

The Manhood Game

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: The coach helps a new football player adjust his attitude.

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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Coach Rhodes was one hundred percent charisma, the kind of man even straight guys think about while jacking off.

I was a freshman jock, still flush with the excitement of earning a scholarship to play football with one of the best college teams--*his* team. I thought I was one hot ticket, but I knew I was nothing compared to Coach David Rhodes. This man was a bona fide, walk-tall hero! In his pro days, he was a two-hundred-and-fifty pound pile driver of solid muscle known as "Road Warrior" Rhodes because of his ability to smash through any offensive line, steal the ball, and run it back for a touchdown. He did that no less than twice in his second Superbowl game alone! When his playing career ended after an injury that would've crippled anyone else for life, he fought back, made himself walk again, took over coaching for this college. Just a couple of years later, he led his team to the first of four consecutive national titles. He had some unorthodox coaching methods from the rumors I heard, but everyone was devoted to him--fans, the players, and especially the former team members who had gone on to play at the professional level. Of course I looked up to him!--This man was a gen-u-ine legend!

Coach was handsome, and something about him caught everyone's eye and practically made them stare at him. He had a massive chest that to me was perfect. He wasn't an over-developed steroid freak, but every muscle group was worked, cut, and pumped to ideal capacity. In his late-thirties, he was one of the most handsome men I'd ever seen. Okay, so the overstuffed bulge in his pants also might've caught my interest.

I was a good cornerback: committed, quick, full of attitude and no regrets. I looked at every ball that came my way as a possible quick pick six. When I heard that I'd won a scholarship and had the chance to play on his team--oh, man!--I felt like all my dreams came true, and I never even considered any other offers. Playing for Coach Rhodes was my ticket out of that small town and into the big leagues. I'd never have to look back or come back to town with my tail between my legs! I knew I'd have to work my ass off, and I was willing to do anything and everything that was asked of me, no matter what.

My jaw dropped the moment I saw him on the first day of football camp. The photos and television cameras never did him justice--nothing prepared me for his charismatic charm in person. He had this air of supreme self-confidence about him without being arrogant, like he knew he was someone special and everyone else knew it too just by the way he carried himself, tall and straight and proud.

My own self-confidence could have used a boost when he approached me and stuck out his hand. "How ya doing, kid? I expect to see great things from you." He looked at me like he saw right into my deepest secrets, and he smiled. He had me by the balls right from the get-go, and we both knew it. Hell, he had *everyone* by the balls. That confidence in his eyes made me feel like I'd do anything for this man, any time, any place.

Back home, I had a secret. I came from a small town in the middle of nowhere where football was the most important thing in the world. Back there I wasn't just another player; I was the team hero, the champion. I also knew I was a cock-sucker. In a place like Shepherd's Creek, there isn't a whole lot a guy can do for sex when cock-sucking is his style. The situation is even worse when that guy is the captain of the football team and the hometown star. But I found ways. I would hitchhike along the Interstate, waiting for some stranger to pick me up and lay his hand on my thigh. If that happened, we'd go to a truck stop or a cheap motel where I could slurp some cock down my throat or take it up my ass or get my cock serviced. Most of those guys were salesmen or truckers just passing through, so my secret remained safe and I got what I needed.

That look in Coach's eyes told me a lot; it was the same look those men back home had just before they slid their hands up the inside of my thigh and onto my hard cock. It was the look of desire, excitement, sexual hunger. It only flickered briefly in Coach's eyes, but I recognized it. I had seen it often enough.

As I watched Coach circulate through the testosterone-filled locker room greeting the other players, old and new, my cock stiffened uncomfortably in my jeans, trying to snake its way out of my jockeys. I shifted my hand to my crotch and gave it a just-one-of-the-guys casual squeeze, like any stud would when he had to scratch his balls. My hand felt good on my bulge. What I really wanted to do was strip off my clothes right there and show Coach the playing equipment I had to offer.

I could barely concentrate as he reeled off the rules for camp and the team and then started in on giving us a pep talk. I was too busy memorizing his body, head to toe: thick dark hair; a straight nose; hazelnut eyes; a tree-trunk neck that rose from powerfully broad shoulders; and long, beautiful legs. Mostly, though, I was checking him for signs of a telltale rise in his pants. He must've been wearing a steel jock to keep it down--either that, or he had incredible self-control.

He told us playing football was not just about the game; it was about being a man. We weren't just a team, he said, we were a tribe, a tribe of men, and we'd be learning how to tap into the inner strength of being a man.

We wouldn't be just learning plays or what to do out on the field--we'd be learning to be men, celebrating ourselves as men, drawing on the strength of our manhood as we powered past our weaker opponents. I noticed that several times when he emphasized a point he turned in my direction and stared straight into my eyes, as if he were talking only to me. Sitting on a metal folding chair turned backward allowed me to spread my legs apart. I wanted to give him the best possible view of my manhood, which felt like the whole world could see it hard and throbbing.

Slowly, bit by bit, I was getting to him. He knew what I was doing, and I knew he knew. I noticed his tongue dart over his lips. Yeah, he was catching fire too. His nostrils flared slightly as our eyes locked for a moment. We stared at each other as though forty other guys and the entire coaching staff weren't sitting in that stifling-hot locker room with us. Suddenly, the room seemed a lot smaller. Suddenly, "head coach" sounded a lot dirtier, and I sure wanted to demonstrate my playing skills in that particular game too.

All at once, the room erupted into mass chaos as we were told to dress and report to the field for our first practice. I went to my locker and started stripping. I was also checking out the other players, or rather, the competition. Not everyone in that locker room was going to make the team. There would be many cuts before the end of camp, and everyone knew it. However, I was checking out more than their ability or style. Tee-shirts and jeans fell to the floor as the players struggled to stuff long, meaty cocks and heavy-hung balls into new jockstraps. Hell, I almost thought the team had been chosen for cock size rather than playing ability. The guy next to me, a fellow freshman named Rusty, bent over in just his jock. His back was to me and I could see straight up his ass-slot to his puckered hole. His crack was hairy, and I wanted to kneel down and lick it right then and there.

At the same moment, I looked up and saw Coach Rhodes on the other side of the glass wall in his office, talking to one of the assistant coaches. Obviously he had positioned himself so he could watch the team strip down without raising any undue suspicion. To me, though, there was just no question who he was checking out the most--and that was me.

Well, okay--if that's what it took to get me noticed by Coach, I'd get myself noticed.

I began a slow, deliberate strip just for him. I had my jeans, shoes, and socks off but my tee-shirt and briefs still on. I lifted the tail of my tee-shirt, then slid it up and over my head in one smooth, sensuous movement. As I pulled it off my forearms, I smiled unashamedly at him, looking him straight in the eye. He knew. I knew. Oh, hell yes, we knew.

I stood there in nothing but the tightest, whitest briefs imaginable. I moved my hands across my smooth, tanned chest, letting my index finger drag around a nipple. I turned my body to show Coach how my briefs molded perfectly to the solid globes of my ass. My long cock, swelling, protruded along my left hip in my underwear. The fire in my body began to really burn.

I hooked my thumbs in the elastic waistband and slithered my briefs off, bending to reveal the smooth crack of my ass. When I turned back, Rusty, who had been oblivious to what was happening, was gone. So were most of the rest of the team. It was practically just me and Coach now. His eyes moved lower to where my cock stood erect against my belly. Oh, yeah--we knew.

I wondered what sex with Coach would be like. Would he be rough with me, like the men in the hotel rooms had sometimes been--or sometimes wanted me to be? Or would he be a caring, gentle lover? I sure wanted to find out!

Then Coach turned away, picked up a clipboard, and started reading through a couple of pages, like whatever was on them was much more interesting than watching me. *What the fuck?* I thought as I reached for my jockstrap and forced my erection into it. Well, hell, I guess we both had more urgent things to do, because the first day of football camp was in the process of starting, and I had to hustle my butt to finish dressing and get out onto the field.

Hours later, after practice, I hauled my tired and sore butt back into the locker room. I'd been drilled, grilled, and generally run ragged worse than ever before in my life. All I wanted to do was shower, drag myself back to my dorm room, and sleep for the next twelve hours.

I looked up and Coach was again standing on the other side of that glass wall in his office. Seeing him watch the team strip down as he talked to one of the assistant coaches got my dick rising again--the one part of me that hadn't been worked to exhaustion out on that field by a coaching staff who'd probably all been torturers for the Spanish Inquisition in previous lives. Coach definitely seemed to be checking me out again as I peeled off my clothes. But then, as I got down to just my jockstrap, he turned away again and proceeded to ignore me! *What the fuck?*

I couldn't finish stripping with a hard-on, not with half the team still in the testosterone-filled locker room with me, and I definitely couldn't shower with one, so I pretended interest in something in my locker while I started thinking about un-sexy things to make my wood go down. Around the time my hard-on had faded halfway, one of the assistant coaches came up to me with a message from Coach Rhodes: he wanted to see me in his office. I was still unshowered--dirty, sweaty, grungy--and still wearing just my jockstrap. I reached for my shorts.

"Nuh-uh," said the assistant coach, pointing toward the door. "When he says right away, he means right away. Go."

So less than a minute later, in nothing but my jockstrap, I knocked on Coach's door. He told me to come in and have a seat, which I did. Man, it felt sure good to sit down!

"I told everyone I wanted to talk to you alone," he said, turning this thingamabob at the glass wall that closed the blinds. "We'll be undisturbed for as long as this takes."

That sounded ominous. This close, his charisma and supreme confidence intimidated me. I'd wanted him to notice me, but suddenly I felt vulnerable and far too naked. *Okay, tough it out,* I told myself. *I can get through this.*

He sat on the corner of his desk. "I hear good things about you, kid, and obviously you think you're hot shit." Which was flattering, but his aggressive tone made me feel wary. "Do *you* think you're hot shit?"

"Uh--I--"

"What was the name of that podunk town we plucked you out of again?"

"Shep--"

"Listen, kid. I like you. I think you've got spunk. I think you've got what it takes to grow into a fine man. Your attitude, though, is getting you off to a bad start. You don't want that, do you?"

"Nossi--"

"Of course you don't. More importantly, I don't want that for you either. First impressions matter. I think you've got potential, kid, and it's my job to help you maximize that potential, but you have to do your job first and give me something to work with--something other than an attitude. Got that?"

"Yessir--" Jeez! One day into my college football career, and I was already getting my ass handed to me!--And by my hero Coach Rhodes too! This definitely was not what I imagined for my first day of camp. I was thinking in hindsight maybe I should probably have picked some other way to get noticed, like showing my mettle out on the practice field where it mattered.

"You did a fine job in practice today, but those little kiddie 'look at me, look at me' games you keep playing in the locker room? That's *not* what being a man is about. When you're a man, people notice you automatically--you don't have to put on little performances like that. You have to show me you're willing to do whatever it takes to become a man. Football is about more than just catching the ball and running for the touchdown. If all you want to do is 'play' football and throw attitude"--he pronounced the word sarcastically: *atty-tooode*--"then pack up your locker right now, go home to Podunkville, and spend the rest of your life watching the real men score on the sports channel while you and your buddies drink beer and relive your high school glory days. You'll be saving yourself and me both a fuck-load of trouble. But if you want a shot at the big leagues and you're willing to let me teach you how to be a man, you first have to be willing to follow orders, and that starts with improving your attitude. Kid, if you're going to be out on the field with the big boys now, you gotta step it up. Got that?"

"Yessir, I'll--"

"I like you, kid. I want to help. Let's try a little game and you can show me how serious you are about doing something about that attitude--and maybe we can start getting you in touch with your inner manhood. Don't worry; I'll go easy on you, since it's only your first day. All you have to do is watch my finger. Don't take your eyes off it, no matter what. Got that?"

"Uhm, okay?"

"Are you asking me a question, kid, or are you telling me you're committed to it?"

Coach was used to giving orders, and I'd happily follow them, no matter how silly they seemed, if that's what I had to do to prove myself to him. "I'll do it, Coach. Anything. Whatever it takes."

"Damn right you will. Because if you don't, kid, there's a hundred other guys who'll gladly kick your ass out of the way in a heartbeat and take your place. A man's got to take his shot because he might not get a second chance."

I gulped because I knew he was one hundred percent right. Getting cut from the team was *not* an option. I'd never be able to show my face back home!

Coach held up his index finger and started moving it slowly back and forth, tracing a six-inch horizontal line in front of him, back and forth, like he was conducting a tiny little orchestra or something. So all I had to do was watch his finger? Okay, then. I fixed my eyes on his fingertip and followed it as it traced its route, the retraced.

"Now, kid, I'm going to say a word, and I want you to say the first word that comes to mind. Don't think about it--just say the first word that comes to you. And whatever you do, don't take your eyes off my finger. Got that?"

"Got it, Coach."

He lobbed out a few typical free-association words like: "Right" (me: "Left") and "Blue" ("Red"). He threw them at me quickly, giving me zero time to think. After a while, we got to some that seemed odder choices: "Cock" ("Balls"), and "Pussy" ("Whipped"--which made him snicker).

Coach said to me, "So far, so good. Let's change it up now, but don't take your eyes off my finger."

"Yessir," I said, waiting for him to tell me what he had in mind.

"How are you feeling? Tired? They ran you ragged out there today. We can stop ... if you're not feeling man enough."

"I'm good, Coach."

"And your eyes? How are your eyes feeling? Getting a little tired too?"

"They're fine, Coach."

"Good man. That's the spirit. You're nearly ready the next phase. Count it down with me." His finger moved left. "One hundred." Moved right. "Ninety-nine."

I got the idea and kept counting as his finger moved. Left, and I said, "Ninety-eight."

"Good."

Right, and, "Ninety-seven."

"Keep going. Just like that. Take a deep breath. Focus on my finger and my voice."

"Ninety-three. Ninety-two."

"Keep going. It's natural for your eyes to get tired and blink from time to time. That's okay."

"Ninety. Eighty-nine."

"Keep watching my finger, just like you're doing. You're doing fine. Even if your eyes are getting a little tired, you're doing fine."

"Eighty-six. Eighty-seven."

"Eighty-five," he corrected.

Fuck!--Counting backward took a lot of concentration. "Eighty-five. Eighty-four."

"Keep going. You're getting a little tired maybe, that's all. Perfectly normal."

"Eighty-one. Eighty ..."

"Yes, I can see it in your eyelids. Just a little tired, but you can keep going. I know you can."

"Seventy-eight ... Seventy-seven ..."

"That's good. I can tell your eyelids are getting heavier now. That's fine. Perfectly normal."

"Seventy-three ... Seventy-one ..."

"Tired. Heavier. Heavy, and hard to keep open."

"Sixty-nine ..."

"Eyes so tired. Maybe a little drowsy. Eyelids so heavy, wanting to close."

Sixty-seven ... Sixty-six ..."

"Slowly closing. That's right. Just like that. Getting drowsier, more tired and drowsy."

"Sixty ... three ... Sixty-three ..."

"When your eyes finally close, how good you'll feel. Drowsy. Heavy. Tired. Sleepier. Eyelids closing, closing down."

I couldn't remember which number came next. "Sixty ... Seventy ..."

"Very hard to keep your eyes open, I know. Let them close. Let yourself drift and feel comfortable and relaxed."

"Sixty ... Seventeen ..."

"Your head is getting heavier. I can see it starting to nod forward as you drift into sleep. Stop counting now and just let yourself drift in this relaxed, sleepy state."

It felt good not to have to count anymore--trying to think of the next number was tough! I felt like I was hovering at the edge of sleep, eyes closed, feeling relaxed and just hovering.

Time didn't register. I was aware of Coach talking. I couldn't quite make out all the words, so I made a quiet *umm* sound in response. More talking, then he waited for me to respond, so I made that *umm* sound again.

I had an erection. I could feel my hard cock staining against the pouch of my jockstrap. Coach wanted me to open my eyes. He said it was easy, so easy to open my eyes and stay so deeply asleep; like dreaming--weren't my eyes open in my dreams even though I was really sound asleep? Just like that. I couldn't quite figure out how to make my eyelids rise--it seemed too difficult, and everything felt too close to perfect to mess it up by trying to do something difficult--but Coach kept asking me to, assuring me how easy it would be, and I wanted to please him, so I finally managed to crack my eyes open a little, maybe halfway tops.

Coach was in the process of kneeling directly in front of me. He said it was okay for men to touch each other when they were this relaxed, experiencing this energy that belonged to maleness. He touched my knees, eased my thighs apart. "Yes, that's it. See? It's so easy to open your eyes and still remain deeply, heavily relaxed and asleep."

He said he could see I was in touch with my inner manhood, so aroused, obviously experiencing that uniquely male energy. I wasn't sure what he meant, but I felt too relaxed and heavy to question him. If he meant I had an erection, he was sure right about that!

He said he was going to show me a way to celebrate my manhood. He said it was all right. This was what men were supposed to do. His hand slid up toward my jockstrap. Man, after my little performances in the locker room earlier, he had to know I was definitely a willing participant for whatever sex games he wanted to play. His touch felt good--relaxing and exciting at the same time. He tugged on the pouch of my jockstrap a little, pulling it to the side, and my erection bounced free of its prison. Coach ran his fingertips along the length of my hard-on, the most vulnerable part of me, giving a little appreciative murmur over its length, and the tingle of his touch on my meat made me feel ... feel so ...what? Yes, so relaxed and heavy and male, like he said.

Coach sat back on his heels and pulled off his shirt. Yes, I could look up, like he asked me to. Doing so was tricky; my head was too heavy and sleepy, and I had trouble making my muscles move. My whole body felt so loose and heavy and almost too lethargic to move unless I really made an effort, which seemed like too much work. When he asked me, yes, I could do that. Yes, I could reach out a hand like he asked and touch his hairy chest. I liked the wiry feel of his hair there, the way it felt like electricity under my fingers. Yes, I could take a deep breath and inhale the aroma of his maleness, right in front of me. So primal. Yes, I could feel how his masculine scent aroused me even more.

He leaned in closer and slipped his powerful hand around my neck, drawing me forward, closer. I tilted my head slightly. He pressed in to kiss me full on the lips, slipping his tongue into my mouth. I couldn't quite figure out how to make my jaw work--the mechanics seemed so complex--so I just let him do what he wanted. He teased my mouth. He nibbled my lips and sucked my tongue. His powerful hand squeezed my neck reassuringly as his tongue explored my mouth. My cock felt hard as a sword preparing for battle.

Coach pulled back, pulled me forward to follow him. Yes, I could do what he asked. I slipped out of the chair and to my knees. Yes, he was a real man, in touch with his manhood, and I needed to respect him, worship him. He fumbled the crotch of his shorts open, shoved his shorts and jockstrap to his thighs. Coach was experiencing his manhood too--his cock was hard already. Yes, I could do that--I could experience his manhood too. My fingers found his cock, and it jumped as my hand encircled it. So masculine, such strong manhood, overwhelming. Yes, I wanted him to teach me to be a man. Yes, I wanted him to teach me how to celebrate manhood--my manhood, his manhood--celebrate our manhood together.

Yes, I could do what he ordered. I needed to learn to be a man. I needed him to teach me. Yes, I could do what he wanted. I pointed his cock-head toward my mouth, as I bent forward and drooled a gob of saliva onto it for lubricant. I smeared it on his hard dick, then stroked up and down the shaft. My head still felt odd--relaxed and focused and groggy at the time time--and all I knew for sure was Coach smelled like sex and domination, and I'd happily do whatever this domineering man ordered me to do.

"Suck it," he commanded, pushing my head closer to his cock. "Just relax and suck it." A trace of clear pre-cum leaked from his cock-head. I took his dick into my mouth, swallowing deeply. I heard his sigh of ecstasy as he gripped my shoulders. I lapped at the underside of his prick with my tongue, flicked the tip of it lightly over the thick veins which ran from the root to the flared head. His balls were thick, heavy, and hairy; I could have smothered my whole face in them. My mouth supplied a generous amount of saliva to his erection as I began to suckle on it.

Coach's manner was gentle at first but firm, insistent, as he steadily pushed his cock in and out of my throat, teaching me, he said, to respect his manhood. I needed to submit to his manhood to awaken my own. I'd sucked cocks many times before, but this was Coach, a real man, and I needed to learn from him. Part of me worried I might gag--he was so large, all power and virility--but I had long ago learned the tricks of dealing with jumbo dicks. I still had trouble moving through the lassitude that filled me, which made me virgin-

clumsy, but I managed to cup my hand around his mighty shaft, using my spit-slicked palm as an extension of my mouth. I took everything he gave me, as he kept feeding more and more dick into me with each deep thrust, stretching my jaw.

Was I ready for him to initiate me into manhood? It was time, he said, and I was ready. Was I ready to do what was required to become a man? "Then stand up," he said as he suddenly pulled away from me. He pulled my jockstrap to my ankles, told me to step out of it. "Follow me," he said.

Coach left a trail of his clothes, stripping as he went. Naked now, he led me to the old leather couch against the far wall. The couch was only a few feet away, but my body felt so exhausted and relaxed and heavy that I could barely make it walk the ten feet to where Coach and his beautiful erection waited for me. He reached into a drawer in the couch-side table and hauled out a small cellophane square. I'd seen enough of those condoms specially made for oversized cocks to recognize it as he opened the square with his teeth and rolled it down onto his dick.

He took charge and hauled me mostly onto the couch, turned me. His strong grip on my neck pushed my head down toward the cushion while my ass hovered in the air. I had one knee on the couch, the other foot on the floor. Coach's large, callused hands wrapped around the cheeks of my ass as easily as they did around a leather football. He slapped my naked butt, which burned with the readiness to have every inch of him inside of me. The initiation, he said, might hurt at first, but it was necessary. He would be there with me every step of the way. Did I want it? Was I ready? Yes. He would help prepare me. To relax me, his middle finger probed my ass crack and then slipped up inside my hole. The momentary coolness of the lubricant felt weird. Then the goo warmed as he swirled his finger in my sweaty hole. I stayed relaxed, easily. He seemed to think I was a novice, like all the other eighteen-year-old near-virgin freshmen who'd never touched a cock other than their own. He didn't know I knew how this play ran--I'd scored with it so many times before. I was too relaxed to tell him otherwise. This was Coach. This was manhood and the big leagues. I needed to please him. When he murmured how well he was going to slam his meat into my end zone and initiate me, my butt twitched.

The huge head of his prick moved into my ass crack, rubbed up and down along my slot, tickling at my pucker-hole. Coach said we'd been brainwashed by society to see this as unmanly when the truth was just the opposite; surrendering to his manhood would awaken mine and start me on the path to being a man. He told me he was pleased by how well I was doing, how deeply relaxed I was, how I was starting to make the change and become a real man. He said I was a natural, showed a real talent for this; he said I was learning quickly. I wanted to please him, wanted to be a man, but mostly I wanted him to stop teasing my hole and put his dick inside me. Then Coach pushed his cock into my ass, starting to breach my sphincter. Being so relaxed made taking his wide cock-helmet easy. "There he goes," Coach mumbled, "the Road Warrior, going down the line, and"--he jammed the rest of his dick-head and two inches of thick shaft into my asshole--"it's a touchdown!"

He pushed in more cock, more, filled my ass with his man-meat. Just as I thought I could take no more, I felt his pubes scrape against my ass-cheeks. He stroked my back with one hand, telling me to relax deeper, to feel my maleness awakening. Yes, I could do that. He halted the pushing and started to pull out a little. Soon he had that familiar pumping action going, a horny man holding my hips tightly and rutting in my ass. His huge balls swung under mine, and our nut-sacks knocked in unison.

My erection throbbed, felt like it was on fire. That was it, Coach told me, the proof that my maleness was awakening and I was becoming a man. My hard cock was proof. I couldn't figure out how to make my hand move to touch it, so I left my hands where they were on the couch cushions. A few minutes later, Coach

reached around my hip and grasped my hard-on firmly and pumped at it in time with his ass-thrusting. Yes, that felt great, and I happily surrendered and let him execute the play. His relentless pounding sent shivers through my whole body. First, it was just a tingle deep inside me as his fleshy knob stroked my prostate, and that tingle kept building, promising more pleasure to come, more, more. Was this awakening intense pleasure within me the masculine energy he talked about? Was this the maleness, the manhood? If so, I'd felt it before, many times, but this was more intense. This was Coach Rhodes. I wanted--needed--to prove myself to him, prove I was willing to do whatever it took, prove I was a man.

I loved the way I could feel the satiny hardness of his dick-head moving inside me and the heavenly burn of his shaft stretching my hole. Again and again he slammed me, and I took it all, lost in a happy haze of pleasure where all I could do was let him take his pleasure in my ass. I'd been fucked before, but this was my first big-league fuck, and he was fucking me big-time! I could feel it, every sensation reaching into some primal place inside me. Yes. I could feel him deep inside me. Filling me. Fucking me. Yes. Making me a man. Making me feel great. Making me relax. Making my cock and balls start to overload. Yes. I was getting close. Yes! I was right there! I was on the brink! A few more strokes and I'd cream! Yeah! Fuck, yeah!

"You're getting close, aren't you?" he rasped beside my ear. "So close, so ready, nearly there. Ready to cum. Ready to shoot your load like a man. Ready to cum, aren't you? Yeah, so ready. Ready to cum for me. Yeah. Ready to cum soon as I give the word."

Then it started. Then I heard myself groan, and then I heard Coach groan too.

I was on the brink. Yes! His body tensed and shoved itself hard against me, shoved his rod deeper into me. He froze as his jism rushed through my guts, filling the condom inside me with wave after wave of his man-cream. That was it, he told me: feel his manhood filling me, his maleness awakening mine. Yes! Another stroke. Yes. His hand squeezed my burning cock and tugged it--yes!--and his rough thumb flicked along my cock-head, thumbed the flared ridge--yes!--and his calloused fingers rode across the sensitive underside of the head. Yes! Another stroke. My dick twitched, my balls pulled tight, and my asshole spasmed. I was tipping over the edge.

"Cum now," Coach whispered near my ear. "Cum hard. Cum for me."

Yes! I was there. His hand tipped me over that final point, making me fall into ecstasy. Yes! I was right there. Yes! Yes! Yes! My body shook as the energy poured out of my cock and balls and still-penetrated ass. *Yesyesyesyes!* The force of my orgasm zapped and crackled through me like fireworks, like a wildfire, like maleness itself. Gobs of cum spurting out of my dick, splattered all over the leather couch beneath us. My legs crumbled under me, and we collapsed onto the leather.

Coach lay on top of me. I felt so relaxed and dazed and happy there, sandwiched between him and the leather slicked up with our sweat and cum. I was so conscious of his panting against my neck as he struggled to regain his breath. See how easy that was, he told me, so easy to submit to his masculinity and let him help me start becoming a man. Yes. Little lingering aftershocks of *yes* rippled all through my head and my body. I was too relaxed to say anything but I managed to grunt my agreement. His hips moved, and I felt his cock, still rock-hard, slip gradually from my well-fucked ass; felt his body lift off of mine.

He brought me my jockstrap. He told me to slip it on. Yes, I was a natural, he said as he began to get dressed; said I was one of the quickest learners he'd ever initiated. That made me feel proud. All I would need, he said, were regular injections of his manhood. Soon, he said, I'd come to love and crave it. I already did, but I couldn't move my mouth to say so. For now though, he said, all I needed to do was let everything fade like a

dream, if I didn't want to remember, so easy to let everything fade for now. But I *did* want to remember. I wanted to be a man, and I wanted to please him, and I wanted to remember everything and never ever forget.

All I needed to do now, he said, once my jockstrap was on and he was fully dressed again, was take a deep breath and start to awaken. Slowly. Gently. Letting the memory of what we'd done fade if I wanted it to, but carrying that confidence of awakening manhood inside of me. Three, two, one--he snapped his fingers, twice.

I blinked at him. He smiled tightly. We both knew I had just made the team. His personal team, that is.

"Okay, man," he said, already turning to retrieve his clipboard. Not *kid*, like he'd called me before, but *man*. "Training you is going to be a pleasure. Now go shower and get your ass out of here. I'll see you bright and early tomorrow morning."

"Yessir, Coach," I said, forcing my still-limp legs to remember how to carry me as I stood and staggered toward the door.

"Hey," he called to me as I pulled it open.

I looked around. "Yes, Coach?"

"Stick with me, mister," he said knowingly. "We'll make a man out of you yet. With your talent and my know-how, you're gonna go all the way to the top."

He was right. Sure, I knew Coach was using his special methods on a few of my teammates, even a few of the assistant coaches too, but he always said I was special. He was so pleased with the way I turned my attitude around, he even brought me in sometimes to help initiate the new guys into manhood. I was always his favorite, though. Ten years later, he and I are still a team. And now I'm an All-Pro linebacker, just like he promised. My muscles are bigger, my legs are stronger--hell, I'm even hornier than I was in college. But I still need regular manhood injections from Coach and his cock. All he has to do is get me relaxed, and then we plunge together into the end zone!
