

Blind Spot, Part 1

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A reporter for the college paper discovers something odd is going on with the wrestling team, but who is responsible? And does he really want it to end?]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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1.

So I was, like, *What the fuck is going on here?*

First, the wrestling team wins a big match against our university's big rival. Our team was supposed to be the underdog, but they ended up winning. As the lead sports writer for the weekly campus newspaper, that smelled like Big Story to me. I'd wrestled last year too--though I quit because I couldn't balance school, my job at the paper, and wrestling practice all at the same time--so that gave me kind of a personal stake in stories about the team too, y'know?

So the day after the match, I called up the new coach and asked if he had a second to give me some

comments. He turned me down flat. Me! Okay, maybe I'd never wrestled since he took over the team, but hell, I'm with the press, and everybody talks to the press.

I still knew, like, half the guys on the team, including this guy Karl, who lives in the same apartment complex off-campus where I live. I caught him out by the mailboxes and started asking him some questions about the match and the new coach's methods. He wasn't too forthcoming--hey, I didn't know him that well. He said he wasn't supposed to talk about that, and he just turns around and walks off. Now, hell, there's no way I'm gonna let him do that, so I trot along after him, and I keep after him with questions, and he just ignores me. Just walks back to his apartment and shuts the door in my face.

I went back to my apartment--I share it with my older brother Russell who's, like, a graduate student. I ranted and bitched. *Sheesh!--The nerve!* What the fuck was up with that? Russell didn't say much. He just let me bitch and moan and pace back and forth like a caged animal.

Russell didn't pay me too much attention. Usually he's not even around the apartment much--he's always off working on some mumbo-jumbo project for his degree--but today he's sitting around, playing with the multi-function wristwatch he'd gotten a few days before. He didn't give too much mind to my bitching except to say I was letting them get to me and what I needed to do was chill out and take a step back.

I was like, *Hell--Why didn't I think of that--Thanks, big bro.* That's sarcasm, in case you missed it.

I guess Russell knew I wasn't gonna stop 'til I got my story.

So I'm like, *Fuck this!* The paper is weekly. I've got a few days before I have to have my story in. I'll just show up at the gym the next day and corner the coach. He'll have to talk to me if I show up in person, right?

So I show up at the gym. Sometimes the team is in the weight room. Sometimes they're out at the track running laps. Sometimes they're on the floor doing drills and practice matches on the mats. They weren't in the weight room or at the track. So I checked the drill room.

Locked? I'm, like, *Dude, what the fuck?* I could hear them in there--the grunts and the squeaks of their shoe soles on the mats and their coach occasionally yelling something. It made me wish I hadn't quit the team.

But the door was locked. It was never frickin' locked before.

So I hung out. I had my little digital camera in my pocket, and I figure I'm gonna take a couple of shots of the team practicing. I've got my tape recorder and my note pad. I kind of jotted down potential opening sentences while I waited.

And waited.

And ... waited.

I'm, like, *Daaaamn.*

So I'm sitting against the hallway wall when--*Boom!*--the doors burst open and the team comes streaming out. I'm a muscular guy, but they're brushing past me, not paying me any attention, and I have to really push my way against the tide toward the coach.

The wrestlers are heading for the locker room, a pack of shirtless guys, all sweaty from working out hard. I don't let myself get distracted by the parade of bare chests. I figure I can nail the coach for a quick interview,

but he just pushes right past me too. I've got my tape recorder out and I'm holding over the heads of the guys shoving past me. I'm, like, "Hey, Coach! *Oof!* Hey, I'm from the school paper--*Ow!* I want to get your thoughts--*Coming through!*--on the match--*Hey!*--*Watch it!* Coach! *Hey!*" And he just pushes right past me like I'm not even there. Doesn't even glance at me. One of the last guys accidentally catches my ribs with his shoulder, and my tape recorder goes flying. By the time I retrieve it, they've all disappeared into the locker room.

As if *that's* gonna stop me!

So I give the door a shove and start to go charging in and--*Whump!*--I nearly bust my nose on the door, which doesn't budge. Locked? What the fuck? Since when does the team--any team--lock itself in the locker room after practice?

So I knocked on the door. "Excuse me," I yelled, "press-type person out here! Request permission to come aboard, Cap'n!" No answer. At all. I can hear them moving around in there, someone talking. Maybe they didn't hear me knocking? Uh huh--sure.

So now the reporter in me was really going ballistic. This is just so ... *not right* on so many levels. No way was I going to let them stall me this way. Something's going on, and I was damn sure going to find out what.

I could say I saw this in a movie once, some spy-versus-spy flick. There was a public men's room toward the far corner of the gym. No one ever went in there unless there was a basketball game going on. And there was a janitor's closet next to it, and the janitors never locked it.

I got the stepladder and a screwdriver out of the janitor's closet. I wrote "Out of Order" on a piece of paper and taped it to the door of the stall on the far end in the men's room, using duct tape I found in the closet. That way, no one would question why the stall door was locked or bother the ladder. After all, if I couldn't find what I was looking for, I had to get back out again.

The ladder let me reach the big ventilation grill near the ceiling. The screwdriver let me get the grill off. I hoisted my happy ass into the duct. I'm strong and slim, so I could fit, but it was an awkward crawl.

Maybe I figured, once I found the locker room, I could kick out the grill and lower myself down. The coach would be so impressed with my persistence, he'd let me interview him. Who knows what I was thinking, y'know?

So I'm crawling through these squared-off ducts, and it's pretty much pitch-black since I don't have a flashlight. I kind of head the way I think the locker room is, and since I know the gym layout pretty well I can orient myself when I peer through the vent grills. I passed by a couple of equipment storage rooms, including one that had some lights and video equipment set up in it, for whatever reason, and the handball courts. Pretty soon--*voila!*--I've found the locker room.

Damn, I'm good.

So there I was, stuck in the ventilation duct, peering out through the grill down into the locker room. First thing I notice is that pretty much the whole team is naked. Nothing too unusual about that--that's what locker rooms are *for*, right? The guys are all lined up in two rows, standing up straight, not quite like soldiers but close. I figure that's some part of the coach's military discipline I keep hearing about. All I can see of the coach on the other side of the room is from the waist down, and he has some other guy with him--can't tell who it is since I can't see above his waist. They're both fully dressed--I guess you can't have everything,

huh?--and the coach is talking to the team. Sounds like a pretty standard pep talk, going by the tone, but I can't hear anything specific. See, the ventilation system had turned on, and all I could hear was the whistle of air rushing past me.

From that angle I was mostly behind most of the team, looking kind of over their right shoulders and down. I couldn't see much except their backs and bare asses. Nice view, huh? Like hell was I going to let a chance like that pass me by. So I pull my little digital camera out of my pocket. I know what you're thinking, but I was really careful--I turned off the flash.

Hey, I was looking for an interview, not an ass-kicking.

Okay, maybe I needed an ass-kicking too.

Naughty me took a couple of quick pictures of their naked behinds, purely for my personal enjoyment later. I stuck my camera back in my pocket--*heh, heh*--and turned a little to try to kick off the vent grill.

That's when I accidentally kicked my recorder down the metal duct.

Damn, what a fucking racket!

No way they could have missed it, even with the air running. Sure enough, I look through the grate and there's the Coach and that other guy looking right back at me.

Okay, maybe "looking" isn't the right word--maybe it was more like ... uhm, "glaring."

They were not happy campers.

I'm a jock, but I can figure a few things out, and I figured out quickly that they didn't like being spied on. Maybe it was when Coach started bellowing at the team. Things like: "Get dressed and get that fucker out of there," and "He got in there somehow--find where and pull his ass out of there!"

Sheesh, what a grouch! Like he'd never been spied on from an air vent or something.

So here's a quick review of my options. Stay and ask for an interview now?--Not for a million bucks! Get the fuck out of there?--Bingo! I fumbled in the dark until I found my recorder, and I scrambled the fuck out of there as fast as I could go.

Okay, maybe "scrambled" isn't the right word. I'm crawling on my belly through a damn air duct, remember? "As fast as I could go" doesn't mean I was moving that damn fast.

I had one major advantage: I knew where I was going to exit. They didn't. In a game of cat-and-mouse, that's the mouse's--my--only advantage. As the cats, they'd either have to guess where I was going or have somebody stand by every aid vent. And that gym had a helluva lot of air vents. The roaring air coming through the vents probably covered up some of my noise too. The cats had the numbers, but this mouse was the odds-on favorite.

I always bet on the underdog. Especially when he's me.

Okay, so I didn't really remember too well where I was going. Hey, it had taken me a while to find my way from the restroom vent to the locker room, and that was when I could take my time. They don't exactly put lights or "You Are Here" maps in air vents, you know. I'd find a vent and I'd peer through it and try to guess

where I was and which way I needed to go next time I found a junction. Once, when I thought I must have been getting close to the restroom, I was looking down into a storage room and trying to decide whether I needed to go left or straight at the next fork, when two guys I didn't know in wrestling singlets came bursting into the store room. They must have seen my eyes behind the grate because they start yelling, so I feign like I'm scuttling back the other way. They yell out that I'm heading for the handball courts, and I give them a second to go off on their goose chase before I double back the right way.

Okay, so I found the restroom. Stuck my head out. The coast was clear. Now all I had to do was get out of the duct, out of the restroom, and out of the gym through the nearest exit.

I dropped my happy ass out of the duct and onto the ladder. So far, so good.

I got out of the restroom stall. Piece of cake. Check myself in the mirror as I pass--yeah, I'm looking cool. My clothes were a little dusty from the vent, but nothing a few swipes won't take care of. As long as I didn't do anything suspicious, I was pretty sure none of them had gotten a good-enough look at me to identify me if I passed them in the hallways. I'm one smart mouse.

I'm halfway to the door when it bursts open. There's the coach, three guys from the wrestling team, and that other guy whose face I never saw--I recognized him from his shirt.

Well, shit.

Split-second decision time. I could play it cool, like I'm just some guy who was taking a leak, or I could try to talk my way out of it, 'cause they can obviously see the open air vent behind me. Well, they're charging my way, and I feel about ten gallons of adrenaline kick in, and I turn and run.

But y'know something? There's not a lot of places to run in your average men's restroom.

I've got three guys in singlets all over me. I'm a muscular guy, and I stay in great shape, but they're all bigger than I am. Madder too. Pretty soon they've got me face-down on the cold tile floor, and I can't move at all.

And you wanna know what I'm thinking? *This can't be too sanitary.*

That other guy, the one who looks like a professor or something, he whispers something into the coach's ear, and the coach thinks a second, then nods, all serious. I'm thinking, like, *Oh, yeah--this can't be good.*

"I know you," the coach says, bending down to inspect at me--well, what little of me he could see, probably. I'm not sure how he can recognize me with my face smushed against tile by this one guy's forearm, but I'm not asking questions--for one thing, I can't move my jaw.

Coach is asking questions, though. "You were on the wrestling team last year. Right?"

I manage something like: "Wuh huh."

"You were pretty good too, weren't you?"

Somewhere in the tangle of guys holding me down, the guy whose arm keeps my head pinned shifts a little. I still can't move anything except my eyes, and now I can move my jaw even less. All I can manage is this kind of humming sound: "Mmm mmn." I'm thinking, *If these guys get any more friendlier, we'll be giving each other hernia exams.*

The coach points at something and mumbles something, and the hulkster getting cozy with my jaw moves his arm--just enough to allow my jaw to resume its normal alignment.

"What was that?" the coach said.

""Yes, sir," I say, in my best "I'm sorry, mister" voice.

"What's your name, son?"

"Chris. My name is Chris."

"Chris, just what were you trying to accomplish with that little stunt?"

"I was trying to get an interview for the campus newspaper. I wanted to get your attention."

He chuckled, without humor. "Well, I'll be damned." He stood up and stepped aside. "Well, you got my attention--that's for sure. You about ready?"

I kinda guessed the coach wasn't talking to me with that last bit, and sure enough, that professor-type guy, his shoes stepped up in front of me, and he said, "Yep. Should we wait for him ...?"

"No. We need to do this now," Coach says, and he says something else to the thugs holding me down, and they shift around a little. Now they're more intent on keeping my body immobilized--and doing a damn fine job of it too--with my left arm pulled out to one side. Okay, now I can move my head. About fucking time!

So, what am I supposed to do with all this new head mobility? Well, me, I look up. And I see this professor-guy has a small brown pack stuffed under one arm. And he has a syringe in one hand, and he's drawing a back the plunger and filling it partway with fluid from this little bottle, the kind you see on hospital television shows with drugs in them.

"Whoa!" I say. "Whoa, whoa, whoa! What's that? I don't do drugs, dude."

It's pretty tough to be eloquent and shit when you're pinned face-down to the restroom floor by three muscular men in singlets.

He's paying more attention to measuring out the dosage. "Don't worry ... It's just something to help you relax." He looks down at me. "What do you weigh? About one-sixty? One-sixty-five?"

"One-fifty," I say before I realize it--I mean, *no fucking way* am I one-sixty!--then, "Hey, wait a minute. I said no drugs!"

"Don't worry. I'm a doctor."

I'm, like, *Oh, yeah--it makes me feel sooo much better to know the total stranger about to inject me with some I-don't-know-what drug on the restroom floor is a real doctor.*

He kneels beside my arm, the left one, which is stretched out and turned. It's kind of an awkward angle for him because he has to do it kind of sideways. I feel his fingers in the crook of my arm. "Just a little sodium pentothal. You've probably heard of it as 'truth serum,' but it's so much more."

I try to jerk my arm away, but these guys have me pinned down butt-ass good. Somebody's foot hard on my

wrist makes sure my arm isn't moving much.

"Used properly, it's a great training tool. As it starts to take effect, it helps you relax, and that's when your mind can open up, focus more fully, and become receptive to helpful suggestions. Then, you'll sleep a while, and we'll do the same thing when the drug starts wearing off. This is how we trained some of the team members who ... resisted the normal methods. For you, let's just say it's our way of putting *you* on the fast track."

I felt a prick in the crook of my arm as he started trying to find the vein, and I flinched. "Look, why're you doing this? You want me to back off? I'll back off. I won't say a word to anybody about anything. Just ... no drugs, okay?"

"Try to hold still. It's going to happen anyway, so you might as not make this harder than it has to be."

Hello! What am I supposed to do, Dr. Frankenstein? I'm pinned face down to a tile floor here!

"There we go," he says, pulling back, but he's talking to himself.

I feel the drug in my arm. I thought it would make my arm feel cold, but it didn't. The drug felt like a warm glow, spreading up toward my chest. I thought it would make my arm feel heavy, but it felt light, like it was floating in spite of the weight of these guys on top of me. I could feel it moving inch by inch through me.

That professor-guy is counting off the seconds. "... Seven ... Eight ... Nine ... Ten. Okay. You can let him up now, men."

The three guys climb off of me. I'm feeling dizzy, disoriented. I can feel the drug pretty much all through me now, making it tough to focus. Everything seems to have gotten disconnected, and I can't make my body parts move quite right.

"Carry him to the office," the professor says. "Coach, why don't you and the others go back and finish the training session. I'll take care of our friend Chris here. And we'll have to inform *him* about this too."

I didn't much like the sound of that, but what was I supposed to do? And who was this "him" he was talking about?

One of the wrestlers hoists me up--my body feels pretty much like a rag doll's right then--and he flops me over his shoulder in a fireman's carry. He carried me down to the coach's office and lowered me, a little clumsily, down into a chair, an old recliner than I didn't remember being in the old coach's office last year.

The recliner tilts back. *Whee!*--My thoughts and my body feel like they're just floating all over the place, and I can't seem to corral them.

"You can go rejoin the others," the professor-guy says, beside me. "They're waiting on you." He was talking to the wrestler, who left then, left me alone with the professor.

His face swam over my head for a second. "The human mind is a strange and wonderful thing, don't you agree?" I heard a squeak, like he was pulling up a chair of his own next to mine. "Don't worry--the hard part is over. All you have to do now is focus." This little coin-sized circle of light appeared on the ceiling tiles over my head. "Just look at the light. Focus on it ..."

2.

You remember those dreams you have sometimes? You know they're really vivid, and a lot happens in them, but then you wake up and pretty much immediately you start forgetting what happened? Well, I woke up the next morning in my own bed. I remembered the day before pretty much right up to the part where I saw that light on the ceiling, and then ... nothing.

Hell, I might have thought even the parts I remembered were all a dream, if I didn't have a couple of bruises from where I'd been massed against the tile floor, lingering streaks of air vent dust on my discarded clothes, and this little red mark in the crook of my elbow where the professor had injected me.

But someone had erased the photos from my digital camera. Fuck.

My brother Russell, who I share the apartment with, he didn't act like I'd done or said anything weird the night before when I got home. I don't see him much, because he's always busy with grad school stuff. Even when we do run into each other, sometimes he's so caught up in what's going on in his life, I could prance through the apartment bare-ass with a brass band behind me, and he wouldn't notice.

I didn't know what to do. The smart money said to be glad I got off light and stay way away from the professor, the coach, all of them.

Maybe I've never been that smart. I found myself heading into the gym around the time wrestling practice was supposed to start. Maybe I'd apologize to the coach. Maybe I'd punch that professor guy for drugging me. Or maybe I'd wuss out at the last minute and just go home.

The coach was storming out of his office as I approached. "You," he growled before I could say anything, and he gave me a poke in the chest with one finger, hard enough to make me take a step back. "You're ... *late*. I don't like *late*."

He clamped a powerful hand on my shoulder and turned me around. There stood the professor, looking at me and grinning slyly. "Come along, Chris," the professor said, and walked into the coach's office as the coach continued storming off after whatever else.

"I was beginning to think you weren't going to make it," the professor said, patting the recliner. "Have a seat."

For some reason, I just sat down in the recliner, not saying a word. Don't ask me why. I guess I just couldn't think of a reason not to.

"I'd have been disappointed if you didn't come," the professor said absently as he concentrated on drawing out a dose of the drug into the syringe. "After all, I made sure the suggestions would be *very* effective."

Then he bent over my arm. I just sat there and watched him inject me again.

3.

The next day, I'm there at the gym again. Don't ask me why.

I'm half-expecting the coach to kick my ass, but he just takes one look at me and aims me toward the professor. I follow the professor into the office, just like the day before.

Only, this time, while he gets the injection ready, I take off my shirt before I park my ass in the recliner. He didn't even tell me to sit down yet. But when he turns around, I can tell he's pleased.

As the drug starts to take hold all through me, the professor pats my shoulder and tells me I'm coming along fine, maybe even a little better than he expected.

4.

And that night, I can't get my head together. I woke up in my apartment. I guess I slept off the last of the effects. It wasn't the next day though--hell, it wasn't even midnight yet. Maybe I was building up a tolerance?

I parked my ass on the couch in my boxer shorts. Russell was gone somewhere. The television was on--cartoons with the sound off--but I wasn't paying it any attention. I kept trying to think back over what the professor had said. He'd said I was progressing, but did he say toward what? He said I might not need the drugs soon, but did he say what would happen instead? And why did I feel so fuzzy-headed and distracted every time I tried to concentrate on the details?

I heard some voices outside, and I pulled back the blinds to sneak a quick look. Just some people passing by. But I saw, across the way, Karl leaving his place with a stuffed garbage bag, heading for the dumpster.

Karl from the wrestling team. He might be able to fill in some of the gaps.

I pulled on some sweatpants and shoes, bagged the trash in the kitchen--hey, Karl and I knew each other but we didn't hang out, and I didn't want to seem like a total user. He probably thought I was some total spazz or something for spying on the wrestling team through that air vent. I'd just pretend I was taking out the trash too, and maybe we'd get to talking.

The dumpster is on the other side of the apartment complex, and I had to run, but I caught him just as he was closing the lid after dropping in his bag.

"Hey, Karl," I said, trying to sound all casual and shit.

"Hey, dude," he said, looking at me like he was seeing me in some new light. I was suddenly aware that I hadn't put on a shirt. But, hell--all Karl had on was a pair of ratty old gym shorts and a pair of sneaks. Somehow, though, he seemed a lot more confident showing off his body than I was.

Yeah, he had a great body too.

I won't tell you his last name, but Karl's family is German. He's blond and he has blue eyes. He looks like a beautiful athlete from one of those German Olympic posters come to life, only even more trim and muscular. Total eye-candy *übermensch* material--Aryan enough to make Leni Reiffenstahl wet herself.

Okay, show of hands: How many of you know who Leni Reiffenstahl was? That's what I thought. It's called the Internet, people--look her up.

So Karl was standing there. I was standing there. I'm staring at his chest, which--trust me--is really easy to stare at. I'm thinking, *Jeez, Chris, can you be any more obvious here?* So I make a real effort to look up at his face, and he's still looking right at me. He's grinning a friendly grin. I decide that's a good sign.

"How's it going?" I ask, as I turn and hurl my trash bag into the dumpster.

"Pretty good," he says, still looking at me and grinning. "You?"

"Pretty good," I say. "A little sore from working out, the last couple of days, but good."

"Good," he says, reaching a hand up to scratch his shoulder. In a totally non-sexual way that somehow still managed to be sexy as hell. Yep.

He says, "Coach said you might be working out with us some. It'll be good to have ya around again."

"Thanks," I say, aware that I was blushing.

We made small talk about classes and the team. Karl started heading back toward his apartment, and I fell in beside him. Now that the conversation was stumbling forward, it was time for me to push it my way. "So, what do you think about the new coach?"

"He's great. I wasn't sure about all the boot camp type drills and stuff, but it seems to be working for us."

Karl opened his apartment door and walked in, leaving the door open. Of course I followed him in. "It's about discipline," he's saying, or something like that. "The discipline has been good for us."

There's a confidence in Karl now that I don't remember from last year. An intensity too.

He's standing there looking at me, saying something about the coach's training methods, but I'm not really paying attention to that. I'm fascinated by the geometry of his chest, the angles from his to mine, as we stand less than two yards apart. He's saying things like "*discipline, skill, success,*" but it's more like my dick was hearing "*lick, sex, fondle, suck, sex.*" All I wanted right then was to sink to my knees and find out how big his cock is and what it would feel like in my throat.

Damn, had it really been two weeks since I'd gotten laid?

And I'm staring right at the crotch of his shorts, and I realize: Karl's getting an erection. A damn big erection.

I practically couldn't take my eyes off of it--and when I did, Karl was looking right at me. Man, I was *so* busted!

But Karl didn't look pissed. He looked ... intense. Like he was concentrating on something else and not really paying much attention to me.

He was talking about how everyone on the team was such good buddies, and the word caught my ear. "... And we'd do just about anything for each other," he was saying, "because we're buddies, and buddies are there for each other." He reached down and scratched casually at the base of his hardon. "Buddies will do anything for each other." And he closed in a step, nearer, too near--I could feel the heat of his body now, crossing the narrow space between us as he looked me right in the eye. "Isn't that right, buddy? You're one of us again. Coach said so. Ain't nothing wrong with helping out a buddy, is there? When he needs you?"

And he eased in another step closer, body practically touching mine, just an inch or two away.

His voice was thick, almost drowsy, falling nearly to a whisper. "You gonna help me out, buddy?"

He put his hands on my shoulders. A little downward pressure. My head--I couldn't seem to think straight. My body knew what he wanted. I knelt in front of him. His hands went from my shoulders to his shorts, and

they slid those shorts down his thighs.

Well, hello there, Mr. Erection!

With one hand, he guided his long rod toward my lips. His other cupped the back of my neck, both a caress and a control to stop me from pulling back.

"What's the matter, buddy?" he asked. "It's okay. I need some relief, buddy. Help me out, please? Please, buddy?"

His hand behind my neck eased my head steadily closer to his cockhead, closer to his huge, hard cock. Part of me wanted to pull back. But when Karl whispered, "Please suck it for me, buddy," I couldn't stop myself from opening my mouth and letting him sink half of himself into my mouth.

I closed my lips tightly around his thick shaft. Some part of me responded hungrily to the taste of him, and I wanted more. I sucked up and down the length of it. "Yeah, that's the way, buddy," he breathed as I worked the head of his cock. I ran my tongue over the veins along his shaft. I eased his long dick down in my through as far as I could take it.

In just a couple of minutes, Karl threw his head back and groaned, "Oh, fuck, buddy--I'm gonna nut!" The first burst of his cum exploded across my tongue. He pulled my head hard toward his bucking hips, forced his huge cock into my throat. "Suck it, buddy!--Ugh!--Uh!--Yeah!" He held my head tightly up against his crotch as he emptied his balls into my mouth and throat. Finally moaned, "Ughhhh ...," and he dropped his hands to his sides. I slid my mouth off his softening dick and looked up at him.

"Thanks, buddy," he said, patting my shoulder, grinning down at me. "Looks like you could use some relief too, huh? Right, buddy?"

I guess for some reason I wasn't thinking too clearly. Or maybe at all?

I didn't say a word. Karl leaned down, leaned in, toward me. I leaned back, lay back on his floor. He eased himself down, between my legs. I was conscious of my hardon aching in my sweatpants. If I was thinking about anything, it was how close the warmth of Karl's body was to my dick now, how much my cock was begging to come out and play and get off.

When Karl ran his fingers along the tight skin of my abs and curled them under the waistband of my sweats, I lifted my hips. He tugged my sweatpants down efficiently. He was one hundred percent business now, one hundred percent dedicated to getting me off.

He threw himself into sucking me off enthusiastically. I'd always thought Karl was straight--and maybe he was--but he had obviously done this before. And more than just a few times too.

He was good at it. Better than me. And that's damn good!

And he knew what to do with the finger he slipped between my legs, zeroing in on my ass like guided missile.

But I wasn't thinking about that just then. I wasn't thinking about much of anything, except maybe how much I needed to spurt my load right then. Down his throat, all over his face, whatever--I didn't care about the specifics as long as I came, and soon.

And suddenly it was happening. I was shooting. Karl was swallowing it. I was cumming and cumming and cumming, like my body was trying to turn itself inside out or something. One of the most intense orgasms ... *ever!* Everything felt stretched out, like a wire burning white-hot with pleasure and pulled taut.

Finally, my body sagged limply against the floor. Karl looked up at me over my spent cock. He patted my bare abs softly and grinned at me. "It was good, wasn't it, buddy? Just like Coach said it would be, right?"

"Uhm, yeah," I said, not really caring what he was talking about, letting my head sink back against the floor too, enjoying the profound feeling of contentment that washed through my limp body like the tide, the satisfied sleepiness overcoming me, and I let my eyes close. It wouldn't hurt to close my eyes ... Just for a moment ... So ... sleepy ...

5.

And the next day, I went to the gym again. This time, instead of steering me off toward the professor, Coach just shoved a practice singlet at my chest and pushed me toward the locker room. He told me to hurry and dress out. For some reason, I'd brought my gym bag with me--I guess that was why.

Got changed into the singlet. Thought about putting on a jock first, but none of the other guys were wearing one, so I didn't either. Besides, I'd always liked the freedom of working out without my jock. It was, like, so *obvious* now.

We hit the weights. We ran the drills. I paired up with Nate, this guy I knew from last year when I was on the team. He's Nathan, but the boys called him Nate. His usual workout partner, Gabe, had to miss practice--some kind of special session with the professor--so I got to replace him, to keep things balanced.

Nate and me, we didn't talk much when we hit the weights. We'd just look at each other and smile, like we knew what each other was thinking or something. I kept getting lost in my reps. Kind of spacing out as I'd work through a set. Nate did too. We'd smile, and we didn't have to talk much. None of the guys did.

We slammed our way through some drills, then Coach had us hit the mats for some one-on-one practice sparring. I felt really relaxed and stretched-out, all over. Made it hard to think, so I stopped trying--I just let go. Let things happen. You know--just kicked back and let my body slide on through it. Like autopilot or something.

I would have sworn there was another man there too, off to the side, watching us. But none of the others seemed to notice him at all. And whenever I'd try to get a good look at him, I'd get distracted by something else, and all I had was this indistinct impression that might have been just my imagination, like when you see someone out of the corner of your eye, almost in your blind spot, and that someone is just a shape with no details.

Coach told us to pair off for some practice sparring on the mats. Good thing Nate was about the same weight as me.

It was fun. We wrestled and grappled. Nate and me--we were pretty evenly matched, and being friends didn't stop us from being competitors. In my head it felt like I was just sitting back and letting my body do what it needed to do. It met Nate's every move, and it gave at least as good as it got. Crossfaces, grapevines, nelsons, cradles--every move had a counter-move, and our bodies knew them all.

I just took a step back inside my head and let my body do its work. I felt my skin moving across Nate's, gripping here, sliding on sweat there. Muscles surging. It felt great. Masculine and primal. I felt myself getting hard as some move ground our bodies together. I could just let that happen too. Didn't try to fight it.

Coach blew his whistle at us and we separated. "Stand up," he barked at me, and I did, suddenly conscious of my hard cock clearly visible through my skintight singlet and stretching up along my hip. Coach stared at it. He reached out and touched it, stroked it lightly through the fabric. I just stood there, hands at my sides, and let him. It felt ... nice.

Coach pulled himself away with difficulty, like he had felt himself getting sucked into something. He shook his head and swore, "God damn, don't you boys ever get enough?" He looked over at a couple of the younger, lighter guys wrestling next to us. "Shawn!" Coach growled at them. "Shawn, you got a buddy over here who needs some relief." And as Coach spun on his heel and stalked away, Shawn looked up at me and said, "... Buddy?" And his glazed eyes locked onto my hardon.

This Shawn I knew by name and stats only. He was a freshman--hadn't been on the team with me last year. About eighteen years old, maybe nineteen. A little late-adolescent skinny and lanky, but starting to muscle up. Wrestled at one-fifteen or one-twenty, I think? He crawled over on his knees and knelt in front of me. My partner Nate and Shawn's partner paired off to keep practicing. I wouldn't be missed while Shawn took care of business like Coach had told him to.

I just stood there, looking down at him. I was still panting from wrestling hard, and feeling pretty relaxed and groovy. Shawn's mouth came close, and I felt his hot breath on my cock through the thin fabric of my singlet, as his lips traced the outline of my shaft. He reached up. His fingers curled between the shoulder straps and pulled them aside and down, off my shoulders, over my arms. He peeled the fabric slowly down off my torso, down past my tight abs, down to my groin. Down past my crotch. Pulled it smoothly down, down to my thighs. I didn't have anything on underneath, not even a jockstrap. My hardon swung out to meet him, and his tongue came out to say howdy, and they proceeded to get *very* friendly with each other.

Part of me nagged that there was something weird about getting a blowjob in front of the other guys, but the rest of me said it felt too damn good. Besides, everybody else was ignoring us. Except for the professor across the room. He was kind of glancing at us every now and then and smiling. I had the feeling I was being watched by someone else too, somebody I couldn't quite see, but that didn't matter at all.

Shawn had a talented tongue. Felt fucking fantastic! He sucked on me, slow and smooth, with one hand clamped around the base of my cock shaft. His other hand played with my balls, stroking the wrinkled skin, rolling my heavy balls around in their sack. That always drives me wild.

It was hard to talk, but I managed to moan, "Mmm, yeah--play with my balls ... So good ..."

He sucked me like a dude who really likes sucking cock. He'd done it before too--a lot. My cock is a nice, big mouth-stretcher, and he managed it easily. Every now and then, he would take his hand off my shaft and run it up my chest, or between my legs to tease my asshole. I didn't care what the fuck he did, as long as he kept sucking my cock and playing with my balls.

It probably took just a couple of minutes, but time seemed to slow down. I felt my balls buzzing, the familiar feeling of orgasm sparking, then blazing out through my entire body. I got swept away in it, and I felt myself cumming, cumming, shooting, Shawn's mouth swallowing, milking me, swallowing ...

Oh, man!

And then it was over. Shawn patted my ass. He pulled back and headed back to his partner. He slapped Nate lightly on the shoulder, and Nate broke away and headed back my way. By then, my body--since my mind was still wiped out by my explosive orgasm--had pulled my singlet back up over my softening cock. Nate and I went back to wrestling.

Across the room, Coach and the professor watched us, smiling to themselves.

[Continue to the next section](#)

Blind Spot, Part 2

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A reporter for the college paper discovers something odd is going on with the wrestling team, but who is responsible? And does he really want it to end?]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

Blind Spot, Part 2

By Wrestlr

6.

Coach blew his whistle for the end of practice, and suddenly we're all surging through the halls toward the locker room. We're laughing, cutting up, horsing around, generally being guys.

About the moment we burst through the locker room doors, we're stripping down for the showers. Which doesn't take long, since all most of us have on is shoes, socks, a practice singlet. Still, nobody is in too big a hurry to hit the showers just yet. There's something that has to happen first.

Coach came bursting through the door, with the professor right behind him. I thought I saw some other guy with them too, but I wasn't sure. I didn't have a clear line of sight.

Coach blew his whistle: "*TWEEEEERT!*" Holy *fuck!*--deafening as a gunshot in the confided locker room! He bellowed, "Okay, team! Fall in!"

Suddenly we were all scrambling into two rows, like soldiers. More of that military discipline I'd heard about.

"Ah-ten-shun!" he barked, and we all snapped to attention. Standing up straight, arms rigid at our sides, looking directly ahead, chests out and chins forward. We didn't care that we were naked.

The professor set up this little projector thingamadooger. It cast a coin-sized disk of white light on the wall between where Coach and the professor stood. From where I stood, I had to look past the shoulders of most of the guys to see it, seeing them in my peripheral vision.

Coach told us to look into the light.

Focus on it.

Look deeply into it.

Focus.

Don't look away.

Feel our tired bodies relaxing.

Let the tension slip away.

Stare into the light.

Feel our tired eyes needing to blink. Eyelids blinking, wanting to stay closed.

Starting to close.

Closing.

Ready to count backward from one hundred.

Each number relaxing us.

Start counting.

And we all chanted, "One hundred ... Ninety-nine ..."

Feel our eyelids growing heavier.

So hard to keep them open.

Wanting to let them close.

Keep counting down.

"Ninety-one ... Ninety ... Eighty-nine ..."

Each number helping us relax more deeply.

Slipping.

Slipping down toward sleep.

Eyelids slipping down.

Wanting to close.

So hard to remember the numbers.

So easy to relax.

Eyes closing a little more.

So hard to remember the numbers.

So easy to let go, close our eyes, and go back into deep, hypnotic sleep.

So easy.

One by one, it was starting to happen.

Inevitable, Coach said.

So easy, Coach said.

Deep sleep, Coach said.

The first of the guys hesitated, and his eyes closed, and his head sank forward in sleep.

The rest of us continued on. "Seventy-four ... Seventy-five ..."

And this man--I can't see him very well--he steps out of the shadows, and he touches Coach and the professor on the shoulder, and he tells them they've done a good job. He guides them over to the line of us wrestlers, and positions them at the head of the rows, facing the disk, and he says it's time for them to count themselves down too, and Coach and the professor obediently join in the countdown.

"Sixty-nine ... Sixty-eight ... Sixty-seven ..."

"Very good," the man said. "Keep counting." Something familiar about him, but I couldn't take my eyes off the disk of light, couldn't get a good look at him. He was just a shadow in the corner of my eye.

And after we counted off "Sixty," a couple more guys dropped out of the count and fell into that hypnotic sleep. Just like Coach had told us was going to happen.

It was happening faster now. More voices going silent. More heads dropping quietly forward into that sleep.

"Fifty-five ... Fifty-four ..."

Harder and harder to keep track of the numbers.

"Good," the man said. "Keep counting yourselves down into that familiar, deep sleep."

Only me and a couple of other guys still counting now. We'd be joining the rest in sleep soon.

"Forty-eight ... Forty-seven ..."

"Sleep," he said. "Count yourselves deeper into sleep. Each number relaxing you more. So ready to let go and sleep."

"Forty-two ... Forty-one ..."

What number comes next? Right--

"Forty ..."

What's the next number? Can't think of it--Can't--

My eyes closed. My head sank forward. I sank into the darkness of sleep.

I opened my eyes when the man told us to. We all did. But I wasn't awake. I knew my mind was still deeply asleep, just like he said.

He had us count off by twos. Coach started with "One!" and down the line the count went.

"Two!"

"One!"

"Two!"

Nate next to me counted off "One!" so I said "Two!" and the count went on.

The man flipped a coin. "Call it, Coach," he said.

Coach murmured, "Heads ..."

The man looked at the coin and called out, "Ones, you're the buddies today. Twos, help out your buddies."

We filed into the showers, even Coach and the professor, who had both stripped down. Water spraying down on us. Bodies everywhere. It felt great to get the sweat off after a hard workout. It was a feeling like belonging, being one of the team, one with each other--perfect unity.

When someone got hard, it was okay. No need to laugh it off or hide it, like usual. It was perfectly natural--happened all the time to guys. Especially after a hard workout like we had today. I was getting hard myself. And I liked it, the way the water running down my dick felt, the way some guy's hip felt as he brushed up against it in the tight quarters.

I saw Nate next to me, brushing the water back out of his eyes. His dick was hard. I looked at it, and I liked what I saw. I had my orders. Today, he was a One, and I was a Two.

It was easy to tell who was a One--they were the ones standing. The Twos were the ones either stroking the Ones or kneeling in front of them. I was, like, *The other guys are into this too?--Cool!*

I knelt. Nate was my buddy, and I had to help out a buddy who needed some relief. Those were my orders.

He grinned down at me, and he turned his cock my way, playfully slapping my cheeks with it a few times. I could barely hear him over the sound of the water and the other guys moaning when he said, "Suck my dick, dude." Then he fed it slowly into my mouth, giving me time to take it in. Time to make him feel good.

I tightened my lips around his shaft and slid my head up and down around his cock head. With one hand, I tugged on his swollen nuts, and with my other I choked up on the root of his dick. I nursed on the crown of it, running my tongue over the slit, then around the underside of the head. Up close, his crotch smelled of chlorinated water, the soap he'd wiped across it and rinsed moments before, and the last, lingering sweat from practice. Masculine smells.

He moaned his approval. "Yeah, buddy. Suck my dick."

He had a nice one too--average length, a little thicker than most but not too thick. I gave his balls a squeeze and slurped his cock into my mouth, all the way down to its hairy root. That made Nate tense up as the sensations ran through him. I ran the fingers of my free hand up and down his solid, hairy legs, stroking from his calves to his thighs and quads. Every now and then, I'd pull off his cock and gobble down his balls. He always gave a happy grunt and said something dirty like, "Fuck, yeah! Suck on my balls!"

I was so into servicing Nate that I forgot about my own needy cock until the tip of it collided with Nate's right leg. One of my hands wrapped around my cock, and then we were both heading for heaven.

I'd exhale my hot breath on Nate's nuts, then follow up with long, wet licks to his sack and shaft. After a few moments of this, he tilted my chin up, so I was looking at him, and he said, "Just suck my dick, buddy. Okay?"

So I went back to giving him head, right there in the shower with the rest of the team around us. They were all either blowing or getting blown, jacking or getting jacked. I hadn't been sucking long when I felt my nuts beginning to boil, in spite of the load I dropped earlier. I looked up at Nate. He was looking down at me, grinning, eyes glazed with lust and maybe something more.

Just then, there was a hand on Nate's shoulder, and that man's face looking over it. The somehow-familiar man I could never get a good look at, like something kept pushing my eyes away and blurring all his details. He clasped his hand on Nate's shoulder and said, "You. Sleep deeply." Nate's eyes widened, surprised, and then they closed tightly and his head slumped forward. "Open your eyes, and follow me," the man said, and Nate did.

So there I am, still kneeling on the tile shower floor, hard dick in my hand and my mouth hanging open and empty, as my buddy walks away after the man. The man clamps his hand on Karl's shoulder, and Gabe's, and each time, he says the same thing. And they open their eyes and follow him docilely out of the showers.

Some little part in the back of my head wonders what just happened, but it doesn't have to wonder long. Suddenly, Shawn is standing in front of me, now that his buddy Gabe is gone, and he sticks his long, sleek cock in my face. I go back to jacking myself as I concentrate all my sucking skills on making my new buddy cum hard in my mouth.

Less than a minute later, I feel the pins-and-needles rush of my orgasm, the first blast of cum torpedoing out of my dick. Shawn's balls have ridden up against the base of his cock, and he's there--he's there--he's cumming too. He moans and his hot, sour load sprays over my tongue, and I know I've given my buddy the

relief he needed.

7.

Part of me kind of realized what was happening.

But "realizing" and "resisting" are two different things. I wanted to know what was happening--the reporter side of me--but I didn't necessarily want it to stop.

Because ... in a twisted kind of way, it was fun. Plus, it was producing real results.

My brother Russell would have had some big scientific name for what was going on. I just called it "control."

Sometimes science guys like Russell over-think things, you know?

It was all about control. Pretty simple too. Hypnosis to get them into a cooperative condition. Drugs to overcome the resistance of guys who didn't respond to the hypnosis so well and bring them up to speed. Rewards to ensure their compliance.

Make the guys like it, and they won't fight it--hell, they'll welcome it. There was a lot to like. The focus. The results of all the hard training on the mats. The orgasms. Someone had gone through a lot of trouble to figure out a very simple approach.

It was like wrestling practice had become one long slide back into a trance, every time. An induction of sorts, I guess. I'd come into the gym, and I'd feel it tugging at the edges of my thoughts, inescapable the way an undertow sucks at you in the ocean. A feeling like relaxing, in my body and in my head. I'd change into my singlet, loving the way the tight fabric felt against my skin, especially against the sensitive skin of my cock since I didn't wear a jock, and I would accept that feeling more. A cooperativeness. I'd exercise and do the drills with the guys, and every move would lure me into relaxing more, letting go, letting them tell me what to do. We'd hit the mats and wrestle, and my mind would just ease back and let everything start happening.

By the time we got piled into the locker room later, our bodies would be exhausted. It was easy for Coach and the professor to turn that tired feeling and our relaxed, focused mental conditions into a deep, hypnotic sleep. By then, they already had us. The cumming that would happen later in the showers was just the icing on the cake for us.

The wrestler side of me was loving every second of it. The reporter side kept nagging at me. I'd quit the school paper by then, to free up time to wrestle alongside the team, but I still had a reporter's instincts.

I knew the "what" and a lot of the "how." What I didn't know was the "who" or "why."

Oh, sure, Coach and the professor thought they were in charge. I dunno if Coach thought he was using the professor to control the team, or if the professor thought he was using Coach; but the truth was, that other guy was pulling the strings of both of them. And through them, all of us.

I started calling him "the shadowy guy." It wasn't like I knew anything about him, really--couldn't even get a good look at him. He was just this gray blur in the corner of my eye. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't keep from getting distracted every time I tried to look right at him. The other guys, they didn't seem to realize he was there at all. He hung back in our collective blind spots.

He was obviously in charge. Sometimes, I would see the shadowy gray blur of him standing by Coach or the professor. His blur would move like he was leaning over to whisper something in their ear, and then Coach or the professor would suddenly call out some order like he'd just thought of it himself.

I found I didn't mind. But I was still curious. Being a reporter is hard to shake.

In the showers, as the play between us naked jocks started turning sexual, the shadowy guy would sometimes move among us. He would clasp his hand on a guy's shoulder and tell him, "You--sleep deeply," and the guy would. The man almost always claimed two or three guys after practice. He'd tell them to open their eyes and come with him. They'd always follow him away, docile as lambs.

But he never chose me, for some reason.

So one day I tried to fight the trance. Well, not fight exactly, but keep my wits about me. Which is a lot harder than it sounds, when you're that well trained to accept it.

In the showers, the shadowy guy moved in. I moved in closer to him. Hey, maybe I couldn't see him, but I could see where he wasn't, like this gray patch in the blind spot of my peripheral vision. Pretty clever, huh?

He put his hand on Coach's shoulder and commanded him, "You. Sleep deeply."

I got right up next to the guy. Then he was reaching out for TJ's shoulder, so I just moved in and jostled TJ out of the way, like it was an accident or something, and I felt the man's hand clamp down on my shoulder. He hesitated for just a moment, like he wasn't sure about something. Heck, this close, I could even see his wrist watch, an expensive, multi-function job. And then in my ear he whispered, "You--sleep deep."

Man, it was like I slammed back to sleep. I never felt anything hit me so hard or so fast--ever! One second I'm awake. The next ... nothing ...

He didn't exactly wake us up. He just told us to open our eyes and look around. We were in one of the store rooms, but it had been changed around. Wrestling mats on the floor. Some bright lights. The professor standing there, wearing just his pants and holding a digital video camera, and it registered on me that he had a really good body--he sure kept himself in shape. TJ and me standing there in our practice singlets. Coach in his shorts and a tee-shirt. The shadowy guy was there too and I think he had another video camera in his hand, but I couldn't tell for certain.

I could feel how deeply relaxed I still was. Part of me knew what that meant, and it didn't matter. TJ and me, we start wrestling. I guess the shadowy guy told us to, but really all I remember is thinking what a great idea it would be to wrestle TJ on that mat over there. Coach circled us, barking instructions and orders and generally being Coach. I didn't pay much attention to him because being on the mats means focusing on my opponent. And I loved the feel of TJ's muscles straining against mine, the heat of his skin.

TJ hugged himself up against me. I felt his erection against my thigh. It didn't freak me out, not at all. Hell, it felt kind of ... good. He hunched his hips at me a little, like he's humping my leg.

That's when Coach blasted us with that damn whistle of his. "*Twrrrrr-EEEEEEET!*"

Holy fuck! What is it with that man and his whistle in confined spaces? How's a guy supposed to stay in a deep hypnotic trance with him deafening us like that?

Don't worry. We managed.

TJ and I rolled apart, rolled to our feet. Coach was yelling in TJ's face, scolding him for getting an erection. I guess it was like what happened with me the other day, but not exactly.

Then TJ, the fucker, did something I couldn't fucking believe. He leaned in and gave Coach a kiss.

Now, Coach was in mid-bellow, so TJ mostly kinda glanced off his cheek. But still! If I'd been awake, I'd probably have been shocked as shit.

Coach just stared dumbfounded at TJ, like he couldn't believe TJ had fucking done that.

So TJ, always smiling like usual, leaned in and kissed Coach again, smack on the lips this time. And though he looked kinda surprised, Coach didn't pull away.

See, that's one of the benefits of being this deeply relaxed. It's easy to go with the flow.

Coach didn't pull away. No, he leaned into TJ and returned that kiss. They were about the same height and build. Coach pressed himself to TJ like a starving man.

TJ pulled away. He walked over to me. Our eyes met, and I saw how glazed his were. Did I look like that too? Coach sure did--his eyes were a blurred mix of trance and lust. TJ's eyes and his crop-top hair were coming closer, and then his lips were smushed up against mine. I opened my mouth and welcomed his tongue inside.

You know the drill. Clothes flying everywhere. Naked bodies sprawled on the mat. Coach, TJ, and me. Yeah! Muscles and hands and skin and hard dicks and tongues everywhere. It was like a roller coaster--up the curve of somebody's ass, down the slope of someone else's back, round the hairpin turn of an elbow. Whose knee was this? Dude, is that your foot or mine? I was losing track of where one body stopped and the next started, and where mine ended and theirs began. Damn, it was like getting lost in a jungle of body parts. I had someone's cock in my mouth and someone else's balls in my left hand, and two fingers of my right hand up somebody's butt. Someone's tongue was going to town on my balls, and someone was tweaking my nipple, and someone was kissing the back of my neck.

I sure hope the professor and that shadowy guy got some good shots with their video cameras.

"Gonna cum," TJ panted from down around my navel. If he was down there, that meant Coach was the one nibbling my earlobe from behind. I felt the ass I had my fingers sunk into tighten up, and TJ grunted, and I felt him shiver as he started to unload.

Strong hands tugged my butt cheeks apart. Something like a tongue slid between them and flicked over my asshole. I loved that feeling, so I pushed my ass back against it. I felt something enter me. Probably a finger. It zeroed right in on my prostate.

Fuck, I love it when a dude knows what he's doing back there!

There's a mouth around my cock and someone licking my nipples, and a finger up my ass, and I've got somebody's rigid cock in my hand, and all I can see is skin, skin, skin. Life just don't get much better than this!

Suddenly--*Boom! Boom! Boom!*--I'm cumming. It's this pins and needles feeling in my balls, needles and

pins, and it suddenly catches fire and runs down my cock and explodes up through my entire body, and everything tenses up, and my load is spurting out of my cock like a high-pressure hydrant, and I'm shooting out everything inside me. Then--*Thump!*--I'm pretty much falling over because there's nothing left and I'm totally spent.

Ahhh!

When I slid down out of that heaven and into my lingering afterglow, Coach had TJ on his hands and knees. Coach was back between TJ's legs, just then shifting from rimming him to mounting him. Coach had a nice, fat dick, and I was kind of jealous.

TJ's a handsome fucker, and Coach is damn hot too--they made a good-looking pair. Of course, I'm no slouch either. Coach had his cock all the way inside TJ, and TJ took it like a champ. TJ's cock was had again. So was mine. Maybe the idea just came to me--I moved in closer.

I stood next to them, close. Coach leaned over and lapped at my dick as he fucked the shit out of TJ's butt. I moved in behind Coach, knelt behind him. Hey, lube! Just what I needed. I slicked up my cock. Coach must have had the same idea because he pushed his ass back for me. With one hand on my shaft and the other on his shoulder, I pushed into his snug ass.

"Yeah--do it," he breathed. "Go on. More. That's it."

His butt swallowed my whole length. His gut clamped around my rig, a tight, intense grip. Once I was inside, he slid forward, fucking his dick into TJ, then back, impaling himself on my rod. Coach did most of the work, propelling us all toward ecstasy. TJ and me, we just followed his lead and moved with him.

Coach lunged forward, then back. "Yeah! That's it!" he chanted. "Yeah!" Quick and enthusiastic. His ass gulped down my every thrust, and his squeezing hole nearly milked me off, but somehow I knew I had to hold out as long as I could for the cameras. I could see the professor and the shadowy guy at the edges of my vision, and I hoped they were getting good shots.

I was determined to fuck Coach for as long as I could manage. But this little whispering in my ear--suddenly I'm feeling everything more intensely. Coach's rockings between TJ and me, he's getting faster and deeper, really smacking his body back and forth between us. TJ took each thrust of Coach's cock with a determined grunt, and then suddenly TJ was crying out. Coach pulled their lurching torsos together, clamping their bodies together while TJ shivered and came, came hard, came all over the mats without touching himself.

Coach pulled himself off my cock and stood up. Stood over me. I sat back on my ass, legs sprawled out, hand wrapped around my lube-slick dick. He jacked himself with quick, professional strokes. I lay all the way back, my stoke-rhythm timed with his. Coach brought himself to orgasm quickly, throwing his head back and bellowing at the ceiling as his cum arced out and splattered against my leg.

TJ bent over me, kissing me. I accepted his tongue. Suddenly I was cumming too, and TJ and I kissed each other hard--I had one hand wrapped around his head and my other hand wrapped around my rod, and I was shooting my second load and loving the feel of my orgasm crashing all through me.

Coach moved in with us. We lay together there on the mats caressing each other, sharing kisses and little smiles as the cameras moved around us, getting the last shots of us relaxing. I could see the professor. He straightened up, camera swinging aside. Finished now. Grinning at us with that relaxed look in his eyes that was so much like ours. He stroked a hand over his nice chest. That nagging whisper in my ear again.

In the dictionary, next to the word "Insatiable" is a picture of TJ. TJ pulled himself away from us and crawled to where the professor was unzipping his pants. TJ was reaching up to guide the professor's hand toward his mouth.

Me, I was feeling sleepier. Coach too. Sleepier and sleepier. Coach was blinking, nodding, falling asleep. Me too. My head sank down onto the mats, and Coach's settled on my chest. I closed my eyes. Contented sleep.

8.

So I'm sitting around the apartment a couple of nights later. I've finished a paper that's due in class the next day, and I'm feeling pretty good. My brother Russell is gone somewhere.

He's always off working on his big Ph.D. research project or something. If you had asked me what it was about right then and there, I wouldn't have been able to tell you--too many big buzzwords like "paradigm" and "diaspora." I'd be, like, *Blah-blah-blah, whatever.*

So anyway, Russell is gone and if I know him he won't be home until the campus building started closing down and Security threw him out of whatever building at ten o'clock.

I figured I owed myself a little reward for finishing my paper on time.

Let's see: "Horny college jock"--that's me--plus "alone in the apartment," multiplied by "an hour and half before the roommate comes home," equals ...

You're damn right I was gonna jerk off!

So I got a porno video out of that box in the bottom of Russell's closet--the stash he didn't think I knew he had--and I popped it into the player. There was no label on the video, so I assumed it was copy or the label had fallen off or something. Most of his tapes didn't have labels.

I pulled off my shirt and popped open the front of my jeans and settled back on the couch with my trusty bottle of lube, the television remote control, and a rag to clean up with later. I was planning on making a big ol' sticky mess! Yeah!

The video just starts. No credits or preliminaries. It just starts up with these two guys. The camera work is pretty amateur. Like those samples of amateur videos you can download off the Internet, but with much better resolution. So there's this guy bopping around and doing some calisthenics, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts. Like I said, the camera work is pretty cheesy, so really all it shows is this guy doing jumping-jacks from the nipples down.

Still, it looks like he's got a great body, so I'm thinking, like, *Definitely some possibilities here.*

More importantly, what's sticking up out of the open fly of my jeans is sitting up and taking notice. So I wiggle my jeans and boxers down to my ankles, then settle back and wrap my hand around my cock to give it a little attention.

Hey, it never hurts to have coverage handy, in case Russell comes back earlier than expected.

Onscreen, there's another guy now--two guys doing jumping-jacks. I'm sure they have heads, but the camera hasn't aimed at them yet.

A voice on the video--the director?--says, "Now take off your shorts."

That really makes me sit up and take notice. The director sounded just like Russell. The models do exactly what he said. There's someone else in the background of the shot, someone a little older. He's only shown from the shoulders down too. He has a camera in hand--a second cameraman? Pretty clumsy to get the crew in the shot like that.

Then it hits me: Russell and somebody he knows are making a homemade gay porn video!

Oh, right---like it would have been totally obvious to *you*, if you were in my place.

The camera pans up the two naked models. My dick and I, we're admiring their bodies along with the camera. The camera pans over their faces.

Uhm--that's Nate and Gabe from the wrestling team.

Their eyes had that blank look that I saw on my teammates' faces in the locker room and in the showers, the one that said they were deep in a hypnotic trance. The camera panned across their faces--I guess if you didn't know they were entranced, you might have thought they were just really focused on what they were doing. And the camera catches the other cameraman's face in the background--well, the part that isn't hidden behind his camera. It's the professor.

Let's recap. I guess I remembered the professor and the shadowy guy taking us into that store room with the video cameras and lights, the one I'd seen when I was crawling through the air duct, and I remembered them filming us. But at the same time, this little voice in the back of my head kept telling me I didn't care, that it didn't matter. And I knew pretty much every day, after practice, the shadowy man took two or three guys out of the shower and took them off somewhere with him. And I knew that was Russell's voice on the tape, giving instructions.

Onscreen, Russell's offscreen voice is talking Nate through the process of blowing Gabe. The camera is down low, aiming up along Gabe's legs and Nate's torso, up past Gabe's fuck-stick disappearing and reappearing at Nate's mouth, to Gabe's sleepy eyes in the background. Russell tells Gabe to pull out, jack off, cum, cum hard, and Gabe does exactly that, all over Nate's shoulder. Looks like he even nailed part of the camera lens--this little blob of goo lands in the very bottom-right corner.

Russell's hand reached past the camera to move Gabe's arm back out of the shot as the camera panned across the cum on Nate's shoulder. I know it was Russell's arm because I recognized his new multi-function wristwatch--the same watch that was currently sitting on the table across the room from me where Russell left it. The same watch the shadowy man was wearing when he filmed me playing around with TJ and Coach a couple of days before.

Now, I may not be the smartest jock on the mats, but I can put two and two together and come up with a lot more than I bargained for.

Well, I'd like to say I hatched a big plan right then and there, but y'know, I'm just a guy. And right then I was just a horny guy with his hard cock in hand and naked men on the television screen in front of him. Russell's familiar voice coaxed at Nate, telling him to sit back, jack off, cum hard. I did the same thing, and less than ten strokes later, I was coming right along with Nate. The camera captured him shooting all over his chest, and I fired my load all the way up to my neck.

I made that big ol' sticky mess like I'd planned. Man, it felt *damn* good to cum like that!

So I got cleaned up. Got my jeans pulled back up. And I got back into that box in the bottom of Russell's closet. I mean, just how many of these videos did he have? The one showed Karl fucking the professor-dude. Another one showed Shawn sucking on Coach's johnson like a vacuum cleaner. I summarizing heavily--they did other things, and I didn't have time to watch them all. I fast-forwarded my way through them and skipped around to see who was doing what. But I admit, I was storing up plenty of images of jack off to later!

I found some financial records in the box too. Apparently, Russell had been selling copies of the videos--maybe on the Internet?--and it seemed like he'd been making a pretty good amount of money from it too.

Nate and Gabe in a daisy-chain suck-off with TJ. Another one where Coach and the professor paired off, and Coach fucked the living shit out of him!

I was thinking, *In the showers, we only suck of jack off--I wonder why we don't do any of the wild shit that happens in these videos?*

I was beginning to think I might have to be jacking off again sooner instead of later. My stiff cock was liking that idea too.

I was also noticing something else. Something I'd have to ask Russell about.

So I'm watching this video where Shawn sucks off, like, five other guys--he just keeps moving back and forth between their hard dicks--and I hear Russell's key in the door. I've got those porn videos scattered all over the place around the TV, so it's no use trying to hide them. I don't even look up as the door swings open.

Busted!

I could have said, *What's with filming us having sex?*

I could have said, *Why are you doing all this, and what's with making us not see you?*

And I did ask all of those things and more ... later. But you want to know what I said first, when he opened the door, and I didn't look up, and he was standing there stunned? C'mon--take a guess.

No, that's not it.

I said, "So ... how come only that one video has *me* in it?"

And he said, "Because you're my brother. It seemed too much like masturbating. I only let it happen that one time because you seemed to want it so much."

He said he had started by hypnotizing his advisor. That would be the professor--that's why his name sounded familiar. The professor had been hypnotized long ago, so all Russell had to do was zero in on that and use it. Taking control of the professor was easy--the professor welcomed it.

And he had also decided to try something more ambitious. Since he'd gotten to know some of the guys on the wrestling team through me, he decided to test out some of his ideas on sexual identity on them. Since I was a wrestling team member and he felt "weird" about too much sexual play involving me, he suggested I quit the team. He liked the new coach better too--more suggestible than the previous coach.

The filming started innocently, he said, to "document" the success of his ideas. And then later, when he had been filming the episodes for "review" later--yeah, if "document" and "review" means whacking off back at our apartment--he got the idea of selling the videos on the Internet and making a little income on the side.

He said, "I didn't want you to be part of it. It was my suggestions that led to you quitting the wrestling team. I was trying to keep you out of the way."

Like fuck, I told him. It had been my decision to quit the wrestling team after last year. I quit because it was too hard to keep up my work on the school paper, my class work, and wrestling practice.

He said, "That's what you think, because that's what I hypnotized you to think."

So I told him, no, that the professor had hypnotized me for the first time a couple of weeks ago. I had quit the wrestling team a long time before.

He said, "That's where you're wrong. You were one of the first people I ever hypnotized. I've been hypnotizing ever since you moved in, since you came here for college."

I'm like, *Yeah, sure.*

He said the hypnosis started as an experiment. The professor taught him how. Something related to his dissertation project. Manipulations of sexual identity in athletes, blah blah blah.

I'm like, *Fuck that.* So I tell him the professor had had to use drugs to hypnotize me the first time.

He said that was because the professor didn't know I'd been hypnotized before and just assumed I'd be a resistant subject after they caught me spying on them. Being hypnotized before was what let me catch up so quickly when the professor started working with me.

He said, "The drugs turned out to not be necessary."

He said, "I was off working with a couple of the team members one-on-one, so I didn't know you'd gotten involved until they started integrating you into the main team dynamic. By then, you were pretty far along. So I decided it couldn't hurt if all you did was wrestle and go through the training. I wasn't planning to use you for the filming part."

"Think about it," he said. "When was your first time to do anything with a guy? It was a couple of weeks after you moved in here, wasn't it?"

I thought about it and nodded. Yeah, it was.

He said, "That's because I hypnotized you and helped you emphasize and act on the part of you that was curious about sex with guys." And, "From there, it was easy to suggest you enjoyed it more and more. That it was more and more natural for you."

So he made me gay?

He said, "Not exactly. But without me, you probably never would have had sex with a guy." And, "Don't worry. Aside from a few blowjobs when you were hypnotized in those first few weeks, you and I have never done anything sexually together. It just felt too weird at the time. But I think I'm over that now." He was giving me this grin, and I didn't know what to make of it. Hey, I was still borderline-freaked by this whole

thing. It just seemed too big to have snuck up on me from behind like this.

Onscreen, the professor sprawled on his back, a side shot. He pushed TJ's mouth off his hard-on and gave it too strokes, staring right at his own cock as he began to cum and cum ...

Russell was saying more stuff--man, when he gets started, you just can't shut it up--but I was paying more attention to the television screen, where the video showed a close-up of Nate's cock blowing its load all over Karl's face. I mean, Russell is like, *Blah blah blah*, and stuff, so is it a big surprise my attention was wandering?

And Russell says, "That's a hot video, isn't it? That's one of my favorites too."

I say, "Uh huh." I'm kind of shifting to hide my erection. Onscreen, Karl's dick is sliding in and out of a close-up of some guy's face--I think it's Nate's, but I'm not one-hundred-percent sure. I like the look of Karl's cock, and I remember how it felt in my mouth, how it tasted.

Russell said, "I'm going to hypnotize you now," and I was like, *Uh huh, whatever, dude*. See, Karl was pulling out and jacking his cock and starting to unload his cum all over Nate's chin. What could Russell possibly have to say right then that was more important?

Russell was droning on, and I was barely listening to him. "You know how good it feels, just to relax, let go, follow my simple instructions. Very relaxing. Deeply, completely relaxing. You remember how good it feels, don't you? You remember that wonderful feeling that hypnosis brings, don't you? Just like the feeling you're starting to feel now, isn't it. Just talking about hypnosis can be so relaxing, right? So deeply relaxing. And maybe now you can remember that pleasant warmth that always spreads through your body when you're hypnotized? Maybe it starts here"--he put his palm gently on my shoulder--"and spreads down into your arm, down into your chest. Yeah, it's so easy to remember how good it feels. I bet just remembering it helps you feel it again, right now, spreading, so warm, spreading down your stomach, down into that hard cock you've been trying so hard to hide, and into your legs. It feels good, doesn't it? Yeah, I know it does. So good. Just listening to my voice helps you relax and helps the warmth spread. Yeah. You remember exactly how it feels. To relax. To be deeply hypnotized. To just let go. Just letting go now. So easily, easily letting go, and just doing what I tell you to do. I know you remember how good that felt. So good. How good my cock felt in your mouth. The warmth has spread throughout your body now, hasn't it? Yes. So warm. So relaxed. So deeply relaxed. Your eyelids--they must feel so heavy now, right? So very, very heavy now. Yes. So sleepy. They feel like they could close at any time now. Maybe when you blink? Yes. The next time you blink, or maybe the time after that. So heavy. Drooping. You'll blink, and they'll close and they'll just stay closed. Yes. Every time your sleepy, sleepy eyes blink, you just feel so much better and more relaxed and so very sleepy. Your eyes must want to close now, and you go so much deeper, don't you. Yes."

And when I opened my eyes a few minutes later, Russell was nowhere to be seen. And I didn't much care either. There was a new video playing. It was like I couldn't take my eyes off it.

There was Karl and there was Nate and Gabe and Shawn and Coach, and most of the rest of the team, and they were all naked and wrestling on the mats. The camera zoomed in, and somebody's hard dick ran in front of the lens, then somebody's ass, then somebody's mouth.

Man, it was the hottest video I'd fucking *ever* seen! No doubt about it!

There was this little whisper buzzing in my ear, like a fly or something, but I ignored it.

I was thoroughly aware of my hard-on in my jeans. No one was around, so I groped it and gave it a tug. Man, I'd jerked off just a little while earlier, but I had to get naked and jerk off again. Who cares where Russell had gotten off to? I didn't care. I just wanted to get off. Sometimes a guy just has to get off, y'know?

So I yanked my jeans off and my underwear too. I sprawled out bare-ass along the couch. My cock was fucking *rock-hard*, and I don't even have to look at it. I just wrapped my hand around it and started pumping. I couldn't take my eyes off the onscreen action.

There was this cock zeroing in on someone's asshole, and I watched it pause, then push its way inside. I remembered how we never did much more than jacking off and blowjobs together in the showers. The anal stuff only seemed to happen later, in the videos. That buzzing was in my ear again--damn flies!--and I figured maybe next time in the showers I'd want to introduce my buddies to some anal action. It was pretty clear from the videos that they enjoyed it too.

Onscreen, that cock was deep-dicking that ass, and I sure wanted to get my ass worked over like that! I pulled my legs up. Yeah! It felt great, almost like someone was on the couch with me, crouched between my spread legs. I pulled my knees up like I was going to get fucked. Yeah! I could almost feel it, some guy's cock at my asshole. Yeah--a nice, hard cock, all lubed up and ready to enter me and make me feel damn good!

"Yeah, gimme that cock," I whispered, projecting myself into the video and imagining it was *my* ass getting fucked. My ass getting entered, slowly, so slowly, by that big ol' onscreen dick, forcing its way inevitably inside me, inch by inch.

Yeah, I imagined how good it felt, feeling some guy's hard-on inside me. The feel of his hard-on slowly, firmly pushing its way past my sphincter and inside me. The heat of his body hovering over me. The feel of his hips stroking forward and back as my hand moved to the same rhythm on my own cock. In spite of that whispery buzzing in my ear, I was in heaven. It felt just like getting fucked and--*man!*--let me tell you I sure loved that feeling. It felt like the best fuck ever, while watching the best fuck video ever!

Yeah, that's what I'd have to do, all right. Next time in the showers after practice. If I was a "One," I'd bend my buddy over and slip my big cock up his butt. If I was a "Two," I'd show him my butt hole and tell him to go for it. Yeah, then the other guys would want to join in as well. Yeah, they were gonna love fucking and getting fucked in the showers!

Oh, man! The buzzing was close in my ear, like the hot breath of some guy bending over me as he fucked me, and I knew what I had to do. It felt like a guy was bending my legs further up and out to get deeper into my ass, fucking me harder, needier, about to cum himself, then jerking like he was cumming in me. I felt my cock buzzing, and my balls--and my load--and I was cumming--cumming hard--cumming all over--as the cock I imagined in my ass jerked--came too--both of us cumming--yeah, shooting our loads--cumming--

Then, panting, I was sinking,, sinking into the afterglow, spent, exhausted, so tired, sinking into satisfied sleep, smiling as I imagined how the guys would love ass-fucking and getting fucked in the showers. Falling asleep, practically dreaming about it already, feeling so glad I quit being a reporter and went back to the wrestling team. Yeah, we were gonna take it to the next level, and they were gonna love fucking and getting fucked in the showers! I yawned and grinned, and closed my eyes. Yeah ...

I guess you can say I never got my story. Well, not that one, anyway. Or maybe, I got caught up in the story instead. But the problem with any story is that just talking about the events implies a convenient beginning, middle, and end, and that's not how it is. That's not how *life* is. Instead, it's not over yet--everything is

ongoing, without closure. The future is just another blind spot. Sometimes it seems my life before wasn't even real, like that part's over now and the part about my real life is just starting. But I have to close the "talking about it" part so I can get on with the "living it" part. They wouldn't like me talking about it too much, anyway.

It's like a full stop in the middle of a sentence. It's like when you go to the movies, and the film breaks. You sit in the dark and wait for more. But the lights come up, and the cleaning crew comes in. The movie is over, and you have go out into the world to find what happens next.
