

Head Coach's Tail

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Football season has ended, but ass-hunting season has just begun. Another tale of hypnosis, athletics, and butt-fucking.

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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In my freshman year, I was the second-string quarterback. At this small college, every football game felt as important as the Super Bowl to us--and now we'd just won our final game of the season, thanks to the psychology professor's mental exercise routine.

Our head coach was one demanding bastard. He pushed us to our limits and beyond. When he first brought in the professor and told us the new routine was going to be required after every practice, a lot of us new guys were skeptical; but returning players swore we'd see results. I couldn't argue with that because we had brought in win after win. I'm not stupid--I knew the "mental exercises" were a fancy name for hypnosis, but I didn't care as long as they paid off, and they did. After the hell Coach put us through, leaving us almost too exhausted to move by the end of every practice, the mental exercises were a piece of cake. Now we had finished one of the best seasons in the history of the school!

After our last game, we players celebrated but Coach was nowhere around. We were showering and running around the locker room in jock-straps or nude. A couple of jerks had the bright idea of popping each other with towels. I asked Donnie if he'd seen Coach. He hadn't, but he went to check Coach's office, which was next door to the locker room. Donnie came back quickly, looking shocked, and announced, "You guys--come here. You gotta see this!"

About ten of us crowded into Coach's small office. Coach wasn't there, but a video was playing on the screen we used to review games. Onscreen right in front of our eyes was Coach. He was naked, on his hands and knees on a bed, getting his ass fucked doggie style by some even bigger built guy whose head was cropped off by the top of the screen. Coach's eyes were clamped shut, but he seemed to be having a grand old time.

Sometimes I'd been having these weird dreams and fantasies lately, sexual fantasies involving guys, sometimes my teammates, usually Coach. I kind of knew what they meant. I'd wondered if Coach would be as hot in bed as he was in my fantasies. Seeing him on film, I wasn't disappointed.

Coach had thick brown hair and sometimes a thick brown mustache, sometimes clean-shaven. In the video he was scruffy, maybe three day's growth. His head tossed and shook with the stroke-rhythm as the guy fucked him. Coach was muscular; his arms and chest were huge and hairy. I watched the guy plow into Coach's big hairy ass.

"Damn," Edward said dreamily, "Coach loves it."

I managed to look around at my teammates. They were staring intently at the screen. The video was doing something to us, signaling us somehow. Something was about to happen--needed to happen--was finally ready to happen. I felt relaxed and groggy. Dick stiffening. Definitely not thinking clearly. I tried to fight it but I couldn't, not entirely. Fortunately I still had on my jock-strap, so my erection wasn't obvious to my nearly nude buddies. My teammates looked dazed. Manuel, the muscular Hispanic starting center, had a towel held cinched around his waist; the front of it tented out over his hard-on. I wanted to touch it. Eyes locked on the video, he mumbled something in Spanish, but I understood his meaning: he wanted to fuck the coach. I think maybe we all did. I felt my eyes being pulled back toward the screen. We'd worked hard all season, and now the time had come for our reward. Now football season was over, and this video was telling me open season had begun on--

We heard a door shut down the hall, loud as a rifle shot; it had to be Coach, coming back from somewhere. We blinked and snapped out of it and scrambled back to the locker room.

Coach came in, smacking players on their shoulders, patting rumps. He drank from a beer bottle and headed back toward the showers, pulling off his shirt and shoes and shorts. The last thing he took off was the stopwatch that hung from a cord around his neck.

By then, news of what we'd seen Coach doing on the screen had spread throughout the entire team. Guys crowded around the showers, all of us looking at this muscular, masculine man. Coach lathered his arms, his back, then down, down, between his hairy ass cheeks. I'd seen Coach's ass before, and it starred in a lot of my recent sex fantasies, but now it fascinated me even more strongly than ever. Suddenly he looked over his shoulder. He turned around. At least fifteen guys were standing around him with hard-ons. Donnie was standing the closest.

"We saw the video in your office, Coach," Donnie stated. "How about it?"

The psych professor was there among us too. He held up Coach's stopwatch, letting it dangle from his hand at the end of the cord. "Yes, Coach," he said, "how about it. Just focus. Everyone, focus. You had a great season. It's finally time for a great reward. Relax. That's the way. Let it flow over you, so sweet and inevitable." The stopwatch swayed a little, turned this way, then that way. "You know what to do, all of you."

Donnie wore only a jock-strap. He hooked his thumbs in the waist band and pushed it down. His erection bounced out into plain view. Coach didn't smile; that wasn't his way. Instead, he knelt down and took Donnie's cock in his mouth. We all crowded around. A towel was dropped. Shorts and jock-strap slid down. Several guys naked now. Me too. Naked and hard. Felt so sweet to be naked and hard and focused. Waiting naked and hard for my turn.

Coach squatted and went after four cocks at once. He sucked Charles, Chris, Donnie, and Cliff, going from one to the next, then back again. All four crowded in close to him. He took their cocks in his mouth so deeply; one after another, he took each cock all the way down to the root.

I got behind Coach. I felt blissful and distracted, like I was daydreaming, but I knew this was happening. I looked at his big hairy ass. I'd had maybe a hundred dreams about fucking him. I bent down and ran my hand over his hairy naked rump; the hair was coarse and thick.

One of the guys Coach was blowing started cumming, his cock on a hair trigger. Coach kept going from one to the other, lapping at their cocks. Another one came, then the last two. All four of them wiped their cocks on Coach's face. He licked at them like he couldn't get enough.

My hand had found the split in Coach's hairy butt. The hair was even thicker there and even coarser. I found his asshole, and I let my finger investigate in its shape. He had a big fleshy ass. I spit onto Coach's shower-wet hole and inserted my finger.

"Uumph," Coach grunted, raising his ass a little to meet my digit. He sounded like a big grizzly bear in heat. I reached around and ran my hand over one of his thick, pinkish nipples.

Omar stood in front of Coach now. His eyes were heavy-lidded, his face relaxed, like he was about to fall asleep but was somehow still standing. Omar held his massive tan cock in his fist, and his dick was wide awake and ready to play. Omar poked it at Coach's mouth. Coach's mouth fell open. Omar's cock slipped in. Having that cock in his mouth relaxed Coach's ass, and I eased a second finger in his hole. Omar was swearing softly as he fed Coach his huge, rigid meat.

Other guys gathered around. Something was off about them--they weren't quite themselves. They were moving slower--they were quieter, not the boisterous locker room jokesters celebrating a big win that they'd been twenty minutes ago. We were all hunting a new kind of victory now.

Omar kept pushing his big tool until it was completely buried down Coach's throat. "Fucking touchdown," I said.

Saliva streamed from the corners of Coach's mouth. He huffed and moaned around Omar's big meat. Coach's ass raised in the air. I pulled his furry ass cheeks apart. "Hairy bush," Manuel mumbled next to me. I had my fingers pulling Coach's fleshy hole apart. Manuel pushed me out of the way and started to drive his cock in before Coach could react. He pushed and pushed until the whole thick thing was inside Coach's ass. Coach thrust his butt back to meet every thrust as Manuel began to fuck.

Coach seemed to like it. Seeing this big hairy man get his ass fucked was hot. His grunts and groans were really a turn-on.

Omar hunched forward, groaning, jamming his cock harder into Coach's face. "Big O's cumming in his fucking mouth," someone cheered.

Manuel had total control of Coach's ass so I turned to watch Coach finish swallowing Omar's load. I could see Coach's throat working as he swallowed the cum down. No sooner was Omar's dripping cock pulled out of Coach's mouth than George's pushed in. I reached between Coach's legs and found his fat, hard dick. I fingered it and stroked it, slow and easy, making Coach moan happily.

"Fuck him, Manuel," someone yelled. "Make him fucking cum."

Coach and Manuel grunted together for couple of minutes before Manuel deposited a hot load up his ass. Seconds later, George shot his cream, and Coach slurped and swallowed it greedily.

Suddenly, an outsider hollered from the door of the locker room: "You guys need to get dressed and get out of here so the janitor can lock up."

Coach stopped licking the cummy crown of George's spent cock and called back, "Okay--give us ten minutes," sounding so bored and nonchalant that no one would have guessed he'd just gotten his ass and mouth plowed by a bunch of players.

"Bad timing," the professor said after we heard the door shut. "Okay, fun's over, guys. We'll have to continue you rewards another time. Dry off and go get dressed. As you do, just let your memories fade, like a dream you can't quite remember when you wake up."

Most of the team still sported gigantic boners, including me, but we did what we were told. We were well-trained and we knew how to do what we were told. Football season had ended, but a whole new season had begun.

Later that night, three of us were sitting in a parking lot drinking a twelve-pack. Charles, Eric, and me. Nearly one in the morning. A few weeks before, I'd have smoked a joint too, but lately I'd given up pot. Now I longed to have something else in my mouth, but I wasn't ready for the rest of the team to know that. Somebody said he was horny, and the rest of us agreed. Somebody said we should go by Coach's house. That made sense. Besides, Coach lived only a few blocks away.

Coach answered the door wearing just a pair of shorts, shirtless, that big hairy chest sticking out, his big pink-brown nipples on display. "Hi, boys. Come in." He wasn't surprised to see us. He seemed sluggish, so familiarly dazed and dreamy.

Charles, the handsome blond, one of Coach's favorite players, stepped forward and flashed his million-dollar smile. "Hey, Coach, we just wanted to stop by and ... and ..."

Charles trailed off as we saw what he had already seen.

Coach's stopwatch, dangling, swaying at the end of its cord in the professor's hand. I couldn't quite pull my eyes away from it.

There was pretty much no way any of us would be able to walk in there and *not* be almost immediately and deeply hypnotized.

Except ... we were already in there.

And ... we were already hypnotized. Had been since the locker room. The professor hadn't told us to wake up. We still needed ... something.

Coming here now was no random decision. My dick was so hard, feeling so good, pulling me deeper into hypnosis. No way for me to resist. I felt everything slipping away. I tried to hang on and stay awake because I wanted to see what happened, but I couldn't, not completely. The best I could manage was a half-awake state, maybe a light trance, probably deeper than that.

"Come in, boys," said the professor from across the room. I remembered someone had told me that Coach and the professor shared a place, but I'd thought they were just friends and roommates, like me and Manuel. "Close the door. We've been waiting for you. I'm sorry we had to leave your reward unfinished earlier in the showers, but we can finish now. Charles, show us your dick."

"Yes, sir." Charles unzipped and took out his hard cock right there in Coach's living room.

"Coach, drop your shorts."

We watched in awe as Coach obediently bent over, pushing his shorts down. He was naked except for the fabric bunched around his ankles.

"Show them your ass, Coach."

He pulled his hairy cheeks apart, displaying his butt to us like a whore. He had obviously been preparing himself because his hole was all greased up and loose.

"Strip, all of you. Boys, he's all yours. Enjoy."

Charles and Eric and I complied, losing shirts, kicking off shoes, pulling off pants and underwear. Naked. Hard. Needy. Ready. Charles moved into position behind Coach. Coach bent forward and pushed his ass back. Charles pushed his cock forward into the greased hole and planted himself in that hairy ass, hard and deep. Coach whimpered. Charles grabbed onto his shoulders. "Nnnnh," Coach grunted as Charles began to pump his ass.

Charles was really fucking him good; each thrust jarred Coach's massive body. Eric and I moved in, rubbing Coach's chest, teasing his hard nipples, stroking his harder cock and swinging ball sack. Coach's cock was so swollen it looked purple as Charles pumped his ass.

"Charles," the professor said, "feel your orgasm building. You're going to cum soon. Cum up your coach's ass. Shoot your load up his hole."

Charles gave another thrust, one last thrust, then his body started to vibrate. "Ahhh-yeeeeah," he groaned. With his dick embedded as far as he could reach inside Coach's slick butt, Charles drained his nuts.

Charles slid out of Coach's ass, and he sank down on the couch, just like the professor told him, and he sank into a deep sleep.

"Blow him," the professor ordered without being specific.

I stared at Coach's cock. Suddenly, I was on my knees and had my mouth on it. I'd been wanting this all during the football season, and now I had it. I put the lessons I'd learned to good use. Smoking Coach's joint was a lot better than smoking pot. I had his cock so over-stimulated that within minutes he filled my mouth with hot cum. It tasted salty, kind of bitter, but I needed to follow orders. I kept sucking until I couldn't taste anymore.

When I released Coach's cock, he fell to his hands and knees. The professor had Eric kneel behind Coach and take a turn on his ass, while I sat in front of Coach and he blew me. Coach's hungry grunts as he got plugged from both ends turned me on. Eric and I were competing to see who could hold out the longest. Eric started slapping Coach's hairy hips. Coach grunted even louder.

"Cum," the professor ordered. "All of you, cum."

Coach grunted again, his body shivering as Eric and I pitched forward toward our inevitable nut. "Guuh!" Coach moaned around my dick in his throat. Eric bucked and I knew he was shooting. Coach shuddered and began to shoot his second load. Just as their orgasms were ending, mine began and I pumped my load into Coach's mouth as that intense sweet, sweet pleasure blasted through me.

"Very good, boys," the professor said. "Now it's time for sleep. Sleep." As my eyes closed, he said, "Good. All of you, sleep."

How'd Coach get to be such a cock-hungry slut? I think this had been going on for him for years. Halfway through the second week of pre-season practice was when I got pulled into it. Coach told us new players joining the team that we would be doing some mental exercises in addition to our drills, exercises that would help us play our best, bring us together, help us function as a team. That sounded good to me.

Coach and some other guy went down the line distributing a little white pill and a bottle of water to each player. I wasn't big on drugs, except for the pot I liked to smoke a couple of times a day. One of the other new guys, Edward, asked what the pill was for, since the staff usually told us to live clean and stay away from drugs, yet here Coach was handing out pills. Coach said it was something mild, just to relax us, help us open our minds so the first training exercises would sink in better. It would help us be more receptive, he said. Once we had gone through the exercises once and gotten a foundation established, he said, we'd find them easier and easier each time, but the first time we'd probably need some assistance to get the full benefit. Hence, the pill. Doctor's orders. The returning players all smirked at Edward's newbie question and quickly popped the pills into their mouths, chased them down by swallowing half their bottles of water. I didn't want to look like freak, so I did the same. We all did.

Coach kept everybody active doing drills: tire runs, shuttle runs, others, making us run and sweat. I was thinking I didn't feel anything from the pill. Then Ruben stumbled on a tire and fell over, and a couple of the guys and me thought that was hilarious and got the giggles. That's when I realized I was feeling this really mellow high. Kind of loose-limbed, happy, clumsy, woozy. Guys were stumbling, fumbling but still trying to push through the drills, and it all seemed funny as shit. The high felt good. I decided I'd ask Coach what this drug was, because I liked it as much as pot.

In groups of four or five at a time, guys were led back into the gym for their mental training exercises, new and returning players alike. After a while I noticed just Coach and I were left on the field. We'd been tossing a football back and forth for a while, under the guise of working on my passing but what we were doing was more casual than that. Mostly the drug made me an awkward klutz. Coach would

toss a slow-and-easy pass right to me, and half the time it would just bounce off my chest when I tried to catch it. My passes back were more *toward* him than *to* him, since my motor skills were pretty much reduced to getting the ball going in Coach's general direction.

Finally some signal caught his eye. "Okay," he called to me. "Bring it on in. Bring it here."

My turn? I stumble-trotted to Coach. He put his arm around my shoulders. As an eighteen-year-old freshman, I was lanky; I had some muscles but I was still filling out. Coach was a big beefy guy, all brawn, and I felt kind of enveloped by his arm, his heat, the slightly sweaty scent of his body.

"You'll be second-string this year, but next year you'll have a shot at being my starting quarterback," he told me. "You're going to be my secret weapon, so I'm gonna make a special investment in you. Your first time is going to be more one-on-one, so we can make sure you get off to a great start." I didn't know what that meant, but I grinned and nodded stupidly, feeling flattered and a little giddy just to be near him. I loved how he was taking a personal interest in me, like a mentor. "We can also work on other things that might hold back your success. Eliminate distractions. Like, reduce your pot smoking, before it becomes a problem."

I was kind of shocked and ashamed because I didn't think Coach knew I'd been smoking a joint in the morning and a couple more after practice. We weren't supposed to smoke anything, tobacco or marijuana, as we prepared for the upcoming season, and I'd been cheating big time. Maybe my roommate Manuel told him? Whatever, I was feeling too good to let something like that bother me for long. My embarrassment faded quickly.

Coach led me into this little dimly lit room in the back of the gym. He introduced me to the guy who helped him hand out the pills, saying he was a professor in the Psych department or something. Coach got me seated in a chair--practically dropped me into it--then took off his shirt and parked his ass in a chair next to mine. Looking at Coach's chest I realized just what a hairy muscled motherfucker he was.

The professor held up the stopwatch that Coach normally wore on a cord around his neck. It wasn't just a stopwatch, the professor said. It was a symbol of team unity. This exercise would build a mindset where focusing on the stopwatch was focusing on team unity, and I wanted to be part of the team, didn't I? I nodded groggily.

Relax, he told me. Concentrate. Focus on a memory when I really felt I was part of a team, part of a oneness greater than its parts. Focus on that feeling. Remember it. Try to summon it again and feel it spreading through me. Toes to feet to ankles. Relax. Calves to knees to thighs. Concentrate. Thighs to hips to stomach. Oneness. Chest, shoulders, neck. Drowsy. Chin, forehead, eyes. So very drowsy. Sleepy. Ready for sleep.

I blinked and blinked. I did feel sleepy. But I wasn't stupid. You're trying to hypnotize me, I told the professor. Yes, he replied, because it's an effective tool at building a successful team mindset. And anyway, he said, look at Coach. Coach's purpose was to lead by example. Look at him. Years of experience leading by example.

I looked. Coach, in just his shoes and shorts, sat slumped in his chair, eyes shut, head bowed forward. Deeply asleep already, the professor said. Coach is well-trained, he said; Coach knows it's inevitable, knows it's the best way to make a successful team happen. I knew why Coach was there: I was

supposed to see him falling into a trance fast and deep, and I'd be inspired to let it affect me just as quickly, just as deeply.

Relax, the professor told me. So sleepy. Inevitable. Sleep. I wondered if Coach would be proud of me if I went deeply into hypnosis too. Maybe I could lead by example too. Sleepy, the professor said. Sleep. Let go. Sleep. And I did exactly that.

The first change I noticed came later, after a week of group sessions with the whole team after practice and Coach calling me in for a couple special private sessions sometimes too. I was back in my dorm room, and I decided to skip sneaking out to smoke my evening joint. That had never happened before. I loved my pot, but this time I didn't feel like I wanted it. I still wanted--needed--something, like a physical hunger. I decided to go for a run and afterward I was a sweaty, grungy mess, so I took a shower. My roommate Manuel, the junior starting center, was reading some textbook, sitting against his headboard, stripped to his briefs because it was almost bedtime. I'd pulled on a pair of boxer shorts after my shower and I was drying my head. I felt hungrier than ever, but not for food. Manuel's golden chest fascinated me, all smooth planes. Not a hair on it. His was a nice chest, but Coach's chest was more jacked up and had a lot of hair.

Manuel smiled at me. He reached under his textbook, hooked his thumb in the waistband of his briefs, and pulled down the front. His dick rolled out, half-hard and rising. I'd never seen him hard before. I was surprised--and kind of *not* surprised at the same time, like I'd been expecting this. Big grin from Manuel, like he was challenging me, but dopey around the eyes like I'd seen some of our teammates looking in the mental group sessions just before that hypnotic sleep overcame them. Okay. Suddenly I realized what I was hungry for. I took the challenge and dropped my towel and my boxers. All I needed to do was relax. All I needed to do was ... this. Let go. Let it happen. Maybe this was my reward for foregoing my nightly pot.

We stared at each other as we stroked ourselves. We'd never done anything sexual together before, but we were committed to doing it now. Then I was on his bed too, and we were stroking each other. Then we were blowing each other. I slipped a hand around behind him and felt his ass--so much smoother than Coach's ass, which I'd seen in the showers after practice. While our cocks were buried in each other's mouths, I put a finger in Manuel's butt and he came almost immediately, grunting like he liked it. I didn't like the taste, but I made myself swallow. Team-building. I wondered what Coach's cum would taste like, whether Coach liked a finger up his ass too or maybe something bigger than a finger when he came. That thought tripped my trigger, and I spurted my load into Manuel's mouth. "Fucking touchdown," I muttered contentedly.

After that, Manuel and I were all over each other pretty much every night. Sometimes in the mornings too. I'd never done anything sexually with a guy before Manuel, but he was a good teacher and I learned quickly. We were definitely enjoying our own personal team-building time in our dorm room. Still, I couldn't help wondering how Coach would suck, or what spanking his hairy ass would feel like, or whether Coach could take a dick up his butt as well as Manuel. Manuel asked if I ever thought about Coach would be like in bed too, sometimes, when we were lying together after having cum, so I knew I wasn't the only one fascinated with Coach's hairy ass.

Once we found out after our last game that Coach was a complete cock-slut? Needless to say, all the guys on the football team were after his hairy ass, every time we saw him.

Donnie ran into Coach at a sports bar just off campus. Two beers later, he fucked Coach behind a dumpster in the alley behind the bar.

Cliff fucked him in the back seat of Coach's SUV in the grocery store parking lot, behind heavily tinted windows.

One Saturday night at the shopping mall, three of us spotted Coach walking with the professor, like it was date night for them or something. We saw them going into an out-of-the-way men's room. We changed direction and followed them.

The professor was leaning back against the sinks, casually dangling Coach's stopwatch. He seemed surprised to see us, like he was expecting someone else, but he told us to come in, told us to focus. I took a deep breath and relaxed. I knew what we needed to do. The professor seemed to be waiting for a show. We were going to give him one.

Coach stood at a urinal, looking half-asleep. Sam came up behind him and pawed at Coach's thick chest, finding his big nipples and giving them a happy-twist or two. "Hello, Coach."

Before Coach could answer, Edward had pulled him away from the urinal and pushed him back against the wall. Coach's pants were open and his cock was out, but he wasn't pissing. His cock was hard. I knelt and tugged down Coach's pants and ratty old jock-strap. Hot! While Edward went to work on Coach's shirt buttons and Sam put out the *out of order* sign, I knelt, kissed the head of Coach's thick dick without hesitation and licked at his shaft.

Pretty soon we had Coach completely naked. We had ourselves completely naked too. There Coach was on the grungy mall restroom floor, his legs in the air, his big hairy asshole open. Edward squirted some lube and rubbed it into Coach's ass-pucker. Edward said, "Hold his legs," so I grabbed Coach's ankles and lifted them higher. Edward spent about the minimum time needed to get Coach's hole ready before he rammed his cock into Coach's ass with almost no warning.

Coach roared like a bear caught in a trap, but he didn't snap out of it. Sam straddled him and pushed his cock deep in his yapping mouth to silence him. "Suck it," Sam said. Coach made wet gulping noises around Sam's hard-on.

The attack Edward unleashed on Coach's ass was a thing of beauty. Despite the cock down his throat, Coach still tried to yell a lot because Edward was putting his entire body weight into fucking Coach's big ass.

I stood over them, stroking myself, slow and steady, waiting for my turn in whichever hole became available first.

A few minutes later, Sam pulled out and flogged his meat over Coach's face. Edward put his hand over the big man's mouth to silence his loud moans. We watched Sam's thick cock unload all over Coach's chest.

Coach moaned, "Ooooooh, please--don't stop. Give me more."

I was just about to poke my dick into Coach's mouth when a frightening thing happened. Two mall security guards walked in. I jerked back, shocked, nearly snapping awake, but the professor told us it was all right, told us to stay relaxed. These guards, he said, were deeply relaxed, just like we were. They'd been on the football team a couple of years ago, before they graduated. They still liked to relax and get naked with Coach, just like we did.

The two rent-a-cops grinned and began to strip. Seeing they were like us helped me let go and relax again. One guard held Coach's legs back while Edward continued fucking that hairy ass. They were kissing him and sucking his tits. Edward stiffened, then jerked, cumming up Coach's butt-slot.

One of the guards took Edward's place between Coach's thighs, and I watched as the cop almost lost a seventeen-inch nightstick up Coach's ass. After the stick loosened Coach's ass up even more, the guard fucked him. Both guards kissed him, played with his cock and balls, pinched at his tits, causing the big man to grunt loudly.

After the first mall cop finished fucking Coach and came across his stomach, he held one of Coach's legs back for the second cop. Even from this distance I could see that Coach's hole was gaping wide open. The second cop was a muscular man with an extremely wide cock; it fit Coach's open chute like a glove.

"Ooooooh, shit! Fuck me." Coach sounded like a bitch-dog in heat. His needy howls made me hornier. I needed to take my turn. While the second cop pumped away at his ass, I silenced Coach by jabbing my fat sausage in his mouth.

The second cop porking Coach went after his ass with a vengeance. "You been fucking these college punks, Coach? That why you haven't been around? Well, this will teach you to ignore us." The cop's hips pumped a clockwork rhythm as he piston-fucked Coach. The cop and I came at virtually the same time; we high-fived over Coach's chest, as Coach jacked himself off and climaxed, right there on the trashy restroom floor.

Coach was a popular man. The professor may have started us going after Coach's ass, but we football players kept up the hunt enthusiastically. Our team acted like a pack of horny male dogs chasing after one bitch in heat. We began swapping stories.

Ruben fucked him in the bushes when they ran into each other outside the gym one night.

Walter fucked him inside the country club restroom.

On the camping trip during spring break, a bunch of us crawled into Coach's tent one by one and fucked him. Jimmy was greedy; he fucked Coach for nearly a solid hour. When he finished, he had trouble pulling his big, still-hard cock out of Coach's ass.

In parks we watched each other lay the wood to him. Coach would lean against a tree while we did everything to his ass from A to Z. We spanked him. Rimmed him. Crammed huge vibrators up his butt. Fucked him two at a time. As long as he was relaxed, Coach was game for anything. So were we.

Even though football season was over for the year, I'd go to his office at least once a week, sometimes more. Sometimes just he and I were there, and sometimes other players would drop by too. We might chat a while about what was going on in our lives, or our plans for next year's season, but Coach always seemed to fall asleep and get naked, his big hairy ass stuck up in the air. We players would relax too, strip off our clothes. We lapped at his hot hole, inserted fingers, tongues, toes, fists, dildos, whatever, getting him ready for our dicks. Once we even watched as his asshole clamped down on a cigar and smoked it; after that, we smoked his hole.

I didn't mind the hypnosis. I kind of liked it, actually. I liked the way I felt when I was hypnotized--like I could do anything, like I could fuck all night. I loved fucking Coach's hungry ass. Giving up pot

was easy since I was smoking Coach's joint on a regular basis and he was huffing mine. And the best part? I still had three more years of playing on the football team ahead of me.
