

Doctor's Orders

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: The secret to Jackman's new success on the field is an experimental treatment that changes more than he lets on.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how 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."

Copyright - 2012 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories,

mirror site)

- <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)
-

Doctors Orders

by Wrestlr

I was running late because Coach held me back to discuss our upcoming game. By the time I got to the locker room--*fuck!*--I'd missed my favorite part of day. Nothing beat seeing my well-built football buddies naked in the showers. Of course, I never let my teammates find out how much I liked looking at them. As far as they were concerned, I was as straight as they were.

The locker room wasn't completely empty yet. Jackman was still there. He always practiced longer than just about everybody. Plus, Jackman was fine scenery. He had beautiful dark hair, an incredible muscular body, and a face so handsome it took my breath away. Just looking at him caused my dick to grow. He was one of the most frequent star players in my jerk-off fantasies.

At the moment he was looking like a wet dream come true. He stood directly across from me in the locker room, wearing only a towel after his shower. The sight of him made my cock throb.

I stripped quickly, hit the showers, soaped up my hard body, rinsed, then trotted into the locker room wearing just a towel. Jackman was still at his locker. Not that I minded--looking at him was always worth my time--but I had to get my boxers and jeans on in a hurry to prevent him from seeing my growing erection.

By that time, Jackman had already finished getting dressed, but he didn't show any signs of hurry. He walked over. We discussed the team strategy for the upcoming game while I dressed. I used the opportunity to

thoroughly check out his magnificent form. His tanned bod was sculpted to perfection. The bulge in his jeans made my mouth water. I yearned to reach out and grope him. My breath came harder than it should've. My nuts ached.

We walked out of the locker room together. I smacked his arm, mostly an excuse to feel his hard arm muscles, and growled, Fuck, man, you were on fire today. Howd you manage to stop sucking so bad all of a sudden? I was just giving him shit--he was a pretty good quarterback. But he had gotten a *lot* better the last few days. I wanted to know why. Is it steroids? Or did you finally find somebody willing to blow your tiny-ass dick?

Jackman gave me this sly grin and play-pushed me away. There you go, thinking about my dick again.

Like I ever *stopped* thinking about his dick! But he didn't need to know that.

I laughed and punched his bicep again. Man, I loved a little horseplay with him!--though I was always careful not to injure his golden throwing arm. Fuck you, Jackman. Seriously, dude, whats going on with you? I mean, you got an okay arm, but the last few days your passing games been scary-good. I should know--I was his favorite receiver.

"You sure you want to know, Post?" he said, 'cause everybody on the team always called each other by their last names.

"Of course I wanna know."

"I dunno ..."

"Just spill the big secret already, ass-wipe."

"Well, since you asked so politely--"

I punched him again, a little harder.

"Ow! Okay, okay. There's this doctor--well, more of a researcher, I guess--Coach set up some appointments for me to see him. He invented this procedure for giving you the muscle memory skills of other athletes. He's been fixing me up with the skills of some of the best quarterbacks around."

"That ... is such a load of *bullshit!*"

"I shit you not. Listen, I'm not supposed to talk about it, cause it's all real hush-hush experimental stuff, but it works, dude. It's the real deal and then some."

Jackman seemed sincere. I scanned his face for that inevitable smile before he yelled *Gotcha* or something.

"Honest, Post," he emphasized.

"Uh huh," I said skeptically.

"Listen, you doing anything right now? You got a car, right?"

He knew I did, 'cause I'd given him lifts sometimes after practice before, so I confirmed, "Yeah, I got a car."

"Good. You can drive me over there for my appointment. It's not far. That way, you can check out the set-up for yourself and see it's legit. Plus, Coach doesn't like me taking the bus home and I can't drive after my appointments, on account of the treatments make me a little groggy for a while."

An excuse to spend more time with Jackman? Fuck, yeah! Even if it meant being the butt of some elaborate joke? Hell, yeah! He was worth it. If it turned out to be a joke, I'd just laugh it off.

On the ride over, we didn't about this "procedure." No, other than him telling me "turn here" and "left at the next intersection," we talked about game strategy, and girls, and game strategies for getting girls--a frequent topic since Jackman was a well-known pussy hound and I faked it with the ladies well enough that nobody suspected I dug guys. Not that I'd ever done much with a guy, other than two clumsy attempts at drunken blowjobs with strangers that ended up being hand-jobs. But no way was I gonna tell Jackman about *my* secret.

The drive took all of five minutes. Just like he promised, this place wasn't far away at all. It was an office strip devoted to medical businesses--doctors, dentists, that sort of thing. We got out of the car and Jackman led me to an unmarked door. No sign or anything out front. I guess I should've expected that since he said it was all hush-hush. Inside was a waiting room like every other doctor's office. Boring decor, decent-looking but cheap chairs, an innocuous older receptionist.

"Back again?" the receptionist said to Jackman when we walked in.

"I just can't seem to stay away," Jackman chuckled. *Treatments every day for two weeks while the implanting took*, he'd told me. Made sense--I guessed we were halfway through his two weeks.

The receptionist said, "I'll tell the doctor. He's running late again today. You boys have a seat and make yourselves comfortable."

I took the chair closest to the window, and Jackman parked himself with one empty chair between us. We didn't say much; we just sat and waited. No magazines. Werent doctors offices always supposed to have

magazines?

A few minutes later, the receptionist came into the waiting room with two glasses full of fizzy soda. "Here you go. You boys look thirsty. Drink up." The receptionist handed each of us a glass, and we said thanks. "It's quitting time for me, so I'm leaving. The doctor will be right out." And with that, the receptionist set the lock on the front door and exited, leaving Jackman and me alone in the waiting room.

"Drink up," Jackman said, and chugged a good portion of his glass. I was kinda thirsty, so I took a swallow. It wasn't one of the brands I liked--in fact, I couldn't tell exactly what brand it was. It tasted okay, but it had kind of this metallic aftertaste. Maybe it had been in the can too long? I stuck my tongue out and made a *bleh* face at Jackman.

"Drink up, wuss," he goaded. I scowled and drank about half the glass. It wasn't bad--it just wasn't one of the kinds I liked.

We sat and sat. I don't know how much time passed. Boring! We didn't talk, so I started to doze off.

I heard a door open and a male voice said hello, and Jackman said, "Hello, Doctor."

The male voice, the Doctor, and Jackman exchanged the usual pleasantries. How's it going? Fine. Any side effects or headaches? No, none. How's the arm? Getting better every day, Doctor.

The Doctor's voice got closer to me. "So who is this you've brought me?"

"This is my friend Martin Post, Doctor. He's a receiver."

I couldn't seem to lift my head to say hello. My eyes were open. I could hear them just fine. I wasn't asleep, but maybe I hadn't woken all the way up yet. I couldn't move my arms or legs, and I couldn't lift my head to look at them.

The Doctor knelt beside me. He lifted my chin, turned it toward him, and shone a little penlight in my eyes. He nodded, satisfied. "An excellent choice. You've done well, Steve." I guessed it made sense that the Doctor called Jackman by his first name.

"Thank you, Doctor."

"Let's help him up and get him to the back. Doctor's orders," the Doctor said. They got one of my arms around each of their shoulders and lifted me to my feet. "You're going to be fine, son," the Doctor said as they carried--practically dragged--me through the door, slung between them like a sack of flour, and down the hall. "The drug in your soda will wear off shortly. It's just a little muscle relaxant to help make your first treatment go easier. It just makes your muscles limp without affecting your cognitive processes. Can't have anything interfering with the treatment, can we? Isn't that right, Steve?"

"Yes, sir, Doctor."

Why was Steve sounding so respectful? I didn't think he was *this* respectful even to Coach.

"Let's put him down in this chair," the Doctor said, and they kinda clumsily dumped my ass in one of those reclining chairs like in a dentist's office, the kind where sitting in them means you're tilted back nearly prone.

"Get his clothes off," the Doctor said.

Steve said, "Uh ..."

"Get his clothes off. Doctor's orders."

"Yes, sir."

The Doctor busied himself across the room while Jackman struggled to get my shirt off. I gotta, Post, quietly, was all he said. I was too limp to push him away. When my head rolled around this way and that, I saw there were three other chairs in this room, identical to the one I was about to fall out of if Jackman wasn't more careful.

"What position did you say he plays?" the Doctor asked.

Jackman said, "Receiver, sir," as he finally got my shirt completely off.

"Ah, yes, right. I have an excellent protocol for receivers ... Mmm ... Here it is."

Jackman managed my shoes and socks, but he had some trouble with my pants and boxers, getting them down off my hips without tipping me out of the chair. Now I was naked and he was making sure I was positioned properly in the chair, with my arms on the rests and so on. He pulled these restraints around my wrists and secured me to both armrests.

"Don't worry, Post. It's just a precaution. Even with the drug, your first time is freaky-intense. Trust me; I know. But it gets better. You won't need the drug or the restraints after today."

"How are we doing?" The Doctor's voice came from directly behind the chair.

"Just fine, Doctor," Jackman said as he strapped my legs to the chair too. He stepped back, apparently finished.

"Get your clothes off, and we'll put you in that second chair there. Doctor's orders."

"Yes, sir." Jackman started pulling off his shirt. "Don't worry, Post. I'll be in the chair right next to you."

Still behind me, the Doctor slid a big-ass helmet over my head. It rested on my shoulders, cutting off my view of Jackman's fine chest and everything else. It fit snugly around the back and sides of me skull, looser in the front so I could breathe. It cut off nearly all the sound too, except for this low electronic hum it made.

The Doctor's voice purred softly in my ear through a helmet speaker. "As I'm sure Steve mentioned when he recruited you"--recruited me?-- "this process will implant muscle memories in your brain. Once your mind has assimilated them, and once it has adjusted them to your specific body capacity over the next few days, you will know instinctively how to perform at top efficiency on the field, just like the best receivers around. You'll have playing skills that put you in the top two percent of all receivers. All you have to do is relax, sit back, and let the process do its job. Isn't that right, Steve?"

If Steve had anything to say, I couldn't hear it through the speaker.

At first all the helmet did was hum. Then I started to feel dizzy and my scalp felt all prickly. Then--*holy fuck!*--it felt like someone shoved a hot knife through my skull, and in spite of the drug and the restraints, I jerked like hell. The feeling didn't get any worse, but it didn't get better either.

I don't have anything profound to say about what happened because I experienced it all as white light and hot pain and a tingling like little lightning bolts all bouncing around inside my skull. Time passed but I

couldn't tell how much since everything felt like it was happening inside my head but outside of me, if that makes any sense. It hurt like hell, but it also felt kind of good in a way, kind of arousing. I was too lost in it to analyze it, though. All I knew was, after a while, all of a sudden, the white-hot electricity feeling in my head that had become part of me suddenly started to go away. The hum was gone. It was just me sitting there in that chair with the helmet over my head.

My body relaxed gradually. I hadn't realized just about every muscle I had was tensed tight as it could go. My arms and legs tingled.

A minute, maybe two, went by. The helmet was lifted off. I could move my head a little--the drug must have been wearing off, though it wasn't gone yet.

"How you feel, Post?" Jackman's voice. I wobbled my head up to look at him. He stood my chair, looking a little shaky himself after his treatment. He was naked. That five-inch cock I'd admired so many times in the shower was semi-erect, stretching toward seven inches.

I realized I had an erection too. With my arms still strapped to the chair, I couldn't try to conceal it, though. Shit, I was feeling fucking *aroused* as hell--if I could have moved, I'd have fucked the first hole I saw. I moaned, not trying to say anything specific but just from the shock of the procedure.

"He's still a little disoriented, just like you were after your first time," the Doctor said, still behind me. "It'll pass as his brain starts acclimating to the implanted information, but the diagnostics say he's fine." He patted my shoulder. "Isn't that right, Martin?"

I tried to say yes, but it came out like, "Guuuh."

"Unstrap his legs," the Doctor told Jackman. While Jackman did that, the Doctor patted my shoulder again and said, "Your coach thinks I'm doing this because I'm a football fan. That's true, but what he doesn't know is there's more to the programming than just implanting muscle memories. Isn't that right, Steve?"

Steve looked up at the doctor and me. He looked stricken, embarrassed, and then he blushed. I'd never seen him blush before. Ever. "Yes, sir," he said quietly. I noticed something weird--Steve was staring right at my hard dick, and he seemed really interested in it, not grossed-out at all.

"There's also a bit of a change to your orientation, and the implantation of complete respect and obedience to me. Right, Steve?"

Steve mumbled, "Yes, sir."

"Speak up."

"Yes, sir."

"Obedience is keyed to the phrase 'Doctor's orders.' When I say that, you'll find yourself compelled to follow my instructions. Don't fight it. It's an instinctive part of you now. Isn't that right, Steve?"

"Yes, sir."

"Steve, do you find Martin here attractive?"

"Uh ..."

"Answer the question truthfully. Doctor's orders."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Do you want to touch him? Sexually?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you want to touch him sexually a week ago, before your first procedure?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think your friend Martin here shares your change of interest now. And soon, a few more of your teammates will too."

Hell, I was interested in Jackman *before* I got strapped into their little mad-scientist chair, but there was no way I was gonna tell them that. If the Doctor wanted to think his helmet thingee made me gay, I wasn't going to tell him otherwise.

"But now, how about a demonstration, Steve?"

Steve snapped his eyes away from my hard-on and stared at the Doctor, looking horrified. "Huh?"

"It's time to go beyond the playbook and execute the play on the field, so to speak."

"I--I don't know..."

"You know what to do, Steve. All the experience you need is inside you. You've done it before with me. Now it's time to demonstrate your prowess with Martin here. Get in there and blow him. Doctor's orders. He probably needs the relief after his first procedure."

Jackman spread my thighs apart. My left leg slid over the side of the chair and my foot dropped to the floor. Not hard, but it seemed to

surprise Jackman. "It's okay, Post. I gotta do it," he said to me, as if reassuring himself. Jackman stared raptly at my cock. He licked his lips, hungrily. He crouched closer to my crotch. "Its just--the procedure always makes me so damn horny. You too, I guess. It won't be so bad--you'll see. I'll make it feel good."

Hell, I wasn't about to stop him! My hard dick pulsed, anticipating.

Then he bent forward, wrapped his fist around the base of my dick, and kissed the tip. He licked down the underside, then back up again. I wanted to run my fingers through his hair, but my wrists were still strapped to the arm rests. Jackman regained his composure. My dick was harder than stone and poked into his lip. When he took my cock inside his mouth, I knew I was in for the blowjob of a lifetime. I was hornier than I'd ever been. Jackman's head dropped lower, and he licked and sucked on my nuts. I couldn't believe how awesome that felt!

Jackman was an artist. The Doctor was right about one thing--whatever cocksucking skills he'd implanted into Jackman's head, Jackman sure knew just how to use his awesome lips and tongue to coax me to ecstasy. His mouth on my cock was pure bliss. I think he would have sucked my dick all night, but then my nuts were churning, and I unleashed a load of cream into his mouth. Jackman sucked me hard as I spewed spurt after spurt into his throat. I expected him to be grossed out, but he drank it down and worked my cock for all I had, like a vacuum sucking the jizz from my balls. I moaned through my ecstasy and then sagged limply against the chain, gasping for breath, aglow with the aftershocks of my best orgasm ever. I nearly passed out from the pleasure of it. I was sure glad it was Jackman.

Finally, he pulled his lips from my dick, sat on the end of the chair, and just looked at my naked body. I looked at him too. Jackman was so

fucking hot, naked and hard like that. His cock was still hard as a rock. My dick was also still half-stiff and throbbing

The Doctor came around from behind my chair. He was naked too, and had a sizeable boner sheathed in a condom. I wondered why the Doctor was wearing a rubber, but then I figured it out--I guess my head was still a little groggy.

The Doctor said, "Assume the position, Steve. Doctor's orders." Steve climbed off the end of the chair and turned toward me. He bent forward with his elbows on the foot of the chair and his tight ass stuck up in the air.

The Doctor got down behind Jackman and rubbed his hands over Jackman's taut butt cheeks. "Such a nice ass," he said.

"Thank you, sir," Jackman said, though his eyes were locked on mine.

The Doctor positioned his dickhead against Jackman's hole and pushed. Jackman grunted in brief pain when the head popped in. He sighed and grinned, as if it didn't hurt nearly as bad as I always thought getting butt-fucked would. The Doctor pushed and slid more and more of his long tool up Jackman's ass. "Steve, you are so fucking tight," the Doctor moaned.

The Doctor pressed his cock into Jackman until his pubes crushed against Jackman's ass cheeks. He held it there for several long moments before he pulled it nearly free of Jackman's ass. The second time the Doctor penetrated his ass, Jackman groaned and grinned from the pleasure of taking that dick up his shitter. His eyes locked on mine sparkled. Soon the Doctor was fucking Jackman faster. At first he started gently, but soon he was giving it to Jackman good and hard, jamming his dick in and out of Jackman's ass. Jackman pressed his tight

ass back against him like a hungry whore, trying to get as much of the Doctor's dick as he could manage. They were both moaning and grunting like animals.

Jackman looked so hot getting fucked like that, his face flushed with lust and ecstasy, bobbing just inches from mine. His dark hair was wet with sweat and clung to his face as the Doctor pounded away at his ass. Their faces contorted with pleasure. I was too spent from my orgasm to get fully hard, but I got a semi again. The Doctor fucked Jackman harder and faster, and Jackman wanted everything he had to offer, and I got to watch.

Jackman leaned closer and pressed his lips against mine. I shot my tongue into his mouth and we kissed. Our first kiss. Jackman was an excellent kisser, passionate, just like I knew he would be. We necked while the Doctor continued fucking Jackman's ass, never stopping for a moment.

Jackman stuck his hand between his legs, jacking at his prick. His body flexed and convulsed as he took the Doctor's dick into his ass repeatedly as far as it could go. Then he jerked his head away from me, his body going upright, and he unleashed his massive ejaculation of cum across the chair and my left leg. The Doctor bellowed and shuddered and pumped into Jackman's ass a few last times as the Doctor also orgasmed and filled the rubber with his cum.

Afterward, the Doctor told Jackman to unstrap my arms and help me get dressed, which he did. He had to because I was too woozy to do it myself. But at least I could move my arms and legs enough to make it easier. He got me into my shirt, pants, and shoes--no underwear or socks because getting those on me would be too much trouble. "Besides," he whispered in my ear, "We'll just be taking this shit off again when we get back to

my place. I just bought a new box of condoms." Which made my eyes widen and my dick throb. I blushed happily and gave him a nod and a grin.

A couple of days later, as I was trotting back from the showers to my locker, Coach called me over to his office. I was walking a little funny because my ass was still kinda sore--after our sessions with the Doctor, Jackman and I were still going back to his place and stuffing our pricks into pretty much every orifice the other had half the night. *Fucking like newlyweds*, I thought, which made me smile and blush a little.

Coach stood in his doorway and said, quietly so no one else would hear, "I hear you've been getting the procedure. I can tell. You're really improving out there in practice."

"Yes, sir," I said, one hundred percent respectful now. The Doctor was right; I couldn't do much about that part of the implanted instructions. But with the way my skills were improving, why would I want to? It was a small price to pay for the benefits I was getting. "I had my third one yesterday."

Coach nodded and grinned a little sly half-grin. I was naked except for the towel I used to dry myself and now held semi-modestly in front of myself. His eyes raked over me, from face to foot and back again; then he looked directly at my crotch.

I figured it out. Coach was getting the procedures too. Coach reached down and squeezed his cock-shaft through his shorts, making the long tube of it stand out. An obvious *long* tube. Coach had himself a big dick. I wondered if the skills the Doctor had given me and all my practicing with Jackman would make me equal to the task. I smiled back at Coach, winked, and licked my lips. Coach's grin turned lusty. He stepped back

and motioned me into his office.

Twenty minutes and mutually satisfying blowjob orgasms for both of us later--who knew Coach would be so enthusiastic about sixty-nining his star receiver?--I emerged from Coach's office, my towel thrown across my naked shoulder.

"Hey, Post," Jackman hollered to me. "Come over here a minute."

He had cornered the junior running back, Jacobs, another frequent star of my jack-off fantasies. Or, anyway, he was before Jackman started keeping my balls so drained every night I didn't have the energy left to jack off.

"Post, tell Jacobs here I'm not bullshitting."

I understood what he meant. I remembered the Doctor telling Jackman he still expected another recruit this week, in addition to me. I looked at Jacobs and decided I'd like nothing more than seeing him naked and tongue-surfing on my prick. I pulled my towel off my shoulder and held it in front of my bare crotch so he wouldn't see the semi-chub that image had me sporting there.

The least I could do was give my quarterback some backup. After all, I was his favorite receiver--now in more ways than one.

I turned on the charm and gave Jacobs my sincerest smile. "He's not bullshitting you," I said, nodding at Jackman but not taking my eyes off Jacobs. It sounds freaky, but it's one hundred percent true. I've been doing the same thing. In fact, Jackman and I have appointments there right after practice. Why don't you ride over with us and check it out for yourself?"

How could he say no?
