

# Getting Hypped

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A college jock is both fascinated by and afraid of hypnosis.]

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 autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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I don't know what my college's policy was on hypnosis as a training tool, or if they even *had* an official policy. You'd think I'd have heard, so maybe the policy was "no hypnosis."

As a college boy, however, official policy didn't matter. The fact was, our assistant coach was using it. If he wanted to hypnotize you, you went with him to his office and took it. Nobody talked much about it, but the guys knew it happened. The assistant coach was a real hard-ass. For our team, getting hypnotized was a "guy thing."

Not that it happened a lot, though. In fact, a lot of guys never got called into his office and maybe never got to see one of those pendulums he was supposed to use. Sure, it was a possibility, but you really didn't have much to worry about if you were a "good" kid.

When I arrived at the university, the assistance coach was in his second year there. He took over a team that

was a joke and turned it into a sharp, professional outfit. He demanded excellence, and he gave more of himself to that team than you would have thought possible. By his second year, the team was winning, and attendance at our events had almost doubled.

Nobody could really pronounce his last name, so we called him Mr. M. He was muscular, probably around twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, and tough as nails. Like a lot of guys just starting in coaching, he had to fight his way up to prove that he was just as strong and tough as the other guys. That attitude infused the team. We weren't losers; we were tough.

And Mr. M was tough on us. If you got out of line, you found yourself having a very special "session" with him in his office after practice.

Mr. M was just a few years out of college, where he had gotten a degree in psychology. That's where he learned how. He had two pendulums. One was a polished gold disk, about an inch across. The other was an oblong piece of faceted quartz, almost as sparkly as a diamond. At the beginning of the year, Mr. M passed the pendulums around for all the guys to see and touch. It was a warning. So many would see them again privately that we came to refer to it as "getting hypped."

Getting hypped by Mr. M meant you had fucked up. As he often explained, "I've hypnotized a lot of men," he told us, "and taken my share too. It's the best way to help a guy turn his attitude energy from 'fuck-up' to 'full on.' It's all in the way you use it to reset your attitude." He pronounced it sarcastically, like two words: "Atty-Tude." Needing your attitude reset was a bad thing. Getting hypnotized was the solution.

Boys being boys (and wanting to be men), the idea of getting hypnotized by Mr. M and his pendants came to hold a certain fascination, for me at least. Although getting hypped was a serious matter, since fucking up was what got Mr. M's attention, there was a certain macho bravado about taking it--both for the team and for Mr. M. Over time, it became clear that there were two sorts of guys who had to be taken aside for private sessions of getting hypped. The first were the plain old screw ups. There wasn't much to say about them. There weren't many, and everyone knew they were losers who would be cut from the team if they didn't turn their acts around. They were likely to get bawled out just about every day at practice, but even so, there was a certain respect for the fact that they took the hypnosis like men. The second group was a bunch of guys that Mr. M actually liked pretty well. They were good guys, cool guys. Generally serious athletes, they didn't often screw up and were unlikely to ever feel his wrath during practice. Every so often, however, Mr. M would catch one of them for something, and they'd go in for a session. The guy might come out of those sessions looking a little flushed and groggy, but soon after, he'd be joking about how he "got hypped." They seemed to enjoy it. Mr. M often joked with those guys about it too. It was like they were a little ultra-cool clique within the team.

Then there was a third group of guys, guys like me. Guys who just did what they were told. Not great athletes, but not fuck-ups. Solid performers but no real flash. The kind you'd never notice. The kind who almost never, ever got called in for one of Mr. M's private sessions. I suppose most of us were just as happy to stay out of the line of fire. I suppose nobody, not even Mr. M, could imagine how jealous I secretly was of that second group of guys who got hypped and became cool.

But no matter how envious or curious I was, it really didn't matter because I was also scared. No way was I ever going to let myself get anywhere near getting hypnotized. I was too worried. Worried I'd be made to do something I didn't want to. Worried I wouldn't be able to be hypnotized. Worried my friends outside the team or my girlfriend would find out. And most of all, worried that someone would see the major boner I popped anytime I even thought about someone getting hypped.

So, I guess you could say the threat of hypnotism worked for me. At least it kept me out of trouble. I made it all the way to my senior year without getting hypped. Even got elected team captain. I was popular and a decent athlete, so I never had a session with Mr. M.

Until October of my senior year.

We had just piled into the locker room after practice--horsing around, yelling across the room at each other, clothes flying everywhere--when Mr. M walked in and announced the facilities people were repainting the gym, one storage room at a time. Some equipment had to be moved from Storage Room A to Storage Room B, and he needed volunteers to stay after practice and move it. He went down the line of guys closest to him: "So that's you, you, you ... and you." Blake, Freddy, me, and Sid. "Get your clothes back on and get moving. Shouldn't take you more than twenty minutes."

Okay, so there was plenty of time to do that, get showered, and still get to my biology class on time. Which was important, because my instructor was a hard-ass too, like Mr. M--if you were late, you found yourself locked out, and you got a failing grade for that day. No questions asked. As the instructor often said, "If you're late for a plane, you miss it. My job is to teach you not to be late." Only once had I even been close, but that was because Mr. M had wanted to talk to me about a couple of things after practice, so he had written me a note. Didn't matter though, because I got to the class on time anyway.

We started pulling our shirts and socks and shoes back on. Mr. M wasn't finished yet. "And you," he announced to Robert, the next guy down the row from us, "I want to see *you* in my office. We're going to make sure you're motivated *not* to pull another pussy-ass stunt like what you pulled out there today again. My office. Now."

Somebody snickered, because we knew Robert was about to get hypped. Robert was a fuck-up, and fuck-ups got hypped. It had happened to him a couple of times before--he seemed to fuck up intentionally sometimes.

Robert had already stripped down pretty much to a snug pair of gray gym shorts. He protested, "But--"

"My office. Now," Mr. M reiterated firmly.

Resigned, Robert reached for his shirt. Yes, sir."

Mr. M clamped a hand on Robert's bare shoulder. "Don't stall. I said, *now*, mister." And he pretty much used that grip to lift Robert to his feet and propel him toward the door. Robert didn't say anything else. He just padded, barefoot, after Mr. M, heading for the office.

So Blake, Freddy, Sid, and I finished getting dressed. We had to pass by Mr. M's office on our way to the storage room. The door was open just a crack. I peeked. I could see Robert from the side, sitting in that chair that was always in front of Mr. M's desk, just a sliver of the back of Robert's head and neck, his shoulder, the upper half of his arm. I heard Mr. M's deep purr: "That's it. You may try to resist, but that just makes you feel more tired, makes it happen faster."

A hand on my shoulder and I jumped, but it's just Blake, frowning at me and tugging me along. "C'mon," he hissed. "We got work to do."

Lug this. Heave that. Took us about twenty minutes, tops. Man, I *really* needed a shower now! We headed back toward the locker room, and I hung back. I wanted to get another look though that door, which was still open just the same crack.

I eased my eye up to it. Same side view of a sliver of the back of Robert's head and neck. His shoulder and upper arm. His arm was moving in his lap, a rhythmic pumping. Mr. M droned, "That's right. Just like that," and suddenly I realized what Robert's arm was doing.

Holy fuck!

This time, I *really* jumped when someone grabbed my arm, and I nearly yelped. But it's just Blake again, telling me to leave them be and practically dragging me away from the door. I was blushing hard, hoping he hadn't seen the boner I'd thrown from just that glimpse of Robert masturbating in Mr. M's office.

So the four of us were in the showers. By then, my boner had gone down. We soaping up, when Robert came shuffling in and cranked up one of the showers too. He looked like he had just woke up, the way still being half-asleep makes you all clumsy. Hell, just seeing him like that nearly make me throw another boner.

Freddy grinned at us and jerked his thumb at Robert. "Hey, Robert," he called over the sound of the showers, "didya get hypped again? Did he make ya quack like a duck?"

Robert looked over at Freddy as he rubbed soap in tight circles across his bare chest and grinned. "Naw ... Nothing like that."

Freddy raised his arm to the water and rinsed it and his armpit. "So what was it like?"

Robert looked at him. "You've never been hypped?"

Freddy shook his head no as he turned and rinsed his back. Sid, Blake, and me--we had never been either.

Robert looked at us and considered it a second. He knew he wasn't supposed to talk about the specifics of what happened in the sessions with Mr. M. Hell, we all knew that. Robert said, "Well, it was ... It was like getting hypped."

As if that explained everything.

"What do you mean?" Freddy asked. "Is it true it feels like going to sleep?"

Robert shrugged. "I guess so."

"How did he do it?"

"He started talking to me and swinging his pendulum, and my whole body started feeling like I was going to sleep."

"Yeah? Then what?"

"I dunno ... I felt real relaxed, kind of peaceful. It was like this warm light was kind of flowing over my whole body. I just felt it going all over me, and it kind of helped me relax."

Robert's hand wandered absently across his skintight abs, leaving a trail of soap suds that the spray swept away half a second later. "I started noticing how my eyelids were drooping. It was like I couldn't move. I felt like I was covered with that warm light, head to toe, and it just made me feel really relaxed and peaceful

inside."

Robert's cock was stirring, starting to rise. I started throwing a huge boner myself, and I had to turn away so the rest of the guys wouldn't see. I didn't want them to think I was a freak or something.

"Yeah?" Freddy practically sighed. "Then what?"

Was Freddy getting hard too? Was he getting a hard-on? He didn't seem to notice, and he wasn't trying to hide it.

Robert was looking right into Freddy's eyes and grinning a little, and Freddy was looking right back and grinning too. It was like watching a snake hypnotize a bird. But which of them was the snake and which was the bird?

Robert said, "I dunno. It felt really nice. Like when you're half-asleep and your body feels really good, like you're floating or something." Robert's hand was lingering across his chest, and he was fully hard now. He wasn't hung that big--maybe five inches long, but his cock was thick.

Man, I felt like my eyes were going to pop right out of my head.

"I started getting horny as hell, and I had a hard-on so hard it hurts. Like this one. Man, I was so hard. Damn, now I'm horny all over again." Robert's other hand slithered into his crotch and rubbed the skin of his hip alongside the root of his cock and the wet mass of his pubes, making his cock bounce.

"Man," Robert whispered, barely audible over the shower, "I gotta get off again. You ever have a hard-on like that, Freddy? One minute you're just sitting there, feeling all relaxed and good, and the next--*Bam!*--you've thrown a rod so hard it hurts. But it's a good kind of hurt, 'cause it feels good when you wrap your hand around it, like this"--Robert's fingers curled around his stiff meat--"and it really feels great when you stroke it, like this." I couldn't help staring at his cock. Robert didn't seem to notice me. He winked at Freddy, daring him. "You ever jerk off like this, Freddy? Yeah? That's a nice dick you got there. A nice, big, hard dick. You gonna jerk off with me, Freddy? You man enough to jack with me?"

Robert being hard and stroking his meat like that made it okay. His dare made it okay. Freddy grinned back, and then he was stroking himself too. They were standing, like, three feet apart, looking each other right in the eye with a grin, and jacking off in more or less the same rhythm.

Robert said, "How about you, Blake?" That surprised me, but Blake just smirked and stepped up alongside them, caressing his stiff dick like it was his best friend.

Robert said, "Sid, how about you?" But Sid kept himself turned toward the wall, rinsing. Sid's cute, and a good friend of mine, but he's completely the opposite of me--he's very, very shy about sex and stuff like that, so he was pretending he didn't know what was happening across the showers. I was pretty sure he had a hard-on too, like the rest of us, but he pretended to ignore it and their circle-jerk.

Robert looked right at me and said, "C'mere. Join in."

Me miss a chance to jack off with them? No way! This was like a once-in-a-lifetime thing, and I couldn't pass it up. So I crossed the three steps that brought me to the fourth wall of their rectangle, the spot beside Robert and Freddy, opposite Blake, and when I put my fist to my cock, this bolt of pleasure shot through me--*oh, fuck, yeah!*--so hard I nearly came right then.

We'd never done shit like this in the showers before. I gotta admit, it was hot to look at them, watch them jacking off, jack myself off with them. I didn't even care if something like this would probably freak Sid out. I had to go for it! Robert put his free arm around my shoulders and leaned in. "Yeah, nothing feels as good as a good jack-off, does it?" Freddy and Blake just moaned. "Yeah, feels so good, right? Ain't that right? Hell, yeah! Fuckin' hell, yeah!"

Blake threw his head back and strangled out a little cry, and his cum spurted out at me. Nearly hit my leg too, which would've been kinda gross.

Then Freddy came too. Hard. Shuddering like he was having a seizure.

Robert's hand slipped down my back, hovering an inch above my ass-crack. He gave me a little slap on my butt, and suddenly I was thrown over the edge, shooting, cumming, ejaculating, spraying cum all over the place. Robert came at the exact same time--I could feel his body tremble where his shoulder pressed up against mine.

After that, we went back to our shower heads to rinse off. The moment had passed into embarrassed silence. When I rinsed and cranked off the water and headed for my towel, I realized something. Sometime while we were jacking off, Sid had gotten the hell out of there.

The next day, we limped, staggered, dragged ourselves into the locker room after practice. Man, we were all beat! I could barely work up the energy to lift my arms and pull off my tee-shirt.

Mr. M appeared beside me. He announced the storage room had been painted, so he needed volunteers to move all the equipment we moved yesterday back from Storage Room B to Storage Room A again. "And by 'volunteers,'" he said, "I mean you, you, and you." Freddy, Blake, and me.

Damn! Not again.

"And Sid. I want to see you in my office, and I mean now, please."

Sid and I exchanged a glance. We both knew what that meant. Sid had never gotten hypped before. I think he was pretty nervous. He gulped, but he followed Mr. M out of the locker room.

So Freddy and Blake and I had to move all the crap we moved yesterday back to where it was before. Only now it was just the three of us. Yay. That meant it was gonna take longer, and I was already so tired I could hardly move.

But we got it done. Yeah, it took a while. I was probably going to be late for my next class, but I figured I could still make it.

Freddy, Blake, and me, we were so tired we could barely move. We had just walked past Mr. M's office, heading back toward the locker room, when the office door opened. I hung back.

Sid came out of Mr. M's office, kind of shuffling like he'd just woke up. He'd gone off with Mr. M fully dressed, but now he had his shoes and socks off, tucked under one arm, and his shirt off too, dangling limply from his other hand. All he had on was his shorts, and it looked like he had a hard-on. Sid was a shy guy. I'm sure he would have been embarrassed as shit if he'd realized I could see his erect dick through his shorts.

"How'd it go?" I asked him. "You get hypped?"

"Uh huh," he drawled. "Again."

Again? I didn't know Sid had gotten hypped before--I thought this was his first time.

"What was it like?" I asked. "Was it like Robert said?"

Sid grinned at me. He murmured, "Yeah. We're not supposed to talk about it, but yeah. Mr. M, he just starts talking to you, kind of soft and low like this, and you're listening to him, 'cause that's what you're there for." Sid came a little closer to me, still talking low like he was telling me a secret and didn't want to get caught.

"It's just the two of you, you and him, and he's talking and you're listening, and maybe watching the pendant-thing as he swings it in front of you. And maybe you can't look away. Maybe you start feeling all peaceful and relaxed. Kind of concentrating too, on the pendant and what he's saying, but feeling good, like your body's limp or you just don't want to move."

Sid was still closing in. I'd been unconsciously backing up, and I felt the wall nudge my back. I thought Sid was shy--I couldn't imagine him getting in my personal space like this, but there he was. He stopped when his body was hovering maybe an inch away from mine, his face like an inch away from mine, and he was looking at me all intense and smiling a little as he talked. I wasn't scared at all--he wasn't trying to intimidate me. It felt ... sexy. I could have leaned forward and kissed him easily, except I didn't want to freak him out. I remembered his hard-on, and I had one too, straining to escape my jockstrap.

"And it feels so good," Sid was saying, "so good and so peaceful, maybe a little sleepy too. It's the greatest feeling in the world. All you have to do is just relax and listen and enjoy it, and it's like your body is coming alive, and you're feeling terrific, and all you want is to keep listening so it'll keep feeling terrific. And maybe you're getting sleepier too, 'cause it's easy to just doze off when you're feeling that relaxed, and that's okay, 'cause you're tired, and it's okay to sleep when you're tired like that. It feels so good, you just don't care. Hell, maybe you're even getting a hard-on, and that's okay too, because it just happens when you're feeling good and relaxed like that."

Sid hovered an inch away from me, head to toe. With my back against the wall, I couldn't pull back, and he wasn't closing that last bit of space. I could feel his body heat filling the air between us.

"Yeah, if you're like me, you'll get this hard-on that just won't stop. It feels so good, and you're so hard, and it's okay to just stay relaxed and let everything happen like that."

Okay, I figured I knew how this was going to play out. I couldn't stop myself. My hand came up, and my fingers found the thick ridge of Sid's erection in his shorts, angled up along one hip. Why wasn't he wearing his jockstrap?

"Let's go to the locker room," I croaked, horniness making me hoarse. "We'll get caught if we stay here in the hallway." But I didn't even try to pull my hand away. My fingers stroking along his cock through his shorts were the only place we were touching, and I'd wanted to touch Sid for so long I couldn't pull away now. I didn't know which was sexier--talking about getting hypped, or touching Sid's rod.

Sid ignored me. He just closed his eyes and sighed softly. He kept grinning, kept talking, breath hot against my chin. He moaned, "Mmm, yeah. That feels nice. It feels just like that. Yeah ... It feels so good, like you're just sinking down into this quiet place inside, where nothing matters except just relaxing and feeling good and listening to what he's saying. Just listening. Letting everything happen. It's too hard to resist, and you don't want to anyway, so you just let go and let everything happen. And it feels so good. It feels so intense.

You love it, and you'll do just about anything to keep feeling that way, and--and--"

Suddenly, Sid's body stiffened, and he held himself rigid, head thrown back, eyes clamped shut, just an inch from me. And I felt his cock suddenly pulse-pulse-pulse, and Sid shuddered, and I knew he was cumming even before I felt the wetness of his ejaculation soaking through the thin material of his shorts.

Sid rode out his orgasm against my fingers, letting me keep stroking him even as his dick was beginning to soften. Then he opened his eyes and grinned at me again. "Thanks," he whispered, and leaned in to nuzzle my cheek. Not a kiss, not a lick--just his nose nuzzling against my cheek, like a puppy. I guess Sid was still too shy for anything else.

Then he was pulling back, still grinning at me, with this obvious wet spot on the front of his shorts, though he's not trying to hide it. He winked at me and turned toward the locker room. "I'll see you later," Sid said over his shoulder as he ambled down the hall. "Aren't you about to be late for class?"

*Fuck!* As soon as I saw the clock down the hallway, I knew I was in trouble--I was about to be late for my biology class. Just as fast, I started thinking of way out of trouble. Mr. M had written me a note before, so I'd just ask him to write me a note again. Not a problem, right? All I had to do was will my erection to go away, then go talk to him.

Mr. M was still in his office, so I stuck my head in. "Can I get a note to get into class? It took longer than we thought to get all the equipment moved."

"But you finished that a while ago."

"Well, I ... ah ..."

"You know you're supposed to finish it and get to class on time."

"Well ..."

"Well, what?"

"I mean, if I get dinged with another failing grade for the day, I can kiss a passing final grade goodbye." As soon as I said that, I regretted it, because we both knew the consequences of failing a class.

He leaned back and crossed his arms over his chest. "So?"

"Well, since I was here helping you, I thought maybe ..."

Long pause. Then he said, "Maybe I would take care of it for you?"

"Well, yeah," I said with a sigh of relief.

He just stared at me for a minute and then said with a shrug, "Okay. Then we'll have to take care of it."

Damn, I felt so relieved just then. I had dodged another bullet. Mr. M was going to give me the note!

"Have a seat," he said, gesturing at the chair in front of his desk. The same chair I'd seen Robert jerking off in. The same chair Sid got hypped in. Damn--that made me throw a wicked rod in my shorts again.



Mr. M picked up a note pad and jotted a quick note for me. Great! When he finished, he set the pen down and looked me right in the eye. "You may be later to class than you planned. Why don't you close the door."

Now I was even more puzzled. I just needed to get the note and get to class. But he was the assistant coach, so I reached back and pushed the door. It was a solid wood door with no window. As I swung it shut, I heard something rattle; and as it shut, I saw the hook on the back with those two pendulums hanging from it.

"It's time you learned to focus on some discipline," he said, smiling. "I think we'll use the crystal one. Why don't you get it for me."

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