

Thorne in His Side

by Wrestlr and BrockJr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A high school teacher runs afoul of an arrogant student and his friends.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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Thorne in His Side

Hanson

I dropped the file on my desk. Shit--when I graduated from college with my teaching degree a few months back, no one told me there'd be days like this. No one told me there'd be classes like this!

My friends call me Eric. My students call me Mr. Hanson. My second week as a substitute teacher, and the senior psychology students are determined to make my life hell. No wonder the regular teacher, Mr. Johnson, had a breakdown.

It wasn't so much the class in general as one class member in particular. Most of them were just normal high school kids, following the lead of a charismatic troublemaker.

I flipped through the student file I had borrowed from the office. Jason Thorne. Notes from previous teachers praised his intelligence even as they warned of his attitude. Well-respected parents and a home in an upscale area. Good grades, though his scores had started dropping as his high school years went on. Captain of the football team. No doubt the team's winning season contributed to Jason's smug attitude. The press clippings in his file--all from the sport section of the local paper--showed an eighteen-year-old buried in his football uniform and school colors. The helmet hid the shock of unruly black hair.

The pads hid the tight body that I remembered, a body that wore its expensive clothes like a badge of honor. In one photo, Jason's eyes stare out from under the rim of his helmet with the fundamental confidence of upper-class youth: a look that says the world is his, and he will conquer it.

I closed the file. I had been eighteen just a few years ago, before I got my degrees in education and psychology from State University. I remembered what high school had been like. Jason had been a good kid once--I thought maybe he can be again, if someone reached out to him.

Jason

Yeah, my name is Jason. If you got a problem with it, you can come talk to me. No one tells me what to do. I mean; for crying out loud; I'm a Thorne; my family runs this town. Both sexes love me, but most importantly men want to be like me. I am six feet and four inches, and I have muscles to spare. Football captain of my high school, and in the top half of my class; what more could I ask for? I've got the looks and brains to conquer the world like I know I will.

Hanson

Just a few years ago, I was just like Jason. A horny kid, all reckless energy and no focus, rebelling at everything. I kicked ass in sports, especially wrestling, mostly because I let loose all my pent-up anger during the game. Angry at everything and nothing. At the world. At myself for being like this. About the only self-control I had was in choosing to aim the worst of it at the opposing team. If anything, I was even more disruptive than Jason.

See, I hadn't learned to separate my need to reach out from my need to accept myself and make connections that were healthy and appropriate. One day in my senior year, one of my teachers in high school took me aside. He told me how he knew what I was going through--which I figured was a load of horse-shit because he was, like, thirty or something--and he told me he wanted to teach me a trick that one of his teachers had used to help him learn to accept himself and channel his energy into success instead of anger. I figured, what the hell? Turns out, he knew what he was talking about. It worked for me. Now, with a degree in psychology under my belt and some knowledge of just what that trick had been and how it worked, I figured it was my turn to pass the trick along to Jason.

Jason

I can just think back to all my trophies that I have won over the years, but nothing compares to sending Old Man Johnson to the crazy house. Oh, the things I did to that loon--thinking back on it all now; I just want to laugh. He tried to tell me that I will never make it in the real world. Hell; I already signed a letter of intent to start as the new quarterback for State. Who else would they want for the job? After that, I know already that I will be signed by a professional team and be the MVP my rookie season. As for this new guy, he won't last long. I mean, the guy looks younger than I do. He says he just got out of college--how about I send him packing his bags to live with Old Man Johnson at Nuthouse University. The only thing is I have to figure out a way to set him off really bad, but how?

Hanson

He came in with two other guys in tow. I guess guys like Jason never go anywhere without an entourage. These two--Zeke and Zach, I think--with their dark hair and nearly identical chiseled features

looked enough alike to be twins. Maybe they were. What was obvious was the way they hung, devoted as disciples, on Jason's every word.

"Hello, Jason," I said, nodding toward the chair by my desk. I turned to Zeke--or was it Zach? --and said, "Uh, guys, Jason and I need to talk about some things in private. Would you mind...?"

They looked at Jason, nervous at the idea of separation. Jason watched me a second, then nodded to them. I could tell they didn't like it, but Zeke and Zach filed out.

"And close the door as you leave, please," I said, making a point to watch them, not Jason. Alone with Jason, who slouched in his chair in a way half-sullen and maybe unintentionally sexy, I could practically feel him studying me. As young guns go, he was cockier than most. I could practically smell the testosterone coming off him in waves. Shit, had I ever been that bad a few years ago when I was his age?

He was nervous. I could tell, watching him out of the corner of my eye, by the way he twisted that expensive ring over and over on his finger. It looked like most class rings, but obviously more expensive. The way that white stone in it sparkled, it was probably a real diamond too--an engagement-sized hunk of rock that would have most women creaming in their panties all the way to the altar.

All right. Objective 1: Establish an air of professionalism. Objective 2: Build and maintain rapport
Objective 3: Establish the idea that change is needed, and establish an expectation of change.

Officially turning my attention back to Jason, I said, "So ... I know you're supposed to be at football practice, so I appreciate you making time to see me. I want to talk about your behavior in class..."

Jason

I'm sitting there staring at Mr. Hanson, wondering what the fuck he wants. It was pretty ballsy of him, telling my crew to get out, like he is in charge or something. He has got to know that pisses me off. Well, we both know I run this school, but he's just a substitute, so I'll let it slide this once and hear him out.

I'm guessing he is going to tell me that he is going to exempt me from the class. Just like Mr. McCullough in Wood Shop--hell, I've got an "A" in that class, and I have not been in three months!

Huh; what the fuck? He wants to talk about my "behavior." What the fuck is wrong with my behavior? This shit is starting to piss me off.

He's going, "Blah, blah blah, bad attitude. Blah, blah, blah, I'm on your side." Yeah, right. I used to get that shit from my parents all the time. They even made me see a shrink a couple of times. I put on a good act and bluffed my way past his shit. See, my folks are rich enough they can send me off to some boarding school shit or something, and that would really fuck with the good ride I have got going here. So I play the game now, and they are none the wiser.

And this Mr. "My friends call me Eric" Hanson. Jeez--where is he coming up with this shit? Yeah, I'll just bet he's "on my side." I can tell by the way he keeps sneaking these peeks at my crotch just which side he is on. Yeah, I know I'm hot. I mean, damn, look at me. Mark Wahlberg has got nothing on me. I've seen everyone checking me out walking in the halls. I've got the clothes to match my body, and a cock that won't stop. Seeing him looking at it starts me getting hard, and I spread my legs a little to give

him a good peek.

I just noticed something about Mr. Hanson. He's kind of cute...

Whoa--wait a minute here--what the fuck am I saying? I'm Captain of the football team. I can't be thinking about guys. Do you even realize what would happen to me? My popularity would drop worse than the stock market during the Great Depression. He is cute with his wavy brown hair and sexy blue eyes. Wake up, stupid! I'm not gay. I only messed around once with Barry McCormick, the center of the team, but I was drunk and he was drunk too. No one knows about it but us.

Huh? What? Yes, Mr. Hanson, I'm paying attention.

Now he was droning on and on about knowing this special trick. Blah, blah, blah, help me focus. Blah, blah, blah, good tool for finding the cause of the behavior and helping me make changes. I was like, uh-huh, whatever, but I had not figured out his game yet, so I let him talk. When was he going to get to the part about exempting me from class? I had practice to get to!

My ring? Why was he asking to borrow my ring? Well, okay. I pulled it off and handed it to him. It was a pretty nice one. A lot more expensive than the class rings the rest of the class bought through school. My parents had it custom-made at a jewelry place, and it showed. That stone was real. I could tell Mr. Hanson was impressed.

He tied one end of this piece of string to it. I'm like, what the fuck? He held it up by the other end. He started letting the ring sway back and forth, just like that psychologist my folks made me see, and I'm like, Aha! --Now I know what you're up to, Hanson.

Unison

Hanson: I'm going to let your ring swing just like this. Just let your eyes follow it as it sways back and forth.

Jason: Uh, okay.

Hanson: Find some part of the ring and stare at it. Fix your eyes on it.

Jason: Okay ... but I--

Hanson: Shhh ... Take a few deep breaths. Just like this. Just keep breathing deeply.

Jason: Breath ... deeply...

Hanson: That's right ... Listen to the sound of my voice. You will find that your eyelids have a tendency to get heavy. Almost as if they had a heavy weight attached to them.

Jason: Eyelids getting heavy...

Hanson: And the longer you stare at this, the more your eyelids get heavy, and you blink, and they have a feeling like something is pulling them down, as if they wanted to slowly close, and get drowsier and sleepier and heavier.

Jason: Yes, getting heavier. Sleepier. You can feel it too? Heavier ... Sleepier ... and more relaxed...

Hanson: Yes. And you have a feeling as if they were slowly closing, slowly closing, getting drowsier and more tired, maybe yawning a little if you need to, and when your eyes finally do close, how good you'll feel.

Jason: Yes. Drowsier. More tired. How good it would feel to close your eyes. Just take a deep breath and feel the relaxation flow throughout your body

Hanson: Yes. Closing. So heavy. As if a weight were pulling down, down, down, slowly closing them, getting harder and harder to see, and you feel good. Very, very hard to keep them open ... feel that very soon ... they will close tightly, almost tightly closing ... almost tightly closing, tightly...

Jason: Eyes closing. Tightly. Tightly. So hard to keep them open, isn't it? Let them close. Tightly closed and very relaxed.

Hanson: Yes.

Jason: That's right. Your eyes are tightly closed; you feel good; you feel comfortable; you're relaxed all over. Just feel the relaxation flow up and down your body making you heavier and heavier You are becoming very heavy, aren't you?

Hanson: Yes ... I--

Jason: Good. Just let you drift and enjoy this comfortable relaxed state. You will find that you head will get heavier. Maybe it nods forward some, and you just let yourself drift in an easy, calm, relaxed state...

Hanson

I opened my eyes when he told me to. I could tell something was happening--my body felt so heavy and limp--but I couldn't think of what.

Jason stood up. He had the string in his hand now, the ring dangling from it. He came around my chair, standing close. His crotch inches from my face. Behind the fabric, something made an obscene bulge, stretching down his hip. Some faraway part of me noted that he was nicely hung.

He told me, voice soft and low, to unzip him and take it out. Part of me protested I shouldn't be doing this, not at school and not with a student, but another part of me was aware of how hot Jason was. My hands were moving by their selves. His pants came open. Gray boxers. My finger slid into the slit of them and began to rub the shaft of his swollen cock.

"Take it out," he told me, voice heavy with lust. "Taste it."

So my hands opened his boxers and pulled out his dick. It was big, all right. And throbbing. I touched my tongue to it, and that protesting part of my head went quiet. No turning back now. My mouth opened and his cock began sliding inside. I could taste his sweat. His cock in my mouth--he said it would help relax me more, and I could feel it happening. I let it happen, let him pump his dick gently in and out of my lips, picking up speed, becoming urgent. My urgent need to suck his cock and make him feel good. His hands gripped my head for leverage. His cock was swelling to fill my open throat. Then he was gasping and jabbing it deep inside my mouth, and he gave this strangled little cry, and I felt his cum

spurt out of his cockhead into my mouth, and I tasted the bitter saltiness, and I swallowed when he told me to, because he told me to.

Then he was pulling out, telling me how good that was, what a good boy I had been, and how sleepy I was getting again. And it was true. I couldn't stop my eyes from closing.

Jason

He just sat there, staring into deep space. It was actually kind of a turn on just looking how much his bright blue eyes were glazed over. I mean, the guy looked like he was high on crack or something. I leaned over to him and waved my hand in front of his face. No reaction... I reached down to his pants and felt a large bulge throbbing in the gray dress pants he had on that day. This is so fucking cool. I knew that I had done it. The guy was totally hypnotized. God, what a fucking loser; he actually thought he could hypnotize me; Jason Thorne! Who the hell did this guy think he was?

I had an idea. I whispered into his ear that whenever he heard me say the words "Zone out," he would return to this deep hypnotic state that he was in and how much he would be a good boy if he did as I told him to. He looked at me and said with a low quiet voice, "Yes." I continued on saying that when he would awaken that he would only think that he had me hypnotized and that it would be best to bring Zeke and Zach back so they could have help studying and concentrating on their school work. The two were identical twins, and they had been by my side since the beginning of Junior High. They didn't know the only reason I've kept them around so long is because they were very cute and fun to watch in the shower after football practice. Plus I guess I like how devoted they are to me, following me around all the time. I can just imagine it now--having Mr. Hanson, Zeke, and Zach all under my control and ready to do my bidding.

Damn, I am good, but would you expect any less of me?

I had tutored both Zeke and Zach in the past, and they would be dumb enough to fall for it. My plan was slowly coming full circle, and little did any of them know what I had planned next.

Hanson

I opened my eyes, blinking. What ... had just happened? I looked around. There was Jason, sitting in his chair, eyes closed. I felt pretty sure I had hypnotized him, just as I had planned. But some other part of me seemed to remember it differently, as if maybe he had somehow hypnotized me and I had given him a blowjob. I could almost still taste his cock.

I shook my head to clear it. That had to be wrong--had to be. No, I must have hypnotized Jason. I mean, he was sitting right in front of me, same as before, right?

I had an idea. It seemed to perfectly obvious.

"Jason," I said, "go get Zeke and Zach. Bring them back in here, please."

Jason stood up and went to the door. He gave an ear-splitting whistle and called out, "Yo! Get in here!"

The twins followed him back inside like puppies. Not the brightest guys, but they didn't have to be--what I had in mind for them didn't require much brainpower, just obedience.

"Have a seat, guys," I said. They looked over at Jason, who gave them a curt nod, and then dropped into the chairs facing me. "Jason and I have been talking. We have an experiment we'd like you both to try. Don't worry--it's very easy, and it won't take long. I think you'll find it kind of fun."

Zeke and Zach were year-round sports stars--the kind who go from football to basketball to baseball. They looked like the sort of affable, not-too-bright jock who plays sports mostly because some coach once put a ball in their hands and told them to play. That's probably why they hooked up with Jason--he was probably good at telling them what to do.

From the way they carried themselves, I decided on an approach that works well with children. I picked up the string and dangled Jason's ring in the air in front of them. "See this?" I said. "You recognize Jason's ring, don't you? Well, I'm going to use it to show you something very special that you can learn, and with practice, you can get better and better. The first thing I would like you to do is to look right at Jason's ring. Just follow it with your eyes. Stare at it and concentrate all of your attention on some special part of it, and as you do, just let yourself get more and more relaxed. As you get more and more relaxed, your eyelids will get heavier and heavier. As your eyelids get heavier and heavier, your head will also get heavier and heavier. In a moment, your eyes will close, so tightly, and your head will slowly drop forward. That's right. Just let it happen. Eyes closing. Head already falling forward. That's right, Zeke. Head falling all the way forward now. Very good, Zach.

"Now we can now talk about some other pleasant things that can help you to become even more relaxed and comfortable. I would like you to imagine yourself on the playing field. This is the best game you've ever played. The sky is blue and clear, the clouds are just the way you like them, it's just as cool and as warm a day as you would like it; just let it be the kind of day you would want it to be.

"Today, at this game, you're wearing a very special pair of shoes. I would like you to sit down on that blanket by yourself or with a friend. You find out that this is a very special pair of shoes because you can run as fast as you want, jump as high or as far as you want, almost like you're able to fly. You can do anything you want the shoes to do. You are the star, and you are in control. You can run anywhere you want, and do anything you want to see. It is a wonderful feeling to run in your special shoes, enjoying the game, enjoying the day, and being in control.

"Just enjoy what you are doing on this beautiful day, as you run along, you might think for a moment--"

Jason's hand closed over mine, and he pulled the string and the ring from me. I looked up at him, questioningly. Wasn't he supposed to be hypnotized? What was he doing standing next to me?

Jason said, "Nice job, Eric. Now, zone out."

I blinked. I couldn't focus. Something was happening to me. I blinked again, feeling suddenly so sleepy. My eyes closed again, and I couldn't reopen them.

I opened my eyes, but I wasn't awake--I felt much too relaxed and peaceful to be awake, more like sleepwalking must feel. I opened my eyes, and I was kneeling. Kneeling in front of two crotches. Men standing in front of me. My hands reached up, and my eyes followed. Dark hair and chiseled features. Zeke to my left. Zach to my right. Both of them just standing there, eyes closed, slight dreaming smiles on their faces. My hands reaching for the buttons at the top of Zeke's shirt, then unfastening their way down, slowly letting Zeke's smooth, muscular chest come into view. My hands reached up again, and then Zach's chest was exposed as my hands opened his shirt.

"That's right," Jason was saying. "She's the most beautiful girl in the world, and she's hot for you, so hot, and she wants to give you a blow job, and I bet you want it too, right? Right. It's so easy to get your cock hard and ready for her, just waiting for her soft, warm lips to wrap around your dick and give you the sweetest blow job ever."

My hands knew what they were supposed to do. They opened Zach's belt and his black jeans, tugging them down a little, and then his blue-checked boxers, freeing his stiff seven inches. Slight turn, and my hands were doing the same thing to Zeke. Their bodies and cocks were identical twins in almost every way but one: Zeke's cock curved slightly to his left, while Zach's curved slightly to his right.

Hard cocks sticking out directly at me. My hand closed around Zach's. My mouth zeroed in on Zeke's sleek cock, sucking him in unison as I jacked Zach. After a couple of minutes, I swapped, jacking Zeke and blowing Zach. My own cock was hard as a brick in my pants, but I couldn't spare a hand to stroke it. I had to keep worshipping them, swapping back and forth on them with my mouth and my hand.

Jason's voice had dropped to a smooth whisper. "Yeah--it feels so good, doesn't it? I know you love this feeling, love feeling so good, love following my suggestions without hesitation, knowing it's going to make you feel good, just like you're feeling right now, knowing I'm responsible for helping you feel so damn good. It feels so great, so fucking great, the way she's blowing you. And I know you're feeling good, Zeke, so hot and nearly ready to shoot. You too, Zach--it feels so good you can't hold back much longer. And I know you're ready, so ready, ready to just take a deep breath, and relax just a little more deeply, and listen to my voice just a little more closely, and let that breath out slowly--that's right--and let yourself start to cum. Yeah! That's right. Just concentrate on what she's doing to you and on the sound of my voice, and let yourself start to cum. Cum now, Zeke. You too, Zach. Cum now. Cum hard."

And Zach's body bucks, and his cock accidentally pops out of my mouth and slaps against my cheek, and I feel something warm and wet hit my ear and neck and shoulder as he cums on me. And Zeke's dick, in my hand, throbs one last time, and his load squirts out and sprays my hand and arm.

Their bodies shudder and sigh and start to come down from their climaxes. Jason's hand strokes the side of my head, almost as gently as a lover's, and he says to me, "Great job, Hanson. Now zone out," and I'm sinking back into blackness.

Jason

What can I say? I know I'm good, but hell--you morons didn't think I was this good, did you? I told you I had a plan, and it's coming full circle. I've got three people deeply hypnotized, ready to do my bidding, but as always with me you have to keep it even. Three isn't a good number for me. I need another to even it out, but who?

I know exactly who, and he would be dumb enough to fall for it. Hell, no one is smarter than me. I'm Jason Thorne, king of this school. No one can stop me.

You are all probably wondering who is going to be my next victim. Well, let's see--he plays football with me, and he's as bright as a sack full of hammers.

Yeah, Barry McCormick, the center on the football squad, the one I told you I had played around with once; that dumb ass deserves this.

I leaned over to Hanson, who was still starting into space, lost in the sound of my voice. I whispered into

his ear that he would want to hypnotize Barry and help him concentrate on getting the snaps right to me. Barry had been having problems getting them to me lately, and it would be the perfect excuse to get Barry in here. He knew he was having problems so it would work perfectly.

Looking over at Zeke and Zach, who were still out of it, I barked out that the two of them were getting very hot and horny and would need to make out with each other. The two glanced at each other with deeply glazed eyes and began by groping each other's genitals. Both guys buckled and their eyes rolled back in their heads. Zeke was the first to begin the make out session by jumping on Zach and planting a major lip-lock on his twin brother. The duo squirmed on the one chair. Zach's legs wrapped around Zeke's and began moving up and down. Zeke had his hand up Zach's shirt, pinching Zach's pecs and giving his chest a good massage. Finally, after the two were breathing very heavily, I told the duo to freeze, and they stopped dead like statues. Damn, I'm good, but of course would you expect anything less from me?

Now to find a way to get Barry in here.

Hanson

I opened my eyes again. Why was it so hard to clear my head?

Jason said to me, "You're still in a deep state of hypnosis, aren't you." It wasn't a question.

"Yes," I replied, knowing somehow it was true.

"It's so easy to just act normally. Just act the way you usually do. Now, come on--you have something important to do for me."

He turned and walked through a door. I followed. Where were we? Some sort of locker room? The field house? Football equipment and uniforms strewn everywhere. Practice must have been over. A few players milling about. Jason greeted a couple of them and asked if they knew where someone was. What was the name? Barry. Yes. Something important about Barry.

"He's in there," one of them said, pointing.

"Thanks," Jason said, and I followed him in that direction.

Showers. Barry was in the showers. That blond guy Jason was heading toward must be Barry. Naked. Back to us. Oblivious.

Some other guy, younger, was showering on the opposite wall. Staring at us--probably wondering what two fully clothed guys were doing walking into the showers, especially since Jason had missed practice. Jason ordered him, "Hey, Thompson. Beat it, will ya. Now!"

"Uh, sure," the younger guy said nervously. He did a two-second rinse, shut off his shower, and scurried past us out of the showers.

"Yo--McCormick!" Jason called over the shower. "Get your thumb outta your ass."

The blond turned our way. "Thorne! Where ya been?" He continued rubbing soap under his right arm, nonchalant about his nudity. "Dude, Coach is so fucking pissed at you for blowing off practice again."

"Let me deal with Coach, McCormick. I got you some help."

"Huh?"

"Help. You know. You been snapping the ball all over the field. This guy's gonna help ya fix it." Jason jerked his thumb my way.

Barry seemed to notice me for the first time. He said, "Huh?" Okay--so we weren't dealing with a MENSA-class mind here. "How you going to do that?"

"Hypnosis, dipshit," Jason said. "This is Mr. Hanson. He's, like, the new psychology teacher and stuff."

First, I needed hand-to-hand contact. I offered my right hand. "Nice to meet you, Barry."

He took the bait--unconsciously, he extended his right hand and we shook. "Hypnosis?" he said. "Uh, nice to meet you too." Confused voice. He didn't handle multitasking well. I could use that.

I didn't let go of his hand. "Yes, hypnosis. Are you ready to be hypnotized?"

I held up the index finger of my free hand. Barry naturally looked at it.

"I'm going to hypnotize you in ... three"--giving our clasped hands a pump with each number and moving my finger steadily closer to the center of his forehead, noting how his eyes followed it--"two ... one"--and my finger touched his forehead.

"Deep sleep," I commanded, giving our clasped hands a tug toward me and down, using my other hand to tip his head forward and down. "Deeply asleep. Deeply hypnotized now."

Barry's naked, wet torso sagged against my shoulder. Head limp. Eyes closed. I was correct--he was a sucker for an instantaneous hypnosis method.

Jason

I couldn't believe it--Barry was as dumb as a bag of rocks. I never saw anyone go out like a light so fast like he did. He was just lying on Hanson's shoulder; eyes closed and limp as a rag. I overheard Hanson instructing Barry to go get dressed. Barry just looked up, eyes glazed over, and very erect walked over to his locker and got dressed. After he was dressed, he came over to Hanson and me, and stood like a Marine in attention. Hanson told him to follow us, and he did. As we walked out of the locker room, I happened to notice that Barry's bulge was growing larger and larger by the minute.

We finally got back to Hanson's room, and he stood there waiting on his next command. I walked over and grabbed the large bulge building inside of Barry's tight jeans. He moaned with pleasure as I looked over at Hanson who seemed to drift back into the deep state of relaxation. I told Hanson to go over and take off Barry's shirt and begin to suck on his nipples. Hanson walked over and began to do as I said. I locked the door so none of them could leave and walked down to the audio-visual room to borrow some cameras the school newspaper used. Those zombie-fied dill smacks had no clue what was coming next. They wouldn't know what hit them.

But then again, would you expect anything less from me than this? Hello? I am Jason Thorne, after all.

Hanson

The sound of the door closing--that snapped me out of it.

I remembered everything.

That little shit! Somehow, he must have known what I was doing--must have keyed in to the way my old teacher used to relax me, and that's how he managed to get me into that suggestible state! Well, fuck that little fuckhead!

No more Mr. Nice Guy.

Some blond guy standing beside me. What had Jason called him? Barry? Standing there, eyes closed. Blissful expression on his face. Big boner showing in the front of his pants.

Over there, the twins, Zeke and Zach. Right where he left them, naked, wound up happily in each other's arms.

Okay, think--think! Gotta take that little fuckwad down a notch or two.

No telling how deeply these three were. No telling how close they were to waking up. I guess Jason didn't realize subjects wake up if they don't keep getting reinforcement.

A deepening exercise for them. Take them deeper. Keep them under control. My control. Shut Jason out.

Good signs--they were responding to me, sinking deeper.

What's that sound? Someone outside, rattling the doorknob! I froze.

Jason's vice through the door. "Hey, Barry? Hanson? If you can hear me, open the door."

Okay, so the jock wasn't as smart as he thought he was. I guess he didn't realize locking the door locked him out, not us in.

Play along. Blank expression. I walked over and turned the knob.

"About time," he muttered, pushing past me, pulling the door shut again.

He had a camera around his neck. Nice one too. Borrowed from the school paper or the annual staff, no doubt. Why would he need a camera? Was this going to come down to a simple "blackmail photos" ploy? I guess he wasn't as bright as he thought.

I could use that.

He put the camera on the my desk, fumbling with some settings. His back to me. Probably didn't realize I was awake.

Clueless kid. Dangerous, but clueless. I had three inches on him in height, maybe twenty points of muscle too. He was a football jock, but I wrestled all through high school an college. Yeah, I can take

him.

He's busy puzzling out something with the camera--don't strain your brain, bright boy--and doesn't see me move. Standing close behind him. Right arm--bam!--around his neck; left arm--bam!--coming around to clamp it down. His head locked in the fold of my arm, squeezing my bicep against his neck from one side, my forearm from the other side. Pull him back and down hard so he can't get loose. Sleeper hold. Nighty-night.

That's it, pretty boy--struggle all you want. "Relax," I murmur into his ear, and, "Sleep." He thrashes but can't break my grip. Ten seconds in, he starts going limp. "That's right," I say again. "Just sleep." But I don't let go until all the fight is out of him.

So Jason starts to come to. The look on his face is priceless. He's naked. The moment he realizes that, his eyes get wide and his cock starts to harden involuntarily. There's nothing he can do about it, and he realizes that a second later when he finds his arms are tied behind the chair, and his legs are tied to the chair legs. Yeah, all that discarded clothing came in handy for something. His muscles are straining but the bonds hold. His cock is fully hard, and the indignity only makes him madder.

I'm grinning. If looks could kill, his eyes would be tearing me a new asshole. But there's nothing he can say about it either--well, nothing except, "Mmmmph, urrrmph, mmmrrrrmmmph"--because he's got one of the twins' boxer shorts wedged in his mouth.

Okay. He can't move. He can't talk. Sounds like an ideal situation to me. Now we just have to make some progress.

I pulled up a chair in front of him. This time he can't pull any shit on me. This time, I was going to keep at it until I get it right, even if it took all damn night.

I picked up the string, his ring still suspended from the end, and I let it sway gently in the air between us. "Relax, Jason," I cooed confidently, letting my voice tell him what we both knew. "Keep your eye on your ring. Just watch the ring. Struggle more if you want to--it's all right. It just helps you relax more when you tire yourself out. That's it. Watch the ring."

Jason

Huh? What the fuck is going on? I am naked, tied to a chair ...

Dammit, this is not cool at all.

Oh, shit--Hanson is in front of me with a nasty grin on his face. He must have come out of his trance, but how? I don't understand. He must have snuck up on me, but what about the others? What did he do with them? He must have done something with them.

Man, that guy has a strong grip--I have never felt anything like that ever in my entire life. He must be pretty strong because I have never been taken out like this, ever. Hell; even Larry Larson, the linebacker from Tech Prep, was not that strong.

Whoa--I feel dizzy. Shit, the fucker has my ring again. I have to get it back and not let him use it on me. I have to break loose. I can't let this happen to me. Can you imagine what he has planned for me? I know he wants my body and all but, damn, doesn't everyone?

Wow, he's right--that is a really pretty light reflecting off the ring. It's making me feel really sleepy. No, wait--this is all wrong--I can't let this happen to me. I have to fight it, but the light is making me feel really tired. I can't let this fuck-nut get to me, especially if he wants to get me back for what I did to him.

But my eyelids ... so heavy. Just want to sleep right now. Can't help it. That light ... so relaxing ...

Hanson

So ... I could tell you that everyone saw the change in Jason immediately. I could tell you that, thanks to my guidance, he shaped up and never got in trouble again. Or I could tell you we all lived happily ever after. None of that would be true, but I could say it.

What I will say is this: once Jason and I worked past a few trust barriers, he proved to be a very good subject.

Everything that happened next didn't happen at the school. Much too public. Too much risk. And I needed that job.

Let's just say that, later that night, they all felt compelled to come by my house, and they didn't seem to wonder about how they knew my address.

The twins, Zeke and Zach, got there first. They were so eager for it, they practically put themselves back into trances while waiting for me to open the door. Now, there were two minds just made for hypnosis. I parked them on the couch. Getting them back into a relaxed, cooperative state was easy, and they were showing major woodies in their pants almost from the moment I started leading them down.

Another soft knock on my door. I told the twins to take a little nap. The knocker was Barry. Looking a little confused as I ushered him inside--maybe he wasn't really sure why he was there. His eyes really widened when he saw the twins slouched on the couch, seemingly deep in sleep. Hell, there was no way he could miss the hard-ons making tents in the crotches of their pants.

And before I had to do anything, there was another knock. That would be Jason, I thought, and it was. "Heeeey there, Mr. Hanson," he drawled with a grin as he came bopping into the room, full of confidence and energy, as if showing up at a teacher's house after hours was something he did all the time. Well, maybe that was how he kept getting good grades.

He and Barry seemed surprised to see each other. For the first time the question of what he was doing there seemed to enter Jason's mind. And then he saw the Zeke and Zach, and his jaw half-dropped before he remembered he was supposed to be so cool.

"Jason," I said forcefully, "hand me your ring, please."

"My ...?" He seemed to have forgotten that he was still wearing that ring. But his hand found it--"Uhm, sure, Mr. Hanson"--and he pulled it off and handed it to me.

I took it from him and held it up into the light, turning it, letting the stone catch the light. His eyes latched onto it. Barry's too. Yeah, their subconscious minds recognized it and responded. "That's right, boys," I said, and the inevitable began to happen.

The twins were easy. When I told them to get naked, they had their clothes off practically as soon as I

got the order out of my mouth. They were already so hot, so hard, that all I had to do was make them point their hard-ons at each other and let them go at it. They obeyed with gusto.

Jason and Barry took a little longer. They both were resisting a little. I love a challenge. "Yeah," I coaxed them, "it feels so good to relax again, doesn't it? Just like this afternoon. So relaxed. Returning to that deep, relaxed state of hypnosis." Barry's eyelids were starting to sag and flicker. Jason's too. I kept on: "I know it feels good to relax, and I know you really enjoy that feeling, following my suggestions, knowing it's going to make you feel so relaxed and peaceful, just like you're feeling right now. Yeah, that's it."

In the end, neither of them put up that much resistance. Remember how I said that one of my teachers back when I was in high school taught something to help me break out of being an out-of-control kid? Well, the lesson he taught me was this: psycho-sexual control tactics are easy, especially on horny eighteen-year-olds, and hypnosis is a good tool. Get them into a suggestible state. Take control of their sexual release. Let them know you're responsible for helping them feel so damn good. Pretty soon, they'll do whatever you want just to feel that feeling again, even without being in a trance. Taking control of this bunch was easy.

I'm still in control of them today. I'd like to say that, from that day on, Jason was a different person. I'd like to say he never had any more trouble in school. But that wouldn't be the way it happened. He was still a cut-up and a clown. He was respectful in my class, mostly because he really did become devoted to me--make an eighteen-year-old cum a few times and he'll think you're Jesus--but that never really transferred to his other classes. His grades improved, but that was mostly because a little hypnosis to help his focusing made him want to get his homework done. It was an uphill battle, since he was pretty resistant to the idea of homework and studying in general, and we had to keep working on it. Still, the more I got to know him, the more I saw there was a genuinely nice kid underneath that macho bluster crap.

At school, outside of my class, Jason is definitely in charge. He sweeps through the school--with Barry, Zeke, and Zach trailing him like devoted cronies--and no one stands in his way. But when they come over to my place after school, after practice, after their games, all that control becomes mine, and my word is law. Their parents don't mind; they think I'm a good influence. I'm an "influence," all right--if they only knew! Still, I think he really has come to like me--they all have--but I think my friendship with Jason might just turn into something special.

Like I said, I could tell you a bunch of "happily ever after" bullshit. Truth is, it's still too soon to tell. But we're working on it.
