

What We Did That Summer

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

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A Note to the Reader

If you read many stories on the 'Net, you know they get pretty outlandish. Not this one--this one is a true story. I was there, so I should know. This really happened.

I probably shouldn't be writing this all down where anybody could read it, but it's important to me to get it down. This is kind of my way of working out what happened, keeping it all straight in my head.

How We Met

You can call me Clark. That's not my name, but it'll do. It's Superman's name, in the comic books when he's in his everyday disguise, which makes it kind of a cool name, I think. Makes you kind of wonder which one is the real him: Superman or Clark? As for my real name, even though this is a true story I guess I shouldn't give out too much information, right? I'm a student at a large southern university. I won't tell you which one, but it's in a little town out in practically the middle of nowhere. It's known for its agriculture and engineering programs. If you know anything about southern colleges, you can probably figure out which one just from those facts alone.

I'm not in the agriculture or engineering programs, though. I'm in the business school. I was a sophomore when all this started, and I'm a senior now, with graduation just a few weeks away. That summer, though, I decided to stick around campus and take a couple of classes.

There's not much to this town except the university. It's a major one, so there's plenty to do on campus during the regular school year, but there's zip happening during breaks and over the summer. I didn't have a car to go to the nearest city, which was a good distance away, so I was pretty much stuck. All of my friends had gone home for the summer, to visit their families and work their summer mall jobs. Like I said, this place really empties out when the Spring term ends, so I didn't have much to distract me from studying.

What I did have was the gym, and I had it pretty much to myself too. Sometimes there were one or two other people there on the machines or free weights, but usually there was just me. I kind of liked being able to work out at my own pace and not having to wait for a machine to get free.

I'm pretty serious about working out, and have been for years. I'm a jock and I play on the team there at college during the school year. I'm a good-looking guy, and I've worked to give my body shape, definition, and symmetry without overdoing it into one of those overblown gym-bunny bods that're all pectorals and nothing else. I mean, there's more to looking good than just pecs, and there's more to a gym than just the bench press.

I had to change around my schedule one day, which meant I went to the gym early. That's how I met "Joe." That's not his real name either, but I figured I'd better change the names to protect people, just in case. Joe, if you're reading this, I'm looking out for you. For both of us.

He was already there when I walked in. He was pretty focused on his lat routine, with his back mostly to me, so I think I saw him before he noticed me. I had a chance to get a good look at him as I went through my stretches and warm-up routine, and my first impression was, *Wow!* I'd never seen him before, had no clue who he was. All I knew was that everything about him said sultry.

Let me stop and tell you a little about Joe first. He was a little older than me; I think he was twenty-four. You could tell he'd been working out a while too, because he had a fine build. He was a very good-looking guy and, like I said, sultry. I was basically straight and had never really thought about sex with guys before, but looking at him I could definitely understand the attraction. Some sort of European ancestry--Greek or Italian, maybe, or probably some mix. Joe had dark, dark hair and dark brown eyes. He had a deep, rich tan too--the kind you get from being outdoors, instead of the tanning booth kind. He had this way, even just sitting there doing his pull-downs, of commanding attention, of drawing your attention into him. And those eyes of his, like when he glanced over and caught me looking, had this way of sucking you in and demanding even more attention.

Well, I sure looked away in a hurry when he caught me, and I hit the stationary bikes for some cardio warm-up. We moved around the weight machines, each of us doing our own routines--he seemed to be focusing on his upper body that day--but each of us was constantly aware of the other, I think. I know I sure was aware of him.

He liked what he saw when he looked at me too, I think. I'm taller by a couple of inches. We were about equal in muscle mass but my body wore mine sleeker, not as bulky as his. I had a tan going, but not as dark as his, and my hair is a lighter brown too. My eyes are pale blue, a totally different color than his.

Anyway, I ended up on the bench press, flat on my back and heaving the bar up and down. I was doing a little more than my usual weight because I wanted to push myself that day. The bar wavered a little on my last rep in this set, and suddenly there was an extra hand on the bar, helping steady it as I forced through the rep. I looked up to see the crotch of this pair of chocolate-brown shorts near my face, and beyond that, a white tee-shirt, and further still, Joe's face, looking down at me.

"Shouldn't do so much weight without a spotter," he said as I sat up.

"Yeah, thanks." I said, panting and flexing the burn out of my arms and chest.

"Mind?" he asked, but didn't wait for my answer. He took my place on the bench and pumped out a quick set. Then it was my turn again.

We chatted some. I found out he was a grad student in psychology, less than a year from graduating. He was sticking around this summer to get some research done for his dissertation, which he was in the process of writing. It surprised me that he was a grad student, because he didn't look like the scholar or teacher-geek type. He told me his topic, but it had "Freud" and "accelerated visualization" in the title, and the rest were just buzzwords that didn't mean a damn thing to me.

Anyway, that's how we met. We went through some inclined bench sets, and then he was finished. I stuck around to finish my workout. As he was heading back to the locker room, though, he pressed a finger into the center of my chest and looked me right in the eye, and said, "Tomorrow. One hour earlier." Then he was gone.

How It All Started

So the next day, I was there an hour earlier. Maybe it was because he told me to be; maybe it was because I wanted to. Who knows? I don't really care--that's not what this is about, and it's not why I'm writing this all down. But I guess his cockiness and confidence did catch my interest.

Joe was already there when I got there. When I was in the locker room changing into my workout clothes, I thought maybe I had beaten him to the gym, but there he was in the weight room, going through some stretches, when I got in there.

I did my stretches too, and then we hit the weights. I've never been one much for small talk when I'm working out, and I guess Joe was the same way. We didn't talk much except to ask each other how much weight to put on and a few encouragements. Joe did talk some, mostly counting off the reps and telling me to breathe, shit like that. His voice was kind of low and smooth, like dark honey. "Breathe ..." he would say, setting the rhythm of my motions, "Let the bar rise ... Focus on your breathing. Down, in ... Let it rise, out ... Down, in ... Rise, out." A slow, steady pace. Going that slow made my muscle strain, but it felt good. Somehow following what Joe told me to do felt good too. Pretty soon, whatever machine or weights we were using, it started to seem automatic. All I had to do was stay focused on my breathing and his voice, and my body responded instinctively.

We did talk some in the locker room, when we were changing, and in the showers. I found out he had just broken up with this Chris chick he had been living with. He was still in love, I think, but it just wasn't working out. He didn't say much more about that, other than to imply they'd played some heavy head games and he left because the relationship hadn't been very healthy.

But we never talked about any of that when we were working out, or when we went jogging together. Jogging was the part I liked most. This was summer in the south. Usually we went jogging before the day got too hot--the temperatures push up toward the danger zone sometimes. Earlier in the day though, with all the sunshine and maybe a little breeze, jogging was great. We'd drink lots of water to keep us hydrated, whip off our shirts to catch some rays while we ran, then hit the back roads behind the university. Like I said, this is a big agricultural university out practically in the middle of rural nowhere, and the long roads alongside some of those fields where they grow crops for seed and agricultural

research were straight and flat and traffic-free. We almost never saw anybody except sometimes some guy on a tractor in the middle of some field.

Joe liked to count the pace while we ran. "One, two--one, two--right, left--one, two--one, two--follow--the numbers--one, two--relaxing--tension fading--focus on--the numbers--one, two." Like I said, he had this really commanding presence about him, and I'd get caught up in counting the pace too. One, two. Over and over. So predictable, and so easy to focus on. The heat, the monotonous rhythm, the long open spaces of unchanging scenery, Joe's silk-smooth voice--they'd start to lull me pretty quick. If he wanted to talk to himself as we ran, that was fine by me. I knew he was saying a bunch of things, but all I had to do was keep counting off the pace and everything would take care of itself. No worries, no pressures. It was the one time of the day that I could relax, let go, and let everything slip away for a while.

We both did distance, so we were both used to long runs. Joe maybe was used to running a little further than me, but I kept up, no problem.

We kept it up, meeting to work out and run nearly every day of the week except Sunday. I was really starting to like Joe. Our workouts and runs were the high point of my day. At twenty-four, he was a four years older than me, and at the time he seemed a lot more worldly and sophisticated; he had a lot more experience with the world, while I was just a naive suburban kid by comparison. Still, I think he really liked me too.

How It All Happened

At some point, after we'd been workout partners for maybe a month, I started to notice I was losing time. We'd finish stretching out and warming up, and we'd hit the bench press, always with me lifting first and him spotting. "Look me right here," Joe would say, tapping the bridge of his nose as I positioned my grip, and our eyes would lock. I'd feel myself getting lost in his bottomless brown stare, and he'd say, "Relax. Focus on your breathing ... In ...," and the bar would descend, "... and out ...," and the bar would rise. I'd get so into my breathing that everything seemed like a dream and the bar would just move itself. Even when it was his turn and I spotted, he kept telling me to focus--on his eyes, on my breathing--and I followed along because it made me feel so good.

That dreamlike, fuzzy-headed feeling would stay with me a while. When we'd finished on the weights, after we'd stretched a little more and hit the back roads for our run, Joe would say, "Count the pace down with me. 100, 99, 98--"

And my voice would pick up the count, "97, 96, 95 ...," and pretty soon I'd be lost in the pleasant haze of running, not thinking about anything or even really aware of what was happening or what Joe was saying, just running.

The next thing I'd know, we'd be at the end of our run, coming up on the gym. I always felt really good, like I could run a few more miles, no problem. I never really thought about the time I lost--it was just something that happened sometimes during a really good run.

I wasn't even aware of it happening over those weeks until, one day, it didn't happen.

Joe was late. I was already in the gym, changed, and nearly through with my stretching routine when he finally showed up. He was pretty upset--but even though I asked, he wouldn't talk about why.

He looked plain miserable. Something had him all worked up inside, and his heart wasn't in working out.

He didn't tell me to focus. He didn't tell me to breathe. Nothing. Nada. We went through our weight routine quickly but it was all just perfunctory. I stayed clear-headed and alert the whole time, which made me kind of aware how ... different our other workouts had gotten. This time it was like we were just going through the motions.

We stretched again and hit the roads for our run. We hadn't gone far, less than half a mile, when Joe stopped.

I circled back to where he was standing, hands on his hips. "What's wrong, Joe?"

"Listen, there's something I have to tell you. You know I just broke up with Chris a few months ago? Right before I transferred here?"

"Yeah? What about her?"

"That's just it--Chris isn't a 'she.' Chris is a 'he.'"

"Oh." That brought me up short. I felt like I should be freaking out because Joe had just told me he was a fag, but somewhere deep inside I think I already knew that. Somewhere deep inside, I heard Joe's voice telling me to breathe, let go, let it go. And I did. I felt calmer. "That's cool."

He told me about Chris being into control issues. Chris had this background in psychology, and they got into some real mind games, almost like brainwashing, Joe said. And it got really heavy, and Joe felt he had to get out but couldn't for the longest time because the mind games they played sapped his will. He finally got out, transferred to this school, and was making a fresh start. Now he had heard Chris was coming to see him, and Joe was afraid if he saw Chris again he would go right back to where he had been before and this time he would never be able to get out.

"I'm serious, Clark. I still feel something for him, in spite of the games and that shit he put me through--practically slavery. I'm afraid if I see him again, I might slip right back to where I was before and I won't have a life of my own anymore."

"Joe, it's a free country. No one can make you do anything you don't want. I'm your friend and I'll be there for you. Whatever it takes--you just say the word."

He grinned. "Thanks, guy. Means a lot. Listen, I'm no good as running partner today, and I got some things to take care of. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?"

"Sure," I said, and he grinned at me and waved. He turned around and I stood there and watched him jog back toward the gym.

The next day Joe was back to his usual self. In fact, he was even in a better mood than usual. He came bounding into the weight room right after I started my stretches, and he was grinning and obviously over his funk. He flopped down next to me on the mats and started stretching too.

"Hey!" I protested when he nudged me with his elbow. "Keep your hands to yourself!"

"You wish!" he said and jumped at me, and we wrestled around on the mat, laughing like kids. He was maybe better at it than I was, but I got wedged up in the corner where the floor met the wall, and he couldn't get me pinned. I got a little hard when we were wrestling around like that. No big deal--happens

to a lot of guys, right? But I didn't want him to see it.

He pulled back a little, but not much. His physical proximity was making me nervous. He looked me square in the eye with a grin. I looked deep into his intense, sultry brown eyes. "Relax," he said. "Focus on your breathing." I did, and I felt all the tension from Joe being so close drain away from me. I felt it turn into something else. I took a deep breath, held it a second, then sighed it out, the whole time getting myself lost further into his bottomless eyes. His hand touched my chest--just his fingertips--then trailed down to my shorts. He found the wood pushing at the fabric, and he gave it a slow, gentle squeeze. This electric fire ran through my body, burning along every nerve. His fingers lingered, overloading my body with pure rapture, then released. I was gasping, overwhelmed, but unable to break our stare and maybe even unwilling to really try. I wanted nothing more than to feel that rush again, and I did, as his fingers squeezed my hard cock a second time through my shorts. All I knew for those few seconds was a blaze of pleasure that burned away my will and lulled me into passivity. When his fingers eased off, my body was limp, too heavy to move. This feeling was addictive, and I sure did want more.

A third he squeezed, and I lost myself totally into it. His fingers climbed to the waistband of my shorts and the tips curled under the elastic band, easing it away from my body. I craved this with a blind need, inescapable as instinct.

A voice in the hallway outside the door. Joe jerked back, jumped to his feet, got busy putting weights on the bench press bar. Some guy stuck his head in the door and asked if we'd seen somebody. Joe said no, and the guy went away. The mood should have been broken, but I still felt groggy, like my thoughts were being muffled by cotton padding. I climbed to my feet like a sleepwalker. Joe patted the bench press and told me to get ready to lift.

I stretched out on the bench and found my grip. "Look me right in the eyes," Joe would say, pointing at the bridge of his nose. I did, and he looked right back at me, like he was daring me to look away. "That's it," he said, grinning. "Now clear your head and focus on your breathing. Relax and focus on your breathing. In ...," and I lifted the bar and let it sink toward my chest, "... and out ...," and the bar rose back up. "Yeah, that's the way. In ... and out ... Good. Again. In ... and out ..." I never broke our stare, even though my eyes were tiring and I felt myself getting lost a little. "I've got," he said, "something special--in--planned for us today--and out. I think--in--you'll enjoy it--and out. But for now--in--just relax--and out--and focus on--in--your breathing--and out. That's perfect."

I was feeling groggy, kind of muzzy-headed by the end of my set. We swapped and he cranked out his set, still calling the rhythm of our breathing like a chant, and I followed along.

I got down for my second set, and he was telling me to focus on his eyes, on my breathing. I continued staring into his brown eyes. "I bet--in--you're starting to feel--and out--a little tired right now--in--right? And out. Yeah. In. Starting to feel a little tiredness--and out--around your eyes. In. Don't worry--and out--about that. In. I know--and out--you like--in--to be in charge--and out--but I know--in--how good it feels--and out--sometimes to just relax--in--and follow along--and out--to give up control. In. Yeah, I can see--and out--you're starting--in--to feel very tired--and out--around your eyes. In. It feels good--and out--to just be told--in--what to do. In. Very freeing. And out. I know--in--how deeply relaxing--that feels--and out."

My arms and the weights felt both heavy and light at the same time. My eyes were blinking a lot, and I was very aware of that tired feeling at the corners, how tired they felt from meeting Joe's stare.

"That's it," he said. "In. You're very aware--and out--of that tired feeling--in--around your eyes. And out. I know--in--you're starting--and out--to feel it spread--in--like a very--and out--pleasant warmth. In.

Feeling it spread--and out--across your face--in--and head--and out--down your neck. In. Feeling it spread--and out--into your chest--in--and into your arms--and out. Yeah, I know--in--it feels so good--and out--so relaxing. In. I know--and out--you feel it spread--in--down your stomach--and out--past your hips--in--into your legs--and out. Yeah, it feels--in--so very good--and out--doesn't it. In. Yes. And out. Just focusing--in--on my voice. And out. Looking deeply--in--into my eyes. And out. So tired. In. Such pleasant warmth. And out. So relaxed. In. The warmth--and out--has spread through--in--your whole body--and out--hasn't it? In. Your eyes--and out--feel so heavy. In. They could close--and out--at any time now." Joe eased the weight bar back into the cradle. "Breathe in--stay focused--and out--on your breathing. In. Yeah, so tired. And out. Your eyes--in--could close at any time. And out. Yeah. In. Let your tired eyes do close--and out--just for a moment--in--and let yourself--and out--go into a deep sleep. In. That's it. And out. Eyes so tired. In. Closing. And out. Closing. In. Close them. And out. Sleep."

I blinked and opened my eyes. We were out back behind the gym, where we usually started our runs. My body felt the burn, like I'd just finished an intense workout.

"Ready?" Joe asked.

I said, "Huh?" I was feeling pretty confused. What had happened? How had we gotten back there. That sort of question.

"For our run," Joe said patiently. "Are you ready?"

"Uh, yeah," I said, and he started off down the route we usually took, and I had to sprint to catch up.

When I came up alongside him, Joe said, "Count the pace down with me. 100, 99, 98--"

And I took up the countdown, "97, 96, 95 ...," and pretty soon I was lost in rhythm of running, not thinking about anything except the pace and not even paying much attention to what Joe was saying.

The next thing I know, we're at the gym again, at the end of our run, and we're walking it off and cooling down. Joe slaps me on the back and bounds up the stairs, and I chase him into the locker room.

He pulled off his sweat-soaked shirt and pawed at his locker. I got mine open. "Listen, Joe," I began as I peeled off my shoes and socks. "Uh, what just happened?"

He was tossing his own trainers into his locker. "Happened? What do you mean?"

I pulled out my towel. "You know," I said, as I stashed my tee-shirt, shoes, and socks in my locker. "All that stuff about breathing and counting."

"Oh, that." He turned his back to me, and dropped his shorts. His jockstrap too. "That was just a relaxation exercise. To help with your workout." He picked up his towel. "Don't worry about it," he said and disappeared around the corner into the showers.

Naked too, I grabbed my towel and followed him in, taking the head two down from him. "Wanna explain that?" I asked as I doused myself head to toe under warm water.

He was grinning right at me. "Hey, you're the one who got an erection when we were wrestling around earlier. Wanna explain *that*?"

I blushed all over. "I--uh--it happens sometimes--"

He was teasing me. "Yeah, yeah, but you're straight. Doesn't mean anything. I know the drill. But you know I like guys, so I was just giving you shit."

"Fuck you," I said, flinging a handful of water at him.

"Maybe. I *am* kind horny."

We both laughed.

Joe's tone turned serious. "Actually, Clark, I *am* kind of horny." He turned his butt to be and bent forward. "You wanna? It's yours if you wanna."

Damn! I felt myself blush again. "Dude! Here? No way. Someone could walk in."

He laughed. "Does that mean you're considering it? That doesn't sound very straight to me."

"Fuck you," I said, trying to laugh it off. I turned away, into the spray, so he wouldn't see I was getting a little wood.

"Clark, there's nothing wrong with getting off." He was looking at me with those bottomless brown eyes. Staring right at me. Into me. "Look me in the eye, Clark," he said. "Look at me."

I did. He came over under my shower, standing right in front of me, hitting me with the warm, brown blast of his gaze. "There's nothing wrong," he said softly, "with getting off. It doesn't mean a thing."

His sudsy hand squeeEEEEEEzed my rod, gently, slowly. That electricity I felt earlier, when we were scuffling on the floor of the weight room during out stretched, I felt that again. Felt it flash through my cock and all over my body, into my head. I groaned and closed my eyes.

"Like that?" he said, giving my stiffening dick another squeeze and sending another blast glowing through my nerves. "Open your eyes, Clark. Look me in the eye." I did, and our eyes locked. "*Shhhhh*," he whispered. "Just go with it. Relax. Focus." Another squeeze. It felt like the ecstasy was burning away at my resistance, my will. "We're pals. Just two friends helping each other feel good." Another squeeze, hitting me harder now. "Nothing wrong with getting off. It doesn't mean a thing."

I was like a passenger in my own body. Watching myself do things from a distance. Unable to stop myself. Like my body had a mind and desires of its own.

Joe leaned his torso against the tile wall, letting the water cascade down his back, across his butt. I watched him spread a cheek with one hand. With his other hand, he took my wrist and guided my fingers into the water running down into his crack.

I felt detached. I felt his asshole gripping my finger like a little mouth as I eased it in and out of him, following his orders. It felt so different from a woman. Tighter. More ... intimate, somehow. I was wondering how it would feel to fuck it, if that would feel different from fucking a chick too. Two fingers. His ass needed me inside it. My cock was hard. I needed to get off. Three fingers. His ass needed me, wanted me bad. Joe wanted me. And I wanted to be inside him.

He reached back and wrapped silky-warm fingers around my cock, drawing me closer. He leaned his shoulder on the wall, legs apart, used his hands to stretch his ass-cheeks further apart. I guide the head of my cock to his hole, and the contact feels like touching it to live battery terminals. He eases back. I ease forward, one hand on his back, the other steadying my rod, following his instructions. His ass seems to pull my cock inside like gravity. Slower, more and more of me disappearing into him. After a moment he starts to rock, and I follow his instructions and his motions.

I'm not thinking anything. I'm not feeling anything except my cock up inside this beautiful man, the hot, sweet grip of him around my shaft. I smell the soap he used, taste the chlorine in the water splashing at my face, hear his breath, coming faster between the groans while he rocks faster and faster and I arch my back and push into him. He's jerking himself off, frantically. He starts to whimper like a child, until he snaps his head, his whole upper body, back and pushes his own hips forward and shoots his cum into the air and against the tiled shower wall in front of him, thick white spurts that I hear hit the tile over the sound of the water spraying down on us.

Then I pull out of him, and I pull at my cock until I cum, the hot fluid splashing across his back and butt, mixing with the water that will carry it away. And I let out an animal lament of my own and shudder so hard it's almost a spasm, and this seems to surprise him, and he puts his hand over my heart as he bends around and kisses me quickly on the lips.

I don't know what he said, but suddenly I'm blinking water out of my eyes, looking around, wondering *what* the fuck just happened.

"Like that?" Joe said, back under his shower head.

"I--I--" I was speechless.

"Think of it as the power of suggestion. Remember my ex Chris? We used to play so pretty heavy games with it. Our games were a lot more hardcore, though. That was just light play."

I rinsed myself thoroughly. Somehow, I felt dirty all over--inside too.

"Hey," he said. I ignored him. "Hey, you mad at me? Clark?" I looked at him. He did a little head motion that meant, *Well?*

I chose my words carefully. "Joe, I'm not sure what I'm feeling, but yeah, I think I'm pretty pissed right now."

"Okay," he said, kind of little sad. "I understand. I took the risk. If you don't want to work out together any more, I guess I understand." He turned off the water to his shower. "I'll be here tomorrow at the usual time if you want to." He grabbed his towel and headed back to the changing area.

Me, I stayed there and scrubbed at the dirty feeling all over me for a very long time.

How We Dealt with It

Did I meet him the next day? I guess since you already read the introduction, you can guess that things didn't end here.

See, I thought all night about what happened. I turned it over and over. I liked Joe, but I didn't like what

he did in the showers. All the stuff that led up to it? I guess he must have been into it somehow, or he wouldn't have done it. I guess he was also into me somehow, or else he'd never have wanted to have sex with me, which I guess I was supposed to find kinda flattering, because he knew I was straight.

So when I showed up at the gym the next day, just five minutes late, Joe's face lit up.

"Hey," he said, "I wasn't sure you'd be here." He had been on the mat, doing his stretches. Now he stood up to face me.

"Rule number one," I said, "no sex. No offense, but I'm not gay."

He said, "Okay. And rule number two?"

I said, "Huh?"

"If there's a rule number one, that implies there's a rule number two."

"Rule number two, no head games."

He said, "Okay. No head games. What else?"

"That's it. Just workout partners. Okay?"

"If that's the way you want it, Clark." He looked me right in the eye, and I looked right back. We were each trying to show the other we meant business. His voice was softer now. He whispered a special word into my ear, and I felt the world fall away. He murmured, "Are you sure that's the way you want it?"

I couldn't look away from his eyes. His fingers teased the front of my gym shorts, the growing swell in the front of them. I couldn't stop myself from getting hard. His hand on me felt good, and I wanted to get hard.

"Are you sure that's the way you want it, Clark?" He squeezed my cock through my shorts, and I felt that familiar bolt crackle through me, leaving me gasping and blinking from the pleasure of it. He squeezed again. "Are you sure that's what you want?" He eased the front of my shorts and jock down, freeing my hard-on. "Because I don't think it is, Clark. I think you want more. I think you want a *lot* more." He wrapped his hand around me and pumped it gently, each clasp sending a jolt through me until my body and my world erupted. "I think you want *this*."

Later, sitting against the wall, after a workout that had my whole body feeling spent, he asked me again, "Are you sure that's the way you want it?"

I hadn't cum yet, but it sure felt like I had, over and over. I was gasping from the pleasure that had been flooding me. And we still had our run to go! I was gasping but I knew the answer. I shook my head, *no*, because my rules weren't the way I wanted it anymore. Not at all.

How It Ended

I wasn't sure about the sex at first. Mostly, Joe did things that gave me pleasure but didn't involve actual intercourse. I think that was out of respect for me being straight. I didn't mind when he'd jack me off

because that wasn't really sex. We did have real sex several times--orally and anally, though he never tried to fuck me--but mostly he gave me the pleasure. I got off on what my body felt; he got off on being able to make me feel good. Over the course of the next month, he taught me a lot about my body and my desires and what felt good.

We did talk some. He told me about some of the hardcore games he'd played with his ex Chris, and Joe was nearly a slave in their relationship, and it made the games we played *pale* in comparison. Remember he heard Chris was coming to find him, and Joe was worried he would see Chris again and fall right back into those games with him? Well, that visit he'd been afraid of never materialized. For the next month, he didn't hear anything about Chris and he was thinking he was out of the woods.

Then, one day right at the end of summer term, Joe didn't show up. Nor did he come to the gym the day after that. Now, we didn't socialize outside of our workouts and the time we spent together after them in the locker room and stuff like that, but I figured he would at least call or send word somehow.

So when he didn't appear for a third day in a row, I figured he was sick or something. I knew where he lived--I'd been to his apartment once or twice, even though we didn't socialize much outside of the gym, like I said--I guess outside of our workouts, our lives were just too different.

So I went by his place to see if he was okay. He lived right off campus, in one of those tiny studio apartments like a lot of graduate students live in. Nothing fancy, but at least it wasn't a dorm, right?

So there I am, gym bag in hand, knocking on his door. No answer, but I thought I heard movement. So I called out, "Joe? You in there? It's me--Clark." No answer, so I knocked again. "Joe? Hello?"

His voice from inside. "It's ... open."

I turned the knob and pushed it open. Like I said, Joe lived in a small one-room studio apartment. The bed was there to the right of the door. That's where Joe was, kneeling on the mattress. Naked.

"Uh," I said, "did I catch ya at a bad time?"

His expression was somehow quiet, not like himself. He was smiling a little vacant smile, staring me right in the eye. Out of habit I found myself meeting his stare and maybe falling into his eyes a little.

Joe said, "Clark, I'd like you to meet Chris."

A hand on my shoulder turned me to the left, and I find myself looking at another man. He's big, muscular. If I thought Joe had a presence, this guy was somehow like a beacon. I could practically feel his deep eyes drawing me in, sucking at me.

He said, "Hello, Clark. Joe tells me he's trained you well. We've been waiting for you. You must be tired after your workout." Then he said my special word, and I'm feeling very tired, very relaxed. "Yes, so tired." He said my special word again, and "So sleepy," and that's about the last thing I remember.

I was asleep for a long time. A really long time. Maybe days. I was asleep and I loved being asleep and I didn't want to wake up, ever. From time to time, though, I opened my eyes. This voice in the back of my head would say, Count *yourself down*, 100, 99, 98 ..., and my thoughts would pick up the count, 97, 96, 95 ..., and I'd feel myself slipping back, eyes closing, into the friendly hollowness of sleep.

Joe's voice interrupted my countdown once. "Clark, stay with me. Stop counting, Clark. Wake up. Stay with me, Clark."

I opened my eyes again.

"Look at me, Clark. Look at me. You can fight it, Clark. You don't have to sleep. You can stay awake if you want to."

I turned my head. I wanted nothing more than to close my eyes and return to that sleeplike state, but Joe's voice drew my attention. "Joe?" I said, and, "Whazzup?"

He said, "Clark, listen to me and listen carefully. We have to get out of here. While Chris is gone. Do you understand?"

We were in Joe's apartment. I was kneeling. My hands were fastened behind me, like they were handcuffed or tied together or something. I was naked except for a pair of white spandex shorts I had had in my gym bag, the ones I wore under my gym shorts sometimes. Joe was kneeling beside me, hands behind his back too. He was completely naked.

"Clark, listen to me. You can fight it. You have to stay awake. You have to get up, and we have to get out of here. Chris won't be gone much longer."

I worked at my hands. "Why can't I ..."

"You're handcuffed, Clark. Do this."

He was handcuffed too, and he demonstrated how to slide my ass backward between my arms, then slide my legs through until my hands and the handcuffs were in front of me. I pulled myself to my feet.

Joe wrapped this throw from the back of a chair around his waist and tied it off. It made a weird-looking kilt that buried him from waist to calves. "We have to go," he said.

"My clothes ..." I wasn't thinking clearly yet. I was concerned specifically about shoes and the probability of glass in his parking lot, but the way my package stood out in the front of my skintight shorts with no underwear underneath, I wasn't exactly street-legal.

"He took them, Clark. The phone too. We can't wait." He pulled my arm toward the door. He opened the door, then stopped.

"Whaz'wrong?" I mumbled.

He shook his head, upset. "I--I can't do it. I can't go through the door."

"Huh?"

"Clark, Chris has been brainwashing me--you too--us. He's got me so I can't walk out the door. It's his way of making sure we don't leave."

"So ..."

"You have to do it. He hasn't gotten you programmed as deep as me yet. You can still leave. You have to go call the police. Please, Clark? Clark, listen to me--this is really important."

I walked out into the afternoon sunlight outside his door. What was the big deal?

"That's good, Clark. I knew you could do it. Go call the police, Clark. Hurry. Tell them we been kidnapped."

"I don't want to leave you. C'mon."

Joe took a step toward the door and looked strained, and he stopped. "I can't do it," he said. "He's got me so I can't leave my own apartment."

"Close your eyes," I told him. Then I took hold of his arm and pulled him through the door and into the sunlight with me. "There."

"Thanks, Clark!" Joe gave me a big grin. It looked like we were going to be okay.

We flagged down a passing patrol car. The officer didn't believe us at first--I guess he thought it was just some fraternity prank. We were handcuffed and nearly naked, and we must have seemed sincere enough because, after running a check on us to see if we had escaped from custody--must have been the handcuffs--he took us to the precinct station. There they found some real clothes for us, got us out of the cheapo handcuffs, and let us swear out stations. Turns out this Chris had a couple of prior convictions for kidnapping, sexual assault, and rape, which convinced them we were telling the truth. Joe and I both left out the parts about hypnosis and brainwashing, instead claiming he'd kept us locked up in Joe's place. Joe and I both wanted to press charges, and the police issued a bulletin to bring Chris in. We also started the process of each getting a restraining order issued on him, since we both knew he'd make bail soon.

No, the police never found Chris. It was like he got wind of it somehow and just faded into the background.

For the next couple of weeks, I was jumping at shadows. Sometimes I still felt that voice in the back of my head urging me to count myself back down into sleep, but I fought it. Pretty soon, that voice faded. Life started returning to normal.

What's Happening Now

So that was at the end of summer term a year and a half ago. When fall came, and all my friends came back, and the college filled up with classes and students, Joe and I kind of lost touch. With the gym full of people, we weren't able to play the way we had been. Plus, our class schedules meant we each had to work out at different times. We never saw each other much socially--our interests were just too different--so I didn't see much of him. We did run into each other a couple of times, but that was about it. That spring--*last* spring--he graduated, and like a lot of people he just disappeared. He said he'd keep in touch, but he never called or sent a postcard or even email. I guessed he moved on to a job and a new life. I didn't hear from him.

Until now.

I got a package in the mail. No return address. Inside was a video tape.

I played it right away, and it has two parts. The first part is me and Joe. We're naked and having sex, on his bed in his old apartment. He's on his back, his legs up and around my neck, and I'm nailing him like a cheap whore. Both of us have these slack expressions on our faces, like we're not really there mentally. I don't remember any of this, but it seems so familiar that I can't say it didn't happen. Plus, in spite of the clumsy camera being held by someone else, it's obviously me and obviously Joe. I'm thinking this must have happened when Chris had us. He must have made us have sex while he filmed it.

But it's the second part that gets to me.

After Joe and I cum, the tape jumps suddenly to another place. I don't recognize the place, but that's Joe in the center of the frame. He's naked and jacking off. His hair is different, and he looks a little older, a little beefier around the chest and arms, so I know it's recent. His expression is just as slack as it is in the first part. Someone else is running the camera. It's a short scene, but Joe jacks off and cums, and then he looks right into the camera and says, "That's for you, Clark."

I think it's obvious. Joe is back with Chris again, and Chris has him just as brainwashed as before. Maybe even more. They--no, it must have been Chris--*Chris* sent me the tape to tell me that that summer was a temporary setback and he's won in the long run. Restraining order be damned. He mailed it to prove he knows where I live. I think the video tape is also his way of saying, *Clark, I know where you are and I'm coming for you.*

See, I'm graduating in a couple of weeks. College life will be over for me. All my friends will be dispersing to their new lives, and I'm supposed to be going on to mine. It's a time when everybody starts falling out of touch, some faster than others, but it's pretty much what you expect to happen no matter how much you say, *Oh, let's keep in touch.* So if I "disappear" right after graduation, no one much but my parents will miss me. Joe, he didn't have any family.

I guess the restraining order didn't keep Chris away from Joe, so I don't expect any different for me. The police won't be any help. I'm thinking one day--maybe a couple of days from now, maybe a week, maybe right after my last final, I'll hear a knock on my door. And I'll open it, and it'll be Joe, or Chris, or both of them. And what happens after that--well, we'll cross that bridge when it happens.

So I guess I'm publishing this because I want there to be a record of what happened, and what I think is going to happen. I want someone to know to look for me if it happens. His name is Chris but I don't remember his last name. With his rap sheet, he should be easy to look up. Mention the restraining order to the police and I'm sure they'll know all about it.

If you don't hear from me for a while, send the authorities to find me. To find *us*.

Joe, if you're out there reading this, don't worry. I know what's going on, and I'll help you fight it. We got free of him once, and we'll do it again, buddy, you and me.
