

# By the Numbers

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A college jock notices his teammates are wearing new numeral pendants]

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](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

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# By the Numbers

by Wrestlr

1.

So we were all changing out of our uniforms after practice, and Tommy had his shirt off, and some of the guys were ragging him about that little gold necklace thing he had been wearing for nearly a week, the one with the little pendant that's the number 9. When somebody first asked him what the 9 meant, he said, "Inches," and ever since a lot of the guys have been joking around and saying how sad it must be if he "only" has nine inches down below, when really I think nearly all of those dickheads would love it if what they were packing suddenly grew to nine inches. Hell, I know I would, but it's not like *I* was gonna confess in public to having less than ten inches myself, even though mine is only like seven and a half. Anyway, Tommy just laughs and blows it off, 'cause he probably knew they were just jealous. Their teasing was getting a little old, but hey, they'd move on to something else soon anyway.

I was down to my jockstrap and my socks, and I remembered I needed to tell Coach I had to skip practice the next day because I had a study group session for that exam in my ethics class. No big deal--Coach let Jerry off last week for a psych makeup test. I didn't want to miss practice, but I needed to make that study session, 'cause my professor was a real ball-buster and I needed to score well on the exam.

So I pulled my pants and shoes back on and headed to his office. His door was shut, so I pushed it open and walked in, same as I always did. I was saying something lame like, "Hey, Coach--"

And there was Coach, sitting at his desk. He was slumped down a little with his eyes closed, like he was taking a nap or something. He had his shirt off--I caught myself thinking, *He keeps himself in good shape for a man his age*, even though he's not *that* old--and he was wearing one of those numeral pendants too, like Tommy's--only Coach's looked like a 6 instead.

He looked like he was asleep, which seemed kind of weird right after practice, so I was thinking, *Should I wake him up?*

"He's deep in hypnotic sleep," said a man from behind the door. I turned around, and he pushed this flashing light thing toward my face. I thought it was a flashlight at first, but it wasn't. It had all these colors, and it was flashing like a strobe light, really fast, and the kaleidoscope colors were moving about.

"Whassat ...?" I asked. Damn--could I have sounded any lamer? I sounded like some spaz who couldn't even talk right. Maybe because he surprised me with that light-thing. It was kinda distracting--but it wasn't like it was ... It was just ... What ...? All those lights ... Damn, why couldn't I seem to think straight?

"I'm a friend of your coach," he was saying. His voice seemed to come from somewhere far off already. "And soon you and I will be good friends too."

I couldn't seem to look away from the lights. I couldn't. Maybe I didn't want to. The lights ... So ... something ...

"That's it," he said. "Look deeply into the light. So fascinating, isn't it? You can't look away. Your coach looked deeply into the light, just like you're doing, and now he'd deeply asleep, deeply hypnotized. Soon, you too will be deep in hypnotic sleep ..."

Behind me, I heard someone--Tommy's voice--saying, "Hey, Coach, I--I ..." His voice trailed off into a gurgle. Maybe he was looking into the lights too now.

"That's it," the man was saying. "Look deeply into the light, both of you. Soon, you will both be deeply, deeply hypnotized, deeply asleep ..."

Next thing I know, I was waking up in one of the storage rooms where the wrestling mats and the athletic equipment got kept. I was lying on my back on a stack of mats. I sat up and looked around. No telling how long I'd been asleep, but I sure felt good, all rested and refreshed, content and happy. Whatever had happened, I must have really liked it.

I sat up and swung my feet over the side of the mats. This thing moved at my throat. I looked down at it, then turned it so I could see it. It was a little gold pendant, like the ones Tommy and Coach had--only mine was the number 7. Which made me grin, because my cock *had* to be bigger than that--it was a seven-and-a-half incher, at least!

## 2.

The next day, after practice--aren't I supposed to be somewhere else, doing something important? Nah. After I shower and change back into my street clothes, I'm walking out of the locker room--only instead of turning right toward the exit, for some reason I turn left. I'm not sure why. I just need to go that way. It just feels like I'm supposed to go that way.

I trot down the hall to one of the storage rooms. The door should have been locked but it isn't, so I open it and go in.

And there's Tommy. And Coach. And Barry. They're all standing there in the open area created the middle of the storage room by shoving all the old equipment back against the walls. They've got their shirts off, all of them. I can see Tommy's 9 pendant. That means something, I know, but I can't quite remember what. And Coach's 6 pendant. That means something too ... but what? Barry wears a 7, like me.

"Hey, guys," I say as I take off my shirt too. It feels good. I've worked hard to get a nice chest like this, and I like showing it off. It's not like we haven't seen each others' chests before. Tommy's is maybe a little more muscular. Coach's is a lot hairier. Barry's has darker nipples. Mine's the perfect in-between. Tommy scratches one pectoral, accidentally knocking his pendant a little with a finger, which catches my eye for some reason. I keep thinking I might like to put my tongue where his fingers are.

We're standing around, not talking much because there's nothing much to say. We're waiting, but I don't remember for what.

But we aren't waiting long. Then Jerry comes in, followed by Greg. "Hey," Jerry says.

"Hey," I say back.

Jerry takes off his shirt, and so does Greg. Jerry's pendant is an 8. Greg's is a 5.

The door opens again. "Hello, gentlemen," the man says, and I recognize him--his voice, anyway, since I didn't get a look at his face--as the man from Coach's office the day before.

"Hi," we all say back. I'm grinning because for some reason I'm really happy to see him.

"Thank you all for meeting me here today," he says with a confident smirk. He has a small satchel in his hand, and he pulls out that flashy light thing, and he says, "Not that you had much choice about it." And then he shines those flashy-swirly colored lights at us again, and I can't help but look.

I open my eyes--I guess I fell asleep for a couple of minutes there. I'm blinking away the sleep--so are Jerry and Greg and Coach and Tommy. We're all naked, for some reason, but that doesn't seem funny at all.

Initiative--I've got that in spades, so nobody has to tell me what to do. I reach out and put my hand on Greg's shoulder. I'm choosing him. I'm a 7, and he's a 5. We both know what that means. Jerry and Coach have paired off too. Jerry's an 8 and Coach is a 6, so they know how it's gonna happen too. Barry chooses Tommy--but since Barry is a 7 like me and Tommy is a 9, Tommy's gonna be in charge.

I'm sitting on the edge of the pile of mats, and Greg is beside me. I lean back on one elbow and spread my knees. I guide Greg's head to my erection with my other hand behind his neck. He knows what he has to do. He's pretty clumsy at it, like maybe he hasn't blown a guy before, but he's trying his best. He's younger than

me, a little shorter. I like his cute face, the way his torso is starting to put on some muscle. I run my fingers through his hair, and he moans appreciatively, and the vibrations feel good against my cock. What he lacks in technique he makes up for in eagerness, which counts for something. "Watch the teeth," I purr at him, and then I encourage him with, "Oh, yeah, buddy--relax your throat and let me in," and pretty soon he's managing my seven and a half inches pretty well for a beginner. I've always been good at training the newbies.

I think I glimpse that man with the light-thing moving around us, on the outskirts, but I can't be sure. I've got better things to pay attention to. Barry strangles out a groan, and I look over. He's blowing Tommy's big, big dick the way Greg is blowing mine--kinda clumsy, but enthusiastically--and he'd jacking off at the same time. Barry is cumming now. Tommy has him on his back. Barry's lying on the floor, and Tommy sprawls across his face, fucking his mouth push-up style while Barry jacks himself off. With Tommy's big ol' prong, he must be punching a hole through the back of Barry's head and into the floor, but Barry just makes these muffled gagging noises and somehow manages to take it, but now Barry is shuddering and jerking, and his cock is spurting cum like a geyser, over and over. When his orgasm starts to subside, Barry just sighs one last time and settles there on the floor as Tommy climbs off him. Barry's eyes are closing as he probably sinks into contented sleep. Tommy hasn't cum yet. His stiff cock juts straight out in front of him, and I'm thinking, like, *Wow, that's really big!*

Jerry has Coach on all fours with his ass in the air, Jerry's rod up his butt. Their bodies rock together in a rhythm familiar from practically every porn movie I've ever seen. Coach knows what he's doing--that's for sure--and Jerry is gasping and moaning appreciatively as his hips thrust hard at Coach's ass. Coach has him hovering on the brink. I'm thinking I wanna try me some of Coach's ass myself, sometime soon.

Jerry whimpers that he's gonna cum, and Coach growls something like, "Cum inside me." But Jerry's hard-on accidentally pops out of Coach's ass, and he thrusts it against Coach's ass crack, and Jerry's load sprays across Coach's back in hard spurts--*spurt, spurt, spurt!* Jerry howls while he cums, like he's in agony, though I can tell it's the opposite. Jerry sinks back, finally, as his legs give way--I guess his orgasm screwed up his coordination--and he doesn't seem to care. As Jerry reclines back on the floor and his eyes close, Tommy is already moving in and plugs his huge cock into Coach's mouth.

Greg nicks me with a tooth, and I smack him playfully on the shoulder. "Careful there, buddy," I scowl at him. I'm a take-charge kind of guy, so I need to remind him again how to keep his teeth out of the way. During this distraction, Coach has hit the point of no return, jacking himself off on his knees as he blows Tommy, standing, towering over him. I hear Coach's muffled cry and look over just in time to see him unload his sperm on the floor.

As Coach settles back, eyes closing, Tommy comes over to me. All I can think about is how he's a 9. He holds his cock over me. It floats over my head like a zeppelin. Greg has the basics down, so I can turn my attention to that nine inches of hard meat. It's still wet with spit, Coach's and Barry's.

I open my mouth. I'm expecting Tommy to bring that zeppelin in for a landing on my tongue, but he moves in too close. His balls slap my nose. "Suck my sack," he growls. So I let one of his big balls roll into my mouth and that's exactly what I do. "Aw, yeah! Stick your finger up my ass," Tommy hisses. So I wet a finger and probe it between his butt-cheeks. He squats a little to spread them, and I find his hole and push my finger inside. He really seems to like that. "Yeah!--Yeah!" he sighs happily. "Oh, fuck, yeah!"

He's towering over me. I shift around, licking at his other ball just like he told me to. He's jacking himself and swearing. I feel his balls tighten up, and the next thing I know, he's growling like an animal, and there's something warm and wet gushing down on me: his load.

Tommy gives a last growl that trails off as his eyes close and his head rocks forward. His body hovers over me, swaying slightly, but otherwise he looks like he may be deeply asleep.

Greg does this little thing on my dick--he's really getting the hang of sucking it--and suddenly I'm there--I'm right there--I'm cumming--cumming in his mouth and then, when my hips buck too far and my cock pops out, cumming across his cheek--cumming--and cumming. Greg is cumming too--I can tell from the way his body tenses between my legs, his eyes clamped shut, the little gurgle choking out of his throat.

And when I sink back on the mats we're lying on, I feel so peaceful. It seems so obvious and inevitable--hard day at practice, plus orgasm, equals deep sleep. I grin at Greg. He is trying to pull himself up toward my head, maybe wanting a kiss? Yeah. But his eyes are already closing. His head settles on my chest. My arm settles across his shoulders. Yeah. It's so easy to just close my eyes too and let myself submerge into the peace.

### 3.

The next day at practice, a few more of my teammates were sporting those number pendants. Then a few more, and then a few more. Mostly 6's and 7's, but also an 8 or two. There is something very sexy about seeing those pendants against the guys' bare chests when they take their shirts off. By the end of the week, everyone is wearing one.

The system is simple. Higher numbers rule over lower numbers. If you are a 7, like me, and you choose a 6, the 6 has to do whatever you want. Or if an 8 chooses you, you have to do whatever he wants. If you choose someone with the same number, it's a flip-flop thing.

You'd think that Tommy might get this huge ego, since he is the only 9, and lord it over the rest of us, but there is something built into the system to protect against that. The lowest numbers rule the highest. Tommy is the highest with his 9, and he'll move through the guys, taking what he wanted--fucking a hole here, a mouth there. But then he'll come across Greg or Jim, who have the lowest numbers--they're both 5's--and this really peaceful expression will come over Tommy's face, and he'll fold himself over one of the locker room benches with his ass in the air or go down on his knees to give up his mouth to them, looking like he really loves it. He probably does.

And that guy with the light thing? He moves among us and nobody seems to notice him. Sure, they definitely see him at the beginning--we'll pile into the locker room after practice and start stripping off our uniforms, and he'll move push that swirly-flashy light thing in our faces and we'll go to sleep for a little while, but when we open our eyes, it's like he is invisible to the rest of the guys. Like it's just us there. He'll walk among us, whispering in an ear here, feeling an ass there, and everybody seems to ignore him like he isn't there. So I never let on either. And sometimes he'll whisper something in my ear, and--man!--my cock will get even harder, and I'll do whatever he said, and it feels damn good!

Afterward, we'll all shower. And when we'll come out, the man will be gone, but we'll still be feeling great!

### 4.

When a lot of the guys start getting erections as we're stripping down after practice, you can kinda tell. They're ready for it already, needing only the flashing, swirly lights to make it happen.

Maybe I'm the only one who is aware of it. I don't know. No one ever talks about it--or him--so maybe they don't remember, at least not consciously, but I can tell part of them remembers. The hard-on part. Mine sure does. When Coach blows the final whistle and hollers at us to hit the showers, I'll be hard in my jockstrap almost instantly. A lot of the other guys are hard too, looking flushed and horny, maybe not even realizing the reason. You can kinda tell.

Doesn't mean they are comfortable with it, I guess. This one day, after maybe a week or so, we're all in the locker room. We pile in and start peeling off our sweaty practice uniforms. The man has hit us with the flashy-swirly lights, and we have all closed our eyes and gone to sleep for just a little while. Then we've opened them again. We're all naked, hard, and happily matched off and getting off together.

I'm paired off with Jim--he's a 5--and Coach, so I'm getting my cock licked by Jim while he jacks off and Coach fucks his ass with his six-incher. Jim is in heaven. That boy can never hold out very long, so we both know he was gonna cum in seconds. Not a problem for me. After Jim comes, after he closes his eyes and goes back to sleep, I'll move on and join another guy. Sure enough, Jim groans and his eyes screw shut as he orgasms, and then the tightness relaxes in his face, and his eyes do not open again.

Beside me is Corey. He's a 6. He's on his knees blowing Barry, who's a 7 like me. I'd never have expected Corey to be giving a blow-job, because he was raised all strict and religious and stuff. Anyway. I can tell something's wrong. He keeps making these moaning noises, like something is happening that he doesn't like. After a few minutes, he blinks and shudders and nearly chokes. He practically spits out Barry's cock and looks around. Corey's eyes are wide and frantic, like he can't believe what he sees.

"Dude!" he swears at no one in particular. "What the *fuck!*"

The man is heading our way. "Hold him," he says. Since Jim has cum, I can turn away from him, and I grab hold of Corey's arm. Barry has his other arm.

Corey tries to pull away. "What the fuck!" he repeats, but we hold him fast.

The man holds the swirling, flashing lights up into Corey's face. But before he can say anything, I put my mouth close to Corey's ear and say, "Try to relax. Look into the light. Focus on my voice. Don't worry. So sleepy. Everything's all right. Look into the light. If you try to fight it, if you feel your muscles tensing, you'll find you can't keep them tense for long before they have to relax. Relax. So hard to stay tense. So hard to fight it. Have to relax. Letting yourself relax. Tension disappearing. So easy to relax. So sleepy. Slipping away. Returning to safe, deep sleep. Let it all go. Sleep."

The man raises an eyebrow at me, like he maybe doesn't believe what he is seeing. I just keep talking soft and low in Corey's ear, soft and low, as his eyelids start to droop and slowly, slowly close, trusting me because I'm a teammate, trusting, listening, leaning his shoulder against me as he feels himself falling back to sleep, relaxing, so irresistibly, leaning his head softly against my chest as he goes deeply to sleep again. Man, that gives me such a rush! My fucking dick is harder than ever!

The man tells Barry, "Take him to Coach's office. I'll be there in a moment to deal with him," and Barry picks Corey up in a fireman's carry and carries him off.

The man holds the light in my face, and I let myself get lost in it, basking in the strobing, kaleidoscope colors. His voice comes to me from far, far away. "Looks like someone has been remembering more than he's supposed to," he says. He says how comfortable I must be feeling, so very relaxed, very cooperative, looking so deeply into the light, and I feel exactly that. He asks me some questions. Where did I learn to do that?

How much do I remember? Why did I help relax Corey? I hear myself answering his questions.

Yes, I'm deeply hypnotized.

Yes, I remember most of what happens.

I did it for the team.

I like what we do because it feels good.

I did it willingly, for the team and for me. I wanted to do more.

The man scratches his neck and says, "That gives me an idea."

## 5.

So that's how I came to be heading to the swim coach's office. The man put one of those flashy-swirly light things in my hand and a tape measure in my pocket. He told me what to say. I was deeply hypnotized when he told me, so my subconscious remembers everything perfectly. I'll be able to say and do everything perfectly, just the way he told me.

The swim team has just finished practice for the day. I can hear them in the locker room down the hall. In front of me is their coach's office. Through the door I can hear the swim coach talking to Ike, one of the star divers. In another moment, I'll open that door. They'll look up and find themselves looking into the lights, the colorful, flashing, swirling lights, and they won't be able to look away, and I'll talk to them, and I'll watch them watch the lights, watch the tension drain from their bodies as they become so relaxed, watch their eyes close, talk to them, encourage them to take out their cocks, so hard as they relax more and more, so hard, measure their erections, help them start understanding their places in the number hierarchy, maybe encourage them to strip if they feel comfortable doing that already, talk them through the process of stroking themselves, relaxing more and more, so horny, needing to get off, needing to listen to my instructions, needing to accept my instruction and my control, needing to get off so badly, so happy and so horny and so accepting and ready to cum, cum now, cum hard.

My instructions are to establish the beachhead. The swim coach and Ike will be the first step toward introducing the lights, then the man, to the rest of the swim team. They'll never know what hit them.

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