

Beauty in the Beast

by Chester and Wrestlr

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Beauty in the Beast

Part 1. Day 1.

Ron

It had been a long time in coming. But now his fantasy was coming true. He took a deep breath before he opened the door to his "dream" man.

Two years before Ron had started talking to Brock on the internet. At that time Brock was just beginning his second year of college. How did it start? He had to think to remember. Ah, yes. Brock had seen his ad on one of the message boards--"Hypnotist, looking for gay man to work with increasing athletic ability," or something like that. Ron received a message from Brock and that began a lengthy, two-year, almost daily correspondence.

Their "relationship" was different from the beginning. Ron found the young man who was twenty-five years his junior quite mature, witty, intelligent and possessing a remarkable writing style. From the beginning he knew this was no ordinary individual. Brock was an athlete and he was gay. He dealt with it well, deciding that it would not profit him to come out while he was in college, so he had a few long- and short- term "affairs" but was mostly content to jack

Brock

It had taken me long enough to get to this point. Too late to turn back now. I knocked on his door and waited. God, I hoped I didn't blow this.

When it started, I was a sophomore, on the wrestling team, and in over my head: being in the closet, the demands of college and athletics, it was all a big spiral sucking at me. I was afraid I'd get cut from the team and lose my scholarship, or else flunk out and have to quit the team. I saw his ad on a gay Internet message board, offering to hypnotize athletes and help them increase their performance. I figured what the hell, and I sent him a message.

Ron wasn't what I expected. He wrote back, I wrote back, and almost immediately we were hitting it off. He was older than me, but I didn't care. I mean--I was looking for someone with his kind of experience, right? He was charming and smart and fun to talk to. Our mail messages were more like a conversation. We had a lot of common ground; we both had an interest in hypnosis, and we both wrote stories about it for

off and sublimate his urges on the internet. He wrote short stories and chatted on IRC.

Furthermore, Brock was certainly well-read and intelligent. His interest was in hypnosis both in a "professional" and sexual sense. He first wanted to know how he could better his athletic ability as a wrestler. Were there any keys that could be pushed that would bring him to a higher level of concentration and performance? Their early discussions centered around books Brock had read and stories of Ron's experiments with hypnosis.

From the beginning Ron had been truthful. At this age in life he saw no reason to lie and he articulated carefully his interest in Brock. He first of all, wanted to help Brock achieve what he wanted in his sport. That had, in fact, been the original intent. Then Brock had sent him a picture. Ron found the man quite attractive, possessing most of the qualities that turned on his fuses, in fact. So secondly, Ron had wanted to use hypnosis and experiment with the sexual things. Because of his age, and because he had been cut of so many times before when guys found out his age, he doubted his own attractiveness.

So, it was more than pleasant when Brock reported that age was not necessarily a factor for him. The overall relationship and compatibility mattered most.

The other truths were about Ron's fetishes. Obviously hypnosis was one of them and they had many, many conversations which dealt with power and control - something that Brock did not want to lose because of his strong athletic training. The control that Ron wanted was not of the sadomasochistic type, though. It was just a turn-on for him being the control figure in a hypnotic "relationship". That didn't mean to say he couldn't get into a little of the dominant if the scene called for it; he could, but it wasn't necessary to get him turned on.

the Internet. Ron didn't mind that I was inexperienced, still in the closet, and I didn't mind his smoking fetish.

Like I said, I was looking for experience, and Ron had it. He used hypnosis almost every day in his job, and a lot of his subjects were athletes. He seemed like just what I was looking for. I started asking him if hypnosis could really help me improve as an athlete, how one went about it. Ron told me about a few jocks he had helped. He knew what he was talking about. He seemed like he could deliver the goods.

It took him a long time to tell me his real name. I never pushed Ron to reveal more than he wanted. I was in the closet--I could respect that. He seemed pretty eager to help me, and his certainty that hypnosis would help was contagious. He seemed to like me, and truth was, I liked him too. I knew Ron was older, but he never described himself, and I never asked. I figured he'd tell me when he told me. So I guess I was just kind of flirting with Ron when I sent him a picture of myself. I'm a good-looking guy, and my picture--well, it seemed to get his motor running in a whole new way, and I found that kind of flattering.

He got worried that he was "too old." Bullshit. He never told me his age, or even what he looked like, but I didn't care. He had the hypnosis experience, and I liked him. That was enough.

Okay, I admit, I was a nervous. Ron really did have a lot of skill as a hypnotist, from what he told me, and I didn't want to get in over my head here too, not with the rest of my life spiraling out of control. We talked a lot about control, the different kinds of it. A lot of what you hear about hypnosis is about "losing control," and that shit scared me--as an athlete I heard "stay in control, stay in control" from the coaches every day. Ron seemed open to what I had to say. He agreed a collaborative "coaching" approach might work best instead.

The other was more unusual, though. Brock had been aware of this fetish because when Ron told him he wrote stories of hypnosis and Brock said he had read most of them, Ron knew that the fetish would be evident. It was the smoking fetish. For some reason making and/or watching a guy smoke (an attractive guy--usually a jock or someone who you wouldn't think smoked) was a major turn-on for Ron. Who can explain fetishes? Some go for socks, or ankles, or whips! Ron's was smoking. Ron's stories used this fetish in some form in all of them.

They talked about it from the start. Brock had never smoked cigarettes, had no interest in it and the closest he ever got to it was some occasional pot he had smoked. But Brock knew that it was Ron's turn on, so he would tease him and make comments at the end of each letter about "starting to smoke" or "lighting up." And these did make Ron hard!

And now, after two years of talking they had become intellectual friends, at least, and now before beginning his last year of school Brock was coming to visit. Brock lived quite a distance away from Ron so he planned to stay a week. Ron had invited him to stay.

Ron opened the front door. Standing there, a big smile on his face, was Brock--in the flesh. It was an awkward moment, really, since they had never seen one another, yet knew each other intimately. Brock's smile changed into a hello, Ron's into a welcome, and Brock entered the house for his week's stay.

It didn't take long for the awkwardness to go away and since both were eager to try out "hypnosis," they talked for about an hour and then settled into it. Ron took Brock upstairs to his den, a comfortable room with a day bed, a desk, many bookcases and an easy chair. He asked Brock to take the easy chair which he did. He explained to Brock, though he knew he didn't have to, exactly what he was going to do, and that if Brock felt at all uncomfortable, he should feel free to tell him.

The other thing that worried me was his smoking fetish. Ron was up-front about using hypnotic commands sometimes to make guys start smoking--I mean, how could he *not* be up-front about it, since it was in nearly every hypnosis story he wrote? I didn't understand why he found smoking sexy--as far as I knew, it smelled bad and hurt your body. But I guess we all have our quirks, right? I wasn't too eager to have him exercising this particular fetish on me if we ever did go further with this hypnosis stuff than just swapping email.

I told Ron this too. I'd never smoked cigarettes or cigars--the closest I ever came was smoking pot with friends sometimes, and even those times were few and far between. I'm not a prude. I just don't like smoking. But that didn't stop me from flirting with Ron by ending my email messages with cracks like, "Hey, dude, got a light?" He seemed to get a kick out of them.

Senior year, I decided, *fuck it*. If hypnosis was going to help, I'd better try it soon, and I figured Ron would be open to the idea, even if he lived a thousand miles away. So I hinted I'd be open to an invitation. Sure enough, he invited me up for a week.

So there I was, standing on his front porch, about to meet a guy I felt I knew pretty well but had no idea what he looked like. I had this big shit-eating grin on my face, just in case. Turns out I didn't need it. When he opened the door, I thought, *Not bad, not bad at all. I can work with this*. I said hello and he invited me in.

He showed me around and we started to feel a lot more comfortable with each other. We clicked in person as well as we did in email. We'd talked about it all before, in hypothetical terms, but now we were talking about what we were going to do in specifics. Ron took me upstairs to this huge room, almost like a library, full of books and mementos and all this big overstuffed furniture. I had a seat in an old easy chair--very comfy. Ron kept asking if I had any

Ron took Brock through a traditional induction, using a lot of visualization which he knew Brock enjoyed. He took his time because he knew there was a lot of it, but also because he wanted Brock to trust him and to find the experience relaxing and pleasant. After about an hour, Brock's eyes were closed and the tell-tale signs of flickering eyes gave away some depth. Ron had told Brock that he would see a number that would indicate the depth of his sleep and they would keep working till they got Brock very deep.

The number could be anything. What mattered was the increasing amount of the number indicating the depth of the subject. Despite his many reservations in his letters about his fear of losing control, Brock was proving to be a good subject. Ron took the approach of a coach and used the word "coach" many times, even calling himself a coach, because he knew that athletes place great trust in their coaches and are trained to do exactly what the coach asks, whether or not they totally agree with it.

Finally all the usual tests were showing that Brock was under quite deeply. He was responding to questions but in that tone that indicated he was not all there. Ron then went through a number of regression experiences--taking Brock back to his tenth Christmas, to his first day at school, to his high school graduation.

Then came the first real test. He brought him back to a high school wrestling meet where he first wrestled a boy he had been physically attracted to. Ron knew the story from his email description of the event. He used words to bring Brock back to the event again and questioned Brock all along. But now it was time to change the event. "You are wrestling with him and you feel the heaviness of his body on you and the feel of the lycra against you. You feel yourself getting hard"--he was!--"and suddenly you are aware that Jeff is hard, too. You can feel his hardness pressing down on you and that is making you even harder." (Up to now the event really happened as such). "You are

misgivings, but I said, no, I was fine with it.

I'm a pretty visual person, so we decided to try some simple guided visualization. It took a while, I guess--hey, I'd never done this before--but Ron was patient and persistent. At first, I was nervous. Then I started to get into it, started to relax. It got kind of boring after a while, and I felt myself starting to drift off. I tried to stay awake, but I just couldn't keep my eyes open. I was just kind of floating, like in the morning when you're half-asleep, not really awake yet.

I started picturing this number in my head and I tried to say it out loud but I'm not really sure if I did. I felt really relaxed and really good. I was just floating, weightless, in this gray place. This voice kept reaching me--I knew it was Coach's voice. I couldn't quite hold on to what he was saying, but it made me feel good to listen. I trusted the coach, trusted his voice, and I felt myself slipping further down into this gray place. Coach knew best; all I had to do was let go and let him run the show.

All I had to go was hold on to Coach's voice. It kept floating down to me, asking me questions. I tried to answer, but I felt so limp and relaxed that I could barely make my body work. I was having these weird dreams, like I was really young again, a kid--only they weren't exactly dreams. They were more like I really *was* a kid again.

I settled into this--well, I guess it was a dream. It was my old high school. Wrestling practice. Coach was giving me some last-minute pointers before I went up against Jeff. He was a year older than me, and this was going to be tough. Jeff was a cute fucker, and he gave me this sexy-goofy smile as we squared off. He looked at me with those green-blue eyes, and man, I started to spring a rod right there. When we were wrestling, body to body, straining, I threw a full rod. He did too--I felt it press up against me as we struggled, and that made me even harder. Afterward, I hung around, wasting time

alone in the shower room now after the event. You waited to take a shower because you were unable to totally rid yourself of the boner. You feel the water coming down over your face. So good. So refreshing."

Ron arose and moved behind Brock. "Suddenly you feel hands on your neck and back. You tense up, but it feels very good." Ron's hands were reaching over the chair and down onto Brock's shoulders and back." You stand up very straight and slowly look around. But before you do you feel the lips on your neck and someone's hands on the side of your head running through your hair. You catch an odor--it's unmistakable is the odor of Jeff that you still remember from wrestling him. He pulls you up and around toward him and you smell his breath and feel the touch of his lips against yours."

Ron was standing directly in front of Brock and his lips gently touched Brock's. Brock's mouth opened to greet the kiss and their tongues sought each other out. Jeff began to speak.

"I wanted you so badly. It was torture out there on the mats." They kissed again. "Did you want me?"

"Yes. So much."

"I want to hold you tight and touch every part of you." Brock shivered as Jeff's hands reached under his shirt and rubbed against his chest. Soon he felt Jeff's lips on his nipples and they got so hard and sensitive.

Jeff reached down and felt Brock's hard cock, rubbing hard against it as he kissed his nipples. Brock was throbbing with hardness.

"I think I hear someone coming. We'll continue this some other time." And Jeff pushed Brock back into the chair and even with Brock's eyes closed, Jeff could see the disappointment.

over this and that until I thought the rest of the team had left. My boner had never completely gone down. My jockstrap hid it, but there was no way I could shower until the others had gone. That shower felt damn good, rinsing away my worries, making me a little hard again.

I had my face to the wall as I soaped my chest. Suddenly, hands on my neck and shoulders, kneading. I froze. It felt good but-panic, that's what I was feeling. I looked over my shoulder. His hair in my face, and lips against my neck. I inhaled; I knew this smell--I remembered it from wrestling Jeff. *Oh, God*, I thought, *is this really happening?* He turned me around, gave me that grin again. My cock was rigid; he had to know that. *Oh, God*, I thought again, as he leaned in close, pulled me closer. I smelled mint on his breath. He kissed me, and somehow I overcame my fear to kiss back.

His tongue wrestled against mine. His hands wandered over my biceps and shoulders. I let my hands rest on his hips, tentative, barely believing this was real.

He said he wanted me. I couldn't believe my ears. I kissed him again. "Did you want me?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said, "so much."

He said he wanted to hold me, touch me all over. His hands ran across my chest, and I shuddered. He bent down, and his tongue flicked at my nipple, followed by his soft lips. My nipples hardened and I shuddered again.

His hand slid down my tight belly, wrapped itself around my aching cock. He flicked his thumb over the sensitive head as he licked my nipple.

He jerked away. "I hear someone coming," he said. "Some other time." He pushed me away and I tried to hold on, but my arms were limp and I sank back into that weightless place.

"And how did this make you feel, Brock?"

"I want him. So badly."

"Just relax now, Brock, and go even deeper. Hearing the sound of my voice makes you feel so relaxed and happy, and you want to go deeper and deeper. You know that the deeper you go the more you will be able to improve yourself and be a better athlete. That's what I'm coaching you for. Deeper and deeper. In fact, I want you to call me 'Coach.' Can you do that from now on?"

"Yes ... Coach. Whatever you say."

Ron smiled.

Coach's voice drifted to me, asking how that made me feel.

"I wanted him ... so badly."

"Just relax," Coach's voice told me, and as I listened I felt so relaxed, so happy. So pleasant to just float deeper into that weightless place. Coach was guiding me, helping me become a better athlete. I trusted him completely. Coach would never let me down. I let his voice guide me deeper. So easy just to float, to drift. "I want you to call me 'Coach,'" his voice said. "Can you do that?"

"Yeah ... Coach ... whatever you say."

I drifted.

Part 2. Day 1 (Evening).

Ron

Ron prepared a good supper for Brock and they talked almost non-stop for about an hour. At the end of supper Ron took his plate back into the kitchen.

He re-entered the room, stood directly behind Brock and placed his hand on Brock's shoulder. "The Coach wants you," he said.

Immediately Brock's eyes closed and his body went limp.

"You are going much deeper than you were before. I am going to take your hand now. Coach wants you to come with him." Ron led him through the living room and into the hall that led to his study. He stood Brock in the center of the study.

"In a minute I am going to ask you and Jeff to have a private match while I go and take care of some business. He almost beat the pants off you today, so make sure you pin him down. On the count of three

Brock

We talked about it all through dinner, though I left out how turned-on I had gotten. Ron excused himself and carried his plate to the kitchen.

I was thinking maybe I had time for an evening jog when I felt a hand on my shoulder. That voice from my dream spoke in my head: "Coach wants you."

Suddenly, I felt ... weightless, back in that gray place, floating.

That voice, Coach's voice, drifted down to me. He said he wanted me to come with him. My eyes stayed closed, but hands lifted me to my feet, guided me. All I had to do was trust and let Coach take me to where he needed me to be. Coach knew best.

Coach was giving me a strategy talk, telling me I was going to have a rematch with Jeff while he was gone, telling me I better be sure to get a fast take down. I felt that pre-match adrenaline rush

you will open your eyes and see Jeff in front of you. You know what to do. I'm leaving now. One. Two. Three."

Slowly Brock's eyes opened and saw the person standing in front of him. He smiled and looked at the black wavy hair and stared into the ever-changing blue-green pools of his eyes. He stared for a good twenty seconds and then went into position to wrestle Jeff.

Jeff also got into position, but this time as soon as they were on the ground, Jeff grabbed Brock's crotch and both their worlds froze. In a matter of seconds, their lips met and their tongues entwined. Brock was a passionate madman. It was as though years of buried lust were coming forth like a volcano.

They ripped each other's clothes off. Brock's tongue was in constant motion in Jeff's mouth, on Jeff's nipples, on Jeff's cock. The intensity of the moment was igniting the air around them.

Suddenly, into Brock's ear, Jeff whispered, "It's the Coach, he's coming back."

Brock immediately froze in a panicked state. His face was a mask of fear as he pushed Jeff away and started getting dressed. Jeff started putting his own clothing back on too, and soon both stood fully dressed again.

Jeff smiled at Brock and whispered, "The Coach wants you."

On the second, he went limp, his head hitting the hard, matless floor a little too hard.

Ron sat up and stared at the now limp beautiful young man on the ground in front of him. A pang of guilt shot through him, not so much for the exquisite groping which he had just put an end to but more for the fact that he hadn't been able to tell Brock he wanted to do the same thing in his 'real' persona. That gave him an idea, though.

run through my body, a very masculine feeling. All I had to do was concentrate and focus on getting the take down.

I opened my eyes. Jeff stood directly in front of me, smiling that lopsided grin of his. There was that wavy black hair I know so well, and those eyes that seemed to change from green to blue and back every time I looked into them. I nearly got lost in those eyes.

We crouched, then Jeff rushed me. He was a hell of a lot sloppier than I remembered. He tried for a cross but ended up grabbing my cock and not letting go. *What the f---?* I thought, and then his mouth was on mine, his tongue invading my mouth and we're kissing. His hands were going everywhere, and so were mine.

It took us seconds to get naked. After waiting so long, I couldn't get enough of him, couldn't decide what I wanted to taste first. Jeff's mouth, nips, navel, his cock--I had to sample them all.

Jeff's lips touched my ear and he whispered, "I hear the Coach, he's coming back."

I was petrified! Coach was gonna kill us if he caught us! I jumped away from Jeff, grabbed my clothes, and started yanking them on as fast as I could. Jeff followed suit. We managed to dress before Coach caught us. Whew!

That's when Jeff grinned and said, "Coach wants you."

Suddenly everything faded, and I felt myself falling, falling back into that gray weightless place.

I floated there, waiting for Coach's voice. It felt so nice, just relaxing, just floating here. Like drifting along some lazy river, trailing my arms and legs in the water. I wished I could have settled business with Jeff, once and for all, but Coach knew best and I had to wait here for him. I trusted Coach. He was in control, and he'd tell me what to do.

He placed his hand on Brock's shoulder again. "Brock, you are going to go deeper yet." He turned the boy over. "Brock, did you ever have a Coach that you felt a sexual attraction to?"

"Yes. Coach Bradley." Brock smiled as his thoughts obviously turned to this coach.

The plan might have a chance, Ron thought. "Ron reminds you so much of this Coach. You are surprised when you look at Ron how much like that Coach he is. You are really feeling attracted to Ron, too, aren't you?"

"Yes. Attracted."

"In fact whenever you think about Ron you find yourself getting hard. You're getting hard right now aren't you?"

"Hard. Yes."

Ron looked down at the growing lump between Brock's legs. "You would really like to seduce Ron, wouldn't you?"

"No."

The reply jarred Ron back out of his fantasy. No! NO! Why the fuck not!! "Uhh ... why wouldn't you want to seduce him, Brock?"

"He reminds me of Coach Bradley and I would be frightened to have Coach Bradley know."

"But you know that Ron is gay, don't you?"

"But Coach Bradley isn't gay."

Ron gave up possibly trying to find the logic in what was happening.

"You don't care that Ron knows you are gay. He already knows. You want to seduce Ron because you are attracted to him."

"Yes."

"You long for Ron's touch, Brock. Every time he touches you or brushes you, you will feel his touch like small jolts of electricity through you. All the

I felt Coach's hand on my skin, on my shoulder, pushing me down deeper; and his voice, telling me it was okay. He was asking me questions, asking whether I ever felt attracted to a coach.

It was okay to tell the truth. He wouldn't get mad. "... yes," I said. "Coach Bradley."

Coach started talking about my bud Ron, telling me how much Ron looked like Coach Bradley. *Yeah*, I thought hazily, *Ron sure is a lot like Bradley*. I hadn't noticed before, but, yeah, Ron was just as sexy.

"... attractive ..." I echoed.

Coach was telling me it was okay to find Ron sexy, telling me my cock was getting hard when I thought about him.

"... yeh ... hard ..."

My cock was really *hard*, thinking about seducing Ron, but something wasn't right. Coach asked if I wanted to.

"... nooo ..."

Ron really reminded me of Ballbuster Bradley, and I found him sexy as hell, but I couldn't let it happen. Coach asked why not.

I told him Ron reminded me a lot of Coach Bradley but I didn't want Ballbuster to find out.

Coach asked if I knew my friend Ron was queer.

"Yeah ... but ... Bradley isn't ..."

Ballbuster Bradley would have my nuts on a stick if he found out.

Coach's voice drilled into me that I shouldn't care if Ron knew I was queer and it was okay if I got a hard-on thinking about him.

"... yeah ..."

All I could think about was Ron and what it would feel like to touch him. Even how his hand felt in mine when I shook it at the front door. All I

nerves of your body will be three times as sensitive as they usually are whenever he touches you. You will want him to touch you as much as possible."

"... mmm ... yes".

"And so you will seduce him. You will spend the rest of the evening trying to turn him on, find ways to please him. Do you hope to sleep with Ron?"

"Yes."

"I am taking your hand and lifting you now." As Ron touched Brock's hand, Brock took a deep breath in as though he had just received a shock. Ron lifted him up and led him back into the dining room.

He sat him down in the chair and then said, "I want you to wake up on the count of three. You will remember as a very pleasant experience the wrestling match you had with Jeff. Other than that, you have just finished dinner and Ron has gone to the kitchen to begin to clear the table. One. Two. Three".

Ron pretended to come in from the kitchen. "There. I'll do the dishes later. I want to continue our visit. He placed his hand over Brock's hand.

Brock shuddered and then looked up at him. "Mmmm. That was nice. Great dinner. Great company."

Ron smiled, sat back in his chair and raised his arms behind his neck, rubbing the back of his neck. It was a little sore after the rolling around in the den. "Brock, I'm really glad you came to visit."

"Hey, would you like a massage? I can give a great massage."

"Yeah? Great."

"Just let me run upstairs and get a few things. You go on into the den and open up the couch in there

knew was that touching him felt good, and I wanted to touch him all over and feel him touching me too. My hard-on jumped when I thought of his hands on me.

I moaned softly.

Coach was giving me the plan, telling me to get Ron turned on. When Coach asked if I wanted to sleep with Ron, I had to say the truth.

"... yeah ..."

Coach's hand took mine-I felt a jolt of something that made me gasp-and lifted me out of that gray place. I followed where Coach led me. Coach was in control and all I had to do was do what he told me.

I blinked. I was back in the dining room. It must have been a dream, but it felt so real. I could almost still feel Jeff's body against mine, and I still had half a hard-on. But here I was, still at the dinner table, with Ron putting the dishes in the sink in the kitchen. Ron. Yeah. Ron.

Ron came back from the kitchen, said he'd do the dishes later. I was about to offer to help when he did something unexpected. He put his hand on mine.

Holy shit! Something jumped through me like electricity. I grinned and thanked him for the great dinner.

What the hell had I just felt? I was all primed to seduce Ron, but when he had touched me, that jolt had run from my hand right to my cock. I had to have him, and when he rubbed his neck a little, I saw my opening.

"Sore neck? Want me to rub it? I give a great massage."

"Oh? Sure, that'd be great."

I told him I needed to get some things from my bag. This was going easier than I planned. I gave

and I'll be right down." He smiled sweetly, winked at Ron and left the room.

Ron went back into the den, reached down and pulled open the sofa bed. He undid the collar and first button of his shirt. As he did, he noticed himself in the mirror.

He didn't look his age at least, but Brock was so young. He hoped he had done the right thing and would not regret it. He took off his shirt and lay on his stomach on the mattress. He was a bit tired, not having slept much the night before, getting the house ready for company. He was a proud man.

Brock entered the room. Ron couldn't see him come in but heard the door open and heard Brock setting something down on the table. Then he felt a cold liquid drip on his back. Strong hands rubbed the greasy liquid into his back and his back, sponge-like, soaked in the liquid and the warmth of the hands. It was so, so relaxing.

And then it was over. He felt good all over. Brock had gotten off him and asked him to roll over. Sleepily he rolled over. Lifting his eyes to see the talented young man who had given him his massage, his heart almost stopped. There was Brock, bare-chested, cigarette in mouth and lighter in hand. The lighter lit and the flame slowly went up into the air and lit the slim white rod in Brock's mouth. A deep inhale and slow, long exhale as Brock walked slowly over to him and kissed him on the lips gently.

"Like it?" he asked. "Like me?"

him a wink as I headed upstairs, and his jaw dropped like he couldn't believe it.

I had a little bottle of oil in my bag, and I got some towels from the bathroom, to keep the oil off the furniture. I wasn't going to stop with just a neck massage.

I pulled off my shirt, tossed it on the bed. I admired my reflection in the wall mirror, flexed a little. I work out, and it shows. Yeah, Ron was going to like this. As I was heading downstairs, I spotted a pack of cigarettes and a lighter on the bureau. On a lark, I scooped them up too.

He had pulled out the sofa bed and was laying on it when I came downstairs. He had his face turned away, and I was kind of disappointed he didn't see my bare chest. He had his shirt off too. I straddled him on the bed, smeared a little oil on my hands, dribbled some on his back, and then pressed my hands to his skin.

Holy shit! The moment I touched him, I felt like I had stuck my hands in a tank of electric eels. As a jock, I've gotten a lot of massages and I know how to give a great one too; but with all this sensation going straight to my cock, I could barely concentrate on what I was doing. I thought, *Damn! I need a smoke.* I paused to pull out a cig. Ron looked up at me for the first time, as I fitted the tip into my lips and brought the lighter flame to it. I took a deep draw, blew it out, bent over to kiss him.

I grinned, "Like that? Like me?"

Part 3. Day 2 (Morning).

Ron

Ron awoke the next morning feeling the weight of a hard, warm body pressed tightly against him, one leg over his. It felt so good and a warmth came over him. The closeness and the cuddling, he

Brock

I didn't get much sleep that night. I never do in a strange bed. I mostly just lay there with my legs entwined among his, one arm thrown proprietarily over him, enjoying the heat of his skin against

thought--the best part. Slowly he turned, not wanting to wake Brock, but wanting to look at his beautiful body in a state of repose. Brock moved ever so slightly as he turned. Ron stared for only a few seconds and the eyes of the man next to him flickered and opened.

Brock smiled. Ron felt a tension and a passion run through his body. He roughly rolled on top of the boy and kissed him hard, forcing his mouth open and forcing his tongue deep into Brock's mouth. There was no struggle, but the passion Ron felt for the "boy" was now overwhelming. He raised his body enough for his hard cock to have room and pinned Brock down by holding down his wrists. Deeper and deeper he penetrated the honey-mouth. Harder and harder his cock. He lifted himself up until his cock and balls were right above Brock's mouth, still pinning him down with his hands.

Brock tongued his balls and slowly licked his cock until in his own passion he swallowed it whole and sucked Ron into a frenzy. Ron listened to himself as though from a distance, screaming ... "Oh, fuck! ... yeah ... suck that, boy ... goddam, that feels good ... yeah ... oh, fuck!" He came dramatically, bruising Brock on the arms where his body pushed down so hard. Brock did not seem to care. Just as quickly it was over.

"God ... Brock ... I'm ... Shit. I didn't mean to be so ... Hey! I'm sorry, I ..." Brock said nothing but lifted himself to Ron's face and kissed him. Nothing more needed to be said.

Ron wanted to get some breakfast for the two of them but his hardness didn't go away. He couldn't remember when he had sustained an erection this long. He kissed Brock on the forehead and went into the bathroom.

Splashing water on his face, he looked in the mirror and could see Brock laying on the bed and looking at him. He pretended not to notice, but he could barely take his eyes away. When he did look in the mirror he was pleased to see that he could still be happy with his figure and his face seemed

mine. I felt Ron start moving around a little beside me, so I pulled him closer to make him be still. But instead he kept shifting around and trying to prop himself up on one elbow. Sheesh! What the heck was he doing? So I decided to open my eyes and officially wake up.

He smiled, and I smiled, and he seemed to relax. His expression turned mischievous, like a kid with a new toy, and he rolled over onto me and kissed me full on the mouth. I didn't fight back--I let him do what he wanted. I had my usual morning hard-on, and when I felt his pressed against my hip, I nearly shot right then and there. Ron took my wrists and pushed them over my head, pressing his weight down on them. He was kissing me hard then, smirking, he slid his hips up along my body, never letting go of my wrists. So he wanted to play rough, huh? Okay, I squirmed a little bit.

So what was I supposed to do? There was his cock nudging my chin like a friend, and Ron was grinning at me. So I kissed the head of his rod and, with a twist of my neck, managed to get it started into my mouth. He pushed in and I sucked him. He was loud, moaning and yelling and cursing, and that just made me work harder. He got a little rough as he fucked my face, then suddenly pulled out and came all over my chin and neck.

He immediately had a guilt trip, with "I'm so sorry," and "I didn't mean to." I was like, so what? It was fun, so I slipped my wrists out from under his hands and sat up to kiss him.

I hadn't cum yet, and I was hoping he'd get the idea, but he looked so pleased with himself I decided it could wait. Maybe I'd make him suck me off after breakfast, right? Or maybe he'd let me fuck his ass.

So I wasn't too disappointed when, instead of paying attention to my dick, he climbed off and went to the bathroom. I sat up, leaned back against the headboard, hands tucked behind my head, and watched him try to pretend he wasn't watching me. He went about his morning rituals, washing his

positively refreshed by the "workouts" the last twenty-four hours--it even seemed younger to him, the lines less severe. He rolled around some Listerine in his mouth, still peeking at the beautiful young man staring at him outside the room, and then wiping his face, he turned to leave.

He couldn't resist. "Hope you slept well. The Coach wants you."

He loved the way Brock's eyes sort of rolled forward and then snapped shut, the way his body lost all muscle control and went into immediate relaxation, the way his face took on that robotic, peaceful glow. Ron moved over to the bed and sat next to the Brock.

He worked for a few minutes reinforcing a number of the wrestling images that he had worked with yesterday. He really did want to help Brock do better in wrestling. But soon his passion overwhelmed him and he gave further instructions to Brock.

He told him to dress only in his wrestling uniform and gave him further instructions to tease and seduce Ron over breakfast. As soon as he had finished his juice he would feel very warm and strip naked. He would think that that was quite normal and not think twice about doing it. Every time Ron said the word "wrestle" in any form he would think it quite natural to get up and give Ron a deep kiss.

Immediately after, Brock would have an overwhelming desire for a cup of coffee, and as soon as he was finished drinking it, he would get up and go over to the sofa and put on the leather jacket he found there. As soon as he put on the leather jacket, he wouldn't be Brock any more, he would be Brick--a young hustler, a tough street prostitute that was hired by this rich dude. Brick knew he would get very rich if he gave this guy what he wanted.

Ron went over the scenario a couple of times and had Brock repeat the instructions. Then he woke him as if nothing had happened and excused

face, using some minty mouthwash to kill off his morning breath. My hard-on was making an obvious tent under the covers, and I could tell Ron was staring at it out of the corner of his eye. I grinned, innocent as a dog, and gave him an exaggerated wink. Damn, I thought Ron was going to choke on his mouthwash!

He came back to the foot of the bed, asked if I slept well.

"Coach wants you," he said, and I felt myself starting to ... slip away somehow. I tried to fight it, tried to stay awake, but it felt too pleasant, too relaxing, like fading back into that half-conscious way you feel right as you're starting to wake up but aren't quite there yet.

I floated in that gray place I was starting to enjoy so much. Just drifted, weightless, while Coach's voice swirled around me, telling me things that were very, very important, things he wanted me to do and that I wanted to do for him.

It was very important that I remember all of his instructions, but I couldn't quite grab onto what he was saying. His voice lulled me and all I had to do was let it wash over and through me. Peaceful. All I had to do was follow Coach's orders as he told me what to wear, what to eat, what to do. I was hard, and he was saying something about Ron, something that made me feel tingly and very sexy all over.

Coach told me a lot of things, and it was all very important. I had to listen, and I had to remember it. Coach knew what to do, and all I had to do was follow his orders. He would make me better. Make me happy. Make me rich. Coach would take away all the negatives in my life and free me to be who he wanted me to be. Who *I* wanted to be. All I had to do was want it badly enough, trust him, and follow his commands completely.

I opened my eyes. *Must have dozed off*, I thought. *Must have all been a dream*. Ron was milling about, and he bent over and gave me a little kiss

himself, with a quick but loving kiss, to go and make them breakfast.

Ron was a good cook and soon there was a breakfast of pancakes with yogurt pear sauce, sausages, muffins, and juice. A steaming pot of coffee completed the picture. Brock looked appreciatively pleased at the repast and sat down with eagerness. He was dressed only in his blue lycra tights. He wore no shoes or socks.

Both Brock and Ron ate hungrily and talked about many things. Occasionally the talk would turn to wrestling and Brock would rise and kiss Ron and thank him for his hospitality. All the while, Brock would look up, chew, and smile in that cute, seductive way he had. He finished the last sausage and drained his glass of orange juice. He sat back and looked at Ron.

"Getting hot in here!" Again the smile as he stood and stripped out of his suit. "That's better. Hey, that coffee smells good. I don't usually drink coffee much but since you are such a good host and the coffee smells so good, I'll wouldn't mind having a cup."

"No problem." Ron rose and got a cup from the kitchen and started pouring him a cup. Brock rose, went over to the cabinet and took out a cigarette from the pack there, lit it and came back to the table. Ron's hand shook as he placed the cup and saucer down next to the smoking jock.

Brock inhaled deeply, let out the smoke, smiled and took a sip of coffee. "Mmmm," he said, "That's good!" He took another drag and seductively blew it into Ron's coffee cup.

"I find it odd that a wrestler would smoke". Ron's voice cracked a little. On the word "wrestler" Brock took a deep drag, rose and kissed Ron hard on the mouth, slowly letting the smoke escape into Ron's mouth, enclosing his mouth completely so that when Ron breathed he would be forced to draw in the smoke. It was a long passionate kiss that gave Ron no choice but to breathe the delicious smoke which went immediately to his cock. Brock's hand reached down and held it

before he left to go start breakfast. I got up to pee and hit the shower.

I pulled a singlet out of my bag and put it on. Nothing else--no jockstrap, no shoes. When I sauntered out to the kitchen, Ron had laid out quite a spread. I said something about the good food and pretended I didn't see how his gaze devoured me. He had this hungry look, couldn't get enough of me, and I admit I liked it.

I ate like a pig. Ron jabbered on and on about this and that, and we talked a little about my life in college and the dorms and wrestling. I'd get up and go to the refrigerator and pour myself some more milk or O.J. As I'd pass by him I'd bend over and give him a little kiss. He really seemed to eat up the attention, and I felt really good giving it to him.

I downed the last of my O.J. It felt kind of warm in there, so I figured I'd give Ron a show. "Kinda hot in here," I said, and I stood up, slipped the shoulder straps of my singlet down, then shimmied out of it and draped it over the back of my chair.

"Coffee smells good," I said, giving him a grin. "I don't usually drink coffee, but ... could I get some?" Ron stammered that he'd be glad to pour me a cup, and while he busied himself fumbling with a cup and the pot, I took a cigarette from the pack over on the counter and lit up.

I sat down again with my chair turned so he could see my goods. Ron nearly dropped the hot coffee cup in my lap as he handed it to me. I took a deep drag on the cig. "Mmm, that's good."

You'd think he never saw a naked college jock smoke a cigarette before. He mumbled something about it being odd for a wrestler to smoke. I eyed him and thought, *I'll show him odd*. I drew the smoke deep into my lungs, stood up, and clamped my mouth over Ron's. I started to exhale the smoke into his mouth. He resisted a little as my tongue and the smoke invaded his mouth. He tried to fight it, but he had to breathe, and then the smoke flowed from my lungs, across our tongues,

tightly. He came up for air, laughed a little, and went back to his chair drawing in deeply before putting the cigarette out. "Nice," he said, smoke billowing from his mouth and nose. He finished his coffee. The smile faded.

He rose as though in a trance and walked over to the couch where Ron had lain out a worn biker's jacket he had picked up at a garage sale. Brock put the jacket on.

A hardness came over his face.

"Okay, fucker. Where we gonna get it on?"

and into his. I reached down and found his cock. Hard. I knew it would be. I gave it a lingering squeeze before I pulled back and sat down. "Nice," I said as I snubbed out the cigarette and reached for my coffee cup.

I swallowed the last of it and felt ... suddenly light-headed. I stood up and walked over to the couch. There was the jacket, right where Coach had said. I put it on.

Just get this job over, I thought.

"Okay, mister. Wanna get it on here, or where?"

Part 4. Day 2 (Afternoon).

Ron

Ron was outside, putting out the garbage, Brock was finishing the lunch dishes. Ron needed a moment to himself to think. The role-playing that had gone on a few hours before really scared him. It scared him that Brock became Brick so effortlessly, seamlessly and totally. He had never worked with anyone that had gone so deep as to really seem to become another person. It was like something out of "The Three Faces of Eve."

Had he created a schizophrenia in Brock? Or was Brock just a good role-player?

He was also scared because he had enjoyed it. He never thought of himself as a person who could get turned on by violent behavior, but when Brick had come at him with the knife after making him cum, sucking on his cock, and, arm locked around his neck, threatening him if he didn't give him money--he was scared shitless--and hard as a rock. He had to mumble the words "Coach wants you," and they came out in a squeaky, breathy grunt.

Brock

He made my favorite for lunch, and I tore into it. Man, was I hungry! Most of the morning was a blur--I dismissed it as being in a strange place, getting to know Ron in person. Somehow, the gaps didn't seem to bother me. Ron had been a little jumpy at lunch, but what did I know? Although we'd "met" by email two years before, we'd known each other in person only about twenty-four hours. Maybe Ron was just naturally jumpy sometimes?

Or maybe he was hiding something, something he was afraid I would find out about?

Right then, it didn't really bother me. I liked Ron and wanted him to like me. I figured we'd have to take things slow and easy, get used to each other. By the end of the week, it might be different, but for now I was willing to let him set the pace. I had come to him to see if hypnosis could make me a better wrestler, improve my athletic performance. If nothing else, maybe I'd get more confidence out of this week, thanks to hypnosis.

He looked through the kitchen window and saw Brock wiping the last of the plates and smiled at him. Now he was beautiful, slightly shy, but very witty, where before he had been cruel, violent, and hard. Brock smiled back and waved. He was determined he wouldn't go that route again. Maybe he would reinforce more how he was like Coach Bradley and explore that a little.

He strolled into the kitchen and asked Brock if there were anything he wanted to do that afternoon. Would he like to see the town at all? Take in a movie? Anything? Brock said what he really needed was to go out and run. Did Ron want to come? Ron smiled a little at the double entendre, probably not meant, and said he could never keep up with Brock, so go ahead and maybe they would walk down by the river a little later so that Ron could get in his walking exercise too.

Brock went upstairs and changed, coming down dressed to run. While he was gone for his run, Ron cleaned up a little and reread a section in one of his books on erotic hypnosis, in preparation for later that night. After reading a bit, he dozed off on the couch.

Brock finished his run and saw that Ron had fallen asleep. He went upstairs and showered, later coming down quietly so he wouldn't awaken Ron.

In the foyer on a clothes rack, as he was passing by, he saw a really neat black leather jacket. He couldn't imagine this "biker's jacket" belonged to Ron. Maybe he didn't know him as well as he thought.

He picked up the coat, careful not to make any noise and brought it to the hall mirror to try on and see how he looked in it.

Ron awoke to a rag of some sort being stuffed in his mouth. His hands had been bound together, and so must his legs because he found himself unable to move. The hand over his eyes and forehead lifted and he saw Brock standing above him in the same leather jacket as before. Brock picked up a bottle of beer he had placed on the table and took a long

I started in on the dishes while he took the garbage out. Seemed only fair, since he'd cooked such a great lunch. Saw Ron watching me through the kitchen window. He smiled; I waved back. He looked a little worried. Probably he was getting nervous again about the big difference in our ages, which seemed to occupy him a lot. I didn't care; he reminded me a lot of Coach Bradley, and I found him sexy.

Ron came slinking in like an old tomcat and asked if I wanted to do the tourist thing and see the city, or see a movie? What I really wanted was go running--hadn't been in two days now and I was getting antsy. "You want to ... cum too?" I asked, and he puckered like he couldn't believe I was actually flirting with him. He begged off, said maybe later we could go for a walk by the river after dinner. Sounded good. I figured a walk along the river might be kinda romantic.

I dashed upstairs and changed into a pair of really snug gym shorts and my running shoes. No shirt. When I came back downstairs, Ron had disappeared somewhere. Too bad--I wanted to see his reaction to all this skin I was showing. I wanted to make his jaw *really* drop!

An hour and a half later, when I got back, I found Ron asleep in that library--he called it his den--but I didn't wake him.

I headed upstairs to shower. I passed by this rack and saw this *primo* leather jacket. Black. Tough. Well, well! I wouldn't have guessed Ron went in for that biker kind of thing. He obviously has some secrets.

I quietly slipped the jacket off the rack--didn't want to wake Ron. I was sweaty, should have showered first, but I wanted to try it on.

So there I am in this ol' fag's house again. Found him dead to the world in this big ol' room with lotsa books. Who the hell wastes time reading all'a them books, huh? He's an easy mark, 'n he din't even know ol' Brick was there 'til I stuffed this ol' sock in his mouth to keep him from yellin'. By then I'd gotten his hands and ankles

swig, drinking half the bottle in one series of gulps. "Hey, old man, how do you like that?" He tilted the beer enough that an unsteady stream splashed down on his face and down his front shirt. Brock-or Brick--laughed.

Both panic and arousal came at the same instant. Brick's hands reached down to Ron's hardening cock and grabbed the pants and cock together. "Looks like you are really getting off on this, old man!" He squeezed hard. "Like it? Eh? Whaddya say?"

Ron could say nothing. The rag stuffed in his mouth was preventing any sound. Then it hit him. How was he to get Brock back if he couldn't say the magic words! Brick was still roughly massaging his now hard cock.

"How do you like that, cocksucker. You really do, don't you. Eh?" He slapped Ron in the face. Again. Again. Each time a little harder. Ron's face stung. "I think you owe me, motherfucker! Whadaya say to that?"

Brick finished his beer and went out to the kitchen to get another one.

On his way back he grabbed a cigarette from the counter, lit it, inhaled with it still in his mouth, and let out a large stream of smoke. He came over to Ron, whose eyes were becoming more and more panic-stricken.

The mixture of fear and sexual stimulation, particularly now that Brick was smoking, was becoming overwhelming for Ron. He was both repulsed by it and attracted to it. But the beast inside him was winning. His cock was throbbing to get out of its imprisoning pants.

Brick came over and bent low over Ron's face with a wicked grin. He blew smoke in Ron's face and flicked the cigarette ash on him as he again grabbed Ron's hardness and tightened in on it. Ron began to squirm with pain as Brick put more and more pressure on his balls. But the sight of this cigarette-dangling face over him was too much. He came, even while the pressure from Ron's hand was causing him great pain.

tied up. Din't figure he'd mind--fags like that kinda shit. Anyway, he weren't none too happy, which made me laugh. Nothing he could do. I took a hit off my beer, then tipped the bottle to dribble some on his face. "Like it, ol' man?"

This ol' fag was getting' hard up. Yeh, he liked it just like that. I grabbed his cock through his pants 'n squeezed, justa show him who's boss. I kept my voice tough. "Getting' off on this, ol' man? Huh? Ya like it, doncha? Say ya like it."

He can't talk or nothing, not with that gag in his cocksuckin' mouth, but he could moan just fine, 'n that told me all I was needin' to hear. Can't rape the willing, right? He was likin' it too much, ya ask me.

Time ta show this fag who's boss. "Like it, cocksucker? Like bein' tied up like that?" I slapped him a coupla times, just to show I meant business. "I think ya owe me big-time, faggot. Whaddya think'a that?"

My beer was empty but what the hell? He had lots more in the 'fridge.

While I was getting anotha beer, I found me some smokes there on the counter. My brand too--how 'bout that? Lit one up. Yeh, that's better! Beer 'n a smoke ... hit the spot. Life just don't get no better, 'm I right?

Figured it was 'bout time to shake this ol' guy up some more. Guys like this ... shit, they always think just 'cause I do it with 'em fr money that I must be queer for 'em or something. I ain't no fag, man. No fuckin' way! I just do it 'cause I got the goods 'n it's easy jing. Real easy.

You shoulda seen him, lying there all tied up with this sock stuffed in his mouth. His ol' eyes were wide as saucers, 'n he looked like he was 'bout to piss his pants. But he was hard, real hard. I grabbed it through his pants 'n gave it this slow ... tight ... squeeze 'n blew my smoke in his face, just'ta show I was the one in control. Fag lost it right then, 'n he came in his pants like a baby.

Brick laughed when he felt the wetness coming through the material of the pants. "What a fucking cocksucker you are! I knew you wanted to be treated this way!"

Ron shook his head no and tried to make an intelligible sound, but the mouth rag made it impossible.

Brick grabbed him by the shoulders and lifted him up to a sitting position. "Now I want to know where you keep your money, and I want to know fast. If we have to we'll take you to a bank machine--but I'm sure a cocksucker like you doesn't trust a bank and keeps money around somewhere. Isn't that right, cocksucker?" He took a last long drag of his cigarette and put it out on the back of Ron's hand. He screamed, but it was soundless. Tears formed in his eyes.

Brick untied his feet and pushed him up the stairs to his bedroom. "We'll start here, motherfucker! Shake your head if I am getting warm."

He started to go through the room, emptying out drawers, pushing over lamps, in an attempt to find any money. All the while he guzzled his beer. Finally, he got to a closet and when the clothes were pushed aside he found a safe.

"Now we're talking, cocksucker. Let's get this thing open!"

He took a final swig of his beer, threw the bottle on the bed, and came over to Ron.

"One scream and you are dead, motherfucker!" He pulled the rag from Ron's mouth.

Ron was crying. "Coach wants you," he moaned.

Brick stopped in his tracks, then as if in slow motion, dropped to the floor. Brock was back.

Ron surveyed the damage, his eyes still stinging, his face hot. This had gone too far--both their beasts had emerged. How was he going to explain this to

God, I laughed 'n laughed at his tired ol' ass! "What the fuck, cocksucker? That's it? That's all there is? I knew you liked it rough. You ol' fags always do."

He's a-floppin' his head like a catfish 'n crying 'n tryin' ta say som'thin' that just came out moans.

I pulled him so he he's sittin' up. "Listen up 'n listen good," I tol' him. You got som'thin' I want, 'n yer gonna pay up, got it?" He was a-cryin' 'n a-moanin' som'thin' fierce. "I want all the money ya got, fag, and if we have'ta we'll get it outta yer bank machine too. Got it?" He din't say nothin' so's I had'ta learn him a lesson. I took a last hit off'a my smoke, 'n then I snubbed it out on the backa his hand. Shoulda heard him a-moanin'!

Had'ta untie his feet so he could walk, 'n I shoved him upstairs. Bedroom's good a place to start as any. "Am I getting' warm, faggot?"

Drawers, knick-knack shit--man, I went through it all, dumpin' shit on the floor, 'n all I found was just a little jewelry. Then I got over to his closet, 'n when I shoved his clothes aside--well, well, well, what we got here? A little safe.

Paydirt! "That's more like it! What's the combination, faggot?"

I emptied my beer 'n tossed the bottle on the bed. I strutted my stuff over to him.

"I'm takin' yer gag off, so's ya can tell me the combination. One scream, 'n yer so dead. Y'hear?"

Yanked out the gag, 'n he says, "Coach wants you."

All'a sudden, I feel ... doped up or som'thin'. Nothing works right, 'n I feel myself slippin' away.

I found myself floating in that gray weightless place, waiting, waiting for the Coach's voice to come to me. It felt so pleasant just to drift here,

Brock? Young, beautiful Brock, whom he loved--what had he done to him?

Ron spoke to Brock and brought him to the gentle place, floating. He managed to free his hands and started to pick up the mess in the room as he continued to talk gently, reinforcing the good things he had worked on to improve Brock athletically.

Finally, he told Brock to go with Jeff and to finally make love to him. He led Brock to the spare bedroom where very slowly, very sensually he reinforced all the things he loved about Brock and gave him the consummation he had always wanted since that first wrestling match with Jeff. He made love to Brock slowly, intensely, and Brock reacted to it with a quiet passion, deeply felt and long in coming. At the end, he told Brock to sleep and dream about Jeff. He finished cleaning up the mess before Brock would wake and see it.

with no worries, and let Coach tell me what to do. He'd never let me down.

Coach started giving me instructions, telling me really important things that were going to help me be a winner on the mats. It felt good to listen and let his words flow through me. All I had to do was listen and drift in this pleasant gray place.

Coach led me to a bedroom. I opened my eyes, and there was Jeff. Coach had given his approval, and Jeff was waiting for me. We undressed each other slowly, kissing, touching, exploring each other's secret places. Jeff lay me down on the bed and we made love to each other the way I had always wanted to. No rush, no worries. We had all the time in the world. Later, when we had spent all of our energy, Coach's voice led me into a deep, pleasant sleep, and I dreamed of Jeff and what we'd done all over again.

Part 5. Day 3 (Morning).

Ron

Before Brock was quite awake, Ron gave him the key phrase and tried to insert some new instructions so that the violence of yesterday would not occur again, and yet he was fascinated by the almost schizophrenic change and wanted to experiment with it some more. After the programming, Ron let him wake naturally while he prepared a nice breakfast and brought it up to him.

Brock looks so sweet propped up on his pillows, waiting for me! thought Ron.

As per instructions, his hunger for both food and for Ron was growing in proportion to the time Ron was with him, and as he ate the pancakes, Brock teased him with his smiles. Ron had placed a pack of cigarettes on the tray knowing that Brock would ignore them--he was only to use them in his "seduction" phase--and Brock looked at them

Brock

I slept like a log. I'd been having another of those dreams in which Coach's voice kept giving me instructions that were really important to follow. I listened--so nice just to listen. I didn't notice Ron get out of bed, didn't know he was gone, until he was shaking my arm. He stood there beside the bed, grinning. He had a tray in his hand. Breakfast in bed.

Jeez, this guy was such a romantic! We were both grinning like fools.

Okay, I was pretty hungry, and I was also pretty horny. Make that *really* horny. I wolfed down the food, figuring I'd have his pancakes for breakfast, then his tubesteak for dessert. I ignored the cigarettes and the lighter that Ron had put on the tray. Y'see, I'd started figuring out a few things, about how I was smoking now even though I never

strangely but without commenting. Ron figured he was starting to wonder about what was going on, especially the "time" he was losing. He didn't want him to question too much.

Each time Brock took a piece of food into his mouth, he watched Ron and played with the food, licking it before it went into his mouth, then chewing it seductively. Ron had reinforced how he looked like Coach Bradley and used his powerful, yet hidden attraction to Coach, to transfer to him. It was obviously working.

After taking the last bit of food in his mouth, Brock wiped his mouth slowly, enticing Ron to look. Then just as slowly but firmly, he moved aside the tray and pulled down the covers to reveal his now-massive cock standing at attention. And attentive Ron was. It was a beautiful sight and one that Ron had longed for. Passion getting the better of him, Ron was about to make a move.

Suddenly Brock's eyes focused on something else. Ron followed the direction of his focus and saw the leather jacket. He had meant to take it downstairs when he went to make breakfast but had forgotten it on the chair. He wasn't ready for "Brick" to return yet, not when he could have Brock on his own and feeling so intense about him. But before he could do anything, Brock had jumped out of bed and grabbed the jacket.

As before, the change was instantaneous. The moment the coat's leather insides touched his bare shoulders, Brick emerged. Raw, harder--a cynical smile replacing the naively seductive one. Luckily Ron had remembered to de-program any violent tendencies but he would still retain the instructions to become a male prostitute with a rich client. Ron hadn't changed that original idea. Brick turned to a mirror and adjusted the fit of the jacket, purposely moving his naked lower body erotically to make an impression on Ron.

Slowly, seductively, Brick turned around and walked over to the bed, his hard-on leading the way. Ron was still sitting on the edge of the bed and Brick reached over him, letting his cock touch

smoked before, and how I kept having these little zone-outs. Ron was a nice guy, but I figured, *Ron, baby, it's about time we had ourselves a little talk.*

I was horny as hell, though, so I figured that little talk could wait until after I "thanked" Ron for the great breakfast. I couldn't believe how much Ron reminded me physically of one of my old wrestling coaches, Ballbuster Bradley, and just looking at him was making my balls tingle something fierce. I wanted him.

I set the tray aside and pushed back the covers. Maybe an eyeful of naked college jock with a big hard-on would get his motor running. I downed the last of the coffee--never liked the stuff before--and gave Ron a sexy grin. Yeah, he was looking like he wanted to eat me for dessert, and that was fine by me. I reached down and gave my crotch a lazy scratch, just to catch his interest.

There was a very nice leather jacket hanging from the chair I'd draped my clothes over last night. Something about that jacket caught my eye--it was important to me somehow. I got up, walked over to it. A biker style. Nice. It wasn't mine, but ... I liked the way the smooth leather felt between my fingers. I picked it up and, without asking if I could try it on, I slipped it on over my bare shoulders. I felt suddenly ... different.

Yeh, I knew the score. I had the goods; dude had the cash. It's buy 'n sell in this bus'ness, lemme tell ya. Din't 'member how I got there 'xactly, but ol' Brick, he *always* knows the score. See, there's always some guy willin' to swap his money fr my time. Screwin' always means more to the johns than me. The gettin'-off part felt good sometimes too, I guess, but it's the money that always puts a chill on my arm, passin' from their grip inta mine. Nothin' but the cash. Right now's time ta earn me some friggin' rent money off this dude.

Had all my clothes off, 'cept for my really boss leather jacket, 'n I had a big ol' hard-on. The mark sittin' over on the bed, I recognized him. Another of ol' Brick's satisfied customer, back fr more. I

Ron's leg, and grabbed the pack of cigarettes on the tray. He stood directly in front of Ron, pulling out the cigarette with his lips and lighting and drawing in on it--with his eyes never leaving Ron's. Ron gulped and felt weak at the sight. Brick's exhaled smoke circled Ron, moving slowly in the air as seductively as the boy himself. The tip of Brick's cock moved in and out, alternately touching and moving away from Ron's own peccs and cock.

Ron watched the snicker on Brick's face as his own cock got massively hard. Once it did, Brick sat next to him on the bed and stretching his legs around behind, he sat with his stomach and chest on Ron's back and grabbed Ron's cock in his right hand. Ron felt the hardness of Brick pushing against his back and smelled the smoky breath on the back of his neck. Brick started whispering close to his ear, "Nice place you got here, man. Yeah ... nice ... Must be nice to have a good job ... lotsa cash to buy yourself a boy whenever you want ... isn't that right, mister ..." A kiss on the neck.

"That feels so good", Ron said. Brick took another drag on the cigarette--Ron couldn't see it except in his imagination, but the smoke lingered around him as Brick reached over to the night table to put it out. On the way back from the reach, he exhaled and pulled Ron's head back and kissed him hard. Very hard. Ron shivered with the smoky tongue's touch. But then, just as quickly he pulled away, got up and moved to the duffle bag at the base of the bed.

Brick spoke to Ron: "I like you and I want to do something special for you today. Not like last time, man. No charge, either. How would you like a fine massage!"

Ron could tell by the smile that Brick thought he was being pretty hot stuff. Ron hadn't programmed in a massage, but he guessed there had to be some alternative for the violence he had programmed out. Besides, Ron really did love a good massage and he figured he'd probably had enough of them as Brock for the concept to rub off on Brick. "Sure.

picked up this pack of smokes--had to bend over this guy to snag 'em--'n shook one out. Gripped it with just my lips 'n then I slid it outta the pack real slow-like--sexy, that's the word--'n this guy just ate it up. I lit up real smooth 'n took a deep drag. Yeh, I'm playin' it real cool. Oh, yeh, dude was getting' an eyeful of what he was about to be getting'—he knew I had the goods ta scratch his itch. Yeh, I'd scratch it good too.

I acted like him watching me smoke in the buff 'cept for my jacket was no big deal, 'cause it weren't fr me. I'm good-looking, 'n guys look at me all the time. No big deal. Yeh, I knew what he wanted all right. Botha us knew why he brung me back here, 'n he was gonna pay fr his play-time. Maybe more'n he meant to. I looked around some, all casual like, casing the place. Nice bedroom. Dude had hisself a steady job, a real nine-to-five, I'm guessin'. Nice money but not rich. Probably had some extra cash there in his wallet or a drawer that I could lift if'n I got the chance.

Stubbed out the cigarette. Saw this little bottle of massage oil next to a gym bag. Bag looked familiar-figured I'd boost it too--but it was the oil that gave me the idea. I was kinda rough with this john last time, figured I needed to go easy on 'im if I wanted to keep his jing comin' my way. Maybe be more gentle on him this go-round. Din't remember where I picked it up, but there's this little trick I use on clients sometimes. Makes 'em real cooperative.

I says, "Dude, 's your lucky day. I'm runnin' this special, see? One time only, 'cause I like ya. I'll throw in a massage too, no extra charge, okay dude?"

Sure, I was layin' it on kinda thick, but marks, they like it like that, and this one's eatin' it up.. He's a real character collector, kind that gets friendly with barkeeps 'n calls cabbies by their first name. I could tell he's looking at me thinking, *what a character; wait'll I tell the girly-girls at brunch about this gorg'ous stud who worked me over good*

I'd enjoy that ... uh ... Brick. I really would." He shot Ron back another smile. *Much different than yesterday*, Ron thought.

"I'll just get this tray out of the way", Ron said helpfully reaching over and placing the tray and dishes on the floor. "Is this okay ... if I lay down across the bed this way?" Brick smiled, squeezing the liquid from the bottle on to his hands. Ron mumbled happily in anticipation. "Mmmm ... This is going to feel good on this old, tired body. Yes indeed. Mmmmm." He lay on his stomach as Brick came over, rubbing the lotion and warming it between his hands.

From the moment Brick touched the sole of a foot, Ron was in ecstasy. He thought, *Oh, God, this is heaven. He certainly has the touch. My, my. And he's taking his time, too. He must really want to earn his money. I'm so glad this programming is working. Oh, yes. So relaxing. Never knew the foot could be so sensuous!*

Ron could hear Brick telling him to relax, guiding him into relaxation--but he didn't have to listen--Brick's light, sensuous touch alone was doing it. *Oh, don't even stop to get more oil! Oh, yes. So nice*, Ron thought. He could feel all the tension draining from his body and his eyes starting to close. *So relaxed. Never felt so relaxed before*, he thought.

Ron briefly thought how good it was that he had managed to take care of his body and that it still was firm and in shape. Perhaps that's why Brick could be so sensuous. *Oh, his hands are so relaxing*, he thought.

Brock's programming had seemingly carried over to Brick. Ron knew that each time Brick touched him that he would feel the sexual energy in his nerve endings. It would be pleasurable for the masseur as well. He thought: *I'm feeling so tired, so relaxed*. He was vaguely aware of a voice above him, but more aware of the seductive touch on his ankles.

By the time Brick's hands reached his thighs, Ron wasn't thinking a whole lot: *So relaxed, so ... tired*

'n even threw in a free massage. Shit, the things I gotta do to earn a little extra jing, y'know?

I didn't have to ask 'im twice. He moved aside this breakfast tray--what kinda faggot makes breakfast in bed, right?--'n he scampered his naked ass up on the bed, making all these little happy mewling sounds like a baby, 'n spread hisself out face down. *Oh, yeh*, I thought as I uncapped the bottle 'n climbed on the bed 'n leaned over him, *class is in session, 'n Professor Brick is 'bout to lay down the next lesson! Here it comes, faggot.*

I started with his feet. That *always* gets 'em, 'n this mark was no different. Had'ta go slow'n easy f'r this to work--it din't sometimes. Yeh, ol' Brick had'ta go real slow'n easy, so's to make him enjoy it. It'd take a lotta time, but I fig'ed he hadda lotta money to make it worth my while. Fair trade, know what I'm sayin'?

"Just relax," I said, all soft 'n seductive as I coated my hands with some'a the oil 'n started to rubbin' his feet. "Close yer eyes, dude, 'n just relax." This weird electric tingle I got from touching him made me gasp, like touchin' a battery with my wet hands. I just kept a-rubbin' his feet. "That's it, just relax 'n let go all that tension."

Dude had a decent bod for a guy his age. Kept hisself in shape. I worked his feet over slow 'n sexy, all the time whispering to him, "Relax ... let go ... listen ta my voice ... let my hands relax you ..."

Worked my way up his ankles, then his calves. Took my own sweet time. If this worked, it'd be more'n worth my time--'n then some! "Relax ... focus on my voice 'n how good it feels ta relax ... so easy ta relax ... every thought helps ya relax more ..." My voice all soft 'n low. "... if ya start ta feel sleepy, that's okay ... don't fight it ... just relax ..."

Worked my way on up to his thighs. Slow 'n easy. His breathin' was all slow 'n deep before I even got

... yeah, so tired ... so ... so ... light ... and tired. I can feel ... it feels like ... the air lifting me and I'm floating ... yes, floating ... so relaxed ... so nice! How talented this guy is ... how ... ohh ... so nice!

It was so easy to listen to Brick when he touched me this ... nice ... relaxed ... way. So ... easy ... Don't stop ... touching ... floating ...

"... yes ... easy ..."

Ron heard somewhere in his mind a question that he knew the answer to ...

"... yes ..."

Ron thought: *I need to reward him for this ... wonderful ... massage. Must reward my friend ... he needs my help ... poor boy ... must help him ...*

"... uh huh ..."

He needs what I have more than I do ... so he should have what he wants and needs ..."

"... yes ..."

"The combination ... 42 ... right ... 21 ... left ... 16 ... right." *Don't need those things myself ... such a good friend ... so needy ...*

Ron missed the sensitive touch of the hands on his body but knew he was "in a happy place ... a safe place ... safe with his best friend in the whole world ... someone who needed him ... someone he could help ... he no longer needed things to make him happy ... he had Brick ... er ... Brock ... A small chunk of reality puzzled him for a moment--then heat, a hot liquid on his back ... more massage coming ... so nice ...

Ron's chunk of reality was becoming larger. He knew that he was going to have to wake soon and it bothered him.

"... yes? ..."

halfway up 'em. My trick seemed to work good on him. He seemed to be in a deep sleep. His fingers lifted when I told him they felt so fuckin' light, too light to hold down. Oh, yeh, ol' Brick still had it!

I leaned closer 'n spoke all gentle into his ear, "It's very easy ta listen 'n respond ta my voice, right? So easy, ain't it."

"... yes ... easy ..."

"Dude, you really like me a lot 'n you know I like ya too, right?"

"... yes ..."

"I'm kinda down on my luck 'n you wanna help me on account'a ya like me so much, don'cha, dude? You wanna help me 'cause we're such real good friends."

"... yes ..."

"You got some money in yer wallet, 'n ya want me to have it, all'a it, doncha?"

"... yes ..."

So pretty soon I had all the money in his wallet, 'n I had 'im tell me where he kept his rings 'n stuff like that, his valuables.

Worked like a charm. Gotta tell ya, this was so damn easy it wasn't even funny. I got a rush from it too, had this big ol' hard-on, whole fuckin' time. I wrapped my hand around my rod 'n pumped it hard 'n fast. So hot I wuz cummin' in less'n a minute, squirtin' my juice all over the sleeping john's back. Shit, it was a good cum too. Real good. Had me seein' some stars for a while there.

"Dude, in a little while I want'cha to wake up, 'n all yer gonna 'member is how good I made ya feel, ok?"

"... yes ..."

He hoped that Brick would accept any generous offer he would make ... he was so in need ... and such a wonderful person ... who could resist such a handsome ... needy ... sexy ...

"... yes! ..."

Ron knew he didn't have to leave the happy, peaceful place yet. He knew that there was something else ... something ... but it didn't matter now ... nothing mattered.

Ron didn't lose consciousness, he thought, but instead walked into a dream--a dream that held his beloved Brock ... it was, Brock, wasn't it? ... he could see that lovely smiling face ... that lovely, scowling hard face ... that gentle touch ... that rough, intense grabbing ... that witty bantering, that wicked leering ... he was torn, being pulled from one face to another ... the same face, but different ... both reaching to him ... both beckoning him ... both touching him, reaching for his hard cock ... sending him into orgasm ... hurting him ... pain ... ecstasy ... oh, Gaaaawd!

Ron came at the same moment that he awoke, feeling both the thrill and the fear of it. It took him a second to realize where he was and what he was doing; slowly he raised his eyes to the frozen almost-naked figure on the other side of the room ...

... and his heart leapt with joy and he wanted to do something to help this handsome friend whom he loved so much—his tow-haired friend with the puzzled look on his now-angelic face. His Brock.

"I want'cha to 'member how it's okay if I take yer money 'n shit 'cause we're friends 'n I earned it, 'n ya wanna help me get back on my feet again, right?"

"... yes ..."

I climbed up off'a the bed. "Good, dude, *real* good. Sleep it off now, 'n when ya wake up, 'member only what I told ya, okay?" I patted the john on his ass.

Din't take me no time to raid that dude's wallet, that safe in his closet too, 'n his valuables where he stashed 'em. Weren't that much'a it. I stuffed all that shit in the pockets of my jacket--it's all I got on, right? Found my clothes draped over this chair 'n figured it was time to get myself dressed. Pulled on my socks 'n my jeans, then my shoes too. I'd have'ta take off my jacket to put my shirt back on. I had all his cash 'n credit cards 'n stuff in my pockets, so I din't wanna take the jacket off--I din't wanna spill any'a that loose shit on the floor.

The john, he was startin' to stir 'round some over there on the bed. Okay, I figured, time to beat it the fuck outta there. Always gotta stay one step ahead'a the marks, that's my motto. So I whipped off my jacket, 'n then ... 'n ... then ...

So there I was, standing there in the bedroom half-dressed, my hands all greasy with massage oil, this leather jacket in one hand and my tee-shirt in the other. So just what exactly was going on here?

Part 6. Day 3 (Morning, continued).

Ron

Brock looked rather stunned, Ron thought, standing in the center of the room, holding a leather coat, the pockets of which were filled

Brock

What the fuck? I slung the jacket down on the chair, and all this shit spilled out of the pockets--cash, coins, some rings and jewelry that looked like family

with money, watches, bracelets, and chains. Ron felt rather confused at the sight, thought the young man before him looked beautiful and buffed, though, and also felt an overwhelming need to help Brock and to give him anything he wanted or needed.

Brock finally looked less lost and spoke: "Dude, I think we need to have a serious talk about what is going on!"

"Anything you want." Ron replied. "What's the matter?"

"This!" He threw the coat on the bed. "This is what's the matter! I don't remember where this comes from or how I got it here. Hell, I don't even remember what I am doing here!"

"Well, I can explain it," Ron countered. "There's nothing to worry about."

"I am worried!"

"You see," Ron began, "I have been hypnotizing you, as you know ..."

"To help me with my concentration ..."

"Yes, that's right, but I have to confess, I've also been playing around a little with you, too ... seeing how far under I could take you. You really are a good hypnotic subject!"

Brock seemed more than a little upset at this news and wanted to know just what else Ron had been doing.

Ron patted the edge of the bed for Brock to be seated. Brock warily sat down. Ron looked at this strikingly handsome, cocksure young man, seemingly unashamed of his body, and a wave of even greater love washed over him, increasing his need to help him. If it would help Brock to tell him the truth, then Ron would tell him everything!

Ron started to explain how he had given Brock a couple of Brock's own fantasies to play out--that of the coach he secretly loved and that of his

heirlooms. Where did this stuff come from? I wrestled my way into my tee-shirt. Ron was staring at me with this weird look on his face, like some kind of lost puppy. I felt kind of flattered, but mostly I still wanted to understand.

"Okay, Ron, just what is going on here? Something funny is going on, and I want to know what's happening."

"Anything you want," he purred like a worried kitten. "What's wrong?"

"Well, *this*," I said, grabbing the jacket and flinging it on the bed, making more cash spill from a pocket. "What is this? What's it doing here, and how'd I get here?"

He started with "Oh, don't worry, Brock" and "Oh, I can explain everything."

"I'm waiting."

Too mad to listen. Mostly I heard, "Blah blah blah, hypnotizing you ..."

"Right, helping my concentration."

What I heard him say was, "Blah blah blah, I've been playing around with you too. Blah blah blah, seeing how far I could push it. Blah blah blah, you're a great subject."

I'm like, cut the crap and get to the point, dude. Just tell me what's going on around here.

He patted the bed for me to sit down. I wasn't sure I wanted too—I had so much adrenaline pumping through me my body just wanted to keep pacing like some caged jungle cat. I sat down anyway. Figured it might make him more comfortable and talkative. Ron was going to tell me the truth if I had to drag it out of him.

Ron started rambling on and on about playing out these fantasies, about Coach Bradley, about my teammate Jeff. Maybe I was too angry to be fair, but

attraction to his opponent, Jeff. Brock began to get a little angry and argued that Jeff wasn't a fantasy lover--it had actually happened. Ron had to tell him details that couldn't possibly be known to prove to Brock that it couldn't have happened. Brock still wasn't buying it--it had been integrated too deeply into his "memories."

When it came time to tell Brock about "Brick," and because, by this point, Brock wasn't quite believing anything he said, Ron thought that he could convince Brock by making it happen again, so he asked Brock to put the jacket back on. Brock looked at Ron and the request weirdly, but he did pick up the jacket and put it on.

In his mind at that moment, Ron thought that he would first talk to Brick, then using the hypnotic cue, make Brock remember being Brick.

But as Brick emerged again, Ron began to wonder whether he could do more to "help" Brock. Would it be possible, he queried, to merge the personalities of Brock and Brick, much in the same way that multiple personality patients are worked with to integrate their personalities?

Brick emerged instantaneously. "Hey, you're awake, man. Thought I had put you ... I mean I thought you were sound asleep?"

"I was, Brick." Ron smiled at him, wanting so badly to help him. "Say, Brick, Coach wants you."

"What the fuck are you ..." Brick went into a trance. Ron noticed that he retained the facial harshness of Brick, not the peacefulness usually present in Brock's hypnotized face.

"Brick, I want you to be aware and I want you to remember who Brock is. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"You do understand that you and Brock are one and the same person? Just different sides of the same personality?"

it sure seemed like he was rambling. Especially that stuff about Jeff, because I know for a fact that it really happened. I mean, I was there, right? I should know. He kept insisting it was all just some hypnotic "fantasy" that had gotten engrained in my memory, but I wasn't buying it. I knew it really happened, no matter what he claimed.

Then he started going on and on about someone named "Brick," talking about him as if Brick was me and not me at the same time. I wasn't really listening by this point, and certainly not buying this crap. He would prove it, he said, if I just put the jacket back on. Fuck this, I thought with a sigh, and I reached for the jacket.

I fingered the smooth, worn leather. I liked the familiar feel of it. I slipped the jacket on over my tee-shirt and felt ... I felt ...

So there I am, a-lookin' 'round, 'n this dude just a-lookin' right at me like he was liable ta kiss me or som'thin'. There's money on the floor 'n on the bed that musta spilled outta my pockets. Christ, I needed a smoke! First, I had'ta talk my way outta this mess, and fast!

Ol' Brick turned on the charm. Johns, they *love* that kinda shit. "Hey, dude, how long ya been 'wake? Thought ya was sound asleep?"

"Oh, I was, Brick," he says like a lovesick puppy. Then he says som'thin' funny. "Hey, Brick, Coach wants ya."

"Huh," I start in, "Who tha fuck is Coach?" But I felt all ... funny. Can't really explain it, like I was a-goin' ta sleep'r som'thin'. All relaxed 'n sleepy.

Couldn't move but I heard this john askin' me if I remembered some dude named Brock.

"... yeah ..."

He started goin' on 'bout me 'n Brock being the same, like diff'rent parts of the same person. Din't unnerstand but couldn't much argue.

"We are?"

"Yes, you are," Ron reasoned. "And when you wake up, I want you to merge those personalities. You will be aware of the potential you have of being like Brick and Brock. There is a part of you that can react like Brick when it is called for and a part that can react like Brock. You are one and the same, but like a coin with two sides."

"A coin ..."

"When you wake up you will remember everything that Brock and Brick have done and it will seem quite normal to you that these personalities wrestle with one another to see who is in charge in any particular situation. But they can and do work together and co-exist. Your real name will be Brock and that is the only name you'll go by, even if your personality at that moment is more like Brick's."

Ron counted to three then, and Brick/Brock awoke. "So you were going to tell me something else about ..."

"Nope. That's it," Ron said. "I just gave you a fantasy, that's all."

"Yeah?" said Brock, smiling. "That's all I gave you, too. Sleep!"

Ron's eyes suddenly got very heavy and he knew he was so tired and wanted to go to that beautiful and quiet spot where he could rest and ...

Drifting ... so peaceful. He knew only that he wanted Brock more than he wanted life itself and that he would do anything he could to help Brock. Whenever, he saw Brock's naked body, he would do whatever Brock needed him to do.

Ron became aware of the room again slowly. He could feel an amazing hardness in his cock, harder and stronger than he could ever remember it getting. Finally, he was aware that Brock was still sitting next to him, and Brock's cock was just as swollen.

"... we are ... ?"

I couldn't do nuthin' but listen ta him. He was a-goin' on'n on 'bout me bein' more like Brock when I woke up--like I was asleep or som'thin'!--and all this shit. All I knew was I wasn't *about* to be like nobody but me, not if'n I could help it. He started a-talkin' 'bout coins. *Finally!*--som'thin' ol' Brick could unnerstand.

I mumbled, "... coins ..."

He kept on talkin' but I couldn't concentrate on what he's sayin'. I was feelin' all relaxed 'n peaceful. He says som'thin' 'bout rasslin' with this Brock ta see who's in charge 'n I'm a-thinkin' there's no way I'm a-gonna let some pussy like Brock top me. I figgered if I had'ta go by Brock I would but no fuckin' way'm I'm gonna step back 'n let som'body else call the shots 'round here.

I blinked. What just happened? I heard my voice say something, but it wasn't me speaking! What's going on?

This john--no, Ron--where'd "John" come from?--says something about a fantasy.

It wasn't me talking, though I heard my voice say, "Sleep."

I watched this john--no, Ron! Ron!--I watched his eyes droop and close, his head slowly nod forward like he was falling asleep.

I didn't understand what was happening. I was awake but not in control. I could see but I couldn't talk or make my body move. I was a passenger in my own body. Someone else was in control. Someone who was telling Ron what to do.

My body moved. Whoever was in control was making me strip off my clothes, then have a seat again next to Ron. My cock was hard, hard as hell. Ron's eyes fluttered and opened. He looked at me, and then his whole expression got really ... hungry.

The love-lust he felt for Brock was so strong. He shivered for a second, then reached over and kissed Brock, his tongue seeking deep into Brock's mouth. Tongues collided and wrestled, moving quickly against and with each other, vying for supremacy.

Ron's hand went down and wrapped around Brock's giant rod, massaging it tenderly, as precum dripped from the tip. Slowly, their lips disentangled and Brock went down on Ron's ready dick and the shiver went through him again.

Ron noticed that Brock seemed a bit rougher now, his lovemaking sounds a bit harsher and more vulgar than before, but still tenderness came through. Ron momentarily remembered the merging, and he thought it was making Brock a perfect lover--at least in Ron's eyes.

They made love for over an hour before each came, and at the end they both seemed exhausted and fell asleep in each other's arms.

I couldn't stop him, wasn't sure if I even wanted to. Ron kissed me, and whoever was in charge of my body responded. I felt like I was on auto-pilot, enjoying the feel of Ron's mouth on mine but not able to do or say anything myself.

Ron put his hand on my cock, and this jolt of ecstasy zapped through my body. He started jacking me and I felt myself start leaking precum like crazy. My body pulled away and turned, my mouth heading for his cock.

My mouth sucked Ron's cock, and he sucked mine. One of my hands spanked his ass. Where was this all coming from? Why couldn't I control myself? Who was in charge here? I could almost feel a presence in my head, but every time I got close, a bolt of sex pleasure knocked me back.

Finally, rapture crashed over me, a tide pushing me deeper down inside my head. My spent body curled against Ron's, and everything faded into sleep.

Part 7. Day 3 (Afternoon and Evening).

Ron

Ron slept like the dead!

He was vaguely aware that it was morning but didn't want to move.

The feel of flesh against his body, the memory of a night of perfect love-making, the smell of smoky breath on his neck, and the relaxing calm after a storm of love-making.

As he felt the slight stirrings behind him, his mind again brought back Brock's the beautiful face, and his cock grew hard, knowing that this man had cast a spell over him and he couldn't help the addiction he

Brick

I'm in charge.

It was so fuckin' easy, don't know why I didn't try it b'fore.

When I wake up from my nap, I'm still with this john, right? Damn! I *never* spent this long with anyone b'fore! Love 'em 'n leave 'em, that's my motto.

Yeah, I knew all 'bout Brock. Whatta *wuss*. It was easy to keep him pushed down'n the back of my head. No fuckin' way I was lettin' him out to spoil this. He stayed where I

Brock

What's happening to me?

I couldn't move, couldn't talk. All I could do was watch what happened.

Even after I woke up, it was like my head had been taken over by someone else. Ron, baby, what the fuck did you do to me? What did you get me into?

There was this ... presence in my head, and it wasn't me. I could feel it, all around me. Male, a very masculine presence. Familiar too, like it was part of me, yet somehow

felt--he would do anything for Brock, to keep him his. No one could turn him on more quickly or ignite such passion in him.

Brock finally moved away from behind him, sat up and started to dress, so Ron gave him his best good morning smile. He offered breakfast but Brock just smiled, undid his trousers and pulled them down. Wearing no underwear, he gave Ron a glimpse immediately of what he longed for, and Ron quickly went down on him. Each time Ron tried to suggest something else, like breakfast or lunch, Brock lit a cigarette, pulled down his pants and again Ron sucked him dry. He came insatiably, over and over, while Ron was drawn more and more into his beauty.

Food became unimportant as morning slipped into night. The protein of Brock's cum sustained Ron, and cigarettes sustained Brock. Ron was unable to think, only to give into the passion.

Suddenly, morning was evening. Ron's hardness never seemed to go away. Brock gave him a hard kiss, arose, pulled up his pants and put on his leather jacket. *My hot god*, Ron thought as Brock turned to him and said "Need more smokes, man! Be back soon!"

Ron reached over and grabbed the now-hidden cock, but Brock grabbed his hand and roughly thrust it away. Ron was about to get angry with Brock but Brock bent down and kissed him, long and hard. With his wonderful smile, he walked to

put him too. He struggled some now 'n then but he din't have a clue so's nothing he could do. Nothing I couldn't handle.

I knew all about this john too. Rod? Ron? What the *fuck* was his name? Don't matter. I had his number 'n I had 'im wrapped around my finger. I kept my shirt off--never hurts sweetenin' the deal some, y'know?--'n when he starts getting' all uppity, all I had to do's unzip 'n drop my pants a little. I'd given him the suggestion that seeing me naked would make him want to make me happy, right? He took to it like a duck to water. He made me happy, all right. Over 'n over aga'n.

I stayed the rest of the afternoon, even part of that evening. Why walk away from a good thing, right? Am I right? 'Course, I'm right. Ol' Brick's always right.

About nine o'clock, I ran out of smokes. I coulda sent Ron down to tha store for more, but I needed some air. I had a good deal goin' on here, but I wanted a break for a while. Too much of a good thing gets old, y'know? And I need my freedom.

So I pushed Ron off my cock, pulled up my jeans, put on my leather jacket over my bare chest, 'n I high-tailed it to the gas station down the street for more cigarettes. Money? Hell, got plenty of

separate. I didn't really understand what was happening here at all. All I could do was watch as the presence moved in my body.

Ron seemed to be eating this all up. The more this presence used my body to tease him or manipulate him, the more excited he got. He was practically groveling. Whenever Ron tried to say no or stand up for himself, this presence would just pull my pants down, and Ron would go wild. He couldn't say no to anything my voice told him to do, no matter how humiliating. And sex? It was like this presence in me couldn't get enough! Time was passing for me in a haze of orgasms.

Afternoon, evening, it all rushed by in a haze. Couldn't focus. I was losing my hold on reality and slipping further away, further down under the presence.

He smoked like a chimney. I couldn't fucking believe it! This was my body, not some ashtray. Ron, have you *ever* got some explaining to do! I thought when the cigarettes ran out all that smoking stuff was over, but then he says he want more.

Ron was kneeling between our legs--*my* legs--giving us like our umpteenth blowjob of the evening. The presence pushed him back roughly and got dressed. Took a couple of twenties, maybe more, from

the table, grabbed Ron's wallet, and took out the money inside.

Brock promised he would return. Ron was panic-stricken, but Brock assured him that once he got his smokes, which he swore he was doing just for Ron—because he knew how much Ron loved them—he would be back to carry on where they left off. He again flashed that melting smile and was gone.

It seemed like it was less than five minutes before the "loss" hit him and Ron felt like crying. It started out as a dull pain in his chest and gradually took over his whole body. Ron was like an alcoholic without a drink. He needed Brock, so badly. He got up and dressed quickly, thinking that he would catch up with Brock and come back with him. Ron went downstairs, grabbed his coat, and went outside.

Brock had taken Ron's keys. "Damn," he thought. He knew there was no way he could catch up to Brock. Ron would just have to wait until he returned. He felt like crying as he headed back into the empty house.

How did I ever live without Brock, he thought. He would do, say or put up with anything to keep him there.

He heard the car pulling up in the driveway. The emptiness disappeared and he took a quick look in the mirror, pushed back his hair and ran to the door to meet

jing from Ron 'fore I left, of course. He owed me big-time, all right.

Bought my smokes. I leaned back on this brick wall outside the gas station 'n lit up. There was this guy in a *real* fancy foreign sports car checking me out, 'n I figured it wouldn't hurt to see what was what. I know money when I see it. Gotta make a few bucks, y'know?

He drove by 'n *stared*. I didn't act too interested—make 'em work for it, I always say. He drove on. Then he drove by again, slower, stared some more. I pretended I didn't notice him. Them's th' rules'a this game, right? I let the front of my jacket fall open to show my bare pecs, casual-like. He's interested, all right. He had that hungry look they all get.

Third time he came 'round the block, I looked right at 'im. "You paying attention, Brock?" I whispered, grinnin' like an ol' hound dog, knowing he'd hear me. "Watch how it's done."

He pulled up beside me. Yeah, he had the cash all right, 'n I had the merchandise. We was in business.

Took him back to Ron's. No way I'm letting a sweet deal like this get away from me. I told him Ron's "just a friend," 'n tha guy knew better'n ask

Ron's wallet on the table. Ron didn't even try to stop him.

All I could do was watch as he bought more of those damn cigarettes from the corner store, then lit up the minute he was outside. This was *my* body he was polluting, and there was nothing I could do. I couldn't even work up the control to cough. This was pure hell.

I didn't notice the guy in the car at first, but the presence did. That's what I felt, how interested he was in the sports car that cruised in front of us *real* slow. Got to admit, it was a fine car too. Red. New. Sleek. Worth more money than I'd ever see. I felt night air hit my nipples. The driver was staring at me, at my body. What did he want with us?

He drove on but we didn't move. Sure enough, the driver came back around the block in a moment. I heard my own voice say, "You paying attention in there, Brock? Watch how it's done."

When the driver pulled up and casually held up the money, I figured out what was going on.

We got in the car and headed back to Ron's house. *Cool*, I thought, *Ron will put a stop to this!* But Ron seemed too stunned to understand at all.

Brock.

Ron's heart stopped. "What the ... who the fuck is this? I thought we ... How could you bring someone back to my house? How ..." He stopped short as Brock undid the top of his pants and pulled down his zipper, revealing his treasure. "Chill, my man!," Brock said, smiling and winking. Ron melted.

Again the overwhelming love and need to please washed over him as he stared at Brock.

Ron allowed the strange man and Brock to pass by him and they headed upstairs to Ron's bedroom. As though in a trance, Ron followed.

Brock had closed the bedroom door only halfway, and Ron stood out in the hall, watching like a voyeur as Brock stood there and allowed that other man to fall to his knees and suck on Brock's hard cock--the cock that should be his alone, Ron thought. Ron watched, mesmerized, as the man finished his job, took out his wallet, and paid Brock—twice as much as Brock had demanded—and walked out smiling.

Ron ran over to Brick who was counting money, and, in tears, questioned how Brock could demean him like this, and how much they had loved each other.

Brock was paying no attention, so Ron's whining began to turn into anger, but a confused anger, because the more he looked at the naked

questions.

Ron got kinda upset, like we had a *thing* going on or something. I guess we did, kinda, long's his money held out, but that don't mean I can't earn a little som'thin' on tha side, am I right? "Ron," I says, "just chill." I teased down my zipper a little, figurin' he'd get the idea.

Ron just stares at my zipper 'n shuts right the fuck up. Yeah, I got him *good*.

I took this new guy into Ron's bedroom. I left the door cracked--I knew Ron's gonna wanna watch. He'd pay for the free thrill later.

Hey, I'm good-lookin', 'n I got the goods. This guy, he was just plain desperate for some attention, 'n thinkin' of all that cash had me feeling really ... attentive. All he wanted t'do was suck me off, which's fine by me. He gave me more money'n I asked for--'n let me tell you, when he opened up his wallet 'n I got a glimpse of how much more there was besides, damn!, I just about creamed on the spot!

Later, after the guy left, Ron's all over me, with *Oh, how could you do that to me 'n Oh, I thought we had something special*.

So I'm sittin' on the bed, a-countin' my take again--for like the fifth time, 'cause its more money'n I ever made in

I wanted Ron to get mad, throw the guy out, help me get rid of this presence, but all he did was bitch and moan about how he couldn't believe this was happening. My voice said, "Just chill, Ron," and my hand worked my zipper. Ron, he just stared at my crotch and shut up.

Ron's expression went passive, as if all the outrage was drained out of him.

I couldn't stop myself from walking to the bedroom. Ron's bedroom. Man, this was *seriously* fucked up! Why didn't Ron stop this?

The man stripped, and he got my clothes off too. I just wanted this to be over—I wanted Ron to burst in and put a stop to all of this shit. But my cock was hard and this guy, he really knew how to suck. In spite of myself, I started getting into it. All the presence in my head was thinking, though, was *money, money, money*. After I came, so hard I nearly saw stars, the guy dressed in a hurry and left.

Ron came in almost immediately and started yelling about "my" behavior. *It wasn't me*, I wanted to scream, but I couldn't.

C'mon, Ron! Do something! I thought. The presence in my head was pretty much ignoring

parts of Brock's body, the more the anger turned into lust, and the more the lust clouded Ron's mind. Nothing, it seemed, would ever be the same again.

Brock patted the bed and Ron sat down beside him. Tears leaked down Ron's face, and he was about to either fall apart in tears or attack Brock in lustful anger. Just as he was about to scream at Brock, Brock reached over to touch his face, saying, "Sleep, Ron," and all emotion faded away from him.

Ron felt himself moving again into that quiet place, that beautiful place, that place where all anger and all fear left him and was replaced by serenity.

Ron became vaguely aware of a guilt rolling into his consciousness, a growing guilt over the awful way he had treated Brock, and it was destroying the quiet place. He had to make it up to Brock, or he would never be able to feel peace again, never experience that quiet place.

one go. I had my jeans on but my chest was still bare. I could tell by th'way Ron kept eyein' my nips that his mad-on would disappear in a second if'n I gave 'im some attention.

I patted the mattress next to me for him to sit down there. He had a seat, like an obedient puppy. He's a-waiting for me to 'pologize 'n make things all better, but that's the fuckin' *last* thing I had in mind. Instead, I said nuthin' but, "Sleep."

His eyes closed 'n his body relaxed, 'n I lay him back real gentle on the bed. Yeah, I had this john down good. "See, Brock?" I whispered, "*this* is how ya do it."

I said to the john, "Listen close 'n listen *real* good. You been a real bastard today 'n yer very, very sorry. When you wake up from yer little nap, yer a-gonna make it up to me. Yer a-gonna do whatever it takes to make everythin' all right, ain't ya?"

Ron, devoting his time to counting the money yet again. Surely Ron understood that this wasn't me? Ron had to come through for me—he was my last hope of getting back in control of myself.

Instead, Ron sat down next to me, looking lovesick. Oh, God, I thought, suddenly afraid things weren't going to go the way I wanted. And when I heard my voice say, "Sleep, Ron,"—*damn it!*—I knew he had gotten to Ron, and my last hope was gone.

The effect was immediate. Ron's expression went blank, his eyes closed, and his body sagged back onto the bed. "See that, Brock?" my voice hissed. "That's how it's done."

All I could do was listen to my voice whisper into Ron's ear, telling him what a bastard he'd been and how Ron would want to make everything all right later. Me, I just curled up inside myself and gave up. The presence had won, and I didn't want to fight anymore.

Part 8. Day 4.

Ron

Ron arose very early and prepared a special breakfast for Brock.

He was feeling so guilty about how badly he had treated Brock and he knew he had to make it up to

Brick

Now there's only me. Yeh, I'm in charge, like always.

Now, I don't mean ta brag but I had this john good. Right where I wanted him, y'know what

him. He had gone out back and cut fresh flowers for the table and had it looking just perfect. He felt odd walking around without his pants but he knew somehow it was right and that Brock would approve. He was glad Mrs. MacKenzie hadn't seen him picking the flowers, though.

After the table was set and the breakfast sausage casserole was in the oven, Ron went upstairs and started running Brock's bath, dropping rose petals into the water. He went to the cabinet and pulled out some oils that he had been saving for a special occasion and thought that he might give Brock a rubdown and massage before he arose and had a nice warm bath.

He entered the bedroom and saw the untidiness of the room, the ashtray filled with butts on the bedside table, and again a pang of guilt went through him. Did he start Brock smoking? That wouldn't be healthy for him. He would have to stop him somehow—even though he liked watching him smoke. He owed that to Brock!

He looked at the sturdy, athletic body on the bed. His arms were muscled and tight, and his breathing was slow and easy. He sat next to the body he loved to look at so much and pulled down the covers. Brock's back was too him and the sight of this beautiful, tight butt send him into pangs of guilt once again. He opened the bottle of expensive lotion and poured some on his hands, rubbing the liquid together in his hands to warm it. Slowly he placed his hands on Brock's back, and started slowly and sensually to massage it.

Brock started to stir, then slowly started to moan. He seemed to be liking the sensation, so Ron started in a little harder, rubbing his hands over the muscles, getting them loose and in shape. Brock rolled so that Ron could straddle him and really dig in.

After a few minutes he began to do more than moan—he talked. "Nice, man ... nice!" Ron started to tell him how much he loved him and wanted to make everything right by him and how sorry he was that he

I'm sayin'? All I had'ta do was bind him a little closer to me 'n I'd be set on Easy Street fer life. 'N after t'night with the gas station, I was a-figurin' he'd be bound up plenty tight. Yeah, this john, he'd be dependin' on me to bail his sorry ass out for sure!

He was makin' quite a racket downstairs, slammin' doors, bangin' pots 'n clangin' pans. Then he's in the bathroom a-runnin' enough water to float Noah and his whole damn Arc. What the holy fuck was he a-doin'? I know what I told him to do, but did he have to make so much God-durned *racket* all tha time? Sheesh! Mental note: make him be fuckin' quieter next time.

'N this bedroom ... God, whatta fuckin' pigsty! Clothes ever'where, cig butts spillin' outta ev'ry ashtray in tha place. I like my smokes 'n I know he a-likes ta watch, but don't he got no pride? Gonna have to make him clean up some 'round here today, b'fore he left fer tha big night I had a-planned for him.

Yeah, I heard him come in. Couldn't miss it, the way he was a-stompin' 'round like some elephant. I was tryin' ta sleep but, shit!, he was makin' enough noise to wake the fuckin' *dead!* The bed moved as he sat on it nextta me. He pulled back the covers some, 'n I could feel his eyes a-starin' holes in my skin. Then there was this smell--roses, or some perfumey shit like that--'n then I feel his oily hands in the small'a my back as he starts a-rubbin' 'n massagin' on me, all soft like he's afraid I'd break or som'thin'.

'Kay, I *love* havin' my back rubbed, 'n this john, he hit some'a the sweet spots. I moaned a little 'n rolled flat on my stomach so's he could a-straddle me 'n really do the job up right. I moaned some more 'n he got the idea, started putting some more muscle inta it.

When he found some'a them sweet spots where it feels real good, I said so, so's he'd keep working 'em longer. "Oh, yeah, dude," I'd say, "That's nice. Right there, dude." He started

behaved the way he did the day before. Brock didn't say much, except for the occasional "Oh, right! Right there! ... yes ... Mmmmm."

After a little while, when Ron was sure by the sounds that Brock's cock was hard again, he turned him over and began to massage his legs and work his way back up to his cock. He spent a long while making sure Brock's cock was good and hard, then went down on it until Brock came--loudly and with much more colorful language than he had used in the past.

Ron told him his bath was ready and asked him if he wanted "help" bathing, and when he said he didn't, went downstairs to get the final things ready for breakfast.

Brock came down about 20 minutes later in a robe that belonged to Ron. He was smoking a cigarette and had combed his hair in a different way. At least it seemed different to Ron. As soon as he saw him, all Ron's thoughts went to serving him, to make up for the awful day before. He couldn't do enough to satisfy whatever Brock wanted.

Finally, after they both had eaten, Brock looked over at Ron and smiled. "Nice meal, dude. Nice. *Fuck me, now, asshole!*"

The words kind of shocked Ron, but at the same time he felt strange. He focused totally on Brock and knew he not only wanted to fuck the boy, he wanted to do it hard and rough. He felt a kind of anger building up inside him. He no longer was feeling guilt about the other day ... he felt nothing akin to guilt, only a mad passion that included roughing Brock up a little. He needed it. Needed it bad.

Ron stood up, knocking over the chair he was sitting in. He stood over Brock and looked down at him. He reached down and grabbed his neck and pushed him back. Brock reached out to grab Ron but was unable to as the chair tipped over backward. Brock's head was high enough to avoid hitting the floor and his back took the brunt of the fall. In a second Ron was on top of him, pinning his hands and arms up over his head and kissing him hard, too hard.

a-goin' on about som'thin' but like I fucking wanted to listen! I tol' him to shut his pie hole 'n keep working over my back, and he did what I tol' him.

Yeah, I was fuckin' hard as a brick. I knew what was up, right? I knew what he was a-wantin'. When he turned me over, he tried pretendin' he weren't innerested by a-rubbin' my legs 'n shit, but pretty soon he's back slobberin' all over my cock. He liked it when I talk dirty, so I let fly a-cussin' when I started to cum, 'n I came hard.

He tol' me he'd run me a bath, 'n did I want him to help? I tol' I din't need no fuckin' help so he ske-daddled downstairs to finish getting' my breakfast ready.

Warmer'n I liked but I climbed in anyway. Fucking rose petals and flower petals a-floating in it. Shit! What kinda faggot puts *flowers* in his bath water? Well, pretty soon I'm through and tired'a pickin' petals outta my pubes so I put on his ol' bathrobe, some kinda thick terrycloth that felt real nice, 'n went downstairs to eat.

After I demolished the grub, I let out this big ol' burb 'n grinned 'n said, "Nice work, dude. Fuck me now, you asshole."

Listen, I don't put out the pink fer just anybody, but sometimes ya gotta sweeten tha pot, y'know? Besides, I'd made sure he'd be real eager ta please when I said that. Yeah, *real* eager. His face went kinda blank 'n then ya could see him start getting hot for me. Pretty soon he's burnin' up with a need to get inta my ass and make me feel real good. Yeh, he was right where I wanted him, all right.

He's so hot ta get inta my ass he jumps up 'n tips over his chair. He comes a-jumpin' at me 'n knocks over my chair too 'n falls over on me. Good thing I know how'ta take a fall or it mighta hurt me. He's all over me inna second, a-grabbin' me 'n a-tryin' ta pin my hands up over my head. I let him for a little bit, 'n he started a-trying to kiss me even though I kept turnin' my head and a-trying to keep away from his

Now Brock seemed to get into it as well. He pulled his arms away, and the two of them started wrestling on the floor. The wrestling seemed to make Ron work harder and he increased the shouting: "Come on, motherfucker. Come on, cocksucker. I'm gonna give it to you good!" For an hour, the two went at it, roughly, until Ron came inside Brock's butt. Then exhausted, they both lay on the floor, breathing heavily.

After a few minutes, Ron jumped up and commanded the still-woody wrestler. "All right, get the fuck up. I want you to earn your keep here ... so get into that fucking kitchen and clean it good. I'm going out for a while and I expect it spotless, asswipe! Now move it!"

Brock smiled and went out into the kitchen. Ron quickly went upstairs and pulled on an old pair of tight jeans and a white sleeveless tee-shirt. He screamed something at Brock in the kitchen as he ran out the door, got in his car, and burned rubber as he sped off.

He had no memory of what happened in between. Something had stirred him, and he was aware of it again. He only knew when he looked at his watch that it was 8 p.m. and he was sitting in a jail cell. He looked through the bars and saw Brock on the other side. He looked concerned but not as concerned as Ron was as consciousness came slipping back.

"Uh, where am I? How did I get *here*!"

Brock's smile was sheepish.

Part 9. Day 5.

Ron

Ron was very confused the whole next day. He was aware that he was accused of a robbery but had no idea

slobberin' tongue.

Just 'cause I was sweetenin' the pot din't mean I wasn't gonna make him work for it, 'n I did too. We rassled 'round on tha floor 'n Ron was a-yellin' shit like we was in some cheap porno movie. He grabbed the butter off'a tha table 'n smeared it up my ass, 'n then he shoved his dick up there. Hurt like a muthafucker but I took it like a man. He din't last too long though, five, ten minutes tops 'n he blasted.

I still had a big ol' fuckin' hard-on but Ron was already a-jumpin' 'round 'n yellin' at me to start earning my keep this, start cleanin' up that, shit like that. Kinda funny, 'cause I knew where this was a-goin', 'n Ron, he was right on schedule, far as I could see.

So I went off into tha kitchen--let him think he won, huh?--'n Ron went upstairs to change into tha uniform I tol' him to put on when I was givin' him his instructions fer the day. Hey, if he was gonna this this right, he was sure's hell gonna look the part, am I right?

He peeled off in the car. I knew right where he was a-goin'. I knew what he was a-gonna do when he got there. Remember that gas station down the street? Seein' how it was his first time knockin' over a station, I din't imagine he'd pull it off. So I just kicked back 'til the police called. Then I got some cash from his stash 'n headed down to bail him out.

He din't remember a thing, nat'rully.

I just a-grinned. I had him good.

Brick

A good boy like Ron? Man, that fuckin' pissed me off. That white hat 'n shinin' armor routine,

how it happened or memory of it happening. Every time he would try to go over in his mind what could have happened, he found himself distracted, and his thoughts would turn to Brock, his lover.

He was also confused about his relationship to Brock, though when he tried to analyze it, he again found himself distracted sexually, and ended up by not caring. Part of him thought that Brock hadn't been around that long, part of him felt that Brock had been around forever. He only knew that he worshipped the boy and would do anything for him.

His obsession was so great that everything took second place to making sure that Brock had everything he needed. He found that he didn't have time to worry about the police or about anything except ministering to the needs of the beautiful Brock.

Ron went to the bank and withdrew a few thousand dollars so that Brock could get a few things he needed. He also applied for a loan to buy Brock the car that he wanted. It wasn't fair for Ron to have a car and Brock not. And, of course, Ron wanted Brock to have only the very best. He was kind of disappointed when Brock was looking at pickup trucks.

When they were out shopping for a car, Brock suggested that it might be nice for him to have a motorcycle as well, so Ron gladly arranged for a loan for that, too.

When they went to do some shopping for clothes for Brock, Ron handed over his credit card--he was so pleased to do it, he almost had an orgasm--and watched as Brock tried on a variety of sexy outfits, from leather jackets and pants to revealing cutoffs.

Brock even allowed Ron to accompany him to the hairdresser where he had input on the latest haircut for Brock. Ron got a hard-on watching the cosmeticians work on Brock.

In the afternoon at the meeting with the lawyer, Ron first made sure that his will was changed to include Brock as the only beneficiary to his estate, after which the lawyer discussed strategies for getting him out of

when deep down he's usin' me like ever'body else? See, I knew 'bout what he'd done ta me, 'n it sucked. He's just like tha rest. This time, I was makin' sure I came out on top.

Forget what Ron has to say. He don't know the truth. All's he knows is what I made him *think* was the truth. My little trick made sure this white knight fell offa his white horse, just like he'd been a-using his tricks on me. Made me sick, the way he manipulated me. This dude, he'd fall *real* hard. *Exactly* the way I wanted.

I was bored with him, see? Yeh, he had a li'l money 'n a nice place, but I wanted more'n he could give. He's okay in bed too, but he just couldn't keep up with me. I wanted more. More money; lots more toys. I got the goods. I deserve the perks, right?

I admit it--I wanted to take him for ever'thin' he had. I wanted to take eve'thin' away from him. He tried to use me, so I sure as hell was a-gonna use him. First, I used my little trick to make him give me all his money. 'N I made him take me car shoppin' too. I wanted me a big boss muscle-truck, 'n a fast one too.

That weren't gonna be enough 'n I knew it the minute we hit the car lot. I wanted me a bike too. Hell, ol' Ronnie had the jing. Way I figured it, he owed me.

I'm young. I got the looks. I got the bod. 'N God knows, I got the meat. Why the fuck *shouldn't* I have th' best of ever'thin'? Yeh, Ron's just a steppin' stone. Soon's we're finished here at the mall, I was gonna start a-looking to move on 'n move fast.

Clothes, a new hair style that made me look fuckin' hot--yeh, Ron was a-springin' for it all. 'N each time he paid for som'thin', it's like he nearly came on the spot.

When we got ta his lawyer's office--man, I *hate* lawyers--I knew who my next mark was a-gonna be. His lawyer's young, not much older'n me, 'n way hot. Ever'thin' about him

the robbery charge. Ron was not able to concentrate much on what the lawyer was saying, too distracted by Brock and the seductive way he was coming on to the lawyer. Brock, noticing that Ron was not paying much attention to the lawyer, took over completely in dealing with the lawyer and even arranged a private meeting to discuss what to do with Ron.

After they left the lawyer's office, Brock suggested that they go someplace nice for dinner.

Ron was pleased that he could sit across from Brock and watch him eat, but Brock's idea of a nice dinner was to go to a leather bar. He had brought a collar for Ron and insisted that Ron wear it and be led around all evening. At first horrified, as soon as the collar was put on him, Ron got immediately hard and knew that this was what he was destined to do. All evening, he looked at Brock with puppy-dog's eyes and loved him unquestioningly. Even when Brock sent him off to be fucked by other men (for which Brock received a goodly sum of money) Ron couldn't be angry with him. If it pleased Brock, he would do anything for the boy.

Brock spent the evening enjoying himself and the other men at the bar, drinking and having a fine time. He seemed to have picked up, at some point in the day, a box of fine cigars which he was smoking and giving out to other men who would come by. Ron sat on the floor taking in every lovely drag and worshipping the god who owned him.

On the way home, Brock was a bit tired and more than a little drunk, so he asked Ron to drive. In his tiredness, Brock got angry with Ron and his slow, careful driving, and said fuck it. "Why don't you fuck me now, asshole."

Ron suddenly felt so fucking good. He stepped on the gas, let out a whoop, and told Brock they were gonna have a good time. He unzipped himself, then reached over and grabbed Brock in the crotch—hard—and pulled him over closer to him. He grabbed Brock by the newly coiffed hair and pushed his face down on his now-hard dick. "Suck me, motherfucker!"

said money, 'n lemme tell ya, he was speakin' my language. Lawyer kept flirtin' 'n askin' my opinion. Ol' Ron was distracted, so I stepped in 'n started runnin' things. I mean, no way I was a-gonna sit there all day 'til Ron got his fuckin' ass in gear, right? Not after I got some time alone with th' lawyer 'n showed him I knew what's what with him too.

After the workout his lawyer gave me in the back room, I'd worked me up a helluva appetite.

Now, Ron, he'll say anythin'. He'll say it was all my doin' 'n I made him get all down 'n dirty. Truth is, I din't make him do nothin' he din't already have it in him to do. My little trick's good, but it can't make him inta someone he ain't, not 'less he has hisself a little of it inside already. So when I said I wanted to try that leather bar he tol' me 'bout, he nearly came all over his fool self. He had this collar he was a-wantin' me to put on him. A fuckin' dog collar, like he's Lassie--can ya believe it? Well, I put it on him 'n in we went, 'n he's happier'n a pig in slop.

It was kinda fun for a while. I won't lie--it was fun makin' him parade 'round 'n lettin' any guy who wanted a piece'a his ass take him back 'n do it to him like a neighborhood slut. Made me some money off'a him that way, 'n a guy gave me this *sweet* cigar. There ain't nothin' wrong with that, huh?

I left ol' Ron there. Whatever he did after that's his own doin'. He's gonna say I was there 'n how I did this 'n that, but truth is, I left his ass at the bar. Gave that lawyer guy a call 'n tol' him to come meet me.

He's real happy to hear from me, kept a-goin' on and on 'bout how he ain't been able to get me out of his head. I'm like, *no shit!* 'Cause I put that idea there in his head earlier when we was kind of cat-nappin' in that back office after fuckin' our brains out. I like a man who always does what I tell him, y'know? Ha, ha!

With a loud "Yeah!" he again stepped on the gas as Brock began to accommodate him. He came when they were doing about 105 on the back road outside of town. He again grabbed Brock by the hair, lifted his head, and kissed him roughly on the mouth.

Driving for about 15 more minutes they reached a small suburban village where he pulled into a Party Store parking lot. He and Brock walked into the store smiling, said hi to the cashier. While Brock went to the back of the store, Ron could see that the man on duty was carefully watching him. Taking this as his chance, he grabbed the large can next to him, swung around and hit the man on the head, knocking him out.

Ron quickly took the key from the man and opened the cash drawer taking out the contents while Brock stuffed a few garbage bags with smokes, booze, and other things nearby. Before they left Ron smashed the video camera and grabbed the tape running below and behind the counter, taking it with him. Then with a loud "Whoop," they took off for home!

They had a fast and furious ride home, drinking and yelling. By the time they got home, both were pretty drunk, but Ron insisted that he have Brock right away. He threw him up against the living room wall, knocking over a lamp in the process, roughly pinned his arms above his head and began to kiss him hard. At the same time, he dropped his pants and started working on loosening Brock's. Brock screamed as Ron turned him and roughly entered him without any preparation. Spent, the two of them fell on the floor where Ron slept it off the rest of the night.

Brock, however, had other plans.

We went cruisin' in his car. I saw this guy a-hangin' 'round a street sign 'n figured out what's up. Cute. Younger'n me. Coulda used a shower 'n a decent meal, but nice-lookin' 'n pretty much just my type.

Told the lawyer ta pull over 'n I waved this bill under the street guy's nose. Sure 'nuff, soon all three'a us is back at the lawyer's house, gettin' it on pretty serious right there in his livin' room. Lawyer-guy worked out. My body was better'n his but not by much. The young guy, he had this real sleek swimmer's bod, not a hair on 'im. Both'a them was hotter'n firecrackers for me.

I was the center of attention, just the way I like it. Lawyer had hisself a nice long, slim cock, 'n he sure knew what to do with it. Young guy, his was shorter 'n thicker. Figured he was kinda new at this, the way he din't seem too experienced or nothin', but he had stamina 'n was *real* energetic, really gettin' into it.

We fucked in the livin' room, 'n then we fucked more in Lawyer's bedroom, 'til finally we was all exhausted 'n crashed out on his bed in a tangle of arms 'n legs. I sat up a while 'n watched 'em sleep. They looked good together 'n I liked 'em both. I started off real slow 'n quiet, tellin' them to relax, listen to my voice, 'n sleep deep. When I was sure the trick had started takin' hold, I told 'em to stay together after I left 'n to look out for each other. After I was done, I settled in between 'em for the night.

I slept like a rock 'till morning.

Part 10. Day 5.

Ron

Ron awoke to a pounding on the door and a pounding

Brick

Worked out just like I planned, right down tha

in his head. Before he could get to the door, the police forced the door open, and he found himself surrounded by three or four uniformed officers with guns.

Ron was not aware of why they were there or what was happening.

"You are under arrest for the robbery of ..." The rest was a blur as he was roughly grabbed and brought out to the waiting police car. He heard them questioning about an accomplice but Ron couldn't remember a robbery, couldn't remember an accomplice. They kept asking him about a "Brock" but he couldn't recall ever knowing anyone by that name. How could they be treating a decent, law-abiding citizen like him in such a manner. Something was terribly wrong.

"I want my lawyer," Ron announced to the officer.

"Yeah," said one officer. Well, you'll have to find another one--yours quit your case when we called him and told him about you this morning.

"He quit? How could he quit? He's been my lawyer for years!"

Now what was he going to do, Ron wondered. He sighed and tried to piece together the last few days. He seemed to have lost about a week! He vaguely remembered he was supposed to have a guest, but, no, that couldn't be right!

Across town Ron's lawyer awoke sleepily, not quite remembering the night before, and kissed his new lover. "God, I fucking love you!" Throwing his arm around him, he added, "I'd do anything for you, you know!"

Brick smiled.

line. I fuckin' love it when a plan comes together. Ol' Ron was gonna be the patsy 'n that was fine by me, y'know? Send *him* to jail. Serves 'im right.

See, I had it all figured out. Always stay one step ahead.

Heard ol' Ron got hisself arrested. Som'body called the lawyer's house before I left that mornin' 'n I picked up the phone. Told 'em we din't want nothin' to do with Ron. Ol' Ron musta took ever'thin' I said to heart. Shit, Ron, who'd thought ya had it in ya, huh? Hope ya like life in jail, 'cause ya got years to get *real* used to it. Like I always say, it's the upstandin' ones that always fall hardest, know what I'm sayin'?

For usin' his tricks on me, he deserved it.

I went back to ol' Ron's place, broke out a window in back, 'n went right on in. I helped myself to the last of his cash while I was packing.

Took that leather jacket too. He'd never miss it.

Then I had'ta catch a cab to the airport. Couldn't wait to put on the jacket 'n show my roommate the new me. 'Tween his trust fund 'n the rich guys I was a-gonna meet, the future was a-lookin' a lot more lucrative.

Right about now, that lawyer'd be wakin' up with his new lover. They'd miss me som'thin' fierce, but they'd never find me. They din't even know my last name. Stay one step ahead 'n know when ta walk away.

I was a-grinnin' the whole way back.