

Coach Control

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: There's a Controller on the loose, and it's in the locker room.]

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 are 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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Fuck, yeah, basketball players turn me on--always have. It's the way their legs rise up and up to their asses, and the way their backs stretch up from their asses. I get especially hot for those asses, like the ones on the college seniors on my team. I'm the assistant coach--nearly thirty, but not there yet, so I'm not *that* much older than the basketball players I train. I took this job because I love basketball--always have--live and breathe basketball. The scenery of having tall, tall basketball players around all the time was just a fringe benefit.

J.T. and Leighton were buddies. Both were Anglo-pale blonds. J.T. with his hazel eyes and thick blond brows wore his hair in a shaggy mop, while Leighton's was cropped close to his scalp, accentuating his blue eyes and oval, friendly face. I'm about six feet tall myself, but both of them towered over me by at least another four inches.

My fertile imagination had already conjured up nasty, nasty games with various team members for my masturbation sessions, but I made sure nobody knew about my sex life, much less about my fantasy life. And I never expected an outsider to take matters into his own hands, so to speak. Even with all the rumors and carefully worded headlines in the school paper about strange goings-on around campus lately, I never thought it would happen to me.

I headed from my office into the locker room to shower after a late-night practice. I stripped down and stowed my clothes in a spare locker. The rest of the team had long since fled, but I rounded a corner on my

way to the showers and there these two were, hovering close together in a corner, towels barely wrapped around slim waists.

I hollered at them, "Go home, fellas. Get a move on! Early practice starts at five a.m. tomorrow--and you better not be late." I was naked, my towel slung over my shoulder, and my cock had started to grow once I laid eyes on the slender pair of nearly naked athletes. They looked over at me, smiling a little, but their expressions seemed spacey, like they were high on something. Had I interrupted those fuckers smoking pot or something? That irritated me, and the way they stood there gawking at my semi-boner irritated me more.

J.T. grinned a little wider and said, "You got a real big dick, Coach ..."

Leighton echoed, "Real big dick, Coach."

That praise only served to increase my dick's stiffening process, which pissed me off even more. The last thing I wanted was a hard-on in front of two of my players, but my cock was fast becoming a lengthy rod stuck directly out in front of me. Damn thing always had a mind of its own! I felt myself blush and wondered if I should wrap my towel around me. No, there was no way to hide my boner from the leering jocks.

"We sure--" J.T. continued, his hazel eyes locked onto my big dick as he deliberately let his towel drop to the locker room floor.

"--Like it," Leighton finished for him, dropping his own towel.

There they stood in the corner, both totally naked, their own boners jutting out from slender waists, their dazed eyes practically swallowing my dick. I was both stunned-and horny as hell. Were the two jocks baiting me?

J.T. still grinned stupidly. He said, "We want that big dick--"

--Up our asses," Leighton finished for him.

J.T. motioned me over. I just stood there. Something wasn't right. I knew that, but I couldn't figure out exactly what. Their expressions, the way they were finishing each other's sentences--but more than that, something *inside me* was not right. Something felt ... different. Not wrong exactly, but definitely not right. I should have just walked away and gotten on with my shower, but ... I couldn't. I couldn't seem to work up the will to do anything. Something in my head wasn't working right. It felt almost like someone else was inside my head with me. My arms hung limply at my sides--I couldn't move them. My legs felt heavy--I couldn't make them take a step. I just stood there and looked at J.T. and Leighton looking at me.

J.T. and Leighton moved as one, turning around to face the locker room wall and showing off their perfect asses, as they spread their feet wide apart and pushed their naked butts back toward me. My cock jerked. What a sight! I wasn't thinking clearly, couldn't tell whether the smart-ass jocks were teasing me or were serious. But my eyes drank in the sight of those long, pale muscular thighs leading up to the round, naked butts, and the sleek, strong torsos rising above those buns. Arms against the wall, their butts nudged against each other as they wriggled an invitation with their hips.

J.T. said, "Come and--"

Leighton finished, "--Get it, Coach."

The way they finished each other's sentences seemed, like they had one mind inside their two heads. Maybe that was it. I remembered a headline in the local paper that hinted a rogue Controller might be in the area.

People were advised to be cautious, report suspicious activity, blah-blah-blah. People being made to do things against their will by some sort of mental hoodoo? Sounded like a big pile of urban myth to me. I never thought that would ever intersect my life.

I felt this little feathery feeling in the back of my head, like someone whispering *//Accept//* I didn't have to decide I had no problem with that-- I just let it be true.

J.T. said, "Come here, Coach. We want--"

Leighton finished, "--you to fuck us."

That sounded like a great idea. I found myself standing directly behind the pair, my rigid dick reared up between us, inches from J.T.'s ass.

I felt someone behind me, but I couldn't turn around. A hand slipped around the right side of my chest from behind, circled around to press against my pectorals. Another hand slid over my left shoulder, holding something. *//Stimulate//* that voice in the back of my head whispered. I felt lips brush my head just behind my right ear, nibbling at my thoughts.

"Use this--" said J.T.

"--On us," Leighton said.

J.T.: "Put it--"

"--Up our asses," Leighton finished.

I lifted my hand and took it. A large, greased dildo. It was about the same size as my dick, only jet-black. Holding it make my hand tingle, a line of sensation that ran directly to my own cock head, which was close

enough to their asses to sense their body heat.

"Are you serious?" I murmured, without being sure whether I was talking to them or to the voice in my head. I had this image of me fucking one of the jocks and ramming the dildo up the ass of the other. My body swayed, and my twitching cock head nudged up against J.T.'s alabaster ass cheek.

J.T. slid his ass cheek against my dick head. "Fuck us," he grunted.

Leighton echoed, "We want it."

J.T. groaned, "Make us--"

And Leighton finished his statement, "--cum real good, Coach!"

J.T. tossed his thick blond mop. He reached backward, and wrapped his hand around my cock and trapped the head against his asshole.

Leighton leaned over and poured a trickle of lube down J.T.'s butt crack and over my cock head. J.T. pushed back and, amazingly, stuffed himself with my dick in one savage lunge. His ass hole was already greased, and although snug, it swallowed my rod halfway to my balls.

"Fuck!" Leighton yelled, as if his ass were the one my dick penetrated.

The throbbing heat of J.T.'s ass surrounded my cock. This boy had definitely been fucked before and knew how to take a dick! J.T. began to hump himself forward and back on my cock, taking it a little further up his ass each time. As if that weren't enough, Leighton took my wrist and guided the dildo into the crack of his own smooth blond ass. My hand and Leighton's hand both were on the base of the big black dildo as Leighton started to shove it into his tender ass.

J.T. gasped, "Fuck Leighton with that big ol' dildo--

Leighton groaned, "--While you fuck J.T.-- *oh!--uh!--*with your big dick!"

Both naked jocks surrendered their asses exuberantly, reveling in being penetrated. Leighton wasn't as experienced as J.T.--he couldn't take as much of it up his ass, but he was just as enthusiastic. All three of us were beyond thinking, just moving, pure animal rut. Not caring who saw. Pure brazen lust. I couldn't manage to fuck J.T. with my dick and Leighton with the dildo at the same time, so I mostly held still and let them fuck their quivering butts back against my dick and the dildo. J.T. grabbed the base of the black dildo away from me and crammed half of it into Leighton's heaving ass. Buzzed-blond Leighton grunted and gasped as J.T. pulled the black toy most of the way out, then plunged it back into his greased hole in one thrust. J.T. turned toward me and smirked, his hazel eyes staring intently into mine. "Suck my dick while Coach fucks me," he said.

"Yes," Leighton smirked back, his mouth gaping open, anticipating the feeling already. They shifted position, and J.T.'s ass tightened around my cock, pulling me along by my dick as he turned toward Leighton. J.T. pushed Leighton's head down, onto his jutting cock. He leaned over Leighton, reaching for his upturned ass. While I rammed my cock up J.T.'s sweet hole, J.T. crammed that greased toy up Leighton's ass, and J.T. began to fuck Leighton's mouth, pushing into Leighton's mouth, then humping backward on my thick boner. The brazen basketball player reared up and craned his head back onto my shoulder. The lips that had been caressing my ear and neck, gnawing gently at my thoughts, found J.T.'s head, and he groaned. I rammed forward with a balls-deep thrust. J.T. grunted from the fuck while Leighton gurgled on his cock.

By now, Leighton had taken over the dildo, pushing it deeper up his own ass. Leaning close, he smothered J.T.'s schlong with sloppy kisses and licks while he fucked his own ass with the dildo. J.T. turned his head my way--dazed expression--and his mouth swung open. I kissed it hungrily as I slammed my big cock deep into the jock's hungry ass hole.

J.T. initiated a shift in the action. He patted Leighton on the shoulder and gasped out a breathless order, "You gotta feel--"

--"Coach's dick up my ass!" Leighton finished.

I stepped back and stared down at my hard cock as it popped from J.T.'s ass. Leighton shoved the dildo deep into his own butt one more time before yanking it out and holding it beside my boner. They were closely matched in size, one jet-black, one flesh-colored. J.T. bent over between Leighton and the locker room wall and began to suck his friend's lengthy rod with slobbering enthusiasm. And Leighton turned his head to gaze back at me. His big blue eyes were both glazed and intense--he was ready to get fucked.

I handed the big dildo to J.T. as I turned Leighton the way I wanted him and aimed my cock at his pouting butthole. After being stretched by that rubber dick, Leighton's hole was more than ready, and I sank my rod slowly into his hot-hot-hot ass. Leighton moaned as my cock entered him, while his pal J.T. sucked his dick.

Behind me, those feathery lips were nibbling at my neck again, practically nipping at my thoughts. That made me feel even hornier. While I fucked Leighton's ass, J.T. pushed the rubber dildo head against his own butt-entrance--he was eager to get his hole stuffed, and he quickly impaled himself on it. Yeah, this boy was definitely no anal virgin. He had more experience taking big dicks up that muscular ass of

his than most of the guys I ever fucked put together. The black rubber head popped in past his butt-lips, with several inches of the shaft following.

I watched as the pair of jock asses swallowed cocks, one gobbling black rubber and the other getting fucked by my steel-hard dick. I was trembling with pleasure from head to toe as my dick skewered Leighton's ass. J.T. kept pace with me, shoved the dildo into his heaving ass, cramming inch after inch of black rubber up his hole. Leighton reared his body straight up and rolled his head back against mine. The tall jock was oddly quiet, gasping open-mouthed, eyes rolling unfocused at the ceiling, while his buddy was silenced with Leighton's cock in his throat. I moaned and pulled halfway out, then rammed my rod home, loving the sensation.

J.T. answered for his silent partner, rising off Leighton's cock and spitting out, "We love your cock--"

--Up our ... asses!" Leighton moaned groggily.

Their strangely symbiotic connection might have seemed funny, but I was too excited by the feel of Leighton's snug hole swallowing my cock and the sight of J.T. sucking Leighton while he fucked himself with that dildo. Plus something was happening inside my head every time those mystery lips touched me from behind, and it felt fucking amazing!

Leighton's asshole clamped tighter and massaged my thrusting cock, and the sensation made me gasp. I reached around Leighton's waist with my right hand, grabbed J.T.'s mop of hair, and shoved downward, forcing him to swallow Leighton's dick to the balls.

"You like my cock up your ass?" I growled again in Leighton's face. The buzz-cut blond jock rolled his head back limply against my shoulder, as if

unable to speak without his buddy's prompting. The lips were nibbling at his head now. I began to pile-drive Leighton's ass, slamming hard and fast, and Leighton's white butt slammed back against my pummeling cock. Leighton moaned and finally cried out, an inarticulate animal yelp! And that was it for the poor jock--his entire body convulsed as he started cumming.

I released J.T.'s head just in time. J.T. fell back off that spurting cock just in time to get Leighton's sperm spattered all over his face. "Shoot your wad, Leighton," I hissed as Leighton rained cum over J.T.'s cheeks and chin. Leighton just groaned and sagged in my arms.

I lowered Leighton's limp body to the floor. It might have been comical if I had been thinking clearly and wasn't so horny, so close to orgasm myself. J.T. yanked that dildo out of his convulsing asshole. He raised himself up, pressed himself against me, his cum-streaked cheek smearing across mine. He jerked at his cock quickly, and I jerked myself too. Those lips were alternating between J.T.'s head and mine, little kisses and nips that drove me crazy with sensation. J.T. growled and sprayed his load against me, pumping his erupting dick in an up-and-down arc to coat my stomach in goo. Even as he came, he was already sagging against me. Then I was cumming too, my body and J.T.'s sinking against the wall and sliding down a little, as I sprayed my own load into the air and those lips took big bites of my thoughts now, and everything went blank.

I opened my eyes and pulled away. My body sprawled, entangled with J.T.'s and half-atop Leighton's, against the wall. They were both sound asleep. As I separated myself from them, J.T. opened his unfocused eyes, blinked sleepily. He grunted, closed his eyes, and sank back into sleep, nuzzling his snoozing buddy Leighton.

I still wasn't thinking clearly. What had just happened? I remembered the sex. How had we managed to not get caught? I couldn't imagine no one else had come into the locker room. But I couldn't hold on to that thought. The only thing I could hold on to was my original goal, from before I got sidetracked: I had to get my shower, get dressed, get out of there.

I shuffled toward the showers. Over there was another guy, someone I didn't recognize, naked and sleeping sprawled out on one of the changing benches. And over there, two other guys, also naked, slept on the floor in the corner against the lockers. Splatters of dried sperm on their bodies. Maybe others had come into the locker room after all. Maybe the same thing that happened to us also happened to them.

The only way I could keep moving was to focus all my concentration on getting to the showers. I shuffled my way there slowly, moving forward by pure determination. I made it into the showers. I made it over to one of the faucets and managed to turn it on. The cold spray pelted my naked body, and I started to feel myself snapping out of it a little, thinking a little more clearly. I shook my head under the spray, then tossed my head back and ran my hands through my hair to push the water back from my face.

I felt that whispery feeling in the back of my head again, and my cock immediately responded by stiffening. I heard *//Relax//* in the back of my head. An arm slid around my torso from behind me, pulling me back against a strong chest. I yielded to it and let myself be held there. Another hand slid around the other side of me, found the faucet and turned off the shower. Those lips against my neck again, and behind my ear, nibbling, nibbling away my thoughts. It felt so damned good. All I wanted was to sink back against that chest and those lips and be held and nibbled. That second hand arced down, found my stiff, wet rod, and

started to stroke it slowly.

"I thought you might have more left in you," said a voice, a real voice just behind my ear.

I leaned back and let him stroke me and feed on my head. I could feel my orgasm rising, and I felt lightheaded, like I was about to pass out, my body going limp, my orgasm crashing over me, and my eyes closed, and everything went blank.

When I awoke, I lay propped up against the shower wall. I knew immediately something was different in me. I felt stronger, more confident than I'd ever felt in my life. I climbed to my feet. It wasn't hard to figure out. I felt it coiled inside my head, coiled around my thoughts, *part of my thoughts now*. Part of me. The Controller had moved into my head now.

I looked down at the still-sleeping body that had been lying beside me. A young guy, early twenties, nice build, nice looking. I didn't recognize him, but I knew what he was. The former host. The one before me. Before the Controller merged with me. He wasn't from around here. He didn't matter any longer.

I walked out of the shower, feeling the air caress my still-damp naked skin. I found my towel, where it had fallen from my shoulder as I approached J.T. and Leighton the first time. I picked it up, dried myself quickly and efficiently. I felt good--stronger, more confident, more ... powerful.

I went to my locker and dressed with the same quick efficiency. By the time I was dressed, the others were starting to stir. "Okay, guys, get out of here," I bellowed. "They'll be closing the gym soon, and you need to clear out."

The guys on the benches, the guys against the walls, they were all climbing to their feet, looking dazed, looking confused. They didn't remember what had happened to them. But I knew.

I snapped my towel at J.T.'s butt cheek. He was pushing himself up, half-awake and looking around. "Get dressed. Get a move on. You two got an early practice at five in the morning, remember? Get dressed and get the fuck out of here."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the former host scrambling to get his clothes on. The kid looked spooked as a scared rabbit. He had found his clothes piled on a bench in the far area of the locker room. He kept looking around, frantic and lost, no idea where he was. Probably didn't remember anything that happened since he was first invaded. But soon he'd find the return trip part of a bus ticket back to his home city in his pants pocket. He'd find his way to the bus station. He'd find his way home.

As for me, I swung my coaching whistle around my finger and strolled out the door, heading home. If I--we--laid low a while, all the attention would blow over. We'd be moderate and discreet. Soon the authorities would decide the Controller had moved on. They'd lose interest. The previous host was indiscrete, but I knew better. I--we--knew how to do it right. And I had a loyal group of young men on my team who would make a great food supply while we waited it out. And if they found themselves taking naps at odd times, they'd just assume they were tired from all those extra practices.

I wanted another round at J.T.'s hungry ass. I'd see him tomorrow morning at practice, and I was sure I'd get another crack at his ass then. By then I'd be horny all over again. And the Controller inside my head would be hungry again too.

