

# Once Upon a Time

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Two star jocks on one team leads to conflict and mandatory counseling with an assistant coach who wants to tell them a story.

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

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# Once Upon a Time

by Wrestr

# 1.

Last year, I'd been the star forward on the college soccer team. This year, though, the team had another hotshot forward, and our rivalry for the spotlight was intense. His name was Jefferson, and he was a major asshole. I hate cocky assholes--when they aren't me.

Two great players might seem like a coaching staff's wet dream, but Coach wasn't happy at all. If I had a choice between keeping the ball versus passing it to Jefferson, I'd keep it, even if passing was the smart play. Jefferson felt the same way: why pass it just to let the other guy get the glory? Call it what you will--ego, jealousy, hatred, whatever--he didn't like me, I didn't like him, and our competition was hurting the team. We both knew it, and neither of us was doing a damn thing to defuse the situation. If anything, we escalated it. Any time one of us made a big play or got a goal, the other had to try to make a bigger play, hog the ball, take bigger risks to make more goals. Since plays don't always work out as planned, this led to some embarrassing fuck-ups.

Finally, Coach had enough. He yelled at us both a while, then sentenced us to mandatory after-practice counseling with the assistant coach until we got our crap sorted out. The assistant coach--we called him the AC--was kind of a self-righteous dick himself, always trying to psychoanalyze things and get in people's heads because he had a degree in psychology or some shit. I wasn't looking forward to the counseling sessions. A big *kum ba ya* moment where Jefferson and me hugged it out, made all nice-nice with each other, and became bestest friends?--I couldn't see it happening, not in a million years, not unless he quit the team. The team had room for only one star, and that was definitely going to be me.

My name is Smith. I've been playing soccer my whole life, and being the star forward of the college team during my sophomore year was practically an ordained fact for me. Jefferson was a freshman. I knew

his type--last year *I'd* been the hotshot star freshman, after all. But that didn't mean I was just going to step aside and give *him* the spotlight.

And did I mention Jefferson was hot? I liked men, but I'd never told any of the team that. I got my rocks off with anonymous guys, random hookups that would never get back to the coaches or the other players. But I'd definitely noticed Jefferson's looks. He was pretty much my type. Every time I saw him undressed in the locker room or naked in the showers, swinging a good-sized piece of meat between his legs, I was in danger of throwing a rod. I hated those inevitable times when for some reason or other I got a hard-on in the locker room where my teammates might see it. See, my cock is pretty much average-size, and shouldn't the star of the soccer team have a big ol' dick? I could laugh off getting an accidental boner in the locker room, but I couldn't laugh off getting an *average-sized* accidental boner. And with Jefferson being at least as hot as me, maybe even a little bit hotter if that's at all possible, the danger of me throwing an inevitable locker room woody was dialed up to *Danger!* Yet another reason to fucking hate him.

Plus, he was openly bisexual, and amiable enough that everyone just accepted it and no one gave him much shit for it. Now I *really* couldn't come out to my teammates--if I said I also liked guys, they'd say I was following Jefferson's lead--and *I* was supposed to be the leader, not a follower.

So, since we had no choice, Jefferson and I showed up at the AC's office after practice. We'd showered, changed into our street clothes--T-shirts and shorts--probably a not-so-subconscious effort to delay this shit as long as possible.

The AC had arranged three chairs in a sort-of circle in his tiny, stuffy little office. When I got there, Jefferson had already claimed the chair to my right. I pulled the last remaining chair away a little, an un-subtle way of putting a few extra inches of distance between me and him, and I parked my butt.

Sure enough, the AC started his spiel about team unity, no *I in team*, all the usual happy horseshit. Just great--I'd heard that sort of stuff a hundred times, in pretty much every pep talk ever. I just sat there slouched in my chair, legs spread to claim my space, with my arms folded across my chest, prepared to wait out the clock if necessary. Jefferson was sitting forward, not because he was interested but looking like he was pissed off and aching to challenge the AC. I wanted to tell him to go for it, 'cause that would probably get him kicked off the team. Problem solved, for me at least. But Jefferson was a smart guy--he wasn't going to make a suicidal run at the AC's authority.

"Guys, I want to tell you a story," the AC said. "Close your eyes if you think that'll help you visualize it as I tell it. It's a little long, but I think if you stick through to the end, it'll help you understand the next steps. Okay?"

"It's your dime," Jefferson tried to say offhandedly, but some sarcasm snuck into his tone. Okay, so at least he and I agreed this *counseling* stuff was a steaming pile of bullshit.

"Once upon a time," the AC began, and already I wanted to roll my eyes, "a king had two noble knights in his personal guard. Let's say these knights were named ... Jefferson and Smith."

If I was four years old and hearing a bedtime story, I might have gushed *Golly, just like us!* But I was nineteen--a college sophomore and a full-grown man, dammit--not a four-year-old. But point taken; the AC wanted us to feel invested in whatever happened in this story.

"And these knights just didn't get along. In fact, they spent as much time fighting each other as they did protecting the realm. So what did the king do?" He paused, maybe to see if we made a guess. But I guess we both knew saying *Fed the other knight to a dragon* wouldn't go over well. We had to at least pretend to take this shit seriously. Otherwise, Coach would probably start looking for one of those dragons.

After a few seconds of silence, the AC shrugged and continued. "He sent them off together on a quest. You see, in the deep, dark forest to the east, there lived a wizard who had been casting a lot of spells, and the king needed something done about him."

The AC droned on and on, about the two knights riding off alone down some road, traveling for miles and miles. Crap, could he drag this out longer? I wanted to get to the good part--maybe the story would get better when the knights fought the wizard--but this was taking for-fucking-ever. Trapped in this stuffy office with Jefferson and the AC, listening to some story that went on and on, was *not* how I wanted to be spending my time.

The AC yammered on about boring stuff, how the knights came to the edge of the forest where the wizard lived, how dark and silent it was, no birds or animal sounds, just peaceful silence, didn't seem threatening at all, just a quiet forest. How the knights bravely went forward into it, following the road through the trees, how they didn't see anything but trees and it seemed like a quiet, happy place, so dark and peaceful and they knew they didn't have anything to fear. They just let their horses plod forward and take them deeper and deeper into the woods.

All this crap was so boring, and my attention kept wandering. But there wasn't much else interesting in this little office room, so ...

I caught myself from dozing off--you know, one of those times when you suddenly jerk your head up and realize your eyes had closed and you were on the edge of sleep. I blinked. The AC didn't seem like he'd noticed, which was good. The knights and their horses were still trippity-tromping down the road deeper into the quiet forest and didn't seem to be any closer to finding that damn wizard, so I hadn't missed any of the story ...

Woops!--Again my eyes had closed and I'd pulled myself awake just before I'd have fallen asleep. The AC was still yammering, oblivious. By now, the knights had gotten off their horses, made a camp for the night, sat around a small fire. They were starting to realize the wizard

had cast a spell over the entire forest. Maybe that's why they heard no animal or bird sounds. A sleeping spell that made everything and everyone who entered the forest feel sleepy, want to sleep, fall asleep, deep sleep--which made sense considering how fucking boring this story was. The knights could feel the magic working on them and ...

I had to work to get my eyelids to open. The AC was talking even slower now, even quieter; in this tiny office I didn't have any trouble hearing him, but he was talking like he was trying not to disturb my nap--which I totally wasn't taking, even though his boring spiel was making me real drowsy. He was telling how the same thing was happening to the knights, as they sat around their campfire and tried to fight the spell that was pulling them down into sleep ...

I'd somehow closed my eyes without realizing, had only *just* managed to get them open. Much more of this, and I'd be asleep for real.

The AC was telling how Knight Jefferson had been the first to fall completely under the sleeping spell, the first to fall into a deep sleep, and the AC made it sound like a special accomplishment, which made me kind of jealous. I mean, I thought they were just sitting around a campfire; I hadn't known there was going to be a winner; I must have missed that part.

Knight Smith, the AC said, wasn't far behind, but Knight Jefferson has been the first. He said how Knight Smith was watching Knight Jefferson, so I looked over at my teammate. Jefferson had his T-shirt off; when had he done that? He was slouched in his chair, chin dipped almost to his chest, eyes closed--appeared completely zonked off to slumberland. Which seemed both kind of rude since the AC was still talking, but also kind of what I wanted to be doing too.

There was this real obvious lump in the front of Jefferson's shorts. He had an erection? Looked that way. I'd seen him naked in the showers, of course, lots of times, and I knew he had a good-sized

cock when it was soft, but I'd never seen it hard. If that lump was to be believed, he had a bigger-than-average rod.

I hadn't known I'd closed my eyes until I jerking them open again. Had some time passed? The AC was still murmuring on and on about how relaxed the knights both were, how asleep Knight Jefferson was, how Knight Smith wasn't far behind, how great being so relaxed and sleepy felt to both of them, how much they enjoyed being under the sleeping spell. I looked at Knight Jefferson--I mean, Jefferson--again, and he was still asleep but now he had his shorts open, and his erection was sticking up out of his underwear, and he was stroking it slowly, lazily, like he wasn't trying to get off but was just making his cock feel good. It looked kind of sexy. Jefferson was a prick, but he was a good-looking prick, and he had a kind of biggish dick. Bigger than mine, dammit! I reached down and gave my cock a squeeze; it was hard inside my shorts, and it sent a jolt of great sensation through my body.

Jefferson gave a little gasp, and I saw his abs tighten. A second later a bolt of white liquid spurted up from his cock-head, across his bare abs, followed by a flow that coated his pumping fingers. His body stayed tensed for several seconds, then he relaxed and went limp in his chair, his hand sliding slowly away from his spent cock, until his hand fell to his side and dangled there.

The AC congratulated him, said how both the knights were now falling into a deeper sleep, just like we were, and how much deeper we were going to sleep, sinking down so deep now into sleep, and my eyelids began to close and ...

And the next thing I know, the AC is snapping his fingers and saying that's enough for the day. I blinked and woke up; I must have dozed off for real. I looked over at Jefferson, but he had his shirt on, shorts fastened, no sign of cum anywhere. Didn't act like anything had happened at all. Had I dreamed all that? I must have. I mean, he wouldn't jack off in the AC's office in front of us, would he? The more I thought about it, the more everything seemed like a dream.



Whatever. The AC was standing up, telling us to head out and we'd continue after practice tomorrow. Well, okay--we'd been dismissed and I wasn't about to argue with that.

## 2.

That night and all the next day, I couldn't get two things out of my mind: the idea that there was something to be won from listening to that story, and the image of Jefferson's hard cock ejaculating right there in the AC's office. I had no clue what that meant. Maybe I wasn't supposed to remember any of it; not remembering sounded familiar, like it was something I'd been told that didn't quite take.

After practice, I strutted into the AC's office before Jefferson for the second counseling session and parked my ass in my pick of the chairs. This time I was going to be looking for any opportunity to win. I wasn't sure what or how, but I knew I was going to take my shot when I saw it.

So when the AC said he was going to tell us a story and started the bit about the king sending two knights on a quest, I bitched about how we'd already heard that part and couldn't we get on with it, but the AC told us how hearing the story from the beginning was real important, how maybe we'd pick up on some details we'd missed the first time. That sounded too much like an English Lit class--yuck--but whatever, this was his deal, so I'd just have to get through it again, even though it'd been boring as fuck the *first* time.

I did pick up on some differences this time. As the AC repeated the first part of the story, more of it seemed to be about me--I mean, about Knight Smith--instead of Knight Jefferson. That part was cool; if Knight Smith was anything like me, he deserved to be the star of the story.

Still a boring-as-fuck story, though. The AC told us again how the king sent the arguing knights off, how they came to the edge of the forest and felt the spell that the wizard had put on it. If anything, the story seemed to get boring faster, and my mind was wandering more than yesterday. I had to swallow a yawn so the AC wouldn't see, and

then another. I could already tell I was going to have trouble keeping my eyes open again.

A couple of times, I managed to pry my lids open, but I was fighting a losing game. The knights were on the long road through the forest, feeling the sleeping spell, and I was already struggling not to doze. I wasn't asleep, but I wasn't quite awake either; I couldn't seem to push my eyelids up; I just floated inside my head, feeling the tug of sleep and trying hard to hold on to the story. The words kept getting blurred, and mostly I was aware of the sound of the AC's voice flowing through my head with me.

The outside world would fade out, and sometimes it would fade back in. I'd be feeling like I was floating weightless, and then I'd be aware of sitting in a chair, and then I'd float away again. I started to be aware of the chair again, and the AC was telling about how Knight Smith was locked so tightly in the spell, so deeply asleep, unable to wake up even if he tried. With my eyes closed, that seemed to make sense, and I wondered if I was feeling what Knight Smith was feeling. Probably--seemed about right.

In the story, Knight Smith was under that spell and deeply asleep, and I felt like something similar was happening to me. I was slouched in the chair, floating in the eyes-closed darkness inside my head, and I became aware of this stiffness in my crotch. I had a hard-on. Dammit, I hoped it wasn't obvious, that they couldn't see. And I became aware of this warm, wet feeling surrounded my erection. It felt like one of those pocket-pussy toys that guy I'd hooked up with once had had. Or a mouth, maybe, just a pair of loose lips sliding up and down my cock, not really sucking me hard but soft and slow, just kind of being there around my rod and gliding over it, teasing. Something moved like a tongue--yeah, definitely a mouth. I couldn't wake up, couldn't move. All I could do was listen to the blur of the AC's voice and feel that wet warmth slide so slowly up my cock ... then down ... up ... down ... If the AC was talking, then whose mouth was sliding on my ...

I felt that familiar spark in my balls and in the head of my cock. It grew and tingled and I knew I was about to orgasm. Someone's fingers light-brushed my ball sack, teasing, maybe tugging a little. That did it, and I began to cum. For a while there was tension in every muscle and this euphoria in my head. I felt my balls pumping, my cock surging, my spunk flowing and flowing. That mouth swallowed and swallowed.

When my muscles released, I sank into the chair, more relaxed than I'd felt in a very long time. The AC's voice told me so. So very relaxed.

I drifted a while, eyes closed, just me in the dark and the AC's voice. I felt something shift, outside in the physical world. I roused up, managed to open my eyes the barest crack. I was standing up, arms at my sides. Someone behind me eased my torso forward. My elbows found a desktop and I leaned down on it. My balls swung free. Where were my shorts? My underwear? I was bent over a desk in the AC's office, and my pants were gone.

Something touched my ass cheeks, parted them, and something wet and wiggly slid between them. I'd been rimmed enough in the past to recognize a tongue. It lapped and licked and kissed at my hole, sending squiggles of great feeling through my body.

The AC kept telling us about how deeply asleep Knights Smith and Jefferson were, how easily they--we--did what was asked.

A finger joined that tongue, and then the finger squirmed its way into my asshole. As I got used to the intrusion, made myself relax back there, a second finger joined it. Before I was really ready, a third. My asshole began to stretch and sing.

The fingers disappeared. A moment later and I felt a hand on my ass, something hard sliding between the cheeks. The AC's voice said how much the knights were relaxed, how much Knight Smith was going to enjoy Knight Jefferson's cock inside him, and then I felt

the familiar breach of a cock-head pushing at my hole. If the knights were enjoying it, then Jefferson and I could too.

My asshole stretched and burned as a slickened cock pressed through, a blunt glans, followed by inches of shaft. My body pushed back, wanting more. The first few strokes hurt, but I'd been fucked before, and soon that burn was turning into little jolts of pleasure that radiated out into my body. Was I winning? A distant "Oh-oh-oh" sound came from somewhere in my throat.

Part of me was pissed off that this asshole Jefferson was fucking my butt, but mostly it felt great and I wanted more. I felt his cock slide in, then out, in, his hips pressing to my butt, out. My hard cock swung underneath me as he stroked in and out of my ass. A hand reached around and under, found my meat, and slow-stroked it in rhythm.

Pretty soon, I felt his strokes in my ass go deeper, his rhythm become erratic. I felt his hips buck against my butt cheeks as he pushed into me one final time and held himself there. He was cumming. Jefferson was cumming in my ass. If I'd been thinking clearly, I'd have been pissed, but I was still floating in my head where all that mattered was how good I felt, how relaxed. That cock stayed inside me. The hand around my erection pumped faster, squeezed a little tighter, and soon--my stretched and filled ass, my over-stimulated cock--I was shooting too, cumming hard ...

Someone moved my body, eased me back into a chair, and I sank into it, deeper into my head too.

I knew it was a dream, but I saw myself as Knight Smith sitting before the campfire. I'd just opened my eyes to find the wizard standing there. I heard the AC's voice but came out of the wizard's mouth. "Be not afraid, noble sir knight." Because, yeah, why wouldn't a wizard who put a spell on an entire forest talk like someone from a movie about medieval times?

I looked over at Jefferson--Knight Jefferson--sitting there by the fire too, in his armor and knight's finery. His eyes were closed, head

bowed forward.

"He's in a deep sleep, sir knight, and won't be able to wake up. You two are learning to work together better, but you've both still got a way to go. Earlier, Knight Jefferson did most of the taking, but that just furthers the problem."

I couldn't take my eyes off Knight Jefferson. Asleep, he looked--well, *hot*. Not that the waking real-world version of him wasn't hot--but the waking real-world version was an asshole. The sleeping storyland version of him was just smokin' eye candy.

"I want you two to share more equally; I want you to work together be a team. So close your eyes, sir knight, and you're going to sleep while I tell you both a special story about working together. When you wake up, you'll find ..."

He said more, but I already couldn't remember it, even as he was telling me, because my eyes were closing ...

The AC clicked his fingers. I opened my eyes, blinked a few times as I woke up. I was clothed, sitting in that chair--Wait, hadn't I been in the other chair before? No matter.

Had what happened really happened? Had I fallen asleep and dreamed it all? That seemed the logical answer. I sure felt like it was a dream, like something I wasn't supposed to remember and was supposed to forget. I looked at Jefferson, and he seemed kind of disoriented too. I mean, Jefferson was hot, objectively speaking, but no way would I let that jackass fuck me! Yeah, maybe my ass was a little sorer, but that had to be a dream. If anything, *I'd* fuck *him*! Maybe I was dreaming about what Knight Smith would do with Knight Jefferson if they were in a magical forest and both under a wizard's spell. Had to be a dream.

No matter. The AC was telling us the counseling session was over for the day and to go home. Great! Now I could get out of there and not deal with Jefferson for the rest of the day.

### 3.

Man, Coach had driven us hard during practice, and I'd even managed to collaborate with Jefferson on a couple of practice-plays without getting pissed off, which was what Coach wanted, right? Jefferson was really good player, as much as I hated to acknowledge that, and maybe he'd even be a tolerable teammate, as long as he wasn't being an egotistical hotshot ass.

Yeah, yeah--Coach would say that was the pot calling the kettle black. I'm not gonna unpack all that.

Right then, I was exhausted. I was going to skip the showers, skip the counseling session too, change into my street clothes, and head back to my dorm room. I could shower later at the dorm. I was looking forward to this evening because I was horny as hell and my roommate was going to be out who-knows-where all night, fucking who-knows-which skank de jour. That guy had no standards. But the important part was that I'd have the dorm room all to myself for a few hours, plenty of time for a leisurely post-practice jack-off session or two--maybe even three.

So I dragged myself into the locker room after practice, already trying to peel my shirt off my sweaty body. I was so tired I had to focus on one task at a time. All I really had to do right then was strip down, change into my regular clothes, and get out of there. Jefferson could do the mandatory counseling session solo today; after all, he was the one with the problem, right?

I parked my ass on the bench so I could pry my kicks and socks off my feet. A couple of buddies walked by, naked, on their way to the showers, and I said I'd catch them later. I stood up and hauled my street clothes out of my locker.

I heard the AC's voice behind me, and he said something about Knight Smith, and I had a second of *uh-oh* before all my thoughts

narrowed to that voice. I felt this peaceful, relaxed feeling fill me. I stayed still because I had to listen closely. I couldn't stop listening. Whatever he said was very important, more important than anything else, and I had to pay attention, zero in on his voice, block out everything around me, the guys hooting and joking and bullshitting around me, the constant sounds of horseplay and bare feet running on the tile floor, the hiss of the showers. The only thing I needed to do was focus and listen.

The AC said to follow, and that's exactly what I wanted to do. I wasn't thinking about how tired I was; I simply needed to follow him. And I did.

He talked quietly to me as we walked. The words weren't important, because I stayed focused on his voice. I felt like I was dreaming and sleepwalking, like nothing was quite real. Each step felt like I was floating, falling forward a little, catching myself, then floating and falling forward again.

The basement under the field house was a labyrinth; the athletic teams used a few of the rooms down there for storage. This one had a few piles of old weights, two ancient bench presses, some other crap, but mostly it was half-empty and looked like no one ever went there.

Jefferson was already waiting, sitting blank-faced on one of the weight benches in nothing but a jock-strap. I sat on the other bench, and the AC again began to tell us the *once upon a time* ...

The story had advanced. Knights Smith and Jefferson were in the process of being captured. *The two knights fell under the wizard's sleeping spell and were taken prisoner ...* I felt so very, very tired--drowsy--drowsier--sleepy--just like Knight Smith. I had to sleep. The knights were taken to the dungeon beneath the wizard's castle. I closed my eyes, and I could see everything as the voice described the situation: the dungeon, chains, Knight Jefferson locked tightly under the spell, Knight Smith under it too, their armor and finery being stripped away by unseen hands as they slept. Must have been



a dream--more dream logic--but it seemed fully real. I looked at the Knight Jefferson in my dream; he was naked except for something like a loincloth that only covered his genitals but not his ass, and his hands were tethered by a short length of chain to the wall. I looked down myself, and I was Knight Smith, under the spell and stripped down to just a small garment covering my hips and crotch.

And I was so horny. Incredibly horny. The spell caused that too. I could see the rise caused by my erection. More dream logic: The spell was making us horny; it held us because we were horny; and the way to break out of the spell was to cum, drain our balls until we weren't horny anymore.

To break free of this spell and this dungeon, I needed to sate the arousal that had my dick hard and my body flushed with anticipation. Knight Jefferson was bent forward, his fine ass on display. Yes, I needed to break the spell, I needed to do it soon, and I needed to use Jefferson's ass to do it. I had a vague memory of him fucking me yesterday, so me fucking him today was only fair.

Knight Jefferson fussed at the shackles around his wrists, tugged at the short chain that leashed him to the wall at about hip height. He was sort-of standing, bent over at the waist, and his ass was stuck back toward me; the loincloth undergarment he wore left his butt cheeks bare and inviting, his vertical slot vulnerable. "Help me, Knight Smith," he murmured shakily.

"Help you," I mumbled back. The same thing that would help me break the spell's hold on me would help Knight Jefferson too.

I knelt behind him, stared up at his ass, ran a hand over the hard half-globe. Damn! Knight Jefferson had a fine ass, one of the best I'd ever seen. I bent forward, licked the other cheek, tasting sweat, and then ran my tongue along the edge of his ass crack.

"What are you doing? I said help me," Knight Jefferson bleated nervously, voice sleep-thick.

I was helping. I needed to get off and break the spell--for both of us. And since his wrists were shackled, he couldn't do much to stop me.

I pressed the flat of my tongue into his crack, running up to collect the tiny salt crystals stuck to his skin. Knight Jefferson shivered as my tongue passed over his pucker and then came back to flick at it. "Fuck!" he sighed. I felt his butt shiver and flutter, as if his body was deciding what to feel--another lick and a convulsion of satisfaction wracked his whole body. He'd moaned something unintelligible and pushed his ass back at me, wanting more tongue. The more I teased and pronged his hole, the louder he moaned. I sent one hand to slide up across his muscular back, then down around his ribs to his washboard belly, up to cup his pecs, tickle his passion-pointed nipple.

For a minute or two, his torso went limp, hanging between his legs and the chains that held his hands. He gasped as my tongue and lips worked his ass and my fingers worked his tit. Then suddenly his body tensed--"Wait! Knight Smith--Smith--what are you doing!"--and he tried to pull away from my tongue. "No! I only top! I don't get fucked!"

He was having trouble staying Knight Jefferson, was trying to break out of the story, back into plain Jefferson again, and that made staying in the story tougher for me too.

"No, Smith! Stop!"

I wasn't about to. He--Knight Jefferson, Jefferson, whoever--had fucked me yesterday. Payback was fair.

I pulled back, stood up. I was plain ol' Smith, star of the soccer team again, but I wasn't completely awake yet. I needed to get off, his great ass was in front of me, and I was going to fuck it.

I took off my shorts and jock-strap, the only things I had on. Jefferson pulled at his bonds. He wasn't really chained to a dungeon wall like I'd dreamed; instead he was handcuffed, the chain wrapped around

the bar on the weight bench he semi-straddled. I needed lube, found a small translucent bottle next to the weight bench. Perfect.

"I've never been--" Jefferson was really shaking now, horrified. The jock-strap that he still wore covered his cock and balls but left his ass framed and fully accessible. He tugged again at the cuffs, looked back over his shoulder at me as I slicked my erection with the lubricant, and I thought I saw a tear run down his cheek. He knew that he could never come back from this; he was about to lose something to me, his rival, that he would never get back.

I moved up behind him again, quickly trapped his vulnerable butt cheeks in my hand. The proud soccer hotshot was sobbing. Chained and helpless, ready to be fucked.

"Easy, bud," I whispered, as I finger-worked some lube into his hole. "Easy ... Easy ..." I kept my voice low and calm, like the AC did. Sure, I felt some guilt for what I was about to do to him. But he had fucked me yesterday, and turnabout was only fair, and I was horny beyond all caring, maybe still dream-floating a little.

I held his ass in my hands for a moment, felt his warm body trembling underneath me. And then I reached down and pressed my slickened cock-head against his barrier-tight and probably virgin asshole.

Suddenly Jefferson panicked. He let out this crazy scream. And then he thrashed around, straining against the handcuffs with all his strength, desperately trying to get loose and save himself from what was coming. Yeah, well, too late for that.

I folded myself over the top of Jefferson, one hand holding my cock in place at his entrance and the other wrapped around his stomach to steady his body against mine. He tugged and pulled, and I let him wear himself out. After the intense practice we'd had earlier, he couldn't have much reserves left. He struggled and cursed. Didn't take long until he'd used up all the fight that he had left, and he hunched there sweaty and exhausted.

"I'm not a bottom," he sobbed.

Well, well!--So there were a few weak spots in Mister Bi Pride's armor? "Neither am I," I whispered to him, "but bottoming can feel real good, if you let it."

And then I pushed with my hips. Jefferson gave out this squalling little cry as he felt the head of my dick squeeze through his ring and start to slide inside him.

"Easy, bud," I whispered to him. "I've got you."

I gave him my cock slowly but firmly. Jefferson writhed underneath me; he didn't have the strength to shake me off, but he was struggling to take my cock-shaft as it sank into him, relentlessly, ruthlessly, inch by inch, violating his virgin ass. When my pubes brushed his ass, we both knew I was finally, firmly balls-deep inside him, with his virgin asshole wrapped tight as a rubber band around the root of my prick.

"There you go," I whispered as I paused so he could get used to the intrusion. "Good boy. The rough part's over. Now let's feel good."

I started fucking him, slowly at first. Jefferson buried his face in one arm, trying to hide his shame. I could feel his body tensing and relaxing. Something was happening. His expression waivered as I pushed my cock into him, pulled it nearly out, and repeated. He seemed to be retreating back into safety of the story, back into Knight Jefferson, then reverting to Jefferson the soccer-jock. Whatever, I could feel his body starting to respond to me. He couldn't help it. After all, I've got a great cock, and I know how to use it, and I'm good at hitting that magic knob up inside a guy's butt.

I slid my hand underneath him and into his jock-pouch, where I grabbed his rock-hard dick and freed it from the pouch. Jefferson seemed dazed, moaned something about Knight Smith as his cock throbbed in my hand, leaking hot pre-cum all over my fingers. Yep,

he'd escaped back into the story. "Yeah," I said, "go where you need to go, bud. I got you. It's okay to like this."

I started fucking him faster. My cock may have been average-sized, but it was drilling his ass in a way he'd never forget. He'd slipped back into the story, but my cock was still setting the standard for all fucks to come; my cock had reduced him to a gibbering mess. I knew I was losing control too slipping in and out, but I couldn't help it. I felt so powerful, more powerful than even Knight Smith felt. Having this big, strong soccer-jock chained down, helpless, writhing as I took his ass for the first time ever made me feel so strong. I closed my eyes for a moment, trusting my hips to move on auto-pilot, and when I opened them again I was half-seeing the equipment room and half-seeing the dungeon. "Two knights ...," I heard myself saying, "... under ... wizard's spell ..."

I looked down. My perfect cock sliding in and out of Knight Jefferson's perfect ass. I couldn't see his hard dick, but I could feel it gliding back and forth in my hand, timed to every thrust of my hips. This confused look on Knight Jefferson's face, as he tried to understand who he was, where he was, the crazy feeling building inside him. I wasn't sure who I was either--I was Smith the best soccer player, and at the same time I was Knight Smith the king's best knight. All I knew for sure was I was using this ass because I needed to and because I could. He'd used mine, and now I was using his. I needed to get off and I was getting off on fucking him, the way he probably did yesterday when he fucked me. I was turning him into a piece of fuck-meat, and I liked it. The excitement was overwhelming--I could feel myself slipping deeper into Knight Smith, the dungeon, the *once upon a time* spell. I felt like I was at the edge of a tall, tall cliff, and all I had to do was take that easy last step and become what the Coach and the AC and my king wanted me to be.

Jefferson was getting close. He whimpered helplessly under me while I drilled him, my hips going at his ass like a fucking jackhammer. I reached down and gave his angry cock a squeeze. "Who's the best?" I growled at him. Jefferson just stared at the wall,

maybe too gone to answer. "I asked you a question, bud." I squeeze-stroked his aching dick a couple of times.

He arched his back and closed his eyes, as I brought him right to the edge. "We are," he gasped. "Both of us, together."

Huh? That wasn't the answer I expected, but it felt like the answer I needed. I growled as something seemed to fit into place. "That's right, bud," I whispered in his ear.

I pounded at his ass even harder. He bit his lip. He couldn't hold out much longer. I could feel him quivering, his body at the laser-cusp of a mammoth orgasm. His will to fight was gone, and he was lost in the pleasure-pain of every thrust of my dick inside his no-longer-virgin ass. He had nothing else in his eyes; his thoughts were lost who knows where.

I buried my cock in his butt all the way to the hilt. Jefferson yelped, as he felt my body spasm against his butt cheeks, shooting my jizm up inside him. Another squeeze-stroke of my fist around his cock, and he threw back his head and howled, as his own balls cut loose, spraying a big, big load all over the bench and floor under us.

When it was over, we sat on the floor, backs propped against the bench. Jefferson leaned against me, trembling. At some point when we were fucking, Jefferson had lost his jock-strap. I didn't remember taking it off him, but he was as naked as I was. Cumming had indeed broken the spell, at least partially. I wasn't fully sure who or where we were, two naked knights in a dungeon, or two naked jocks in the gym basement.

Jefferson's hands were still bound. Handcuffs, yes--not manacles. Handcuffs simply wrapped around the weight bar on the bench press. He could have gotten loose any time, just by lifting the twenty-pound weight bar off the cradle and sliding the cuffs off the end. And I was wearing a necklace--I never wear necklaces, didn't know how I'd gotten this one--a thin black cord with a tiny aluminum-gray key. It fit the handcuffs easily, and the wristbands clicked open.

The AC was nowhere to be seen. He must've left us alone to settle this thing on our own. Were we supposed to wait on him?--Or just leave?--Or what? We were too spent to leave, too spent to make a decision, so we just sat there, leaning against the wall and each other, and talked.

I mean, really talked. Right then, we didn't give each other any locker room bullshit or jock posturing. Barriers down, we were talking man-direct with each other. Maybe it was because we were exhausted, still naked, or because we'd just had sex, or some lingering effect of the story or something, but opening up just felt natural, another piece fitting into position. We talked about classes and the usual stuff, sure, but also about how he was openly bi and how the team treated him like it was no big deal. I told him I was gay but hadn't told anyone else on the team because I was worried about what they'd think and how it would affect my status with the team. He said Coach had known he was bi from the start and so far the whole team seemed okay with it, other than the usual teasing they gave all the new guys; but he also said my decision was my decision and he'd keep my secret if that's what I wanted or help me deal with any crap if I decided to come out.

I started to get the idea Jefferson might not be such an asshole prick bastard after all. He might even be a decent guy. Plus, seemed like he was coming around to liking me, obviously. I may be an arrogant dick, but most of the time I'm a likable arrogant dick.

We talked for a long time. Then at some point, he leaned in and kissed me, so we did that for a while--not making out like horny teenagers, which we were; no race to get on with getting off, but slow and deep, just for the pleasure of kissing. He got semi-hard; I got semi-hard--which was amazing since we'd completely drained our balls just a little while before--but neither of us did anything about our semis, because the kissing was nearly as good as sex. And, dammit, I think Jefferson might have even been a better kisser than me. He kissed like it might mean something. I'd have to unpack that meant later.

Eventually, though, I had to piss like a racehorse and couldn't stay there any longer, no matter how great his lips were. I pulled on my jock and shorts, he pulled on his jock-strap, and we headed back to the locker room to shower and change into our street clothes.

I took him to the food court and bought him dinner, my treat--the least I could do since I'd been a lot rougher with his ass than he'd been with mine.

Then I led him back to my dorm room, since my roommate was gone, and Jefferson and I did it all over again. More kissing. Touching. Taking our time. Stripping each other slowly. Me sucking him, him sucking me--we both liked sixty-nine because we could suck each other at the same time. Him screwing my ass, me screwing him--and this time we did it face-to-face, so we could look at each other while we fucked.



## 4.

In the big game against our toughest rivals, I was deep in their territory, just outside their penalty box. I had a defender on me like stink on shit. Normally I'd have fought it out, tried to footwork my way around this asshole and take my shot. Their goalkeeper was mediocre--they could have replaced him with a cornfield scarecrow and their goal would have been protected just as well--and I was sure to make a score if this defender gave me any opening at all. I saw Jefferson at the other corner of the penalty box, and he looked open. Normally I'd have ignored him and made my move on this defender.

But instead, I passed to Jefferson. The defender wasn't expecting me to share the ball; I'd caught him off-guard. The pass went perfectly; Jefferson snagged it with a chest trap, and he had a wide-open path to the goal. The goalie was caught off-guard too; couldn't reach in time and the ball sailed into the net.

And another time, Jefferson and I are driving the ball down the field. We're swapping it back and forth, which would have *never* happened before. Our new cooperation was really throwing off the other team, who'd obviously been prepared for Jefferson and me to each hog the ball. Their strategy was to swarm whichever of us had the ball, and they weren't coping well with having to run back and forth between both of us.

I passed to Jefferson. He had a risky shot, and maybe he could have made it. Instead, since the defenders were halfway between shifting from me to him, I was clear and he passed back to me. I took my shot, the goalkeeper went too low. The ball curved over him ... and right into the net. Goal!

Final score: we won by an embarrassingly wide margin! Our goalie only gave up one score. Meanwhile the we had four goals for me,

three for Jefferson. Would have been an even four-four split, but their goalie managed to get competent in the last period and blocked a great shot from Jefferson. But we won, and the guys poured into the locker room hollering and cheering like wild men. Lockers were slammed open, shirts were flying through the air, and the volume level was deafening. Sharing the spotlight with Jefferson in the locker room celebration felt weird, but Coach kept pounding us both on the back and yelling about teamwork and how he knew we could do it.

Eventually things wound down. I don't know why I was dawdling. I'd showered, gotten mostly dressed. All I had to do was get my shoes on, shove the last of my shit in my gym bag, and high-tail myself out of there. The majority of my teammates had already cleared out for a local bar where they were going to continue the celebration. Even Jefferson had disappeared off somewhere; only a couple of guys remained. I still had my ass parked on the bench. A-shirt: check. Jeans: check. Socks: check. I was glad I'd gotten my jeans on when I did--because like I said, I *hate* having my teammates see me with a hard-on.

Why was I worried about my dick going hard right then? Because, sitting there, my expectant cock felt full and ready. Not hard, but definitely plumped up and anticipating. My balls felt heavy, needing to be drained. I was kind of annoyed Jefferson had already gone. Winning always made me horny, and I needed to get laid, and I really wanted to feel Jefferson's hot mouth wrapped around my cock again. Oh, well. I'd find a replacement pretty quick on a hookup app.

I was reaching for my sneaks when this hand clamped heavily on my shoulder. "You still owe me one last counseling session, Knight Smith."

*Knight Smith* ... I needed to listen very closely, and I did. I stayed still, feeling so relaxed, woozy, so peaceful, and I let the AC's voice weave itself around me. I stood when he told me to. He turned. I followed.

As we walked, he talked, and his voice wove itself through my thoughts. *Once upon a time* ... Everything felt like a dream, looked like a dream. When he opened the door and led me inside, I knew it was a dream. I mean, I knew most of this building. But when I walked into that room ...

"Welcome, Knight Smith." King Coach was there, and Knight Jefferson, and AC the Court Magician. *Once upon a time*, and the story was advancing again. King Coach and Knight Jefferson and I listened to the story. We knights had escaped the wizard's dungeon and the dark forest. But the wizard wasn't an evil wizard, he was the Court Magician in disguise. This was a test, and we knights had passed. Now here we stood in the king's throne room, where the king would be elevating Knight Jefferson and me to his special elite guard. Not princes--Knight Jefferson was no Prince Charming, and neither was I--but positions of honor, as was fitting for the king's most valuable knights.

"Strip, knights," the Court Magician ordered, smiling, and we began to remove our garments, as did the king. Soccer player Smith may not have liked for his teammates to see his locker room hard-ons, but Knight Smith had no such concern; my erection stood strong and obvious, and I felt no shame as my king looked at it; in fact, I felt proud when he nodded his approval.

"Kneel." We knelt before our king. His right hand caressed my head, his left hand Knight Jefferson's, giving us his blessing.

King Coach shifted his hips, his erection sticking out directly between us knights. Six inches long. Veiny. Thick, a real jaw- or ass-stretcher. Jefferson put his mouth on one side, and I the other. Jefferson's cute face was so close to mine, separated only by the king's meat-scepter as we began sliding our lips and kisses in unison up and down his rod.

I took the initiative and claimed the King's cock by fitting my mouth over the tip. Knight Jefferson yielded. The king leaned into my

mouth, his palms on my head. His muscles flexed, and I stared up at the strong man who had become my king.

He reclined back on some royal furs and blankets. I crawled over him, my fingers grazing across his wide dick-shaft, so very thick now that he was rock-hard. I wanted to choke on it, but first, I wanted to inhale the aroma of him. I let my nose brush against his fuzzy belly and between his solid pecs before moving over to his armpit. I buried my nose in King Coach's pit and inhaled. He hadn't been expecting that. He chuckled, and his cock and jumped in my hand. My tongue tasted his pit. The aroma of a man--so arousing and dominating--emanated off him, and I let it overcome my senses. My tongue flicked across his salty pit, musty and sweaty. I licked his armpit hair slowly over and over again. His biceps tensed; his hand found my head and held me gently in place as I absorbed the taste of my king, savoring it. He made an animal sound in his throat. My cock throbbed.

I slowly slid my tongue across his shoulder and clavicle before burying my face on the other side. Wetting his armpit hair with my saliva, I licked it slowly. I whimpered as his sweaty pit assaulted my nose--hot and manly, and I couldn't stop wanting more.

My tongue licked his small brown nipples and bathed his pecs as I licked every inch of my king's chest. My lips found the ridges in his abdominal muscles, and I lapped each one, enjoying the taste of him; he moaned softly, like a purr, as he let me worship his body.

I couldn't wait anymore. My liege ruled my life, but right now I ruled his body, and I needed his cock now. I knew it was going to be a mouthful--veiny, tapering to the tip, but the base was so wide I wasn't sure how I could get my mouth around all of it. But I needed to try. He was on his back and I bent over him and took the tip into my mouth, swiping my tongue along the shaft and making him grunt. I swirled my tongue around his glans and crown, craving his musky, masculine taste. He moaned again and grasped at my head harder, holding the back of my skull gently as he slowly pushed more of

himself inside me. He wanted to be sucked as bad as I wanted to suck.

I opened my mouth wider and let more of him in, opening myself as much as I could to get to the base of his swollen cock. The more I opened my mouth, the more my face ached, but his pleasure was worth the effort. I ignored the steady throbs of my sore cheeks and clasped my lips tightly around his shaft. He slowly rocked his hips and slid in and out slowly, building up a rhythm and speed as my mouth became the instrument of his pleasure. I placed my hand on his stomach and pressed gently; he understood and slowed his thrusts to a steady pace that gave me time to twist my tongue around the head every time he pulled back, and then open my throat to take it all in again.

I lost myself in the constant pace of his cock sliding in and out. His salty-sweet pre-cum slowly spilled into my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could, but I could feel the excess dribbling with my spit down the side of my mouth and painting my chin.

King Coach quickened his pace. His thrusts became erratic, clumsier, as he bucked his hips into me. I reached down and grabbed his heavy balls tightly and pulled down. My king grunted. His cock recoiled in my mouth, and I felt and tasted his first cum splat into the back of my mouth. His body bucked under me as he soared into that masculine ecstasy, lost himself in his orgasm.

Then, gradually, his body relaxed and he sank back, spent, going limp, maybe falling asleep, his part of the story done for now.

I looked around, saw Knight Jefferson kneeling, sucking the naked Court Magician AC. The Magician hunched over my fellow knight as he fucked the knight's mouth with quick, piercing thrusts. I knew how good Knight Jefferson's mouth felt. "Fuck!" the Magician barked, and then he shuddered as he began to cum and cum.

Knight Jefferson and I hadn't cum yet. He left the Magician and crawled to me. Damn, he was hot! He rolled me onto my hands and

knees, pressed my torso down, which made my ass stick up, and he parted my butt cheeks so he could bend forward and lap at my hole. Everything about my world spiraled down to his tongue against my pucker and the feelings that resulted.

After several minutes, I felt him pull back, heard the squirting of lube. He pressed his large helmet against my hole, and I felt him stretch my ring around his cock. I couldn't stop myself; I moaned loudly and hissed as he slowly rocked his hips. Inch by inch, he impaled his rigid cock into my ass.

All I could think about were the sensations coursing through my body as Knight Jefferson filled me with his maleness. His dick pushed in hard, slid out, as I whimpered with every additional inch he slid inside me. I could barely take him. The pressure was agonizing. He sensed my body tensing and held himself inside me, his hips slowly swaying as his cock stretched me with its girth. My hole relaxed after a few moments, and I gurgled as another inch found its way inside. More swaying. Another inch. I clutched anything I could grasp as he worked his way carefully and lovingly inside me. He was trying to be as gentle as possible. But his cock was anything but!

Eventually, I felt his pubes brush up against my ass, and his heavy balls rested upon my thighs. I could barely believe something as big and hard as his cock could fit into such a small hole, but it did.

Holy hell! The room spun as he grabbed my hips and started pumping into me. His thrusts were deep and hard. The sound of his hips slapping against my ass seemed like the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard. I writhed as he took control of my ass and my body. His hands pulled me back to him with every thrust, fingers digging into my skin as he held me tightly. He slapped my ass as he fucked me. I moaned loudly and whimpered as he slammed his cock into me, jackhammered me, plowed me. I clenched myself tightly around him, and my ass burned. Only he and I, Knight Jefferson and Knight Smith, existed in the world right then, only the pleasure he was causing in me, the lust. I rolled my head as he hit my prostate over and over again, making my breath hitch loudly each time. I was

about to decide I could put up with a lot of him, if it meant getting fucked this way frequently.

At some point, I rolled us, and then he was the one on his back, legs raised, and I was the one with the lubed cock up his butt, as his ankles pressed against my shoulders. I fucked him hard and fast, exactly the way he had done me. He wasn't great at bottoming yet, but he was learning.

At some point, the *once upon a time* world had faded, been replaced by the real world, as we fucked in a basement storage room. Coach and the AC had slipped away, barely registered, as we fucked, flipped positions, and fucked some more, making each other grunt and swear as we moved together.

I was on my back, Jefferson really railing my ass, my cock bouncing against my stomach every time he thrust inside me. "I'm close," he grunted. "Real close."

"Close as that goal you missed in the third quarter?" I snarked.

He responded by half-grinning and muttering, "Fucking asshole," and changing angles so he could drill my prostate mercilessly. The waves of pleasure made my yes practically roll back in my head.

Jefferson--no longer Knight Jefferson, but the real one--wasn't Prince Charming, but neither was I. Maybe he was still cocky and egotistical sometimes, but so was I. Together, we were better, on the field and when our bodies pressed together like this. I decided I liked it, liked him. Too soon to say whether this story would be a *happily ever after*, but we were surely in a *happily for now*.

Without even touching my cock, it started spurting cum all over me, and I could feel my ring clench around his shaft harder. My orgasm did not come gently--it felt like it was being ripped from my balls and dragged along every nerve in my body until all I felt was a burning red haze of pleasure. I couldn't stop yowling as I came, loud and needful sounds as my shots burst all over my chest.

He pulled out and stroked his cock, aimed it at my head. "Fuck ... You're so hot ... Gonna paint your face, baby!"

*Baby?* I'd worry about unpacking what that meant later.

He pushed his cock closer to my mouth, stroking just out of range so I couldn't reach it and suck it. "Nnngh!" he moaned, head falling back, stomach rightening. He unleashed his sperm on me. Pulse after pulse of salty Jefferson-juice jumped from his cock-head to smack into my open mouth, coat my cheek and neck, slowing to a dribble down onto my chest. The cum that landed in my mouth tasted exactly like how I wanted him to. I swallowed it down. Yeah, I could get to like having this, having him, on a regular basis.

"Fuck!" he moaned finally, and his spent body tipped forward onto mine, and I wrapped my arms around him, content to hold on tightly.

"Hey," he said, looking around, seeming to have only just now realized the *once upon a time* story had ended and we were in the real world again. Maybe the storytime trance wore off differently for us. "Was that Coach? Was he really here? Where'd the AC go?"

I hugged him tighter to shut him up, and he responded by trying to tickle me, and then we were wrestling, laughing and squirming and struggling to see who would be on top first for the second round.

Yeah, definitely at least a *happily for now*.

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