

The Cravings

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Two of his players have a sensitive problem, and the Coach is feeling the return of some old cravings.

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 realistic it may appear, 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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What a fucking dick!

That's all I can think, with it staring me in the face: *What a fucking dick!* It has to be at least nine inches long, maybe ten, and over two inches thick. My jaw practically drops as I stare at his uncut rod. I've seen bigger, but only in porn movies--and this is real-life. The shaft of this big bruiser is hard as an iron bar and has an ever-so-slight upward curve that aims it directly at my face. Beneath that monster swing two of the hairiest, most massive nuts I've ever seen. Bigger than goose eggs--that's the cliché. I'm not sure how large goose eggs are, but I'm willing to bet my next paycheck these nuts are bigger. They're two cum-factories built for endurance and large-scale production. My eyes go wide and I gulp as I think about how much spunk they must produce.

Shane Stevens, the new fullback, less than a minute ago knocked on my door and asked if I had time to discuss what he described as "something real important, a sensitive medical problem." I was sitting in the

chair behind my desk, doing nothing but waiting for the Professor to drop by for the team's post-practice attitude training session so I said, sure, I had a few minutes. Then Stevens came into my office and carefully closed the door behind him, so I knew it had to be important. He walked around the desk, dropped the towel he held bunched in front of his crotch, and dropped his jockstrap too--all that he had on--and pointed to his donkey-dong.

Which is how I came to be staring at this erect monster.

"See, Coach Woods," he explains, "I've got this near-permanent hard-on, and I can't get rid of it. You're a man--I can talk to you about this. I can't go to the college clinic and tell some female nurse about it!"

"Ah," I stall, gulping again, while I think about how to handle this situation. From where I sit in my desk chair, I look up at his face towering above me, then back at his erection pointing at my face. "Uh ... Priapism. I've heard about--"

"No, no, no--it's definitely *not* priapism," he interrupts. "My dick *does* go down, just not for long. I keep getting these instant hard-ons and it's not just when I think about sex either. I'll be thinking about football or doing those concentration exercises the Professor told us to practice, and all of a sudden--*wham!*--I've got a boner that won't quit. It's fucking embarrassing! It even happens on the playing field--and there's no reason for me to get a fucking hard-on out there!"

Shane is twenty-one years old. He stands about six-foot-four, and his build is massive and powerful; he probably weighs around two hundred and fifty pounds, nearly all of it muscle. His face has a few scars from injuries taken on the gridiron over the years, so he's not some magazine pretty-boy. But his rough-cut appearance, along with his short blond hair and green eyes, gives him a craggy handsomeness that's all virile masculinity.

He has huge shoulders, and big, muscular arms like a gladiator's, and a heavily muscled chest that reminds me of the body armor worn by Roman soldiers. Stevens is a big, strapping, athletic man. And the first time I first saw him naked in the showers, I felt the old cravings trying to claw their way back.

That first time I saw Stevens in the showers, I felt a chill run up my spine as I took in the slim waist that accentuated the jock's massive upper body. His tight belly was solid, all corrugated muscles. His naked buttocks looked as hard as a marble statue's--or like hard footballs, which was appropriate, given the sport he played. And I, his coach, caught myself thinking I'd like to stick something up inside 'em.

Everything about this guy is super-sized. As a fullback, part of his job is to help block opposing players from reaching the quarterback, so size and an imposing physique are assets on the field. Now, in my office with the door closed, all that male flesh is displaying itself, especially that intimidating erection, to me for my professional opinion. Hoo-boy.

I clear my throat. "Maybe you're having some trouble in your, uhm, testicles," I say. "Do they hurt?" Stevens' testes are giants. Often, when I've seen them in the showers, I've had to hurry back to my office to whack off, thinking about them dangling in their wrinkled sack covered with coarse pubic hair.

Damn, I need to whack off right now, I think. I'm getting hard myself, and I hope Stevens can't see my growing erection through my shorts.

Back when I was Stevens' age, a new recruit in the Navy, I experienced several homosexual advances from some of the other sailors. I was young and innocent about the world and such things, so I allowed myself to

be seduced by the older sailors. I kept telling myself that I didn't really like it, that I was just horny and doing it to get off. Sure, I had repeated homosexual experiences during my military service, but I always insisted to myself that I'd gone along only because I was horny and the other guys were so needy, so persuasive. I'd only done that stuff because the horniness overcame my self-control. After I got out of the Navy, I resolved that I would never get involved in *that gay stuff* anymore. *The cravings*--that's what I called them. I went to college and got a degree in athletics and coaching and put those cravings behind me.

"No, they don't hurt, Coach--not really," replies Stevens, answering the question I'd nearly forgotten I'd asked. "That's not it at all. It's, like ... I don't know how to describe it. It's, like, I'll be thinking about practice or those concentration exercises and ... uhm ... something happens in my head--y'know?--and it's like all my self-control just slips away. That's when ... uh, that's when I get a full stick-out, embarrass-the-fuck-out-of-me boner that won't go down until I find someplace private so I can let go completely and make myself cum."

I know what he means. I've been getting these super hard-ons lately myself, sometimes--not as bad as what Stevens describes, though. It's probably nothing. He's twenty years-one old, for fuck's sake! Of course he gets killer hard-ons all the time. A virile young man like Stevens is *supposed* to.

I'm hardly surprised that he's confused. Thinking things through has never been his strength. Hell, it's still early in the season, but the whole team's a bunch of fuck-ups this year. The way half these butterfingered fumble-jockeys play football, it's as if we're using a greased pig instead of a pigskin. Stevens in particular needs help--every time he gets within three feet of our quarterback, it's like his head shoots right up his own ass and he can't remember what he's supposed to do in the play. Hell, if I didn't know better, I'd think that they didn't like each other, or maybe that the quarterback somehow intimidated Stevens even more than Stevens did the opposing players. But Stevens isn't the only problem. Not by a long shot. Is it any surprise I called in an outside expert to train them on some concentration exercises? I had to do something to help them keep their minds focused on what they were supposed to be doing out on the field.

Still wondering what I'm supposed to be doing in this situation, I reach out and heft Stevens' balls. Should I check him for a hernia? A testicular nodule? Prostate swelling? I'm just a coach, not a medical professional. I've got no clue, but I want to do something to put his mind at ease. Stevens stiffens as I touch his scrotum. "Unnnh," he groans, blushing. He grabs my wrist. "Coach, I--I'm gonna cum if you keep doing that."

"Hell, Stevens, get a grip on yourself," I snap. Then we both realize what I just said. We look at each other and laugh, embarrassed. "Maybe that's all you need," I say, quietly.

Stevens sighs and shakes his head. "I've jacked off already," he confesses, "twice. About an hour before practice, and then again just a few minutes ago in a toilet stall while we were waiting for the Professor--and I'm still as horny as ever."

I remove my hand.

"Nuh?" he moans, sounding disappointed, almost pleading.

My own breathing seems a little heavy and the room suddenly feels very tight and very hot. Stevens' swollen dick sticks straight up at me, throbbing, pulsating, beckoning. I can't take it anymore, but I can't give in. *Let go completely*, Stevens said. I know just how he feels. I feel something in myself slipping too, trying to slide away. I want to let it, but I'm his coach and I have to stay in control. I have to stay in charge of the situation, before the old cravings ... before ...

What? Whatever I was thinking seems to have slipped away. Something slips, just a little. I can let go a little

and still keep control. I can relax just a little more and ...

No. I need to stay in control. I need to stay in charge. I can't let anything cloud my thinking. I have to stay focused, keep my wits about me. I shake my head to clear it.

Okay. That seems to have helped. I feel clearer again. I have to put those urges behind me now ...

Then something slips in my head again, and I feel those cravings ...

I reach down and grasp Stevens' stick.

His body immediately trembles. "Ohhh," he groans, louder, stronger. "That ... feels good."

Not releasing my grip on his hard cock, I ask, "What do you want?"

"Huh? What do you mean?" Stevens replies. His voice is husky, his eyes practically glazed over--obviously he isn't thinking too clearly. He's torn between being skittish and wanting more.

I jiggle my hand slightly, but the action obviously feels terrific to Stevens. His body spasms like he received an electric shock. He catches his breath. "Unnh, don't stop," he grunts. "Just a li'l relief's ... all ... I need."

He is two or three strokes from an orgasm, almost out of control. That fact makes me so aroused that I feel my hard dong stabbing angrily against my shorts. My dick's bent nearly double in my jockstrap and it wants out. Everything feels like it's slipping. All the memories of my Navy days come rushing back to me and I grow more lust-drunk by the moment. Then I nearly give in to it.

No. It's too tempting to let my self-control slip a little more, just a little, but if I do, how will I stop myself? No. I have to hold on. I can't let go. I can't let those old cravings overwhelm me. I have to keep my head clear. I ... I ...

Slowly I sink out of my chair and to my knees before the huge young athlete. Stevens looks down at me, equal parts amazed and dazed with lust. He is so aroused all he can do is stand there watching me. I take his overheated dick in one hand and kiss its purple cockhead. I lick up one side of the shaft and down the other, smearing my spit as lubricant across the rim of the flaring cockhead with each pass.

"Ah--?" Stevens gasps. His big hands brush my head, wanly; he tries to push me away but there's no strength in his grasp. I look up at him as I lick his jaw-stretcher dick, and our eyes meet. "Coach, I ..." he tries, and fails.

"Easy there, Stevens," I reassure him.

He tries again, quieter, with, "Coach ...," and fails. His arms go limp, drop to his sides. He closes his eyes for a moment, then reopens them. He has let something go. "I am relaxed and ready," he intones.

I take that as an invitation. I reach my free hand around and burrow between Stevens' butt-cheeks. I slide one finger into his crack, searching for, finding, pushing into his asshole. He seems to like it because he appreciatively rasps, "Ursss ...," which I take to mean, *Yesss*.

I push my head down onto his swollen dick. I can barely stretch my lips around the penis-head, but nothing else is necessary. I hold on to the saliva-slicked shaft with one tight fist, and Stevens' hips go on auto-pilot, convulsively jackhammering at my mouth. He fucks it with irregular, jerking strokes, as if he's so horny he

can barely manage his own muscles. I struggle to keep my mind on filling my mouth with spit, and holding my lips clamped around his enormous cock-head without my teeth getting in the way.

A minute later, his orgasm hits him. Stevens growls out a hoarse, mindless cry and digs his dick deep into my mouth. His load splashes against the back of my throat. I almost cum too, even though my cock is still trapped inside my shorts and not pleased about being ignored.

Stevens sinks back a step. He blinks and shakes his head, as if clearing it. "What happened?" He looks down at me. "Holy fuck, did we just--? Coach, I--I swear never did anything like that before!"

"Don't give me that shit, Stevens," I snap. "You came in here knowing just what you wanted. Didn't you?"

Stevens look confused, embarrassed. His normal uber-macho attitude is completely deflated. He stares at the floor. "No, sir--not really," he says quietly. "I never had anybody ... I mean ..."

My tone is a little sarcastic: "You never had anybody what? Give you a blowjob?"

He keeps staring at the floor and blushes dark, dark red. After a moment he shakes his head: *No*.

"Come on, Stevens. You're telling me you never ever ..."

Again: *No*.

I say, "Well ... shit."

"Girls take one look at it ... All they want to do is give me a hand-job. They never want to suck it or let me fuck them. They think it'll hurt them." Which seems perfectly understandable to me, remembering my first impression of his cock fully hard. "And gu--" Stevens shuts up real quick.

Was his next word going to be *guys*? Well, well.

"It's okay, Stevens," I reassure him, even though my straining cock is announcing it's not okay and won't be until my nuts unload too.

"There's this one person I like ... But I don't know if they like me. I'm afraid when they see hard, they'll get scared off."

The pronoun game: *person*, *they*, instead of *guy*, *he*. Got it. This big strapping fullback is telling me he has sexual feelings for a guy.

Embarrassment makes him stammer: "I--I've been so fru-frustrated. I--I just needed some h-help with ..."

Hoo-boy. Part of being a coach sometimes is helping my players through personal problems, but I am so *not* in let's-talk-about-our-feelings "Counselor Woods" mode right now. My cock is erect, and my balls are hollering for relief. I need some help with this problem of my own, and I intend to get it. "Well, then--look at this and tell me if you think it needs 'some help' too!" I say as I stand up and unfasten my shorts. The Professor is likely to be here any minute, but my dick can't wait.

Stevens looks unsure, but I know exactly what I want. I disrobe quickly, first pulling off my shirt, then dropping my shorts. Stevens' eyes never leave my body for a second. Then, when I step out of my jock strap, his eyes grow wide.

He says nothing but he likes what he sees. As a coach, my life has been devoted to athletics, and I've always lifted weights to keep myself in shape. Stevens' eyes run across my well-muscled, hairy chest and broad shoulders. I flex, showing off a little for him. Then his gaze drops to admire my groin. His mouth pops open when he sees my erection. "It's so long," he murmurs. "The knob is rubbing your belly button! Damn, Coach, I never dreamed you packed a cock like that under those pants."

Mine's not as long as his, or as thick, but it's still a nice piece of meat, if I do say so myself, especially now that it's standing up tall and proud.

Stevens smiles nervously. So do I.

His eyes look straight into mine for a long moment. Then, he reaches out and slides his hand past the base of my cock, cupping my weighty family jewels, just the same way I'd done to him. After a moment, he explores the steely hardness of my dick, following stroke for stroke the same playbook I'd demonstrated on him.

I put my hands on his shoulder. He looks me in the eyes, an unspoken question on his face. He begins to pull away. He falters, though, and doesn't shrug all the way out of my grasp.

"Easy there, Stevens," I reassure him. "Just think of it as me showing you some new plays we haven't shared with the rest of the team."

He gulps. "I can't, Coach," he whispers. But whatever measure of self-control he regained after his orgasm is starting to fade away again. I see it happening in his eyes, the way his expression slowly goes slack. "Oh, man--I feel it ... slipping away ..."

I don't know what he's talking about, but I know what I want. "Then just let go," I say, since that seems to be the response that will get me what I want. "Go on, Stevens. Let it slip away."

"Yes, sir." He nods, as if I've given him permission. His eyes slowly close. His expression goes blank. "I am relaxed and ready," he says flatly when his eyes reopen.

Seems odd that he would say the same thing again, but I don't wait to think about it. This isn't a *thinking* situation. I push him down onto his knees. I don't stop there--I push him down onto the floor, guiding him down face-first onto his stomach. Stevens moves slowly, like sleepwalking, but he lets me guide him down. I clap a hand on his finely furred buttocks--like iron, just the way I knew they'd feel--to hold him in place. My other hand reaches up and fishes around in a desk drawer for the lube I keep stashed there for my office jerk-off sessions.

He lies there, transfixed. I can't read his nearly blank expression, and I don't spend a lot of time trying to, either. Maybe he doesn't know what will happen or what to do--maybe he both wants it and fears it. Or maybe something else entirely is going on. I don't really care what's going on inside his head right now. I'll worry about that later.

Stevens is crushed against the carpet as I move around and then upon him.

"Urgh ..." he grunts as I penetrate him with my lube-covered erection. Evidently the pain in his ass is enough to break through that dazed look in his eyes. He looks back over his shoulder, and our eyes meet.

"Just let go," I reassure him, since that seemed to work before. I ease another inch of shaft into his ass.

He nods and starts to say something. But before he can, his expression starts to go slack once more.

Worry about that later, I tell myself. I push in again, forcing still more of my cock-shaft past his sphincter. I'm on a quest to drive my battering-ram into his guts, and I won't stop until my pubes are ticking his ass-cheeks. He trembles as I enter him, but I'm planted securely, and my root keeps probing deeper into his rectum. After a few moments, his body grows a little more accustomed to my invasion. Good. Now I can lunge in until my hips bang against his ass.

I relive a fantasy starring all the hot studs I sucked and fucked in the Navy as my dong plunges into the football player's well-lubed chute. Stevens' arms and legs may be limp, but his ass is all gripping muscle, and his hips start to move and meet my thrusts. His groans into the crappy carpet on my office floor are smothered by the pounding in my ears--my heart races as I pump deeper and deeper into his ass-vice. Because there's a locker room full of his teammates waiting just down the hall, I can't bellow out my lust the way I want, so I manage to keep my moans quiet. Stevens' ass spasms and wriggles around my pistoning cock. Then pleasure starts burning in my balls and the head of my cock. I'll be cumming in another few strokes.

Finally, I'm on the brink. It's building. Everything's slipping. I'm nearly there. Another couple of strokes and I'll feel something snap in my cock and balls, like a flipping switch that'll activate my floodlight orgasm. A couple more strokes, and I'll give in completely and I'll feel the ecstasy erupt through my body like a river of lava, like my entire body catching fire. Another few strokes, and my cock-cannon will fire a torrent of juice straight into Stevens' asshole, and I'll lose everything--my resistance, my hesitation, my will, everything--in a mindless torrent of pleasure up his ass. Nearly there!

Then all of a sudden, somebody pounds on the door.

"Coach Woods! Coach, are you in there? I really need to talk to you. It's important."

"*Sonuvabitch!*" I hiss, shaking my head to clear it. I still feel dazed but I've got some self-control back. "Get up and get into that closet!" As I jump up, I pull Stevens--still naked and dazed--off the carpet and hustle him into the storage closet behind my desk. "Stay there. Don't make a sound."

"Just a second," I holler through the office door as I yank on my shirt and shorts. Then I push the closet door shut as I kick Stevens' towel and jockstrap behind the desk. "Who is it?" I snap, grabbing my phone.

The door opens, and Kyle Prescott pokes his head through. I make a big show of hanging up the phone so Prescott will think the delay was because I was on a call.

"Coach, uh, I've got something I wonder if I could talk to you about?" he says.

Just fucking great. It's exactly the one person I *don't* want to see right now. Prescott is the team quarterback, and today--hell, for the last couple of weeks!--he's been the cause of enormous frustration for me. I made him quarterback 'cause he's got the skills, but he hasn't been stepping up to get the job done. Lately, his throwing arm has been for shit, and his running is as effective as a one-legged man in a three-legged race. Obviously, something's been bothering him, but aside from berating him for slacking off, I've been too frustrated to be interested in finding out what it is. Oh, sure, maybe he's just having a fucking off-day, or ten or twelve of them in a fucking row. Fucking hell!--I've known I'll have to do something about him and soon, but I wasn't planning to do it today. Hoo-boy. I don't have time for this shit.

I sit down behind my desk, trying to act casual, like my cock isn't still mostly hard and my balls aren't turning

blue. I'm desperately trying to control my panting, quickly wiping my sweaty forehead with the back of my hand. "Yeah, okay. C'mon in."

Prescott steps into the room. He is wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. I blink. Hoo-boy! Today has been too much male flesh at once!

Prescott looks worried. "Uh, Coach--are, uhm, are you sure about the Professor?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's just that, uhm, since he's been ... Uh. In those training sessions ... I mean ..."

I snap, "Spit it out, Prescott."

"Sorry, Coach. It's just ... uh ... I think he might be doing more than what he says during the training sessions."

"Like what?"

"Like ..." Prescott blushes fiery crimson. "Well, see, I just finished showering, Coach," Prescott says, "and it happened again. See, Coach, I'm gettin' hard-ons all the time! I can't do anything about it. I think the Professor is ..."

I snort a laugh. "So you think the Professor's giving you hard-ons in the shower? Pretty good trick, since he's not even here, Prescott." But I've been wondering something similar myself after what happened with Stevens.

Who, I haven't forgotten, is still naked and still in that closet behind my desk.

I have a pretty good idea what Prescott's accusing the Professor of doing. It doesn't take a brain surgeon to realize these concentration exercises of his are borderline hypnosis or some mind-control shit like that. Maybe the Professor has overstepped the reason I called him in. That seems a likely explanation for what happened to Stevens, and it also explains what nearly happened to me. I wonder if I should try a little experiment to confirm that suspicion. I wonder if I can make what happened to Stevens happen to Prescott.

I decide to tease Prescott a little. At the very least, maybe I can embarrass him some more and get some kind of revenge for the way his shitty performances lately have been making my blood pressure boil. And if this works, maybe I'll get something more.

Maybe what's got me craving a piece of him is how different Prescott comes across physically after Stevens' overwhelming stature. Where Stevens is intimidating tank of a man, Prescott is more of a machine built for speed and efficiency. Prescott is approachable, a natural leader, just a bit of the cocky jock, and everybody's friend. He is also one of the best-built studs on the entire squad. He is twenty years old and stands about six-foot-even. His build is tight and powerful, weighing in at around a hundred and seventy pounds, all of it excellently proportioned. His face is cute, friendly, and nearly always grinning. His eyes are blue and he has short, light brown hair. And I have noticed him in the showers with more than a casual interest. Damn those cravings!

I lean back in my chair. I pretend to consider his accusation for a moment, then I wave a hand dismissively and mutter, "Unrelated. Whatever's causing your hard-ons--it's probably nothing. Guys get hard-ons in the

showers sometimes. Don't worry about it." Talking about erections has me conscious of the way my own crank winding up again, bulging at the front of my shorts, this time without the confines of a jockstrap to trap it, as I look up at the young man's body. Then I notice Prescott glancing down at my crotch.

Well, okay.

I'm still overheated from the aborted sex-session with Stevens only a few minutes ago, and I certainly haven't forgotten that big slab of man-meat is stuffed in the storage closet behind me. Naturally that makes me very horny. And in fact, I'm so horny I have to see what effect all this will have on Prescott now that I've caught him checking me out. I push back from the desk, giving the young athlete a clearer view of my crotch. Then, when Prescott looks down at it, I swear I see something stir behind his towel.

Hmm. Maybe my judgment or my self-control is starting to slip again, but I catch myself thinking, *How can I play this to my advantage?*

"I'd be glad to take a look at it," I say.

"What?" Prescott says, popping back from whatever was going on in that head of his.

"Your problem," I remind him. "I'll be glad to take a look at it. But, speaking of showers, I was just about to head down and take a shower before our session with the Professor. Mind if I get that out of the way first?" With that, I strip off my shirt. And from the corner of my eye I see Prescott nervously lick at his lip. Picking up a towel, the one Stevens discarded, I sling it over my shoulder, then unsnap my shorts and unzip 'em as if I really am undressing to go shower. Prescott is clearly nervous by then. But his eyes never leave my body as I strip.

"Shit, Coach, you don't wear underwear?" he exclaims.

When I turn to face him, Prescott lets his eyes wash across my fat semi-erect inches. Which are getting less semi- and more erect again by the moment.

"Shit," he whispers.

"Oh, yeah. That," I say, looking down at my three-quarters stiffy as if getting an erection in front of another guy is the most natural thing in the world. "I got a hard-on too, from sitting for so long. See? It's nothing."

Prescott stares at my crotch. "*That ain't nothing,*" he murmurs.

"Don't tell me you've never seen a hard dick before?" I tease. Then I look over at his crotch and see the front of the quarterback's towel is showing a ridge where his dick is rising too. "What's wrong, Prescott? Looks like you're getting a little stiff."

Prescott blushes furiously and doesn't say a word. Which is good, because there's no way he can talk his way out of this.

I tell him, "Look, man, a hard-on is something every guy gets now and then. You know that, right? If you make a big thing about it, you're just setting yourself up for a lot of sexual hang-ups." Pretty much as soon as the words are out of my mouth, I think, *That sounds like something the Professor would say*, which nearly makes me grin.

I keep my expression under control. I keep this focused on Prescott. "See?" I point out as I point to his crotch.

"Now you're getting an erection, too. Perfectly normal. Nothing to be ashamed of. Tell you what--drop your towel."

"Wh--What?" Prescott gasps, his voice cracking.

"I said, drop your towel. Don't be shy--I've seen your weenie before. We're all men here." *And there are more men here than you know*, I think, remembering Stevens, as Prescott looks over his shoulder to make sure my office door is closed. "I said, drop that towel--so c'mon--drop it."

Prescott hesitates, searching my poker-face. He lets go of the place where his hand holds the towel ends together at his hip. The back half of his towel tumbles off his ass. The front half, though, catches on his cock and hangs there. Damn, his crotch looks like a circus tent turned on its side! Prescott shifts his footing; the towel slides off and tumbles to the floor.

Hoo-boy! Prescott has a nice weenie, a beautiful thick sword with a scabbard of foreskin already peeled mostly back off the head. His dick is not as long as Stevens', but it's definitely above average and nearly the equal of mine. Seeing it gives me a sudden rush of --I don't know--several things at once: lust, arousal, excitement, nervousness, but something more. Something that feels like ... being intensely focused. *Man*, I think to myself, *those old cravings are back big-time now*.

As if in a clinical way, I reach down and take hold of his hard dick just behind the head and skin his sheath the rest of the way off his glans. Prescott catches his breath and looks at me, searching my expression, almost pleading.

"I'm a coach, Prescott," I remind him. "I'm used to this kind of thing." *Man*, I think to myself, *I'm never gonna be able to get control over these cravings again after this!*

His cock-head is perfectly proportioned, flaring at the end of the rigid pole like a fireman's helmet. Plainly, Prescott is on fire and the heat is boiling along those hard, thick inches. His hose, an ivory shade crisscrossed by pale-purple veins, rises from his thick pubic bush and arches in a graceful slight downward curve. When I squeeze it, gently, a tiny drop of clear pre-cum glistens at his cock-slit.

"It looks like you haven't been jacking off enough," I tell him.

"J-jacking off?" Prescott gulps. "I th-thought football players weren't supposed to do that."

"Bullshit! That's just an old wives' tale," I insist, moving a little closer, to see what effect intruding further into his personal space will have. "As a matter of fact, I'm convinced that the physical release relaxes your body and clears your mind."

Prescott blinks, looking confused.

"When was the last time you masturbated, Prescott?" I ask him. Both of our cocks have grown fully erect now.

Blushing crimson, Prescott stammers, "Uh--well--uh, last week, I guess ..." He blinks again. His eyes widen, and he tries shaking his head a little, only to blink again, his eyes starting to lose focus. "Coach," he whines, "I think--it's starting to happen again ..."

I ignore that last part and snap, "Last week! You haven't cum since last week?" I let go of his cock and take a

step back. "That does it! I want you to jack off right now, Prescott. That's an order."

"Right now? Right here? Can't I go someplace private or something?" he pleads. Then quieter: "Please, Coach. It's ... I can feel ... It's happening again ... Can't stop it ... The Professor, he ... I ... I can't ..."

Looks like my plan is working. I come on strong to keep him off-guard. "Don't give me any of that crazy talk, Prescott, and stop blaming this nonsense on the Professor. It's just a hard-on, man. Keep your head in the game," I growl. "You're gonna jack off right here, right now. You're fucking up in so many other ways, I want to make sure you can do this one thing right. So c'mon. Hit it! Let's see you do it. We ain't got all day."

Prescott is fiercely aroused now. His arousal embarrasses him, but he isn't trying to conceal how horny he is. And when I--his respected coach--ordered him to jack off, something started happening in his head. He looks disoriented. Though he tried to fight it at first, his desire pushes him quickly past the point of no return. I watch something I don't fully understand overwhelm the Prescott I know. I watch him struggle and try to shrug it off, and I watch him fail. I see the moment he surrenders to it. I watch it happen, fascinated by how fast it sets in and how irresistible it seems.

Prescott's eyes close, then reopen, slowly. "I am relaxed and ready," he monotones. Just like Stevens did.

I can't pretend that's just a coincidence. Looks like I'll need to have a talk with the Professor.

I'll worry about that later, though. Right now: "Enough stalling," I tell him. "Jack off, Prescott. Right now. That's an order."

His hand slides across his belly, gliding over his diamond-hard abdominal muscles. He shivers when his fingers graze the thatch of hair sprouting around his groin.

His hand keeps moving along his prick. He thumps his cock-head lightly with one finger. Then his groin muscles tighten, and I see another drop of silvery pre-cum spill out of his piss-slit.

Prescott grasps his throbbing shaft in his fist and grunts. Slowly he begins to frig it. Then his hips and ass spasm in expectation. He can't stop himself and then he is jacking himself off, right in front of me. His hand pumps faster and faster, smacking against his groin and yanking his foreskin up and over the glans with every stroke.

Watching him jack off is doing something to me too. His face flushes. His breath is ragged. It looks so erotic, and I feel something in me slip now. *No, I need to stay focused, stay in control*, I think. But I can't stop it--it feels too good--so I let it slip just a little more. *Just a little*, I tell myself, *I can let it slip just a little more and still stay in control*. It's so tempting, just to let that something slip just a little more, then a little further still ... Feels so good ...

Prescott gasps when I drop to my knees and push his hand away from his cock and suck the head into my mouth. His huevos are on fire. As I fondle them, his dick swells up still more. Then a tidal wave of jizz surges out from his cum-cannon and splashes the insides of my mouth. His hips jerk, popping the head of his cock out of my lips, and his next shots hit my cheek and shoulder. I mouth along the side of his shaft as his firestorm finishes. My own hand reaches down, finds and yanks on my bone.

I hear the storage closet door creak. Prescott doesn't react--doesn't seem to notice--as the door slowly opens and Shane Stevens steps out, still stark naked, looking confused.

Stevens is in the process of saying, "Coach? How did I get in--," when he sees his naked teammate standing there and sees his naked coach on his knees in front of that teammate's still semi-hard dick, obviously doing sexual stuff together. Stevens freezes. His jaw nearly drops off. "Damn!" he yelps. "What the fu ..."

Whatever he was about to say trails off as it happens to him again. Stevens staggers a little, then catches himself. His expression slowly smoothes out. His eyes close, then after a beat they reopen, looking dazed. "I am relaxed and ready," he says. His mammoth cock is rising.

I'm not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, so I fight my way back into control enough to take charge of the situation.

"You--Stevens ... get over here," I rasp. I want to let go. I want to let everything slip away, completely this time, but I have to hold on and take charge. "Prescott, bend over and put your elbows on the desk."

Prescott turns toward my desk. I push some papers out of the way as he bends forward and assumes the position that has his rock-solid butt exposed and his crack vulnerable. I scoop up the bottle and start working lube into his ass pucker. Just looking at his hole makes me want to surrender again, but I struggle to keep from slipping away again. *Not yet*, I tell myself.

"Get over here, Stevens. You ever fucked a guy in the ass before?"

Stevens' voice is barely a sigh: "Never ..."

"Then now's a great time to learn. Get over here. You're gonna fuck Prescott's ass." I make sure Prescott's ass is extra-slippery and then slick up Stevens' monster reamer too. "How about you, Prescott--ever gotten your ass fucked?"

"Nuhr ..." Which I guess means, *No, never, Coach*, but could mean just about anything.

"Easy there, Prescott," I reassure him. "I'm gonna show you some new plays I think you're gonna like."

But Prescott doesn't put up a struggle as I direct them through the process. Stevens saddles up behind Prescott and aims his jock-joint between Prescott's ass cheeks. I offer Prescott some last bits of coaching: "Just relax and push back when he starts pushing in. Tough it out, and I think you'll come to like it."

I was right--Stevens' balls must be cum-factories built for endurance, because he is fully hard again. He presses that cobra-hooded beauty against Prescott's tight pucker. Stevens gasps and pushes his hips forward. Prescott gasps too. At first Prescott tries to pull himself forward, toward my desk, as if to escape the intrusion.

"Easy there, Prescott," I whisper, and remind him, "Just push back when he pushes in."

Prescott pushes back against Stevens' ass-stretcher meat. Another hip-thrust from Stevens, and then, all of a sudden, his colossal peter-head stretches Prescott's tiny opening enough to slip inside. They make an *ah* sound simultaneously--for Stevens it's a moan, but for Prescott's it's nearly a scream. For a split second I wonder if anybody in the locker room heard, but guys are always hollering in the gym so the rest of the team probably didn't think much of it even if they did hear.

Funny, though--I realize I'm not hearing the usual cacophony of noises from the locker room down the hall. In fact, I'm not hearing *any* of the usual noises of guys whooping and horsing around at all. Maybe the

Professor arrived and started the after-practice session without us. For a moment I worry that we'd better hurry this up before we're missed and somebody comes looking for us. But then that worry slips away out of my head. We're right here we need to be.

Anyway, by then all my concentration is aimed again at watching Stevens' weapon slip inside Prescott's hole until his hips slam against his teammate's ass. Stevens starts to stroke his cock in and out. Then, always the team player, Stevens reaches under Prescott's hip to grasp his bone-hard cannon, rubbing it and thumbing his cock-head roughly while Stevens fucks away at Prescott's ass.

Stevens thrusts fiercely into him, like a machine. Prescott's back and shoulders are flushed, sweaty, and his mouth hangs open in a silent cry that might be agony or amazement at how good that intruder feels gliding against his prostate. Not much time passes before Prescott must decide he does like it. He bucks back into Stevens' strokes and makes sounds like an animal rutting in the night. Stevens stays deep inside his ass, caressing Prescott's cock in time with each fuck-jab up Prescott's butt. Prescott seems to know just how to move, almost as if he's done this before. I'm amazed when Prescott climaxes first--since he'd just cum in my mouth a few minutes ago. "Unh!" he growls, lunging back against Stevens. His cum gushes out onto the floor.

"Don't stop fucking, you sonuvabitches!" I order. Not that I need to--Prescott seems almost reduced to a mindless beast, the ecstasy of his orgasm controlling his entire body as he keeps pumping his ass back for more Stevens-bone up his bunghole. Apparently the pain has been forgotten, and all that matters is the sensation of Stevens' crank pounding into him. Prescott's head has entered a place where the craving for cock has taken over.

My own javelin is hard and aching. I can't hold on any longer and I can't take any more--I have to get in on the action and get myself some relief. So I park my ass on the desk next to Prescott's elbow and pull his face over into my lap. Prescott shifts, straddling my thighs with his arms. Then I aim my meat right at his mouth. "Blow me, Prescott," I order. And before I can say another word, he fastens his lips around my joint and vacuums it in. He can only take the head and a couple of inches of shaft, but that's enough.

Prescott knows what he's doing too--one hit of his mouth on my meat, and I know this isn't his first time giving a knob-job. Looks like I was wrong when I thought his moan earlier meant he'd never done anything with a guy before. Looks like our Big Man On Campus pussy-hound quarterback's got himself a few secrets hidden in his sex life! I grin, lean back, and relax into the blowjob as I let the jock demonstrate how starved he is for a cock in his gullet. I moan my appreciation to encourage him.

Stevens tips over the edge into orgasm. From deep in his guts, he growls long and low. His powerful hands grab Prescott's shoulders as his body trembles through the force of his orgasm. With his cock buried in Prescott's bung, Stevens suddenly rears back his head and howls, digging his fingers into Prescott's muscles as he jams his cock deep into Prescott's ass and holds it there.. His hose must be spraying Prescott's insides with cum.

"Gonna cum," I grunt quietly, 'cause I don't want the team down the hall to hear. Prescott clamps his lips tightly around my dick-head. One more slide into his succulent mouth and my cock-gun fires the first powerful salvo of ammo and my orgasm bursts through me.

The next thing I know, Prescott and Stevens are pulling off each other and me. They're blinking, looking confused. None of us can speak for a few moments.

Then Stevens grabs a discarded towel and starts to wipe his hands and cock. "What just happened?" he asks. The huge man's blushing, looks mortified, avoids looking at either Prescott or me.

"See?" Prescott pants to me. "I told you the Professor's doing something to us in those training sessions. He's making us do shit. Now do you believe me?"

Clap-clap-clap-clap.

Someone is applauding us, quietly, from over by the office door.

I look over at the Professor, who somehow got in without me noticing--though admittedly I'd had other things on my mind. He's grinning and says, "An excellent performance--better than I'd hoped. Very nice, boys."

Stevens looks confused, embarrassed. Prescott though flushes red again, this time with anger, not shame "Yeah, you got us," he snarls at the Professor, puffing up his chest and shoulder. "Asshole!"

The Professor just grins. "Didn't you like it?"

"That's not the point!" Prescott's all up in the Professor's face, trying to threaten him. I edge in closer in case I have to pull them apart.

The Professor doesn't seem intimidated. "Coach liked it. So did Stevens. Didn't you, Stevens?"

That catches Prescott by surprise. He looks around at us. Stevens, still panting, nods his head. I nod too.

"There's a reason I had the three of you met here together. There's something the three of you share that the rest of the team doesn't, and that's a craving for cock."

I whisper, "How'd you know?"

"About the 'cravings'?--Isn't that what you call them, Coach?" The Professor smiles. He taps his temple. "I've been inside your head for some time now. I know you pretty well, all three of you. Stevens' suppressed infatuation with Prescott has been interfering with his concentration. Prescott has been attracted to Stevens too, especially his generous endowment, but was worried about the risk of exposing the secret part of his sex life to the team in case Stevens wasn't interested. They needed something, someone, to break through the line of scrimmage, so to speak."

Stevens and Prescott have fucking crushes on each other? That's the reason they've been fucking fumble-monkeys on the field anytime they get close to each other? Hoo-boy! It makes perfect sense, and it's so obvious I'm surprised I didn't see it before. But then, I guess they weren't ready to admit it before either.

Stevens blushes hard and looks sheepishly at Prescott. Fuck, the big lug's turned all bashful and shit! Prescott blushes and looks at Stevens, but there's something hungry in his expression, not shy at all like Stevens'. Gradually they start smiling at each other.

"That's where you came in, Coach. You were the perfect one to play icebreaker. You've been struggling with your 'cravings' for some time now and needed to give yourself permission to act on them instead of repress them. It's time you accepted that part of you."

Stevens and Prescott both look at me, realizing what this all means about me too. I nod curtly. I blush and look at the floor, then decide maybe the Professor's right--the cravings have never gone away and never will.

No matter how hard I've tried to keep them tightly reined in, they've always slipped loose now and then. I've thought about it for a while now. Maybe it's time I accepted that the cravings are part of me?

I look up at Stevens, then at Prescott. Stevens has moved closer to Prescott, their shoulders brushing--not holding hands or anything, but an intimate stance nonetheless--as if Stevens is prepared, like a good fullback, to back his quarterback and protect him off the field as well as on. Prescott doesn't appear to notice, but he has to be aware of Stevens' presence looming behind him, accepting Stevens' support as a given. The casual way they've moved together, as if by some unspoken communication, is a real contrast to their bumbling on the gridiron these last couple of weeks. Well, well. Maybe this is a good thing. Obviously, Prescott can handle Steven's big dick. I just hope Stevens can handle Prescott.

Maybe the Professor knew what he was doing when he let loose the cravings in Stevens and Prescott? Maybe he was right about letting them loose in me too? I offer Stevens and Prescott a weak smile. They grin big at me. I realize: they accept that I'm like them, and it doesn't change the way they look at me. I'm still their respected Coach. I grin back at them bigger, then bigger still.

"There," the Professor continues. "It all works out in the end, right? All those repressed urges are out into the open and won't cause problems anymore. Now, gentlemen, if you'll follow me, I've got a locker room full of your teammates who are focused and waiting for you to join them for today's session."

Prescott steps back and warns, "No way, man ..." He shakes his head, doesn't sound happy. "That's not a good idea." Stevens bristles in response, following Prescott's lead and ready to back him.

The Professor snaps his fingers. "Relax and prepare yourself."

"Huh? No way!" Prescott barks, angry again. "No fucking way--"

The Professor snaps his fingers again. "Relax and prepare yourself."

Cuh--cut that fucking shit out!" Prescott waivers. "Don't listen to him, guys!"

"I am relaxed and ready," Stevens says, the big dumb lug, and just like that he has let go completely again. He might not understand what's going on, but obviously he's learned these concentration exercises well--well enough to let it override the need to support Prescott. And for fucking fuck's sake, Stevens' monster-dong is starting to swell again! Hoo-boy!

"What? No!" The loss of his backup shakes Prescott's resolve. "Stop it! Coach, make him stop! We can't let him--"

Can I make the Professor stop? Do I want to? If just hearing the words was all it took to make Stevens let go, will the words affect me the same way? I can already feel something inside me slipping ... But do I want ...?

The Professor snaps his fingers. "Relax and prepare yourself."

"I'll --" Prescott starts, then he sees what's happening to me. "Coach, no!"

I blink, because everything is slipping away again. Everything.

The Professor snaps his fingers again. "Relax and prepare yourself."

It all starts to slips, and I want let it, and it feels good--better than good, in fact--and I want let go, and I let

nearly everything slip all the way away. Nearly everything. A little part of me hangs on. Now that I know what's been happening, I don't want to miss seeing what else happens. The Professor has brought the three of us this far, and I suspect he has more planned. I've pushed away these cravings for far too long. Now, I want to experience everything. Now that I know what has been happening to me, why things have been slipping, I know what I can hold on to and how--and how to let go of everything else. I try to hold on to something, the core part of me that is aware, and I let go of everything else. Shame, fear, and the tight hold they had on me--all gone. I can do this. I can hold on to a little piece of me and stay aware and let everything else go. Where I had worries before, there is now only crystal clarity and a feeling of readiness. Some part of me is still aware within the readiness. I am ready to do what the Professor tells me. I am aware of the compulsion to say so.

I open my eyes and say, "I am relaxed and ready."

Prescott's eyes are closed. Seeing me let go must have shown him how inevitably it would happen to him too. Maybe that gave him the last permission he needed to let go too and stop trying to resist. He opens his eyes. "I am relaxed and ready," he says, meek as a lamb.

I don't know how long I'll be able to hold on to this sliver of awareness. Maybe I'll lose my grip and it'll slip away too, or maybe next time I won't be able to hold on at all. Prescott and Stevens weren't able to hold on. For now there's still a little piece of me looking out through my eyes. It feels good to have let everything else go. I know what's going on and it feels good and I like it. My dick is rising again. It feels good. It feels great to be naked, semi-erect and rising, and so crystal-clear. It feels good to be following somebody else's playbook for a while and just watch and follow along.

The Professor opens the office door. "Excellent. You boys have done a fine job today. Now let's head down to the locker room for today's session, shall we? Don't worry--after today, there's no need for hiding what you want. I think you'll all see a marked improvement on the field. And that's what it's all about, isn't it?"

We three say: "Yes."

We file out, heading toward the quiet locker room where the rest of my team and coaching staff are already relaxed and waiting for us. It doesn't matter that we're naked or hard-dicked or sweaty or covered with cum. None of that matters. All the feelings of shame and embarrassment and repression have slipped away, completely now, leaving only crystal clarity and readiness in their places, a craving for more.

The Professor slaps Stevens' shoulder as we pass through the door into the locker room. "And if you boys do a good job in the session today, maybe I'll have you hang back after everyone else leaves. Then Coach here can show you a few more new plays in the showers that he has not demonstrated to the rest of your teammates--not yet, anyway. I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you."

We three say in unison: "Yes."
