

The Club

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Every club full of young athletes needs a brain around.

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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Everyone at Nelson College knew Brad was a brain. Not only because he was vice president of the honor society and held a mid-A grade average, but because he looked like a brain. He had cute-ish, eager features, red-blond hair, and wore wire-rimmed glasses; his fresh-daily white shirts seemed to emphasize his wide shoulders and lean physique.

Brad was indeed smart, just as everyone expected; and, in spite of having wrestled a couple of years back in high school and done middling-well at it, though not well enough to be offered a place on Nelson's or any other college's team, he had already recognized that he would never be one of the hero-worshipped athletes who strutted around like they owned the campus. He would never score a winning point or be voted *The Most Popular* anything in the yearbook, though he might have a chance at *Most Intelligent*. He would go on being a brain because that was what he had going for him, almost.

As usual, after his last class of the afternoon, Brad headed for the library, walking through the crisp fall air. The six-story building, placed next to the gymnasium in what probably was some trustee's symbolic way of saying Nelson stressed academics and athletics equally--a joke, since only sporting events drew crowds and

donors--resembled an oversized toaster, Brad thought for the thousandth time. He nodded to the gray-haired reference librarian as he entered. She gave him the usual smile and nod, acknowledging that Brad was a brain and worthy of entering her domain. He slouched the length of the room and took his usual place at the last study table, around the corner at the far end of the Current Periodicals stacks and out of view. He put down his backpack, settled in the curved-back chair, and unloaded his notebook. Here he would have some privacy, unless--

Marcus came in, strutting confidently, and slumped into the chair on the opposite side of the table, as he sometimes did, dropping his own backpack into the spare seat beside him. Marcus was a football letterman--a jock--with African-dark skin; his black hair, in a short brush cut, framed his strong, rugged features. At twenty-two, he was a couple of years older than Brad. Marcus wore jeans and expensive but well-broken-in sneakers, and his loose T-shirt clung like a drape that accentuated rather than hid his powerful shoulders and broad, thick chest. Brad remembered the last time he had seen Marcus, how he had hypnotized Marcus to help him study, and--

"How's it goin', Brain?" Marcus asked casually.

"Okay. But don't call me that." Brad blinked away his memory and pushed a twig of hair back from his forehead, as if suddenly shy. "How about you?"

"I've got a fuckin' literature paper due next week for Professor Smithers' class, and a fuckin' history exam too." Marcus' voice turned progressively louder. "I hate history. I can never remember all that crap! I'm not a brain like you."

The librarian pencil-tapped for silence, and the two youths hushed.

The library was quiet enough that Brad could hear the wall clock behind the reference desk clicking away the seconds. It snapped off one minute, started on the next.

"Shit!" Marcus hissed at last. He slumped lower in his chair. "Fuckin' hate history."

"I'm not going to take your test for you, Marcus. You know that."

"But you're gonna help me out like before, right? A little more of that 'mental conditioning' stuff, yeah? I sure could use it. I gotta get at least a B-minus on that exam to keep a passing grade in the class."

Brad had learned to hypnotize back in high school. His parents had sent him to a therapist to help bolster his self-confidence. The therapist had used hypnosis, and Brad learned by experiencing it. His wrestling coach had encouraged him, helping him learn new ways to use hypnosis to enhance his athletic skills in an effort to rise above being a mediocre wrestler. Brad had learned a lot of new ways to use hypnosis.

Marcus looked around, leaned in like a conspirator. "That conditioning trick of yours is gonna help me boost my grades. And in return"--he grinned--"I'll be *real* grateful. If you know what I mean." The grin veered toward a leer.

"Hey!" Brad whisper-barked like a spooked virgin, as he felt Marcus' foot press into his crotch. "Cut it out!"

"Is something wrong?" That familiar tone, equal parts knowing and mock-innocent. Marcus had done that before, slipped his sneaker off, stretched his leg under the study table and worked the sole of his sock-clad foot against Brad's trapped genitals. Marcus seemed to think Brad was inexperienced sexually and enjoyed

teasing him. Marcus seemed to like getting Brad aroused too; maybe this was how Marcus got his way with others. "What? I'm just restin' my foot."

"Cut it out," Brad repeated, glancing about nervously. "Somebody'll see--" But no one was close enough to see where they sat around the corner of the stacks. Marcus' toes slow-wiggled again. Brad pressed his eyelids together as a wave of pleasure rose through him, his crotch hardening as Marcus' foot massaged it. Brad unconsciously pushed his crotch forward against the sole. "Ooh," he groaned. He thought for the hundredth time that he should tell Marcus to go away, to not come snuffling around for tutoring or help writing papers. But Marcus was so damned good-looking and well-built, just too tempting, and he was friendly enough that sometimes Brad overlooked how Marcus always seemed to know just the right ways to manipulate him, just how to get Brad to go along with whatever the football star wanted. And, Brad admitted to himself, he liked having Marcus around, liked having Marcus pay attention to him, almost flirting, and now this ... "Arrugh," Brad moaned under another toe-and-sole onslaught on his crotch.

Another sharp pencil-tap ordered silence from the librarian's desk, unseen around the stacks, and Brad quickly composed himself, sat up straighter, pulled away from that foot. "Damn it, Marcus!" Brad muttered. His gaze shifted across the varnished tabletop to Marcus' thick-knuckled fingers and ham-like hands, forearms fuzzed with a midnight-black fleece of hair, his muscled biceps, the burly physique marked beneath the thin T-shirt. Brad stopped there. He knew if he looked higher, Marcus would be flashing him that knowing grin, confident another victory was at hand.

"Having trouble there, Brain?"

"How the heck am I supposed to study when you're doing that?" He frowned down at the lingering lump in the crotch between his spread thighs. "You're giving me a ... you know"--his voice dropped even quieter--"an erection."

"A hard-on?" Marcus snickered. "I thought you were too busy using your brain all the time, instead of your balls."

"Well, you're wrong." Brad continued to stare at his mounded crotch. "I get horny too, just like any guy." He felt the renewed pressure of Marcus' foot against his crotch and sighed again, both in pleasure and exasperation.

"Hell, if you're so smart, you know just what to do when you're hard up," Marcus grinned confidently.

"I am *not* about to jack off in middle of the library!" Brad hissed. "Just stop it, okay?" Marcus' foot pressed, and Brad fought back another moan.

Suddenly Marcus pulled back from the table. The foot disappeared, and Brad almost whimpered in disappointment. "C'mon, Brain. Let's get out of here. You're going to hypnotize me and do that mental conditioning thing. I know a place we can go."

"Wait a minute." Brad looked over at the burly black athlete and blushed, grinning sheepishly. "I've got to cool down."

Marcus raised a sarcastic eyebrow. "Throwing a rod, huh? Shit. Just c'mon--I ain't got all day, and no one will see us where we're going."

Marcus swung to his feet, tugged the front of his jeans, stretched, somehow managing to combine sloth and

effortless sensuality. He turned and started deeper into the library with a lazy, athletic gait. Brad took his time, standing up, and jamming his notebook into his backpack, and carrying the pack in front of his hips to disguise his hardness. He hustled to catch up with the jock. "Hey, wait up!" Brad stage-whispered. "Where are we going?"

Through a door that went almost unnoticed, the corridor was empty of students or staff, and golden shafts of sunlight slanted through the tall windowpanes over the stairway leading down into the below-ground floors of the building. Marcus' sneakers squeaked on the linoleum tiles, and Brad moved in beside him as they reached the stairs.

"No shit, Marcus, it really bothers me when you screw around like that."

"Making you throw a rod?"

"Yeah."

"Shit." He loped down the steps. "I get hard all the time, and it sure don't bother me. I just whip off a load and forget it."

"That isn't easy when you get horny in the middle of the library. Besides, beating my meat doesn't help much." Brad blinked as they passed out of the main body of the library and continued down a long access corridor, narrow and dimly lit. "Where're we going?"

"I want to show you something."

They moved through the shadowed passageway. The left-hand wall was lined with pipes and conduits of varying sizes.

"Hey," Brad murmured, "what goes on down here? Where's this lead?"

"It goes from the library to the gym. Used mostly for storage and facilities stuff, I guess." Marcus went ahead and used a key to open a side door. "C'mon."

Brad followed and entered a small room. Marcus closed the door behind them and flipped the lock.

The immediate area appeared to be an unused storage room, painted dull white long ago, empty except for a narrow metal bookcase, a few folding chairs in one corner, an ancient worn mattress on the floor in another. Beyond appeared to be a small restroom, with no door on the frame separating the two spaces. The dirt-glazed windows at the ceiling admitted no sunlight. A single, unshaded bulb glowed from the ceiling of the storage area, a similar one in the restroom beyond, shining on a long, porcelain urinal and wall-hung wash basins. The air was musty and stale.

"I guess not many guys use this place," Brad said thoughtfully.

"Yeah. It's real private. Some of us jocks come down here sometimes when we need a private place to get our rocks off between classes."

Brad took off his glasses and pushed them into his shirt pocket.

"Hey," Marcus said, "I don't think I've ever seen you without your glasses."

"I have to be careful not to break them. I can't study without them."

"We didn't in here to study, Brain, or for you to jack off or nothing. We're here for privacy so you can do your conditioning thing. Understand?"

"Sure."

Marcus tossed his backpack on a waist-level bookcase shelf. "Just thrown your shit next to mine."

Brad placed his own backpack on the shelf, and then the football player's hand was on his shoulders, spinning him around. "Marcus!" He was pinned back against the wall, and he gulped for breath as he felt the husky athlete's body warmth through their clothing. At six feet, Brad was not short, but Marcus stood three inches taller and had at least thirty pounds more muscle, an intimidating presence sandwiching him to the wall. Marcus also had a hand between their bodies, and Brad felt the fingers groping at his crotch. "Wha-what're you doing?"

"Checking your oil," Marcus snickered, outlining Brad's fast-swelling prick. "That's your dip-stick, huh?"

"No fair!" Brad struggled, trapped, and then felt his waistband button being popped, his zippered fly being opened.

"I know what you want, Brain. I've seen the way you look at me. It's okay. I like the way you look at me, like you're hungry or something. Well, you give me what I want, and maybe I'll give you a little taste of what you want."

Brad considered denying it, but then Marcus' hand squeezed at his crotch and a jolt of pleasure shot through Brad's body. "Awww, Marcus!"

"Man!" Marcus pawed the bulging pouch of Brad's boxer-briefs, finger-tracing the shape of Brad's imprisoned erection, and then he jammed his hand down inside the elastic waistband to probe downward over Brad's flattened belly, through the trail of hair leading from his navel to his pubes, all the way down to grasp the swollen cock and drag it out and free. "How about that? You've got one hell of a big one, Brain!"

"Take it easy, Marcus. I'm real horny."

"I can tell!" Chuckling, Marcus fumbled with his own jeans. "Want to check *my* dip-stick?" Then he was offering his own rigid tool.

"Wow!" Brad eased one hand between them to grip the athlete's exposed ebony shaft, the pink head, and he swallowed fast. "You're as hard-up as I am!" Brad glanced at the door nervously. "What if somebody comes in?"

"No sweat." Marcus grinned widely. "That door over there is locked unless you have a key. Some of my buddies, we got us a sort of club, mostly the top jocks and lettermen like me. No one's supposed to know about it. I just joined up a few days ago. We use this as our special place when we need some privacy to jack off between classes or get a blow-job from a girl or a cocksucker. We changed the lock on the door to one of our own, and we're the only ones who have keys. Nobody'll be coming by this time of day, though."

Brad gulped, then leaned back as if suddenly shy again, though he did not let go of Marcus' meat. "Are we gonna, you know, masturbate each other?"

"Hell, Brain, jacking-off's for kids." Marcus squeezed Brad's heat-swollen dick gently. "You ever do anything besides jerk?"

"What do you mean?" Brad slow-stroked Marcus' rod, and Marcus allowed it, grinning and biting his lower lip. Brad murmured, "I've, uh, read about stuff. Sexual stuff guys can do together. Fellatio. Sodomy. Stuff like that."

"Damn, Brain! You'll never find out what a dick like yours is for just by reading about it. Want me to show you? Well, maybe I will, but later." He freed Brad and stepped back, grinning confidently. He turned, tucking away his dark erection. "C'mon. We better get started. Consider that a preview of how grateful I'll be when you help me get those B's on my lit paper and history exam. That'll give you some incentive."

"Yeah, but ... Dammit!" Brad trembled with frustrated arousal. He needed badly to get off but he shook his head in resignation. "Damn, Marcus. You know just how to play me." Brad slid his boxer-briefs back over his needy dick and worked on fastening his pants. "Okay, we'll do it your way. Let's get on with it. And you better not welsh on the deal later!"

"Hey, you're gonna hurt my feelings if you keep bitching like that. I never go back on my word. Here's the deal: If your conditioning works as well as it did last time, if it gets me get a B on my paper and my exam, you get to stroke on my joint for an hour."

"Two hours--one for the paper, one for the exam--and I want to do more than just stroke it. I get to do whatever I want, and you have to do stuff to me too. Two hours, or no deal."

Marcus pondered that for a moment. "Okay. Two hours, but only if they're both solid B's, not B-minuses. You don't trust me to go through with it? You thinking you better get your payment upfront, or something like that?"

"Yeah, maybe--" Brad looked about nervously.

"Not gonna happen. Two B's, two hours, and you can do whatever you want to my meat, and maybe I'll get you off with my hand. I ain't no cock-sucker. That's the deal, take it or leave it. And since your payment is contingent on my scores, you have to collect *after* I get the grades back."

"A jock who knows what the word 'contingent' means? Wow. What's the world coming to?"

"Now you're just trying to bust my chops, Brain," but Marcus was grinning when he said it. "We got a deal or what?" The metal folding chair squeaked as Marcus parked his butt on it and leaned back.

"Deal." Brad felt secure in his decision. Marcus wasn't unintelligent; he simply never studied. The first time Marcus came sniffing around, having heard from someone that Brad knew about hypnosis, when Brad had assured him that, yes, he knew how to hypnotize and, yes, hypnosis could help Marcus study, the results of that first session had proven the jock was smart enough to get decent grades when he put in the effort. A refresher of hypnotic reinforcement to encourage him to put in the effort, to encourage him to remember what he studied, and Brad was confident the football player would score the required B on the history exam. Marcus has managed a B before, for a chemistry test, so the goal was do-able. Definitely do-able. The literature paper was another matter, but Brad had a plan.

And two hours? Brad concealed the lip-twitch that threatened to become a smirk. *If only you knew, Marcus!* Brad thought, as he dug through his backpack pocket. "Did you," he asked Marcus while he dug, "bring your

notes and textbook?" Marcus' backpack looked nearly empty, and Brad eyed it skeptically.

"Fuck, yeah, I did!"

"Okay."

Marcus watched him carefully, then: "What're you doing?"

"Taking off my shirt. It's dusty in here, and I don't want to get it all messed up. That okay by you?"

"Oh. Uh ... Good idea, I guess."

"Go on--you know the routine. Get comfortable. If we're gonna do this here, we're gonna do it right. Afraid I'll get horny on you? You weren't nervous to pull out our cocks earlier, so don't get all uptight now."

"We're not here to--"

"Not here for a blow-job," Brad interrupted. "Yeah, I heard you earlier. Gotta earn my pay before I get my play. Got it."

Brad stripped to the waist, folded his shirt carefully, and placed it on top of his backpack. From his wide shoulders, his lean physique tapered to a slim waist, slick and smooth and lightly tanned. When he turned back to face Marcus again, the husky football player had kicked off his sneakers and taken off his T-shirt, and his midnight-gold torso was plated with solid muscles, the full arcs of his chest dusted with fuzz.

"Darn it, I wish I had a build like yours, Marcus."

"You ought to lift weights and work out more. Didn't you used to run track back in high school?"

"No. Wrestling."

"Cool. Then you know about weightlifting and the basics. I could take you to the gym sometime and coach you on that."

Brad was not self-conscious. He had a decent body and he knew it; not football-built like Marcus', but tightly muscled and trim, a body that gathered its share of stares from people--more than a few--who could see past his glasses and brainy persona. But he couldn't resist teasing Marcus a little more. "Think you can build up my dick?"

"Shit." Marcus turned his face away. "You look like you can handle that just fine all by yourself."

With an unconcerned shrug, Brad popped open the single button and the zipper holding his jeans on his hips. "No use messing up our pants either, huh?"

Marcus cleared his throat nervously, folded his arms across his chest, and carefully looked away from the sight of Brad in just his boxer-briefs.

"All right," Brad announced as he laid his folded jeans carefully on top of his shirt. He looked at Marcus. "Uh ..."

"I ain't taking my pants off," Marcus declared. "I'm not wearing no underwear underneath. None of the guys

in the club do. Just T-shirts and jeans and sneakers. You ain't getting another look at my junk until you deliver the grades." He nodded at a chair near him. "If you're through with the striptease act, can we get started? Don't got all day. Let's go, Brain."

Brad turned a second folding chair to face Marcus and sat down. Brad in his boxer-briefs, and Marcus in his jeans: Brad felt a definite sexual tension, but Marcus seemed not to notice. Maybe Marcus only saw Brad as a brain, a path to good grades, someone to tease sexually but not a real sexual being? Brad shrugged. "Okay. Let's get started."

"About damn time!" "Don't give me shit, Marcus. If you don't like the way I do it, you can go study on your own."

"Sheesh--all right. Sorry. You're so pissy sometimes."

Brad ignored that last crack. Instead, he held up the thin silver chain, letting the crystal, half a finger long, dangle and turn in the dim light. Marcus' eyes went to it. "Sit back," Brad told him, "and relax. Just keep your eyes on the crystal as it moves back and forth. In a very few moments, I'm going to tell you a story that will help you become more relaxed than you've ever been. You won't be able to help it--it's inevitable. If I mention certain parts of your body, I want you to focus and feel that part begin to relax. Okay?"

Marcus grunted as his eyes tracked the slight motion of the crystal. Brad found the crystal, a repurposed silver necklace with a crystal pendant that a friend had originally given him as a joke, to be unnecessary and clichéd; using it like this annoyed him, but Marcus seemed to expect it, so Brad used it as a focus. Marcus had proven to be a good subject before, and Brad believed in sticking with what worked.

"Picture yourself in a forest, maybe camping or hiking in the woods. Relax. Maybe you sit down; maybe you lie back. You're tired from hiking all day. Relax. It's just past sundown, getting close nighttime, and the sky is a deep blue, almost black. The stars are coming out as the sky slowly gets darker. You can see the moonlight on the trees."

Marcus blinked, his gaze distant as he imagined the scene.

"Off in the distance, you can hear the hypnotic sounds of a brook, bubbling and trickling, and the sound of it seems to be lulling you to sleep. Relax. That's right. As you lie motionless, you notice how the moon forms this wonderful white light above your head. Relax. And this white light shining down on you is the most relaxing light you could imagine, and as it shines on the crown of your head, you feel a desire to relax and a willingness to relax deeper, deeper, with every breath. Maybe the moonlight touches your forehead, and you feel all the tension there, all the worries, just seem to disappear. Your forehead smooths out, feels so relaxed, and you feel this relaxing light shining down around your eyes. Relax."

Brad noted how Marcus' eyes twitched.

"That's right. Your eyelids seem very, very heavy, so heavy and relaxed. Maybe they want to close. Maybe they're fluttering a little, and that's okay. Just feel how heavy they are as the moonlight shines down, as the relaxation moved down through your facial muscles now. Feel all the little muscles in your face just begin to relax. So easy. That's right."

More eyelid twitching. Brad had led enough guys into trance that he knew what that meant.

"Feel the moonlight and the relaxation flow down the back of your neck now, down into your shoulders. So

much tension seems to collect in our shoulders, but now you feel your shoulders just begin to relax and turn loose."

Marcus' arms hung looser, his eyelids drooping already. "And you can even feel the relaxation flow down your spine, spreading out through your ribs and into your chest, so that every muscle, every nerve, every fiber in your back and chest and stomach just seems to relax. Deeper, deeper, even deeper. Calm, very peaceful, very relaxed. And now, if you want, allow yourself to shift your body however you need to, in order to become even more comfortable, even more and more relaxed. Go ahead and do that right now."

Marcus' leg jerked, just a bit, a brief spasm, but stayed relaxed. He had proven a receptive subject before, and he was proving so again.

"The moonlight fades, taking the last of your tension with it. You're sinking down into the dark as the light fades. Very safe. Very relaxed. Sinking into the dark. Sinking into a profound state of deep, deep hypnosis. Sinking deeper, like slipping into sleep. Deeper. So incredibly relaxed. Going into a deep hypnotic sleep now. Very calm. More relaxed and peaceful than you've ever been. Sleep now. Let yourself sink and sleep."

Marcus' eyelids were not one hundred percent closed, open just a sliver, but his expression was slack, lips barely parted, his body completely still. Breathing slowly, deeply. Success!

"Stud up, Marcus. Nice and easy. So easy to just let yourself sit up and stand up while you stay so deep in hypnotic sleep. Stud up and I'm going to help you relax even deeper."

Marcus' arms and legs moved clumsily, almost as if he had forgotten how to move them, and Brad knew from experience how being that relaxed sometimes interfered with moving easily. Certainly the hypnotized Marcus was nowhere near as graceful as he was on the football field.

"When I touch you, you'll enjoy it. My touch will help you relax and sink even deeper into that pleasant, cooperative state you're enjoying so much right now." Brad started off with a chaste touch to Marcus' ebony shoulder as he watched Marcus' face closely. No change. Emboldened, he traced a fingertip curlicue that led down Marcus' pectoral. Brad eased his palm slowly back and forth across Marcus' abs and navel a few times, and Marcus sighed quietly, and then Brad hooked a finger in the waistband of Marcus' jeans and aimed for the button. Brad popped it easily, slid down the zipper, exposing more skin, the beginning of Marcus' pubes, no underwear, then the root of Marcus' wide cock.

"Strip," Brad ordered. "Strip down and feel yourself relax so much deeper."

Marcus' hands pushed his jeans down, and his feet lifted one at a time out of them, all of it happening slowly, and when he stood back up, his thick erection bobbed straight out in the air in front of him, with a deep cum-slit that made his cock look like a shotgun barrel. His nice-sized balls, crinkled-skinned sack, were tucked up close to his body, ready to fire their payload. Marcus was horny, needed to cum, wouldn't need much stimulation to get off. Brad knew how to use that to lead Marcus where he wanted the jock to go. He wondered how far Marcus would allow himself to be led.

Brad slipped off his own boxer-briefs, sat on the mattress, pulled himself into its center, spread his legs. "Come here, Marcus. Kneel. On your knees. Just sink down on the mattress and feel yourself sink deeper into that peaceful, obedient relaxation." Marcus was on his knees, between Brad's legs.

"Now that you're this relaxed, Marcus, learning is easy. Your B's will be easy, won't they? You know that for an absolute certainty. I got you relaxed and focused. I'll come through for you, and now you'll soon need to

come through for me."

Brad offered low-voiced instructions, encouragements, coaxing. They key to a winning strategy, Brad told him, was practicing the plays over and over in advance of the big game. Marcus knew that, right? Didn't Marcus want to practice the plays with Brad before Brad came to collect his pay? The B's were practically won already. Marcus would have to deliver. Surely Marcus wanted to practice? Brad coaxed and instructed, leading the jock closer, gradually, close to the goal, and Marcus allowed himself to agree. Soon Marcus was leaning forward, grasping Brad's rigid cock, kissing it, guiding it through his pink-black lips. Brad tensed at the first, taunting pressure, and then the warm moisture was encircling the swollen cock-head and swirling about the shaft. Brad gritted his teeth, and his muscles knotted with tension. Brad was surprised that the jock knew a lot about this play already--Brad had been prepared to offer basic coaching, but he happily changed his game plan.

The football player's broad hands rose between Brad's thighs and cupped his heavy, churning balls, rolling them gently as Marcus' lips moved forward and back repeatedly, consuming more and more of Brad's hard-on with each effort. Automatically, Brad gripped the kneeling man's shoulders for support, and then he let his gaze drop.

Marcus' head bobbed slowly, lips visible around Brad's veined flesh-shaft, coming closer and closer to the pubic hairs at the base. Brad dug his fingers into the muscled shoulders and eased his hips forward, offering himself to the hypnotized athlete completely. He wanted to bypass Marcus' tongue-turning, the tantalizing slowness, and plunge his iron cock hard and fast into the depths of Marcus' throat, but he held back, let Marcus set the pace as he was able.

"Aww--fuck, yeah, Marcus! You're doing great! Yeah, give my dick the special treatment. Suck me, Marcus! Suck me!"

Marcus drew back to the wide-collared flange, applied a renewed pressure as he rocked forward, swallowing the shaft again. Meanwhile Marcus' own dick throbbed in the air. "That's one helluva fat chunk of meat you got, Marcus," the brain muttered. "Stroke it while you suck me. Stroke it nice and slow." Marcus finger-locked his own cock with one hand as he bent forward and pressed his mouth down along Brad's shaft again. "That's the way!" Brad exclaimed, dropping his head back. "Yeah, we're going all the way to the goal, Marcus!"

Marcus followed Brad's breathless instructions, applied increased suction, took every inch of Brad's shaft into his mouth and throat. Then the brain was holding the football player's head in place and hip-pumping slowly. Marcus snuffled around the cock buried in his throat. Brad's hands locked about his skull, and Brad whispered little encouragements, coaxing Marcus to accept the lunging prick again and again. "Now, Marcus! Swallow my cum! *Now!*" The first explosion of thick liquid came spurting through Brad's steel-hard rod. "*Agh!*" Marcus gulped automatically as Brad clung to his shoulders for support.

When his load was spent, Brad pulled away and sprawled back on the mattress, covering his eyes with one arm. Exhaustion. "Fuck, yeah, Marcus! Good man!" Marcus' tongue lapped, taking the last drizzle of Brad's sperm. Brad's prick softened lazily. Marcus' lips released it. Brad saw that Marcus had climaxed too, spending his cum against the ancient mattress. Quite a bit of cum, too. "Man, you sure squirt a load, Marcus!"

Soon Brad had Marcus, still naked, still hard-cocked, still hypnotized, seated back in the chair again. *So easy to stay hypnotized*, Brad told him as he fitted the first loop of the bright purple jelly cock ring around the base of Marcus' mahogany-dark erection. *So easy to focus and study*, Brad said as he fit the second loop of

stretchy plastic around Marcus' ball sack. *So easy to remember what you read*, he told Marcus as he stretched and smoothed the strip that ran along the top of Marcus' erection. *So easy to stay horny, to not cum, to let that horniness power the urge to study*, he said as he fitted the last ring in place, just behind the flared rim of Marcus' glans. Brad sat back and studied his handiwork. The stretchable jelly cock ring fit snugly but was not tight; it did not restrict the blood flow and was mostly for show. Marcus could wear it for days, would wear it for days, as a subconscious reminder to follow the instructions that would influence his behavior. He would not be allowed to cum while he wore it, and he would be constantly aware of it under his clothes, when he stripped in the locker room, when he showered with his football teammates, some of whom also wore similar bright colored rings around their cocks and balls.

Yes, a club of sorts, but not the kind Marcus had expected when he joined.

"You gonna leave him like that?" Carl asked. He had slipped in unnoticed while Brad was finishing with Marcus.

"Damn right," Brad grinned.

"You used the damn crystal I gave you?" Carl chuckled softly as Brad laid the pendant on the shelf.

"Sure. Marcus seems to expect all the clichés. But whatever gets the job done, right?" Brad reached for Marcus' backpack, rummaged through it. "I can't help him much with the history test if he doesn't learn the facts himself. Marcus' a horny guy. That cock ring will be a reminder that he can't cum, not 'til I say so; and the hornier he gets, the more it'll power his drive to study. Marcus'll get his B, and he'll do all the work himself, and he'll think I'm responsible. Then when I finally let him cum, he'll be so fucking grateful!"

Brad pulled the history textbook from Marcus' pack, and then he dropped the data storage card into the backpack pocket.

"What's that?" Carl asked.

"Well," Brad smirked, "he's going to have to learn the history for himself, but there's no way reading would help him with his lit paper. I wrote it for him--an essay comparing one of the stories they read to the strategy for winning a football game. He showed me his syllabus last time; he's got ol' Professor Smithers for lit, and Smithers is a big football fan--he'll love it. I left one major point kind of shaky on quotations, and a few typos here and there, so it looks believably like something Marcus might write. I even made it sound kind of like he talks. It has just enough problems that it won't get an A, but it'll nail him a B easily, maybe even a B-plus."

Brad carried the textbook to Marcus, opened it to the chapter, and told the hypnotized, hard-dicked jock to begin reading, repeating the instructions that he would easily retain what he reads, could so easily focus, that nothing would distract him until Brad came back to wake him.

"Tell me what this means," Brad said to Marcus as he thumb-stroked the one of the rings, the one tucked just behind the football jock's erect cock-head.

"Means ... I'm hyp'tized ..."

"And what else?"

"I ... Focus ... Study ... Yes ... Horny ... Can't cum 'till ... Obey you ..."

"Good, Marcus. You doing so very well. Start reading. No distractions. If you finish before I wake you, go back to the beginning and start reading again. So easy to focus, and tell yourself to relax deeper, and remember what you read."

As Brad padded back to him, Carl shook his head, grinning. "You think of everything, Brain."

"I sure try to--and don't call me that."

"Why not? That's what everyone calls you. It'll be good to have a brain in the club instead of just us damn jocks," Carl snickered. Like every other member of the club, he wore a T-shirt, jeans, sneakers "Especially a brain as cute and horny as you," he said as he wriggled out of his T-shirt. Good-looking and knowing it, Carl smiled broadly as he put his shirt on a shelf. "How'd it go with Marcus?"

"No problems. I tried to act like you hadn't already shown me this place already. I got him hypnotized easy as pie and made him blow me. He got the hang of sucking a cock while hypnotized pretty quick too." He paused to look back at Marcus. "This is the first time I got him all the way naked. It was kind of funny--I don't think he would have stripped down if I hadn't said I didn't want to mess up my shirt."

"That was the plan, wasn't it?" Carl continued untying his sneakers. "Your plans always work out pretty well."

"Right. Maybe when he gets his grades back, I'll get him hypnotized and make him let me fuck his ass. You ever screw him?"

"No, but Willy got him drunk one time, says Marcus gave up his ass and let Willy screw him. Maybe Marcus' queer for beer. Or ..." Carl wet his lips, his gaze fixed on the lean, still-naked Brad. "... Willy's hung big like you, and maybe that's what Marcus goes for. Marcus sure got interested after I said I'd seen you in the showers once and how you were sure hung."

"Heck, your dick's about as big as mine." Brad gripped Carl's crotch through his jeans and applied gentle pressure. He let his fingers roam over the muscular athlete's chest and wide, amber nipples. "Maybe I should hit the weights harder, put on more muscle."

"What for?" Carl asked, raising his arm and demonstrating a flex as he toed off his first sneaker. Brad's hand rubbed along the biceps. "You're pretty muscular already, when you get stripped down."

"If I was as built-up as you, then the guys won't make fun of me for having brains."

"Hell, I like you the way you are." Carl ran his free palm over Brad's taut, wiry torso. "You're real lean and wiry, and we fit together pretty good in the sack, right?" Carl flashed that grin again. "Who's a better cocksucker?--Marcus or me?"

"You. But Marcus knows how to suck a cock, that's for sure--definitely wasn't his first time. He'll make a good Chief Cocksucker for the club, once I'm through with him."

Carl toed off his last sneaker and chuckled, "You and your plans ..." Carl nodded his head back toward where Marcus sat silently reading, the book open on his lap, his erection and the vivid purple cock ring poked up between the book and his stomach. "How come," Carl asked, "you're so hot to get to Marcus and the rest of the guys?"

"It's something I read in one of those books." Brad scratched at his balls under his semi-erect cock. "The main character sucked and fucked all the hot studs he could. It was as if he was learning--you know--checking them out, learning about them and learning about himself through sex."

"Hell, we've checked each other out lots of times, you and me. We've learned plenty. Together. Both of us."

"Yeah, I guess so." He rested his hand on Carl's shoulder. "You're a better cocksucker than Marcus is, but he'll learn."

Carl pulled Brad into an embrace, palm-stroking Brad's sturdy back and upturned ass. "Damn it, we sure do fit together good, Brain. I think we should form a club of our own, just you and me."

"Maybe. I guess it doesn't make any difference whether I build up more muscles or not." Brad squirmed downward and let his lips graze over the athlete's powerful chest and hard-tipped nipples. "But I still want to get a one or two more guys into the club. "

"Okay. Willy says he's working on Stu. We can line him up once you're finished with training Marcus."

"Good. Stu will make number eight, and maybe that's probably enough for now. That's a good mix of guys. What does the rest of the team think about the cock rings? Anybody said anything when they see another guy show up wearing one in the showers?"

"The ones that aren't in the club?--They think it's a hoot, like a joke or a failed fashion statement or something. They give the members some shit about it, but nobody gives a damn mostly. Still not sure why you want the other members to wear them all the time?"

"It's like a membership badge--and it's a near-constant reminder to the subconscious that I'm calling the shots. I like all the members being reminded of that. 'Specially Marcus, now that he's joined up. Gonna turn him into a real good cock-sucker."

Carl shook his head and grinned. "You and your plans. You think of just about everything--almost."

"Huh? What d'you mean?"

"You left this on the shelf." Carl's grin widened as he held up the crystal pendant by its silver chain. "Watch it sway, Bradmy. Focus on it. Relax. Feeling sleepy. Soon you'll be deeply hypnotized ... You can't fight it ... Soon ... Watch ... Hyp ... no .. tized ... Sleepy ... Slee ..."

Carl's eyelids drooped to half-closed.

Brad snickered as he pulled the pendant from Carl's stilled fingers. "You jocks are all the same," he chuckled. "Always thinking you're in charge." He put the pendant back on the shelf. "So fucking hot. I really surely do love it when I trick you into hypnotizing yourself, jock-boy. You're learning, but you've still got a lot more to learn before you'll be able to hypnotize me! Now, strip. Get those pants off. Bet you've already got a hard-on too, don't you?"

"Yes ..."

Carl's hands sleepwalked to his fly, unbuttoned, unzipped. His thumbs hooked and his hands eased his jeans down, revealing the paler skin of his groin, the start of his pubes, the jelly cock ring that he wore, like Marcus' except bright red, around his erect shaft and balls.

"Just 'cause we're hanging out--or fucking or dating or whatever this is--that doesn't mean you aren't hypnotized and cock-banded just like all your other 'club member' buddies," Brad teased as he fingertip-stroked the red plastic ring just behind Carl's hard glans. "I love when you think you're in charge and then do something that puts yourself under my control before you realize what's happening. So fucking hot!" Brad's voice dropped quieter as he squeezed the glans ring. "Tell me again what this means."

Carl's drowsy-quiet voice mumbled. "Focus ... Relax ... Obey ... So fucking horny ..."

"I know you are. You've been a good boy; you dropped the hints and Marcus came sniffing around just like we planned. Now it's time to get your reward. Go over to the mattress and wait for me."

Brad pulled a tube of lubricant and a strip of condoms out of his backpack.

Carl gave no resistance as Brad guided him down onto the mattress. When Brad fit their naked bodies together and guided his cock into Carl's mouth, Carl did not simply suck: his tongue made love to the brain's dick, with a tenderness that always surprised Brad, coming from such a brawny jock. Brad knew that, whether hypnotized or awake, Carl was probably falling in love with him, and Brad had recently decided he liked that idea. Of course, he was not about to back out of this sex club of hypnotized athletes he was forming, but he surely did like the way Carl did what he did to please Brad, rather than just because he was following Brad's instructions like the other players.

Brad guided Carl onto his shoulders and knees, face down, ass in the air. Brad parted those hard-muscled cheeks and lapped at Carl's hole, making Carl moan quietly in his trance. Brad admitted to himself that he liked doing the things he did to please Carl too.

Soon Brad had Carl's ass tongue-loosened and lubed. He laid back, rolled a condom onto his cock, and Carl straddled his lower belly. As Carl lowered himself, Brad's dick pressed between those firm ass-cheeks.

Awake or asleep, Carl loved to be fucked. Brad closed his eyes and enjoyed the terrific feeling of his up-pointed dick slowly entering Carl's beautiful, hungry ass. Both of them moaned softly as Carl began rising and lowering, and Carl leaned forward, one hand palm-down on Brad's chest for balance. While his own dick slid deeply in and out of Carl's flexing ass, Brad held Carl's cock-ring-clad erection and squeezed it, stroked it in rhythm with Carl's body rocking up and down on his dick.

The way Carl instinctively worked his ass-muscles, Brad too soon felt that jittery electricity in his prick-head, felt it start to catch, felt himself fighting back an unexpectedly quick orgasm building within his cock and balls. Too aroused. He glanced over at naked Marcus who, with his own erection, still sat reading his textbook, and the sight of the club's newest member and the feel of Carl's ass pushed Brad still quicker toward the edge. He knew his climax was going to be a strong one, and he knew he could not last much longer.

"Cum, Carl," Brad ordered helplessly, though he knew he would be the one to cum first. Brad could not stop his own orgasm, but he wanted to Carl to share in the same pleasure at the same time. He gripped Carl's cock harder and thumbed the underside of the head, where the red plastic glans ring met the web of energized nerves just below Carl's piss-slit. Carl gasped--this was a hot button spot for him, kept sensitized by the ring's constant presence. "Cum, Carl! Cu--uh!--uh!" Brad shot his cum into the condom inside Carl's rocking hips.

Carl shuddered and loosed a gut-deep groan as he climaxed. His spunk shot out of his swollen dick, splashing over Brad's belly like a fountain. The intense look of ecstasy that Brad knew so well flooded Carl's handsome, hypnotized face. Brad loved these times when they rode into ecstasy together.

Spent, Carl's relaxed body soon fell onto the mattress beside Brad, and Brad wrapped his arms around him, squeezing his beautiful body tightly as they panted.

"Mmm," Brad moaned mischievously. "I surely do like hypnotizing and screwing you and the other studs in the club, but you're right--sometimes a club of just you and me together is fun too, Carl. What would you do without me, you big, horny jock? Good thing you've got a brain like me around to tell you what to do and keep things interesting, huh?"
