

Listen Up!

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Coach knows something weird is going on with his four star wrestlers ... but what exactly?

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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These four fuckers beat anything I ever saw!

Now, I'm saying this as a man who has devoted nearly my entire life to wrestling. I started wrestling before I could grow stubble, and I've been the wrestling coach here at Dickert College for the last six years. That's a couple decades of experience on the mats, eyes on the fucking grind, so believe me when I say this: I'd never seen a group of wrestlers like those four!

I know my boys as well as I know myself, maybe even better. When you coach wrestling, you get close to your guys. I mean *really* close--both team-bonding and physical proximity. If you're gonna be a good coach, you gotta get close enough in there to see every muscle while your wrestler is pushing and pulling and straining during drills or going up against his opponent. That's close enough to tell whether he's wearing a jock-strap or wrestling briefs--or commando in just his practice shorts or singlet. So close you can't help but get a real good look at your guy's meat and the way it moves inside whatever the fuck he's wearing. If he gets a hard-on during practice, you're gonna know that too.

Don't get me wrong. The whole time I've been coaching, I've held myself to only the highest standards with

my student wrestlers. I've been totally, completely, and absolutely above reproach--I've made sure of that. That's the first of my ironclad rules. *Look but don't touch. Salivate, but don't seduce.* You get the idea. Do I ever imagine licking a frisky nineteen-year-old college wrestler from his earlobes to his toes, sticking my tongue between his rock-hard bubble ass-cheeks, slobbering on his butt-pucker and then his super-sensitive knob until his cock leaks like Niagara fucking Falls while he screams and begs for me to empty his balls?--Well, sure. But I'll tell you: *imagining* is one thing, and *doing* would be something else entirely; *doing* is way out of bounds. *Fantasize, but don't fellate.* I swore when I started coaching that I would never-ever go past imagining and actually *do* anything like that with any of my wrestlers. Never. Ever.

I'd kept to that rule for six years, and I never thought I'd break it.

My boys call me Coach Hard-Ass and, yeah, they call me that to my fucking face. My last name's Hardacre, and I'm the hard-charging type of coach who always busts their balls with grueling drill sessions and even-harder practice matches. That's my second rule: *Hard work makes better wrestlers, and better wrestlers are winners, on the mats and in life.* I'm the sonuvabitch who works them to death. Hard-Ass Hardacre--yeah, I fucking earned that nickname, and I'm proud of it, though I know half the time they don't mean it as compliment. But I get results. Damn right I do! My boys hate me because I work them well beyond what they thought their limits were, and at the same time they practically worship me because I make them into winners--real men. Ask any athlete with a good coach and he'll tell you the same thing: He hates his coach's guts and fucking loves him at the same time.

My guys love me because I practice what I preach. I don't just give lip service to working hard--I work myself hard too. I'm thirty-six now, and I still hit the gym like it's my religion. Look at my bod. It's two hundred and five pounds of grade-A muscle. I've put on some pounds since my college wrestling days, but only maybe five of those are padding. The rest?--Muscles like iron. I can lift more now than I could when I was their age. My college-boy wrestlers look at me and see the man they want to be in fifteen years. Every year a new fresh-from-high-school crop of freshmen punks arrives to join the college wrestling team, and they run up against me, and you see in their faces the moment they realize they're up against a real man! Respect--That's what it gets me, and they learn real quick that when I work them hard, I'm doing it because I'm trying to turn them into real men too, and that'll stick with them the whole four years they're on my wrestling squad and beyond.

What they do up against each other--well, that's another story. Hell, when I was their age, I could hardly put on my wrestling gear, much less get on the mat to go one-on-one against another stud-wrestler, without throwing a boner the size of my arm. My first sexual experiences were with wrestling teammates after the friction of body against body got us too horned-up and we needed immediate relief--my first hand-job swap and first blow-job swap were with teammates in high school, first anal was a teammate in college--and I've never looked back. These young jock-strappers are just like I was, always horny and constantly looking to get laid, looking for anything that'll relieve the testosterone pressure building up in their hyperactive nuts.

This latest batch has got to be the horniest ever. Most jocks here at Dickert College keep their crap to themselves, you know, or try to. They try to get laid at frat parties and then in the locker room they bullshit about their stud-prowess with the babes, or they bad-mouth cock-suckers before they sneak off to the library restrooms in search of an anonymous suck-job to ease their ball-pressure while pretending no one knows. All that usual guys-being-guys shit.

But these four? I could tell something weird was going on from the start of the semester. Oh, the first few practices went about the same as I'd expect; in fact, they were almost uneventfully ordinary. Then I divided the team into squads of four, a freshman or two on each squad, mixed with returning veterans. On the mats and off, they'd be each others' sparing partners, workout buddies, running partners, study buddies, chick-hunting wingmen, support group, whatever. Some squads gel better than others, and this group--two freshman, a returning junior, and a senior--gelled right away, though definitely not in the way I'd hoped.

They're the four best wrestlers on my team, and at first I grouped them together because they seemed to share a certain competitiveness; I hoped they'd push each other harder. Now, though, half the time they act like they'd kill each other if they thought they could get away with it, and the other half they seem to be one last inhibition away from boffing each other senseless if one of them would just get up the guts to make the first move. I knew I wasn't imagining it, and whatever was going on with them felt ultra-intense. Fuck, after a workout with these four, Mister Rascal and I'd have to lock ourselves in my office and I'd have to beat at least two loads of cum outta Mister Rascal before I could think straight again! I was about to decide if they didn't deal with their shit soon, I'd have to invite them all to my place, get them drunk, and see whether they'd find a way to fistfight or fuck through their issues. Mister Rascal--that's my name for my dick--really hoped they'd choose the fuck option. Like I said, I'd never break my first rule and boff one of my wrestlers. But I never said I wouldn't watch if *they* did.

You're probably expecting me to tell you all about these four fuckers, so let's get all that background bullshit out of the way.

The senior on the squad, that would be the infamous Mister Dickert himself. That's right: Jackson H. Dickert the Third to be specific, scion of the wealthy Dickert family and the great-great-grandson of the founder of this very Dickert College that bears his name and hands me paychecks for coaching. Before Dickert College, the rich brat got himself kicked out of four prep schools, maybe five, for being a behavioral nightmare, causing more trouble than Daddy's money could pay for, no discipline, the works. When his fancy private high schools finally graduated him to make him someone else's problem, he couldn't get into Harvard or Yale so he ended up exiled to Great-Great-Grandpappy's little college, the only place that would take him. Handsome guy, learned early how to use his good looks and money to get what he wants--if one doesn't get him laid, the other will. Wears his curly black hair a little too shaggy, thinks he's hot shit--which, yep, he is, physically at least. Wrestling and getting laid are probably the only things he's good at, and he's a real good wrestler. Too bad he's such an asshole. Most of the time, he at least tries to behave--his daddy sent him here with orders to be on his best behavior *or else*, and I've also done what I can to rein him in--but he's too much of a train wreck to keep his inner douche-bag bridled for long. Behind his back his teammates call him Dickert the Dickhead. And, yes, of course he's a fucking business major, like most of the other campus douche-canoes. Man, when he graduates in the spring and swan-dives into the real-world ocean of heiresses and reality television starlets to knock up, the paparazzi websites and settlement lawyers are going to eat him alive!

The junior? That's Alan. What a body on that kid!--Great chest, broad shoulders, perfect ass, and a big basket too! If Dickert is Mister Chaos, Alan is Mister Discipline, but things weren't always that way. You can still see the mischief held back in Alan's eyes and he used to love to have a good time, but now he's learned to weigh the consequences. Rumor mill says back in high school he had himself a troubled past--wrecked his car drag-racing on a road with a dangerous curve, got a local Baptist preacher's daughter pregnant, that kind of crap. The car was totaled and the girl disappeared for a while, supposedly sent somewhere far away from Daddy's pulpit to do "missionary work" as an excuse while she had the baby that was immediately put up for adoption. I don't know if any of that is true. All I know is, somewhere along the way Alan turned his life around, discovered wrestling, and threw himself one hundred percent into the sport and the discipline of training. These days he's Mister Straightedge. Maybe a bit *too* straightedge for his own good? On the outside he acts like a good boy, but his eyes have this angry fire sometimes and he seems to keep himself on a real tight leash because of it. Maybe he dislikes party boys like Dickert because they tempt him to loosen that leash and backslide into who he used to be. Jealousy is such a bitch, right? I never see Alan on anything but a bicycle, and he never seems to go near any girls. He's majoring in athletics management, wants to be a coach himself someday.

I'd hoped Alan's discipline would curb Dickert's destructiveness, and I'd hoped maybe a little of Dickert's wild-boy ways would loosen Alan's tight-wound demeanor. They definitely can't tolerate each other. Last year I put them on different squads to keep them apart, which worked okay; but this year I decided to stick

them together and see what happens. I knew doing so was a risk--if they exploded like fire and gasoline, that'd be my fault, but I did it hoping their competitive sides would push them to try to be better than each other, which could be good for the team. They don't have to be bestest friends--hell, they don't even have to like each other--just learning to tolerate one another would be good enough for me. So far they've managed not to kill each other, which I guess is something.

That brings me to the two shiny-new freshmen on the squad. First I'll tell you about beautiful caramel-eyed Bolt. I don't know which came first, the nickname or the little lightning bolt tattooed on his left shoulder blade. Both suit him because he's fast as lightning. He's a little reserved, needs to be brought out of his shell so he can show the world what he can do. Physically he's the smallest guy on the team--kind of muscular and skinny at the same time, but he's just eighteen and still has time to fill out. He's one of the most agile wrestlers I've ever coached, slippery and hard to hold as a greased pig. He's solid in all the right places, quick and wiggly when he's on deck for a match, and I'd like to sink my teeth into his gorgeous butt! He's small of stature, but he's still all-man, if you know what I mean. He's taking freshman prerequisites but wants to study psychology or some horseshit.

Bolt lives in the freshman dorms with All-American Kurt. Kurt's the other freshman in this squad; he and Bolt are roommates and have gotten to be good friends--though I suspect Bolt has a crush on Kurt that goes beyond just wanting to be friends. Kurt's a brown-haired, boy-next-door type from, and I kid you not, a little backwoods dump called Cumstock, Alabama--or *Ah-ler-bah-mee*, as he says it in his syrupy-thick Southern drawl. I think Dickert College all by itself is twice the size of his hometown. He had kind of a sheltered upbringing from what he's told me, and he can be a little manipulative, but mostly he's even-tempered, a no-nonsense type when he's wrestling, real respectful of me as his coach. He's here on an academic scholarship, active in the religious and political clubs on campus. Officially his major is undeclared, but I'm betting he'll go into political science. He'd make a great politician.

The first round of varsity competitions is coming up, and we have the regional championship trophy to defend. Lose that trophy to a rival school?--No fucking way! We're expecting stiff competition this season, so I've assigned extra practice sessions for all the squads, especially this group because these're my top four men. The only nightly time slot that worked out for their schedules was eight p.m. Dickert College rolls up the sidewalks at nine and the gym officially closes then too, but the coaching staff can hang around for another hour until Security makes their nightly ten o'clock sweep and throws everyone out. That gives us about two hours for these extra practice sessions.

Evening workouts always feel weird. After the team practices hard during the day, maybe a run or working out in the weight room too, another practice at night throws off everybody's rhythms a little, especially with these young stallions and all the hormone surges that fire up at their age after the sun goes down. Add to that the stress of the upcoming competitions, and the whole team was feeling the pressure, but I was especially afraid of the stress it would add to my already volatile squad of top guys.

So there we were at their eight p.m. workout. The guys spent the first minutes loosening up, their usual routines of stretches and bends. I did the same myself alongside them--like I said, I practice what I preach. Then I ran them through an intense set of drills. I watched their taut muscles work up that first sheen of sweat and a nice pump, only I had an extra stretch in my shorts and a bend in Mister Rascal because he was hard as hell and pointed downward in my jock-strap pouch.

On one set of mats for the first practice match, I paired Dickert against Alan. For some reason Dickert was out for blood--maybe he'd gone over his limit on Daddy's credit card yet again and needed to work out his frustration. Whatever the reason, he was throwing straitlaced Alan all over the mat faster than you could shout *Down on the floor, you repressed goody-two-shoes!*

On the other set of mats, the second practice match was Kurt against his roommate, little Bolt. I never know

who'll wind up on top when those two wrestle. Kurt may seem like a sweet redneck, but on the mats he's strong and aggressive, maybe a little mean, while Bolt's fast and wiry and really knows how to use leverage. They were flip-flopping faster than burgers in a fast-food joint kitchen.

So during that match, I'm watching Kurt and Bolt. Dickert and Alan had finished their match and they are supposed to be paying attention from the sidelines, picking up pointers; but instead I hear Dickhead Dickert saying something too quietly for me to make out, because of course he's always the asshole who instigates trouble. He just never can seem to help himself. I see Alan and him out of the corner of my eye, on the adjoining mat, and they appear to be having some kind of private argument, lots of low growling voices. Maybe Alan is pissed because Dickert was rough during their match and he's had enough of Dickhead's bullshit, or maybe Dickert is still working off his bad attitude. Shit, I can't take my attention off the wrestling pair, but Dickert and Alan seem to be grabbing at each other's T-shirts and shorts they wore to practice in, and I swear I hear fabric ripping. I know I should blow my whistle and stop the match between Kurt and Bolt, and I'm about to, but there's this electric feeling in the air, a tension, and a little voice in my head says *Wait a minute, something weird's going on here; better let this play itself out.*

So now that I've ignored my better judgment, I'm keeping one eye on the Kurt-Bolt match and the other on Dickert and Alan. Holy shit, next thing I know, on the other mat Alan's T-shirt is lying in pieces on the floor and Dickert's T-shirt is hanging off his shoulders in shreds. Alan makes a move, low and fast, and Dickert's shorts are down around his ankles and he's practically stripped down to his jock-strap! I'm hoping I'm misreading and they're just engaged in friendly scuffling but, no, they seem to be fighting for real. I look back at the match and I can see that Kurt notices, too. Bolt's in no position to see the others, because Kurt's got him pretzeled against the mat as if ready to snap him in two.

Whatever's going on with Dickert and Alan, I'm thinking I'll let them settle it between themselves, and I try to concentrate on the match in front of me, but out of the corner of my eye I can't help seeing two sets of naked chests and swinging bare arms moving around over there! My side-eye view of the other two can't tell me whether it's raw aggression or raw sex. Probably both--these guys don't seem to tell one from the other. They're shoving each other and grappling, jumping on each other, whacking at each other's chests and butts? Is this a brawl or the start of an orgy? Am I hallucinating when I see Dickert licking his lips like he's making his mouth a target for Alan's dick? Does Alan have a hard-on? No wonder they're bored with wrestling by the rules--of which, by the way, they're not following a single damn one. They're slapping asses, elbowing each other in the ribs, trying for strangleholds, smacking at each other's crotches as if trying to wrack the other guy's balls. They're not wrestling; they're trying to punish each other and make the hits hurt. These jocks have been watching way too much pro wrestling and mixed martial arts online! And all the while they're quiet-hissing a bunch of macho trash-talk at each other, especially Dickert, as if they're afraid to speak up because they know I'll come down on them hard and angry the minute I officially notice.

Of course, I should blow my whistle to stop the match. I should stomp over there and grab Dickert and Alan by the scruffs of their necks and drag them apart. But I don't. Something in my head says: *Everything's cool, just let them settle things between themselves.* There's this weirdness in the air, I'm telling you.

I try again to concentrate on the freshmen wrestlers, and I'm just in time to see Kurt pin Bolt to the mat good and solid, only Bolt's grip on Kurt's arms seems more like a caress than a struggle to get free, and that visual goes straight to Mister Rascal, hard and straining as if he wants to tear out of my jock-strap. Mister Rascal is misbehaving and super-heating in my shorts and jock-strap, threatening to explode. I need to get out of there before I blast a load in my pouch. So I blow my whistle to end the match, pretend to ignore Dickert and Alan scuffling over my shoulder, and I mumble something to Kurt and Bolt about practicing on their own for a while because I need a restroom break. Then I skedaddle down the hall and duck into my office.

Whew! I grab my by-now-cold cup of coffee and take a swallow of caffeine--as if my nerves weren't jangled enough--just to have something to do with my hands other than shove my shorts and jock down, grab Mister

Rascal, and beat my prick into a fast cum. Wait a minute!--What am I doing, jacking off in my office? I know better than to leave four volatile wrestlers out there where just about anything could happen! Where'd that idea of rushing back to my office come from, anyway? I don't want to leave those fuckers alone and have them end up too bruised, bloody, and self-injured to fight in the upcoming meet. This line of work must be starting to drive me nuts, I decide. Or maybe I'm just extra-horny tonight or something. Probably I'm imagining things. I take several deep breaths, tuck my frustrated hard-on away, and gulp down another swallow of that fuck-awful cold coffee as I pace around my tiny office for a minute to let Mister Rascal die down or at least become a less obvious bulge in my shorts. Then I head back.

Only, things are real quiet in the hall. Too quiet. I go forward on tiptoe too, so they won't hear me coming. Why is everything so near-silent? And why am I being so quiet and sneaky-secretive in my own gym? What am I expecting to walk in on? I poke my head around the corner and my next thought is:

Holy fucking shit!

They've taken complete leave of their senses! The guys must be having a stress-induced hormone attack right there in my wrestling room! Alan and Dickert are in one corner of the mat, still going at it and squirming all over each other, except now they're both progressed from being just shirtless to being fully stark-raving-naked and what they're doing is definitely, undeniably, and aggressively sexing each other up instead of fighting. Looks like Alan finally has the upper hand. Dickhead Dickert must like it that way, because he's on his back, legs in the air, and he has a hard-on like the Tower of Pisa--tall and stiff and it even leans a little to one side--while Alan, on his knees with Dickert's ankles on his shoulders, power-fucks Dickhead's butt. I've been up-close and personal with all my boys' crotches during practices and I've seen them naked in the locker room and showers, but this is the first time I've seen a couple of my guys paired off and hard-cocked and going at each other sexually. I'm oddly pleased to learn their erect rod-sizes match what I'd expected. Alan, I notice on his out-strokes, is hung thicker, straighter, not quite as long. I bet the preacher's daughter really squealed when that wide piece of meat stretched her out and impregnated her! Dickert's doing some squealing himself. The way they move together makes me think they've done this before, only in private, like they're at that point where hate-fucking and lust-fucking are indistinguishable, so hot for each other they can't help themselves.

At first I think: *Heh, I remember what being twenty was like!* Then I think: *Fuck, no, they're not doing this in my gym right out where anyone can see! What if Security comes by early?* Dickert's daddy might cough up a sizeable "donation" to smooth over everything with the administration for sonny-boy, but I'd be fired for allowing lewd and immoral conduct in my gym--and that's the last thing I need right before the upcoming varsity competitions! Fuck that!

Kurt and Bolt must have overheated during their wrestling match or something too, because they're both shirtless, watching their two squad-mates fuck. Bolt leans over and tries to kiss Kurt's shoulder, which Kurt pretends not to notice. He's adjusting some cheap foam hearing protectors in his ears--not ear protector head-gear some wrestlers were but the cheap hearing protector earplugs that come connected by a plastic cord. No clue why he's wearing them--those hearing protectors only cut out high frequencies and muffle some of the sound, but you can still hear most of what's said around you. They're no good as head-gear to prevent cauliflower ear.

Bolt tries to rub Kurt's shoulder, but Kurt feigns interest in something else and accidentally-on-purpose shrugs away. He seems to be trying to hide his annoyance from Bolt, but his eyes don't lie. I'm not sure why he's pissed off since he won the practice match, but maybe he's afraid I'll catch the other two mat-hounds fucking and punish the whole squad.

Earplugs adjusted now, Kurt says something to Bolt, points at the fucking pair. Bolt nods and says something to Dickert and Alan, like he's telling them what to do; the fucking duo pause for a moment as if listening, and

then they start up again, screwing harder and faster. Damn, Alan's a fucking machine when he gets going, and Dickert's taking it all like a champ, his ass hungry for more.

Kurt pulls down the front of his practice shorts and jock-strap. I'm eager to see his dick hard--purely for confirmation purposes of course--and boy, do I get an eyeful. Bolt pushes down his own shorts and jock and kneels in front of Kurt as if ready to blow his cock. Kurt and Bolt are both hard as rocks when their jocks come down. Bolt's got quite a heavy-looking handful of crotch-meat for such a compact guy, but Kurt's is bigger, standing at an upward angle that's even sharper than Dickhead Dickert's. Kurt, telling Bolt what to do, seems to like giving the orders. I can't make out what he's saying but I'm guessing Kurt's going to make Bolt put in a little work first before the privilege of blowing him.

Alan and Dickert aren't paying the freshmen any attention--they're lost in their own little fuck-frenzy. Dickert makes an animal sound and aches his back off the mat. He's jacking off, and cum starts jetting out of his cock. His ass must be squeezing hard on Alan's invader, because Alan makes the familiar sound of a man getting his nut and he presses his hips to Dickert's butt, throws his head back, and lets loose with what looks like a powerful orgasm. I wish I could see his cum squirt, but his load is lost up Dickert's hole.

Finally Alan lets go of Dickert's ankles, pulls out of his ass, and falls half on top of him and half beside him on the mat. Looks like they've worn each other out, for the time being at least. They don't even have the energy left to hate-push away from each other.

Kurt seems suddenly spooked, like he thinks maybe I heard the fuckers' noise and will come running. He steps back from disappointed Bolt, tucks his erection away, whispers something urgent, keeps pointing at the doorway as he does. No way he can see me because the hallway's dark and I'm mostly hidden behind the door frame. Bolt says something that sounds half placating and half begging for Kurt's cock.

Somebody else, probably Dickert, snickers. I guess Kurt and Bolt can feel his eyes on their naked dicks. They stare back. Dickert says something sarcastic, and I hear Kurt say loud enough that I can make out the words, "What the fuck're you looking at, Dickhead?"

Dickert bristles; he hates that nickname. "You and your little girlfriend," he sneers, the groggy voice of a man whose brain is still too happy-zapped by an overload of orgasm endorphins to be truly angry. His brain still has plenty of bandwidth to be snide, though, and he finds the strength to flip the bird finger at Kurt.

Kurt starts to say something, but little Bolt gives him an *I can take care of myself* look. Turning, "Good one, Dickhead," snaps little Bolt. "Like you haven't had your rich-bitch pussy wrapped around Alan's dick since practically Day One this semester."

"Mind your own fucking business, you little faggot," snaps Dickert. *Faggot?*--Is that the kind of fancy-talk they teach in those expensive private prep schools he kept getting thrown out of? But Dickert doesn't seem too mad at being labeled a pussy. "Yeah, I take Alan's dick up my butt," he growls in his patented *fuck off, I'm rich* tone, like he's bragging. "And not just because you make me. He's good at it. Ask your little boyfriend. Hell, I'm not the only one here Alan's been fucking."

"Dammit, Dickert ...," Alan warns groggily.

"What's that supposed to mean?" snaps Bolt.

Dickert shakes his head, like the situation is too pitiful for words, and he exaggerates a condescending pout. "Poor baby. Always the last to know, right? Has Kurt been feeding you some line about really being straight the whole time he's fucking your ass? Ha! You probably think your muscle-headed Alabamee boyfriend is strictly a top too, right? That's funny as shit. Kurt's been getting his ass pumped full of Alan's dick at least twice a week."

"That's a lie!" says Bolt, his voice cracking. "I don't make Kurt do stuff. I never told him and Alan to do that!"

"Don't make no never-mind," Dickert says in a fair imitation of Kurt's southern drawl, "b'cause them two horndogs done been a-doin' it anyway. Ah done fucked Kurty-boy a couple times myself when you weren't around. He can't get enough." After a shit-eating smirk, he goes back to his usual tone, in full Dickhead troublemaking mode: "Tell him, Kurt. Let's face it, Bolty-boy--you might've forced Alan and me to fuck each other in the beginning, but now we do it on our own because it feels good, and we do it with your boyfriend too. Looks like you're the only one who's been missing out on the big picture, Bolt."

"Kurt, is this true?" Bolt narrows his eyes, not sure whether to aim his scowl at Kurt or Dickert.

Kurt's moment of embarrassment turns to anger; he glowers with growing fury at Dickert. Kurt looks madder and meaner than I've ever seen him.

Dickert grins big, knowing he's scored some kind of critical hit. "Why would I lie when the truth hurts so much more?"

From where he lies face-down alongside the guy he just fucked, Alan's exhausted voice says, "Dickert, just shut the fuck up for once, will'ya? You are the most completely dick-headed--"

Dickert says something else to Alan, quieter, that I can't make out, and Kurt replies with something that sounds frustrated and furious, and Bolt's open-mouthed expression quick-cycles through disbelief, betrayal, and anger several times. Kurt's hands fist up as he closes in on Dickhead, who's still casually lying there half-under Alan like he's out poolside at some country club with one of his celebutante bimbos and not at all like he and Kurt are two territorial feral mutts about to collide. I'm afraid a free-for-all is about to erupt.

Discipline, that's what they need. And that's what a coach is for: discipline.

But not just yet.

After all, a reasonable man studies all sides of a problem before he goes barging in to fix it, and I'm seeing a lot of interesting angles while two shirtless guys over here and two naked guys over there all glaring at each other.

Besides, Bolt looks like he's made a decision, and I want to see how it plays out. Being a coach is about helping your athletes grow into men, and a man should have a chance to solve his own problems, right?

Kurt and Bolt pull back, and they exchange some rushed, heated whispers that I can't make out. Bolt's looking angrier and angrier, until he waves a hand between them and bursts out with, "That's--I've heard enough out of you. Listen up, Kurt: Just--Just go sit in that chair over there or something!"

Bolt's voice *sounds* mostly normal, other than being angry as fuck, but even way over here in the hallway where I'm spying on them, something about it *feels* like a honey-covered electric eel--slick and sliding around my head and squeezing, with all these sparks or something, leaving my skin tingling and my cock feeling fucking aroused. Mister Rascal starts to get stiffer in my shorts. And I'm way off over here. What the fuck must that've been like for Kurt standing right in front of him?

Kurt had frozen for a second while Bolt was talking, and now he jerks back, like he can't decide whether to stand there or go sit in this plastic chair by the wall. He seems like he's trying to struggle against something as he takes a shuddering step toward the chair. "What the fuck, Bolt! Ya said you'd never--! Ya *promised*! My earplugs--!" The urge to go sit seems to be winning.

"Those earplugs don't do jack-shit, Kurt. You asked me not to use the voice on you, so I didn't and I just let you think the earplugs worked."

Kurt sits down hard in the chair, looks indignant. "Ya ... lied to me?"

"I lied about a little thing because I wanted you to feel safe. You lied about bigger things--a lot of them, according to Dickhead."

"Ya can't hold me here forever. Ah know yer limits. It'll wear off or ya'll get tired soon, and then I'm gonna get loose and fuckin' beat yer ass."

Bolt shakes his head. "You know what? Change of plans. Listen up, Kurt: You can't fight this. Stand up, strip down, and don't complain. I want you all the way naked, even your underwear and those silly earplugs."

"Uh-oh! Trouble in paradise," Dickert snickers, pushing Alan off him, sitting up to watch Bolt and Kurt. "Mommy and Daddy are fighting."

"Shut the fuck up, Dickhead," from Alan, sitting up too.

Kurt's body jerks like he's trying to fight Bolt's orders, but somehow he can't. I'm not sure why, but I think the reason has something to do with that weirdness in the air when Bolt said that stuff. Kurt stands up, balances on one foot to get a thin-soled wrestling shoe and half-sock off, then his other foot, and then he drops his shorts and jock-strap and stands there naked and stiff-dicked. "Happy?" He glares like he wants to charge at Bolt and murder him but can't move.

"Just getting started." Bolt glares back. "You like Dickhead and Alan's cocks so much, maybe I'll make you--"

Alan interrupts: "Hey! Don't I get a say in this?"

Bolt's hold must've slipped because Kurt makes a run for the door. Shit! He doesn't know I'm peeping around the doorframe, but his naked and cock-flapping body is barreling right for me!

Bolt snaps, "Listen up, Kurt: Freeze!"--which he does immediately, half-stumbling to a fast stop--"Don't run. You like it when I take control like this. You want me to take control. You know that for an absolute fact. Now, get back over here."

Kurt's just a few meters away, but I don't think he's seen me yet. He stands as if petrified in mid-stride, expression going slack, cock going stiff. This close, that electric-eel feeling Bolt hit him with seems to fill the air around us both, and I shiver as pleasure runs through my limbs and up my spine. I got the backwash, but Kurt was the target. Bolt told Kurt to do something, and he can't *not* do it; he turns and slow-walks back to Bolt, giving me a nice view of his ass. After a moment, he seems to snap out of ... well, whatever this was.

"Wait!" Kurt gestures vaguely over his shoulder toward the hallway where I'm lurking, dropping his volume, and he and Bolt are talking too low for me to overhear.

Bolt says something, scoffs. But he looks toward the hallway door too. I pull back. They surely haven't seen me, so what could they ...? I know I should pull back and get the fuck out of there before they catch me, but--

Fuck! I realize the gym has been closed for a while by now and at most we only have another half-hour or so before Security comes by and kicks us out. Kurt and Bolt must be worrying about being caught by their coach or Security, right? Whatever this thing going on between the four of them is, I have to break it up right now, before it accelerates even more out of control or they get caught. As their coach, I kind of have to. Sure, I'd

like to let them keep going while I just watch, but this isn't safe if I want to keep them from getting kicked off the team right before the regionals start--not to mention if I want to keep my job. Anyway, I already had enough scenes from tonight memorized to keep Mister Rascal spanked into happy exhaustion for the rest of the semester.

I'm a second away from executing my plan: I'm going to barrel in there and blow hard on my whistle to really scare the living shit out of these punk wrestlers before I physically haul them apart and scold them for whatever this thing they're doing is. Hell, part of me perversely even wants to hear whatever excuses they'll try to come up with to explain being naked and surrounded by torn scraps of clothing. Yeah, a second away, when Bolt calls out: "Listen up, Coach!--Can you hear me? Come in here. It's okay. Come on in here."

That electric eel feeling washes over me again as he says that, only one helluva lot stronger this time, seems to command every bit of my attention. I feel as though somebody just pressed *Pause* on my brain when Bolt told me to listen and the world stops while I do just that, as this feeling wraps around my mind and squeezes, like sparks and static are breezing over my skin, leaving me tingling and so fucking horny! When the feeling passes in just a second or two, I'm throwing an erection inside my shorts. Well, I was about to go in there anyway, so why not? I step into the doorway and walk toward the mats.

"Aw, fuck!" Dickert cackles gleefully. "Bolt's got him now! Better hope he can hold him!"

Kurt gloats, "See?--I *told* ya he was watching us! That's why ya need me." Then, looking at me a little more nervously, "Ya sure ya got him?"

"Yeah, I got him. Easy as pie," Bolt says, though he sounds a little strained. "Listen up, Coach: Don't fight it. Just accept it. You stay calm and stand still like a good boy--I mean, man--and enjoy how good you feel. I'm in charge. You don't have to do a thing. Got it?"

Another world-pause and that squeezing-sparking sensation washes over and through me when he told me to listen. I don't know what that means and right then I don't care because this all feels too good, too much. I know I gotta restore some discipline in these kids or we're facing utter chaos. Except ... I can't think of how I need to do that, and I can't move. All I can do is stand there, like Bolt told me. I don't know what's happening here but, I gotta admit, I feel myself getting on board with it. Mister Rascal is already one hundred and ten percent in favor of whatever this is, stiff as a piece of iron in my shorts, and I don't care whether my guys can see the ridge it makes. From the way Kurt is staring at my crotch, he definitely sees.

And Bolt?--The kid is grinning at me like he just did something real good. "We figured it out, Coach. We know why you put us on a squad with those two"--he gestures at where Dickert and Alan sit on the other mat, acres of long-limbed jock muscles on display for anyone who looks--"and we figured out what to do about it. See, Dickert gets all wound up in himself and lashes out a lot. He needs to vent and bottling his anger up won't work, so the best solution is to direct *how* he vents, make him let it all out somewhere where it won't hurt anybody. He's a lot nicer and calmer after he gets his rocks off on the regular."

Dickert flips his bird finger vaguely in Bolt's direction. "Bite me, bitch," he grouses, voice still a little post-sex groggy.

"Well, *sort of* nicer. And Alan's wound up just as tight but he's pushed his emotions down and bottled himself up too much. He's gonna blow if he doesn't let loose once in a while. So I make him let go too, and I make sure he burns it out of his system in a way with no consequences."

Alan rolls his eyes--"I'm right here, you little asshole"--and lazily shoots a bird at Bolt too.

From his eager expression, Bolt's obviously craving my approval. Underneath whatever weird stuff is going on here, Bolt is still just an eighteen-year-old jock eager to please his coach. All he wants is a head-pat and a

good boy from me. Maybe I can work with that.

Bolt grins wider and says, "Kurt's the one who figured out what to do, and I make it happen. He thinks you're all wound up too tight too, Coach. He says we should help you out. Isn't that right, Kurt?"

I look over at Kurt, standing there with no clothes on. He just looks at me with pleading eyes. "Don't let him say nothing, Coach. Bolt promised he weren't gonna do the voice-thing on me, but he done broke his promise and got me all head-zapped, like them two assholes. I can't do nothing 'less he ..."

But before I can ask *what voice-thing*, Bolt steps back and announces: "Okay, listen up, guys: Time for some fun. Coach is all yours. Get him naked!"

The other three guys stay still, staring, while Bolt says that, and then, "Fuck!" Dickert shouts with a grin as he, Alan, and Kurt come at me like a pack of feral dogs. I swear, I can't do one thing to stop them. I mean, one against three is hardly even odds, even when you're packing as much solid muscle as me, but I can't move anything below my neck--I'm still paralyzed or something. These kids are strong and fast and hormone-crazed. They get my T-shirt shredded off me in seconds, and then they go after my shorts. They're on me like lightning on a lightning rod; and if that's a dick metaphor, I gotta admit mine is standing straight out in my jock-strap. Until they pull my jock down to my knees and set Mister Rascal free, that is.

"Take it off all off him," hollers one of the guys. "You heard Bolt--gotta get him bare-ass!"

Bolt may be making them do it, but the enthusiasm seems all their own. Before I know it, they're toppling me onto the mat, pulling my trainers and socks off, and they're working my shorts and jock-strap off over my ankles. Except for my whistle lanyard around my neck, I'm as bare-ass naked as they are! I've lost complete control of this humiliating situation! If anybody walks in, my ass is gonna get so fired.

All of a sudden, whatever had been preventing me from moving lets go and I start flailing my arms and legs. This is too freaky and too much. I figure I gotta restore some discipline in these kids or who knows what kind of disaster we're going to find ourselves in. "Everybody, break it up!" I yell.

But they're not about to cooperate. One of them yells, "*Dogpile on Coach!*" and suddenly all four of them are all over me!--Yes, even Bolt!

Shit, I was sixteen the last time I wrestled another guy bare-assed naked; I'd forgotten what a turn-on it is--and this is a turn-on times four. We aren't really wrestling college-style, more like kids play-rasslin', all that bare, sweaty flesh squirming and stroking and pounding and slapping any which way all over my body. I swear, I feel like my whole body is one big, thick dick being whacked off by a giant hand made of four jock-bodies. Maybe all the blood rushing to my crotch makes me weak. That's my excuse, anyway, because now that I can move again, they--Kurt mostly, but all of them--have me pinned on the mat, and Dickert is blowing my whistle--the one on my lanyard, not my dick. Just as fucking mortifying, though!

I'm breathing hard. Shit, the third rule of being a coach is *Never let the team see you out of breath*. But they're all as winded as I am ... and covered with sweat ... their muscular chests heaving up and down ...

Hardacre, snap the fuck out of it! You've gotta get on top of this business, right fucking now!

I figure more than a little verbal and physical punishment is the appropriate response for a humiliation like this. I see four bright red asses in their immediate futures.

I push them off me as best I can. "All right, guys, just what the fuck is going on here? Bolt, how did you do that--that *thing* to me? Was it some drug in the water or something? And Alan, Dickert--fucking right out here on the mats where anybody could walk in and see? What the hell? Do you got any idea how many rules

you're breaking? What the hell am I gonna do with you ass-hats?"

"Dickert started it!" says Alan. "He said my brain was smaller than his dick."

"Did not! I said your brain was smaller than *your* dick--which is a lot smaller than *mine*!"

"Dickert, you fucking fuck-head--"

"Language!" I bark. "Boys, keep your arguments to yourselves! All I know is that somebody around here is in for a serious ass-kicking."

"Bolt!" accuses Dickert, pointing a finger. "He's the one that made us have sex and the one that said to rip off your clothes!"

I turn to Bolt, who suddenly seems to shrink down to about three feet tall. In his shorts and shoes, he's the only one of us wearing clothes, but he looks more embarrassed than if he was parading across the Quad bare-ass. "Bolt, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"Uh ... Maybe--I dunno--I mean, I guess I got carried away ... I don't know. Sometimes when I say what to do, people just do it. I just wanted to make you happy, Coach. Everybody else was already naked, and I've always wanted to see your--uh--" He shuts up and goes beet-red. I'm thinking about bending him over my knee and spanking him the old-fashioned way until his butt-cheeks are the same color as his blush, and I can practically feel a tingle already in the palm of my hand. He may be a college freshman, but--

"Alright," I bark, "the shit you pulled just earned *all* of you some corporal punishment and, Bolt, you're first! And you'll keep your yapper shut if you know what's good for you." I grab that cheap folding chair from over by the wall with one hand, catch Bolt by the neck with the other, and pull him down as I sit, bend him over my knee, working the back of his shorts and his jock-strap waistband down as I do. He gets himself positioned across my lap, face down, so his hips rest against my thigh. His ass is right there in front of my face. I feel a twitch between my legs and Mister Rascal starts feeling fat and heavy. Dickert sneaks in and grabs Bolt's shorts and tugs them to his ankles, starts working them off over the freshman's shoes. Even before I touch them, Bolt's pale butt-cheeks are trembling. He's breathing fast and shallow--I can feel his chest pressing against my thighs. The kid is shaking like a leaf! I pat his ass-cheeks, intending to reassure him; they're firm and rounded, white as cream. A stripe of trimmed hair grows between them. Once I get a look at his naked ass, more than my palm starts tingling. His hole winks at me--a pink rosebud that flexes. I guessed wrong when I thought he must be real scared, because I feel something firm and fleshy poking into my leg. It's Bolt's dick! He's not scared at all--he's turned-on! Here he is, humiliated by his coach in front of his teammates, about to get his ass blistered, and the guy's throwing a super-hard boner that's oozing slime down the side of my thigh! He's eager for it!

"Yeah, Coach," somebody hoarse-whispers. "Do it. Punish his ass!"

Bolt mutters: "Do it. Make it hurt."

Okay, I decide, I'll give him what he wants. I deliver a couple of swats with an open hand, one on each cheek.

He moves his shoulders, looks back at me. "Not hard enough. Listen up, Coach: Spank my ass real good. Really let me have it good." His voice is so quiet it's almost like he's talking to himself, and I doubt the other guys heard; but me, I'm listening, and as the rush zaps deep into me and takes over my head, I take the hint and I take it hard.

I let him have it. I mean, I kind of have to, 'cause Bolt told me to but also 'cause these fuck-heads deserve it for their shenanigans tonight. My first palm-hit against his sweaty ass makes a crack like a rifle-shot, harder

than I'd planned and louder, but I can't *not* let him have it. The other guys had been hovering around, snickering and casually tugging some at their dicks, but when they hear that crack they all jerk back. I think they're a little shocked at how hard I brought my hand down.

"Oh, yeah, Coach!" Bolt bleats, a voice of pain and pleasure; he squirms a bit and flexes his buns. I stare at the handprint already turning red on his ass, feel kind of awed by it, and Bolt arches his body up, like he's trying to get away, but then he bows down again and sticks up his ass for more.

Bolt told me to spank him good, and now I feel compelled and I can't stop--I've already pulled my hand back for another swat and I'm taking aim. I'm just getting warmed up. Bolt's head jerks as I go to work. Now, I'm not a violent man; I don't like hurting people. But this is what the kid told me to do, and I figure I need to perform adequately. I keep on spanking 'til his ass is crimson, 'til he whimpers like a six-year-old. His cock remains hard during the entire spanking, so I guess he's enjoying himself.

In just a few minutes his ass-cheeks look redder than a pair of ripe tomatoes. They must be on fire 'cause they feel hot to the touch. I spank his thighs, get them nice and red, too. The kid pants, sweat beading on his skin and he kicks his legs while I continue delivering swats.

"Bet he makes Kurt do that to him too," snickers Dickert.

"Dickhead, don't be an ass," Alan warns.

"Fuck," Kurt says, reverently. I glance up. The guys are staring at Bolt's butt, but they aren't just standing around--Dickhead's pulling on his cock, and I see Alan reach for Kurt's rigid prick, and moment later Kurt reaches for Alan's.

I let Bolt have another hand-slam. *Crack!* And again on the other ass-cheek. *Crack!* And just a few more times to even out the red blush that's all over his previously pristine ass. I'll admit I find the whole thing exciting, especially the kid's submission, his acceptance of the discipline I'm administering. But again, I find his behavior curious. Is the spanking something he finds arousing? Or is it atonement for some wrongdoing? The whole time Bolt's bucking and flexing against my knee and crooning, until I give an extra-hard slap and I feel his whole body shudder. Something hot and slick splatters against my bare leg. The kid's shooting off! That's his cum squirting down my calf, and the little asshole's not even touching himself.

"Hair trigger," Dickert chuckles.

"Yeah, always quick as a damn lightning bolt the first time," I hear Kurt mutter in a dreamy voice.

"Holy fucking fuck, boy, you slimed me!" I shout as Bolt starts to settle down from his orgasm. Shit, with everybody else working on getting his nut, I figure my dick deserves a little fun-time too. I flip Bolt over and push him butt-down on the mat and climb on top, straddling his chest, squeezing the base of my dick and slapping Mister Rascal against his face.

Bolt goes all goo-goo-eyed. "Oh, yeah! Listen up, Coach: Use me! Use me good, Coach!"

I had been about to back off, maybe claim I was only joking--because sticking my dick in a student wrestler would be way out of line and a definite violation of my rules--but the moment Bolt tells me to use him, I can't think of anything I'd rather do. I wrangle with Mister Rascal like it's an anaconda, manhandling it two-fisted, mashing it all over Bolt's face, slapping it against his cheeks and neck. I just mean to beat off on his face, but Bolt's mouth opens and before I can stop myself, half my dick is buried in something incredibly warm and slick with a pair of red lips wrapped around the shaft like a snug ring. Mister Rascal has taken over my thinking, and he is very, very happy. I yelp, "Holy fuck!"

In another second, the lip-ring is clamped tight around the base of my dick and the whole shaft has somehow disappeared down Bolt's throat. I'm hung pretty well, and I can count on one hand the number of times somebody's been able to gulp down all of Mister Rascal this fast. The kid's good!

"Hey, Kurt, I see why you've been keeping the little cock-sucker all to yourself," Dickert mutters, awed too. I can barely hear him. It's like my head is inside a ball of cotton--everything seems muffled and far away, everything except for the exquisite static-zap sensations shooting up and down my dick and knowing I'm using this little fuck-head wrestler punk for my pleasure, just like he said. Bolt seems to have an electric current in his tongue and throat. I can feel the sparks flashing all over my cock as he eases it in and out of his mouth and massages the underside with his tongue.

I pull out at the last second, just shy of the point of no return, and I sit back on his chest, panting for breath. I don't want to cum yet, not yet.

"Hey, get off him, Coach! My turn now!" Alan growls, pushing my shoulder, just short of a shove. Seeing his squad-mate get his butt blistered was one thing, but seeing him chow down on my big meaty sausage seems to have unleashed Alan's repressed wild-boy side.

"Oh, yeah?" I scramble to my feet. "I bet Bolt's slut-mouth can handle more than one man at a time." The moment I say it, I regret the words--that was such a Dickert thing to say.

If Kurt's jealous about us arguing over his fuck-buddy, he doesn't say anything, but Alan does. "You wish!" Alan swaggers up shoulder to bare shoulder with me and looks down at Bolt. "Come on, you little cock-sucker. Show Coach how good you're gonna suck my dick!" Bolt wriggles up on his knees, holding on to both of us by the thighs for support. He seems undecided for a moment, having so much cock in his face, and then he makes his selection. He opens his mouth wide and swallows Alan in a single gulp, milks him a while, then pulls off, turns, and does the same to Mister Rascal--I mean, me. Back and forth between us, faster and faster, like he craves both our dicks so bad he can't stand having either of them out of his throat for more than a few seconds.

I'm close to shooting again when all of a sudden Alan pulls back and pushes Bolt down onto the mat. "Screw this," Alan barks, maybe jealous that Bolt seems like both our dicks equally. "I want this little bitch's asshole. He owes me some payback for making me fuck that jerk-wad Dickhead all those times."

"You gotta earn it," Bolt gasps with a sudden bit of arrogance, though he's looking up at us, mouth open like a hungry bird, like he's ready for any dick to come along to shove itself down his throat. His own cock is twitching and his chest heaving. "Listen up, Alan and Coach: Wrestle each other for it. Wrestle to see who gets to fuck me--and make it good! Go all out."

That feeling washes over me, and when it passes, I say, "Huh?" But I'm looking at Alan, and suddenly all I want to do is pummel him face-first as hard as I can into the mat, like--

From somewhere, Dickert sneers, "Ha! Old man Hard-Ass is about to get his balls busted!"

Kurt says, "No way! Coach can take Alan easy."

I glance over and see that they're rubbing against each other thigh-to-thigh and stroking each other's dicks, whatever disagreements from earlier apparently forgotten.

That's when Alan surprise-slams into me in a rush and he takes me sideways down to the mat! *Fucking ow!*

Okay, now it's on! Who knew this kid could put up such a fight? I've seen him wrestle, and I've sparred with him a little before, but just to iron out his technique, never seriously trying for a pin. I have some idea of what

he can do, but what I hadn't taken into account is his agility. I probably outweigh him by thirty or forty pounds of muscle, but no way is he going to let me bulldoze him. Besides, he's fighting for something he wants, with his teammates looking on; his pride's on the line. Dickert and Kurt yell and jeer and Bolt watches on his hands and knees, slack-jawed with his ass in the air, looking more like a prize than the official regional championship trophy.

But let's face it, in wrestling, superior muscle and years of experience win every time. Alan puts up a damn good fight, but once I've flipped him a few times and knocked the wind out of him twice in quick succession, he starts flagging. From then on it's all about me wiping the mat with him. I play with him for a while, tossing him around, squeezing the breath out of him with some scissor holds. He tries to keep his warrior face on, but any guy's gonna wince after he gets his ribs bruised a little.

Maybe I'm a little sadistic, treating him like a rag doll, but Bolt said to make it good and I figure getting his ass handed to him is definitely for Alan's own good, and for the good of the team. I'm showing him who's boss because sometimes even Mister Straightedge needs to have his ego kept in check. After having all hell break loose tonight, this squad badly needs some discipline and order restored, and I have to make sure I keep the guys' respect. With this crew, that means coming out on top, in more ways than one.

Bolt says, "Listen up, Alan and Coach: New plan--winner takes loser. Whoever wins gets to fuck the loser's mouth or ass."

I guess that's why the sudden impulse strikes me. Instead of just pinning Alan to the mat like I originally planned, I decide to show him who's really the top dog by finishing the match a different way, a way I'd fantasized about but never did before because of my first rule. As soon as I think of it, Mister Rascal starts swelling up again. That's a momentary distraction that breaks my concentration. As weakened as he is, Alan manages a last surge of strength. He pulls me down onto the mat with him, but I manage to roll out of his grip and spring back to my feet. As he makes a clumsy attempt to stand, I clock him in the chest hard with my arm--it's a move that'd definitely not be legal in college wrestling, but it sends him to the mat, and he slams hard onto his back, gets the wind knocked out of him again. I'm on top of him in a second, though he's recovering quickly, still some fire left in him.

"Hey," Bolt says from close by. I don't look up, but his tone sounds wicked. "Listen up, Alan: I bet you want to lose."

"What?" Alan hollers. "No! No way! Don't make me--"

Alan tries hard to fight on. I hear Dickert snicker something like, "If Bolt said that in every match, he'd never lose--be state champ for sure!"

"Shut the fucking fuck up, Dickhead," from Kurt.

I have a flash-image of Bolt clutched tight to an opponent in a match and whispering to him *Listen up: You want to lose*, or walking into the opposing team's locker room before a meet and announcing *Listen up, everybody: You all want to lose*. And then, if Bolt can do that, what would happen if he stands up in front of my whole team after practice and hollers, *Listen up, everybody: You're all so fucking horny. Get naked, grab the cock of the guy next to you, and stroke 'til you make him cream!* That thought's accompanied by some images of all my guys stripping down, maybe me stripping down too, all of us hard and horny and jacking each other off, maybe swapping blow-jobs, images Mister Rascal really likes and--

Damn it, Alan tries to take advantage of my distraction to wiggle loose. But then he sort of crumples, like he can't *not* do what Bolt said, and that's lose. He tries hard, but Alan just can't fight me anymore, can't get out from under my weight pressing him down to the mat. His body goes limp, and I put him out of his misery

with a pin, and our bout is over. I'm not done with him, though. Bolt also said the winner gets to take the loser's mouth or ass, and I have some ideas about exactly that. I climb up, grab his head and straddle him, trapping his skull between my thighs. It only takes a few strokes of my ropy dick with one hand. He scrunches up his face with my cock-head aimed at his mouth, and I try to pry open his jaw with my other hand, because Bolt only said the winner could do the taking--he never said the loser had to let himself be taken, which seems like a real oversight on Bolt's part. But Mister Rascal scrubs across Alan's cheek, and suddenly orgasm hits me. I'm shooting off my sperm all over Alan's lips and cheek. Everything goes dark for a minute, while my head swims through the sweet, sweet sensations of a truly fine climax.

"Oh, gross!--All over his face!" I hear Dickert laugh, then, "Shit, I'm gonna cum!"

"Me too," groans Kurt.

I barely open my eyes, get a glimpse of them straining against each other, fisting each other off. All of a sudden a fountain of cum starts spewing up between them, while they clench and shudder and grab at each other.

Bolt calls out, "Shit! Oh, fuck! Coach--Alan--damn!" On his knees beside us, working his cock at me with one hand as his other thumb-strokes his ball-sack, little Bolt is suddenly bucking like a bronco, pumping a second load out of his dick. The cream shoots across the mat and splatters on my knee and Alan's neck.

Maybe it's the cum all over him, or having my dick in his face, or being trounced on the mat by his coach in front of his teammates. Whatever, Alan's the last to cum, but the loudest. He pumps at his dick with both hands, and it shoots off seconds after Bolt finishes squirting on us. I'm still straddling him, so I feel Alan rat-a-tatting my spine with his spunk like an out-of-control machine gun.

I figure when I look around I'll see something like the aftermath of a battlefield, with all the guys flat on their backs on the mats, exhausted, but I'm forgetting how much energy these horndog stud-jocks have.

I'm barely able to climb to my feet and stand upright, and Dickert is provoking me with pokes in the chest. "Hey, Coach, bet you can't take me down!"

What a fucking brat! I should teach him a lesson--

Bolt grins and says, "Listen up, everybody: Dogpile on Dickhead!"

And just like that, tired as I am, I can't help joining in as we all jump on Dickert and force him down to the mat. "No fair!" he hollers, but he's laughing, the center of attention and loving the chaos of all of us dry-humping away like dogs at his various body parts. During the melee, his legs go up, and Kurt's there between them, cock-pumping Dickert's ass and fucking hard.

I pull back to watch them fuck. Before, they were arguing like enemies but now they're moving together like lovers. Well, at that age I guess navigating whatever's going on between them is never easy.

Hardly any time later, Kurt's cumming in Dickert's butt, fisting Dickert's cock as he does, and Dickert's spunk is coating Kurt's hand.

Alan at my shoulder whispers, "About Bolt, whatever ya do, don't let him--"

Bolt interrupts: "Listen up, Alan and Coach: I got two holes that need to be filled. Shut up and get over here and give me your loads."

I don't need to cum again, not even sure my balls have anything left in them, but that feeling rushing over me

means I can't help myself. Alan and I square off with Bolt between us. I've got Bolt's electric-eel mouth, while Alan fucks his ass, and we stare at each other, working up a sweat as we thrust our cocks in and out of the little guy's body. Alan and I don't say anything to each other, too intent on our tasks with Bolt's holes, and besides, he'd told us to shut up. At least with my cock in Bolt's mouth, he can't tell us to *listen up* for a while, right? But I already know my meat plugging his mouth won't last long, because Bolt's live-wire tongue makes me hotter than it should, faster than it should, and I'm already spiraling toward another orgasm. Alan shoots first, then jacking-off Bolt cums, and then it's my turn and my balls fire whatever I have left down his gullet.

Later, we're lying together on the mat, a random pile of bodies. Bolt is sitting cross-legged, and I'm lying with my head in his lap. Kurt doesn't seem to mind anymore; he and Dickert are stretched out together, seem to be spent, half-asleep, barely stroking their palms across each other's chest.

Bolt scrapes his fingertips along my skull. I feel his dick, somehow hard again, against the side of my head. "Hey, Coach, how about blowing me," he murmurs.

"Urh, too tired," I protest quietly, too spent and sex-dazed to be interested.

Bolt isn't taking no for an answer. "Listen up, Coach: I said blow me."

Suddenly that's all I want to do. I reach deep for whatever reserves of physical strength I can find, and I roll over so my mouth aligns to his erection, and I lick it and take it between my lips.

"Look at him go," somebody--Alan, I think--quietly says in a tone I can't interpret.

"Yeah, suck it," Bolt coos, obviously pleased with my oral skills. "He's real good, guys, sure knows how to suck." Well, now I have to live up to his expectations, so I pull out all my best blow-job tricks. He moans, and I like an appreciative audience so I manage to try a little harder still. "Mmm, yeah! You're good, Coach--gonna make me cum." His thighs quiver. I finger-tease his balls as his sack tightens. "Fuck," he whimpers and then he's filling my mouth with his jock-cream, and I swallow and swallow to get it all.

When Bolt's exhausted member slips from my mouth, I give it a final lick. Why had I blown him? I was and still am fuck-all tired. Too tired to worry about that now.

"Hey, Coach, ya said ya was gonna to spank all four of us," whines Kurt. He's beside me on the mat, stroking my thigh and staring up at my plumped dick. His knees are spread wide open and there's a half-hard trophy right between them--it'd be a great incentive if I wasn't dead tired.

Hard-Ass, I say to myself, *you've bitten off more than you can chew with this squad!* Hey, this isn't porn; I'm only human and I have limits. The hour is getting late, and I'm drained dry.

"I wish we could do this all the time, don't you, Kurt?" Bolt murmurs. "I wish Dickhead and Alan weren't so angry all the time, and I wish you weren't such a manipulative liar, and Coach, you need to ..." He straightens up and announces. "We have to always do better to be the men we're supposed to be, right? That's what Coach always says--right, Coach?" Well, not exactly, but I'm too tired to correct him. "What if this is the man I'm supposed to become, and fixing you is what I'm supposed to do? Kurt, I know you made me promise not to, but you've been cheating on me so all promises are off."

As if he knows what Bolt is about to do, Kurt's expression goes wide-eyed and scared. "Huh? Naw! Naw! Wait!--"

"It's okay, Kurt--you'll like this. I'm going to make you the man you're supposed to be. Listen up, everybody--"

Kurt's trying to push backward away from Bolt, but he gets too tangled with the rest of us, can't escape. Bolt's hand clamps on the top of Kurt's head and fear-faced Kurt freezes. I'm not sure what's going on, but Kurt's jaw hangs open, slack-faced, and his still body trembles like he's paralyzed, being electrocuted by a low taser current. Whatever Bolt was doing with his voice-thing earlier, he'd doing it tenfold to Kurt now but with just his skin-to-skin.

"What's going on? What're you doing to him?" Alan asks groggily, and he frowns as if he has never before seen whatever Bolt's doing now. Maybe he hasn't, for all I know.

Bolt grins and says, "I'm not holding back anymore, that's what I'm doing." His other hand spreads out on my skull. "Just like you always tell us--don't hold back. Right, Coach?"

My scalp is beginning to buzz where Bolt's skin touches me. It feels good and a little too intense at the same time, and it's getting stronger real fast. "Uh?" I answer, not sure what to say next. Alan and Dickert shudder like they feel it too, like the very air is filled with whatever Bolt's doing.

Bolt gives a little laugh. "Listen up, everybody: Close your eyes and go to sleep for a while. When you wake up, you'll all--"

I'm already yawning, my scalp tingling intensely, a sensation that seems to penetrate into my head and takes away my ability to move or think. Something tugs me irresistibly toward sleep. Security will be walking in any minute. What the hell am I gonna say when they do? What is *Bolt* gonna say to them?--Or to us? I'll have to worry about that later, because I'm too tired to resist and my eyes are already closing.
