

# Dedicated

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Coach Rod's wrestlers learn to incorporate hypnosis into their training program

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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## Part 1: The New Guy

Tony--eighteen, slim, chocolate-dark, backpack slung over one shoulder--trudged across the campus at dusk, from the library toward the gym. His determined gait matched his expression. Everything about him was defined by the same drive to succeed. When he first came to this college a year before, he'd vowed to make the honor role. He ran for class treasurer and won by a wide margin. With his ambition and outgoing personality, everyone who knew him agreed he could do anything.

Anything, perhaps, except wrestle.

"You don't have near enough experience," the wrestling coach assessed when Tony first showed up for team tryouts. "You got a long way to go just to master the basics. And you're too damn skinny."

"You show me how to wrestle, and I'll win the Olympics," Tony vowed with his usual determination.

The coach seemed unimpressed. "Only way a skinny guy like you is gonna win the Olympics is if you're the pole in the pole vaulting competition."

But Tony went out for wrestling anyway. He worked at a vicious training program, exercised, ate only healthy food, followed the coach's instructions with devoted seriousness--and succeeded in being pinned by just about every other lightweight trying out.

Something made Tony stick with wrestling, something he himself did not quite understand. He told himself that wrestling was a sport where an individual athlete could excel but still be part of a larger team; too, wrestling included lighter weight classes where a trim guy like him would be needed. But he also knew he liked watching the brawny jocks brawling together nearly naked and sweaty, wanted to be part of the all-male atmosphere of the locker room, the kidding and horsing around, liked the sexy pressure of his genitals held snugly inside his jock-strap. Tony stuck with wrestling because of the weird exhilaration he felt, that strange, potent excitement of twisting and thrashing against another half-stripped youth. He knew what those feelings meant, but he was not yet ready to accept them as part of himself, telling himself only *maybe, just a phase*.

When the try-outs ended, Tony earned a spot on the wrestling team not because of his skills, which were sorely lacking, but because the coach must have seen something in him. During the practice sessions that followed their first meeting, the coach had often said he liked Toni's determination but told the youth he'd need to put in a lot of extra work to catch up to the prowess of the other guys on the team.

Whistling softly to himself, Tony entered the gym locker room. The gym closed early on Sundays for everyone except the school's sports team members. No one was here just before dark on this Sunday, the wrestling team's day off. Days like this, with no regular practice, only Tony showed up for a workout. The air was humid, thick with the scent of stale sweat and disinfectant. Only the ticking of a steam pipe somewhere broke the silence. Tony marched the length of the empty room to his gray-metal locker and the athletic gear it held.

"No practice today, Tony," came a soft, drawl from behind him.

Surprised, Tony spun, then sighed his relief when he recognized one of his teammates. "I know." Tony opened his locker and tossed his backpack inside. "Coach says I need to put in some time every chance I get, so here I am. What're you doing here on a Sunday, Pete?"

"Was on my way to your dorm. Saw you headin' across campus. Followed you." Pete shrugged. "Coach says we need to help you get focused. He asked me to give you some help buildin' your muscles and growin' bigger."

Tony thought about that for a moment. Pete had been heading to his dorm? Tony could not decide what to make of that, did not want to read more into the statement than Pete intended, opted for a noncommittal response until he could figure out the context: "Okay."

Pete was a senior, older than Tony, taller and blond and muscular; his shit-kicker drawl often covered his seriousness. Everyone on the wrestling team was dedicated, but the coach's inner circle of the team captain and five or six others were especially dedicated. Pete was part of that inner circle. Strong, successful, a winner. Pete was the kind of wrestler Tony dreamed of being.

Tony kicked off his shoes and socks, then faced his open locker and stripped off his shirt. His shoulders and chest had begun responding to the intense workouts, were beginning to show additional muscle. He peeled off his shorts and briefs, and he fumbled his heavy-hanging genitals unconsciously as he glanced toward Pete.

The brawny blond at his own locker was already naked and appraising Tony's nude body openly. Emboldened, Tony looked at Pete's body. Pete's features were strong and maturing, making the transition from teenager to man, and his complexion was a deep, golden tan, the narrow strip at his slim hips ivory-pale. His muscles were powerfully developed. Sun-bleached hair dusted across his powerful chest. His thick cock hung from a trimmed nest of sandy-brown wire at his crotch. Pete reached down and scratched at his loose-swinging balls as he grinned at Tony. "Man," Pete drawled, "I dunno if all the exercises you're doin' are making' you big enough to wrestle, but they're sure givin' you a man-sized dick!"

Tony felt his face redden, and he turned quickly to grab his jock-strap from his locker and squirm into it. He shoved his nuts and the thickness of his prick into the cup. He felt uncertain. They had stripped together plenty of times, but Pete had never expressed more than the passing camaraderie of being teammates--and had certainly never before said anything about how Tony was hung. Tony was privately pleased to have Pete acknowledge a respect for Tony's endowment. While he considered himself still too skinny, Tony was proud of the good-sized meat between his legs. Tony snuck another peek at Pete. The older wrestler was hung damn big too. Should Tony return the compliment? He blushed again and stayed silent, afraid his nervous tongue would betray him.

They pulled on gym shorts, T-shirts, socks, and shoes, and headed toward the weight room at the other end of the gym. For once, Tony was keenly aware of the very male presence of Pete's body near his. *Focus*, Tony told himself and shook his head to clear away the image of Pete's chest pushing at the front of that T-shirt. Tony shuffled to the neat row of dumbbells and began his usual routine with his usual determination.

Pete matched him, move for move, though using a heavier set of dumbbells. Sometimes Pete made a suggestion about how Tony could improve his form, or urged Tony--*C'mon, dude*--to complete just two extra reps--*That's the way*--but mostly they worked out in silence except for grunted breaths and the soft clangs of the weights.

Tony felt his body respond to the exercise with trickles of sweat down his skin; similar perspiration, he saw, ran along Pete's bronzed arms and forehead, diamond-like droplets caught in his soft chest hair. Something about Pete fascinated him. Tony kept finding himself just wanting to stop and stare at his teammate, just ... Tony shook himself to snap out of it. Pete's confident half-smile said something was up. Sure, Tony had started improving enough to win the occasional practice match, but he was still low man on the team roster. One of the coach's inner circle was paying attention to a skinny loser like Tony?--Maybe Pete was doing this out of camaraderie. Over the last week, now that he thought about it, Tony had seen some of the inner circle seeming to take the other new guys on the team under their wings for special attention, almost like a type of "big brother" or "mentoring" program. Was Pete going to be his mentor? Part of Tony thrilled at the idea, but another part reminded him about a risk: over the years Tony had seen alpha jocks tease and play pranks on everybody else. Tony decided he had best stay alert, just in case this was somehow a joke at his expense.

"Time for crunches," Pete barked, mimicking their coach. "On the floor, and give me fifty!"

"Okay." Tony lay back on the matted floor, his fingers interlocked behind his head. He could do this-- plus his eyes would be aimed at the ceiling, instead of looking at Pete.

Chuckling as if he knew a secret, Pete knelt at Tony's feet, pinning his ankles down, as Tony strained and rocked his torso upward. His stomach muscles tensed into a taut column, and he held the position for a moment, then fell back. Okay, so much for not looking at Pete. Tony repeated the exercise again and again, laboring as Pete counted off until Tony reached fifty.

Pete slid his hands up the younger wrestler's legs slowly. Tony froze, half-panicked, as Pete's hands approached Tony's crotch and the involuntary swelling that made the front of his shorts curve out in spite of his jock-strap. Pete's hands stopped at mid-thigh and pressed firmly downward. "Now try it this way," he murmured. "Builds your core strength faster."

Tony strained and dragged his torso off the mat into a crunch, unable to concentrate on anything except Pete's strong fingers inches from Tony's gym shorts and the few inches that separated their faces. He saw Pete's blond hair and masculine features, the intensity in his gaze, the brawny maturity of his build. Pete's fingers pressed into the linings of Tony's thighs. Tony feared he was moments away from a full erection. Pete counted off the reps: "One ... Two ... Three ..."

"That's all I can do," Tony false-laughed to break the tension, falling back again. "That makes it rougher, all right!"

For a moment, Tony felt Pete continue to stare at him, and then Pete pulled back, hiding his expression.

"Okay, let's shower and quit for the day," Pete drawled as he stood, tugging at the front of his shorts abruptly. "C'mon."

Tony lay still, basking in the memory of Pete's hands, the sensuous pressure, the taunting closeness of their bodies, and the luxurious, hungry power that had swirled into his semi-erection and made him want to do more. More what exactly? He was not sure, just something ... *more*. Then--*Wait, what?*-- Tony's thoughts snapped to the way Pete had called it quits and the way he, maybe, also pushed a hard-on down when he had stood up. *What the fuck?* Tony wondered. *Pete got erect too?* Tony frowned, uncertain, and brushed that thought aside. He stood up and adjusted his own crotch as he followed after the older blond.

Tony had worked harder than he realized. His arms and legs trembled with exhaustion, threatened to give way; he had to consciously push himself forward, keep himself moving. At the other end of the locker room was the short white-tiled corridor that led to the showers. Pete was nowhere to be seen when Tony reached their lockers, but Pete's clothes were piled on the bench. Tony heard one of the showers come on. He peeled off his shirt, paused, then his shoes, shorts and jock, leaving them piled on the bench next to Pete's.

The naked blond stood under one of the gushing sprays, drenching himself. Tony had observed his teammates' habits enough to know that Pete always showered the same way: wetting down completely, then washing his face, then lathering his shoulders and arms and torso, working his way down, eyes closed, as if secretly enjoying the strength and maleness of his body. Tony stepped under the second showerhead down from Pete, one empty space between them. Sure, Tony had watched him many times before, but usually the room was filled with brawling young athletes. Now, they were alone, and unconsciously Tony found himself matching Pete's movements.

Eyes shut, Tony let his soapy palms wander over his getting-stronger shoulders and arms, then into the deep cups of his armpits. He followed the curves and hollows of his chest, smoothing the traces of dark hair in the middle before brushing his hands toward the oblong nipples, then working lower over his tight stomach and belly. Finally, he doubled forward to scrub his thighs and legs, and when he glanced up, Pete was facing him, watching him.

That was another part of the blond's routine: Pete always saved his genitals for last. Washing himself thoughtfully, he worked up a heavy foam in his thick pubic hair, and then he let his fingers stretch lower for his large, loose-swinging balls. He lathered them slowly, almost as if showing off their potent size, and then he grasped his cock with both hands, soaping the broad, red-pink head with one palm as he stroked the long, thick shaft with the other.

Without thinking, Tony copied Pete's actions, and a sudden threatening arousal flooded into his thoughts and crotch. He turned away quickly to rinse off.

"Tony," Pete drawled, breaking the long silence, "I hope you don't mind me comin' down here to work out with you today."

"Uh ... Hell, no. I--uh--it's good to have a workout partner to spot me."

"That's what I was thinkin'. It's mighty fine, workin' out and showerin' together with a buddy." Pete leaned back into the spray, eyes closed. "You're more grown-up than you look, even if you are still a skinny fucker."

"Meaning?"

"You're real easy to talk to, which ain't true of most of the assholes at this school. And I like watchin' you walk around bare-ass."

Tony blinked. What had Pete just said about *bare-ass*?

Pete turned abruptly and shut off his shower. "We'd best dry off, pal."

They went into the drying area, grabbed towels, and began wiping off. Tony couldn't stop himself from watching the oddly fascinating play of muscles across Pete's broad back and the sudden-pale arcs of his slim ass. Tony felt like he should say something, but dangerous things felt too close to the surface. Something about being there alone with Pete made Tony want to open up, let those things out into the open, no matter the risk. Something about Pete--

Tony heard himself say, "I like watching you bare-ass, too, Pete."

*Why the hell did I say that?* Tony cursed himself as he blushed hard. He was suddenly far too conscious of standing naked in front of the rugged, blond wrestler and talking about being naked. Tony sucked in a deep breath and rushed to wrap his towel about his hips. He had to fix this before Pete got the wrong idea. "I mean--"

"I know what you mean, Tony," Pete said cryptically. "And it's all right." Pete locked his towel about his waist and nodded toward a door on the opposite side of the room. "I ain't in no hurry. How about takin' a rest?"

A single thought looped through Tony's head: *Now what?--Now what?--Now what?* But without a word, he followed Pete.

The door led to a small equipment storage room that the wrestlers often used as a quiet recovery space. *Veg-out time*, the others called it, or *focus-time*. Tony knew the coach and his inner circle used this room to relax, maybe catch a quick nap after a hard workout. He had seen the coach or an inner circle guy take one of the other wrestling team members in there sometimes after practice. Tony had never been in there himself, not yet anyway, and now he found himself following Peter through the door, and Pete was definitely part of the coach's inner circle.

Ancient equipment was piled against the walls, and the air was warm. The room was dim--no light on--and when Pete closed the door behind them, the room went dark. Not entirely dark: a little light from the locker room slid through the ventilation grid near the bottom of the door, and through the half-inch gap at the bottom of the door. Dim, but enough illumination to see by, once Tony's eyes had a few seconds to adjust. Tony sat on a foot-high stack of wrestling mats on the floor and watched as Pete flipped the door lock, even though they were the only ones in the locker room--*Why'd he do that?--*and walked over to settle beside him.

Tony felt nervous, and he found himself babbling: "I--I guess you like to take a break here?-- Sometimes?--After a workout, I mean? Like, after practice?" *Why'd he lock the door? Why'd he lock the door?*

Pete flopped back on the mats. "Yeah. It's cool, 'specially when I need a break from the other guys and all their noise. Like Coach says, sometimes you just got to focus on yourself a little while, to figure out what's important and how to dedicate yourself to achieving it." Pete stretched his arms, then let them lie at his sides, almost touching Tony but not quite.

A few seconds passed in silence, then a few more. Tony was about to say something, anything, when Pete whispered, "I caught Mac and Larry in here last week jerkin' each other off."

"What? Really? What'd they do?"

Pete's shrug was almost invisible in the near-darkness. "Nothin'. They was too close to poppin' to say nothin' about me bein' there." He chuckled softly. "Anyway, I don't see that it's anybody else's business what a couple of guys do together. Sometimes a man's gotta do what he's gotta do to clear the noise away so he focus on what's important."

Tony tried to process this new information. His mind zipped through scenarios: If Tony had been there, would he have watched?--Joined in? Mac, Larry, jerking off, right here, and Pete not caring--too much to make sense of this quickly. "I ... I guess you're right?" He was aware of Pete watching him, the way Pete's eyes glittered in the dimness when he blinked. Tony shivered. He was intensely aware of being in the dark with Pete. *He's naked except for that towel*, Tony thought. *Me too--I'm naked except for my towel*. His cock twitched at the thought. *Pete could just roll toward me and put his hand on my cock. Or I could roll toward him and put my hand on his cock. Or we could roll toward each other and touch our cocks together, maybe even kiss*. Tony's dick and balls buzzed. He realized how intensely he wanted that--kissing, their cocks touching--and he realized what wanting Pete that intensely meant. *Queer stuff--only queers do queer stuff. Okay, maybe I'm queer*. Tony decided nothing he wanted this badly could be bad. What was, simply was. If he was going to keep having queer thoughts about his teammates and other guys he saw around campus, then he would just have to accept that as part of who he was. *If I'm queer, will Pete want to do queer stuff with me?* Tony

wondered if he had the courage to ask for what he wanted, to offer himself to Pete. A long moment passed as Tony watched Pete watching him. Tony finally looked away.

Pete's drawl slithered through the air between them, sensual as a snake. "You ever beat off with another feller, Tony?"

Tony knew he should say *Hell no*, should protest that he'd never ever do such a thing. But something about Pete's eyes and the way Pete's lazy question oozed through his thoughts made Tony want to answer honestly, because he felt like Pete could already see this new truth Tony had accepted.

"Yeah," Tony replied quietly, though he had spoken of this to no one ever before. The answer came easily. Tony could refuse Pete nothing in this moment. Something about Pete's eyes watching him calmed Tony. He relaxed, enjoying the physical proximity. "A couple times. A guy down the hall in my dorm. We watched porn, jacked off." Tony stopped short of mentioning that his friend watched the porn while Tony watched the friend.

A moment of warm silence, and then Pete said, "Lie back. Relax. Make yourself nice and comfortable."

Tony leaned his torso back until he was lying on the mat alongside his teammate. He was very much aware that he was wearing nothing but a towel, naked underneath, and that Pete too was wearing a towel with nothing underneath. *Naked, naked, we're nearly naked.* Tony's cock twitched at the thought. Pete turned on his side toward Tony, gazing at him with that same intensity. Tony kept his eyes carefully pointed up at the ceiling.

"Another year or two of working out, and you're maybe gonna be a good wrestler like Larry," Pete drawled softly. "Gonna be built like him, too, maybe."

"Uh, thanks."

"That's why I'm here, buddy. Coach thinks you're ready to take the next step. You ready?"

"Uh, okay? I guess so." Tony hoped his voice did not sound too nervous. He wanted the older wrestler to like him.

"Just remember: Everything we're gonna do is to help you be more dedicated. All the rest of us have been through it. It happened to me the first year I was on the wrestling team, and later Coach took ... Well, you're not ready to go that far, not for a while yet. But Coach thinks you're ready for your first time. You don't want to disappoint him, do you?"

"No."

"Let's try something. Just a little test. All you have to do is lie there and look at the ceiling."

"Okay?"

"A lot of guys use this room for a little rest after a hard workout, just like we're doin'. This may sound funny, but sometimes after a workout it's the brain you have to recharge, not just the body. Lyin' here in the dark, it's easy to feel yourself gettin' real tired and relaxed. Some guys might even close their eyes and catch a nap, but that's just part of the process. Rechargin' your mind takes a little practice, but it's easy. You just need to stay awake a little while at first, so keep your eyes open, okay? If they

close for a second or two, that's fine, but open them back up and refocus your eyes on the ceiling. All right?"

"Okay."

"After an intense workout, your body wants to recharge. Your brain too. Lyin' here in the dark helps relax your body and your mind more and more. The best way is to focus on your breathin'; make sure you're breathin' deeply, relaxing completely. Holdin' each breath a second or two. Lettin' it out, nice and slow. So relaxed your body feels like it's sinking into the mat. Breathe in. Sink down. Exhale. Relax. Just focus on your breathin'. Feelin' relaxed. Sinkin' lightly. Eyes blinkin' a bit. Breathin' deeply. Sinkin', like fallin' asleep. It's perfectly okay. Eyes blinkin' more. Relaxin' deep."

Tony did feel relaxed. His body was exhausted after his workout. His muscles felt limp.

"Feel your mind openin', just acceptin'. Eyes heavier. Harder to keep them open. Perfectly natural. Breathe deeply. Sink down. So relaxed, like bein' in a trance or somethin'. So easy to relax and just obey."

Pete's voice, Tony noted, had gone softer but still authoritative, just like when Pete had been counting out the reps for Tony in the weight room. Listening to Pete now reminded Tony of the workout that had exhausted his muscles so. *Relax*. Okay, Tony thought; he could do that. He felt too relaxed to move. *Obey*. Wait--why had Pete said that? It was probably nothing, Tony decided. Obeying was no big deal. He had accepted what Pete said about becoming so relaxed, so Tony decided he could accept what Pete said about obeying too. Besides, he felt too tired to disagree ...

"All thoughts clearin' away. So relaxed. Sinkin' lightly into a deep trance. Warm and relaxed. Let go. Let go of everything and just sink now. Close your eyes and sink now."

Tony felt his eyes close, felt himself slip from the dark room to the dark of his eyes being shut. He felt warm and relaxed, just like Paul was saying. The deep sense of relaxation filled his entire body, making his limbs feel heavy and light at the same time. He felt an intense oneness with everything, losing track of where his self ended and Pete's words began. His skin tingled, which felt good. His dick began to swell. Perfectly normal; perfectly natural. He let it happen.

Tony blinked. Pete had said something, had awakened him from that pleasant torpor. Tony blinked, looked around the near-darkness, found Pete smiling at him.

"You're gettin' the hang of it," Peter said cryptically. "You're gonna be a good one, *sleepyhead*."

That word meant something, and Tony felt himself sinking again. His eyes closed.

"That's it," Pete said from someplace simultaneously far away and nearby. "Listen to my words, *sleepyhead*, and let go. Let yourself sink into deep relaxation. That warm, tingly feelin' flows through your whole body now--from the tips of your toes, to your fingertips, to the top of your head. Feels so good, so comfortable, takin' all of the stress and tension out of your muscles. Feels so wonderful, and so relaxin', don't it. Feels real good."

Tony knew something was happening, and he decided he liked it. Liked this feeling, the sound of Pete's voice, the warm darkness in which he was losing himself. He let himself drift happily.

Pete said something, and Tony felt himself wake up again. He blinked and looked for Pete, a comforting presence, and smiled at his older teammate.

"Feelin' good?" Pete asked.

Tony thought for a moment, then nodded. He did feel good. Too relaxed and limp to move. His cock was pleasantly full, and it pushed against the terrycloth towel around his hips. Tony liked that feeling. He was glad the room was too dark, probably, for Pete to see his erection, because Tony liked the way his erection felt as it pulsed against the fabric.

Pete asked again, "Yeah, feelin' good, *sleepyhead*."

Tony tried to stay awake but sank back into sleep too quickly.

"All you want is to relax and let go," Pete was saying to him. "Your body feels more calm and relaxed than before. Let that warm, tingly feelin' grow and grow. Feel it spread deep inside your stomach, deep into your chest, deep into your head. Completely relaxin' everything it touches. Completely relaxin' your mind and your body. It clears away all of the stress and tension and distractions, pushes 'em down and out of your body, leavin' you perfectly relaxed and ready to sink deeper and deeper into trance. Just surrender your mind and body completely to the warm sensation. You feel completely at peace, completely focused. Surrender your mind and body to this deep hypnotic trance. Let yourself feel better than you ever felt in your entire life. And you absolutely love it, don't you. Yes."

Tony opened his eyes when Pete asked him to, but something was different. Pete had told him to open his eyes but had not told him to wake up. Tony's body still felt so heavy and relaxed, like part of his mind, but only part, was aware while his body remained in deep sleep.

"Feel good?" Pete asked. "You like bein' hypnotized?"

That pleasant lassitude still filled through Tony's body, making his arms and legs too heavy to move. All he wanted to do was lie there and stare into Pete's eyes. He wasn't sure what Pete's question meant, but he did not want to disappoint the older wrestler, so he said, "Yeah."

"Good. Now you just lay back and stay relaxed and let whatever happens happen. Think you can do that for me, Tony?"

"Okay."

Tony felt a sense of union with everything around him, including Pete. Tony felt the blond wrestler's rough fingers roam over his bare chest and circle one of his tightening nipples; it felt so good, but it felt far away, as if it were happening to someone else. Tony's cock throbbed, and he knew Pete could probably see his hard-on, but he felt too good to care. Yes, by now Pete had to be able to see that damn ram swelling up under the towel knotted at his hips, even in this darkness, but Tony found he did not mind if Pete saw. Any shame and embarrassment drained out of him and was gone before he could even realize he was feeling anything other than this warm, tingling relaxation. All he felt now was a quiet, peaceful unifying drowsiness as his world shrank down to Pete's voice, his presence, and the hold it had on him.

"Wanna know what I think about when I'm jerkin' off at night?" Pete asked gently. Tony could not decipher Pete's question, so he did not answer. "I think about a fine, young stud. Dark-skinned. Kind of skinny but buildin' himself up to be a wrestler. He can't wrestle worth shit right now, but someday

he'll be a good one. I dream I'm lying next to him ... and touchin' him ... and seein' his pecker grow man-sized. If anything happens and you don't like it, Tony, or don't want to remember it, just tell yourself this was all a dream."

Tony liked the feeling as Pete's fingers drew downward over his taut-corded stomach. His body intuited what was going to happen, and his cock witched. Whatever was going to happen, Tony felt a peaceful anticipation. He was glad Pete was here beside him.

"Lie still and relax," Pete whispered.

Tony felt Pete's fingers open his towel, and he knew his prick had sprung up fully hard, the bulging head angled toward his pale belly, his balls drawn tight. Then Pete touched Tony's erection, began stroking it gently.

Tony's voice gurgled from somewhere, "Muuhh."

"Shh. Just relax and trust me. You're gonna like this."

Pete's eyes disappeared, moving downward, but the hypnotic fog still clouded Tony's head. He just wanted to close his eyes and back sink into the drowsy heaviness that filled him. A soft warmth lapped at Tony's exposed testicles, then washed upward to the inflamed crown of his dick, and circled it, and engulfed it. He forced his eyes back open and looked down.

Pete was sucking his cock! Tight lips and suction, sliding from tip to base, then from base to tip. Fingers toying with Tony's balls, making the cum in them churn. Blond hair pressed to Tony's pubes. In Pete's massive arms, knotted muscles shifted. Tony's legs were eased apart. One of Pete's slickened fingers probed down and between Tony's butt cheeks. He knew he should be afraid, should say no, but he wanted this, wanted to stay so deeply relaxed, and he wanted this to happen with Pete, more than he had ever wanted anything else before.

Tony felt Pete's finger between his ass cheeks, searching for his hole. Pete had his head in Tony's crotch, swallowing his cock to the root, and Tony got lost in the warm wetness of Pete's mouth, and his tongue, and the stroking of Pete's hand between his ass cheeks, probing, searching. Then Pete's finger found his target and pushed forward.

Tony felt ... pressure. More pressure. Something forcing its way inside him. He felt a distant mild discomfort as his body tried by instinct to repel the invader. Pete's mouth worked along Tony's cock as he pushed more of his finger into Tony's ass. The lip-strokes on his cock felt great and helped Tony relax. He felt another inch of Pete's finger slide through his ass-ring, slide inside him.

Tony was aware of random moaning noises. He could not tell if they were from his throat or Pete's. He felt the warm and comforting presence of Pete alongside him, mouth off Tony's cock for a moment, whispering that everything would be all right, to relax, just stay relaxed, and let it happen.

It had to happen this way, Tony decided. It was inevitable. Everything felt inevitable. Everything felt good, made him feel relaxed. Tony felt himself accepting the truth of it, the way his buttocks were learning to accept Pete's finger. Tony's hips pumped slowly, gently, making his cock move in Pete's throat now that the mouth had returned to swallow his rod again.

Tony felt a familiar tingle begin in his cock. *Pete*, he thought, a warning he was too limp to say out loud--but the blond wrestler did not slow his mouth-strokes up and down on Tony's erection. The

tingling spread to his balls, the base of his spine, his ass around that invading finger. Tony's body slid closer to orgasm, faster, faster still, spiraling helplessly ahead.

Tony knew he should be saying *no-no-no*, but somehow all the rules in his head stayed quiet. Had Pete used suggestions to make Tony set them aside? Did that mean Tony wanted to set them aside? Without the rules telling him *no-no-no*, Tony could just accept the way things just were, could let the pieces of himself fit together in the ways they wanted to, not the ways the social rules that defined his drive had seemed to say was the right way. That felt good, somehow. Tony decided he liked drifting in this inhibition-free state, decided he could just let things happen the way they wanted to happen for once.

Everything happened too fast: the sudden explosion, the gushing cum, the lasting hungry suction of the entire world. As his climax began, Tony felt something collapse, felt some wall inside his mind fall. Time seemed to slow and stop. Tony was held in mid-orgasm, as something entirely different happened. Infinite pleasure. Infinite ... something--Tony could not describe it to himself. Awareness seemed too small a word. And more things were changing in Tony's head, realigning from *maybe*, *perhaps* to a new configuration of *I am*. He knew what he wanted now. Knew why he craved the male closeness of wrestling. He felt Pete's comforting warmth, and he craved it, craved more of this deep relaxation.

And then, slowly, time began to crawl forward, moving again, resuming the aching pleasure and slow descent from orgasmic ecstasy. Tony felt as though he was awaking from a deep sleep, as if he had been sleeping all his life. Tony felt the blond wrestler pressed up alongside him, both of them towel-free and naked now, pressed against him from foot to thigh to arm. Pete's hand pumped at his own cock, and Tony relaxed and let that happen too. Dapples of warm liquid began to splatter Tony's body--Pete's ejaculation--as Pete moaned and fell across Tony's chest, embracing him. They lay close, as if wrestling but still and satisfied.

Tony lay quietly, savoring the deep relaxation that still had his limbs too heavy to move. Pete moved alongside him, over him, until they were face to face. Pete brushed a finger over Tony's cum-spattered chest, and Tony liked the way little ripples of sensation rang out from there and then become lost in everything he was feeling. Pete stroked lower. His fingers touched Tony's cock-shaft, thickening again, and Pete wound his fist around it. He stroked Tony's cock as best he could with their bodies pressed so closely together.

Tony felt an electric crackle in his groin, felt his second orgasm diffuse out into the ocean of relaxation. Warm liquid spurted from Tony's ram, slicked Pete's pumping hand. The pressure of Pete's torso against him reassured Tony.

When his orgasm flowed away like the tide, Tony's balls felt heavy and spent, but his cock was still mostly hard.

"Dang," Pete sighed. "You're gonna need a few more sessions to make sure the hypnosis sticks"--he waggled Tony's erection--"but I can tell you're gonna be another insatiable sex-freak, just like Larry. Maybe we should call him over, 'cause I'm spent for the next hour or so."

Tony found himself wanting to get used to this ... whatever this was, wanting to feel it more, feel it all the time. The closeness. The oneness. The deep relaxation where all the fears and doubts went quiet.

Tony opened an eye, beginning to realize all that had happened. He felt Pete haul him closer into an embrace again. Naked and satisfied, they lay together for a while, until Tony felt the relaxation fading, knew he was starting to wake up. Tony pressed the side of his face against the other wrestler's head, watched his slow-moving chest. "Pete?" Tony asked at last, trying not to betray his uncertainty. "What're we supposed to do now?"

"I'm thinkin' ... we do dinner. I'm starvin'."

"No, I mean ..."-- *about this*.

"You'll need some reinforcement over the next few days so's it becomes permanent, and Coach'll want to work with you some too. But I'd be mighty honored if you'll let me be part of those first sessions with you. I think you got a lot of potential."

*Wait, Tony thought, am I misreading this? Is Pete saying he likes me? Or is he just flattering me so he can--?* "I think you've got a lot of potential too," Tony replied, before he realized what he was saying, and he felt himself blush, invisibly thanks to the dim room.

Pete made a soft chuckling sound.

Too many unknowns. How much of what he felt was post-coital, how much was an aftereffect of the hypnosis, and how much was just the pleasure of being his new self here alone with Pete? Tony decided he felt too much joy to spoil his mood worrying about unknowns. *Don't overanalyze--just be*, he told himself. He needed to funnel his happiness into a change of subject. "Hey, can I practice on you too?--Just to make sure I get the hang of giving as well as getting? I think I'll have to practice a lot 'til I'm as good as you are."

Pete laughed. "We'll see." Then he raised his head. "Wait--you talkin' about the hypnosis or the blow-jobs?"

"Both," Tony challenged, thankful the room was too dark for Pete to see him blushing yet again.

"Blow-jobs, definitely. The hypnosis?--It's tricky to learn. These first several times are goin' to have to be about trainin' your mind and workin' on your dedication. You gotta give the changes time to sink in. And you don't want to wear your cock out, not if you're still set on growin' to be a good wrestler."

Tony sat up. "I don't want to be just good. I want to be a *great* wrestler."

Pete chuckled. "Learn to walk before you can run, grasshopper."

"Hey, you said you'd be ready for round two in an hour or so, right? Let's get dressed and go get dinner so you can keep your strength up." Tony hopped to his feet, proudly waving his huge, half-hard prick at the grinning blond. "Then let's go up to my room. My roommate's gone and won't be back 'til tomorrow!"

## **Part 2: The New Head Coach**

*Yeah, Coach Rod thought to himself, I got it made!*

He had gotten through college on a wrestling scholarship, he had won the All-Marine championship twice while he was in the Marines, and now he had set himself up with a cushy assistant coach's job at a small private college that barely gave two shits about athletics. Maybe he had not fully planned things out when he decided to leave the Marines and apply for this job, but he had to admit things worked out great, just like they always did.

The head coach he worked for was a tired old bastard whose only duties seemed to be making up schedules, reminiscing to anyone who would listen about his glory days as a minor-league athlete decades ago, and staying drunk until he retired in a few months.

Left on his own, Coach Rod put the athletes through Marine-type training, and they ate it up. He was a big, fuckin' hero in their eyes, especially when it came to wrestling, and he took advantage of their hero-worship. *Hell, yes!*

Stripped to his sweatpants, Rod strolled into his small office--hardly bigger than a closet, really--at the back of the gym locker room, lazily wiping his bare shoulders and chest with a coarse towel. He had a swarthy complexion, and his barrel chest was matted with crisp, black hair. Powerful muscles rippled beneath his taut, bronzed skin, and he fingered the loose-hanging genitals inside his pants casually.

Kicking the door shut behind him, he walked over to small table that the administration laughably called his desk and settled in the chair behind it.

Outside, he heard the youthful voices of his wrestling jocks, laughing and bitching and slowly fading as, one by one, the boys on the team cleaned up and left.

The door was yanked open, and a burly blond, freshly showered and naked except for a narrow towel knotted about his slim hips, swaggered in. He had a solid build that foreshadowed the man he was becoming, and the pale skin across his shoulders was dusted with a rash of freckles.

"Get your head outta your ass, Pete," Rod barked, "and close the damn door!"

"Fuck!" The youth closed and locked the door. "I shoulda known you were in a shitty mood, Coach Rod, when you had us go through that slo-mo practice all afternoon."

Slo-mo practice was Rod's idea. He would pair the athletes up and force them to go through various moves and holds with brutal slowness, emphasizing points of pain or total, intimate contact.

"I thought you'd love that cross-crotch grip with Mac," Rod snickered. He slouched back in his chair and cocked an eyebrow. "Get him by the balls?"

"Damn right! And he threw one big hard-on, believe me!" Pete held his index fingers eight inches apart to illustrate Mac's size, though they both knew Rod had seen it himself dozens of times. "And he damn-near busted my balls when we traded places."

"Hell, you've gotten tough enough to handle that."

"Mac's a cocky bastard." Pete sat on the edge of the desk facing the coach. "Maybe you oughta put him through the rough drills training like you done to me and the rest of the inner circle? Really make him one of us?" The youth's expression went distant, as if he was remembering the first times: the rugged ex-Marine who'd taken over the wrestling team, worked their asses off, made them toe the

line, whipped them into shape, the way he'd concentrated on Pete, put him through the rough drills, hypnotized him and belted him and worked him over and more, until he had broken the kid's resistance and started rebuilding him. Maybe Pete was imagining Coach Rod doing the same to Mac, with Pete standing by the coach's side as Mac suffered the same punishments and finally broke and--

"You'd sure like that, huh?" Rod said, knowing he was interrupting the kid's fantasy. He eyed the youth narrowly. "You'd like seein' if he could take it the way you did, huh?"

"Yeah. Either you'll make a man out of that cocky bastard, or he'll drive you straight to the loony bin." Pete shrugged. "Either way works for me."

Rod quirked half a grin. "Very funny, ass-wipe."

Rod leaned back in his chair, his gaze fixed on the blond. Nothing about Pete was *little*. Pete was good-looking and muscularly built, and his smooth, freckled skin emphasized his growing maturity. His chest was broad and hard-curved, with small, tight-tipped nipples, and his taut stomach was washboard-firm. His knotted towel split open carelessly, offering a quick glimpse of his helmet-shaped pink cock-head.

Rod hypnotized everyone on the team; that was just another accepted part of their training. But for his trusted inner circle, the core group of players at the heart of the team, he required more--he required their absolute dedication, which involved breaking down their psyches using what Rod called the *rough drills* and rebuilding them to his liking. Rod remembered when he put Pete through the rough drills: the curses and verbal abuse, the endless exercises, the mental and physical torment, the naked beatings with his fists and belt, denying the young athlete an escape into hypnosis, forcing him to endure the punishment, the slow breakdown of the youth's defenses, the final conquest--

And speaking of conquests: Rod asked, "So how'd it go with the new kid yesterday?"

Pete grinned big. "Oh, man, you should have seen it, Coach. We met up here for a workout, and I got him good and tired-out, and I started in on him before he knew what was happenin'. Fuck, Coach, just like you said--Tony went down just as easy as you please." Something under the front of Pete's towel pulsed at the memory. His drawl deepened, the way it always did when he was aroused. "Got him in the quiet room, just like you wanted, and got him 'tized on the very first try. He took to it like a duck to water, Coach, just like you thought. He took to the sexy stuff too--one hundred and ten percent willin'. I must have 'tized him three or four times. I had him practically beggin' for it--the hypnosis and the sex. Then I took him back to his dorm room and told Larry to come by, and we had the kid 'tized and cummin' all night long. You saw the way he was lookin' at me all through practice today: I think he's got himself the world's biggest puppy-dog crush on me and Larry now--'specially me. So I'd say it went pretty fuckin' good." Pete dug at his balls through the terrycloth, obviously enjoying the feeling of power. "Larry's got him in the quiet room right now, giving him a little reinforcement. We'll have him ready for you by the end of the week. Won't have no trouble gettin' him dedicated. He's gonna be just like Larry, an insatiable little fucker for the sex *and* the hypnosis."

"Good job," Rod said, nodding.

Pete sat there grinning at him.

"That ain't all you've got in mind, is it," Rod said quietly.

"You said you're gonna name the captain of the squad at the end of the week. I want the job."

"What makes you think you can handle it?"

"You know damn well I can." Grinning, Pete stretched one leg, placing his bare foot squarely in the crotch of Rod's sweatpants. "You give the orders, and I'll see that the guys jump to it."

"Damn right I give the orders, ass-wipe, and that means *I* pick the captain." Rod squirmed slightly, adjusting his hidden genitals to the taunting pressure. "You ain't the best 'wrestler on the squad, and Tony's only the second guy you've 'tized on your own for me. Why should *you* be captain?"

"Because my old man's on the Board of Trustees for this fucking school." He nudged the edge of his foot knowingly against the coach's slippery balls. "The Board'll be voting on a new head coach pretty soon, and Dad carries plenty of weight with the Board. They'll listen if he says you're the right man for the job." He felt the stiffening meat beneath the coach's cotton sweatpants. "So how about it, Coach Rod? You want me to tell my Dad you're the right man for head coach? You getting a hard-on for the job?"

Rod narrowed his eyes at Pete's teasing tone, as the wrestler brushed his foot over the cock-lump in Rod's sweatpants. "Kid, you're just askin' for a heap of trouble. You know that, right?"

"You've always said you Marines looked out for each other. Right?"

"Yeah?" Rod narrowed his eyes when Pete mentioned the Marines, wondering how the kid was willing to push this.

Pete must have read something in Rod's expression, because with a confident grin he spread his towel open. "So don't you think a coach should do the same for his team captain, and vice versa?" Pete's long, half-hard prick jutted from a nest of sandy-blond wire at the base of his pale belly, the ivory-smooth shaft topped with a pink helmet. "See those little scrape-marks?" Pete murmured as he wagged his cock at Rod. "They're from the new kid's teeth. He's learnin' real quick, though." His gaze steadily on Rod, Pete ran his fingers down his abs, down the central valley into his groin, around and under his pubes and ball sack, pressing his testicles upward. "How about it, Coach? You wanna taste where his teeth have been?"

Rod stared at the naked blond and the stiffening meat. He sighed and shook his head. Then he bent forward, his palm stroking the youth's sturdy thighs. "Still horny, wrestler? Even after all your play-time with the new kid?"

"Fuck, yeah! Horny's the way you like your wrestlers to be, ain't it, Coach?" Pete spread his thighs, offered his crotch. "Want a taste of my meat, Coach? Go ahead. Taste it. A little head from the new head coach," Pete half-giggled.

"Since when do you call the shots around here, *sleepyhead*?" Rod growled.

Pete blinked. "I ..."

"Don't fight it, *sleepyhead*. Don't even try. I got your ass too well-trained for that--right, sleepyhead?" Rod saw the familiar daze spread through Pete's expression, his shoulders loosening. "Just submit, sleepyhead. You know you love how good it makes you feel--right, sleepyhead?"

Pete's eyes closed as the trigger command took hold and his conscious mind sank. "Yes, Coach."

"Stand up, sleepyhead."

Pete slid off the table to his feet, arms hanging loose at his side. The towel slipped off the table with him, fell to the floor by his feet.

"Yeah, sleepyhead," Rod chuckled. "Horny, naked, and deeply entranced. Now *that's* the way I like my wrestlers to be."

Rod glided from his chair to his knees before the cocky teenager, and he used his fingers to outline Pete's thick thigh muscles, examining the scrape-marks on Pete's erection. Suddenly he drove forward, pushing the youth's dick aside and pressing his lips and tongue to the loose-swinging testicles beneath. After a minute of licking and lapping, he pulled back. "Talk to me, Pete. I like it when you're vocal. Tell me how it feels--tell me what you like." He dragged the flat of his tongue across the crinkled skin of Pete's scrotum.

"Yes ...," Pete sighed groggily, shivering. "I like ... Eat my nuts ... like you did ... first time!"

Rod caressed the slithering balls lightly, teasing them. Then his tongue was washing over them, spreading them, darting out and back to lick hungrily. Without warning, he forced one testicle into his mouth and suctioned it, rolling it with his tongue.

"Guur--Ahk!" Pete gasped at the taunting pressure. "More, Coach ... Both of them ..."

Rod let one ball slip from between his lips and took the other one quickly, feeling Pete stiffen with the sudden pleasure-pain of his move. The man released Pete's balls and sank back on his heels, staring up at him coolly. "You should've been a Marine, you little punk. Maybe I'll plant a suggestion to make you enlist when you graduate! I bet you'll even thank me later."

Rod's lips opened and encircled Pete's sharp-tipped cock-head, and then Rod slid his head all the way down to the base of that prick in a single, slow movement.

"Hurr ..." Pete moaned.

Rod's fingers wandered up Pete's thighs and circled them to trace over his ass, stroking, almost caressing. Rod's lip-pressure moved along the length of the youth's cock again and again in a strong, sure rhythm, and his palms cupped Pete's butt, fingers probing confidently into the cleft, still moist from Pete's shower, between the squirming buns. "You about ready to cum for me, Pete? Cum for me, sleepyhead." Rod swallowed Pete's cock again, knowing what was about to happen.

Pete tensed, then doubled forward with an almost child-like whimper. He quivered in the man's grasp, and suddenly his body wrenched with the force of the first climactic spasm. "Hunnh," groaned Pete as his balls pulsed and spurt after spurt of cum gushed into the mouth of the man locked to him. Pete shuddered for nearly a minute, and then as his climax finally ended, his body went trance-still again, except for little jerks from the aftershocks of his explosion.

Rod snapped his fingers. "Wake up, Pete. I want you awake and aware for this next part."

Pete shifted against the desk and blinked his eyes open. He looked down. Rod was still on his knees, face hovering near Pete's crotch. "Oh, man," Pete gasped, and his fingers moved to smooth the short hair-bristles on the coach's head. "Fuck, yeah, Coach ... We're gonna look out for each other, Coach, like Marines."

Rod drew back slowly and stood up. For a long moment, he stared at Pete's slow-softening prick still gleaming with spit and traces of cum, and then he sucked in a deep breath. "Sure," he muttered. "We'll look out for each other." He hauled himself to his feet. "But first, you gotta prove to me you're dedicated enough to deserve being captain. Turn around and bend over. Lean on the desk."

"Huh?" Pete said, but he turned, bent forward, placed his palms flat on the desktop, legs spread. The naked arcs of his ass gleamed in the soft light. "Oh, man, Coach--If that's what it takes to prove I'm your man, then ..." He listened to the movement behind him: the rustle of Rod's sweatpants falling to the floor, the desk drawer being opened, the search for the tube of lubricant, the sounds of a condom packet being torn open, of grease being applied to rigid latex-covered flesh.

Rod stepped up behind the youth and stroked the smooth, rounded ass cheeks. "You've got a butt that would make a Marine proud, Pete. Tight and slick and built for fuckin'. You've shaped up like a damn Marine, too."

"Coach Rod--"

"Remember when I put the screws on you? Extra duty? Wore you down? Burned your tail with my belt?" He traced his greased fingers down the valley cleft of Pete's butt. "You really want to be team captain, huh? That's a key role--gonna require more from you than just the hard drills. You ready to show me you got the dedication to make that commitment?"

"Damn right I am!" Peter barked. He stiffened instinctively as Rod's fingertips centered on the hidden opening between his ass cheeks. "Just--you know--take it easy, okay?"

"I know how you like it, punk. I taught you, remember?"

Pete said nothing.

Rod massaged the puckered opening gently, then with more pressure, finally inserted one finger knuckle-deep. Pete quivered and swallowed hard, and Rod jammed a second finger into him abruptly.

"Jesus!" Pete yelped.

"You like that, huh?" Rod taunted, probing with skilled slowness. "You ready for a third one?"

"I can't--" Pete groaned, but his cock was stiffening again. "Not yet--not--"

"I like the way you keep your hole tight, Pete. And you like the way I spread it, right?"

Pete groaned as the coach's fingers slipping in and out of the sensitive lips of his opening, tauntingly. "Dammit, Coach Rod--"

"Any of the other studs here ever fuck you, Pete?"

"Hell, no!"

"Your buddy Mac's hung pretty big. Maybe we'll teach him how to ram your butt right. You can be a real arrogant prick sometimes, Pete; that ego of yours is liable to get you into trouble. Maybe havin' one of the junior wrestlers pound your ass good and regular is just what you need to keep you humble." Without warning, Rod rammed a third finger into Pete's squishy hole.

Pete yelped: "Owh!"

Rod grinned. "Yeah, we'll teach you to take his meat, and maybe my fist!"

"Aw, fuck, no! That'd be way too--" Pete's breath came in tight gasps, and his body rocked forward and back with each intense penetration. "Just do it, Coach Rod! Get it over with!"

"I like it when you're hot, Pete. I like it when I don't have to use hypnosis and you still can't wait to get fucked!"

"Don't be a bastard, Coach! Hypnotize me and make--"

"No way. I want you completely awake for it this time. A real man don't need no excuses. Stop trying to pretend you don't like it. Wait 'til Mac opens you up and then I screw you using his cum for lube!" Rod jerked his fingers free and brought his cock into position. "Open up!"

Pete felt his sphincter instinctively tighten when the massive, greased hardness nudged against his asshole. He hissed, "Coach, sometimes you're a real sonnuva-bitch! You know that?"

Rod's swollen tool was mapped with veins and capped by a wide, curved head of steel. He used it to probe mercilessly for the center of Pete's opening.

"Shit," Pete breathed. "Feels like a tree trunk back there."

"Fuck, yeah--and you're gonna take it Marine-style!"

Pete stifled a cry of pain at the first, brutal penetration and clenched his eyes shut. His hands clenched at the desk. "Coach!--Please ..."

"Yeah!" Rod sucked in a sharp breath, and then he pawed hungrily at the wrestle-jock's bare muscle-layered back. Rod gripped Pete's hips and, with one animal grunt, he drove his log-sized ram deeply into Pete's quivering depths. Rod savored the warmth and pressed himself against the youth's smooth, shower-damp flesh.

Pete babbled incoherently. "Fuck ... Aw, fuck ... Coach ..."

"You still want to be team captain, punk?"

"Fuck, yeah!"

Rod leaned back, holding his thighs against Pete's and then arching his back to force his iron inward, into that ass to the hilt. "Damn!" he murmured with pleasure, closing his eyes. "I'm gonna fuck you 'til your ass is wide open!"

Rod remembered when he had been just a few years younger than Pete, back in high school. That was before he enlisted in the Marines, before the hypnosis. Back then, Rod had been wrestling and jerking off with his buddies, getting his first blow-job, then jamming his hot prick into any cock-sucker's mouth who would take it, and finally getting into a stud's butt, the whole new world of man-sex opening up for him like a buffet. Back then Rod had been an arrogant bastard himself, just like Pete, and back then Rod had made sure the man-sex always involved his cock being worshipped, not him doing the cock-worshipping.

Rod hip-pumped almost lazily in spite of Pete's muffled groans, and he remembered the older, brawny guy who had worked at the gym across the street from Rod's high school, the rugged, wrestler-type who had kidded him about going a few falls on the mat in the back room--and the late afternoon when they had tried it, stripping to their shorts and grappling at each other.

*"Hell, Rod, let's drop our skivvies and do it man-to-man."*

*Naked and sweating and wrestling. Both of them throwing rods. The man getting him down on the mat in a hold that had his cock in Rod's face. The casual, silent insistence--then, shit!--Rod had just opened his mouth and gotten his first taste of cock without choking or giving a damn. Sucking each other felt to Rod like a revelation.*

*"Don't waste your load, Rod! I want you to fuck me with that fucking cock! Fucking thing looks like a battering-ram!"*

*Screwing his grease-smearred dick into the stud's finger-spread ass. Slamming like a son of a bitch and blasting his load into the man.*

*"Yow! You're too damn rough, Rod!"*

*But the guy had wanted to wrestle and get plowed again a week later, and plenty more times before Rod graduated and went away to college.*

Rod had wrestled his way through college, and the best times had always been when he pinned a stud face-down and naked, when he fucked his conquered opponent, heard him yell and felt him yield--

"Rod! Fuck!" Pete moaned, interrupting Rod's memories as Rod's slow-plunging giant slid deep into Pete's asshole again. "Ow!--You're wreckin' me, you bastard!"

"Shut up, punk! And don't call me 'Rod.' It's 'Coach' or 'Coach Rod.' We ain't boyfriends. Got that, punk?"

Yeah, Rod had called all the dumb shit-heads in the Marines *punk*, and he had won the WesPac wrestling championship, twice, but the best parts of his service-time had been when he got to break in a wise-ass recruit. Damn right, he had been the wrestling champion, and when he told a punk to jump to it, they jumped double-time--or else! Especially the ones who thought they were tougher than he was. He would bear down on them. Break them. Make them lick the sweat off his balls, suck the cum from his cock. *Fuck 'em!*

Especially that one punk, Vince. Rod smiled at the memory. *Yeah, Vince!* Rod spread his legs wider and pounded his massive rod into Pete's tail, remembering that damn little stud named Vince.

Vince had been a cocky little punk--an eighteen-year-old recruit. Short and dark, olive-skinned--Italian or Greek or a mix of the two. Tough and street-smart but still adjusting to Marine Corps discipline. His black eyes met Rod's evaluating gaze with a mixture of hero-worship and defiance. And Rod had sworn to break the little bastard, to make him crawl, to fuck his tight bubble-butt--and he made sure Vince knew he was going to do it.

By then Rod himself was under the domination of a master sergeant who was one mean son of a bitch. Hypnosis, rough drills: Rod had tried to fight it, tried hard too, held out longer than most. The master sergeant had broken Rod, made sure he rebuilt him right, used him as one of his inner circle to

enforce discipline, obedience, and dedication down the ranks. The master sergeant had assigned Rod to break Vince.

Damn, that kid had taken everything Rod dished out--every shit detail, all the extra duty, the endless physical and mental pressure:

*"I'm gonna break you, punk!"*

*"With all due respect, I can take any crap you dish out, sir!"*

*"You're gonna lick my nuts, suck my cock, take my cock up your fucking ass--anything I say!--And you're gonna like it!"*

*"Go to hell ... sir!"*

After a few weeks of getting the punk accustomed to hypnosis, suddenly Rod *stopped* hypnotizing him. Rod wore the kid down, ran him ragged, kept on his tail, all without letting Vince escape into hypnosis. This was the trick that the master sergeant had used to break Rod too. Rod made sure Vince was awake and aware of everything, every shit duty that ground him down. Vince had struggled to hold up under the pressure, until that last double-time forced march in the boondocks, sweat-soaked in the blazing sun. Rod had been right there alongside Vince, showing him a dedicated Marine could hold up, but Rod had the advantage of a couple of years of *dedication training*, as his master sergeant called the hypnosis that kept Rod single-mindedly focused on his goal. He was training Rod to use the hard drills to break a man. Breaking a man was the first step to rebuilding him, making him better, making him fully dedicated. Hypnosis was a good start, but it only took a man so far. Hypnosis and the hard drills together could take a man further than he ever imagined, take him to the breaking point and beyond. Finally, out there in the middle of nowhere, nothing around but trees, a ramshackle fence, the seemingly endless road, and the scorching sun, panting, Vince stumbled and fell panting to all fours as he broke.

*"I give up ... You ... win, sir ... I can't ... can't take ... no more."*

*"Strip, punk!"*

*And Vince had peeled off his sweat-soaked uniform--short, muscular wrestler build, powerful shoulders and arms, thick chest peppered with black hair, narrow waist and hips.*

*"I said: strip, punk. All the way. I don't wanna see you wearing nothing but a smile."*

*Vince stepped out of his skivvies--heavy-hanging genitals--and he stared, numb and defeated, as Rod opened his own shirt and dropped his pants.*

*"Dammit, sir ... What're--"*

*"Ever been fucked, kid?"*

*"Hell, no!"*

*"Grab that fence post. Bend over. Now!"*

*Vince's butt cheeks were two olive-pale half moons. Rod had greased his full-swollen prick and driven it hard and fast between those trim buns, rammed it right into Vince's virgin asshole.*

*Vince screamed.*

*Rod locked his arms about the youth and whispered the trigger into his ear: "Sleepyhead."*

*That was the moment it happened. Vince's mind fled from the pain, fled into hypnosis, sinking into complete surrender to escape the shame of being broken, the humiliation of being naked and fucked up the ass, out in the open where anyone could see. His mind fled deeper into hypnosis than ever before, taking Rod's control with it. Rod whispered encouragements to him--relax, focus, sleep--until the hypnosis and his authority were anchored deeper in Vince's psyche than ever before. In that moment, Rod owned Vince's mind. And soon, when the slide of Rod's erection back and forth across the nerve endings in Vince's ass gave way to pleasure, when the inevitable nudging of Rod's cock-head against Vince's prostate lit up Vince's neurons with jolt after jolt of ecstasy, Rod made sure Vince's hypnotized mind knew that Rod owned those feelings too, that Rod was the cause of the warm, blissful relaxation filling Vince. Vince's psyche was completely open now, all barriers down. In that moment, with Rod's dick up his ass and Rod's words in his mind, Vince became a man. This was the secret that the master sergeant had used on Rod and now Rod used on Vince: he had influenced the boy, but now he owned the man.*

*Rod was fulfilling his mission for his master sergeant. He owned Vince. He fucked Vince's responding mind and eager body Marine style--rugged, ruthless, demanding--until the soaring satisfaction of orgasm overcame him, and Rod allowed Vince finally to climax too. The young Marine must have shot almost a pint of cum.*

Rod hammered his dick into Pete with fevered intensity, and he opened his eyes to stare down at the youth hunched over the desk before him. Pete was blond and sleek-bodied--nothing like Vince!--but Pete's ivory-pale ass pumped back with the same hunger to meet Rod's thrusts. Vince had always cursed and raged at getting fucked if he was awake, as if to goad Rod to greater fury, and his asshole had always clamped white-hot around Rod's plunging giant. Unless he was entranced, Vince had never given in as willingly as Pete did, that was for sure!

Rod wrapped his arms about the writhing youth and felt the marble-like smoothness of his muscled chest and torso, and he remembered the sweat-slick hair on Vince's chest and the soft fuzz on his taut belly. But this was Pete he was fucking, not Vince. Rod slid his hands lower, and he gripped Pete's spike-hard prick and tightened balls, working them in rhythm with his furious pumping.

"Give it to me!" Pete begged hoarsely. "I'm fixin' to pop!"

"Not 'til I say so, *sleepyhead!*"

Pete made a low groan as his well-trained mind immediately slipped back into trance.

"Yeah, that'll show you who gives the orders around here, punk!"

Rod pumped at Pete's relaxed hole, but he could not hold out long. He felt his rigid cock convulse in Pete's ass. "Take it--take my cock, you cocky son of a bitch!" Rod hissed. Rod's climax tore through

him; churning liquid raced the tunneled length of his massive prick and spewed into the condom inside Pete's guts. Rod's heartbeat thundered in his chest, and he clenched himself to the entranced youth, lost in that searing pleasure.

After his cock softened and slid out of Pete's body, Rod turned the wrestler around, jacked Pete's still-hard rod with his fist. Rod snapped his fingers once, twice--"Wake up, Pete; wake up and cum for me"--and Pete's eyes blinked.

Pete's mouth dropped open and his body immediately tipped into orgasm, cum spraying, and Rod poked his hand between the wrestler's legs and to impale him with two fingers. "*Coach! Ahhh!*" Cum and more cum--Pete always shot big loads.

Rod continued to work the young blond's rod as Pete descended slowly from his climax. "Fuck, Coach Rod," Pete breathed at last. "That was probably the best one yet!"

"You like gettin' my prick up your butt, huh?"

"I'm getting used to it," Pete said, admitting the obvious. He relaxed against Rod's powerful body. "You were kinda rough this time. My ass will feel that fuck for a week."

"That's Marine-style, kid." He released Pete's weary genitals. "Worn out?"

"Yeah, I guess so." The youth chuckled softly. "Man, you sure sweat!"

"Next time, we'll wrestle bare-ass and work up a sweat first, and then I'll make you lick me clean before we get our rocks off." He reached around Pete's legs and grabbed the towel. "Hold still." He shoved the cloth into the blond's ass-cleft and wiped the excess lube.

Pete nodded downward. "I shot my load all over your desk, Coach."

"Lick it up!"

"Yes, sir!" Pete obeyed immediately this time. Good.

Rod stepped back and watched the naked youth bend over the desk and tongue-lap the scattered puddles of cream, and then Rod kicked his tangled sweatpants on the floor out of the way before he or Pete tripped over them. "You're a horny bastard, Pete," he said casually. "You must've had blisters on your hands from jerkin' before I got you broke in for other things."

"Is that what you did to the punks in the Marines?" Pete asked, straightening and staring openly at the naked man. "Did you hypnotize them and fuck them and make them eat their own cum?"

"Some of them. Why?"

"I was just thinking." Pete grabbed the towel and avoided Rod's gaze as he wiped his ass. "Now that I'm team captain, I'm gonna help you break in one of the other guys with the rough drills. Mac, maybe. Make him jerk off and swallow his own cream. We'll bend him over the desk and--"

Rod shook his head, regretting having mentioned that he was considering Mac for the rough drills and the inner circle. But Pete's ego was the immediate problem. "You ain't captain 'til your old man gets the trustees to give me the head coach job, kid."

"I'll talk to Dad tonight," the wrestler said eagerly. "Anything else you want me to do?"

"Yeah," Rod answered dryly. "Get your ass out of here so I can clean up and go home!"

"Yes, sir!" The nude blond hustled toward the door. "See you tomorrow, Coach."

"Fucking punk!" Rod muttered to himself as Pete slammed the door behind himself. *Yeah, I broke him in good, and he'll do anything to be team captain* Rod thought. He shrugged and turned toward the desk. *He's a good piece of ass when I need to get my nuts off though. Also, he can take it rougher'n most of these punks. He might just make a decent captain.* Rod slumped into the chair, relaxing. He gazed down at his mature, muscular nakedness and his heavy-hanging genitals, and he dropped one hand to toy with his slippery, loose-sacked testicles. *Too bad Pete ain't as tough as Vince was!* Once again, Rod remembered the rugged young stud, the first Marine he had broken in for his master sergeant. He wondered where Vince was these days, what the master sergeant had Vince doing, whether Vince was breaking in a new punk right that very moment. *Wouldn't that be something?*

Yeah, that first time he had butt-fucked Vince sure as hell was not the last! Awake, Vince always looked at Rod with that combination of hero-worship and defiance. In private, they would strip down, square off against each other, grapple and wrestle, naked and rugged and horny, matching muscles and bodies and masculinity, cursing and threatening.

*"Get down there an' suck my balls, punk!"*

*"Fuck you, sir--I ain't no fucking queer!"*

*"I'm gonna fuck you, Marine!"*

*"Arrgh! Bastard! Son of a bitch!"*

*"It's time, sleepyhead. Relax, sleepyhead. Obey. Good boy, Vince!"*

Shit, Vince was never worth a damn for wrestling against a champion like Rod, but he had a fire in his belly and he never gave up trying; and when he was deeply hypnotized, he was completely dedicated to completing his orders, especially if the mission involved Rod's prick up Vince's backside. Then after their orgasms, Rod would wake him, and Vince would go on about his business without acknowledging what had happened.

"Shit!" Rod muttered, reaching to the floor for his sweatpants. "Vince was just another punk. And I sure shaped him up, Marine-style!"

On the night before Rod had gotten released from his master sergeant's control and gotten out of the Marines, he had gotten drunk with some of the guys. After, Rod had been in the process of stripping down for bed--shirt, boots, pants off, down to just one sock and his skivvies--when Vince appeared in his doorway. Vince would be taking Rod's place as the master sergeant's right hand, but that did not explain why he stood in Rod's doorway. Alcohol had Rod buzzed, but he was not drunk, no way. He asked Vince what he was doing there, and Vince replied with a grin and one word: "*Sleepyhead.*" Rod understood his orders immediately as hypnosis swallowed his mind like a lake swallows a pebble. Rod let Vince finish stripping him, roll him over on his belly, and fuck his ass. This was the first time anyone other than the master sergeant had fucked him. Rod took Vince's hard-charging prick into his guts, let himself be rammed again and again, because he was dedicated to his mission. Vince's hoarse breathing and excited whispers filled Rod's mind as the rugged Marine punk screwed the All-Marine

champion wrestler, screwed Rod's ass as if it were a prize Vince had earned. "*Yeah, Rod! Yeah, buddy--I'm fucking you like you fucked me! Fuck, yeah!*"

"Shit!" Rod repeated to himself. Slouched back in his chair, as he pushed a foot back into his sweatpants, he looked down at his sizeable, half-hard cock arching back toward his flattened belly, and he exhaled deeply, fumbling his sudden-churning balls. "Vince was sure a hot little punk!"

With a grunt, Rod stood, finished pulling up his sweatpants, and sauntered toward the door. By the time he reached the locker room beyond, his prick had softened again.

The room was deserted and neat, lockers carefully closed, soiled towels piled in laundry containers. That was the first lesson Rod always taught his wrestlers: *Keep the fuckin' locker room squared away, or I'll paddle your asses*, and the first kid who screwed up got Rod's Marine Corps belt laid across his bare ass while the others watched. A little of that discipline, and these punks shaped up fast!

"I wonder if Pete'll be any good at handin' out the discipline when he's captain," Rod murmured as he dropped his sweatpants. "Gonna have to find a way to keep his ego in check, though--keep him humble." Rod stepped out of his pants, and tossed them across a bench. Naked, he started down the tiled corridor to the shower room. Then he glowered at the sound of gushing water. "One of those damn punks left a shower runnin'!" This breach of discipline was almost a personal insult.

He stormed to the shower area and paused in the doorway to the room, and he could not restrain a grin. A husky, dark-haired wrestler was scrubbing himself beneath one of the sprays: Mac, the kid Pete was so hot to break in. "Hey, Mac. What're you doin' around here this late?"

"Hi, Coach Rod." He met the man's gaze for an instant, then flicked his eyes across the coach's burly nakedness openly. "I did some extra time in the weight room. You went easy on us in practice, and I figure I needed to build up the muscles."

Saying he had gone *easy* on his wrestlers? Rod wondered if this was playful sarcasm or outright disrespect.

Rod started the shower opposite, doused himself under the spray, and began soaping. He stared at Mac from the corner of his eye. Hell, time never ceased to amaze him: he coached these kids nearly every day, and all of a sudden he would realize one of them had grown up almost overnight! Mac's black hair was short-clipped, and his features were maturing strong and hard, his narrowed eyes caught between thick brows and high cheek bones, his lips set in a constant, almost mocking grin. He was nearing Rod's height, and his shoulders and arms were lined with thick, powerful muscles. His broad, full-curved chest was sprinkled with wisps of dark hair; large, amber-brown nipples stood hard at each side. His swarthy tan came to a sudden halt low on his trim, paler hips, and his heavy genitals dangled loosely between his bulging thighs. Mac was in his junior year. Here he was turning from a teenager with a big dick into a man with a big dick practically right before Rod's eyes.

Once again, Rod thought of Vince. Yeah, Mac was kinda like Vince: same torso shape, similar coloring, and definitely similar in the way he was hung!

"You like wrestlin', Mac?"

"Damn right!" He faced Rod, soaping his left arm and pit. "I'm going to be team captain this year."

"Oh, is that so? What if I said Pete's in line ahead of you."

"He's a senior and graduates at the end of this year. I'm a junior, and I've still got another year to go after he graduates. You can get one year of service out of him, or two years out of me." Mac rubbed his palms downward over the flat curve of his belly, and he began lathering his cock and balls lazily. "I'm going to be as good a wrestler as you. Better, maybe."

"Maybe." Rod alternated his gaze from the youth's eyes to his crotch, watching the thick fingers stretch and stroke the wide-shafted prick and potent nuts. "It takes trainin' and dedication to be team captain or more. Marine-type trainin'."

"That's what you've been giving Pete?"

Rod raised an eyebrow. The whole team, even the new guys by now, knew hypnosis was part of their training. They also knew the inner circle of the Coach's best athletes were singled out for additional, secret training. What did Mac know? Or more to the point, what did Mac think he knew? Rod decided to be noncommittal. "Yeah," he said. Facing Mac, he began soaping his own dick, remembering how he had shoved it iron-hard into Pete's willing asshole a short time earlier. "Why?"

"I'm going to pin that son of a bitch before he graduates," Mac answered quietly. "I'm going to pin Pete to the mat and bust him in the balls the way he did me this afternoon."

Rod sucked in a deep breath and raised his eyes to find the teenager watching him wash himself, two naked men alone and showering only few feet apart. Mac's gaze was like Vince's had been, intense, half hero-worship and half defiance, plus that damn steady grin.

"Are you saying you want me to train you, kid?"

"Yeah. I want to be part of your inner circle. I want to be team captain. And I want to beat Pete's ass in the ring."

"You sure you want that? There's a lot of special training involved. It's gonna make everything you've seen before seem like a walk in the park. I'm gonna bust you like a fucking recruit, an' you're gonna do what I say." Rod thumb-stroked his heavy ball sack openly. "About everything. No matter what."

"I can take it. If Pete could handle the training, I can too," Mac said with a shrug, and he turned to rinse under the shower. Over his shoulder he announced, "Hell, maybe I'll end up pinning *you* before I graduate, Coach!"

Rod chuckled. "Dream on, punk!"

Rod watched the husky teenager, evaluating. Solid shoulders. Wide, muscle-ridged back. Trim, tight little bubble-butt. Built like a champion with an ass that begged to get fucked! Yeah!

Rod finished showering and sauntered into the towel room to dry off, and Mac followed a moment later. The chunky stud looked like he had been working up a hard-on, and Rod frowned, pawing his crotch with a towel. "Beat your meat much, Mac?"

"Shit, all the guys jerk off." With no trace of embarrassment, the youth grabbed a towel and started wiping his powerful arms. "Is that the Marine-style training you gave Pete? Sex lectures about the dangers of masturbation?"

"You're a cocky bastard," Rod muttered, watching Mac turn away and bend forward to dry his legs, his slick ass gleaming in the fluorescent lights. "Ever suck cock? Get fucked?"

Mac's head snapped up but he did not turn or look around. "Hell, no!--I don't get fucked!"

"You will, punk!" Rod spun his towel into a rope, aimed with sureness, and snapped the cloth with a hard *thwap* against the youth's upturned buttocks.

"Son of a bitch!" Mac straightened and spun around to glare at Rod, eyes blazing. "What the--"

"You just got your first trainin' lesson," Rod growled. "You left the shower runnin'. That's against my rules, and you know it, punk."

"Yeah," Mac muttered, still glaring, tough and defiant. "I know."

"So go turn it off, asshole. *Now!* Before you piss me off."

Mac pulled in a slow breath, and then he spun on his heel and tromped toward the shower room.

Rod noted the youth's cocky gait and the abrupt rise and fall of his slick, round butt--and the pink towel-welt on one cheek--and he grinned to himself. *Yeah, that fucking punk left the shower running on purpose, just to see if he could get away with it!*

"I'm gonna break you in, Mac," he murmured. "Just like I did with Vince! An' you're gonna end up gettin' my prick shoved up your butt, and lickin' my balls, and suckin' my cock, just like Vince did, and you're gonna love it. I'll make double-ass sure of that, punk." He felt a rush of heat in his crotch, and he fingered his genitals proudly.

Mac would not break quickly, not the way Pete had. Shit, the days of the hard drills had hardly begun before Pete was practically begging to take Rod's dick up his damn ass! But Mac would not give in easy. Yeah, breaking him might take weeks--months, maybe. Plenty of extra duty and work-outs. Wear him down mentally and physically until he was too exhausted to keep up the fight. Finally have him strip and bend over to get fucked, cursing and raging and--

"So what's the training schedule, Coach?" Mac asked as he tromped back into the room, still defying Rod with his eyes.

"Be here first thing in the mornin', 5:30 sharp. We'll do some track work before you go to classes. An' there'll be overtime for you after regular practice."

"Okay."

"Don't plan nothin' for the weekend neither. I'm giving you a cross-country run through in the boondocks." He kept a steady gaze on the rugged, cock-swinging youth as he finished drying off. "Change your mind about tryin' to make team captain?"

"Hell, no!" He looked Rod over slowly, head to toe, his eyes showing a conflict of admiration and challenge, and he stared at the man's huge prick and balls. "You're a damn big guy, Coach Rod, big all over."

"So're you."

"I'm not scared of you." Mac wet his lips, and his voice was quiet and honest. "You train me right, and you'll be real proud when I'm good enough to be captain."

"That's what you want?"

"Yeah." The jock was thoughtful and serious, still sneaking glances at Rod's dangling genitals. "I want you to be proud ... and I want to be a champion wrestler, like you."

Rod nodded. "Now you sound like a fuckin' Marine recruit!" Hypnosis was a start. Physical training was a start. But the hard drills were special. He remembered all those punks he'd broken in. Most of them had given in really easy, except for Vince who had fought back and--

"Okay, punk!" He slammed his towel on the tiled floor at Mac's feet, snatched up his sweatpants, and turned to stride from the room. "Square away this place before you leave, kid! That's an order!"

Chuckling to himself, Rod headed for his office to get dressed.

Damn. He had a whole team of dedicated wrestlers. Hypnotizing and training them was always a rush. Breaking in the select few was an even bigger rush. Mac might be as good as Vince, once he was broken in. And then there was Pete, who would make sure Rod got the head coach contract.

*Yeah, Rod thought to himself, I got it made!*

### **3. The New Team Captain**

As he sauntered out of the coach's room in the cheap hotel where the team was staying the night before tomorrow's away meet, Pete closed the door behind him, pulled his still-new sweatshirt down over his bare chest, and tugged his semi-aroused cock through the crotch of his sweatpants. He was proud of all the hard work his sweatshirt represented: Imprinted under the school crest over his heart were the words *Wrestling Team Captain*.

His bare feet padded silently on carpet as he walked down the hallway. He felt woozy, a little disoriented, like he always did after these private meetings with Coach Rod. Had Coach hypnotized him again?--Pete was unsure. Maybe. Probably. No matter, he decided, because regardless his mission was crystal-clear in his head. Coach Rod had ordered him to enforce a bed check on the athletes, one of the most useless duties Pete could imagine. "Shit," he muttered to himself, "if a guy wants to win, he's not gonna to break trainin' the night before a meet." Still, he had to comply with Coach's instructions.

Pete strolled down the hall. He wore no underwear, and his half-erection shifted under his loose sweatpants, threatening to go full-hard at any moment. *Naked and horny*: that was how Coach liked his wrestlers to be. *Naked and horny and hypnotized*, Pete amended. Pete liked wearing just his sweatshirt and sweatpants--no underwear, no socks, no shoes. He could be naked in seconds if he needed, a thought that made his cock pulse. The shaft swung under his sweats as he walked, nudged the pocket with the pass card Coach Rod had given him. The impact sent a little flicker of pleasure from his dick through his body. Pete was horny; those private meetings with Coach Rod always made him so fucking horny. *That's the way I like my wrestlers to be*, he could practically hear Coach declaring with a laugh. Pete's fingers probed again through the cloth covering his crotch; he toyed with his loose, slippery balls and long-shafted cock, felt his cock plump a bit more. Yeah, definitely horny.

Pete whistled softly as he sauntered down the hall. He listened for sounds through the doors, looked for slivers of light at the bottom. Nothing, until almost the very end, the next-to-last door. A noise, a voice, a crack of light under the door. "Dang fuck-heads," Pete snickered quietly as he pulled the pass card from his pocket. "Time to go tuck the boys in."

The lock barely made more than a soft *click*; the door opened easily and quietly. Pete slipped through just as silently.

A small bedside lamp cast dim light. Pete saw two beds, Larry's shadowed form sitting on the edge of one, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, facing the other bed. Larry was turned away from the door, had not seen Pete enter. Larry wore only a pair of pale boxer shorts. Pete grinned, enjoying the way the sight of Larry's muscular body kindled a heat in his groin.

On the other bed, stretched out on top of the sheets, lay the new kid, Tony. Naked, fresh streaks of cum from his groin to his chest, his cock still half-erect and angled over one hip. Eyes closed, as if asleep--and he was in a way, the deep sleep of hypnosis, thanks to Larry.

Pete's bare foot scuffed on the cheap hotel carpet. Larry turned, seemed unsurprised to see Pete standing there. "Hey."

"Hi," Pete said back. "Got him all taken care of?" He nodded toward Tony.

"Yep," Larry grinned. "He had some jitters because it's his first away match, but I got him all calmed down and smoothed out. He's picking up on the hypnosis even faster than the wrestling. He went down easy, like he's been doing it all his life."

"Think he can win tomorrow? I expect all you bastards to win." Pete eased closer to Larry. He wanted to be close when he did it, close enough to see the realization in Larry's eyes, then the submission. That was Pete's favorite part.

Larry shrugged. "Dunno. I think he's got a good shot, though. He won his last match--"

"Barely," Pete hissed.

"--And he's getting stronger. Hornier too. He was practically a walking hard-on when he first joined the team, and now his cock almost never goes soft, especially when he's hypnotized. Keeping his cock and ass satisfied is wearing me out." Larry stretched his shoulders and smirked smugly. "But after the orgasm I just gave him, he's gonna sleep like a baby all night long."

Pete grinned back, moving closer still. "How about you? Can you go another round, or are you all worn out?"

"Oh, I'll be in great shape tomorrow. Trust me--I'm definitely gonna win."

"That's good, but it's not what I meant. Did you cum too?"

"Me?--No, I--"

"Saving yourself for me, huh?" Pete was next to Larry now, and the other wrestler craned his head upward to look at Pete.

"You wish, Pete," Larry snickered. "Someday, you and that ego of yours are gonna get in more trouble than you can handle."

"Aww, somebody's in a mood tonight. Are you horny, Larry? Are you gonna sleep like a baby after your orgasm, *sleepyhead*?"

Larry blinked, his eyes twitching. "No ... Wait ..." But he was already sinking, thanks to the trigger word.

"Don't fight it, *sleepyhead*."

A quietness spread through Larry's expression, and a tension faded from his shoulders. He was sinking quickly. Larry's eyelids flickered, then shut. *Yes*, Pete thought proud of knowing he had done this to his teammate, *this is definitely the best part*.

"That's it, *sleepyhead*," Pete purred as he lifted his sweatshirt and pulled it off over his head. "So sleepy. So horny. Ain't that right, *sleepyhead*." Pete pushed down his sweatpants; his cock, three-quarters hard, swung out as he bent to step out of them. Naked, and ready. "Larry, stand up," Pete said.

Larry stood, swaying slightly in his trance. His shoulders were wide, and the slick, high-arched curves of his chest emphasized the long taper of his torso to his slim waist.

"Good boy, Larry. Now, strip."

Larry dropped his boxer shorts, his only garment. A strip of pale flesh at his hips interrupted his golden-bronze tan, marked where his swimming trunks had covered his ass and groin. His already stiffening prick arched outward and upward from the thick public hair around the base of his meat; the lean, ivory-smooth column stretched outward, lifting its large, helmet-shaped glans.

Pete climbed onto the bed, reached out to pull Larry by the arm toward. "Come here, Larry."

As usual, the hypnotized wrestler moved slowly, as if sleepwalking. His massive, hair-thatched chest rose and fell with his deep breathing. Pete pulled him toward the center of the bed. Larry had dark, short-clipped hair, and his features were strong and mature, his thick neck almost lost in bulging shoulder muscles. The breadth of his torso gave him a chunky appearance that announced he was one tough wrestler.

But right then, that tough wrestler was completely under Pete's control. Pete slid one hand over Larry's hip, slowly teased his way to Larry's hard cock as it swung in the air between them. Pete smiled. His hand finally grazed Larry's tightening testicles, and Larry sighed unconsciously. Larry's cock, Pete's too, practically quivered in the air.

Pete gripped the veined stalk and bent down, took the swollen, glazed head into his mouth. He tasted the pre-cum juice already oozing from the tip and began suctioning with sureness. After about a minute, Pete pulled back, put his hands on Larry's shoulders--"Lie back"--and guided Larry's torso down to the mattress. With Larry lying on his back--"Yeah, that's it"--Pete had easy access to his cock, his abs, his chest. As he took Larry's cock into his mouth again and resumed sucking--"Just relax, so very relaxed"--Pete ran one hand upward over the athlete's body; his other hand cupped Larry's balls and probed the skin ridge leading back toward his ass. Larry's hips pumped slightly by instinct, trying to get his dick deeper into Pete's warm throat.

Suddenly, Pete pulled back. He pushed his cock at Larry's mouth, told him to suck it. The hypnotized wrestler licked at Pete's cock-head and he opened his mouth as Pete pushed his cock between his lips. Pete snorted a quiet laugh, amazed at how greedy Larry was for cock. Awake, Larry always said he liked women more, but he had no trouble leading a hypnotized teammate to a sexual climax and, hypnotized himself, he loved having a cock in his mouth or in his ass--or both at once.

Now on his hands and knees, Larry had Pete's entire shaft in his mouth. He sucked just the way Pete instructed him. "Open your mouth"--Larry opened his lips wider than Pete thought possible. "Lick it"--Larry used his velvet tongue to swab and lick at Pete's thick shank and the bulbous crown. Slobbering and gurgling, Larry coated the meat with spit, until his saliva glistened on the shaft and dribbled down over Pete's big dangling balls and dripped onto the sheets.

"Fuck, that's so good," Pete hissed. "Yeah, man, stroke your dick too. Concentrate on how much you want to win during the wrestlin' match tomorrow. Yeah, jack your cock, buddy. Relax and feel yourself becoming one hundred and ten percent dedicated to winnin'. Stroke it faster, man. Every stroke makes you feel like a winner--you're gonna do whatever it takes to win."

Pete felt his balls begin to boil, his orgasm building. "Yeah, buddy. Your mind is dedicated to winnin'. I want you to cum soon, buddy. Can you do that for me? Feel yourself getting' closer to cummin'." Pete slammed in and out of Larry's gurgling mouth as the kneeling wrestler took his dick-thrusts with snorts and slobbering mewls. "I'm gonna cum. You're gonna cum too. Yeah! Stroke that cock. You're gonna cum hard, and that's gonna lock in your dedication to winnin'."

Pete could not hold himself back any longer. His orgasm spread through him like fire, and his balls erupted. He filled Larry's mouth with wad after wad, his body bucking beyond his control. His climax spiraled up and up, more and more intense.

He sank back on the bed with sigh as his body went limp and he surrendered to his afterglow. When he could open his eyes and form words again, Pete sighed, "Oh, yeah ... Cum for me. Cum for me, bud."

Larry, still on his hands and knees with one hand pumping away in his crotch, gave a grunt and his body shook. Pete angled his head so that he could see Larry's cock-head, the blur of Larry's fist. "Cum for me. Cum now, *sleepyhead*," Pete ordered. Larry grunted again, and Pete saw his load start to spurt from his cock-slit.

From the next bed, another moan. Pete looked over and grinned when he realized what he was seeing. Tony, still hypnotized, had overheard and followed Pete's orders too, must have interpreted them as being meant for him. Tony's hand pistoned away at his cock and he was squirting out a fresh load of cum. Pete shook his head, grinning, thinking, *If Tony proves half as dedicated to wrestling during the match tomorrow as he is to getting his rocks off, he'll be unstoppable! Maybe he really will win the Olympics!*

Pete climbed off of the bed. "All right, boys. Feel your dedication lockin' in." He reached for his sweatpants, began pulling them on. "I want you to go to sleep now and sleep deeply--a deep, restful sleep--and you'll wake up refreshed tomorrow mornin', dedicated and ready to win, got it?"

Larry and Tony both made little noises of assent.

"Good. Now go to sleep. Sleep deeply." Pete shook his head, grinning, as he picked up his sweatshirt and let himself out into the hallway.

The next door was the last one in the corridor. This was Pete's room, the one he had been assigned to share with Mac. At first, Pete had been wary when he heard he was assigned to room with Mac: though they were friendly as teammates, they had been rivals for the team captain job, rivals for who had the biggest dick too. But now Pete found he was looking forward to this: Mac had a big dick, and Pete was going to enjoy hypnotizing him. Just one *sleepyhead* would do the trick. Pete tugged at his crotch, liking the fucked-out heaviness in his cock and balls, as he used the keycard in his other hand to open the door.

"Where the hell've you been?" a deep, masculine voice growled from the bed against the near wall-- not angrily but sounding almost impatient, and a little slow from drowsiness.

"Screwin' the rest of the team," Pete snickered, grinning, as he lobbed his sweatshirt onto the other bed, his.

"You're so full of shit," Mac laughed. He lay naked on the bed. Dark-haired and ruggedly built, his huge cock and balls dangling loosely between his powerful thighs.

"But don't worry. I always save the best for last, Mac." Pete moved closer to Mac's bed, like a snake waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike. The anticipation of watching hypnotic submission fill Mac's eyes made Pete shiver.

Mac yawned and scratched his balls. "Damn, I'm horny as hell."

*Not as horny as I'll have you in a couple of minutes*, Pete thought. Mac seemed a little sluggish, and Pete wondered what Mac had been doing lying naked on the bed before he entered, whether he would be finding Mac naked on the bed before every away meet. *Just another moment, you fuck-head*, he thought, savoring the anticipation of seeing Mac's eyes close, seeing Mac's cock rise. He was going to enjoy watching Mac submit.

"You're always horny," Pete grinned. "I'm thinkin' you're nothin' but a life-support system for your dick."

Mac's teeth showed in a relaxed smile. "It takes one to know one, or so I've heard, *sleepyhead*."

Pete blinked. "What?" *How had--What was--*

"You heard me, *sleepyhead*. Get your pants off. I'm gonna plow your butt."

"... No ..." Pete tried to resist the familiar looseness spreading through his body, the fogginess oozing through his mind. Pete realized what the sluggishness in Mac's voice had meant: Mac had already been hypnotized, had been hypnotized when Pete walked in, was still hypnotized now. But so, Pete realized, was he.

"Yes, *sleepyhead*. Coach Rod may have named you team captain when you got him the head coach contract, but I made a deal with him too. I get your ass before every meet, *sleepyhead*. That's it. Don't fight it. Just let the hypnosis take you, *sleepyhead*."

Pete wanted to resist, wanted to say no way, but the familiar fog was coiling around his mind, quieting his thoughts. His arms felt so limp and heavy. He recalled now what Coach Rod had told him earlier, that submitting to Mac was part of Pete's mission: *A dick up your ass will keep that fucking ego of yours in check: Keep ya humble. You're not better than the rest of the team just 'cause you're captain.* How had he forgotten?--Coach Rod told him to forget until it was time. Mac was not the one messing with him, Pete realized, not really--Coach was. One hypnotized wrestler messing with another thanks to Coach's orders. Now that he understood that, some part of Pete stop resisting. His last thought--*Damn you, Coach Rod*--spiraled away as the entrancement swallowed him completely.

"I heard you next door," Mac said, thumbing his wood, "moaning and groaning like a damned sex fiend. Got me so horny I just gotta fuck your ass, Pete." Mac shifted his legs apart. "Now, tell me how Coach Rod likes his inner circle to be?"

Thinking was difficult, but the answer bubbled up through the clouds in Pete's mind. "Naked ... and horny ..."

"Are you naked?"

Pete needed a moment for the answer to rise. *Sweatpants* ... "No ..."

"Then we need to fix that, wrestler. Get yourself naked and horny, just like you do for Coach Rod."

Pete let the instructions wash through his mind a moment. *Sweatpants*. That was the problem. He had to take them off. His thumbs somehow found the waistband as his body moved automatically, and his sweatpants were pushed down. *Naked*. His cock sprang out, hard and eager. Pete stepped free of the pants puddled around his ankles--done. *Horny*. That part was taken care of already. Mission accomplished.

"Turn around, *sleepyhead*. Let me see your butt."

Pete turned.

"Real nice ass--round and solid. Face me."

Pete turned again.

Mac's eyes were glued to Pete's crotch. "You've got the biggest dick I've ever seen. Mine's just about as long, but yours is a lot thicker. Stroke your dick, *sleepyhead*."

Pete rolled his hand along his heavy-crowned ram and felt it throb in response.

"As team captain, you're supposed to motivate me so I'll win tomorrow's match. You know what would motivate me most?"

Pete could not think of anything, so he remained silent.

"Well, I'll tell you, mister team captain. I'm gonna fuck your ass good and hard. That sound good to you? Say 'yes,' *sleepyhead*."

So Pete said, "Yes ..."

Pete followed Mac's instructions: He climbed onto the bed, laid on his back, pulled his knees to his chest. Mac's fingers and his tongue teased at Pete's ball sack, his asshole, and the sensitive ridge of skin connecting them. The ruckus Mac was raising on Pete's nerve-endings, his repeated instructions to relax, his exhortations for Pete to let go, embrace the horniness he felt, finally started overcoming the hesitance that Pete felt about submitting to his rival; that hesitation had kept Pete hovering in only a light trance, unwilling to surrender fully, but now he was slipping deeper. Mac's thick finger inside Pete's ass touched the hard knob of his prostate, made Pete's cock bounce against his belly, and the familiar lassitude pushed Pete deeper, until finally he lost his grip and succumbed. Pete felt his muscles go limp, his ass relax around Mac's finger, and he knew Mac would realize he had won, but Pete no longer cared. He was a wrestler and one of Coach's inner circle, *sleepyhead*, well-trained, obedient, and right where he was supposed to be.

Pete's ankles rested on Mac's shoulders. Mac grasped his steely cock and nudged the blunt head beneath Pete's lose-dangling nuts and into the passage between his legs. Pete was vaguely aware of the pressure against his ass, Mac's lubricated dick demanding entry, as Mac pushed his powerful haunches forward. The breach of Pete's ass was inevitable, and he floated in a cloud of relaxation, not caring, letting it happen.

Mac shifted position. The crown of his rod fell away, then was guided a moment later back to the center of Pete's puckered asshole. The pressure resumed. "Christ!" Mac muttered. "Man, you're tight as hell tonight!" Then the head slid through, followed by inches of shaft, then more inches. "There! You've got it all, buddy," Mac moaned. "I'm balls-deep in your butthole!" Holding Pete in place, Mac demanded, "Tell me you want me to fuck you, *sleepyhead*."

Pete's voice came from far away. "Fuck ... me. Fuck ..."

"Damn right I'm gonna fuck your ass, mister team captain!"

Mac began sliding his spike into Pete's asshole deliberate slowness, as if savoring the fact of penetrating Pete as much as the friction of their bodies moving together. Mac shifted Pete's legs from his shoulders and spread them wide. "Oh, yeah--nice, tight ass," Mac murmured. He rotated his hips, corkscrewing his tool all the way to the hilt in Pete's gripping pit. "I'm gonna tear up your ass, mister team captain. I'm gonna wreck it so's you'll feel it for a week!" He ran his palms down Pete's solid thighs to his crotch, playing with the sturdy cock and nuts. "Yeah, you're going to get your hot ass fucked like never before!"

Pumping slowly, Mac worked his hands upward over Pete's torso, groping at his slick skin and hard-tipped nipples and hair-splashed chest. A hoarse growl of pleasure, and Mac gripped Pete's massive shoulders to hold him in position as he hammer-rammed Pete's ass in short, brutal strokes. The bedsprings screeched, and the two bodies bounded together. Time after time, Mac shifted position and rhythm, easing off when Pete's rigid cock spattered pre-cum against his belly, hard-driving when the captain retreated from the edge of climax. While their bodies were clamped together, Pete's mind floated, lost in the sea of relaxing calm and maleness. He loved the feeling of being fucked, the way everything in his head calmed down when he was getting fucked. Everything faded away until Pete's awareness was left with only the *yes-yes-yes* of that cock sliding deliciously over his nerve endings, in and out of his ass.

"Ready to shoot?" Mac whispered hoarsely. "Gonna get your rocks off, *sleepyhead*? Stroke your cock, *sleepyhead*. I'm gonna cum soon. Get ready to cum too, Pete. Get ready 'cause it won't be--Fuck!--  
*Now, Pete! Cum now!*"

Mac slammed hard into Pete's ass, his body pinning Pete beneath him. Mac buried his face in Pete's shoulder as he moaned in absolute release. Mac's body trembled through the shockwaves of his orgasm, and the extra pressure of Mac's torso pressing against Pete's dick tipped Pete too into his climax. Pete's dick convulsed and spurted steady repeated bursts of hot liquid between their bodies, against Pete's stomach.

"Aw, man," Mac sighed as he eased his softening prick out of Pete's ass and rolled off of him. "Sweet ass. Fucking sweet ass." He pulled a towel off the nightstand, wiped off his cock and Pete's cum-drenched belly.

Mac flopped down on the bed alongside Pete, an arm draped over Pete's chest. "You're mine until tomorrow after the meet, *sleepyhead*, but right now I need some sleep--we both do. Just close your eyes and sleep, *sleepyhead*; sleep deep. Tomorrow you're gonna be well-rested, and you're gonna go into your match, and you're gonna be a hundred percent dedicated to winning it. But before that, if you're a good boy, maybe tomorrow morning when we wake up I'll let you be dedicated to my cock again before we have to meet the others for breakfast. Sound good, *sleepyhead*?"

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