

Hold

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: A college wrestling coach uses hypnosis to sharpen his star athlete's focus; and as the sessions deepen, so does their bond.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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1: The First Session

The wrestling room, in the basement of the college gym. Less noisy after hours, just the distant thud of somebody bouncing a basketball upstairs and the buzz of cheap hallway lights through the shut door. The mats were vacant and quiet; the rest of the team had long ago showered and gone for the night.

His best wrestler Ty sat cross-legged on the center mat, shorts, thin-soled wrestling shoes, hoodie half-zipped, no T-shirt underneath, revealing a wedge of sweaty muscle-curved chest; Ty was still catching his breath from all the extra conditioning exercises.

Coach Brennan stood a few feet away, arms crossed. His expression was impassive, unreadable as always, though not unkind. He was stern, but he praised effort when his guys earned it, when they dug deep and delivered. Those rare words meant everything to his team because they knew his approval was sincere. He knew they loved him for it. He demanded winners who lived for wrestling, and his wrestlers lived to deserve

his praise.

Ty wiped his forehead with his hoodie sleeve. "For real? I mean, hypnosis? You serious about this?"

"If I weren't, you'd already be in the locker room," Brennan said. He uncrossed his arms. "You trust me?"

Ty nodded. "Yeah, Coach. You know I do."

"Then lie back."

Ty stretched out slowly on his back on the mat, arms relaxed at his sides. His eyes fixed on the fluorescent panel above them. He waited.

"You ever been hypnotized before?" Brennan asked, voice lower now.

"No, uh, never."

"You sound nervous."

Ty hesitated. "Maybe a little."

"That's normal. Just listen to my voice. You don't have to do anything. Just follow along," Brennan said. "Close your eyes."

Ty did.

"Breathe in through your nose. Deep. Hold it."

Ty did.

"Now out. Slow. Feel your body settle into the floor."

The words weren't warm, exactly, and didn't seem intended to be. But they were steady. Intent. And Ty realized how rare that was--to have someone speak like every word mattered.

"Again," Brennan said.

Again, again, until Ty's breath came deep and automatic, until the room began to feel blurry, as if it had thickened around the edges.

"Each time you exhale, let something go. Tension. Thought. Whatever."

The silence stretched.

Brennan's voice came slower. "You feel your arms getting heavy. Your legs, too. Like they're not yours anymore. Like the mat is rising up to hold you."

Ty's fingers twitched, then relaxed. His jaw slackened, as if releasing a tension he hadn't realized he carried. The muscles in his neck gave up. Somewhere in the back of his mind, a tiny flicker: *This is working.*

"Now," Brennan said, "I want you to picture the circle."

Ty's brow twitched as he imagined the squared circle on the mat where wrestling matches determined winners and losers.

"A white circle," Brennan continued as he watched his wrestler lie still, breathing, a gradual ridge in those shorts that was probably a half-hard cock. "Just a plain white circle, in the center of a dark room. It glows faintly. That's where your focus goes."

Ty saw it. White and clean. Still. A pale light suspended in black.

"That's where the noise stops. That's your hold. Whenever you need it, just go there. You with me?"

A whisper: "Yeah."

"That's where your strength is," Brennan said. "That's where the match begins. Where you're calm. Centered. Total control. Nobody can shake you when you're there."

Ty's breath paused, then steadied.

"From now on," Brennan said, "when I say the word *hold*, your mind knows how to find that circle. Fast. Easy. Like a switch flipping."

The word echoed. Not shouted, nor whispered. Just dropped into place.

Hold.

And Ty felt the word click. Something inside aligned as his coach continued to talk to him.

When Brennan finally brought him back--counting slowly from five to zero, *wide awake now*--Ty blinked up at the ceiling like he was waking from the deepest nap he'd ever had. "Damn," he said quietly.

Brennan nodded. "You went under fast. I didn't think you would the first time. You're a natural at this."

Ty sat up slowly, eyes still a little glassy, rubbing the back of his neck. "That was ... weird. But a good weird."

"Tomorrow," Brennan said, "we'll go deeper."

Ty looked over. "Everything was so quiet there. I didn't know I could feel that quiet."

"You'll learn to carry it into the match."

Ty hesitated. "And outside of it?"

Brennan's jaw tensed. "We'll see."

2: Drill It In

Ty felt the difference the very next morning. The gym smelled and sounded the same--rubber mats, old sweat, disinfectant, guys hooting and bullshitting--but everything was quieter in his head. When he went through drills, his mind trimmed away the noise, leaving only what mattered: His coach's voice, the feel of the mat beneath his feet, the rhythm of his own breath.

During practice, Brennan watched him closely. His usual sharp look loosened just a little.

Later that day, after the team thundered off to shower, dress, and leave, after Ty finished his extra conditioning work, they met again for the second hypnosis session.

"Same place?" Brennan asked, nodding toward the middle of the quiet wrestling room.

Ty settled prone on his back without hesitation this time, closing his eyes and letting the floor catch him.

Brennan's voice was even more controlled now. "Breathe in. Deeper. Wait ... Out. Relax." His continuing cadence was practiced, smooth like a metronome. "Your focus narrows. The circle glows brighter. You're inside it."

Ty pictured the circle again, surrounding him. This time it shimmered, pulsing gently.

"Good," Brennan said. "Now, when you hear the word *hold*, you'll find it faster. When you feel doubt or tension, say it silently, and your body will respond. You'll feel your strength returning."

Ty repeated the word inside his mind. *Hold. Hold.* He felt a subtle shift. A coil that had been tightening, ready to snap, paused.

Over the next weeks, the sessions became routine.

Ty's focus sharpened in matches. He caught moves faster. He anticipated attacks with a near-prescient calm.

Brennan added layers. Post-hypnotic triggers for confidence. Quiet commands for endurance. A word for pain management. Ty's mind responded like a muscle being trained with invisible weights.

One afternoon, after an intense session, Ty lingered longer than usual. "Feels like cheating," he said quietly.

"Not cheating," Brennan replied. "Tools. Like a wrestler's stance or a coach's strategy. This is just another edge."

Ty looked up. "But it's your voice in my head all the time now."

Brennan hesitated. "It's there because you want it. Because you asked for it."

Ty nodded, but something unsettled him.

"Don't lose yourself," Brennan said softly. "That's the only rule."

Ty swallowed. "I'm not losing."

But late at night, lying in bed, maybe edging toward sleep, maybe deciding whether to jack off, Ty sometimes heard Brennan's voice slip in unexpectedly. In dreams, in the silence.

Hold.

And he realized the word wasn't just a cue. It was a bond.

Something deeper than coaching.

Something he couldn't untangle.

3: Inside the Silence

The third session started late, after a wrestling match.

Ty had lingered after the match--a narrow win, his toughest yet. He was tense, barely responding to teammates in the locker room, one of the last to shower. In his boxer-briefs, towel over one shoulder, he sat on the changing bench beside his locker, his discarded singlet draped over the open metal door. Brennan saw the tension in the hard set of Ty's shoulders, the twitch behind his eyes.

"Still want to go under?" Brennan asked quietly, once the others had cleared out.

Ty didn't answer right away. Then: "Yeah. I think ... I need it."

"Follow me."

They didn't use the mats this time. The coach's office was dark, blinds drawn, a folding chair pulled beside the ancient worn-down couch where boxer-briefed Ty sat back, arms limp, eyes already drifting.

Brennan had barely said more than a few words. "You're already halfway there," he murmured.

Ty made a sound, fainter than a sigh, probably a confirmation. His breath was even, chest moving slowly, eyes closed now.

"Go deeper with each breath. Find that still place."

"Hold," Ty whispered, and something in him settled like a stone dropping into water, ripples, ripples ...

Brennan paused before speaking again. He'd used a memorized script before. Words with purpose. Words with control. But now--? Now, Ty looked so relaxed and ... open. Not just focused. Not just calm.

Exposed.

"Let it go," Brennan said quietly. "Let everything else fall away."

And Ty did.

Ty cock in his underwear: Definitely hard, needing ... something.

Brennan told him he was doing fine, deserved a little reward, something that would relax him deeper. Brennan reached and touched Ty's rod through the thin boxer-briefs. Rubbed gently. Did the stillness feel like permission? The wrestler's hips pressed upward against his fingertips by a degree, as if craving the touch, which he took for consent, so he rubbed more firmly. Brennan told Ty he could let go when he was ready--okay to let go, okay to feel. Physical release would encourage the mental. The wrestler's cock throbbed as Brennan's hand rubbed. Ty sighed, shuddered, breath snagging on his orgasm. A wet spot, Ty's cum, formed at the end of that tube in his underwear. A sigh as Ty relaxed profoundly and glided into the afterglow.

Brennan guided Ty deeper, further, down, down.

When Brennan finally brought him back, Ty blinked a few times, eyes glassy. He sat up, rubbed his face. How much did he remember?

Brennan said nothing. Neither did Ty. Not at first.

"You didn't script what you said this time, but it still hit hard," Ty said finally, just stating. "Maybe harder than before."

"No," Brennan said quietly. "That was you. Letting go."

Ty looked at him for a long moment. Something passed between them--silent, tense, but not uncomfortable. Ty looked at the floor, started speaking. "My dad used to yell at me during my matches. After them too." His words came slowly, dreamlike. "Even when I won, he yelled at me. He always wanted more. Said I wasn't pushing hard enough."

Brennan stayed silent, listening.

"He never talked about the whole match. Just the ending. Said that was all that mattered, 'cause the ending showed what kind of man I was. Whether I was enough. Nothing was ever enough." Ty's face twitched. His gaze aligned on Brennan's. "But you--you see the whole thing. Every part. Every grip. Every fall."

Brennan's heart twitched nervously, faster than it should have. Still, he said nothing.

Ty murmured, "I feel safe when you talk me down. Like I'm not gonna drown in the noise."

Trust. Whether earned or not, trust was there. And room maybe for more.

Later, Brennan sat alone in his office. He replayed the session in his head. He knew better. Why had he touched Ty's cock like that? Why had Ty spoken about his father? This wasn't about strategy anymore. Not just performance. This was becoming something else--something deeper, layered, dangerous.

He should stop.

But knew he wouldn't.

And he knew Ty would come back.

4: No Whistle Needed

An anemic crowd in the gym bleachers but buzzing with noise, a constant background. Ty stood on deck, at the edge of the circle on the mat, bouncing on the balls of his feet. Across from him, a lean, larger kid from another state school who hadn't lost a match all season.

Ty's jaw was locked. His fingers twitched.

He couldn't feel it. The calm. The focus. Why couldn't he find it? Why couldn't he hold it? He felt as though someone had pulled the circle out from under him and replaced it with loud, brittle static.

Brennan stood by the rest of the team, silent.

They'd agreed: no sessions right before matches. Ty had said he didn't need them anymore.

But now--

Now, Brennan saw the old tightness in Ty's stance. The fight to stay above the noise.

Ty glanced over at his team, then his coach.

And Brennan said nothing aloud. He just mouthed the word: *Hold*.

Ty blinked.

His shoulders shifted a fraction.

A slow breath left his chest.

And when the whistle blew, he moved like water, like a ghost.

The match was brutal. Not fast, not pretty, a war of inches. But Ty owned those inches. He controlled the tempo, neutralized his opponent, and took the win in the final seconds with a sudden, calculated reversal that put his score ahead by one point.

When the referee raised his arm, Ty didn't smile. He looked straight at Brennan.

And Brennan knew--he hadn't just coached that win. The word he'd planted had held Ty there, from inside his mind.

Later, after the gym was mostly empty, with just the buzz of cheap lights and faraway conversations. Coach's office. Towel-clad Ty stood in the doorway. "I heard you," he said quietly, "at the start of my match.

Brennan looked up from his desk. "I didn't say anything."

"I heard you anyway." A pause. Then: "I needed it."

Brennan studied him. "I thought we agreed ..."

"I didn't ask for it," Ty said. "But I'm glad you gave it."

Silence.

Brennan looked away. "You're starting to rely on it. It's a tool, not a crutch."

Ty stepped into the room, closed the door behind himself. Close now. Closer than before. "Yeah, I know."

"You should be pulling away," Brennan murmured. "Wrestling without it."

Ty didn't answer, just looked at him. Then said: "You should've pulled away too."

Brennan felt something shift in the air.

"I'm not just following your voice anymore," Ty said. "It's following me."

Neither of them spoke for a long time. Finally, Brennan said: "Do you still want the sessions?"

Ty nodded. "Yeah. But not for wrestling."

Brennan frowned, felt his throat tighten. "Then what?"

Ty smiled faintly. Sad. Serious. His towel fell. Half-hard dick rising.

"For the quiet."

5: The Hold That Remains

The season ended with Ty, lip bleeding, taking silver at regionals.

No fanfare. No drama. He wrestled like a ghost--smooth, silent, untouchable. He didn't cheer as he stood on

the podium. He shook hands, posed for the photo, and found Brennan afterward outside the locker room where rest of the team celebrated.

The coach leaned against a cold cinderblock wall in the hallway, arms folded, cap pulled low. Neither of them said a word. Nothing needed saying, not yet. They just stood there, backs against the wall, the air thick with everything unspoken, sharing the brutal, sober kind of peace men only earn through combat.

"Ready?" Brennan asked softly, breaking the silence. "Go get showered, then come to my office."

Ty looked up, eyes meeting his coach's. "Yeah," he said, voice steady despite the weariness.

In Brennan's office with the door closed. Lights low, not because they needed secrecy, but because their ritual had always called for silence, the lights as muted as the sound.

But this time, their meeting was not routine. Ty sat down slowly. Not like a student. Like an equal.

Brennan sat on the corner of his desk and said, finally: "You don't need this anymore."

Ty said, "I know." He didn't move. Post-shower, in jeans and sneakers, no shirt, he looked down at his hands. This had been his final wrestling match of his final season. Who was he now that he wasn't a wrestler any longer? "Feels different now," Ty said, almost to himself.

Brennan nodded. "It should."

No more matches.

No more reason.

Brennan almost said something more, about clean breaks, about closure. But he didn't ...

Because Ty raised his head, calm and steady, and said: "I want to share the quiet with you again. I don't need it anymore. But maybe you do."

Brennan looked back at him for a long time, until this energy wasn't silence between them anymore. It was recognition. Brennan hesitated, for once unsure of the script. He nodded. "All right. One last time." Brennan reached out, placed his hand on Ty's shoulder, heavy as an anchor. The circle had always begun here--in breath, in silence, in the space between them. "Close your eyes. Breathe. Focus on my voice."

Ty obeyed, shoulders dropping, jaw relaxing, breath deepening immediately as the weight of the match lifted and he sank into the trance. No cues; no countdown. He was already there.

Brennan just watched the slow shift in Ty's breathing, the loosening of his neck and jaw, the familiar descent into stillness. He found himself whispering this time, slower. Not instructions, but something else entirely. "You've already done enough. You don't have to prove anything anymore. Just let it all go."

Ty exhaled, long and easy.

"There's no pressure now," Brennan said. "No audience. Just this. The room is still. You're not chasing the win; you're not chasing anything. You're just ... here."

He watched Ty's face smooth out completely, peaceful in a way that had nothing to do with wrestling.

And then Brennan surprised himself. He said, gently, "You're safe. And I'm here."

The words echoed in the quiet room.

Ty's breath stumbled--just a little--and then steadied again.

Brennan stayed with him like that for a long time. No instructions. No programming. Just presence.

Ty finally opened his eyes, not like waking but like coming back--to something shared, something held. "Brennan," Ty said softly, his voice calm but carrying a new kind of strength.

Brennan froze, noting the change: not *Coach Brennan*, or *Coach*, or even *sir*--just his name.

"You don't have to be the voice tonight," Ty continued, reaching out, his hand on Brennan's shoulder. The touch was gentle but unyielding, grounding.

Brennan blinked, caught between instinct and something unfamiliar. Ty's gaze held his, steady and sure.

Ty said, "You always held me up, through every tough moment. Now let me hold you."

For a moment, Brennan hesitated, the years of his role as coach and guide weighing on him. How many years since he had experienced this under the guidance of his own coach? Then, slowly, the tension in his shoulders began to melt; his breath eased as he sank down onto the couch. "Okay."

Ty's voice, now deeper and looser, became the new rhythm, a tide pulling them both into quiet stillness. "In ... and out," he murmured. "Just breathe with me."

Brennan matched his breathing, feeling the tension and weight seep out of his muscles, his mind unclenching from years of constant vigilance.

"It's easier when someone's holding the weight with you," Ty continued. "I've learned that from you. You've been carrying so much: the team, the expectations, me. You never stopped," Ty murmured, his words thickening. "Even now, you're listening, holding the room, holding me. But I've got you now. You don't have to hold the circle alone."

Brennan closed his eyes, allowing himself to surrender. Letting go would be hard, but he wanted to try. His lips curved faintly, a rare smile breaking through years of discipline and control. His hands, once clenched and ready, lay open in his lap.

Ty's voice deepened further, the cadence slow and sure, wrapping around them both like a shield. "Let yourself fall, Brennan. You're safe here. With me."

Minutes passed, and the quiet between them began to fill with something unspoken. He felt Ty's confident touch. Brennan felt his own growing arousal, his clothing being removed the way a soldier honors his armor. His cock had hammered to hardness even before it was exposed to air, Ty's touch, Ty's mouth. Soon Brennan's climax rose and rolled over him.

When his eyes finally fluttered open, he found Ty watching him with a recognition that transcended their previous roles.

"You were safe the whole time; still are," Ty said simply. "And I'm here."

Brennan nodded, voice husky but sure. "I know. And I'm not going anywhere, either."

They stayed like that a while longer, warriors connected not by commands or control or wins, but by a mutual understanding--each having carried the other, now balanced in shared strength and trust, a bond that could

carry them both forward.

Epilogue: The Edge of the Mat

This college gym was like every other Ty had known. They never varied much. Different banners on the walls. Brighter lights. But the floor creaked in similar spots, and the air carried the same faint tang of sweat and disinfectant, of adrenaline and promise.

Ty stood near the edge of the mat, arms folded, watching his wrestler warm up. Kid named Noah. Strong legs, quick instincts, too much noise in his head.

Just like Ty used to be.

Across the way, at the back of the bleachers, a familiar man in a navy pullover sat with his hands loosely clasped. Brennan? Yes. What was he doing here? He'd come to watch, just watching now. He looked quieter--but his presence was still unmistakable, like gravity in the room.

Their eyes met. Neither smiled. Both nodded. That was enough.

The match wasn't clean. Noah got sloppy in the second period, tangled up in his head again. Ty watched him flinch at a feint that didn't land, saw his stance start to unravel.

The whistle paused the action, and Noah knelt beside the mat. He was breathing too fast, eyes darting, lost in his own panic.

Ty leaned in, just enough. "You know what to do."

Noah blinked at him.

"Breathe. Hold."

Ty saw his wrestler take the word into himself, saw it happen: the boy's chest rose, then fell slower. His shoulders loosened. His world shrank to the mat.

Just like Ty's used to.

When the whistle blew again, Noah was already moving.

The win was close. Scrappy. Earned.

After the referee raised his wrist, Noah gushed off the mat, jubilant, launched himself, clamped Ty in a tight hug of arms and legs, obvious puppy devotion, beaming a look of deeply shared connection and not caring who saw. Ty didn't match that smile--just clapped a hand to the back of his wrestler's neck, firm and proud, a few words of praise. Basking, the kid broad-grinned his adulation, nodded, then trotted off to accept his teammates' backslapping congratulations.

When the gym started to empty, Ty found Brennan still seated in the bleachers. Alone now.

"You're here," Ty said. How many years? The college where Ty coached was a long way from Brennan's. They'd fallen out of touch. Life.

Brennan nodded once. "I guess ... I wanted to see if you'd remember."

Ty gestured to the mat. "It's all still here, all of it. The rhythm. The quiet. The voice."

Brennan looked at him. "You made it yours."

Ty sat beside him and looked at Brennan, saw eyes lined with experience but steady as ever.

Neither said anything for a while. No medals. No expectations. No roles left to perform. Just two men. They were not lovers. Not father and son. Not coach and athlete, not master and student. Something quieter, harder to name.

Then Ty said, "You're the only one who ever really knew how to hold me." Brennan didn't return the small smile, but Ty hadn't expected him to. "And you're the only one I wanted to."

Quietly, Brennan added: "You still hold the silence."

Ty nodded. "You gave it to me." He looked out over the mat again. "I'm just continuing the circle."
