

# Calling the Plays

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A college football player runs into his therapist at the gym. Do you need to ask what happens next?]

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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- [http://members.tripod.com/~Brock\\_J](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)

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We're, like, running out of the locker room in our practice pads. Turn right--head down the hall for the door and the field out back. We're all ragging on Haroldson and giving him hell 'cause Parker caught him surfing the net for pictures of naked fat chicks playing "Hungry Hungry Hippos." Pass a side hall and I see--is that who I think it is?

Hell, yeah! I break away from the team and run over to say hey. He's wandering the halls like he has no idea where he was going.

I call out, "Hey, Doctor Masterson! What're you doing here?" Jog up to him. Tuck my helmet under my arm.

"Hey, Craig. I thought I might see you here. I'm looking for your coach. He asked me to stop by."

"Coach Johnson? He's in his office, I guess. It's just down the hall."

"Ah. Thanks. I was afraid I was lost."

I chuckle. "Yeah--these hallways are like a maze if you don't know where you're going. What you looking for Coach Johnson for?"

"Just a consultation," he says. "And how are you doing? Isn't it about time for your biweekly tune-up?"

I grin. "Sheesh, Doctor Masterson! I was just there day before yesterday. Don't you remember?" I used to have a problem with drinking and girls--couldn't get enough of either--that was the problem. Then the Counseling Center sent me to the Doctor for therapy. He fixed me right up. I can't say enough good things about him--he sure got results. I go back every two weeks for follow-up sessions. *Tune-ups*, I call them.

"So you were," the Doctor says, and, "Let me just take a look." He pulls a penlight out of his pocket. Cups his left hand on the back of my neck. Uses his right to shine the light into my eyes. Right. Left. Right. Left. Back and forth. "Look into the light, Craig. That's it. Relax. That's it. Look deeply into the light. Good."

I look, all right. It's just a penlight. Just this little white light shining in my eyes, but it sure makes me feel good. Really relaxed. Letting my arms hang limp. So limp, I nearly let my helmet drop out from under my arm. Happy. Kinda horny too. The way booze used to make me feel. Minus the throwing-up and hungover parts. Sweet!

I feel him squeeze my crotch. I have on a jockstrap and a hard plastic cup, and my pads, but he can tell I'm getting hard. That always happens when he shines that light in my eyes.

"Yes," he is saying. "Yes, you're about due for another tune-up already. I can tell you need it." Then he's snapping his fingers, and I'm blinking my eyes. "You better go join your teammates," he said to me. "Maybe we can talk after practice."

"Sure thing, Doctor." I backtrack to the nearest intersection. I point down the connecting hallway. "Coach's office is that way. Last door on the left."

"Thanks, Craig. I don't what I'd do without you."

So later, we're all in the locker room. Stripping down. Heading for the showers. Coach walks in and yells, "Michael! Jase! Billy! No, not you--the other Billy. Yeah, *you*! Tom! Kip! Pete! Follow me!" He heads out. They get their shorts and shirts and stuff back on and follow him.

I'm thinking, *That was kinda weird*. Doctor Masterson showed up looking for Coach Johnson earlier. Now Coach called out several of the guys without saying why. Huh. I'm thinking maybe there's a connection.

So I shower. Have to do it quickly, 'cause there are a lot of other guys needing to blast the crud off after practice too. I get dressed. Time to play Sherlock Holmes and find out what's what.

Coach's office? Nope.

Equipment room? Nope.

This old, empty storage room at the other end of the hall where nobody ever goes? Yup!

From outside the door, I can hear voices. The Doctor's voice. Can't tell what he is saying. So I open the door, quietly, and I slip inside.

They have the lights off, except for this really bright white circle of light being projected on the far wall. I'm coming in from behind them. Nobody sees me except the Doctor--who looks at me for a second, then winks and keeps on with what he's saying.

Takes a second for my eyes to adjust. There's no light except the bright circle of light on the wall. The storage room is empty except for a table the projector was sitting on and some chairs for the guys to sit on. Three rows of two guys each. The Doctor is standing in front of them. Coach is off to one side--he's nearly invisible in the shadows.

Nobody sees me except the Doctor. He doesn't seem to care. I slide my ass into that empty chair at the back of the room, the one off to one side, and listen.

He hadn't gotten far along yet. I don't know what he or Coach told the guys to get them to go along with it--I missed that part. The Doctor is talking to them. Low, monotone voice. Telling them to look into the light. I remember this part. It's like when he started doing therapy with me. That makes me grin--I know his methods are a little ... unorthodox. And go a little past the limits of "therapy" too.

The guys? They'd probably never know what hit them.

I guess I was spoiled from having private sessions, because I'm sitting there thinking, *Y'know, this isn't doing it for me.*

I mean, nothing is happening--to me, at least. I'm just sitting there, listening. Maybe it was because the Doctor always used a penlight to hypnotize me, instead of this circle of light projected on the wall?

I'm looking around, and I can tell it's working on them. The two guys in the front row are nodding off already. The two guys in the second row are blinking and looking a little fuzzy-headed. But Kip and Pete, the two guys in the back row right next to me, they're snickering and grinning like this is all a big game.

So Coach--nothing seems to be happening for him either--he sneaks up behind Kip and Pete, and he crouches down between them. He clamps a strong hand on their shoulders--*surprise!*--and they jerk upright.

"He's pretty good, isn't he," Coach stage-whispers to them. "I saw him hypnotize a guy once in less than a minute. Hell, look at Michael up there in the front--he's practically out of it already. And the best part is, you don't even have to listen to him that closely. You can keep talking and it'll still affect you. Of course, it's always better if you *do* listen, because you probably don't want to get left out, right? Maybe you're just a little curious about it too? See Jase up there? See how he's practically in a trance already? Wow, it's really working fast on him, isn't it? See how his eyes are already nearly closed? His eyes look so tired. Kind of like yours, Kip. Don't worry about it. It's automatic. He's breathing deeply, just like you, Pete. Just listening. Soon it might start happening to you too. That's okay. Let it."

Coach keeps talking to them. They keep watching the guys in front of them. Then, slowly, Coach starts directing their attention back to the circle of light. And to what the Doctor is saying. "Soon," Coach tells them, "you won't be able to listen to anything else."

After a new minutes, the Coach pulls back. Kip and Pete are staring at the circle of light now, eyes half-open--or half-closed, maybe. He pats their shoulders and says, "You're doing great now, guys." And he

leaves them to it and heads back to where he was standing before. Like the others, their eyes are already starting to close.

The Doctor says, "Craig, Coach Johnson, would you both come up here, please?"

I'm like, *Okay*. So I stand up and walk over to where he stands, in front of the guys. Coach does too.

The guys--they look like they're nearly totally out of it. Their eyes are barely open. Another little push and they'll all be deeply asleep.

The Doctor says, "Gentlemen, I know it may not look like it, but Craig here and your Coach are already both in deep trances, right this very minute."

I'm like, *Oh, right*.

"Just like each and every one of you will soon be. Yes, they're very, very deeply entranced. Perhaps we should ask them to prove it? Perhaps a little experiment? I know just the thing."

The Doctor holds out something to me, and I take it. It's his little penlight.

"Craig, do me a favor, please. Would you hypnotize the Coach here for me?"

I take the penlight and say something lame like, "Hypnotize him ... ?" 'Cause at first I don't think I know how or anything. But then I'm like, *Hell, yeah, this'll be so easy*.

I shine the penlight into Coach's eyes. His right eye. One-Mississippi. His left eye. Two-Mississippi. His right eye again. All the time I'm saying things to him like, "Look into the light. Look deeply into the light. That's right." All the things the Doctor says to me in our therapy sessions. Coach doesn't even try to look away. It's like he's expecting it and eager for it or something.

I talk to coach exactly the way the Doctor talks to me. The way he is talking to the guys slumping in their seats. Coach stares right into the light. He doesn't even try to fight it. I see his eyes begin to flicker and blink. They start to close. So heavy. So ready to close. Closing. Letting them close.

I keep talking after his eyes close, until his head drifts forward, drooping forward. Deeply asleep. So this is what it feels like to be the Doctor. I'm like, *This is so fucking cool!*

"That's very good, Craig," the Doctor says. "Now there's something else I need you to do for me. Something easy." His hand comes past my shoulder and closes over my hand. I expect him to take the penlight from me, but he doesn't. He turns the light around in my hand and closes my fingers around it again. The penlight beam hits me in the eye. *Ow!*--the beam is bright in the dim room.

"Okay, Craig," he says, "now hypnotize yourself."

So I do.

I move the light back and forth. I stare into it. It's easy. Really easy. It's like slipping. Slipping into a nice, drowsy place, so familiar. Just moving the light back forth. Just watching it. This is the first time I can remember hypnotizing myself, but it seems practically like habit. Looking deeper into the light. Letting it shine deeper into me. I scarcely notice when things start going blurry and my eyes close.

Then the Doctor asks me to open my eyes. He's asking Coach too. That part is easy. I feel just like before, but I know I'm deeply hypnotized. It feel ... like being free. Free to do whatever the Doctor asks me.

So I take off my shirt, just because he asks me to. It's easy. I push my shorts and underwear down to my ankles. Coach too. No one there but us guys, and my teammates have seen me naked before. Nothing new there. No need to be shy.

Coach and I are facing each other. We're standing close together. I look down and I'm like, *Cool--a hardon*. But it isn't mine. I'm hard too, but the one I'm looking at isn't mine. It's Coach's. He reaches for mine, just like the Doctor says. I'm like, *Okay, I can deal with this*. So I reach for his. He strokes his fingertips along the underside of my stiff prick, and these little shivers of pleasure zip through me. I'm like, *Oh, yeah!* So I start doing the same to him. He wraps his hand around my rod. I do the same to him. We're jerking each other off. His is shorter than mine, and thicker. His hand feels really good on my cock. I want to make him feel just as good.

I don't even care if the rest of the guys are watching. Hell, they're mostly asleep themselves. I can tell.

Coach kneels, kind of clumsy, since his shorts are bunched around his ankles. My cock is staring him right in the eye. Not for long. He closes his eyes and opens his mouth. I watch my cock disappear inside it. Coach's mouth is warm and wet. It clamps around my meat like a velvet vice, tight but really smooth and slick. I feel his tongue curl around my rod, rough as a cat's. Sliding up and down on me. In and out. I watch it and grin. The little part of me that is still thinking is thinking, *No way, no fucking way, that can't be my cock!* But it is. It sure is!

The Doctor is telling the guys how great I'm feeling. How nice it must feel. I don't care what he's talking about. But it does feel great.

Coach has one hand playing with my balls. He kind of rolls them around in their sack and strokes the skin of it. He jacks himself off with his other hand. All the while he keeps giving me this really nice, lazy blowjob.

The Doctor is telling the guys how relaxed I must be, that this could be them. All they have to do is relax. Deeper. Relax more completely. No need to hold back.

The Doctor tells us it is okay. Coach's mouth tenses around my cock. When he moans, it makes these little vibrations of pleasure rumble through my sensitive cock nerves. Coach is cumming. He's spurting his load out into the tangle of shorts and underwear snarled around my ankles. His teeth jitter along my dick shaft as his body trembles through its orgasm, adding a new sensation to the mix.

The Doctor tells the guys all they have to do to feel this great is relax. Relax to the point there is no conscious resistance left. They'll know when they reach that place. Open and accepting. Ready to relax. When they reach that peaceful place, all they have to do is stand up.

When Coach's mouth relaxes and his head starts gliding up and down on my meat again, it tips me over the edge. I grunt. I shoot. Hard. That familiar feeling. Like my knees are gonna collapse, the lightness in my body, the liquid fire running through my groin. Shoot my load into Coach's throat. I ignore the guy who stands up in the front row. I focus everything I have on cumming in Coach's mouth. I feel him start swallowing. My hips are bucking. My cock pops out of his mouth. The last rope of cum I shoot flies across his cheek.

The afterglow, after I come. The relaxed, limp way my whole body feels. That's what I like best. That's when

I always open up the most to the Doctor's suggestions. I'm spent. Nothing left to resist with even if I wanted to.

Michael is standing up, in the front row right next to us. He's ready. I toe my way clumsily out of my shoes, then pull my feet out of my bunched shorts and underwear. I'm naked now except for my socks, which don't matter. Coach is totally naked.

Michael is ready. Relaxed as much as he can. Our job is to get him off. Make him cum. Help him relax even more.

Coach crawls in front of Michael, and my body slides up behind his. The Doctor tells us what we need to do. I lift Michael's arms and whisper in his ear, tell him to hold them there. I grab the bottom of his tee-shirt and lift. Lift it up over his head, and off over his arms. I tell him okay, and his arms begin to sink slowly back to his sides again.

Coach has Michael's shorts open. Pulls them down, jockstrap too, in one long motion. Michael's a handsome fucker, always grinning, muscular too--all the chicks are into him. From what I see of his cock over his shoulder, I can tell why. That fucker is hung big. Not one of those oversized monster cocks all the guys seem to have in porno stories or anything, but definitely bigger than average. Bigger than me. But I'm too relaxed to be jealous.

Michael's torso sinks back against my chest. His skin and muscles against mine feel great. His arms dangle, loose and limp now. His cock disappears and reappears into Coach's lips, stretched tight around Michael's size. I run my hands over his chest. Massage his pecs. Run my fingertips around his nipples. All those things I used to do to chicks when I was balling them. Michael makes this contented sighing sound. Around us, Tom in the second row stands up, then Kip in the back row. The Doctor tells Michael he can cum now, any time he's ready. Michael sighs again. His body tenses a little, mostly his abs. I feel this shiver go through him. His cock is buried in Coach's throat so I can't see a damn thing. I know he is cumming, though. Especially since his body sinks against me even more limply as his orgasm passes. No tension left. The Doctor won't have any trouble with Michael resisting his instructions.

I settle Michael's limp body back in his chair. Which is a little more clumsy than it sounds, since Michael's a tall, muscular guy. Coach and me, we don't bother getting his clothes back on. Mostly because the Doctor doesn't tell us to.

We still have plenty to do. Coach heads for Tom in the second row, and that leaves Kip in the back row for me. I kneel in front of him, just like Coach did for Michael. Kip--don't ask me why--has on one of the team's mesh practice jerseys, the colored kind we wear when we split into two groups and we have to tell who's on which team, and his shorts. Nothing else. But this isn't a fashion show--right then, I'm only thinking about how to do what I need to do. What the Doctor has told me to do.

My fingers curl inside the waistband of Kip's shorts and the jockstrap he wears under them, and five seconds later both are crumpled around his ankles. His hard fuck-stick swings out to meet me. I lick my lips, then stick out my tongue to say, "Ah." When my head moves closer, his cock slips right in.

I'm like, *So this is what cock tastes like*. It tastes kind of familiar, like maybe I've done this before, though I don't remember it. Sucking Kip is just like being sucked by a chick, only in reverse--it's me doing the sucking. I've gotten more than my share of blowjobs before, and it just seems natural for me to turn it around and do it to Kip. I want to do a lot more to him too. Part of me wonders what being inside his ass would feel

like.

But that isn't the way the Doctor is telling me to play this out right now, and he's definitely calling the plays. We don't have to know the big picture--we just have carry out the instructions he gives us. With Jase and Billy standing up too now, and Kip still to finish off, there's still a lot more for Coach and me to do. And the rest of the team to do it to. With the Doctor calling the plays, Coach and I have our work cut out for us.

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