jason would have plenty of time to deal with himself.

With their arms around the other's shoulders, they navigated the short distance to Tom's house. With Paul gone, the place was dark and silent. Going up the stairs, Jason thought Tom didn't seem as drunk as he had earlier, but Jason was already committed.

"Gotta piss," Tom said and lurched for the bath adjoining his bedroom. Jason listened to him pee and flush. How long until this chore was finished and Jason was dismissed?

When Tom returned to the bedroom, his shorts and underwear were still pushed to mid-thigh. The tail of his T-shirt concealed his pubes, but most of his cock and his balls were poking out from under his shirt, bare and on display. The athlete's dick wasn't hard, but it was still fluffed quite a bit from the movie action. It hung long and thick in front of his big balls.

"Hope you don't mind. I sleep naked," Tom said, pushing at his shorts, which sank to knee-level, and he tumbled headlong onto the bed. "I hate sleeping in anything."

Jason looked at Tom's exposed ass. "I sleep that way myself."

"Help me?" Tom slurred, as if drunker again, and gestured vaguely at his clothes.

Jason managed to not roll his eyes. What game was Tom playing? Was this some attempt at seduction?--Or just the intimacy of close friends? *Were* they close friends? How did adults navigate situations like this?

Tom had flopped face-down onto the bed, wasn't making any move to remove his clothes. Jason could just turn off the light and walk away, let him sleep like that--he'd be fine. Instead, Jason sighed and knelt next to

Tom's feet stuck in midair off the edge of the mattress and began untying the laces of the athlete's trainers.

"What I don't understand is how guys can do things like that in front of a camera," Jason mused. Fuck, had he said that out loud?

Tom seemed to understand the non sequitur and responded, "Money, probably. Or maybe they're proud of the crotch-rockets they're packing and like showing them off. Being told you're good-looking enough to be in a porn movie is probably a great ego-stroke, so why not go through with it? Plus they're getting laid, and everybody likes getting laid. I wouldn't mind if somebody wanted to film me getting laid. I'd do it in a heartbeat, and they wouldn't even have to pay me ... much."

The first shoe clunked onto the floor. Jason started on the second. "I couldn't do that on-camera for any amount of money. What if someone saw the video of me doing it?"

"Don't think porn actors are worried much about what people think. Being seen doing it is kind of the point."

"Guess you're right. Have you ever done anything like that? A three-way? Two guys and one girl, I mean." Another non sequitur? Jason cringed--What was wrong with his brain tonight?

"No, but I bet it could be fun with a real good friend, banging a hot girl together."

"How about the other stuff? The stuff the guys did to each other?"

"They seemed to like it a lot. Probably feels good if you're into stuff with another guy."

As he tugged off Tom's other shoe, Jason frowned, wondering whether the male actors had gone into the scene knowing they'd be directed to do things to each other. But did a porn actor's role present an extenuating circumstance over the actor's personal preference? "Of course they seemed to like it--they were getting paid to act like they enjoyed it. I don't think I could have a three-way. I mean, how can a guy suck another guy when he's supposed to be fucking a girl at the same time?"

"You've never let another guy suck your dick?"

Jason bristled. He remembered the man in the park dropping to his knees and sucking his cock. But did men, especially friends, talk openly about this sort of thing? Was this another social minefield he was walking into? And what if Tom decided Jason was gay before Jason himself knew whether men or women were better at sex? "I didn't say that. I said I couldn't do it."

Tom rolled onto his back on the bed. "So, *have* you ever let a guy suck you off?" he asked.

Maybe friends did share secrets? Was that how they knew they were friends? Jason decided to try. "Yeah. One night in the park a few blocks over. I was horny, and it happened before I knew what was going on."

"Really? Did you like it?"

"I guess so. I mean, it felt good."

"Want to try it again," Tom asked, propping himself up on his elbows on the bed; he definitely didn't seem drunk anymore, and Jason suspected a deception; had this all been a game for Tom, a way to trick Jason into confessing embarrassing secrets?--Or maybe a game of seduction? Jason's eyes went to Tom's exposed crotch; he was surprised to find his friend's cock fully hard. Apparently the idea of sucking a cock definitely did not turn Tom off. In fact, the idea seemed to arouse him. Jason watched as Tom squeezed himself gently.

"You want to suck my cock?" Jason asked nervously. "I thought you were straight."

Tom shrugged as he wiggled out of his shorts and underwear. "I have sex with guys sometimes. And I'm willing to help out a buddy when he needs relief. Judging from that hard-on you're packing, you sure need it."

Jason was confused. The closest person he'd had to a friend he'd ever had was offering to suck him off. He hadn't planned on doing his research into sex so close to home, or with people he knew. Strangers seemed safer--he wouldn't have to worry what they thought or ever interact with them again. The man in the park had been a total stranger that Jason thought he would never see again. This was different. He would have to face Tom tomorrow. *Could* he face Tom tomorrow if they did this? And what if Paul found out?

Tom took the decision away from him. He pulled Jason closer to the bed and pressed his face to the crotch of Jason's pants, mouthing his cock through the fabric. Jason tensed for a moment; did he want this? Would Tom think he had a nice dick? Would Tom be able to suck a dick as big as his? He knew he should stop Tom, but that mouth pressing on his crotch felt too good. Maybe doing it in bed with a buddy would be even better than in the park with a stranger. The male actors in that porno vid had seemed to think so. So Jason relaxed and let Tom do, well, whatever he was about to do.

As if realizing Jason wasn't going to fight him, Tom unfastened the youth's belt efficiently, then began opening his pants. Jason helped, once his fly was undone, by pushing his pants and underwear to his ankles. Tom quick-wrestled out of his T-shirt, fully naked now except for the crystal pendant around his neck, so Jason did the same. That seemed fair, right? Exposing just the required parts for sex seemed more efficient, but the men in porno vids got completely naked for even the blow-jobs, so maybe this was another rule no one had ever told Jason about? Based on his eager expression, Tom seemed to think so.

Tom ran one hand over Jason's chest, the other along the boy's legs and groped his big nuts. "Wow," Tom whispered appreciatively. Jason spread his legs a little. Tom reached under and cupped his smooth, hard ass. Jason wondered what he should do; was he supposed to just stand there passively and get serviced? That seemed somehow selfish. He decided Tom might want him to be an active participant, like the men in the porno they watched earlier. He climbed up onto the bed with Tom, ran his hands in return over the parts of Tom's anatomy that were within easy reach. Tom seemed to have decided on sixty-nine; he had turned his body and stretched out on his side until his feet were above Jason's head. Jason understood the mechanics of the position from other videos and, for the first time in his life, was facing another man's hard cock, point-blank distance from his face. *Whoa!*

"You can jack it a little for me," Tom said. "You don't have to do anything else."

That seemed fair. Jason wrapped his hand around Tom's stiff rod. It felt like his own, warm and silky-skinned, but also different. He stroked it a few times to get the feel of it. He was fascinated by the foreskin. He pulled it back enough to completely uncover the head, then pushed it back. Jason felt a warm wetness down below; he'd been so distracted by studying Tom's dick that he'd missed Tom's mouth starting to swallow his cock.

Jason's dick slid into Tom's tight throat and he felt one of Tom's hands massaging his ball-sack, the other squeezing his ass-cheek. Jason felt arousal trill along his nerves. His first real sex with a man, not counting the park blow-jobs that he barely remembered. Would Tom be better or worse than that girl Jason had fucked? Tom's initial cock-sucking certainly seemed better than the man in the park's--but the girl Jason had fucked hadn't sucked his cock, no direct grounds for comparison, so this advanced his *women versus men* research only in the general sense.

Having Tom's cock in his hand no longer seemed strange. Jason wondered if he could--should--go further. He watched a bead of pre-cum form at the piss-slit. Bending his head, Jason licked it away. He wasn't sure what to expect, but he decided the salty flavor was neither good nor bad. He could tolerate it, especially since the

second taste seemed better than the first.

Jason felt over-excited, over-stimulated. The action on his cock felt so very good. Tom was definitely a better cock-sucker than the man at the park. Jason felt his body rushing toward the point he wouldn't be able to hold back any longer. He was so horny he didn't care about anything else. He knew he might regret this later, but he had to do it. Skinning back Tom's big cock-head, Jason took it into his mouth. He had to find out how a cock tasted. Closing his lips around it, he licked away the slime that jacking it had produced. He bobbed his head along the shaft a couple times, sucking in the first few inches. He knew he probably should have taken more, probably wasn't doing a very good job, but Tom hadn't come off his cock to complain. Jason tried to time his head-bobbing rhythm to Tom's.

Jason was getting too close, considered warning Tom. But Tom chose that moment to slip a spit-wet finger into Jason's asshole and instead of a warning, Jason heard himself choke out a sound around his half-mouthful of cock instead. When the finger pushed through his sensitive ring, Jason's sphincter clenched and his struggle to hold back his climax was all over. "Ah!" Jason's nuts tightened, his ass spasmed again, and the feeling in his cock spread into a forest fire of pleasure that engulfed him. He released Tom's dick as his whole body tensed up. "Ahhh!" His cum forced its way through his cock-tube and out into Tom's mouth.

Tom worked his head up and down on the erupting cock, tongue bucking as he swallowed, driving more sensations through Jason's cock, pushing him skyward on a pillar of ecstasy. Jason was conscious only of his bliss, the cum-bursts pumping through his cock, the massaging of Tom's mouth on his dick as his friend drank down his surging load.

Eventually, Jason sagged onto the mattress, spent and limp. A couple of aftershocks shivered through him. Tom continued to milk his dick until Jason's balls had nothing left.

Still holding Jason's softening cock in his mouth, Tom wrapped a hand around his own cock, and Jason watched in fascination as his friend jacked himself with quick, sure strokes, inches from Jason's face. Jason had never seen a man jerk off in person before. The way Tom's strokes vibrated his body made the athlete lose his lip-grip on Jason's flaccid meat. "Gonna cum, gonna cum," Tom chanted, then: "Fuuuck!" In multiple fast spurts, Tom painted a big load across Jason's chest and neck.

When he was finished, Tom lifted one of Jason's legs into the air, started to move between them, his still-hard cock pointing at Jason's crotch. Jason's eyes widened as he realized what Tom wanted. "No, don't," Jason said, pulling his raised leg from Tom's grasp.

Tom rolled over onto his back. Jason rolled away too; he ran his hand over his chest, smearing Tom's thick load across his pectorals. When Tom reached under the pillow and retrieved a towel that was stashed there, Jason realized this wasn't spontaneous--Tom had planned this whole seduction and Jason had been set up. He was unsure how he felt about this. He allowed Tom to wipe the spittle off his crotch, then clean the cum from his chest.

Tom tossed the towel toward the bathroom door, turned around on the bed, and pulled at the sheets, looked at Jason expectantly. Was Jason expected to spend the night or say goodnight and leave courteously? Jason stood up, feeling awkward and embarrassed, began to dress. Neither said anything until Jason murmured, "Thanks," in case social conventions required that he do so, just before he walked out of the bedroom. After-sex behavior seemed more difficult than seductions into sex. How did adults manage those situations? Was that why porno movies cut off the scenes once the sex was finished?

Back in his apartment, Jason considered a shower, to wash the clinging cum-funk smell off himself. Lingering semen was making his T-shirt stick to his skin in spots. The orgasm had been good, so good, but the mix of emotions in the aftermath had been bad. Was that the difference between sex with men and sex

with women?--The sex with men felt better during the act, but the aftermath of sex with women felt less awful?

On his way to his alcove-sized bathroom to shower, Jason picked up his phone. Hadn't he gotten a message, cryptic and half-remembered, earlier? Yes--

Park. 10:00 2nite.

What the heck did that mean? And what time was it? He glanced at the time on his phone. Seven minutes past eleven o'clock? He'd obviously missed--

Jason felt as though a switch flipped inside his head.

Now he understood. He was horny. He had just cum, not fifteen minutes ago, but he was already so very, very horny, incredibly horny, all over again. He needed to cum. He needed ... Yes, the park. He needed to go to the park. He should have been there already. He was late. He needed to go to the park immediately. He slipped his phone into his pants pocket and turned toward the door.

The park was dark and quiet. A few men milled about, and some said hi as he passed, probably hoping to get his attention, but he stayed focused. His cock felt heavy, thick, semi-stiff, needing something. It needed to cum; *he* needed to cum, and soon. He walked until he saw the bench where he had first met that man. Jason's cock started to harden more, remembering. He remembered too something sparkling, like a faceted gem.

What was he looking for? Being this fucking horny interfered with his concentration. He needed to jack off. He needed privacy to jack off. Maybe he could find that clearing to which the man had led him? Wasn't the start of that little trail right over here?

Dammit, why were these woods so dark? Difficult to see. Okay, here was the clearing. Now finally Jason had some privacy to jerk out a load. He was too horny to wait until he got back home--he had to do it now!

Before he could paw open his pants, something moved across the dark space.

"You're late, boy. This update better be good--you kept me waiting for over an hour." A shadow patch moved against the deeper shadows beyond.

"Who's there?" Jason whisper-yelped. Whoever this was wore black or dark colors, hard to make out. Jason sort-of recognized the gruff voice, male, older; he thought it belonged to the man he'd met on that bench that night, the one who blew him.

"Relax, boy." A phone screen in flashlight mode lit up, aimed skyward, but the sudden bright light still stabbed at Jason's eyes and messed up his night vision. In the upward beam, something caught the light: a crystal dangling from a man's hand. "Ain't it pretty? Look deep into it, boy. You know you want to."

Jason knew that crystal. He also knew he shouldn't, couldn't, wouldn't look away from it. Looking was his most important task, and he had to do it.

The light and crystal moved closer. "That's the way, boy. Look deeper and deeper. Just let it happen. You think you're so smart, but a little hypnosis to leash your big head to your little head and you're dancing to *my* tune now. You'll do anything I say, maybe even give up your ass if I tell you, and you don't even need a dose of the juice anymore, do you. Which is good, 'cause I'm starting to run low, 'til your little project starts coming through for me. But first, let's get you all nice and relaxed, boy. Concentrate on the crystal. Take a deep breath, keep concentrating, and exhale real slow. It's *sleepytime*, boy--it's *sleepytime* ..."

Time passed. Jason pulled in a deep breath and opened his eyes. He was awake again. He stretched, stiff from sleeping on the hard, grassy ground. How long had he been asleep? He didn't know. Where was he? Looked like that clearing in the park. Sunrise shaded the sky through the trees, so he could see a little. Yeah, that clearing in the park.

He had taken a walk last night. He'd come here and ... what? He'd been looking up at the stars and fell asleep. Yeah, that must've been what happened. It sounded right. He'd been looking up at the sky and thinking about his side project, devoting all his brainpower to trying to figure it out, out here with no distractions, and he'd gotten sleepy and fallen asleep under the stars. Obviously.

He was naked. Well, of course he was. The night had been warm and pleasant, and he never wore any clothes when he slept in his bed, so why would he wear clothes sleeping out here? No one ever came back here. Perfectly private. He was perfectly safe.

He found his phone in his discarded pants pocket, checked the time, checked his messages. He had one about a park from an unknown caller earlier. Well, must not be important. He deleted it, then emptied his trash folder. Gone forever. No worries.

He had to piss, but he also had morning wood. He needed to pump off a load or he'd be distracted all day. He remembered last night, letting Tom blow him. Tom had also talked about butt-sex and stuck a finger in Jason's ass. Jason lay back and stroked his cock. Tom's unexpected finger had felt weird, but a good weird. Did Jason want more? Fucking him in the ass was something only a man could do to him, unless a woman used a strap on. What had Tom called it?--Pegging? Did he want to be fucked or pegged?

Jason squirmed. His dick liked the idea of more ass-play, liked it a lot, more than he would have expected. Getting fucked seemed somehow inevitable. He spread his legs, imagined them up on a man's shoulders. Faces flashed through his imagination: getting fucked by Tom ... Alan ... maybe even Paul ... Jason reached one hand between his legs and probed for his asshole, found it and teased it--

His cock caught fire, and he began to cum and cum, spurting high in the air, making a mess on his chest when the bolts arced back downward again. "Ahhh ...!"

8. Devin and Alan

Alan was horny as hell but had tests to grade. He sat crossed-legged in the chair in his dorm room, staring at the tablet screen, at the work that needed to be done.

He scrubbed a palm over an unshaven cheek; on weekends he let himself get scruffy, thought stubble looked good on him. He hadn't dressed yet this morning, wore only the briefs he'd slept in. That was convenient--he could occasionally drop his hand to his crotch to tease his horny cock for a couple minutes, not masturbating, just toying with it, keeping it engaged and mostly hard. He could use this horniness as an incentive to get through the rest of the tests quicker, promising himself a nice, long jerk session afterward. He thought about calling Harris, but he had seen the department head too often since he got the job as Jason's assistant.

Department head: ironic, given how much Harris liked sucking cock, Alan chuckled to himself. Alan dated guys his own age but for just plain sex he often hooked up with older guys, since they were good for no-strings fun and knew what they were doing; they were always so appreciative when he let them loose on his young body and meat. He would have preferred that hot Professor Paul Johnson, but if Paul wasn't available, then Harris would do. And the department chair had already proven he was willing to do just about anything, sexually. Still, they had to be careful; if a student was seen too often with a faculty member, people talked and careers could be ruined. Alan didn't want to start his career with a scandal. That might affect whether graduate schools would accept him and whether universities would eventually hire him.

Alan had just finished reading one of the worst exams so far--had this student ever even attended a lecture?--when someone knocked on his door.

"Come in; it's open," he yelled, not caring who it was. This was a men's dorm. Being seen in his underwear didn't bother him.

"Hi. Can I come in? Got a couple minutes to talk?" Devin asked, barely sticking his head through the door. "I brought you a coffee. You take it black, right?"

"Sure. I need a break. What's up?" Alan was glad Devin dropped by. He liked the big black athlete. They weren't really friends, but they had always been friendly, had a few overlapping acquaintances; Devin had dated one of Alan's friends briefly about a year ago. Plus, Devin was one of the more attractive students in Jason's--well, Professor Cole's--class.

Devin, dressed in shorts and a muscle-stretched T-shirt for a casual weekend day, handed Alan a cup of coffee from that expensive place across from campus. Alan sighed, "Thanks. You don't know how much I need this." A tiny sip. "Ow, it's hot!" He popped off the to-go lid and blew on the fragrant steaming brew.

"I wanted to see if you've graded my test yet? I need to keep my scholarship, and this grade is important to me."

"Yeah, about that. It's the worst exam I've ever seen," Alan said, setting the cup of too-hot coffee aside, looking up at the big black man, and smiling. "You're going to have to do something real special if you want to pass."

"What?" Devin's expression registered shock. "But I thought I did okay--I studied really hard for it. What do I have to do, man? I'll do anything to pass. I gotta keep my scholarship."

"Well, sucking my cock might raise your grade a little."

"Shit," Devin groused. "I guess I've been doing the wrong kind of boning-up to pass this class. I should have been working on your bone. It's okay--I like blond white boys like you." By this time he had crossed the small room to the desk and knelt before Alan, reaching for his thighs. "If a little sucking will raise my grade, let's see if I can turn that F into an A."

"Cut it out," Alan laughed uncomfortably. "I was just joking. You got a B-plus." He tried to push Devin's hands away. Joking about sex with one of the students in his class was unethical enough--going through with it would mean Alan would never find get a job in his field if the indiscretion was reported.

Devin didn't pull away; instead the big jock dropped his face into the compact blond's crotch.

Alan laughed, "No, no, no--stop," and tried to push Devin's head away. If Devin didn't relent, the difference in their physical sizes made resistance moot; Devin's football-honed muscles could manhandle the smaller man like a toy--which might be hot, but not in this circumstance. Alan's dick seemed unable to decide whether to harden from proximity to Devin's warm breath or go limp from fear they'd already gone too far.

Devin looked up without raising his head and stared at Alan. Gently he bit the blond's half-hard dick through those briefs.

"Ow! I guess I deserved that. But we can talk about your grade--just talk. You're a good-looking guy, but I can't do anything more while you're Professor Cole's student."

"Sorry," Devin moaned with one of the worse attempts at a sad look Alan had ever seen. "But if you change

your mind about that blow-job," Devin said unreadably as he raised himself over Alan, "I'm willing. What I had in my mouth was pretty nice."

Alan laughed awkwardly again. "I'll tell you what," he said at last, "if you're still interested after the end of the semester, we'll get together and we'll see if it's true what they say about black men."

"This big and black enough for you," Devin, undeterred, asked as he circled the bulging crotch of his shorts.

Bad, bad, bad, Alan told himself. Sex needed to be the last thing on his mind when he talked with any student from the class. Devin was a significant temptation, but Alan absolutely needed to stay coolly professional.

Devin smirked. "What would your department head say if I reported you for asking a black man to show you his dick?"

He'd probably fight me for it, Alan thought, briefly imagining Harris going after Devin's cock, but this was veering toward too serious an accusation. Surely Devin would never report him; they moved in some of the same social groups and had always been friendly to one another. Better pull this back toward a professional air. "Just let me get some pants on and we'll talk about your grade."

Alan found yesterday's jeans and turned his back to Devin as he stepped into them. "Nice ass," Devin murmured. Alan ignored him and reached for a T-shirt.

Now that he was dressed, maybe Alan's libido would quiet down and mind its manners; maybe he could regain control of the situation. Alan turned back around. Devin was sitting on the edge of his bed, watching Alan while absently toying with the crystal at the end of the necklace he wore. Alan dropped back into his chair, reached for the coffee, and took a sip. Yes, it had cooled enough to drink. He took a good swallow. Delicious. Maybe a tiny bit more bitter than usual, but still delicious. He always loved the coffee from that place, though he could seldom afford it. "Thanks for the coffee. You don't know how much I need caffeine this morning." He took another swallow.

"Don't thank me yet," Devin said, not looking too pleased. "If you remember any of this later, just know that they're making me do this. When they ... Well, I can't stop it."

"Huh? What are you talking about?" Alan said, and the simple act of looking up from his cup made his head spin a little. "Is there ... Did ... Put something in my coffee?"

Devin stood up. "Drink some more. Stay sitting just like you are. Drink the rest of your coffee, and then you'll understand."

Alan couldn't prevent his hand from lifting the cup to his mouth. Devin went to the door. Alan took a deep swallow of his coffee. If something was in it, he shouldn't be drinking it, but he couldn't stop himself. Another swallow, and the cup was nearly empty.

Alan didn't feel much different, lightheaded maybe. He simply couldn't work up the will to take action on his own.

When Devin opened the door, a man stepped in. Alan sort-of recognized him: One of the football coaching staff, an assistant coach or something?

The assistant coach said, "He give you any trouble?"

"No, I had him drink it all, just like you said."

"Good. Hello, Alan." The man took off a thin chain necklace he wore as he spoke. "We have some questions about your friend Professor Cole and how his research is coming."

"I'm only his teaching assistant ... Haven't seen much of his research stuff ... Whoosh over my head ..."

"Oh?--You haven't? That's disappointing. But you can still be useful to keep an eye on him. You can feel yourself getting curious about his work. You can ask him questions, keep him on track, even if you don't understand it." The coach held up the necklace, like the one Devin wore; the pendant turned before Alan's eyes. "Just look into the shiny crystal. Look deep, and open your mind. We have some questions you're going to answer completely and truthfully. And if you don't remember our conversation when you wake up, well, that's all right ..."

###

When Alan opened his eyes again--hadn't a third person been in the room? He was alone with Devin.

Alan stretched. His body felt luxurious--so relaxed and so very horny. And Devin was sitting there on the bed looking at him, looking so tasty and lust-worthy. Alan wanted to strip off Devin's clothes and spread him across the sheets and ... Wait--Devin was a student in Professor Cole's class, and wasn't Alan concerned earlier about ethics and stuff? No matter. They were alone and no one would know. They were both consenting adults, right?

Alan's aroused cock was maybe halfway hard. It seemed to have taken over his thinking and pushed his ethical concerns aside. "Still want to give me that blow-job?" Alan smirked at Devin.

Alan stood up, stepped to the bed where Devin sat, only to have the athlete grab him by the waist as if waiting for his approach and flip him down onto bed. Devin's impressive body was on top of him, tickling him relentlessly. Alan tried to fight back, but he was too busy clutching in his arms and giggling uncontrollably under the onslaught. Devin's hands got under Alan's T-shirt, tickling the bare skin of his ribs, and Alan couldn't stop his twitching and laughter.

When Devin pulled back to work on Alan's pants, Alan saw the jock had somehow managed to get his own shorts off, and the black man's erection flopped in the air underneath the hem of his shirt as he moved. "Fuck," Alan said, impressed, as he watched it. He wanted that cock--in his mouth, his ass, wherever Devin wanted to stick it. Doing sexual stuff with a student was unethical, but wasn't Alan a student too?--And anyway those concerns didn't seem important.

By then, Devin had Alan out of his pants and briefs, fully naked except for the shirt bunched up under his arms, and his hard dick rolled along his golden-fuzzed groin. Reaching, wrapping his hand around Devin's dick, Alan pulled the man toward him. Pushing back Devin's foreskin, Alan started sucking.

Devin stood and watched, seemed content to let Alan do as he liked. Alan didn't have any problems sucking that cock at first, but as the big rod continued to stiffen and swell, he realized how thick it truly was. He had taken care of lots of dicks before, but this one was definitely a wide one.

Devin pulled back, pulled off his shirt. "Get your shirt off too," he said, so Alan did the same, and now both of them were naked. "You like my body?"

"Damn," Alan appreciated, staring at the football jock's impressively muscled chest.

Devin dropped to his knees on the mattress and took Alan's six-incher into his mouth and started sucking. He seemed to have no trouble handling it in his throat; he managed to take it deep in his mouth enough that he could slip his tongue out to lick Alan's tight ball-sack. Alan moaned helplessly as Devin sucked and licked.

He didn't want Devin to make him cum too quickly and moaned again. The football player seemed to understand the warning, because he moved from the hard dick and kissed down Alan's inner thighs, teasing him but giving his dick time to cool.

Then, raising Alan's legs, Devin went for his ass. Alan moaned louder because Devin's long, agile tongue started doing marvelous things to his tight butthole. Alan hadn't planned on going this far, but now he was at Devin's mercy and somehow so super-horny. Nothing mattered except the cacophonous need to have the jock's cock inside him. "Fuck me," he pleaded. "I gotta feel your big black dick in me. Fuck me."

Devin nodded. He lifted Alan's legs toward the ceiling, crawled his crotch closer to Alan's waiting ass. "You want your tight white ass fucked by my big black dick?"

"Yes. Please--please fuck me with your big black dick. Lube--nightstand--top drawer. Please fuck me!" Just hearing and saying the words *big black dick* seemed like an activator, made Alan feel naughty and even hornier, too aroused to object, like the phrase was intended to grind down any resistance and ensure ... what? The answer kept slipping away, probably because he was horny. Yes, focus on the horny. Had he ever been this horny before? Screw correctness and ethics and everything else. Anything that wasn't Devin's cock didn't matter right then.

"Pull your knees to your chest and relax your ass." Devin had the little plastic bottle of lube. "You wanted to know if the cliches about black men are right--well, I'm going to show the truth about big black dicks." Devin skinned his cock-sheath back and squirted lubricant generously along the head, smeared it over his shaft with his hand. His tongue had probably worked a lot of spit into that ass, but while Devin worked lube into Alan's hole with two fingers, Alan knew getting fucked was going to be rough, at least at first; it always was. But he needed the stretch, the burn, the penetration, the fullness, had to have it. Positioning his cock-head, Devin pushed forward with his hips. Alan tried to relax as much as he could and felt the dick enter him. It hurt a little but not enough to stop. In one slow, steady glide, it slid in further, further. Alan was surprised it went in so easily. He'd never felt so relaxed before. Being extra-horny must have helped. Devin grunted and pushed, and soon Alan felt pubes press against his butt cheeks.

"How's that, white boy? Does my big black cock feel good in your lily-white ass? You ready for me to fuck you? Ready for me to fill your ass with my cream?"

Alan panted. "Hold still a minute. It's--bigger than I thought. Need a chance to get used to it, then I'll show you how good an ass can feel. I'll have you begging to fuck me again."

"Big words. Your ass better be ready to back them up."

When he was ready, Alan moved his ass to signal Devin to start fucking. Holding himself in a push-up position over Alan's upturned butt, Devin pulled his hips back, letting his prick withdraw until the tight ass ring clenched at his dick-head. Then he slowly pushed back in all the way. Each watched the other's face as Devin's cock sank into the willing ass. Devin seemed to want to kiss Alan, but couldn't find the angle; he was taller and in order to get his head low enough, he would have to shift position. Right then, they both understood that Alan's ass wrapped around Devin's shaft was more important than anything else.

Devin's cock thrusts gradually picked up speed. Alan didn't complain. He liked being fucked and this man was good at it. Alan was too horny and needed to get off--he needed to keep that dick moving in and out of his butt, in and out.

Devin was a good fuck. Alan jacked his own cock as Devin fucked him, trying to match the driving rhythm in his ass. Two minutes, maybe three--too horny!--felt too good!--and then he felt the pulse that signaled his end coming, only a few strokes away. "Gonna shoot," Alan warned through gritted his teeth as Devin pounded his

ass. "Urrh!" A burn of sensation, and bolts of cum pumped from Alan's dick as his fist made its final hard thrusts. So good! He felt his ass clamp hard around the intruder in his ass, heard Devin yelp in happy surprise as he too tipped into orgasm. Devin's body pressured in, shuddering crotch against ass as the end of Alan's climax overlapped the start of Devin's.

They clung together for a few moments of spent proximity, panting, returning to themselves. Sliding roughly out of Alan's ass, Devin fell onto the bed; he pulled Alan close and hugged him. "Gotta keep the teaching assistant happy to keep the professor happy, right? Was that fuck good enough to raise my B to an A?"

"A-minus; you haven't kissed me yet."

Devin corrected that oversight immediately.

###

Alan had to work diligently the rest of the day to get the remaining exams graded. He could hardly wait until he saw Jason again. He wasn't sure why. He liked the guy, but most of Jason's research whooshed over Alan's head. But for some reason now Alan had so many questions about those projects, needed to make sure Jason was spending as much time on them as possible. Jason was almost obsessive about his projects, kept getting lost in his own head about them; maybe he'd like having Alan express an interest. Maybe if Alan could get Jason to talk more about his projects, he'd understand more, and maybe talking would help Jason's research go faster too. Friends talked about stuff that was important to them, right? And Devin was Alan's friend too. Alan couldn't wait to talk to Devin again; maybe he'd tell Devin about whatever he'd learn from Jason. If Devin was pleased, maybe he would fuck Alan again. Alan's ass and cock twitched at the thought.

9. Jason and the Coach

Jason had been slacking off on his exercise routine lately and had to make up for it. He was spending too much time on his side project, reverse-engineering the chemical described in that mysterious email, almost to the point of obsession. Other parts of his life, even Jason's own main grant research project, were suffering as a result. He needed a break--maybe a little critical distance from the research would help him clear his head, help him stumble onto an inspiration or insight. He was right on the cusp of figuring out the flaw in the mysterious notes, the flaw that prevented the untangling of the process of creating more of the chemical. Normally he would have gone for a run, maybe through the park, but the sky had been rainy off and on all night and so far all morning too, so he decided to catch up on his gym routine instead. Sometimes exercising his body, making his blood pump, made his brain pump too, as though extra oxygen helped him think. Did respiration drive inspiration, and if so could the process be made predictable through raising the metabolic rate?--He'd mull over that another time, because he had too many projects to worry about already. He did some of his best thinking not when he was in the lab but when he was busy doing something else. His muscles were hurting already; he knew he'd be sore the rest of the day but would feel better tomorrow.

Normally the gym wasn't open this early, not for another hour, but Jason had convinced one of the morning shift front desk jockeys to let him in extra-early, so he could get his workout done before teaching his morning class, then spend the rest of the day catching up his research project, the main one, the one he'd gotten a grant to complete.

"Well, well. Look who it is. No one's supposed to be in here before the gym opens, boy," a familiar voice barked across the weight room.

Jason hated being called *boy*. He was a tenure-track professor now, dammit! "I've got permission to be here," Jason said, finishing his rep and releasing the weight bar. He sat up. Holy shit!--This man with *Coach*

emblazoned on his T-shirt was the guy he'd seen at the park, the one who blew him that time, the one he saw talking to Tom that day in the hallway, when his department chair Harris had been trying to get Jason to interview Alan for the assistant position.

"I've been looking for you," the man said, crouching by Jason's bench and placing his hand over the youth's hard thigh. "I haven't seen you at the park lately, boy."

Nervously Jason tried to pull his leg from under the man's hand. "I've, uh, been busy." Who was this guy?

"You haven't been reading the texts I sent either, and it's been nearly two weeks."

Crap!--This guy was the one sending the anonymous messages from an unknown number?

"I've been ignoring messages lately--haven't opened the app. I have to focus on my projects." Jason didn't like the way the man was pawing him. He didn't know why but this man worried him, and he felt a need to get away. He tried to get up, but the man blocked him, pushed him back down on the bench.

The man's expression hardened. "Listen, you little shit. You say 'yes, sir' or 'yes, Coach' when you speak to me, got it? I'm the one calling the shots here, and you're just my big-brained little puppet from the Chemistry Department, the one who needs to finish that project for me, the one who's been slacking off on the updates. You're gonna find a way to recreate that asshole Johnson's special chemical without anyone knowing, and you're gonna stay a good little puppet until I get a good supply of that stuff from you, or else! Your attitude's gonna change right fucking now. Got it?"

The anonymous email--this man? The data--Paul Johnson's research? Jason's thoughts rushed to put the pieces of information together in any way that made sense.

The man's hand moved up to grope Jason's thigh, a distraction dangerously close to his crotch.

"Stop it," Jason whispered, uncomfortably aware that if this guy was a coach like he said, the gym staff would probably back the man over Jason if he yelled for help or complained. "Leave me alone. That night in the park was a mistake. I'm not like you."

"What do you mean 'like me'?" the coach hissed angrily.

"I'm not queer."

The man's eyes narrowed. "Aw, now you've hurt my feelings, you little punk. Haven't you liked the fun we been having in the park? I got some *real* good videos of that. Sucking your cock was worth it to get videos of you naked, jacking off in the park, doing other stuff too. You stood there and let me suck you off and now you have the nerve to call *me* queer. *You're* the one who looks awfully queer in them, if you ask me, the way you're moaning and obviously loving it. You step out of line, and those videos will go to everyone in this college and everyone you know, and you'll get fired for being a public sex pervert. You won't be able to stop me neither. Hell, maybe I'll even make you send them yourself! I've been playing real nice-nice with you, but you know what?--I think it's time I got some of what I want. It's time I fucked your ass and showed you how good I can make it feel!"

"You can't blackmail--Hey!" Jason yelped when Coach grabbed him off the bench by the arm and hurled him down hard on a nearby mat. "Whoof!" Though Jason tried to wiggle away, the stronger coach was on top of him immediately, had the younger man pinned face-down.

"Fight while you can, boy. It's not going to help. In a minute you won't be fighting anymore--you'll be doing whatever I say and loving every second of it." The coach rubbed Jason's ass through his shorts for a minute.

"You been keeping this ass cherry-virgin for me?"

"Let me up," Jason croaked, his jaw pressed to the mat. "No one fucks my ass! If you stop now, I won't tell anyone."

"I'm not worried about you telling. Stop your whining. No one will believe you, especially when they see those videos, so I'm not letting you up, not 'til I'm done." The coach slid a hand down the back of Jason's shorts and began pressing a finger along his butt-slit.

"Stop it! Leave me alone," Jason yelled. With his cheek and jaw mashed against the mat, likely his voice was muffled. He'd have to be as loud as possible: "*Help! Hey! Somebody help me!*"

"Relax. Stop squirming. You'll love it in a minute," the coach laughed, pushing his finger all the way into Jason's tender ass, wiggling it. Jason grunted in pain.

The hand withdrew, and Jason's ass felt relief immediately. The weight on his body, though, kept him pressed down. Jason felt the man on top of him shift. "Please--get off of me," Jason tried again.

"Stop whining, you little bitch," came the reply. "Hey, big brain, got a question for you. You know what this is?"

A crystal descended into Jason's view, dangling from a chain. He recognized the pendant, knew he should look away, but his attention was already aligning quickly on it, his thoughts focusing down to just the sight of it.

"Yeah, look at it. Ain't that a sight? You don't even need the drug anymore, do you? It's *sleepytime*, boy, sleepytime. Jason felt a deep weariness spreading though him, and his eyes began to close. "Yeah, sleepytime ..."

When Jason opened his eyes, he was standing beside the mat. His thoughts were cloudy, seemed to be moving at quarter-speed. What was wrong with him?

Coach grinned aggressively at him. "Yeah, that's it," the man said. "You can keep your eyes open without waking up, not really. Got you real well-trained. You don't even need the chemical to get you started no more, which is good 'cause I'm running low. You can stay so deeply hypnotized, but I want you to know what's happening. I want you to know exactly what's happening when I fuck your ass."

Hypnotized? The word slid around inside Jason's mind. Some tiny part understood that, yes, he was and, yes, this explained everything. He was hypnotized; he had to obey.

"Get those shorts off, boy. Let me see your ass. But do it slow. Do it sexy. Make me want to put my dick in your shit-hole."

Jason couldn't quite grasp this: did he want to be fucked? But this wasn't about what he wanted. This was about obeying, doing what Coach wanted. A song he liked wove through Jason's head and he began swaying to the remembered beat, not dancing exactly but gyrating to try to be sexy, like Coach said. Jason's hands were on the elastic waistband of his shorts, easing the garment down, exposing underwear. Jason moved his hips to the beat. His cock was hard; likely Coach could see it outlined in his shorts, but soon his erection would be definitely visible behind just his underwear.

Jason bent, and the shorts went to his knees. His briefs barely contained his rigid cock, the push against the pouch making the fabric fit snug-tight around his butt cheeks.

"Now take off the underwear, too," Coach said, voice husky with lust. "Show me that cute little ass."

Jason slipped his underwear to his thighs, vaguely aware of how easy this was. He'd have been too embarrassed to do this if he was thinking clearly. But when he was hypnotized like this? Doing what he was told was so easy.

Jason hadn't taken off his shoes or socks--hadn't been told to--but he needed to follow the order to strip off his shorts and underwear, so he lifted one foot, then the other, clumsily slipped the garments off over his shoes.

"Stand up and let me see."

Jason straightened in profile. His long cock stood straight out from his crotch. He'd have melted from humiliation, standing here bare-assed and hard-cocked in the gym weight room, except an erection was natural when he was relaxed like this. The man had seen his cock hard before. Doing what Coach told him made everything okay. Jason felt nothing more than a twinge of shame because he was obeying orders; obeying made everything okay.

"Turn around. Lift up your T-shirt. Show me your ass."

Jason did, exposing his butt, feeling the man's hand caress a cheek.

"Bend over. Show me your hole."

Jason leaned forward as far as he could, easing his ass-cheeks apart, revealing his virgin hole. He felt one of the man's hands on the top of his butt, the other cupping a cheek.

"Yeah, that's hot. You look so hot doing what I say, when you're ready to get fucked. And all the time I'm fucking you, that big brain of yours is gonna be thinking on that project I gave you, and you won't stop thinking about it 'til you got all the last bits worked out. Understand? But right now I can't wait to get my cock up your tight little hole and ride you 'til I--"

"What the fuck are you're doing?"

Jason shifted his eyes toward the new voice, saw a blond man in the dark blue coveralls of the maintenance staff standing over them. Jason remembered seeing him around. His thoughts were still moving so slowly. Who was this guy? A janitor or something? Yes, that seemed right. *Lars*, according to the man's name tag.

"Let the kid up, jackass," Lars demanded.

"Mind your own business and get the fuck out of here," the coach alpha-growled at the challenge. "I'll tell you when to come clean up the mess."

Why were Lars and Coach so mad? Jason was doing what he was told, wasn't he? He couldn't think clearly but found no reason why they should be angry at him. Were they angry with each other?

Jason, his head aimed the wrong direction, only saw part of what happened next. The janitor Lars charged at Coach. Coach fought back. Lars was taller, the coach wider-shouldered. Jason didn't see what the janitor did, but the coach landed on the mat, flat on his back, and Lars was on top of him immediately. They grappled.

Coach: "Get off me. Who the fuck do you think--"

Lars: "Think you're a big man, huh? Think you can do anything you want? Well, not anymore." Lar's rubber-gloved hand produced a small plastic spray bottle from a coverall pocket.

"No!" Coach hollered, as though he recognized the bottle. "Don't you dare! Don't you--" He struggled harder against Lars' weight.

Jason saw Lars spritz Coach twice in the face. *Fst--Fsst!*

"Fuck you!" bellowed Coach, and he tried again to shove Lars off of him. But Coach's arms seemed to push less forcefully, seemed to be slowing.

"Open your mouth," Lars ordered. Jason heard two more squirts. "Swallow. There. That should hold you a while."

Lars appeared in front of Jason. "Wake up, kid." Fingers snapping. "Wake up. Snap out of it."

But Jason couldn't--not yet. That was one of the rules: He couldn't wake up until he came. Coach's rule was Jason had to ignore any distractions; nothing would wake him until he came. And now he also needed to devote all his brainpower to figuring out the project, like Coach said.

"Fuck," Lars muttered. "Okay, asshole, on your feet. Stand up."

Jason was already standing up, so what should he ... Oh--Coach. Lars had been telling the coach to get to his feet.

Jason wanted to pull his clothes back on and leave, but he needed to stay, had to stay. He had to think about the project, and he had to stay relaxed until he came. Rules. Orders. Obey.

"Okay, Coach, on your knees," Lars growled, one hand on the Coach's shoulder and pressing down to emphasize. "I want you to beg this kid to forgive you."

"Sorry ...," the coach mumbled distantly.

"I can't hear you," Lars said grabbing the coach's hair and yanking his head closer to Jason. "Apologize to him again."

"Sorry ...," the coach moaned through clenched teeth, as if trying to resist.

"That's a little better, but it's not enough. You were going to rape this kid's ass, and I think you ought to kiss better."

Jason's cloudy mind needed a moment to understand this. Lars was going to make the coach kiss his ass? Jason found the idea of humiliating the man who was about to rape him oddly stimulating, and his erection throbbed stronger.

"Turn around, kid, and bend forward again," Lars instructed. "The coach here wanted to put something in your ass, so let's let him do it."

Jason felt vaguely happy to turn his back to them--maybe they couldn't see his erection now. But bending over again caused his ass to bump the coach's kneeling face.

"There it is, Coach," Lars hissed. "Just what you wanted. I'm letting you have it, but not with your cock. Put your tongue in there and taste what your dick is missing out on."

Jason felt the coach's face push firmly against his ass-cheeks. "Eat his hole, you bastard," he heard Lars say. "If I don't hear the kid moaning about how good it is, you're going to be in real trouble." Jason felt the coach's tongue flick across his asshole, felt his hole buzz with pleasure. "Get your tongue in there. Really lick it,"

Lars commanded. "Yeah, that's the way."

A new voice from the doorway barked, "The fuck's going on here?"

"Who the fuck are you?" Lars and the new entrant asked simultaneously.

The new man ran to the coach--"Coach, what's going on?"--and Lars was already lunging for him.

Jason had a flash of recognition, one of the assistant coaches, as Lars intercepted and grabbed him, some sort of martial arts move, and flung him. Lars seemed like an experienced fighter, Jason noted absently, as another flick of Coach's tongue across his asshole threatened to distract him.

"Whoaw!"--followed by a *wham!* Lars had flipped the assistant coach solidly onto his back on the mat, seemed to have knocked the wind out of him from the way the assistant was moaning. The janitor didn't give him time to recover but instead practically body-slammed him on the mat. While the assistant coach was still gasping and squirming in pain, Lars delivered three quick squirts from the plastic bottle to the man's face, and ten seconds later the assistant coach had quietened down.

Having seen the chemical in action twice now, Jason understood more of what the project notes in that email had been telling him. He felt the pieces he'd been thinking about coming together in his mind. He'd been wrong about a couple of assumption points, and hadn't quite connected a couple of others. Now the notes made more sense; they assumed the chemical was a neuro-active precursor, intended to be processed by a biological system. But what if-- Of course. He was starting to understand what had gone wrong with the original synthesis effort. What had Coach said about Jason turning all his brainpower to the project Coach had given him, how Jason wouldn't stop until he worked out everything? Was that what was happening, the inspiration he needed?

Lars pulled back, still glaring at the assistant coach. "You're wearing one of crystals, so you're involved somehow. I know about him"--a thump jerked toward Coach--"but what's your role in all this?"

The assistant coach's voice still sounded strained. "I help ... hyp'tize ... them ... Makes ... last longer ... Deeper ..."

"Hypnotize? Huh. That explains a lot. That kid standing over there--is he hypnotized?"

"Yeah ... prob'ly."

"How do I wake him up?"

"Parting gift ...," the AC muttered as if that answered everything.

"What's that mean?"

"Tell him ... wake up ... or make ... cum ..."

"I already tried telling him to wake up and that didn't work, sooo let's try the other way. Get over there to him. You can suck him off or give him a hand-job, but you're going to make him cum, and be quick about it."

The AC appeared to have no choice. He crawled over to Jason, and reached for his cock, started stroking.

"How you doing, big guy?" This the janitor Lars was saying to the coach. "You like licking his ass? Get in there deeper. Really go for it. We've got ourselves a real ass-licker here."

This was even better than that time at the park. All Jason had to do was stay right where he was, and one man

was making his ass feel great while another jacked his cock. He loved the steady rhythms of being pleased front and back, as the great feelings in his body and the fuzziness in his head mixed in unexpected ways, and he felt as though he were weightless and floating into clouds of bliss.

Jason sensed he wouldn't last long. The nerves networking his body burned with too much heat. When he was relaxed like this, everything seemed to turn him on. The attempted rape; the coach's slippery tongue in his ass; the tight fingers gripping at his dick; being watched by the big blond guy named Lars. Too hot. Too good. "Hurrh," Jason's mouth said. His muscles clenched, gave, clenched again. He was tipping over the edge toward orgasm.

Jason's pelvis bucked forward by instinctive frenzy. His eyes went shut, lids pressing together and turning the world black. Everything became a deafening sensation. He felt his head thrown back in pleasure, and a quiet wail escaped his throat as his cock began to shoot geyser-like torrents of thick cream.

The hand still moved on his cum-slicked dick, and the tongue still worked his asshole, as Jason returned to himself, opened his eyes, and looked at the man in the coveralls who watched him.

"You back with us?" the man said.

"Yeah," Jason said, suddenly embarrassed again to be near-naked, to have been seen cumming, to have been hypnotized. He jumped away from the coaches, snatched up his underwear and shorts from the floor, hiding his bare crotch behind them. "Yeah. Uh, thanks a lot, I guess?"

"Get dressed, kid, and get out of here. Go take a shower," the coveralled man said, even though Jason was already halfway into his shorts, skipping his underwear so he could get out of there quicker. "These ass-wipes won't be bothering you again. I'll make sure of it." As Jason finished pulling his shorts into place around his hips, the janitor was squirting the two coaches, one, then the other, with refresher dose of whatever chemical was in that spray bottle. "What are you waiting for, kid? Get the fuck out of here."

"Thanks, mister. I don't know what I would've done if ..." Jason shuddered. Was he babbling? Yes, he was babbling. "I don't take it in the ass, but anytime you want your dick sucked, I owe you one."

"Get out of here, kid," the man ordered, obviously losing patience. "I have to finish teaching these assholes a lesson."

"See you around, mister," Jason said over his shoulder as he fast-walked to the weight room door. "And don't call me 'kid.' My name's Jason Cole, Professor Jason Cole."

10. Lars and the Coaches

Yeah, I know who you are, kid, and now I need to figure what to do about you, Langley thought as he watched that pert little ass scamper away toward the locker room and showers.

He felt angry and determined, and he was going to unload all of that on these two shit-for-brains coaches. "Been watching you for a while. Had my suspicions, but today proved it. You fucks messed with an important project. I don't know how you found out about the chemical, but I'm taking it back from you," Langley declared, standing over the head coach. He didn't need to act like Lars the silent janitor who faded into the background any longer. Time to be Langley the government man again.

"Didn't steal ...," the coach moaned.

"Shut up and stand up, fuck-face." Langley grabbed the crystal pendant around Coach's neck. The thin metal

chain snapped when Langley tugged. "I got something special in mind for you."

"Don't ... Leave me alone," the coach said, staggering to his feet.

"Isn't that what that kid Jason was saying when I came in? You didn't listen, and I won't either. Strip, asshole. Show me what you're so proud of. It better be plenty impressive, the way you sling it around."

The coach began with his shirt. The man obviously wanted to fight, and Langley would have loved to kick his ass again. But multiple doses of the chemical were still doing their work on the Coach, and Langley knew the chemical worked very well indeed. Still, the effects would wear off soon, and he needed to get this underway.

By now the coach had stripped to only his jock-strap. Langley noted that the coach, forty-ish, had a nice body. A bit stocky, but little fat. A big hard-on bulged the jock pouch, and pre-cum had already soaked through and made a small stain. Maybe the coach hadn't hated eating the kid-professor's ass as much as he pretended. "I said strip, mister, and I meant all the way." He punctuated the command by pulling the waistband of the jock out as far as he could and letting it snap back.

The coach jerked but was compelled by the drug effect to strip the jock-strap off; if anything, he seemed to hurry before Langley had a chance to snap his waistband again.

"So this is what you're so proud of?" Lars snarled, gripping the coach's cock and balls in one big hand, squeezing but not hard enough to injure. "This is what you use to rape guys like Jason and your football players? You keep them dosed and hypnotized so they probably didn't know what's happening, huh?" Langley scowled. "And you," he said to the AC. "You said you know how to hypnotize? Show me. Take this and hypnotize him. And if you can hypnotize yourself while you do it, all the better."

The AC took the pendant from Langley's palm and held it up by the broken chain. "Focus and ... breathe deep ... Look deep in ... crystal ..."

Langley stepped back and watched. He made mental notes. One never knew when a new skill might prove useful.

Coach's eyes closed. The AC droned on, his own eyes barely open, until at last his eyes closed too and his voice stilled.

"Now I'm going to show you two what a real man is," Langley muttered. He pulled the zipper of his coveralls down to his crotch. "Coach, listen to my voice. You need more practice with your tongue. Kneel."

The coach's body lowered. Langley moved his crotch forward, closer to the coach's head. If he had been awake, the coach would have hated this humiliation, which made Langley smile. He pushed his coveralls and briefs down. A quick glance at the weight room door--they gym still wasn't open so no one was likely to disturb them--and then Langley picked his cock-head against the coach's lips. "Time for you to work on a real man. Open your mouth and start licking. See what a real man tastes like. And you, AC, get over here your knees and help him."

The two coaches lapped at Langley's prick. He poked his cock first in one coach's mouth for a couple of sucks, then the other's. "Yeah, suck my dick, you fuckers. Get it good and hard. I need it as stiff as it can get." The AC managed the meat fairly well, but the coach kept choking.

Langley stepped back and wrestled off his shoes, shucked his coveralls and briefs. "That's enough. I don't want a blow-job; I want some ass. Where's something we can use for lube?"

The AC said he had massage oil in his bag, and Langley dug through, found it. That would do nicely. Dragging the head coach over to the nearby bench press machine, Langley bent him over it, face down.

Langley coated his fat dick with a large quantity of oil before pushing his cock-head between the coach's butt-cheeks. "Relax and take it. You want to take it more than you ever wanted anything ever before." The cock was hard and slippery, and Langley put a lot of muscle behind it. He felt the tip pushing into the coach's asshole and kept up the pressure. "Just relax, now. If you fight it, it'll tear up your hole, and you don't want that. It's your turn to get your ass fucked, so just relax and let it happen."

Langley knew the cock-head had to be causing pain as it penetrated the coach's ass-ring. Maybe the man wanted to scream. Or maybe he wanted to cry. Langley spritzed another burst of the chemical on the side of the coach's face, just to reinforce the obedience, and then all the coach could do was gasp for breath. Langley drove about three inches of fat dick into the tight ass; then pulled it out. He re-lubed it and drove it in a little deeper, a couple more inches. He did this several times until his crotch pressed tightly against the coach's ass. "Now you know what it's like," he growled. "How does it feel to be raped?"

"Hurts ...," the coach grunted, but he didn't resist.

"Tough. I'm not stopping until you've had the full effect of a cock fucking your ass. Not until you know what it's like to have a big load pumped deep inside you."

Langley pumped at the coach's ass for a couple of minutes. He would have preferred a partner who responded passionately, but this wasn't about making love--this was about matching the punishment to the crime.

"You, AC," Langley ordered the other coach, "get your clothes off and bend over next to him."

When the AC did, Langley pulled out of the head coach's ass and took a position behind the AC. "I'm gonna fuck you too now. Just relax," Lars said, gripping the man's shoulders. "I'm not going to take it easy. Don't fight it. Relax. That's more than you did for any of those kids."

Langley pushed in, pulled a couple inches out of the AC's ass, then pushed it back in. The AC took a cock easier; maybe the head coach had fucked him too. The details could wait until later. Right then, Langley worked on making the strokes a little longer, a little longer, until the AC was taking all of his stiff dick. Soon his cock moved in the AC like a well-oiled piston. The AC's ass tightened, but it wasn't fighting the fat prick fucking his ass; it tightened as if instinctively trying to get a better grip on it. Yeah, the AC was starting to feel good, his body getting into the fuck. Langley slipped his hand under the AC's stomach. The man's shaft was hard as a rock. Lars wrapped his hand around it. He stroked it as he fucked the man's ass.

After a few minutes, Langley switched back to the head coach. "Hold on to the bench real right," Langley commanded. "Time to go for it."

Langley hard-cocked the coach's ass. "Get under him and suck his dick," he told the AC, "and jack yourself while you suck."

The coach couldn't take much more. Langley felt the coach's body shudder under the assault, and Langley knew the man was going to cum. "Shoot for me. Shoot your load--both of you."

The head coach shuddered and came in the AC's mouth.

The AC grunted and a stream of cum oozed out of his cock-head and coated his hand.

Langley anchored his hands to the head coach's hips and fucked the man's ass with short, quick thrusts, using the ass-ring like a masturbation toy. Langley hip-pumped and brought himself off in a couple minutes. His

peter in the coach's ass got longer and fatter. He fucked harder. His balls announced he was cumming and began to pump. Langley dropped his head forward and began to fill that ass with hot cum. His hips kept fucking as he shot. He fucked even after his balls were drained. Releasing the man's hips, he gave the ass a few more long strokes before withdrawing completely. His long dick slapped against his thigh. It was fully satisfied.

Langley picked up his clothes and started to pull them on. He needed to make some arrangements, but that would take time. "Hey, listen up, fuck-heads. In a few hours, some men are going to show up to take you both into custody. Until they arrive, you're going to go about your day as normal. Then you're going to go with them and not give them any trouble. Understand? Get dressed. Once you're dressed, you'll forget about what just happened. Got it? Just forget and go about your day normally. Just another day, right?"

Langley would have liked to leave the naked coach and AC gagged and handcuffed to a weight machine. They'd wake up soon, sure, but maybe the gym would open first and someone would find them. He imagined the scandal headlines, which would be satisfying. But no--His job was to keep everything about Professor Johnson's project running smoothly and out of the public eye. After he made the call, other agents would come to retrieve these two, and then the coaches would be someone else's problem. Langley finished zipping his coveralls, pocketed the pendant and the spray bottle of chemical that he had found locked in the coach's desk drawer earlier.

Langley chastised himself for his carelessness. He had thought the breach, the theft of the sample, was by someone higher up in the Biochemistry Department, someone who knew the security protocols and codes. Langley had been surprised when the evidence started to point to the Athletics Department and the football team instead. He wouldn't have normally paid any attention if something was going on with the football department, even if Professor Johnson's son Tom was on the team. But then Tom had confessed to being involved in the theft of the missing sample specimen bottle, Langley looked into that and learned about the coach's mischief with the chemical. Then he had to step in. And now Jason, who rented an apartment from Professor Johnson was also involved? Learning that the situations were connected had taken him longer than he would have liked; Langley chided himself for not seeing the signs earlier. That wasn't like him. He was usually good at cleaning up messes like this. Maybe he was distracted by something, or someone? Hopefully this was something temporary, something he'd work out of his system soon. He still didn't know what the coach had planned with Jason, but it was connected, and someone else could pull the whole story out of the coaches at their leisure. His priority was Professor Johnson's project; the missing bottle had been secured, and any final data leaks had to be shut down. That was all Langley could let himself care about.

He wondered whether he had time to grab a shower before the gym opened. Probably not. Anyway, no one would care if a janitor was smelled a little musky-sweaty. Time to become Lars the ignorable janitor again, at least long enough to take care of his last leak-patches. He unlocked the weight room door, slipped out, and relocked it. He placed an *out of order, closed for repairs* sign on the door. Best to give the coaches time to wake up and clear out before someone caught them. He didn't need another scandal before he finished cleaning up this whole mess. Keep it all out of the public eye. He turned and left.

11. Tom, Devin, and Langley

Tom shook his head and studied the hastily drawn diagram of X's and O's marking football player positions. "No, for the play to work, we'd have to ... Uh ..." He trailed off, not sure how to fix it.

Tom sat cross-legged on his teammate Devin's dorm bed. They had dated for a few weeks last year, until Devin broke up with him. Tom was white, and Devin was black, and Devin had ended their affair over some weird idea Devin had about how he might have been taking advantage of Tom's white privilege by dating him. Whatever, Tom thought. They'd decided they were better as friends and teammates than boyfriends. So

now the team always came first, and he and Devin were trying to strategize their way through some variations on their playbook for the upcoming game with their big rival.

"Keep it down," Devin's roommate Serge grouched from the other bed, not looking up from his phone. "Shit, don't you two ever talk about anything else but football?"

Well, yeah, not since we're not dating anymore, Tom thought briefly, then chided himself for the bitchiness. Lucky--a small sigh of relief--for once he hadn't said that shit out loud. Devin was a good guy and didn't deserve such cattiness.

Where Tom and Devin were dressed in shorts, T-shirts, and crystal pendants, sock-footed because they sat cross-legged on Devin's bed, Serge wore only a pair of thin briefs and a pair of ear pods as he lay sprawled on his stomach on his own bed, propped up on his elbows, a position that showed off a lot of skin and a finely curved, hard ass gained from running almost nonstop in practice. Tom wondered whether the display was too distracting. Nah. Serge was hot, but not his type. Devin, though, was very much Tom's type, but after they'd ended their time as boyfriends, Devin had never seemed interested in Tom himself anymore, beyond being a casual friend and teammate. Tom kind of regretted letting Devin break up with him, regretted not trying to fight to keep their love affair alive, especially when he was horny and remembered how good Devin's cock had felt in his ass. Devin's reasons for breaking things off were valid at least to Devin, Tom chided himself, so whatever. At least they were still friends and being on the same team hadn't gotten weird.

"Fuck," Serge continued, "can we please talk about anything other than that football play, like maybe--" His phone pinged, a message received. "Shit, it's that girl I've been messaging." As he read, Serge rolled onto one hip, exposing the packed crotch of his tiny briefs, which Tom pretended not to notice. "She wants to hook up later. Fuck, I hope she's down to blow me!--I'm horny as hell!" This he punctuated by dropping his free hand to the crotch of his briefs, casually thumbing the soft but still sizable bulge there.

"Hey, Devin," Tom said turning his head, "I think Serge wants to talk about something other than football. Can we talk about blow-jobs, fucking pussies, and whatever other dirty, disgusting things straight guys like to talk about?"

Devin, accustomed to the banter, rolled his eyes theatrically. "No, man. Dirty talk might embarrass me. I don't like talking about straight-sex things like that. But maybe I can tolerate it for an hour or so."

Tom laughed. "Fuck you both," Serge grouched. "And I'm not straight--I'm bi ... Just mostly into women right now."

Devin made exaggerated kissing noises, mimicked a porn actress' overblown delivery: "Oooh, Serge! It's sooo big! Do me! Do my tight little pussy with your big dick!"

Serge flung his pillow at Devin, who caught it and threw it back.

Someone knocked on the door. Tom and Devin looked at one another. Serge's return-fire pillow smacked the side of Devin's head.

Something ticked at the doorknob, a click, and then the door opened. "Tom, we need to talk," the man said as he entered without waiting.

"Who the fuck are you?" from Serge. "Did you just pick our lock? What gives you the right to just barge in here?"

"Hey, I know you," Tom said, though looking at the red-blond man with the overalls, the military shoulders, and crewcut hair made his head feel funny. The man seemed both familiar and ... somehow not? Like Tom

wasn't supposed to ... to what? Something slipped out of reach and was replaced by: "You're that guy, the janitor, right? Lars? I've seen you around."

The intruder Lars said, "Change of plans, Tom. I need to talk to you immediately, and it can't wait."

"Maybe you'd better get the fuck out, dude," declared Devin.

Tom frowned at the blond. "How'd you know I was even here? This isn't where I live. What's going on?"

"Don't have time to explain. I need all of you to"--he held up his hand, dangling a familiar crystal like the ones the three football players wore, and Tom had a flash-thought that he'd seen that crystal before, because it looked so like the one Coach wore--"focus on this. That's right. It's *sleepytime*, guys. It's *sleepytime* ..."

Tom closed his eyes, and some time later, when he was told to, he opened them again. He wasn't awake, but he could open his eyes like the man had said.

"Are you with me, Tom? Can you hear me?"

"Uh-huh."

Tom was still sitting on Devin's narrow bed. Alongside him, Devin lay stretched out, sleeping deeply--yes, very deeply asleep, like Tom had been too and still was even though his eyes were open. Tom could reach out and touch Devin's body, the familiar lump of his hard-on in his shorts, and his ex-boyfriend would never know. And across the narrow space between the beds, Serge lay sprawled on his own mattress, all that Latino brown skin on display, and the crotch of his briefs stretching to restrain a bent-over erection. Tom had a stiff cock in his own shorts. Why was he still dressed? Why wasn't he doing ... doing what ... something sexual ... something ...? Coach always ...

"Tom? Focus on me up here, please."

Tom's eyes went back to the muscular blond man, so stone-faced, so ... something ...

"Do you remember me? Do you remember who I am? Do you remember my name?"

Tom let the questions sit in his head. The answer seemed to be in one direction, then seemed to be in the other. "Lars ..." That sounded right, or at least mostly right. "Lars ... Janitor ..."

"Yes, that's right. But you know me better by another name. Last time, we took some memories and put them aside so they're out of reach. Can you go back and remember doing that?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good. There's been a change of plans. It's time to put the memories back where they belong. Do you think you can do that for me? Can you put those memories back in place? It's okay to remember them now."

"Okay." Tom tried to reach for reach for something he had put aside. Where had he put it? Was this it? Something seemed to snap into place, like it belonged there. Cool. That was easy.

"What's my name, Tom? Do you remember my other name?--My real one?"

"La ..." Not *Lars* but something like it? "Lang ... ley." The man smiled and Tom felt proud to have pleased him.

"Yes, Langley--that's right. I want you to know the coach won't be able to bother you anymore. Someone's

going to take care of him later today."

What Langley was saying made no sense. Tom was too horny, too cloudy-headed; he wanted to touch this man, or Devin, or Serge; he wanted to cum; he didn't want to think about complex matters, like figuring out what Langley was talking about. Coach's hypnosis always kept things so simple--*strip*, and *horny*, and *suck*, and *get fucked*. His dad's hypnosis kept things simple too--*feel*, and *enjoy*, and *cum*.

"I caught him trying to rape the new professor. You know, the young one who works with your dad in the Biochemistry Department and lives in the apartment at your and your dad's place?"

Tom had something that fit there. "Jason ..."

"Yes--Jason. The coach was trying to hypnotize that kid for some reason. From what I overheard, I think Coach has been making Jason do something for him, a special project. I can't ask the coach about this, because he's going to be interrogated soon, and I need to make sure he doesn't tell them I knew the details. Keeping you out of this requires having plausible deniability, and having deniability means making sure some of the dots don't connect from the coach to me or to you. Did you tell Jason about your dad's research or share anything about his research with anyone?"

"Coach made me ... made me give him Dad's passwords ..."

"Did you email or text them to your coach?"

"No ... Told him ... Wrote them down ... Passwords are my name ... birthday ..."

"You told just him? Not Jason?"

"Just him ..."

"Do you think he might have shared the data with Jason?"

"Dunno ... Special project ... Coach said ... Jason ... Special project ..."

"Okay, I'll take care of that next, just like I'm taking care of your coach. When I caught him with Jason, he was doing the same shit he did to you. So I made him eat the kid's ass."

Tom wanted his ass to be eaten. He wanted to reach into his crotch and touch his cock. He moaned quietly, frustrated.

"After he came, the kid left and I took my turn. Coach probably thought I was going to settle for him blowing me, but--"

"Blow ...?"

"Yes, but instead I fucked his ass."

"Fucked ...?"

"Yes, I fucked his ass, and one of the assistants' too. I wasn't gentle--it was almost a rape, too. An eye for an eye, you might say. Coach tried saying he didn't like it, but he was hypnotized and he seemed to be really getting into it. He shot his load while we were fucking. The assistant too. They were both still hard-dicked when I left them, so they must have liked getting butt-fucked."

"Fucked ..." Tom had to rub his crotch through his shorts. "So horn ..."

Lars smirked. "And you want me to do something about that for you? Look at you, so horny you can't sit still. You look so hot, all relaxed and aroused like that, so how can I say no? Take off your shirt for me."

Sure, Tom could do that. His hands and arms moved well enough when he was told what to do. The cloth of his shirt riding up, up, scratching over his erect nipples, felt oddly good. The world disappeared as his shirt rose over his face, then reappeared as it passed over his head and was dropped ... somewhere? On the floor by the bed?

"Your shorts too. Go ahead and slip them off for me."

Tom shifted his legs and hips, and his shorts moved down his thighs, calves, ankles, over his bare feet, and off. His cock rolled, hard and free-standing, across his hip.

Langley narrowed his eyes, appraising Tom's body from torso to cock to legs, then back again. "You're a good-looking horndog. So eager to get fucked, aren't you."

Tom made an agreeable and needy sound.

"A finger or a tongue just won't do it for you. I'd love to fuck you long and deep, but I fucked your coach earlier and didn't have time to shower his ass-crud off my cock yet. I don't want to contaminate you with anything connected to that asshole. But I think we have a solution right here. Just lie back and relax, Tom."

Langley knelt, disappeared from Tom's peripheral view, but Tom heard his voice.

"Hey there, handsome. What's your name?"

From somewhere beside Tom: "Devin ..."

"Devin, you're very deeply asleep, aren't you?"

"Yeah ..."

"And very horny too, aren't you?"

"Yeah ..."

"My friend Tom here is really horny too, and he needs his ass fucked. Is that something you might like to do for him?"

"Yeah ..."

Tom wanted to believe the naked body moving between his legs was blond Langley, but the hair was black, the bare shoulders Tom's ankles were settling on were dark-skinned. But Langley was telling the body what to do, telling Tom what to do too, and that made everything somehow the same as if the body was Langley's, so maybe this other body, Devin's, would be a good substitute. Tom felt the hips move forward, the lube-slick cock-head start to press against his asshole and push, easing its way into him, and Tom let his ass relax. He wanted to get fucked by Langley, wanted to get fucked by anyone, wanted more, wanted everything, everyone.

As that cock slowly penetrated his ass, Tom relaxed. His body tingled and sparked as the cock slid deeper inside, the pain of entry briefer than usual and already changing to something that felt so very good, just as Langley's voice was saying. His ass felt stretched but not uncomfortably so. His body felt light, as though he might float away if not for the cock anchoring his butt. He wanted more, wanted it deeper.

Hips moved, the body pushing at him and Tom raising his own to meet the thrusts. Tom was enjoying the feel of it, the rhythm. They fucked slowly at first, the way Tom wanted.

Langley suggested Devin increase the pace. The faster strokes soon tipped Tom and slid him into orgasm. He heard himself moan; his prick stiffened, his cock-juice started onto his stomach, and a blissful, easy climax rolled over him, flowed through him, lifted him and buried him at the same time. Langley was saying something, and Tom felt Devin's cock ease out of his ass, heard the snap of a condom being pulled quickly off. Tom sensed fast movements under his shoulder-mounted legs, and then Devin grunted. Speckles of wet warmth hit Tom's skin as Devin, jacking swiftly, squirted out his load.

"Good job. That feels so much better, doesn't it. Go ahead and lie back down. We have a bit more work to do before we're done, so--"

As Tom felt Devin's body lay out on the narrow mattress alongside him, someone else moaned.

"Ah, right--the roommate. Nearly forgot about you. You need some relief too, don't you. Can you stand up for me? Come over here. That's it. Pull down your underwear. Take out your cock. That's it. Stroke your cock. Faster. That's right. Make yourself cum. Stroke it."

Tom heard Serge groan.

"That's right--stroke it, kid. Cum for me. Cum on him. Cum now. Cum!"

Another, deeper groan, and Tom felt Serge's spunk rain down on him.

"Good. Now, as I was saying, we've got a little more work to do before we're done. Tom, we're going to put some other memories out of reach. And you two, Devin, Serge, I have a special errand for you. So it's *sleepytime*, men. Time to sleep extra-deep. *Sleepytime* ..."

12. Devin, Serge, and the Coach

Devin yawned almost like he was waking up and realized where he was and what he was doing. He was walking across campus on his way to practice. Serge was strutting along beside him. After a moment, Serge took a deep breath and also seemed to snap out of a daydream. He looked at Devin as they walked, and Devin grinned and nodded back. Yeah, they had a plan. Coach Ass-Raper had become a problem, and they were going to be the solution and take care of him.

The first step was simple. They had to fuck up during practice, and they had to do it in a way that caught Coach's attention. Serge messed up during some drills practically right in front of Coach, but the man seemed preoccupied. He didn't yell at Serge or anything. So Devin took a shot with his own obviously stupid mistake, practically falling on his face by Coach, who just shook his head and barked something like, "Dammit, Devin, get your head outta your ass!"--but then he turned his attention to something else, as if Devin's fuck-up wasn't worth his time.

Why wasn't Coach taking the bait? The way Devin and Serge were screwing up, he should have torn into one of them, even both. Their plan started with him calling one of them into his office after practice, or maybe even--why not?--both of them.

Later, "Always so fucking horny after practice," one of the crystal-pendant guys mumbled alongside Devin in the locker room as they stripped down. The guy casually rubbed the bulging crotch of his jock-strap. Devin wasn't letting the teammate distract him, not today. Another time, he might have pulled the guy to a dark corner for a stroke-job or maybe into the equipment room for a quick blowie, like some of the guys paired off

and did, because Devin was also always *so fucking horny* after practice too these days--but today he needed to be ready when Coach called Serge or him into his office.

Most of the team were in varying states of undress, from jock-straps to full nude to strutting toward the showers. And fuck--that locker room smell. All that disinfectant and sweat and testosterone, the ripe smell of a space dominated by men!

Devin was down to just his jock too, and he was debating whether he could risk a quick shower. No, better be ready. He pulled his street shorts on.

Coach in the doorway. "You! My office!" he bellowed at Serge across the locker room. "And you too!" He stab-pointed at another guy nearby. "Right fucking now!"

Serge in his shorts and socks looked at Devin, winked; they gave each other a nearly hidden thumbs-up. This was going to work out just like they planned.

Devin intercepted the other guy and scowled. "Not you. I need to talk to Coach instead. Go hit the showers and get out of here." The guy looked at Devin all spooked for a second, because Devin could be intimidating, then nodded in relief and veered off. That left Serge and Devin heading for Coach's office door. Maybe Devin didn't remember how they came up with this plan, but he knew Serge and he both needed to be there.

"It's about time you got here," the coach growled as they opened the office door. He seemed surprised to see Devin instead of the other guy, just a flicker, but then he must have decided he didn't care. He knew Serge and Devin were buddies, so maybe he thought he'd get an extra thrill going after them together. "Get in here. Shut the door. You two fuck-ups are going to get it now!" The coach parked his ass on the edge of the desk. "I need a little entertainment and you two need to be punished for fucking up yet again," he growled. He pulled at the neckline of his T-shirt, couldn't find the pendant he usually wore, then decided he didn't need it. "It's *sleepytime*, assholes, sleepytime."

Devin and Serge smirked at each other. Somehow this time was different, like some voice had told Devin that Coach's trigger word could only affect them if they wanted it to--and Devin didn't want it to. Definitely didn't.

What Devin wanted to do, for now, was play along. From the corner of his eye, he caught Serge wink at him. Yeah, they'd planned for this.

"Strip down, both of you, all the way."

Devin and Serge weren't wearing much to begin with, so they were naked in seconds. If Coach noticed that they also weren't wearing their pendants, he didn't say anything.

Coach didn't take his eyes off Serge's hard-on. "Okay, Devin, get down on your knees, boy, and suck Serge's cock."

So Devin knelt and sucked on his roommate's dick. Devin liked Serge's prick, but he had to keep his face slack and not let on. He didn't want Coach figuring out that his special trigger word wasn't working.

Devin's cock was hard as a hammer, anticipating what was going to happen.

"You like that, don't you, black boy," the coach chided. Devin scowled a little around Serge's cock, because Coach was a fucking racist asshole sometimes, like now--as if he didn't *already* deserve what they were going to do to him! "You like sucking your teammate's cock. I bet you'd eat his ass if I told you to do it. I'll let you do that later. You can get his ass ready for my cock. Yeah, I'm gonna fuck some ass. Yeah, fuck you two asses

in the ass." Coach chuckled at his own joke.

Coach watched them and rubbed the front of his pants. He seemed to be enjoying their little show. His hard-on was obvious in his loose shorts, probably feeling good. Coach was likely thinking about everything he would tell them to do. "That's enough, Devin. Time for your buddy Serge here to suck some black dick. Switch places."

They obeyed. As the players shifted, Devin made sure they were positioned sideways to give the coach a good view of his big black cock going into Serge's Latino mouth. And Serge?--He put on a show too, slowly pulled his head all the way back so the coach could see the full length of the dick he was sucking.

After a couple of minutes: "Yeah. That's what I like to see. I like to see my boys play together when I say so. But that's enough of that for now. Serge, crawl over here. I have something for you." The coach shoved his pants to his ankles and spread his legs. His partially stiff cock flopped out. He hadn't been able to keep it under complete control while he watched his players go at it. "Suck this up hard," he commanded. "Get it ready for your ass."

Devin knew now was the perfect time. He stepped behind Coach. He took a deep breath, then lunged. His hands went under the older man's arms and up his chest, and Devin's hands clasped behind the coach's neck--a classic full-nelson shoulder lock. Devin lifted, and the coach's feet left the floor.

When Serge felt the coach jerk, he looked up. Seeing Devin had the coach held securely, Serge reached for his discarded shorts and pulled something from a pocket.

"What the fuck are you doing," Coach yelled, maybe at Devin, at Serge, or both of them. "I'll get you shit-holes for this."

"No, I think we've the ones that got you," Devin grumbled at Coach's ear as Serge stood up. "Sucking cock's made both of us horny. Since you made us do it, we think it's only fair you take care of us."

"The hell I will, boy!"

The coach struggled and tried to get away. Devin had his arms and torso immobile. Coach tried to kick, but Serge avoided his legs; plus Coach's legs were tangled in his shorts. "It's *sleepytime* for you, Coach," Serge declared, holding up the pendant in front of Coach. Devin was glad that voice had told him the trigger word didn't have to affect him, so he let the word wash over and past him, and he stayed awake while Serge kept telling Coach, "You know you're gonna love it, Coach. It's easy, right? Sleepytime. All you gotta do is go sleepytime for a while."

Coach, though, tried to struggle; Devin had to hold on tightly. Coach sure didn't want to surrender, judging by the way he kept squirming. Serge kept hammering at him. "It's okay, Coach. It's sleepytime. You know about sleepytime, don't you? You know you want it. That's right. Sleepytime."

Coach started moving slower, struggling less and less, maybe tiring out, maybe something else. Took a few minutes until he stopped fighting and slowly went limp in Devin's grip.

"That's good, Coach. Just relax deep into sleepytime." Serge pulled Coach's shorts and jock-strap the rest of the way down and pulled them off over the man's shoes.

"Don't forget the lube," Devin said around the inert coach's shoulder as he deposited the man on top of the desk. Devin didn't mind if this was going to hurt Coach a little, but he didn't like fucking an ass without plenty of lube because that didn't feel good to him.

"Right." Serge found the bottle and showed it to Devin. "Nearly empty, but I think there's enough."

Devin rolled Coach onto his back on the desk as Serge lubed that long cock of his. "Raise his legs," Serge commanded. "It's time for some fucking."

"Nnnn ...," the coach moaned--a protest?

Both Devin and Serge laughed. Coach Ass-Raper hadn't given a crap when he fucked them the first time, so they weren't going to go easy on him.

"Shhh, Coach. It's sleepytime, so just lie back and sleep and let us do what we want."

Serge crawled up on the desk and squatted over Coach's head. "Why don't you start by eating some ass, Coach?" Serge spread his smooth, brown ass-cheeks wide and Devin saw the hole moving closer to Coach's mouth. "Lick it, Coach."

Coach's tongue waggled out of his lips. Once it touched Serge's buttocks, it seemed to figure out what to do and began lapping.

"That's it," Devin told Coach. "Use that tongue. Lick it good. Eat it like you were going to make me eat Serge's."

The coach wasn't resisting. He kept licking for a few minutes, until they told him to turn over on his stomach and got him bent over where his ass was an easy target.

Serge, standing next to the desk, spread a sheen of lube across his hard cock and moved between Coach's spread thighs. "Hey, Coach, remember all those times you fucked me? Open up for me, and get ready for some payback." He pressed his cock against the man's asshole, pushed harder, stretched the ass-ring, and entered. When Serge was about halfway in, Coach snapped out of his trance and tried to bellow, but he was too wide-eyed shocked to make the sound come out of his gaping mouth. That didn't last long, because in a second he was hollering incoherent shit. Pain, humiliation--all he could yell was a lot of angry nonsense words as he tried to come off Serge's cock, but the jock had Coach trapped between his hips and the desk, and so far Coach hadn't been able to dislodge that meat-pole up his ass. Serge didn't ease up his sliding entry until his nuts were tight against the coach's ass.

Wait--Devin had something special to use if Coach put up a fight. Where did he leave his shorts? He found them and found the little caped dropper in a pocket. Wasn't sure where he'd gotten it or what was in it, but he knew it held something that would work.

So Devin uncapped the dropper and jumped onto the desk, knelt on it right in front of Coach. By then, the older man had recovered enough to be cursing at the top of his lungs at both of them. The guys in the locker room probably thought that was normal, since they'd heard Coach shout at Devin and Serge for fucking up and ordering them to come to his office. Coach yelling at fuck-ups was expected.

When he angled his head up to rage-howl at Devin face to face, Coach didn't pay any attention to whether the player was holding something. Coach was in the middle of bellowing at Devin that he was going to fuck them up, kick them off the team, get them expelled; and when the coach's mouth opened wide Devin had the dropper close and squeezed it, and squirted whatever the fluid was into the older man's yowling pie-hole. Bullseye!

Coach sputtered and made a face, his yelling went into overdrive, and that vein in his temple looked ready to explode as he screamed at Devin, "You fucking cock-sucker--" And then he just stopped shouting. His face went blank, and he stopped struggling too. He just went still. Yeah, whatever that was, the liquid did the trick

and did it quick. Coach looked stoned as hell, didn't fight any longer.

"Back to *sleepytime*, Coach," Devin ordered as he and Serge exchanged a quick high-five over the man's back. "Yeah, right back to sleepytime." Coach settled right down like he was told. "I think we got him," Devin told Serge.

Serge grinned and nodded. "Yeah, he's not gonna give us problems now."

Coach's mouth was right there, and Devin's cock was hard, so while Serge went back to fucking Coach's ass, Devin poked his erection into Coach's O-ring mouth. "Suck my dick, Coach!" This was the final humiliation. One of his boys was fucking his butt instead of the other way around, and another was fucking his mouth. Too bad, Devin snickered to himself, Coach wasn't awake to know it.

Serge seemed to be going easier on Coach's butt, easing off on his thrusts. That made sense, Devin guessed. As much as they hated this man, they didn't want to cause any injury. They just needed to ... what?--keep him busy?--distract him a while? That sounded right, though Devin wasn't sure why. Slow and easy, Serge fucked the man. At the same time, Coach managed a half-assed job sucking Devin's cock. The player felt a little light-headed, like maybe he was absorbing some of whatever was in that dropper through the skin of his cock in the coach's mouth--but that was okay, just a little dizzy.

Serge also noticed a change in Coach. "Hey, Devin, look. Coach has a hard-on. I think he likes it!"

Devin shook my head to clear it, and stared around and down at Coach's erect dick. The bastard wasn't supposed to enjoy this.

Serge was taking long, sure strokes in Coach's hole, the longest strokes he could, slow and easy on the out-strokes, really hammering his dick full-strength into that ass on the in-strokes. "You like it, Coach? Bet you do. Want me to fuck your ass harder? Want it deeper?"

Coach didn't say a word or protest, so that meant he loved it, right? Devin wished they could make him admit he liked it, but the man was too out of it to talk.

"Turn him over," Serge said, and Devin hopped down off the desk to help roll Coach onto his back, legs in the air, calves over Serge's shoulders, as Serge stuck his dick back inside Coach's ass.

Which gave Devin an idea. He picked up the little bottle of lube and added some of that slick stuff to Coach's spit along his dick-shaft. He eased in behind Serge and pressed his glans into his teammate's ass-crack. Serge looked over his shoulder and grinned at Devin, slowed his hip-pumps, stuck his rump back a little until Devin could poke his meat into Serge's asshole. Devin held on to Serge's shoulders, and Serge did most of the work of finding a rhythm that pushed his ass back on Devin's rod, then drove his dick forward into Coach's shitter.

Devin rode Serge. Serge rode Coach. Too soon Devin felt his balls get ready to fire. He pulled out, hustled around to the side of the desk, and aimed his cock at Coach's chest and jacked off. Serge pulled out of Coach's ass, let the man's legs fall, and pumped his dick over Coach's crotch. "Stroke yourself. Stroke your dick," Devin told Coach, and the man did; his cock hadn't gone soft and now he wrapped his hand around it. Seeing Coach laid out below them, helplessly rubbing his prick after he'd been fucked--that really triggered Devin's arousal higher, too high. He threw his head back and moaned and shot his cum all over Coach's chest. That set off Serge, who spurted all over Coach's hand and cock. "Cum, Coach. C'mon, cum now," Devin said. The older man didn't right away, of course, but his hand pumped a little faster and maybe a minute later his breath caught and he shot onto his belly and chest, his first spurt overlapping Devin's on his pecs, then more cum oozing down his cock.

As Devin pulled his shorts up over his limp dick, Serge said, "You go on. I'm still horny--I'm gonna fuck

Coach's buttocks some more." Coach and his well-used ass still lay naked, sprawled out on his desk, semi-conscious. Serge's cock was half-hard, rising again, getting its second wind.

Devin sniffed at my armpit. "I need a shower."

"Me too, but I'll get cleaned up later. Stand up, Coach. You still got work to do."

Devin watched until his buddy's big dick was firmly planted in Coach's ass again. Serge was fucking Coach out of hate and the urge for revenge. "Like that dick?" Serge taunted as his hips pulverized Coach's ass. "Like that big Latin cock in your white ass? You know us Latino guys can fuck for hours. Bet you want me to fuck you all night, don't you, asshole? I'm gonna cum in your ass, then make you lick your ass juices off my cock!"

This wasn't what sex was supposed to be about, or at least it wasn't what Devin wanted sex to be about. He thought of Tom and he knew then what he wanted. They had had a good thing together when they dated a while, last year. Maybe they could again. Might be worth a shot. Devin hoped he hadn't fucked things up when he broke up with Tom.

Serge was still fucking Coach's butt when Devin slipped out the office door.

A little later, after a shower and while Devin was changing back into his regular clothes, Serge came in, clothes balled under this arm, naked and strutting, lube-shiny cock swinging, grinning wide. They fist-bumped as Serge deposited his clothes on a changing bench and headed to the showers himself. Devin left the locker room and walked toward the exit. As he nearly got there, the door opened, and four people whose professional clothes just shouted *law enforcement* stepped inside. Or *government agents*, maybe? Some agency with a bunch of letters for a name? But what were they doing here? And that big blond one--wasn't he the janitor? What was his name? Larry? Lawrence? Something like that. He must've been undercover. He sure cleaned up nice, though--now that he was dressed in what were probably his government work clothes and had his hair combed differently, the dude was hot! Devin almost didn't recognize him.

"Hey," one of the others called to Devin as the door closed behind them. "We're looking for the coach. You seen him?"

"Probably still in his office." Devin pointed. "Last door on the left."

"Thanks," as three passed.

The last one, Larry or whatever--no, Lars, that was it, or at least his undercover janitor name--hung back. "You go on ahead," he said to his fellow agents.

The one who'd asked Devin for directions frowned. "You're gonna miss your own bust?"

"Don't have to do the actual apprehending to get the credit. Go on and get that fucker. I'll catch up after I ask this young man a couple of questions ..."

13. Jason and Alan

Jason scratched his lower back and wished he was anywhere but here, at the kitchen table in his apartment with Alan, working through the backlog of tests that had to be graded. Being a professor was so much work, and none of it was related to the research he really wanted to do!

Jason desperately needed to catch up on his other projects. After he'd spent so much time working on the

brain-puzzle of that special mystery chemical project from the anonymous email message, he was behind on all his other duties, and he needed to have these exams graded as soon as possible. After his inspiration following what that asshole football coach had ... Well, don't think about that. Drafting the solution to the chemical processing hadn't taken long, once he got to his computer. By then he'd already thought through the correction. What had taken so long was re-analyzing the simulation twice, to ensure his fix would solve the issue. And it did--in fact, it likely improved the final version with a few slight tweaks to the biochemical results. Then he had to work through the conundrum of what to do with his fix. Now that he understood that the coach, the man from the park, was behind the anonymous email and text messages, had been manipulating him, was planning even worse things, Jason knew he couldn't turn over the results to him. So instead, he finally decided to create an anonymous account of his own, and he sent the results to Paul Johnson. After all, the coach had said the data was from a project of Paul's; Jason had no stake in the matter aside from solving the error as a purely cognitive puzzle. Paul had done ninety-nine percent of the work, the credit belonged to him. Paul didn't need to know Jason had been puppeteered like a fool into shadowing his work. No wonder everyone kept calling Jason *kid* if he was this easily swayed!

But now Jason had to work harder to catch up his own schedule. Deadlines loomed too close. He could do this, but he needed help.

Jason and Alan sat on adjoining sides of the table from each other, computers open. slowly working their way through the list of exams. They made more progress that way--Alan did the preliminary evaluation and commenting on each test, then routed it to Jason who gave the final grade. The process seemed to be working well. Jason liked Alan, knew he was lucky to have him as an assistant.

Alan, reading from the screen, looked shocked, then laughed. He hurried to do something to the exam on his screen. "What's that," Jason asked, leaning over, catching only the name *Devin*-- on Tom's screen before the window closed.

"Nothing."

"Didn't look like 'nothing' to me."

"I don't think the person who wrote it meant for anyone but me to see it."

"Is it that bad?"

"No, it's actually sort of funny, but it might embarrass you."

"Let me be the judge of that," Jason said. "Send it over to me."

As he read, Jason too blushed and then laughed. The text seemed to have been copied from a gay pornographic story, and the student who submitted it had drawn black columns in the margins. No, not columns--giant erect black penises; their caps like spurts of semen or dripping runs down the shafts. "And that's the cleaner parts," Alan snickered, looking around the corner at Jason's screen. "I told you it was embarrassing."

"Why would he turn in something like this? Are these what I think they are?"

"Big black dicks," Alan confirmed, and Jason thought his voice turned quiet and dreamy, as if distracted. "I think it's ... to remind me of something, or maybe a joke." Alan seemed to bring his attention back to the matter in front of them. "We've already graded his real exam. You gave him a B-plus."

"Kind of sexy for a joke," Jason mused as he paged rapidly through the rest, noting some of the column-penises at the tops of the screen pages were going in and out of caves. No, not caves--gaping round assholes.

If Jason paged through quickly, the in-and-out looked like clumsy animated fucking.

"This has got to be breaking a bunch of university policies. How did he even do this? It's an online chemistry exam--he should've only been able to enter numbers and some formulas in the answer fields. How'd he get all these big black ... er, penises to show up in the margins of the user interface?"

"Devin's really smart. You want me to bump his grade up to an A-minus for creativity?"

Jason realized with a start that Alan had one hand on his shoulder. His teaching assistant had come around the table and was looking over his shoulder. Jason felt his spine stiffen awkwardly.

"I'm glad, uh, all the exams aren't like this," Jason said, uncomfortably aware of how his tongue stumbled over the words. "I'd never get any work done. Why does he submit them if he knows you're going to read them?"

"Because he knows what I like."

"And what's that?"

"Dicks," Alan answered calmly, as if he saw no reason to lie. "Big dicks. And guys."

"Oh." Jason studied Alan. He had noticed his assistant was cute at their first meeting, but hadn't thought that much about it since. Now he took a good look at him. The compact blond was more than cute. He was sexy. Jason wondered what Alan looked like naked. How big his cock was. Whether he preferred sucking or being sucked. Where he would fall as a data point in Jason's *sex with women versus men* research.

Alan had taken off that necklace he wore, the one with the crystal pendant, and now he held it up, the crystal suspended before Jason's eyes, and the play of light on the facets seemed fascinating. Alan said something from a distance, something about, "*Sleepytime ... Time for a status report on your project ... Sleepytime ...*" And Jason felt ...

A knock at the door, soft but an interrupting rhythm he couldn't ignore, woke Jason a second before his eyes were going to close. What had just happened? He was sitting at the table, Alan still standing beside him. Just a daydream? Tired from grading tests? Must have been.

The knocking again, more insistent. Tom and Paul seldom knocked--Jason had gotten accustomed to them opening the door and calling his name. So this must be someone else. But who? None of his other coworkers or students knew where he lived. "It's open. Come in," Jason called, rising from the table, because his parents had taught him rising to meet visitors was simply polite manners.

The visitor slipped through the door quickly, quietly, as if wanting to avoid being seen from the street without obviously appearing to avoid being seen. Jason recognized the blond hair, the impressively wide shoulders. The janitor Lars? The one he'd promised *anytime you want your dick sucked, I owe you one* at the gym? Now he was at Jason's off-campus apartment? How did he find where Jason lived? Was he here to collect on the promised blow-job?

"Uh, sorry, Lars. Now's not really a good time," Jason began. "We're grading exams and, uh ..." He pointed vaguely at Alan, who was also standing, hoping his gesture told Lars *not alone*.

"My name's not Lars; it's Langley. But I don't have time to explain. Listen to me--"

Alan was moving in defensively, as if he intended to come between Jason and the older, larger man. "What's going on? What are you doing here?"

Lars' hand was in motion before Jason could see. *Fsst--Fsst--Fsst!* He had sprayed Alan, three times, in the face with a small bottle.

"What the fuck!" Alan barked, surprised, backpedaling a step.

Jason demanded angrily, "What the fuck, Lars or whatever your name is!"

"I hadn't planned on both of you being here," this Langley said as he guided Alan to a chair, told him to sit. "Your assistant here is a mole, feeding information about your research to an outside party. You're being manipulated into conducting research into something that doesn't concern you. I have to fix this."

"Get away from him! Alan?--Can you hear me?"

Fsst!

The first burst to his face shocked Jason because he'd been too intent on Alan to pay attention to Lars' hand. "Fuck!" Jason pulled away, but he almost immediately felt dizzy.

Fsst--Fsst!

Two more sprays. Jason couldn't seem to concentrate.

"Listen up," Lars said, holding up a crystal dangling from what looked like a necklace chain. "Pay close attention, both of you. I'm going to talk, and you're going to listen. It's *sleepytime* and you two are going to take a little nap ..."

###

Jason awoke sitting at his kitchen table in front of his computer. *Working too hard*, he thought. *Tired, must have dozed off for a minute*. Yes, that was what must have happened. *A dream?* Yeah, must have been.

His computer was displaying his desktop, not the class portal where he and Alan had been grading exams. Was there something missing from his desktop? Why did the group of icons related to his research projects have a blank space between them, as if one had recently been deleted? His trash folder was empty, so whatever should have been there was gone from his computer. As he tried to remember, he felt as though some part of his mind was pushing the memories out of reach; they were still there, just not accessible to him now. Maybe someday he'd remember, but for now a deep feeling of comfort moved through him. Everything was as it should be. Whatever he had been trying to remember probably wasn't important.

"Hey," Jason said. "Wake up."

Beside him, Alan inhaled sharply, straightened up, blinked his eyes. He looked around, orienting himself. "Sorry. Must have dozed off for a minute."

"No problem." Jason nodded, smiling at the coincidence of Alan saying almost the same words Jason had thought when he'd awakened.

What had they been talking about? Oh, right. A paper with columns like erect penises. Alan saying he liked dicks and guys. Which seemed like an odd time to doze off, but that's exactly what must have happened because Jason didn't remember anything between then and waking up.

Jason said, "I've been thinking about that myself. Dicks and guys. Kind of a research project, on whether sex is better with men or women."

"Yeah? Sounds hot. I wasn't sure whether you--I mean, do you like guys or girls?"

"I'm not sure either yet. I know I like guys, but I don't know if I like just guys or both."

"How much research have you done so far?"

Was Alan teasing him? Jason wasn't sure. "One woman and ..." How many?--Tom, sort of, if jacking off together counted; and that asshole from the park ... and wasn't there something about the gym? No, the rest of that memory slipped away, which seemed right. "Two men, but one was just us jerking off together."

"Not much of a sample set," Alan chuckled, then: "Fuck, I'm horny." His hand disappeared under the table, probably to adjust his cock in his pants. "Uh, sorry. I shouldn't have said that."

Jason smiled. "It's okay. I feel horny too." And he did. Jason's cock was stiff as a steel rod.

Alan was certainly cute. Blond, muscular and compact-bodied in all the right ways, a little shorter than Jason, only a couple of years older but seemed much more worldly. Jason wondered what Alan's lips would be like to kiss. Did Alan like kissing? Sucking cock? Being sucked? Maybe ass stuff too? He considered what Alan might look like without his shirt, or naked, naked and lust-hard, on his knees and hungry to suck Jason's cock. The image made Jason's prick pulse; his erection seemed to really, really want to be introduced to Alan's mouth. Maybe Jason needed a source for sex closer to home, something convenient and friendly. If he had a sex-friend, he wouldn't have to deprive himself until his loneliness pushed him into dangerous situations like looking for orgasms at that park.

For the first time in his short sex life, Jason initiated the action. He reached, pulled Alan's surprised head over, and kissed him. Alan stiffened for a second in shock. Then he began to kiss back.

Alan broke away after fifteen seconds. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Jason smiled. "I think I'm trying to tell you I like you."

"Do you want to take a break for a minute? I want to kiss you again, a real kiss."

Jason decided to be uncharacteristically brazen, as if someone else had told him what he needed to do. "Or we could take our clothes off and have some fun."

###

Jason knew the moment Alan fell in love. Two minutes earlier, when Jason had dropped his pants and revealed his large erection, Alan's eyes had widened, and he seemed to go somewhere in his head, just for a moment, as if something was clicking into place. Jason knew Alan had fallen in love with his big, hard cock.

Now they lay naked on Jason's bed, progressing slowly. "Why do you hide this beast in those loose pants?" Alan asked as he worship-kissed the tip of Jason's cock. "If I had a big one like this, I'd wear tight pants all the time and I wouldn't care if everyone saw it. Or I'd never wear pants at all."

Jason lay on his back, with Alan's head in his lap. Jason finger-stroked Alan's spine, the smooth curves leading up his tight buttocks. "I don't want everyone seeing my cock. I can't run around naked," Jason said.

"With me you can," Alan said before taking the rigid dick in his mouth.

"Turn around and let me suck you too."

"No, you just lie there and enjoy it. You can do me later." Alan seemed to know how to make a cock feel

good, had called Jason's large erection a challenge, but was not stopping. With determination and patience, Alan soon had that rod deep in his throat.

Jason enjoyed how good Alan's mouth was making his prick feel, but he couldn't just lie there. He wanted some dick too; his research required it. Pulling Alan up beside him, Jason rolled on top. "My turn," he said, kissing the shorter blond again. "I haven't done this a lot, but I'll try my best."

Sitting back on his heels, Jason bent over and took the first half of Alan's fat, six-inch dick. A few more tries, stretching his lips, relaxing his jaw and throat, and he managed to fit all of it into his mouth. He sucked Alan's cock until the blond's body tensed. Jason backed off. No, he couldn't allow Alan to cum too soon and end this yet. Jason stretched to the side and attacked the nearby balls in their nearly hairless sack. Alan's cock was average-sized but his balls seemed larger than the few Jason had seen in his sample set of experience to date. He sucked each testicle separately; then pushed his face deep into the scrotum and sucked both. Alan made an appreciative sound almost like purring.

Jason pulled his head back and considered his next move. Alan was still too close to orgasm, might cum in moments if Jason sucked him. What else could they do? His mind started listing things he had seen in porn videos. "I'm not sure if I'm ready for that," he said.

"Huh? Ready for what?"

"Getting fucked or fucking. You know--ass stuff."

Alan snickered. "Man, your big brain bounces around like a ping-pong ball! We don't have to do ass stuff if you don't want to."

"I heard Paul--Professor Johnson--and Tom talking one day when they didn't know I was around. They were talking about which of them was going to be the first to fuck my ass."

"Really? Have they yet?"

"I licked Tom's cock once, for a little while, but other than that ..." Jason shook his head no. "They think I'm not adventuresome and I'd be boring in bed."

"*Are* you boring in bed?"

"I don't know. Probably. I haven't done much. Will you teach me?"

"Sure. Let me show you something else that feels good. Ever had your ass licked before?"

"No! That's disgusting. I tried a finger in my ass once, but not--not *that*."

"I think you'll change your mind once you try it." Alan rolled up to kneeling. "Think of it as an experiment. Get on your hands and knees."

Jason, uncertain, assumed the indicated position anyway. Alan, behind, helped him spread his knees, and Jason's bare ass felt exposed, a vulnerable target. Alan licked up and down the butt-crack, finally centering his attention on Jason's virginal little hole. He worked the point of his tongue at the tight hole for a moment then pushed. Jason's ass refused to give, too tight. Alan focused instead on flicking his tongue back and forth, stimulating the ring and the area around it. Finally coming up for air, he laid his cheek on Jason's buttock. "Does that feel better than your finger?"

"I guess. But it felt weird. Can I go back to sucking your cock instead?"

"Sure. We can try other stuff next time."

They were going to have a next time? The thought pleased Jason more than he expected.

Alan shifted around, kneeling in front of Jason's head. Still on his hands and knees, Jason's head was right there. "Now try sucking my cock again," Alan said, "and remember: slow and easy 'til you get used to it."

Jason took Alan's dick into his mouth again. This time he didn't try to swallow the whole thing at once. He sucked the head until he felt ready, then took a couple inches of the shaft. Slowly he took more until the head was pushing at the opening of his throat. Could he do it? He wasn't sure, but he needed to try. Pushing hard had it penetrating a little deeper across his tongue. He gagged and pulled back. The second time he didn't gag as quickly. About the fifth try it went down and stayed. Grabbing Alan's ass with both hands, Jason forced all of the youth's cock into his mouth.

"Do it. Suck my cock. You're doing good, and you'll only get better with practice."

Jason didn't answer. He tried to be a quick study. Once he learned how to swallow Alan's hard cock, he started experimenting a little. He tried sucking gently. Faster. Harder. Slower. Geometry and physics, the mechanics of rounded mouth on linear cock suggested so many variations and combinations to try.

Alan's moans suggested he was nearing an orgasm, so Jason eased back, tried using tongue-flicks instead. He underestimated Alan's closeness to the brink, and Alan gave a final gasp as his balls released their pent-up load--hot, thick ball-juice pumped across Jason's open lips and onto his cheek. Jason gagged a little when the next blast went into his mouth and crossed his tongue, but he swallowed it. He didn't like or dislike the taste.

Finally Alan pulled his cock back from Jason's mouth. "Stop! I can't take anymore. You got all there is. My balls are empty--nothing left."

"That wasn't bad," Jason said, licking his lip, thinking over the taste. Perhaps over time he could get used to it easily. But right then--"Listen, will you fuck me? No one's done it to me yet and I want to try it. I want you to be the first."

"Are you sure?"

No, Jason wasn't sure, but he felt oddly compelled to do this and decided he should commit himself to something that felt inevitable, like seeing an experiment through to its end. "I want to find out how it feels. I had a finger in there and it felt good. I need to know how a cock feels. If you don't do it, someone else will. I'd rather it be you, not Paul or Tom. The football coach tried too."

Alan's eyes went wide. "The football coach? The one they call Ass-Raper? Wow!"

"Yeah. Maybe they'll back off trying to fuck me if I'm not a virgin back there anymore. So ... please?"

"Do you have lube or something to grease us up? I don't think spit will work. You're probably too tight."

Jason reached into his nightstand drawer and produced a small plastic bottle. "Will this do? I use it for jacking off sometimes."

"You've been planning this, haven't you."

"I didn't know who or when it was going to happen, but I wanted to be prepared."

Using a finger, Alan slicked Jason's ass liberally. When he thought the hole was ready, he did the same to his

cock. Lying beside Jason, he said, "Sit on it."

"What?"

"Get on top of me and sit on my dick. That way you can control how much you take. If it hurts, you can quit."

Jason followed the instructions. As Jason faced and squatted over him, Alan raised his dick and guided it. Jason sat back. His ass-ring resisted for the moment, but his weight was behind the pressure; the ring yielded, then allowed the fat intruder entry, and with a gasp Jason lost his cherry. The force pushed about half of the cock into his virgin ass. Jason's eyes and mouth went wide in a silent grimace of pain.

"Take it easy," Alan told him. "Just a little at a time. Don't move. Get used to it first, then it will start feeling better in a minute."

Jason held his position, not wanting to give up. How long?--Did the body have a timetable that needed to be followed? The flaring pain did begin to subside, turning to a dull ache. He could handle that. Pushing down, he took a little bit more. Slowly, he eased all of the fat cock into his tight hole. By the time Alan's trimmed pubes prickled his ass cheeks, Jason was starting to feel something else, a new sensation that was oddly interesting.

"I think I like this," he said, bending forward to kiss Alan lightly. "What do I do now?"

"Raise up a little and sit back down."

"Oh." Because that was so obvious he shouldn't have needed to ask. He used his legs to lift his hips, making the cock-rod slide out of his asshole. Lowered his hips so the hard-on went inside him again. Something else flickered in his ass. "I think it's starting to feel good."

Jason's instincts and the memories of what he had seen in porn seemed to take over, and he rode the dick in his ass. He needed a while to learn to coordinate balancing himself, moving himself. Meanwhile, Jason's hard cock slapped Alan's stomach on each down-stroke, until Alan wrapped a hand around it.

"No," Jason bleated. "Don't stroke me. I don't want to cum until you do. I want you to shoot your load in my ass first."

"Okay. I'll just hold it."

Jason fucked himself with Alan's hard fat dick. The more he did it, the better it felt. He wondered how long he could do this, how long until his legs got too tired.

Alan moaned. "Let me get on top. Let me show you how it feels when a man fucks you." He rolled, carrying Jason with him.

Raising Jason's legs, Alan worked his cock as deeply as he could into Jason's ass. Pulling out to the edge of his cock-head, he drove it back in. He had to remember to hold back so he didn't hurt Jason. He needed to care about more than getting his load off.

"Fuck me," Jason yelped. "Fuck me hard. Give it to me."

Alan gave him a good fucking, pumping until his nuts wouldn't let him go any longer. "Gonna cum!" He pushed his dick as deep as he could and held it there, letting his abundant load squirt into Jason's ass. Jason tightened and relaxed his ass, milking the stud's pumping cock. "Stop that! I can't take any more," Alan moaned. He pulled out of Jason's ass--not because he wanted to, but the pleasure was too intense. His body

was jerking as if he was still cumming, although his nuts were drained. Falling onto his back, all he could do was take deep breaths as Jason stroked his smooth compact body.

"That was great," Alan was finally able to say. "Give me a minute and I'll finish sucking your cock. I don't usually cum this hard, but I don't get a cherry ass very often."

"Can I fuck you?" Jason asked. "I never fucked a guy either."

Getting into Alan's ass was a lot more work for Jason than getting into the one girl he had fucked. Alan's ass was hotter and tighter. Jason didn't have to worry about keeping his cock hard. The blond youth took Jason's clumsy first fuck-thrusts and begged for more.

The process didn't take long. Less than three minutes in Alan's ass, just as he was starting to get the hang of fucking, and Jason's balls were unloading, his climax nearly too intense to bear.

After Jason shot his load, he didn't lose interest like he normally did after jacking. He took Alan's hard dick in his mouth and sucked another load out of it.

As they lay exhausted together in the afterglow, Alan asked, "Are you looking for a boyfriend?"

"Maybe someday," Jason decided. "Right now I just want a friend, someone I can talk to and try stuff with. I think I've got a lot to learn before I'm ready to be a good boyfriend. Do you want to help teach me?"

"If that's what you want. Anyway, that'll put me first in line when you're ready."

14. Paul, Harris, and Tom

"Hi, there. Can I come in?"

"Hi," Paul said, surprised to see his department head Harris Price at the front door of his house on a Saturday morning. Usually work conversations happened at one or the other's office, during working hours on a weekday. "Sure. Come on in." He stepped back to let Harris step inside. Paul felt vaguely embarrassed to be caught half-naked, wearing nothing but his lucky boxer shorts--but, dammit, this was his house, and he knew he had a good body, kept in shape by plenty of gym-time, so why should he feel embarrassed?

Paul wasn't wearing just ordinary boxers, but the lucky pair he wore only on special occasions. They were tight silk. He never could wear them without fighting a hard-on. He was wearing them today because it was time to stop playing games with Jason. He had been planning to walk over to Jason's apartment in a few minutes, thinking maybe the sight of Paul in his boxers, plenty of skin, muscles, and maybe a semi-hard dick on display, would be enough to get the uptight younger professor's libido cranked up so Paul could seduce him.

Paul was horny, and now his department head Harris had to be able to see his cock through his boxers, maybe even make out the ridge around the head. Well, so what? This was Paul's house, and Harris had dropped by unannounced, so Paul had no reason to be ashamed about being semi-dressed around the house, right? Still, Paul decided, he probably should go put on pants and a shirt.

Paul asked, "Is Tom here, or are you alone?"

"Oh," Paul replied, startled, train of thought interrupted. "No, Tom went to breakfast with some of his football team buddies. But he should be back shortly. Why? Is something wrong?"

"No, no--quite the opposite. I came by to congratulate you." Harris held up a bottle of whiskey.

"Congratulate?" Paul said with a frown. "Hey, let me go put some clothes on and then we can talk. I'll be right back." He disappeared down the hall to his bedroom.

Returning a few minutes later in a polo shirt, modest jeans, and sneakers, Paul found Harris pouring whiskey into two glasses.

"I hope you don't mind," Harris said, capping the bottle. "I got a couple of glasses from your kitchen. This calls for a toast." He held out one of the glasses to Paul.

"A toast? What's the big occasion?"

"The government bigwigs called about your research project. They said the new version of your formula corrected the problems perfectly, and the testing on the new samples has been a major success so far, even better than expected. Early reports show the effectiveness has increased, and the duration too, significantly."

"What? But the chemical is only theoretical. It's not ready for testing on live subjects."

Harris shrugged. "The government does what the government does. Anyway, I don't know where you got the inspiration, but your success is certainly going to look good on your curriculum vitae when your tenure review comes up in a couple of months. So cheers!" Harris saluted Paul with his glass, then took a sip.

Paul frowned a little. Yes, he'd sent the final report, but he hadn't been the one to fix the problem with the formula or the process. He had gotten an email message from an anonymous account with a key change that corrected the error. Whoever had sent it had access to Paul's research and had the skills to understand and fix it, which was probably a very short list of people. He couldn't think of anyone who had both the skills and the access. Well, that was a problem for someone else now that the project was complete and he had sent everything he had to the agency that funded it. Paul took a sip from the glass.

"Oh," Harris continued, "before I forget. The government's agents found the samples that went missing from your lab, and they know who's responsible. Turns out some of our very own students and staff may be involved, but we already knew this was likely an inside job. As I understand, the agents have already collected the main instigator. Isn't that great news? Cheers to that too!" Another salute, and Harris took another swallow.

Paul likewise took a sip. "That's excellent news, all of it, but couldn't it have waited until we're at the office Monday? Or you could have sent me a text message."

"True, but that's so cold and impersonal, don't you think? And some conversations are best held in person"--Harris looked around--"and in private. Especially if they're ... a sensitive matter."

"Sensitive? I don't understand."

"Yes, well. Seems there's a rumor that your son Tom was the one who took the missing samples. Seems he wanted to impress his football coach. Now, you understand the delicacy of this matter. I can of course step in and make sure this scandalous rumor stays just a rumor. I'd hate to see this derail your tenure review, or your son's status on the football team or as a student in our fine institution. But, you understand, my assistance doesn't come for free. The question is, what is my price?"

"Price?" Paul answered, unable to think through what Harris seemed to intend.

Harris took a taste of his drink. "Do you like the whiskey? It's quite good--my favorite brand."

Paul looked at his barely sipped glass. "It's fine. I'm not much of a drinker."

"Nonsense. Go on now--drink the rest of it. Drink it all. Don't waste a drop."

Paul surprised himself by bringing the glass to his lips, sucking in the last few swallows, and gulping them down until his glass was empty.

Harris raised an eyebrow and grinned. "So it's true--your formula works!"

"My ... formula ...?"

"Yes. After I poured my glass, I dosed the whiskey--rather liberally, I think. I imagine you're feeling the effects quite strongly."

Paul's tongue felt thick and he couldn't seem to think of a response. "Strong ...?"

"Mental and emotional quietude. Physical passivity. Enhanced responses to sensory and sexual stimuli. Extreme suggestibility, to the point of completely lowered inhibitions. Did I miss any of the high points? As I said, the government was quite impressed, and so am I. Turns out Tom wasn't the only one to 'borrow' some samples. Being the department head gave me access to your lab after hours, but I was smart enough to take just a little from several samples and replace what I took with water, so *my* borrowing went undetected--unlike Tom, who was foolish enough to take an entire bottle and think it wouldn't be missed. As I said, my efforts to keep Tom out of this disreputable investigation will come with a price. Something tells me you might pay anyway to keep Tom safe, but your formula makes your cooperation a certainty, yes?"

"Yes ...?"

"All you have to do is whatever I say, and no one has to know Tom was involved. So come here, Paul."

Paul shuffled closer. Harris pulled the empty glass from Paul's hand and then guided that hand to Harris' crotch. "Tease it a little, to start."

Paul wasn't sure what was happening because everything felt so vague and distant, but he knew what he needed to do. His fingers felt Harris' cock through the man's pants. Paul flexed his hand, reached wide, curved his grip around the swelling hardness behind Harris' pants.

Harris set his glass aside. He bent slightly and pressed his hand against the front of Paul's pants. "You didn't have to get dressed. I rather liked what you were wearing when I arrived. Show me your sexy undershorts again. Strip down to your underwear, Paul, and do slow and sexy."

Paul began by lifting his polo shirt. Do it sexy? Okay, he could do that, sway a little, slowly exposing his stomach, then chest, shoulders, the shirt over his head and off. His shoes were next, balancing and wobbling. He dropped his pants, exposing his lucky boxer-shorts and the lazy swelling in the crotch.

"Show me to your bedroom, Paul. I want to fuck you so badly."

Paul led him down the hall, to the bed.

"Lie down," Harris said. "There's something I want to do. Lie down and spread your legs."

Paul did as he was told. His dick made an obvious, nonchalant bulge in his boxers. Getting on top, Harris started kissing his way down the nearly naked man's body. Paul floated in an easy cloud, unable to work up enough will to resist or refuse. Harris' touch on his skin, so different from the way Tom touched him, made

Paul feel strange. Since Tom was always so willing, Paul had only rarely gone out looking for sex, and the sex Paul had with others was usually quick, furtive. He wasn't used to a man who wasn't Tom taking time to touch him. Harris was soon kissing Paul's thick dick through the thin silk boxer-shorts.

Harris opened the fly of the boxers and ran his mouth over Paul's cock until it became too large for the shorts to hide all of it. The head slipped through the gap. Harris' mouth was right there waiting. He sucked it. Harris' mouth felt different, hungry, eager, skilled. This was a man's mouth on his cock, Paul realized, though his blurry thoughts couldn't seem to lock onto what that meant or why it mattered.

"Hey, Dad, you home?" Paul heard from the front of the house. Tom's voice, accompanied by the front door shutting loudly.

"Lie right there and don't move--don't make a sound," Harris whispered as he pulled himself off the bed. Paul watched Harris walk out of the bedroom.

"Hey, Tom."

"Professor Price! I didn't expect to see you here."

"Your dad and I are celebrating. We received some great news about his research project."

"Oh? Cool! Where is he?"

"He's, uh, in the bathroom. Say, we're celebrating with this whiskey I brought over. You want some? I'm sure your dad won't mind since it's a special occasion."

"Really? Sure! ... I mean, okay, I guess a little will be okay, if it's a celebration, right?"

"Here you go. The secret to enjoying whiskey is to drink the first one all in one good swallow. Really flood your taste buds so you can experience it. Then I'll pour you another and you can savor it slower. Your dad doesn't have to know I let you drink a little extra, right?"

"Man, that tastes a lot better than the stuff I had before. Uh--not that I've had a lot of whiskey before."

"I won't tell your dad. Let me pour you another."

"Man, that burns a little going down ... I feel ..."

"Just relax and enjoy the feeling, Tom. Feels good, doesn't it?"

"I ... Yeah ..."

"Drink up ... Good. Give me your glass. Good boy. Follow me to your dad's room."

Harris appeared in the doorway, followed by Tom, who looked dazed and glassy-eyed, as though he was stoned out of his mind.

"Okay, Tom, strip off your clothes, all of them."

Harris removed his garments too, faster than sluggish Tom.

"Paul, get your boxers off. Time for us all to be naked. I've got a hard-on that needs to be sucked. This is going to be fun."

Harris orchestrated their sex: Harris' face in Paul's crotch and sucking his easy rod, Paul sucking Tom, Tom sucking Harris. The confident way Harris took Paul's hard dick in his mouth with little difficulty and pushed it into his throat amazed Paul, who was accustomed to Tom's less-experienced, clumsier efforts. Tom always had to work up to getting Paul's rod down into his throat. Harris was sucking like an accomplished pro. Paul liked not having to tell the mouth sucking him what felt good. Harris knew just how to make Paul's meat throb, knew when to change to a new tactic; he was trying his best to make Paul feel good. Paul wasn't complaining. He wanted to do the same new little tricks to Harris, but Tom's was the cock in front of Paul, so he mimicked the techniques on his son's instead.

Some unknowable time later, after tongues in asses, dicks in asses, Paul lying back against the headboard and jacking his erection while kneeling Harris ass-fucked Tom on his hands and knees, Paul wondered whether the chemical had worn off. Surely it had, he decided, and they must have been doing this of their own volition. That thought sparked something in Paul's balls. "Gonna cum!" he grunted as he slid over the edge and his overheated cock immediately began to shoot.

"Me too," Harris said, throwing his head back, squeezing Tom's hips as he pressed his groin to the boy's ass-cheeks. "Ah! Cumming!" His face contorted as he unloaded in Tom's butt.

When Harris was finished, Tom uncoupled from the older man's spent dick, rolled onto his back, stroking himself furiously. "Me too. Cumming! Fuck! Cumming!" Spunk arched out of Tom's cock and splattered across his stomach.

"I'll go get us something to drink," Harris said, prying his body from the mattress.

"No whiskey," Paul warned after him, thinking *That's a great ass* as he watched Harris walk away. Would Harris be gone long enough? Paul wanted some privacy to ask Tom about his involvement with the missing samples.

"Damn, that was so fucking good," Tom muttered, still a little high from his orgasm. "I'm too exhausted to go over and make a play for Jason's cherry ass tonight. It's still cherry, isn't it, Dad?"

"As far as I know." Paul took a deep breath. "Listen, Tom, I heard a rumor about those missing samples somebody took from my lab."

Tom froze and the spooked expression in his eyes told Paul all he needed to know.

"Here we go," Harris said, entering with three glasses of water. He handed one to Tom, one to Paul.

"Thanks!" from Tom.

Paul drank a swallow, while Tom gulped his, and Harris sipped.

"Wh-hoa," Tom mumbled.

Paul felt it too. He looked at Harris. "You ..."

"Dosed the water? Yes. Guilty as charged. You both enjoyed the first go, so I thought a second dose would be a good start for round two."

Looks like Jason's cherry is safe, at least today, Paul thought as he felt the chemical take hold.
