

Motivated

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: The wrestling coach has been awfully horny lately. What happens when he gets really motivated?

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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Wrestling gives me a big fuckin' hard-on. I ain't talking about that "professional" crap on television with steroided guys throwing chairs at each other and mugging their attitude faces for the cameras. I'm talking about real down-on-the-mat wrestling. Every time I watch a match, I bone up. The better the match, the harder I get, 'til I just can't fuckin' stand it. It's been going on for the last year, and every time I've been boning up worse and worse.

Don't go getting the wrong idea. It ain't the wrestlers themselves that get me hard--I just ain't wired that way. As coach of the Wilde College wrestling team, I see plenty of naked guys in the locker room all the time, and my fuck-rod ain't never so much as twitched. No, what gets me stiff and throbbing is the physicality of the sport itself. It never used to, but gradually over the last year? *Bammo!* Watching those near-naked bodies grapple and grunt and struggle--it sends a simple, raw animal message right to my cock: *Fuck now!* And what I want to fuck is pussy.

Needless to say, my job keeps my sexual arousal level real highly fuckin' elevated, if you know what I mean. In fact, my constant need to relieve the pressure in my 'nads contributed to my divorce. At first, last year,

Wanda Sue loved it when I'd come home with a real diamond-cutter and bang her for hours until my tanks were drained and her love-box overflowed with multiple loads of my Polish baby-batter. But after a couple of months, she got tired of our too-frequent marathon fucks and pretty much cut me off. So instead of going home to a wife playing like she's fuckin' Sleeping Beauty or something and a less-than-satisfying whack job in the bathroom, I started hitting the local nightspots and picking up random snatch for a little fun on the side before I went home. Wanda Sue soon figured out what was happening and, once the divorce lawyers got done yapping at each other, I was a free man.

My wrestling-inspired cunt-plunger is still getting pussy galore. I still look a little younger than my thirty-two years. My body's still a hard-muscled five-foot-eleven, with no gut to speak of. The ash-blond hair on my scalp has thinned a little, and migrated southward a little--what used to be a sexy patch of hair on my barrel chest has expanded into a silken wall-to-wall carpet covering my pecs and abs. You'd think that in an era of slender, body-waxed pretty boys, a muscled, hairy bulldog like me wouldn't be prime pickings. But you'd be wrong. That's because--as so many satisfied ladies will attest--my dick is fuckin' perfect for fuckin'. I'll admit that, at a fraction under seven inches, it's not the biggest dick around, but my stubby is a damn thick fucker, capped with a large head and a broad ridge that stimulates the fuckin' hell out of every clit it encounters. And my big 'nads can spit spunk three, four, sometimes five times a night. So yeah, in some circles, I'm a *real* popular guy.

My sex drive has always been highly revved, and this season my wrestling team's outstanding performance has cranked it up even higher. We were winning match after match, mostly because of Sean O'Leary, the red-headed sophomore and my rising star. Under my coaching, he went from a lackluster freshman season last year to a dramatic improvement. Now he was inspiring the whole team to do better and propelling us toward the regional championship. Of course, the better the team did, the harder my quim-crammer got. By mid-season I was in a fuckin' sexual frenzy--I needed it bad, and I needed it often.

Our match against Stein College went so damn well my jockstrap was about to burst and my sperm-spout was leaking like a spigot with a worn-out washer. One of my other wrestlers, Marco, kept coming over and trying to talk to me about "motivation" or some shit like that, but nothing distracted me from the physicality of the match itself. My Polish sausage was so damned fuckin' painful in my shorts that I couldn't wait to get out of the gym, find some snatch to empty my aching balls into, and get myself some fuckin' relief. I was so fired up and horned up that I delegated my locking-up duties to Sean and headed off to my favorite sleazy bar.

I was halfway to Skeeter's when I realized that I'd left my fuckin' wallet in my office. Fuck!--It was like I was so horny I couldn't think straight. Obviously, my common sense must've shut the fuck down. Pissed off at my own stupidity, I made a fast U-turn and charged headed back to the gym.

I stomped up to the gym door because there was no fuckin' way I was gonna get my head clear until I got my pole in a hole and got my cum-tanks drained. I pulled my key card out of my wallet and swiped it through the reader. Then I was, like, *Fuckin' hell, I didn't leave my wallet after all*. I wasted a trip the whole fuckin' way back when I should've been at Skeeter's scoring myself some tail. But the locker room lights were still on and water was still running in the showers. This did *not* improve my mood. What the fuck was going on here? Why hadn't Sean shut everything off and locked up like he was supposed to? Cursing Sean's fuckin' irresponsibility under my breath, I stormed toward the shower area, and stopped dead in my tracks at the end of a row of lockers.

Just out of the showers' spray, Sean squatted in front of Marco Escobar, the dark-haired Latino senior and last season's star wrestler. The muscular redhead's face was tight against Marco's crotch, his freckled complexion flushed from exertion, his hands clutching Marco's muscular thighs. Marco gripped Sean's head to hold him

steady while he ground his hips against Sean's face.

"Oh, that's so fuckin' good!" I could barely hear Marco's voice above the rush of the water. "I love it when you just relax and take me all the way down your throat like that! Oh, fuck, Sean--you're such a talented fuckin' cocksucker! Oh, crap, I'm gonna fuckin' cum! Take it, fucker!"

Marco trembled and let out a roar that echoed through the empty locker room. His muscular body slammed against the shower wall, and he tightened his grip on Sean's head, keeping his cock buried to the root. Sean sputtered and choked as he took Marco's load.

When Marco's orgasm faded, he pulled his dick out of Sean's mouth. As inch after inch of his cock came into view, coated with spit and jism, I was astounded by how deeply he'd been embedded. The tapered head finally emerged, partially sheathed in foreskin, capping what had to be *at least* ten fuckin' inches of meat.

"That's it. So very motivated, aren't you. You want some more cock?" Marco teased, stroking his still-stiff stick. "Tell me how much you want my cock."

Sean, panting for breath, nodded. His eyes looked glazed. Was he fuckin' stoned or something? "Yes, sir," he managed to gasp. "I want your cock real bad."

"Beg for it. Get motivated, Sean, and beg for me to fuck you."

Sean responded by quickly turning around and dropping to his hands and knees, with his head and shoulders on the wet tile floor. He presented his smooth, freckled rump to his teammate, spreading his beefy ass cheeks apart and displaying his rosebud. "Fuck me, sir!" he whimpered. "Please, sir! I need your dick so bad!"

"I dunno. I got a date tomorrow night. Maybe I'll hold off and slip it to her instead."

"No!" Sean pleaded. "Please, sir! Fuck me! Please! I'll lick your balls. She won't do that."

Marco snorted. "How would you know, pussy-boy?"

Sean had two fingers from each hand in his asshole, spreading it wide, and was wriggling around like a bitch in heat. "Fuck me, sir--please! I need you to fuck me! I need it so bad!" He was practically sobbing. "You promised!"

"Okay, you talked me into it." Marco drooled a big dollop of saliva onto Sean's exposed ass-ring.

Oh, fuckin' hell, what was happening here? With my head feeling all wooly from my aching blue balls, I just couldn't process this. I definitely understood Marco's need to get his rocks off, but using another guy as his cum-dump? And Sean?--shit!--Sean O'Leary, star of my wrestling team and son of the police chief, was groveling on the floor of the gym showers, begging to be cornholed by the brother wrestler whose ten-inch dick he'd just deep-throated!

I never knew Sean or Marco was into fuckin' guys. Hell, I'd been taking Marco along with me on trips when I checked out possible talent for recruitment for next year's team. Sean too, once or twice. We even shared the same hotel room, since the College was so fuckin' cheap with its travel budget! And now here they both were, boning each other in the showers!

I should have announced my presence and called a halt to their behavior. But I didn't. For some reason I kept my mouth shut and kept watching. It was like I was caught in a fuckin' trance or something, the way all I

could do was stand there and stare. I wanted to see how fuckin' far they'd go.

Marco crouched behind Sean and grasped the root of his stiff cock with his free hand. He took aim and speared Sean with the entire length of his long pole in one smooth forward move. Sean's eyes shot open wide, his jaw dropped, and he gasped from pain, or pleasure, or maybe both. "Oh, fuck, yes!" he howled. "Fuck me, sir!"

Marco mercilessly pounded his teammate's beefy ass with his long cock while Sean begged to be fucked even harder. Sean's own stiffy slapped against his stomach and seeped a constant stream of clear fluid onto the tile floor while the wrestlers rutted and groaned like animals. The very idea of guys having sex with each other had always disgusted me in the past, but now that I was actually watching two young stallions going at it, I couldn't tear my gaze away. Every grunt and smack of their bodies together--it hit me right in the crotch. I'd been highly fuckin' aroused when I'd rushed out of the gym in search of pussy; but now, despite me being a cunt-lover, the sight and sounds of my two star wrestlers naked and bonerized and doing the nasty on the shower floor was pushing me right to the edge. The noise of their bodies slapping together hit me like the sound of wrestlers out on the mats during a match, making my trouser sausage swell. I was so fascinated watching them go at it that I was completely unaware that I was kneading my thick fuck-muscle through my shorts and jockstrap, until I looked down and caught myself. I couldn't make myself stop, though--it felt too fuckin' good--and I couldn't make myself look away from them for long. I needed to get ... What? I wasn't sure. Get naked? No. Get off? I needed to get laid, yeah--to get my rocks off, my pipes drained, my attitude adjusted--I needed to cum soon. But there was something else. Something more immediate. Whatever it was, it seemed just out of reach. I needed to get ... what?

Sean tossed his head around. He saw me and froze in mid-fuck, asshole pressed back against Marco's fuckin' crotch. Sean's jaw dropped and he suddenly looked a lot more alert, like he was snapping out of his fuck-daze or something. "Shit!--Coach Kaminski! He'll fuckin' kill us!" Sean yelled. "Please, Coach--please don't tell my dad!" he begged. My big, beefy star wrestler Sean O'Leary was on the verge of tears. He tried to pull his ass away from Marco's meat-rammer, but that cock jammed up his ass and Marco's grip on his hips held Sean right the fuck where he was, impaled on Marco's chubby.

But Marco smirked and cooed, "Shh--shh. Don't worry, Sean. Coach Kam won't tell anyone. Just look relaxed and focused he is--see?--just like you were a few moments ago. I've been hypnotizing him too for nearly a year now, and he gets just as deeply relaxed as you. He's here because he's finally ready. He's getting his rocks off watching us, and he's throwing a rod."

Marco was right. My own sex-craving cock had betrayed me. I gave it another kneading. It felt so fuckin' good.

"Just relax, Sean. It's time to get motivated and get deeply relaxed again. Focus on my voice. You too, Coach. Get motivated, Coach--focus on my voice. You're late. I was expecting you to join us sooner. Why don't you get naked and join us, Coach? Are you ready to take that next step? Get motivated, Coach. No distractions. Just complete focus, complete motivation, complete cooperation. You're ready, aren't you? Get motivated. Come join us. Sean won't mind. He can't ever get enough dick, and you can't get enough hole." As if to prove his point, Marco withdrew his long fuck-pole until just the head remained in Sean's ass, then so-slowly pushed it back inside. Sean sighed as it went in and moaned when Marco hit bottom and ground his hips.

I considered Marco's offer. Motivated. That was what I needed. Marco was right. I needed to get motivated. But if I joined them, I couldn't cross back over that line. I'd never butt-fucked a woman before, not even Wanda Sue. If the extreme thickness of my cock-shaft didn't scare off their assholes, its even broader, bulbous

head did. But I was in extreme rutting mode and needed to get my rocks off--*right away!*--and Sean's smooth, fleshy butt really did look good enough to fuck. Why was I considering this? Maybe it was like they say: a hard dick has no conscience.

"Get naked, Coach," Marco ordered. "It's just us guys in the locker room. You came back because you're ready. Get motivated, Coach. You don't have to wait any longer for some relief. Focus on my voice and how ready you are. Getting naked is so easy, isn't it?"

I removed my tee-shirt, exposing my hairy torso. I dropped my shirt and hesitated. Sean's ass looked inviting, but was I really sure about crossing this line? My joystick was calling the shots, and it throbbed in my shorts. It wanted me to get motivated and get naked. It wanted to get off, and it didn't want to wait!

"That's it. Focus on my voice. Follow my suggestions. You've made such great progress in the last year, and now you're finally ready to take the next step. Just get naked, Coach, and everything else will fall into place. Get motivated, Coach. There's nothing important for your conscious mind to do, so just let it go to sleep. Let all those things holding you back go to sleep too. Let your subconscious mind take over, just like it does every time I talk to you soft and low like this and ask you to focus. Get motivated, Coach. Get motivated and get naked. Take the next step, Coach, and everything will fall into place."

This all sounded vaguely familiar. I felt something in my head curl up and go to sleep, just like Marco said. Everything seemed a lot clearer, and my cock needed relief immediately. Sean's ass looked good enough to fuck. I needed to fuck. I needed relief. I needed ... I needed ... to get motivated and let everything fall into place.

I pulled off my shoes and socks.

Sean's breathing got ragged. He sighed, and that dazed look came over his eyes again. His pink prick grew back to full hardness, dribbling pre-cum. Maybe it was from the excitement of watching his tough-as-nails Coach Kaminski stripping down, or the anticipation of the fuckin' I was about to give him, or because Marco had resumed reaming out his hole. Maybe all three. When I tugged down my shorts and jock, my cock jutted its full fat nearly seven-inch length straight out from my crotch.

"Shit ... look at that fuckin' thing ...!" Sean slurred, staring at my bone. "Almost ...thick as a fuckin' beer bottle ...!"

"It sure is," Marco replied. "And the bar's open for business. But first, we need to get you motivated again, Sean."

"Huh ...?"

"Shh. No talking. Just listen, Sean. You too, Coach. Focus on my voice. Just listen as the sound of it washes over and through you. Focus, Sean. You too, Coach--just listen. Focus, Coach. Take a deep breath and fill your lungs with motivating oxygen. Exhale slowly. Sleep now. Take a second, even deeper breath. Exhale slowly. Sleep now."

I just stood there, watching Sean, listening to Marco. Sean's eyes unfocused in the general direction of the wall, and he just crouched there on his hands and knees, with Marco's cornholer still poked up his butthole. Sean's mouth hung open like those bar sluts did when my meat was feeding their twats.

"Focus. Listen. Picture a wave of relaxing, motivating energy starting at your toes, moving back into the balls

of your feet. Back into the arch, all the way back to the heel. Take the next step. Turn all those muscles loose. Let them grow limp and lazy, just like a handful of loose string. Sleep now. As the muscles relax, let your mind relax, too. Let your mind drift where it will. Let the relaxation, the motivation, move on into your ankles now, up your legs. The muscles grow loose and limp, heavy, and so relaxed. All of your tensions fade away. No resistance. Sleep now. You're motivated to take the next step. You're relaxing more with each breath."

Sean's eyes were half-shut. His face was going slack, like a bitch in heat.

"Breathe deeply, just like you do every night when you fall into a deep, sound sleep. You're relaxing more, getting more motivated, with each breath as you listen to my voice. Everything I say carries you deeper into sleep, as the wave of relaxing motivation moves up, into your stomach now, your chest. Take the next step. Sleep now. The muscles grow limp, loose, so relaxed. All of your tensions fade away. Into the neck now, as the muscles let go. All the muscles relax, just like every night when you are deeply, soundly asleep. Turn them all loose, and go deeper into sleep as the motivation moves into your head and face. Each nerve gives way. All around the eyes, the muscles are heavy and so relaxed. So relaxed and motivated. Sleep now."

Sean was in his own little world. Good wrestlers get like this on the mat, blocking out every distraction. He was in a fuck-trance--I saw this with a lot of the sluts I nailed. He wanted, *needed*, to get fucked and he needed it badly.

Holy fuckin' hell--my cock was so fuckin' hard!

"Your entire body is being bathed in the pleasant glow of relaxation, motivation, cooperation, and horniness. Relaxed, horny--so relaxed. Get motivated, Sean. Get motivated, Coach. That's it. You're motivated. You're taking the next step. Sleep now. You're ready now to concentrate on my voice. Get motivated, Sean. Get motivated, Coach. You're ready to focus on my voice and my simple suggestions. Sleep now."

Wait--what? Marco saying my name called me back into the present. I'd gotten so distracted watching Sean, I'd ... I'd what? Had I let something go for a few minutes there? I couldn't think clearly. Each time Marco said *Get motivated, Coach*, everything seemed so ... I dunno. Like there was this pulling in my head, gentle but fuckin' irresistible, tugging my thoughts down. I felt relaxed and horny. My hard whanger throbbed for attention, and my bangers ached for release. Sean's hungry mouth, hanging open and drooling some, did look awfully good to me right then. I wondered what kind of tune he could blow on my skin flute.

"Get motivated, Coach. So easy to take that next step. Relaxed, horny--needing some relief badly, I can see. Focus on getting your relief. Get motivated, Coach. When you're ready, just take that next step forward."

Toward Sean? I could do that. No harm in getting a closer look at his mouth, was there? I took a step. My feet felt the shower area tile under them, wet and cool, a contrast to the fuck-heat radiating through my meat stick and potatoes. I wondered what his pie hole would feel like wrapped around my cock-scicle. Would it feel as good as a woman's? Better?

"Get motivated, Sean. Reach for Coach's cock. You want to suck it, don't you? Show him how much you want to suck it."

Sean whimpered like a starving dog and slow-motion scrambled over the space between us in the shower area, still on all fours. Marco did his best to stay embedded in Sean's ass, which wasn't all that fuckin' difficult considering the length of his cock. Sean seized my extra-wide dick--his fingers couldn't close around it--and he strained to get the head in his mouth, making sounds of frustration and nearly dislocating his jaw

with the effort.

"Grab his head and fuck his face, Coach," Marco said. "Make him take it. He likes it that way." So I took hold of my star wrestler's red hair and pushed forward. His mouth dropped open. My broad cockhead suddenly passed his teeth and popped inside his mouth, followed by an inch of veiny shaft. "Suck him, Sean," Marco ordered. "Show Coach Kam what a good cocksucker you are."

The next thing I knew, I was sitting on the end of a bench and leaning back, spreading my legs wide to give Sean full access to my twat-reamer. He got a bit more of it in his mouth but not much. His tongue lapped the underside of the big head, and then he pulled off. "It's too big!" he whined in frustration.

Marco said to me, "Tell him what you want him to do, Coach."

Huh? Marco was talking to me? Oh, right. So hard to concentrate. I kept getting lost in a fuckin' sex-daze. Tell Sean what I wanted--what did I want? I recalled Sean's earlier offer to Marco. I hadn't had a good scrote-scrubbing in a long time, so I hefted my big bag. "Clean my 'nads, O'Leary," I growled. "Wash 'em clean."

Sean obediently licked and sucked on my hairy nut sack. He mouthed each of my apricot-sized cum-factories in turn and lashed them with his raspy tongue before stuffing both into his mouth at the same time. Marco was still fuckin' Sean's meaty rump and, whenever Sean moaned, it set off a nice little vibration in my jewels that went right through me.

And then Sean really did it. Still sucking on my orbs, he managed to slither his tongue past his wide-stretched lips as far as my blond-haired asshole! "Oh!--Oh, fuck!" I gasped at the sensation of his tongue tickling my off-limits pucker. No one had ever licked there before, and now I suddenly realized I'd been missing something that felt damn good.

"Go on--lick Coach's butt!" Marco ordered in response to my groans. "Eat his fuckin' hole!" Sean spat my saliva-soaked nuts from his mouth, raised and spread my thighs, and jammed his face into the hairy canyon between my glutes. Marco's fuck-thrusts shoved Sean's face deeper into my butt crack and his tongue deeper into my tight manhole.

"Oh, fuckin' shit," I moaned. I grabbed my cock with both hands, fingers intertwined, the only way I can get a solid grip on the thick shaft, and started stroking.

Marco leaned forward, over Sean's back, and he put his hand on my wrist, stopping my jack-strokes. "Nuh-uh, Coach," he ordered. "Stop that. Just let your arms go limp."

My arms relaxed, and my hands slowly fell away from my rod. I groaned my frustration.

That just made Marco grin. "Can't have you cumming too soon, can we? Don't want you to lose you motivation, right?"

By now Marco, pumping away again at Sean's butt-slot, was dripping sweat and every muscle in his body was tight. He reared up over Sean's back. Once again he howled and thrashed as he came, this time dumping his load deep inside Sean's guts. The sight of Marco getting his nut, coupled with Sean's tongue-work on my sensitive bung-hole, pushed me over the edge. My first shot squirted a good two feet straight up before splattering on my hairy pecs. Sean abandoned my butthole and planted his mouth on my cockhead, taking each and every one of my subsequent shots. He swallowed quickly but still choked on the volume of spunk.

"Get up, Sean," Marco growled, still very much in control of the situation. "Show Coach Kam how talented your ass is. Help me keep him motivated."

Before I could recover, Sean scrambled to his feet, pulling himself off Marco's long rod. Sean straddled my crotch, grasped my still-hard cock as best he could, and began to sit down on it. When he'd found his bulls-eye, he reached behind himself and spread his glutes wide. I felt his anal door-muscle yield as more of my broad cockhead entered him. He was almost down to its flanged ridge when he stopped, wincing. Despite Marco's thorough ass-reaming, Sean still wasn't opened up enough to take my extreme girth. Apparently my desire to do some butt-fuckin' was gonna be denied yet again, dammit!

"Damn ... It's too fuckin' fat!" Sean whined.

"Focus, Sean. You know how to relax. Just relax. Every muscle loose and limp, even that one. Get motivated, Sean. Relax yourself. Do it for Coach," Marco coaxed, tweaking the redhead's nipples. "Take Coach Kam's big, thick cock up your pussy. Repeat after me: *I'm motivated, I can do it.*"

"Yeah ... I'mmmmmotivated ... I c'n do it ..." Sean chanted as he pushed downward. When my cockhead popped inside, he let out a groan that grew into a wail as he slowly dropped farther down my veiny shaft. I wasn't exactly silent myself. Sean's ass muscle was the tightest thing--fist, mouth, or pussy--that had ever been wrapped around my cock. I howled when he hit rock-bottom and his glutes pressed against my drawn-up testicles.

Marco brought his long dick back to hardness again by stroking the foreskin over the ridge of his cockhead. "That's so fuckin' hot. You should see it, Coach. Sean's ass is so fuckin' stretched out--it looks like he's got a fuckin' tree trunk up there!"

I grunted in response, jabbing upward.

Marco said, "Hey, Sean, you like your coach's big cock up your butt?"

"Fuckin' hell--yes, sir!" Sean bobbed up and down on my cunt-rammer. I matched his movements, thrusting my hips upward every time he dropped down onto my crotch.

Marco stood behind him and pulled Sean's arms back in a hold that kept him from touching himself. Sean's rampant porker arched upward from his cinnamon-colored pubic bush. It was a respectable six inches that would make any muff scream for more. A steady stream of clear fluid dribbled from its scarlet head down onto my groin, and his good-sized nuts were drawn up tight. Sean rested his head back against Marco's fuzz-dusted chest, eyes closed, while he rode my granite-hard pussy-pounder the way a cowboy rides a brahma bull.

When Marco tweaked the beefy jock's pale nipples, Sean began twitching like he'd been electrocuted. A huge rope of sperm blasted out of his untouched cock, shot past my head, and splattered on the bench behind me. The next shot, equally large, caught me squarely in the chin. More and more cum shot out of his throbbing dick, splattering my hairy chest and belly. That damn fucker shot more jism than I did!

Sean gave no hint that he was ready to quit, so I just let him bounce up and down on my stubby kielbasa to his butt's content. Marco released Sean from his grasp, straddled me, and guided his teammate's mouth back onto his re-hardened pole. Marco pushed in all the way to his nuts and we deep-dicked Sean at both ends. Or maybe Sean was fuckin' us--it was hard to tell. All I knew was that his grasping ass had me right on the brink again and I wouldn't be able to hold out much longer. This wrestler's butt was the best cunt I'd ever fucked!

Sean's oral action must have been just as good. Marco grabbed Sean's head and yelled, "Oh, fuck! Take my fuckin' load, you fuckin' cocksucker!" Marco's spasmic orgasm triggered Sean's, and Sean shot another of his hands-free loads over my belly and chest. Sean's ass tightened up when he shot, and I howled as he milked another load out of me.

When Sean raised himself, my jism dripped from his pucker. But as much as I'd cum--twice!--I still hadn't really gotten satisfied yet, and I didn't give a shit if Sean was finished or not. I tossed him face-down across the bench so that his firm, round, well-fucked rump was upended. I rubbed the broad head of my Polish prong against his distended, jism-oozing hole. The sight of Sean's swollen ass lips sucking at my fat fuck-pole was an incredible aphrodisiac.

"Oh, yeah, Coach--fuck me!" he pleaded.

So I did. I clutched the redheaded wrestler's hips and plunged inside that juicy opening. I power-fucked the jock's meaty, freckled butt with one of my patented Polish pussy-pummelings, harder than I'd ever fucked a cunt--and goddamn if the fucker didn't take it all! The sounds of my 'nads slapping against his taint and Sean's moans and groans and pleadings for more were a great bonus. I'd never wanted to fuck a guy's hole before, and I wasn't sure I wanted to when I caught them rutting in the showers, but the experience of Sean's ass locked around my seven-iron was a definite enticement! I was definitely gettin' used to this.

Marco moved behind me and wrapped his arms around my chest. He pressed his long hard rod between our bodies. He humped his uncut cockhead against my back, and worked his fingers through my chest pelt, and said, "This is so wild--all that hair!" Marco clutched my beefy pecs hard to steady himself as he experienced another of his seismic, spasming orgasms. The liquid heat of his cum erupted against my skin as he drove his cock up and down along my spine.

"Oh, fuck!" I bucked and shuddered as I shot my final ball-draining load of spooze into Sean's ass. When I pulled out, Sean rolled onto the locker room floor, trembling and mumbling, "Fuck me," his fingers jammed into his swollen, cum-dripping anus. It was like he was still in another world.

"He's okay, Coach," Marco assured me. "He gets like that after he's been fucked real good. And Sean obviously likes to get fucked real good, in case you hadn't noticed."

"He fuckin' wore me out. Hottest piece of ass I ever had," I honestly replied. My head felt clearer now that the pressure in my balls had been relieved.

"Me too," Marco affirmed, as if he'd had my years of experience as a stick-man. "But here's the deal: he knows I'll fuck him only if he wins his matches. No pin, no win, no dick."

I was stunned. "You mean it was your cock and not my coaching that got Sean so aggressive on the mat?"

"You're great, Coach Kam, but a little hypnosis and a lot of cock are what really motivate Sean." Marco wagged his long schlong. "Now that he knows he's gonna get dicked only if he wins, he really performs. Just look how bad he needs it."

Sean was still in his fuck-trance, staring up glaze-eyed at my soft stubby while he fingered his hole. He grunted, "Fuck, yeah, Coach Kam! I'll do it for you! Just fuck me with that big prick," and had himself a dry orgasm. That was all the proof I needed that Marco was right.

I lay flat on my back there on the bench, getting my strength back after those cum-dumps. Marco sat on the

floor next to me with his back against the lockers. I watched Sean happily fingering his hole, probably dreaming of Marco or me stuffing our dicks in there again.

I pointed at Sean and asked, "Is he still ..."

"Yup." Marco sounded pleased with himself. "He'll be like that until I wake him up. It's part of his motivation."

I didn't know exactly how to ask, so I started with, "So how long ...? I mean, the hypnosis?"

Marco chuckled and ran his hand through his hair. He was sweaty and cum-covered and needed another shower badly. "With Sean?--Since the end of his freshman season. With you?--About a year ago, since that first recruitment trip we took together. Sean took to it immediately. You needed a lot more time and effort, Coach. I thought if wrestling got you horny as hell and you needed to fuck immediately, it'd make you more motivated. For the longest time, though, all I could do was get your libido cranked up."

"So, my fuckin' marriage--?"

"What about it? Wasn't it pretty much over a long time ago?"

I guessed that was true. Marco didn't make me cheat on my wife. Wanda Sue and me, we always had different sex drives when it came to fuckin'.

I must have been frowning in disbelief because Marco said, "Don't worry about the hypnosis, Coach Kam. Just because you don't remember it doesn't mean it didn't happen. Trust me--it did, and tonight proves it, right? I started on you that first night we shared a hotel room, after you went to sleep. Hypnotizing you when you were asleep was easy, since your conscious mind was already quiet. It took a lot of work to motivate you to take that next step tonight. Good thing you did, because Sean's been wearing me out."

"I don't remember any of that ..."

"I know. You proved to be a great subject, once I laid the groundwork, just like Sean. Only he took to getting fucked easier--especially once he started winning his matches. You put up a lot of resistance. I'm glad you finally got motivated to get past that. But for the longest time, all I could get you to do was jack off. We'd be in the hotel, and you'd be lying there asleep in your bed, and you'd feel motivated to jack off. Or sometimes we'd be in your office and you'd feel so sleepy and you'd get so horny. If you don't remember it, it's because I asked you not to. It seemed easier that way, just to put it all in the back of your mind until you were ready to make the next step. Maybe now you're ready. Get motivated, Coach. There's still more you can do, if you're motivated to take still another step. Get motivated, Coach. Get motivated, and you might find you're ready for yet another step."

Get motivated, Coach. Every fuckin' time Marco said that, I felt ... What? Dizzy? Drowsy? Horny? All of the above? Something in my head tugged my thoughts down again.

"That's it. Get motivated, Coach. Let it happen. Take the next step. You know you're ready. Take it as soon as you're ready."

What the fuck was he talking about?

"Just relax. Get motivated, Coach. As soon as you're motivated, take the next step. Just let it happen."

I thought about it some more. Then my legs started lifting up in the air. I wasn't sure what I was doing, because my body was on auto-pilot, but it sure felt right.

Marco stroked my granite-hard thighs. I just about passed out with joy when he started gliding his big brown mitt up and down my throbbing pink Polish baby-maker, real rough, almost pulling it out by the roots. "Fuck, yeah!" I groaned, gripping the bench hard, my body gone rubbery.

Marco guided my ankles higher, up toward my shoulders. "Sean, come show Coach how it's done."

Sean moved in between my airborne legs. Then he grinned up at me with his lust-dazed eyes and stuck out his tongue, tickled the tip of my yearning erection.

"Tell him what you want, Coach."

"Suck it!" I hissed at Sean.

He swirled his rough tongue up along my cock shaft. He twirled his tongue all around my bloated glans, driving me wild, before grinning and engulfing my dick helmet, taking me into his mouth. I clawed at the wooden bench as he tugged on my cap. And when he started inching his lips down my shaft, both of us shuddering with delight, I couldn't help but stare down at the redheaded fucker mouthing my thick meat.

He gripped my rager at the base with one paw and squeezed my balls with the other, slowly, inhaling more and more of my cock as I surged with sexual electricity. He hit the three-quarter mark, and I recklessly grabbed his head and slammed it down on my dick, driving my dong down his throat. His sex-depraved eyes watered and snot bubbled out of his flared nostrils, but he didn't give up an inch of the meat he was chowing down on.

"Fuck, yeah!" I hollered, fully cock-locked in Sean's throat, my legs shaking out of control.

It was too good for me to last much longer. My low-hangers buzzed with impending eruption. Then he pulled back, all the way, and my manhood dropped out of his mouth in a gush of saliva. He gulped a few quick breaths, then lifted my heavy ball sack out of the way and went after my asshole again, stroking and slobbering at it with his tongue. I banged my fists on the bench, the air around me buzzing. Sean's tongue tip flicked back and forth across my pucker, making it twitch, before scouring at it. He dropped away for a moment to admire the spit-shine he'd put on my bung-hole, then came back at me, sticking lubed-up fingers into my crack.

Marco said, "You know what's going to happen, don't you, Coach Kam?"

"You're ... You fuckers ... gonna fuck my ass ..." I half-guessed. I groaned as Sean's fingers did some mighty fine rubbing in between my cheeks.

Marco wet his lips with his tongue and nodded. "You got it, Coach. You got yourself motivated and you're about to take the next step. You're not ready yet for a long one like mine, though, so Sean gets to do the honors."

Sean rolled the condom down his six-inch snake, and then I watched him grease up his pole, his hand sliding up and down his gleaming chub.

"Just relax," Marco said to me as Sean hunkered down and pressed his lightning rod to my hole. "Get

motivated, Coach. When you're ready for it, tell him to fuck you."

"Do it ... Fuck me!"

When Sean pressed at my hole, it felt like fifty thousand volts of electricity jolted me. Again, Sean's slick cockhead pushed in against my pucker, knocking on heaven's door. Again. I chewed my lip as he pushed harder, a fourth time. His mushroomed cap punched through and inside me, all resistance futile. I trembled as his shaft sank into my ass.

"Fuck me, motherfucker!" I barked, showing my hard-ass wrestlers their coach was still far from a passive pussy-hole. If my body wanted to get fucked, the fuckin' was gonna happen on *my* terms.

Sean really laid on the lumber, poking his woody in deep until his hips smacked my muscled butt cheeks. I pushed my ass at him, letting my body beg him to beat me with his cock from the inside.

Sean gripped my hips and plunged forward until his balls kissed my butt cheeks. The full-up feeling hurt at first, but Sean didn't let up. Soon, it felt ... well, still painful but kind of good. Then Sean hit his stride, and his prick up my shitter kept hitting something that felt fan-fuckin'-tastic and had my John Thomas hard and drooling pre-cum. We both moaned with satisfaction. Was this what those bar cunts felt like when my whanger came knock-knock-knocking against their clits? No wonder they screamed in ecstasy and kept coming back for more! Then Sean started moving his powerful hips faster, rocking me forward and pulling me back, pistoning his full length in my chute.

"Tell him how to fuck you," Marco coaxed.

"Faster! Harder!" I spat at Sean.

"Man, Coach, he's really filling your ass!" Marco yowled. That anaconda of his was erect and he fisted it. "Get motivated, Coach. Just relax and enjoy the fuck. You can stroke yourself too, if you want."

I definitely wanted. I double-fisted my pork sword in time with Sean's brutal fuck-shoves into my ass. I tugged and tugged at my dick, frantically, careening toward all-out release.

Sean slammed my pucker over and over, cocking me with reckless, relentless abandon. My body caught fire and my head went spinning. I yowled, "Gonna cum!"--desperate to shoot when Sean did.

Marco's voice quivered from the force of his own jacking. "Get motivated, Coach. Get motivated, Sean. Ready to cum ... Cum, Coach! Cum, Sean! Do it!"

"Do it!" I bleated, balls boiling over, popping molten streams of semen out of my exploding cock.

Sean was just a big a sex-pig as me, and even though this was my first time on the receiving end, it sure felt to me like he gave as good a fuck as he took. Sean fucked me in a frenzy, then grunted his own ecstasy, flooding his condom up inside my ass-tunnel with his man-juice. We jerked around in the throes of our man-made orgasms, my brain almost going into blackout. And then, amid all the grunting and groaning and spunking, something dripped down on me: Marco, dropping his latest cum-load on my chest.

Sean collapsed on top of me, covering me, smearing the sweat and spunk between our bodies.

"Fuck, that was hot," Marco gasped. "Coach Kam, you did not disappoint. That was *definitely* worth the wait! Now, look this way, you two."

Still shuddering with orgasmic aftershocks, still plugged together by Sean's ass-embedded cock, we turned our weary heads and gazed at Marco.

"I want to watch your eyes as you go to sleep for me. Get motivated, Sean. Get motivated, Coach Kam. It's time to let yourselves sink back down into deep sleep ..."

Marco didn't have to work hard on me that time. Physical and sexual exhaustion were great motivators. I yawned and closed my eyes, and I went out like a fuckin' light.

Wrestling still makes me hard and horny as hell, because that fucker Marco insists I need to stay motivated too. I don't mind so much, since I have them to help relieve the pressure in my stones after a match. I still go after pussy most nights--I still ain't one hundred percent wired for cock, and Marco ain't been able to convince me otherwise yet. But fuckin' Sean's ass, and even Marco's a time or two--tighter than any gash, more convenient than running going off to a sleazy bar to chase beaver, too--makes a compelling case. And getting fucked by them? That's opened up a whole new world of pleasure for me. Where fuckin's concerned, I still think it's better to give than to receive, but let's just say my slot don't mind doing some receiving too.

Sean's performance on the mat improved even more dramatically in the following weeks due to my new-found coaching method. The team ended the season with a win over Toklas Tech that gave us the regional championship. There was a team party, of course, but our private three-man victory celebration lasted the entire weekend and left all of us sore and drained.

I know Sean's performance will be even better next season now that I've hired Marco as my assistant coach. And in the meantime, Marco's planning plenty of off-season practice sessions to keep me and Sean O'Leary "motivated."
