

# Gently Down the Stream

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: The college crew coach wants a winning team. The team members just want to get laid. Guess what happens when a psychology professor gets involved. Another "InFiltration" story.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction--who can say?

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This story grew out of inspiration from and conversations with a lot of people, including Crewdude, Epaphus, A&Fhypno, Mycroft, and others. Ultimately, though, I've told my own story, so naturally I'm also to blame for any errors.

Comments to [wrestlr@iname.com](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- [http://members.tripod.com/~Brock\\_J](http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J) (MC and general M/M

stories, plus my home page)

- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
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# Gently Down the Stream

## Lincoln

The cox is always in charge.

That's "cox" as in "coxswain," not cock, so get your mind out of the gutter. What happened wasn't like that. At least, not at first.

They call me Link. My last name's Lincoln, so I guess that's where it came from. Guys on the team, I guess we mostly call each other by our last names. Every team has its own dynamics and you never can tell sometimes how it's going to pan out.

I row on the university's varsity crew team, and the guys get into some crazy shit sometimes. Last year, all the guys on the varsity team went out and got their hair dyed blue, which is one of our school colors--kind of a team unity thing, you know? So then the junior varsity team went out and dyed their hair gold, our other school color. The frosh team, well, they weren't gonna be outdone, so they all dyed their hair blue on the right side and gold on the left. That may sound funny, but it's a team unity thing.

See, when you're rowing crew, you have your back turned to the way the boat is going. Only the cox can see where you're going, and you're trained to follow his orders to get there. Coach sets the strategy, oversees our training, and calls the shots, but on the water the cox speaks for the coach. Being on the team in the sweep is all about following the cox's orders, instantly and in unison. You can't even take a second to stop and question it. So if the cox says, "Hey, let's go dye our hair blue," well, we all head out together and the next day we're all

sporting crayon-blue hair. It's all or nothing--either every guy on the team commits, or none of them do.

Anything for the team, right? Damn right.

# Coach

I can't help myself.

I'm walking. Another step. Then another. Can't stop myself. Following him--following Doc from the Psychology Department. The crew teams following me. Varsity. Junior varsity. Freshman. Practice is over. Following him back to the boat house and the locker room. Something special is going to happen there.

I can't stop myself. Am I really trying? Maybe I don't really want to try. I want to keep walking.

All I have on is my swimsuit. No shirt. No shoes. Leaves crunch under my bare feet. Whistle on a cord around my neck, bouncing against my bare chest with each step. Why did I only put on my swimsuit when I came out to the lake today? So hard to think. Cock kind of hard, rolling loose and easy in my swimsuit. No underwear. Why are the rest of the rowers wearing just their swimsuits too? Warm day--the sun on my skin helps me relax more.

Walking. Following. Can't stop. The locker room. Yes. Focus. Think of nothing else. Something special is going to happen there.

# Lincoln

College--it's just glorified day care for most of us. Guys like me on the crew team, we're not rocket scientists. Mostly we're used to being told what's what and not thinking too much about it. Most of the guys on the team are just good-natured jock-heads who like pussy just because it makes our dicks feel good, and most of us row because once upon a time someone put us in a sweep and told us to row.

I row Four. I've been rowing crew for a long time, so I knew our practices weren't going that great. Coach was still kind of new--it was only his second year coaching here at this school. He thought his job was to teach us discipline and complicated math stuff about the physics and theory of crew, like the "Aerobic Power/Weight Ratio"-- $Po/W = b * W^{(-1/3)}$ --and shit like that. Blah, blah, blah. What we really wanted to do was get out on the water and row. But we still had time to pull ourselves together as a team. We all wanted to be part of a team, y'know? So when the coxes said we were going to try some mental training too, I was all for it, just like the rest of the guys. Maybe I'm not a mental powerhouse or anything, but anything for the team, right?

# Coach

Walking. Slipping deeper, every step.

I remember the beginning.

They're good kids, but still just kids. Always horny--typical college boys. Near-constant boners. Not a problem, usually--their personal lives are their business. But sometimes, some guy can't get his plumbing unloaded. Gets so horny he loses his focus. Then it becomes my problem--what happens to one starts happening to everybody else. Soon it's a major discipline problem.

I started seeing the signs. Spending too much effort just making them show up on time. Sure, some were pretty damn competent rowers. They worked out hard. They were strong and fit as hell. But being part of the crew wasn't their primary commitment. Bound to get worse.

I remember how it started. All us coaches get together sometimes, from all the athletics teams. We talk about problems, discuss solutions. A lot of us were having problems. I'm only thirty-two years old, not some ancient guy who's lost touch with the world outside his sport, but it seemed worse this year.

Small fuck-ups and big fuck-ups. Strokes out of synch, blades missing the water, rowers going skying with the blade too high in the water. Can't win a race on fuck-ups.

I expect blunders from the freshman team--they don't have a lot of experience yet. Or maybe even the junior varsity. That's a big maybe. But I expect better from the varsity. Varsity means cream of the crop, the best the whole God-damned school has to offer. So half the team was

showing up late, and practices were going pretty shitty, and then this guy in the varsity sweep caught a crab and took a sudden dive right in the middle of the lake in front of God and everyone ... Well, God damn! I just stopped practice to tear him a new asshole.

Hell, I was still mad the next day. Us coaches were having one of our meetings. They had this professor-guy coming in from the Psych department. Talking about team-building. One of the coaches heard about him. The Psych-guy is faculty sponsor for one of the big fraternities on campus. Hell, everyone knows that frat. A lot of best jocks belong. Star performers. Some of the other coaches had boys who were members. None of mine though. This was all new to me.

He talked a little about his methods and mental training. About using mental training in addition to what we were doing with physical training. What he said was, we maybe weren't getting it right on the mental side. Afterward, he, and three other coaches, and me--we got to talking. He invited us to a little mini-demonstration at the frat house. Kind of an intense crash course.



# Lincoln

It was after practice. The boat house has a couple of rooms in the basement, and the coxes split us up--varsity in the locker room, junior varsity in the equipment room, and the freshmen in the storage room. They didn't tell us why at first. They just said to split up, and we did.

When we--the varsity team, I mean--were all in the windowless locker room, sitting on the benches and horsing around a little, like jocks do after practice, Coach stood up in front of us and told us we were there for some mental training exercises. Here's what he said the plan was. He and the coxes had talked about this the week before and decided it would be good for us as a team. He said the exercises might seem silly at first, but if we wanted to pull together as a team, we'd give this a serious shot. He also told us this kind of approach might not work for some of us.

The varsity cox, Alex, stood up and put this little thing down on a bench. It was one of those laser presentation pointers--you know, the kind that makes this brilliant dot of red light that you can use to point out things on a screen--and it was in this simple little frame thing with a clamp that kept the button pressed down and kept the pointer aimed so its dot was a steady red smear on the concrete block wall, about two-thirds of the way up the wall. The way these pointers work, there's no way you can miss the dot--it's really bright and noticeable.

# Coach

At the seminar, it sounded so simple. Just me and a couple of the other coaches there. Doc demonstrated the techniques for us on a couple of the frat boys. Got them all relaxed. Gave them some suggestions. He made a really compelling case. He talked to us a while. Got me feeling pretty relaxed too. Maybe later I couldn't remember exactly what he said, but I knew this could really work.

The secret is mental discipline. Turn off the distractions. Make them want to be a team more than anything else. Simple, huh? The secret is in the team dynamics. Control the head--discipline the head--and the body will follow. So simple. If I could control the coxes, the crews would follow. First, he had to teach me control, then I could lead the coxes. So simple.

All I had to do was convince the coxes mental training was a good idea. I didn't know Alex, the varsity cox, had already been seeing the professor. I didn't know the professor had already told him what to say. I didn't know it was a set-up.

I told the coxes to meet me in my office after practice. We were going to brainstorm for ways to make the teams pull together. The way the guy from the Psych department explained it, I knew just how to guide the conversation. Needed to make them think it was their idea. Then I'd make sure we all came to the conclusion I--we--wanted them to.

I was in the service once. Marines. I was telling the coxes about how Marine Corp training is all about discipline and bonding with the guys in your unit. In boot camp, you break down all the barriers, everything they've been taught about what to think and how to behave. You build them back from scratch. Build up a soldier's mentality. Turn those guys

into men who live for one thing--fighting machines. They'll march all day in unison, follow orders without question. They're weapons, waiting to be aimed and fired.

The varsity cox, Alex, said it first. He's a mouthy little guy. That's an advantage for a cox. They're supposed to be loud so the team can hear them, and feisty enough to keep those big guys in line. What Alex said was what the other two were thinking: "Shit, that's what we need to do. Give those guys a soldier's mentality and turn them into soldiers that row."

Hooked. Doc had shown his techniques to me. He used his techniques to make sure I memorized it all. He had shone this little laser pointer light on the wall in front of us coaches. He asked us to just watch it while he talked. That's when he explained all. Now it was happening just like he had said. All I had to do was reel them in.

Told the coxes that I could show them a few techniques I'd learned, but I needed their full commitment. No holding back. No turning back. They gave me that commitment. I knew they would. See, the coxes are well-trained too. They're in control of the sweep and the eight rowers on the water, and I'm in control of the coxes. They just want to be part of the team too.

So I took out the laser pointer Doc had given me. I shone the little red dot on the wall. Started trying to recite Doc's spiel the way he said it. It was easy to remember, real easy. Just let it flow. Worked with the coxes to get them relaxed. Saw it starting to work. Their eyelids getting heavy. So relaxed. So focused. Reciting the words. The more I talked, the more it seemed I was relaxing too, and that made it easier to remember.

Sleepy. So sleepy. Hard to keep my eyes open. Coxes already starting to

close theirs. Had to keep the spiel going. So relaxed and sleepy.

That's when Alex, the varsity cox got up. Looked like he could hardly keep his eyes open but he walked to the door. Opened it. Doc came in. Everything was okay. Doc told Alex to sit down and close his eyes. He told me to sit down and close my eyes too. So I did. Okay to sink into sleep. Doc took over.

# Lincoln

The cox used the laser pointer to shine this little red dot on the wall. It's an intense speck of light, and the little stand kept it steady, unwavering. With the locker room lights turned off right after that, that light was piercing. It was like all we could see.

My buddy Jake--he rows Three--was sitting beside me and he poked me in the ribs, making an "Ooow-ooooo" scary ghost sound, which made a couple of the guys laugh.

Alex, the cox, ignored all that. He told us, "Look into the light. Focus all your attention on the light. Try not to look away from it."

It was hard not to, because it was really intense in the semi-darkness. One by one, the guys settled down and paid attention like he said.

"Okay," Alex continued, "now just sit there, maybe with your hands in your laps or resting beside you on the bench. Relax. In a moment I'll be leading you through a visualization exercise that will help you get in touch with the subconscious part of your mind, and I'll be asking your subconscious to respond appropriately to what I say to it. I'd like to remind you through this whole exercise that your unconscious can watch and understand what I'm saying in a way that's just right for you.

"Now, as you keep your eyes on the light, its particular shape, and feel the sensations in your fingers, your unconscious notices other things like the sensations in your toes, the sensations in your right ear and in your left, and also in between--the feelings of neurons firing in new ways that will help you learn, really learn, because your unconscious is the storehouse of everything you've ever experienced. So while maybe you allow your mind to wander, your unconscious knows exactly what is

going on out here. Your unconscious stores all of your memories, your experiences, your training, in one place deep inside, the place where your identity lies, the place where you can change, the place where you can focus on the camaraderie that comes from being part of a team, part of a larger whole. And as you explore that place now, your unconscious is paying attention out here and presenting you deep inside that place with new experiences.

"So as your unconscious helps you experience that deep inner space in a new way, you can notice the color deep inside the dot of light, becoming more vivid, the sounds from outside can become more blurry, less distinct, and the sensations in your fingers can continue to become more noticeable, as your unconscious stays right out here, watching at all the right levels, to help you experience new things and go deeper still now into that deep inner space, into that place where your unconscious can continue to present you with new experiences, new ways to find new ideas, new states and possibilities. Perhaps you may find that your unconscious can help you go deeper still, only as quickly as it continues to watch and learn, really learn, how to help you notice all the wonderful things you are experiencing now.

"And as you experience that place inside, the place where you store all your training, more fully experiencing the colors and sensations, so much more fully, your unconscious is regulating your body and paying attention to your safety. Your unconscious can notice as perhaps your breath slows and becomes deeper as you go deeper still. Your unconscious monitors your heart rate, continuing to keep you functioning perfectly now, and you can just continue to experience that deep inner space, so much more fully and vividly as your unconscious notices the fingers on your hands, and as it does your unconscious can, only as quickly and as far as is perfectly safe and comfortable for you, begin to lift those fingers and bring them together. That's it. Let your hands clasp

themselves together."

# Coach

The team training sessions went just like Doc said they would. Just like the cox training sessions. After the first couple of times, they all started looking forward to it. Me too. It was so relaxing. Helped us focus on what we needed to. It was good for the teams. Team-building. It was working.

Pretty soon, like now, we started carrying that peaceful, focused feeling into our workouts and into our practice sessions on the lake. Staying so focused throughout. So intense. So focused. Following instructions. Following.



# Lincoln

I didn't really get what was going on, but I followed along anyway. First Alex was telling us to put our hands together, like they were stuck together, then he was telling us to try to pull them apart. Okay. So I tried. It was hard--harder than I thought--but I managed. It was like some magic trick: maybe you don't know how it works, but it works anyway.

On my right, from the corner of my eye, I saw Russell had his hands clamped together. He was trying, but he couldn't seem to get them apart. Oh, well--Coach had said this wouldn't work for everybody. On my left, Jake managed to pull his hands apart, though it seemed even harder for him than for me.

Alex was telling the ones who couldn't get their hands apart that it was okay, and he was proud of how well they'd done. I guess that was the way it was supposed to have worked out and I was one of the ones it didn't work for instead? Alex was telling the rest that they could stop trying to separate their hands and could just sit there quietly for the moment.

Alex said, "I know a couple of you almost couldn't pull your hands apart. I know you finally managed to separate your hands, but it was hard to do so, wasn't it? Yes, so hard. So very, very hard. Your hands were clasped together, tighter and tighter, tighter and tighter, so tightly clasped."

Was he talking to Jake and me? I couldn't figure out what he was trying to tell us.

Alex kept on, "And the more you listened to my voice, the more you keep your eyes on the light, the more your subconscious took charge and the tighter your hands clasped, just like they're trying to do. Clasp together, tight, tighter still, and the tighter they clasp, the more you

focus only on the light and only on my voice. Listening harder. Clasping tighter. That's it. Let them clasp tightly together."

I saw Jake's hand moving a little in the corner of my eye. I could feel it starting to happen to me too.

"Focusing harder," Alex was saying. "Listening harder. Hands coming together. Clasping, clasping so much tighter than ever before."

My hands were sliding back together.

# Coach

Walking back toward the locker room. Every step relaxing me more. Every step. Can't stop.

Whistle bouncing against my bare chest, every step. Silver whistle on a blue cord around my neck--I wear it when I'm coaching. The coxes wear them too, in case they need to get the team's attention, but theirs have gold cords. It's a symbol. It means the coxes are in control of the team, and I'm in control of them all.

Something about the locker room. Something special. We've become a good team. Stayed focused. Had a damn good practice. Doc says there's a reward for us when we get to the locker rooms.

# Lincoln

I was kind of nervous, because I wanted this to work. I wanted this to work because I wanted to be part of the team.

I didn't need to worry. Everything was better once I let go, let myself slip down. The special training was working, all right. Every time, after practice, when we'd gather in the locker room, when the cox turned out the overhead lights and all we could see was the red spot from the laser pointer--man!--when he started the induction, it was like I was being sucked right into it. Fucking irresistible.

# Coach

I didn't know what Doc had in store at first. Not until he had his hooks in me, in all of us. Slowly coaxing us into it. Too deep to say no. I didn't think about how much the coxes and the teams seemed to enjoy it. Or how much I enjoyed it too. After a while, when the other stuff started happening, they were really getting into it. They're just kids. I think maybe they enjoyed that part even more than rowing practice itself.

# Lincoln

We were coming back from practice. I guess this been going on for several weeks now, the team training.

It was part of our routine now. We'd work out--either strength training or erg training, on alternate days--then we'd hit the sweeps for some practice time on the water. After that, we'd head back to the locker room and shower. Then we'd all sit around in the locker room, and the cox would walk us through the relaxation exercise. Sometimes it was Coach or Doc, but usually it was Alex, our cox.

Last week, it was a little different.

We were jogging back to the locker room, with the coxes leading the way and the rest of us following in numerical order, just like usual, from Stroke seats down to Bows. As we got nearly to the door of the locker area, Alex turned and stopped us with a sharp blast from his whistle. Thrrr-EEEEEEET! Man, that sure got our attention!

"Listen up," he shouted. "New routine. When I call your number, I want you to drop and give me some pushups before you go in and hit the showers. Today, the quota is twenty. Got that? Strokes! Hit the ground and give me twenty. Now!"

And the Strokes, the guys who rowed in the first seat of each team--varsity, JV, and frosh--up there in front by the coxes, immediately dropped onto the floor and started pumping out pushups quickly while Alex counted them from 20 down to 1. Then they climbed to their feet and headed on into the locker room.

"Next up--Twos! Hit the ground and give me twenty. Now!"

There was something going on. The Strokes seemed different, a little more subdued than before. I told myself that they were probably just tired from their workouts.

The Twos got up, and they were moving kind of differently too. Slower. Steadier. Like their minds were somewhere else.

"Threes! Hit the ground and give me twenty. Now!"

My buddy Jake rows at the Three seat, so he immediately hit the floor with the junior varsity and the freshman Threes and started pumping out push-ups to the cox's count. I didn't have much time to think about it, because the moment the Threes were done, Alex shouted, "Okay, Fours! Hit the ground and give me twenty. Now!"

Without thinking, I went down with the other two Fours.

"Twenty!" Alex called out as we pumped out our first pushup.

"Nineteen!"

He was setting a quick pace.

"Eighteen!"

Wait--what was I feel--?

"Seventeen!"

No time to think--just do it.

"Sixteen!"

Tugging sensation--back of my mind--

"Fifteen!"

Like falling--or sinking--

"Fourteen!"

Yeah, sinking--

"Thirteen!"

Deeper--

"Twelve!"

Relaxing--felt really--

"Eleven!"

--really good--

"Ten!"

--peaceful--

"Nine!"

--like the training--

"Eight!"

--focused--

"Seven!"

--light--



"Six!"

--deeper--

"Five!"

--sinking--

"Four!"

--floating down--

"Three!"

--so focused--

"Two!"

--focused--

"One!"

I didn't pause. My body was already moving, on auto-pilot, jumping to its feet as Alex called out, "Next up--Fives!" And my body headed on into the locker room, flanked by the other two Fours, shedding clothes as we went--shorts, sneakers, socks, shorts, then jockstraps--until we were all naked. Everything in my head felt funny, distracted and fuzzy, but also right, like this was the way things were supposed to feel. I felt really good, really happy. It felt good to just follow the way things were supposed to happen. It was like I was just a passenger in my own body, and some other part of me was in charge right now and knew exactly what to do. This new routine made me feel great, all over.

The Threes, including Jake, were standing there waiting for us. They

were already naked, their expressions looking both blank and blissful. They were feeling what I was: we were a team. When I saw Jake, grinning at me absently, something in the back of my head whispered partner, and I walked up to him, and we ginned at each other, and we put our arms around each other's shoulders, because we were not only teammates but also good friends, and I never felt more bonded to him than that moment. I loved the way our arms felt around each other, body alongside body. The other Threes and Fours were pairing off too, and we all walked into the showers together.

# Coach

I wear this silver whistle on a blue cord. It means I control the teams.

I just stand there and watch Alex bark all the rowers through pushups. We've been doing this for a week now. Our new routine. Doc stands there beside Alex. His hand strokes the back of Alex's head like a new puppy as Alex counts down the last trio of rowers.

Alex looks at us--the other coxes and me. He says, "Okay, hand 'em over." He's holding out his hand. I understand. We--the junior varsity cox, the freshman cox, and I--we all pull off our whistles. We hand them to Alex. In the back of my mind, I know I'm handing him more than just my whistle--I'm giving him all it represents. He is completely in charge.

Doc reaches for the cords to the coxes' whistles. He pulls them slowly out of Alex's grip. I just watch him do it. I feel myself relaxing even more. "Hand it over, Alex," he says. Alex's face is blank. He pulls off his own whistle. Hands it to Doc. Doc is in control.

Doc says, "Hit the ground and give me twenty. Now!"

And it seems like such a great idea. All I want to do was crank out some pushups. I'm on the ground beside the others. Muscles working in time with Doc's count. It just feels so perfect. My head is going all blurry. I can't think of anything else. That's okay, though, because I didn't need to analyze. All I need to do are the pushups.

At the end, I stand up. The focused feeling fills me now. Just like when Doc and I would have our private conversations in my office.

The locker room is a shambles of strewn clothes. Alex--handsome, blond

Alex--he's standing beside me. Naked. Smiling. Waiting for me. I peel off my shorts. I am the coach, and he is the varsity cox--together we control the teams. We are partners. I put my arm around his shoulders. His arm circles my waist. We walk together into the showers.

# Lincoln

There are twelve shower heads, six along each wall, and twenty-six men already jockeying for a place under them when the coxes and Coach walk in. Close quarters. Bodies touching bodies, washing each other in pairs. Jake and I are under one of the showers, letting the spray douse our skin. I have a bar of soap in my hand, and I begin working it over his chest and arm. Others squeeze us out from under the water but that is okay. I spread the lather across Jake's torso, marveling at how warm and alive his skin feels.

I bathe him all over. This strange thrill keeps going through me when I soap up his balls and his uncircumcised cock. I peel back the foreskin and lather the head, making him gasp. He grins at me, so I know it's all right. I pull him to me, and he sags into my arms, his back nestling against my chest. I am taller than he, so I can look down over his shoulder as my hand lathers his cock. As his cock begins to harden and stretch. As my hand drops the soap and wraps around his meat. As my hand begins to stoke it, slow and easy, slow and easy.

Jake sighs, grinding his body against mine, and I become aware of my hard-on too. He winds his hand around between us, reaching for my cock too. Coach and Alex, over there, are jacking each other off too. A lot of the other guys are watching us. Everyone is getting hard. Alex and Coach are setting the pace. Setting the example they want us to emulate. They lead the team. Jake and I, the rest of us, we follow along.

# Coach

All around us, guys are hard, happy, horsing around in the crowded confines. No one seems worried about showing hard cock in the showers. Russell's hairy chest and thick meat. Zach's long, lanky limbs and sleek erection, and his partner Rod's sweet, sweet dick with the red head. Link and Jake's beautiful body and the spike jutting out of his crotch now. Something about them fascinates me. The bodies and the dicks. I just keep looking, wondering what they'd feel like to touch. And taste. That doesn't freak me out either. Not anymore. Seems perfectly natural.

And fun too. That's the most important part--it's fun to look at my teams, to feel the slide of their wet skin against mine in the showers. Holy fuck, I am ever horny!

I remember something Doc said once, how guys their age, the sex drive is the strongest force in their psyches. The solution was so simple. He was so right. Take control of the sex drive, and you take control of them. Control how they express their sex drive, and you control their behavior. Bring it into the team, and it becomes the glue that bonds them. They're horny young men.

Horny. Damn, I am so fucking horny.

Alex. More beautiful than ever. I start smearing soap across his shoulders and back. Most of the guys are hard, horsing around. Just guys being guys. Some are paired off and soaping each other up. Some are laughing and cutting up and playing grab-ass or something. There is tension in the air. Everything is potential, waiting for release, waiting for something to happen.

I can't keep his hands off Alex's body. We're grinning at each other,

really into each other.

I'm hard. So hard. When Alex drops to his knees, some kind of electric change went through me, through all the guys--I can feel it. They're all looking at us--Alex and me, their cox and Coach. We lead. They will follow.

Tingling in my cock, barely registering through this beautiful relaxed and foggy feeling in my head. I look down. Alex kneeling in front of me, his face buried in me crotch. Blowjob! Yeah! He's giving me a blowjob!

This "of course" feeling goes through my head. I can't believe how obvious it was, and I hadn't thought of it before. I look around, and there is the junior varsity cox over there, on his knees, worshipping Zach's meat with his mouth, while his partner Rod stands right beside him, stroking Zach's chest while he waits for his turn. And over there is the freshman cox, with one of his crew flat against the tile shower wall and squirming as he blows him. Alex and I lead. The other coxes follow. The crews will follow.

There's a ring of varsity crew around Alex and me, watching Alex suck my thick cock like a pro. Watching Alex's hand roam all over my chest. Watching my head fall back. I feel his tongue and throat massaging my cock, and I'm so hard, so fucking hard. I need this blowjob so bad. I'm moaning. This blissful feeling flows through my body.

"Oh, man," one of the crew groans. Some of the guys are stroking themselves but mostly they are spellbound by the rhythm of my cock disappearing and reappearing from the cox's mouth. Panting breath. Running showers. No other sounds but the smack of blowjobs and guys jacking and moaning softly.

I look down and watch Alex work on my cock. Part of me can't believe

what I was seeing. Another, more in-control part says it's perfectly natural. Horny guys need blowjobs. I can't look away.

I pull out of Alex's mouth, hand pumping at my cock frantically. I hear this strangled cry from my throat, and my legs nearly buckle, and I shoot my load all over Alex's shoulder and neck. Somebody whoops, and then we're all yelling, and somebody congratulates me with a slap on the shoulder. I'm smiling. Alex, still kneeling and looking up at me now, so beautiful, is smiling too. I'm feeling very drowsy, very relaxed and limp and peaceful and vacant. Something in my head knows this is what happens after a really great cum. That sleepy feeling guys get after they shoot.

I kneel beside Alex. One of the crew takes my place in front of Alex. He smiles and his mouth takes the man's rod in. Around us, the other guys are watching, jacking off, and I don't care. There in front of me is Russell, poking his stiff poker at my face, and it disappears into my mouth. Russell sighs contentedly. My hand glides across Russell's hairy chest, teasing his fur, tweaking his nipples, as my head bobs along the length of Russell's schlong. My other hand works along the long shaft of it, the part I can't fit into my throat.

Across the showers, one of the other guys was crying out as he shoots, and then Russell was moaning, "Oh, fuck--gonna--gonna cum! Fuck! Fuck!" And then his whole body is trembling and even though his dick is buried in my throat I know he's squirting out his load. A salty, bitter taste.

Russell grins, looking all content and peaceful, and kind of blank at the same time. He steps back. Then the ring of men is jostling, moving, and another guy finds himself pushed directly in front of me.



# Lincoln

With all three crews crowded into the showers at the same time, there is lots of jostling of body against body. Usually guys go out of their ways to not touch each other in the showers, but there are lots of accidental touches of skin on skin, and that seems perfectly normal.

It seems like a good idea, so I start soaping up Jake's back for him. He turns around, and I start soaping his chest, and he lathers mine. I'm feeling playful, so I make a little mound of soap bubbles over each of his nipples--soap tits--and he traces this curly tribal shape in suds across my muscular chest. We're grinning--this is fun! A handful of soap in his hair, and suddenly it is all spikes sticking up everywhere. A swipe of foam on my chin, and suddenly I have a Fu Manchu beard. Rinse and start over again.

All around us, guys are soaping their partners. Some are having fun like we were; others are just getting the job done. Either way, it's teammates pulling together.

Jake grins and points over my shoulder. I turn around and, when a couple of guys move out of the way, I see ... Alex giving the Coach a blow-job! Right there in the showers, where everyone can see! Alex with his hand curled between them to play with Coach's ass too. Sucking him off like they don't care who watches.

And the guys are watching, all right. We're all staring at them. I'm grinning, not really thinking or judging--I guess after doing those pushups I still feel kind of zoned out. I feel Jake press himself up behind me, his arm running along my ribs and down the ridges of my stomach, running down into my crotch. Everything feels kind of abstract. My cock is hard--when had that happened? Jake's hand wraps around it like

an old friend. I watch as it begins to stroke me. I sigh and settle back against his chest. His own hard-on pokes against my hip. I reach back and grip it. The position makes it awkward but I start stroking at it in time with his strokes on mine: slow and easy, slow and easy.

Somebody off to my left groans, and I feel something hot splat against my thigh. I look over. It's my buddy Zach from the junior varsity team, shooting his load and hitting my leg. I grin at him, and he grins back, panting, clasping my shoulder for a second in a brotherly gesture before he kneels and devotes his attention to sucking off his partner.

Over there, Coach is groaning and gasping, about to cum. Over there, a couple of other guys are moaning and crying out, like their orgasms feel almost too good for them to stand.

Behind me, Luke gives this low grunt, then another. I feel his hand clamp around my cock as he body bucks behind me. I feel his cum scald my back and hand.

Next thing I know, I'm feeling that familiar tightening in my balls, and my dick is catching fire. Luke's strokes feel so good I never want him to stop. My orgasm bursts over me, and I ride the crest of pure pleasure. Through squinted eyelids, I see my cum arc out and hit the leg of the guy, Josh from the freshman team, a foot in front of me, but I don't care, and he doesn't either. He's getting blown by Rod from the junior varsity. Rod is jacking himself off. Josh shudders and cums, and a second later Rod is shooting off too.

I settle back into Luke's arms as I ride down from the peak of my pleasure, and he holds me close, the comforting gesture of comrades. Then we push our way under the spray of one of shower heads to rinse, as all around us more and more of our teammates are crying out and

cumming. Happy and grinning at each other, grinning at our other teammates and them grinning back. Luke and I head out of the showers, past Doc who is watching all of this and grinning smugly, and we're heading out to dry off and get ready for the after-practice mental training session.

This is going to be our best season ever!

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