

Rory knew perfectly well that Mr. Leslaie wouldn't hear a word anyone said in that room, let alone check from time to time whether they were actually doing their homework or just browsing on their mobile phones as they waited for those two hours to pass. The old horse was absurdly strict when it came to chewing gum in his classroom, but students put in detention were a completely different thing. Not that Rory blamed him, though. After years of trying pointlessly to 'straighten out' all those problematic students, he would have given up too, sooner or later.

Unfortunately, that hadn't saved Rory from the pointless lecture.

"I honestly can't believe how often I've been seeing you here lately," the teacher had said as he looked down at the small, slightly grumpy-looking black cat that sat in front of him. "You should feel ashamed of your own behavior. Talking back to Miss Relver like that... Rory, you have a lot of potential, but if you don't learn to control yourself, you won't get anywhere in life."

Rory had pretended to feel sorry, although he was certain Mr. Leslaie couldn't have cared less. He couldn't, either. If Miss Relver couldn't explain a single problem without making a mistake, then maybe the school should reconsider hiring a better Math teacher. He had just pointed out that she had made a mistake and she had got all tense and aggressive. When Rory refused to simply give up and admit it had been "impolite" of him to talk like that, Miss Relver had put him in detention.

He regretted nothing, but for the sake of Mr. Leslaie's tranquility, he pretended he was starting to feel sorry and let the old horse ramble on and on about the responsibilities of intelligence, the need to be kind to his teachers, the importance of choosing the right path in life, etcetera. That way, he'd let him forget all about that incident and escape to his office. There, he'd start listening to his beloved classical music for exactly the two hours that the detention lasted, oblivious of the two 'bad' students that he needed to guard.

The other one, however, seemed to catch his interest even less than Rory, and Rory knew why.

Bryan Schultz was always there, sitting in the last row of desks. Probably known as the most problematic student around, he was the perfect example of a local bully. Used to using his size and strength in order to intimidate others, the grey wolf had built a terrible reputation in the school. If Mr. Leslaie gave up on bad students easily, with Bryan he had known right from the start that his insubstantial lectures wouldn't help at all. Not that they did with the rest of students, but anyway.

Bryan wanted to be like that. There was no other possible explanation.

After giving the wolf no more than a warning look, Mr. Leslaie left the classroom, leaving the two students alone. At that point, Rory was completely sure that there was no way the teacher would know what could happen in that room. His heart started racing for a second when he went over the consequences of that in his mind, but he managed to remain calm. After all, he had never had any problem with Bryan in the past, and there was no reason why he'd start having them now. He just needed to know how to handle him. It was as simple as that, after all.

But the best choice to spend his time there was to start doing his homework, so he took the Math book and his notebook from his bag and decided to get right into it. One by one, he finished his exercises with the memory of Miss Relvers' mistakes still clear in his mind. He didn't even turn to look at Bryan, but he highly doubted he was doing any of his homework, and the black cat wondered what was it that Bryan did in those situations to keep himself entertained. He might never know the answer. Or maybe he just had to ask, after all.

The silence in the room was so still it seemed almost planned. During the first half of the first hour, neither Rory or Bryan spoke a single word and only the scratch of the pen on paper broke the silence. When the cat closed his Math book, with a sigh of relief, he even thought Bryan would stay like that for the rest of the detention.

It turned out he was wrong. No sooner had he closed the book than something hit the back of his head, something that made him yelp not as much for the pain as for the surprise. His first instinct was to turn back, but when he heard the rustle of paper on the floor and Bryan's low chuckle, he understood it had been just a ball of paper.

"Did that scare you, pussycat?" he heard Bryan's voice from behind. His chair moved as the wolf changed his position, and the loud sound of a page being torn filled the silence. "I bet it did. You're such a wimp, I bet you've been shuddering since you entered the room, right?"

Rory tried to ignore those words. He knew that falling into the wolf's game wouldn't help him at all, and the best option at that point seemed to pretend he hadn't heard anything. Of course, in the middle of that silence, it wasn't believable at all. When the second ball of paper hit his head, he realized ignoring Bryan would simply not work.

"Heh. You're so easy to hit, you know? Why don't you start shuddering more so it gets a bit more interesting?" The wolf chuckled again, his deep, slightly hoarse voice sending a shiver down Rory's spine. "I'm serious. I'm so bored here, I could use a bit of entertainment."

Rory took a deep breath in and forced himself to be patient, his paws closing around the sides of his notebook. He knew perfectly clear that nothing would enervate the wolf more than his silence and, at that point, it looked like his best option. He closed his eyes, opened them again and stared at the black board, wondering what his next move would be and whether he had been right in not speaking back. <<Ah, gotcha>> he thought, as soon as he heard the chair moving again, this time a bit more brusquely. The wolf's heavy steps soon got closer to the place where he was seating and, next thing he knew, Bryan Schultz was standing right in front of him.

"Can't you hear me, pussycat?" the wolf scowled, throwing Rory's Math book and notebook off the table and lowering his irritated gaze to meet the cat's eyes. "I'm talking to you. I've seen you many times in the corridors and I've seen how you like to brag about being so clever. Well, guess what? You're not." He placed one of his huge paws on Rory's desk and leaned closer, his body towering over

him. "You're just another wonk that thinks he'll be fine as long as he puts lots of useless stuff in his brain and does what the teachers want him to."

From Rory's position, Bryan looked more intimidating than ever. The wolf was wearing an unzipped blue hoodie over a white T-shirt that clearly showed his bulky chest. A silver tag hung from his thick neck, and when Rory tried to look up he met those yellow eyes that stared down in irritation. He shivered for a second and understood perfectly well why there were so many other students that found the wolf so attractive, in spite of his terrible reputation. It wasn't only the whole bully demeanor and the fact that he was older than most students at the school; the wolf was pretty handsome too.

But of course, there was no way he'd tell that.

"Are you deaf or something?" Bryan growled again, moving closer to the black cat, who gulped nervously. "Oh man, I'm going to beat that silence out of you unless you say something, you pathetic wimp. Or are you too afraid to speak, huh?"

Starting to feel that fear, Rory tried to put a bit of distance between himself and the wolf. That movement didn't seem to make Bryan particularly happy and he slapped the cat in the face, not hard enough to make it really hurt, but enough to make him stop there. Rory tried to push back his chair in order to escape, but the other wolf's paw moved to the back of the chair and stopped him from doing so.

Panting and still surprised for that outburst of violence, the cat looked back into the wolf's eyes, motionless. Then, slowly, Bryan's lips curved into a toothy grin and he chuckled again.

"Oh, yeah. Of course. I see it now," he said, his smile widening. "Your first time in detention. You must be so scared of going back home and facing your parents. They're going to be sooo disappointed, right? Am I right, pussycat? Answer!"

"Y-yeah..." the black cat whispered, unable to move and too scared to even try to react properly. A little voice in the back of his mind suggested he should do his move, but at that point curiosity and the wolf's natural intimidating demeanor had taken over him.

“See, that’s why you’re so pitiful. Trying to impress the others with how clever and good you are. Hah!” The wolf hit the table with his paw again, startling Rory. “And in the end you’re just afraid of them being disappointed. So sad for you, pussycat. You can’t be everyone’s good boy.”

The black cat had lowered his gaze, too embarrassed to look at anything but the floor at his feet. Trembling in fear and excitement, and still too surprised of how quickly things had escalated, at first he didn’t notice that Bryan had stopped talking... and that his silence extended maybe for a bit longer than necessary. <<Of course>> he thought to himself, when he realized.

Still, he kept pushing.

“S-sorry...?” he asked, looking up at Bryan again. The wolf was still there, leaning over him, but it almost seemed as if he had lost his train of thought for a second, as if he had forgotten something momentarily and he had it on the tip of his tongue. His fingers tapped on the desk as he shook his head, looking away brusquely and then turning to face the cat again.

“I was saying...” he started, trying to play it as if nothing had happened. “...that you can’t-”

“...that I can’t be everyone’s *good boy*,” repeated Rory, talking slightly louder this time. “You’re right.”

He waited for a few seconds before talking again, using that silence to calm his breathing and get a hold of himself. When he looked up, with a faint smile in his face, he found exactly what he had known would be there.

The wolf was looking slightly confused, his eyes wandering between the floor and the cat’s face, glassy and unfocused, as if he couldn’t decide where to look at.

“What about you, though?” asked the cat, tilting his head and staring into the Bryan’s eyes as he enjoyed his sudden change of behavior. “Are you someone’s *good boy*, Bryan?”

“I... mmf...” was the wolf’s faint answer. The paw he had placed on the desk slowly slid to one side as his body swayed on his feet, not enough to lose his

balance, but definitely enough to be noticed. His gaze had got stuck at some point below the desk in front of him, eyelids half-closed as he tried to stay aware of what was going on, pointlessly.

It was Rory's turn to grin.

"Yes, you are. You're a *good boy*," the black cat answered, his voice gaining more and more confidence as he spoke. He reclined in his chair, managing to get a better view of the wolf's huge body. "Deep within, you know that to be true. You know you're a *good boy* who wants to do exactly what he's told. Aren't you, Bryan?"

It took the wolf a few seconds to answer. His body kept swaying slowly, as if pushed by an invisible force; his arms and head seemed to be getting heavier with each passing second and he was already sinking to his knees. If it hadn't been for the desk in front of him, which helped him keep his balance to some extent, he would have probably just dropped to the floor.

Instead, his body just moved slowly to the ground as he mumbled something Rory couldn't hear, but that he could probably guess. After a few seconds, he just nodded up and down slowly as he stood there on his knees, arms dangling limply on both sides of his body.

"And it just happens so naturally each time," the black cat continued, crossing one leg over another and relaxing a bit. He let his voice flow up and down with each of the wolf's deep breaths, knowing that'd help him slip all the way down. "It happens so naturally that you don't even notice until you're there... floating... drifting... just being a *goood boy* for me."

Bryan let out a soft moan as his muzzle hung open, tongue lolling out almost immediately as his eyes lost focus and he just stood there, on his knees. At that point, he was so gone that he wasn't even paying attention to the words he heard; just following them without hesitation. Rory knew that much.

It was fortunate that Mr. Leslaie was going to be out for at least another hour. The black cat wasn't sure whether the teacher had liked seeing that or not.

He pushed back his chair and stood up, taking a few steps around the grey wolf, who remained unmoving except for the slow, deep movements of his chest with every breath. As he looked down at the entranced canine, Rory raised a paw to his cheek. He was actually quite surprised that the wolf had dared hit him in that situation, but then again, there was no fun without a bit of risk. He could have started using the trigger much sooner, but instead he had decided to enjoy the situation as much as possible without spoiling the fun.

He couldn't say he was disappointed with the result.

"Now." He stood right behind the grey wolf, knowing that he wouldn't turn to look at him as his mind was so, so far away. "Who's a *good boy*."

The wolf barked almost automatically. Fortunately, not loud enough that Mr. Leslaie would hear him. Rory's grin got wider as he took another step towards the canine, placing one paw on his broad shoulder and giving a firm squeeze to the muscle beneath the fabric. Bryan showed no reaction, but when that paw moved to his head and started stroking between his ears, he started panting uncontrollably, his tongue still lolling out his muzzle.

"That's right. You are." It had taken a long while to get the wolf to react like that without even thinking about it, but Rory was more than proud with the results. "Such a good dog."

As the cat spoke and stroked his head, Bryan bent his arms and put his paws on his chest, growling softly and completely lost in the feline's words. Rory was certain that even if he had just left at that point, it would have taken the wolf a long time to wake up from the trance, so deep into hypnosis the repetitions had put him.

But of course, that had always been part of the plan.

"Now, good dogs don't wear any clothes, do they?" he asked, patting the wolf's head and walking around him so he could once again admire him from all his sides.

The wolf's brain took only a few seconds to register that command. With a slightly louder growl, he fell down and lay on his side as he started biting his

hoodie off, helping with the back of his paws just like a regular dog would. Rory observed the whole process, delighted, as the wolf took off his T-shirt and exposed his naked torso.

It wasn't the first time he'd seen him like that, but it always surprised him how perfect everything looked about the wolf's body. It wasn't just the fact that he hit the gym more often than he'd probably admit; Bryan simply seemed to have been born with the right kind of body. Everything, from his broad, muscled shoulders and bulky chest to those abs that showed just enough behind the thick coat of grey and white fur seemed to have been made on purpose. Everything about him converged so perfectly into the idea of the handsome bully that sometimes it was hard for Rory not to think someone had made him that way.

Not him. The only thing he had put there had been the sneaky triggers and the need to obey.

Rory watched as the wolf took off his jeans with some effort, and he was glad that they weren't precisely tight or it would have taken the whole hour they had left. Finally, Bryan managed to take off his pants and stood completely naked in front of the black cat, moving back to his submissive position with his paws on his chest and tongue lolling out. The wolf's already hard member stood right between his legs, throbbing and showing how deeply aroused his owner was of being treated like that.

Rory's smile sharpened just a bit.

"That's much better," he said, placing one of his paws between the wolf's ears. The canine started wagging his tail uncontrollably. "Now, as you stay here, being a good dog for me, I want you to picture in your head clearly all the times that you've fallen into trance for me. One by one, I want them to flow back into your mind, fueling your thoughts with the image of yourself naked, kneeling. Deep like this. Gone. Helpless."

Bryan let out a soft moan, his head tilting to one side as drool trickled down his tongue to his chest, a dumb smile spreading across his face. The wolf's cock throbbed once again, already wet with pre, as his mind obeyed immediately,



bringing back the memories from the past times the black cat had played with him like that. His whole body shuddered.

“Yes. Like that time we were alone in the locker room and I made you feel so much pleasure you almost passed out.” Rory stroke Bryan’s head with one of his paws, a wolfish grin forming on his own face. “Or that time when I left you in the storeroom for a whole day, trapped in a hypnotic loop you couldn’t escape from. Or even that first time when you so naively bragged about being impossible to hypnotize... only to be proved wrong a few minutes after.”

Memories from their past encounters flooded Bryan’s mind, who let out another moan as he shivered in the place, with a blank expression. At that point, he was already drooling helplessly. Rory moved his other paw to the wolf’s chest, caressing it softly as he himself remembered all the times he had had that stud deep into trance, obedient to each of his commands.

“I can tell this is turning you on so much,” he said, after a few seconds. “Driving you crazy. Obeying makes you feel so good. Being a good dog makes you feel so hot and aroused.”

The wolf had already started to hump the air, softly thrusting back and forth as he imagined himself drooling in front of his master, completely mindless. His cock, already dripping, looked like it was about to burst. But Rory knew he couldn’t just let him do that.

Oh, no. The fucker had hit him and he deserved some punishment after all.

“So much pleasure your mind drifts away,” he continued, immediately seeing the effect of his words in the wolf as he let out another loud moan. “So hot that your body melts, it just melts and feels sooo good... But unable to cum until I command you. Good boys cum on command.”

The wolf whined when he heard those words. When Rory let go of his head, the canine fell to the ground on all fours and started humping the floor uncontrollably, moaning more and more with each passing second. <<Oh, now, look at you,>> the cat thought, as he idly started massaging the bulge that had formed in his own pants. <<What would the others think if they saw you like this, hmmm?~>>

“You’re losing your mind,” Rory continued, as the growls of the wolf filled the room. “There is so much pleasure it’s swallowing you. Not a thought left in your mind. You can’t even remember how thinking felt like. There’s just the pleasure and your arousal. More. And more. And more.” With each repetition, the black cat snapped his fingers and Bryan’s moans intensified. “And when you cum, it’ll feel so good it’ll be almost unbearable. Your whole body will burst with pleasure, mind gone away.”

There was nothing left of the bully Bryan had been minutes ago. Any remnant of pride that he might hold had vanished as he lay there, humping the floor and covering it with his pre-cum. The pleasure was so intense, so difficult to resist, that it numbed each of his senses and he could just keep thrusting feverishly, guided by the black cat’s voice; the voice that had put him under so many times. Panting, growling, the wolf could just keep going as he desperately stood on the edge, waiting for the command that would set him free. The images of himself kneeling before the cat, drooling, doing exactly what he commanded, was the only thing left in his mind now.

Images of him being submissive. A dog. A good boy.

And then, another snap came and the words he had been waiting for left the cat’s mouth.

“Be a good boy and cum for me.”

It was as if his whole body was hit by an electric shock. His mind drowned in the waves of pleasure as his cock finally erupted, soaking his chest and stomach with his own seed. For a few seconds, the wolf was so lost in pleasure that he didn’t even know who or where he was anymore, or what was going on. His eyes rolled back as he let out something between a moan and a howl, shuddering.

Then, when the tide withdrew, all his muscles seemed to melt down and he fell to the floor, still trembling and panting as his whole body basked in the afterglow. The floor beneath his body was covered with his drool and seed, but he didn’t care or even realize.

Rory watched as the wolf slumped forward, giving into the orgasm that had been building for a while now. It didn’t matter how many times he did that, it

always felt too good to see that hot bully so helpless and submissive to his commands. After so many trances, so many orgasms, he still hadn't got tired of that, and he knew he wouldn't... not on short notice, at least.

No; he had made Bryan his, and he knew the wolf would be his for as much as he wanted him. Was that a way to punish him for being such a jerk? Rory didn't know. He just knew it turned him on more than he was willing to admit.

After a few seconds, he stopped stroking his own bulge, knowing there'd be time to take care of that. Then, he raised his paw to snap his fingers again.

"And now, *sleep*."

When Bryan woke up, he wasn't even sure where he was.

Blinking and still slightly confused, he looked around and realized he was in the detention room. He noticed there was a small puddle of drool where his muzzle might have been resting, but at that time he didn't give it much importance. Trying to clear his mind, and with the growing feeling that he was forgetting something, he tried to put his thoughts in order.

It was then when he saw that Mr. Leslaie was looking at him from the other side of the classroom, sitting on his desk and with a frown that showed clearly he wasn't feeling particularly happy, but that he didn't really care either.

"About time you woke up," he muttered, piercing him with a cold gaze. "Detention's over. You can go home now if you want."

<<Idiot's not even gonna check my notebook>> he thought, glad that he could leave at last. However, when he stood up, he felt something sticky on his chest and stomach. He froze in the place, trying to cover himself with his hoodie as he gave Mr. Leslaie a furtive look. The teacher wasn't even looking his way, so Bryan just grabbed his bag and left the room.

He was still thinking about it as he strolled down the corridor towards the exit, shooting aggressive looks to those that dared get in his way. Had he just cum

over himself in his sleep again? Lately, it had been happening more often than he'd like to. No one had noticed yet, but still...

Somehow, he suddenly remembered he hadn't been alone in detention that time. He could remember that stupid little cat, the one whose name he didn't even remember. He had been sitting in the front row, as if trying to feel better with himself by pleasing stupid Mr. Leslaie, who would never be pleased. The wolf scoffed at that thought as he went outside and felt the cold air caress his body. He shivered when the cold climbed up to his sticky fur, under his clothes, but he didn't stop.

That black cat... He hated that kind of people. Wonks that just wanted to prove themselves valuable, brag about how clever they were. Pathetic wimps that only wanted to be everyone's good boys. He really, really hated them.

He'd show him next time they'd meet. Oh, yeah.

He'd really show him.