

Nano-Hammered

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: The new medical specialist offers an experimental solution to Daryl's football injuries.

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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I wasn't all *that* old by pro football standards. However, thanks to a back injury a couple of years ago and two knee surgeries, a hard practice like today's left me limping like a hundred-year-old grandmother as I trudged back from the field to my cubicle in the locker room. Ugh--if the fans could see me now, they wouldn't recognize me. Daryl Sledge, lineman, All-American, Super Bowl veteran, nicknamed The Sledgehammer for the way I used to bash through the opposing line. Twenty-nine years old, staring thirty in the face and trying hard not to flinch.

I saw this coming a year ago when my previous team left me exposed in the expansion draft. Maybe they thought nobody want someone my age, with my contract and my history of injuries. I seriously thought about retiring. Hell, I had invested wisely, so with a few endorsements here and there I could get by. What did I have left to prove? But a new team snatched me up. Before spring camp even opened, the manager told me they intended to use me as an impact player to put them over that last little hump to reach the next level--whatever *that* meant. Still, if I couldn't keep my back and knee working, I wasn't going to be there long.

Coming to a new team gave me that little morale lift I needed for just one more season. I loved football, and I wasn't quite ready to quit, not just yet. Just one last season, I told myself, and then I really would be ready for retirement. But now that training camp had begun, I wondered whether I'd made the right decision. Every day, after the rest of the team had dressed and departed, I was in the trainer's room at least an hour, struggling to keep my body from falling apart on me.

I had never lived in the Midwest before, and I can't say I was impressed. One problem I've always had when moving to a new place was finding sex. Most guys can go to the local gay nightclub and find someone for an anonymous quickie, or even hook up with a random dude through a phone app. But at six feet four, and two hundred and fifty pounds of muscle, I tend to stand out, which draws attention to me wherever I am. I had managed to hide my sexuality over the years. I always remembered how one of my childhood heroes was exposed for being gay and, despite his youth and ability, he was traded several times over a two-year period. In no time at all, he was out of the game. I wasn't about to let that happen to me, so I remained very selective and discreet. I'd been here several months and resisted the temptation to check out the local gay scene for fear of being recognized.

By the time I limped into the locker room, most of the other players had showered and skedaddled. Like any other pre-season Friday, they were probably heading out to hunt for pussy; they never stuck around long after practice at the end of the week. I had the place pretty much to myself.

I pulled off my practice gear and my T-shirt, tugged my workout shorts down over my scarred knee, then slumped on the stool in front of my cubicle. I was too tired even to drag myself to the shower. I sat with my back against the cubicle frame, my legs stretched out and spread in front of me, with my jockstrap barely keeping my cock and balls from hanging over the edge of the stool. I decided that I couldn't be too appealing, stinking of sweat and heat balm, so I worked up the will to get myself on my feet and staggering toward the showers. The showers are just what you would expect: a large, open bay with several shower heads, definitely not private. When I'm alone, I usually turn on several of the heads with just hot water running to make steam. The heat and steam always made my protesting muscles feel better. Plus, I wasn't paying the bill and I figured the team owners could afford my little indulgence. I just stood there under the spray, trying to focus on how good the water felt on my skin and ignoring my complaining body parts.

My pity party of one was interrupted when, somewhere in the distance, I heard someone calling, "Mister Sledge! Mister Sledge!"

Dammit, what now? I thought as I opened my eyes.

The caller was Jimbo, the "Assistant Equipment Manager," a pompous title for the team gofer; he had the thankless job of gathering up the players' uniforms, practice gear, towels, jocks, and socks from the sweaty, dirty, sometimes bloody heaps all over the locker room, then getting everything washed and ready for the next day. I thought I was the last person in the facility, but I'd forgotten that he was usually around. Most of the guys treated him like their personal errand boy. I'd never had any errands that needed running, but we'd had a couple of conversations.

He came around the corner and saw me in the showers. "Evening, Mister Sledge," he said. Jimbo was eighteen, had played football in high school, and truly loved the game. He was good enough to play ball at the local college, but he was probably too average a performer and too slim to turn pro. The best way he knew to stay around the game was to get this job while he pursued his degree.

He asked how I was doing.

"Managing," I groaned.

I hadn't really realized how exposed I was, standing there naked with my dick on full display; a few puffs of steam didn't do much to cover a big guy like me. As we talked, I noticed that Jimbo's gaze kept falling, and after a couple of glances he just couldn't keep his eyes off my cock. I have a really nice one: good length, good thickness. A big dick means automatic virility and prestige in the locker room pecking order for its owner, and I have one of the biggest and thickest on the team, even when soft. And hard?--let's just say there's a reason I call my cock The Hammer. Five seconds into this conversation, and Jimbo wasn't even trying to disguise the fact that he was looking at my Hammer like he wanted to get banged.

I'd been afraid to seek out gay sex here, but sex seemed to have sought me out instead. Could it really be this easy? Had I been frustrated all this time in vain? If Jimbo's gaze hadn't given him away, the steady increase in his shorts surely would have. His shorts lumped up with the perfect outline of hardening cock--about seven inches, I guessed. He was definitely interested. All I needed to do was reel him in.

As I rinsed my body and we made small talk, I could see Jimbo through the steam, and he could see me. The more he watched, the harder The Hammer got. At first I wondered whether I should turn my back and not be quite so bold? If I had thought that anyone else was there, I would have definitely exercised more caution, but I suspected everyone else had gone. I didn't turn my back. In fact, I kept slowly soaping and rinsing my cock and balls. I thought Jimbo was shy and might need some prodding. I was going to have to take the lead, treat this cute kid like a skittish colt that just needed to be coaxed. I walked to the entrance of the shower with my thick ten and a half inches bobbing its way through the steam. The Hammer was ready, and Jimbo sure looked like an easy nail.

Jimbo snapped out of his cock-daze, and his eyes jerked up to meet my gaze. "Oh!--I came to tell you--if you're ready, the new trainer's waiting for you."

Well, fuck. I'd forgotten about that. The manager had arranged for some specialist to come in from the local university for a consultation; he was going to take a look at my back and knee. I'd agreed to see him. Jimbo said he'd worked with this specialist a few times and described him as a "miracle worker." Yeah, if I was going to keep my body from falling apart for one last season, a miracle sounded like exactly what I needed.

Ten minutes later, I was dried, I was dressed in fresh shorts and a T-shirt, and I had made the agonizing walk down the hallway to the trainer's office where the specialist waited. My knee nearly locked up on me in protest, but I managed to make the whole trip under my own power. Jimbo hovered nearby but wisely didn't comment on my slow pace.

I'd seen specialists before, so this one seemed like just the latest in the long line. Standard introductory medical stuff: *Hello, Mister Sledge, my name is Doctor Tramell. Have a seat on the table. Have there been any changes since your last physical? Blah blah blah.* He had my latest X-rays, CAT scan, and MRI, the results of my physical from the start of training a few weeks ago. He probably knew more about my physical condition already than I did. *Take off your shirt, lay back on the table--same old.* The only thing that was different about this examination was that he wheeled over a glorified sonography machine. He checked my knee, then had me roll over and checked my back. The image seemed clearer and more detailed than most sonography images I'd ever seen. This must have been a more specialized machine.

"Please tell me I'm not pregnant, doctor," I groaned as he ran the transducer around the location of my back injury.

"Mmm," the doctor replied as he examined the screen, "I suspect, Mister Sledge, pregnancy will be not a problem you'll need to worry about any time soon."

The doctor and I chuckled, sure, but Jimbo laughed like our bit of banter was funnier than it was. Well, okay.

The doctor and I made small talk while he worked. Did I have big plans for the weekend? No, I mostly had planned to go home, take some pain meds, rest, and try to get my body ready for Monday.

Jacking off was probably in my plans too, since The Hammer was still feeling a little *malleus interruptus* after the shower, but I didn't tell the good doctor that part. What I really wanted was to pound some guy's hole, like Jimbo's, but I wasn't seeing a clear play for getting the kid back to my place, and I wasn't certain he'd keep his mouth shut afterward. He sure looked cute in his T-shirt and shorts, though. I bet he would look cute out of them too.

"The problem," the doctor said, snapping me back to reality as he finished and had me sit up, "is fairly routine. The solution is a difficult fix for conventional medicine." He showed me the images. Scar tissue from my injuries and the surgeries had formed in both my back and my knee; the scar tissue was hampering normal functioning. I already knew that. I'd seen these images in various forms a lot recently, usually followed by some generic medical professional telling me the only solution was more surgery, but that might just create more scar tissue. As most of the doctors politely left unsaid, surgery was risky and brought no guarantee of success.

The solution this new specialist offered was experimental. Nanorobotics. He would inject microscopic machines into my body. They would target the scar tissue, break it up, and secrete muscle- and nerve-growth hormones to cause my body to build healthy tissue in its place. Best of all, he claimed, this new solution was nonsurgical; it would use my body's own healing processes to make the repairs. Preliminary tests had been promising. He was confident this process would significantly improve my condition too.

At which point Jimbo jumped in with, "He's a miracle worker. You should have seen what he did when I fucked up my shoulder last year! If he says it will help you, you better believe it'll work!"

So of course I was prepared to give it a shot. Hell, I'd have tried witch doctors and praying to the Flying Spaghetti Monster if it would keep my body in playable shape for one more season.

"Sign this," the specialist said. "It's a consent form for the treatment. Not to worry: the team management is footing the bill." I'd signed so many consent forms for so many specialists in the past couple of years that I didn't even bother to read this one. As long as the managers were footing the bill, I'd have signed just about anything.

The doctor told me to lie back on the table and explained that a few different nanite machines would be needed. One type would target and take apart the scar tissue. Another would focus on the associated muscles and tendons and stuff, stimulating growth to repair and strengthen the fibers, replacing the bad tissue that had just been broken down with healthy tissue. A third would target my endocrine glands to help my body make and regulate the necessary hormones. Special gear applied to the skin over the damaged parts of my knee and back would help direct the nanites to the right spots.

The equivalents of multiple surgeries and weeks worth of healing could be compressed into a few days. He said a lot more science-y stuff too but most of it whooshed over my head.

"As an added bonus," he said, "the treatment will also clear up any erectile dysfunction you may have." He grinned, so I assumed he was joking.

I laughed. "No problem there, Doc. Trust me--The Hammer is just about the *only* thing that still works like it did when I was eighteen."

"You call your penis 'The Hammer'? How droll. Someday you must tell me the story behind that moniker."

We'd need to get started right away, the doctor explained, since the team owners wanted me in playing shape as soon as possible. That sounded good to me. I was kinda expecting him to wait until Monday, but I quickly learned that *right away* meant *right then*. He had already programmed the nanites based on my medical records and was ready the moment I said go.

"After all," he said, "you told me earlier that you have no plans for the next few days. This will give you the weekend to heal."

The doctor started to prepare a syringe. "Whoa!--Whoa!" I protested. "What's that for?"

"It's a mild sedative and pain-killer," the doctor said. "We're going to need you to be as still as possible during the procedure to ensure the nanorobots concentrate in the proper places. Some of the prior subjects have reported mild muscle spasms or itching at the activity sites, and we need to make sure nothing like that throws off the procedure."

"Uh, okay," I said, since he was already zeroing in on my elbow and looking for a vein.

"Oh," the doctor said once he'd already squirted the first injection into my arm and was working on the second, "and don't worry if you start to feel sleepy. That's just--"

The next thing I know, I'm waking up. *Mild sedative*, my ass--whatever he'd given me had knocked me out cold and left me woozy as hell.

"Hey, Mister Sledge. How ya feeling?" Jimbo's face swam into focus.

I was lying on a table, strapped down, with an intravenous drip feeding liquids into my arm. I was covered by a thin blanket.

"I called Doctor Tramell and told him you were waking up. He's on his way. Want some water?" He came at me with a bottle and a straw.

"Yeah," I croaked through parched lips. I sucked at the straw. "How long ..." I managed without slurring too badly.

"It's Sunday afternoon, so that's ... almost two days."

Two days?

"Not to worry," the doctor said, making his entrance. "Jimbo here took good care of you. He stayed with you the entire time."

Under the blanket, my clothes had been removed. I'd been slapped into one of those silly things that can be politely called an adult diaper but was basically there to catch my piss and shit because I wasn't in control of my bodily functions.

"Can I get up now? And can I get some clothes?" I didn't care if I sounded pissed.

They unstrapped me and got me sitting up, but Doctor Tramell insisted on examining me before I got dressed or got off the table. That meant poking and prodding my knee and back, using the sono-doohickey, checking readouts from the nano-thingamabobs on a monitor screen. He had me flex my back, my knee--had me try standing up and doing a few simple movements like bending forward and walking around the room. He asked me how my injured parts felt, and I told him truthfully that they felt better than they had in years. Not completely pain-free, but the pain level was a whole lot lower, equivalent to a fading sprain.

"You still need a few days to heal, but I estimate the nanobots have repaired about eighty percent of the damage so far."

"That's great! So I'm cleared to play?"

"I will talk to your coach tomorrow. A couple of days taking it easy, and you should be able to resume practice on Wednesday--and by then the nanobots should have fixed up your back and knee stronger than ever."

I let out a whoop that was probably heard in the next county.

"Now, Mister Sledge, before you get dressed," the doctor rambled as he poked at icons and gadgets on the nanobot monitor screen, "I would like to test some of the more ... advanced functions."

"Advanced?" I echoed. "What advanced functions?"

"The nanorobots have not just targeted your knee and back. Some of them have taken up residence in endocrine glands, as I mentioned, but also in your brain, where by now they've had time to integrate themselves into your neural functioning."

"Doc, speak English, please."

"As you wish. The nanobots can flood your body with chemicals that make your thought processes susceptible to outside influences--*my* outside influence. In other words, with a push of a button, I can take control of you, Mister Sledge, and Jimbo here too."

"Now wait a second, Doc," I growled as he made a little spiral flourish with his finger and poked a button onscreen that changed from green to red. "You never said anything about ..."

Suddenly, I felt something change in me, like the way I felt dizzy sometimes when I stood up too quickly, but more pervasive. I'd been trying to say something important--what was it? "... about ... uh ..." I couldn't remember what I had been trying to say. This calm quietness kept on spreading through me, getting stronger, making my whole body feel heavy and sluggish. Moving and speaking became just too hard. Thinking?--Wasn't doing much of that either.

"There you go. Hormones are wondrous things, aren't they? Just a few chemicals hitting the right receptors, but the results can be quite impressive." The doctor shone a light in my eyes to check my pupil responses, pressed a finger to my throat to count my pulse rate. I knew I probably should pull away, but I felt just too *quiet* inside to bother. "So far this experiment appears to be a complete success. As you've no doubt noticed, Mister Sledge--may I call you Daryl?--'Mister' seems far too formal and we are about to get very familiar indeed. As I was saying, Daryl, the nanobots have caused your body to become flooded with a hormone mix that causes a drowsy, relaxed feeling. Your mind is now in a cooperative state where you will agree to any suggestions I give you. Doesn't it feel nice?"

"Nice ..." I heard myself repeat. I did feel "nice": completely calm and relaxed, maybe a little euphoric. Definitely not worried about anything.

Jimbo chirped up with, "What are you gonna make him--"

"Ah, right--mustn't forget about you, Jimbo," the doctor said. He tapped another neighboring button that turned red.

"Urkh ..." Jimbo gurgled.

"There. Now I have two marionettes ready and willing to obey my every whim. Gentlemen, if you would be so kind, please strip."

Jimbo's shoes, socks, T-shirt and shorts seemed to fly off. I felt more lethargic, though, and couldn't quite make myself move that fast. I couldn't think my way through the process of undoing the straps on my diaper, so I just sucked in my stomach and pushed the damned thing to my ankles. When Jimbo pulled off his jockeys, his cock sprang up, already hard. It jutted from his groin like a cock-sucker divining rod, pointing directly at me. My earlier guess had been right: He had about seven and a half inches. His dick wasn't nearly as thick as mine or as long, but he had himself a nice one. Just looking at his screwdriver had the ol' Hammer on the rise too: seven, eight, nine inches and still climbing.

The doctor said, "Jimbo, please take Daryl to the locker room and get him showered and cleaned up."

Which made sense, I guess. I'd been lying there for a couple of days so I was probably a grungy, stinky, beard-stubby mess, even if Jimbo had given me sponge baths or something. Having Jimbo lead me made sense too: he was obviously more accustomed to the effect of this obedience hormone mix. He could move around a lot better than I could. He hooked his hand around the triceps of my right arm and pulled. I shuffled along behind him as best I could.

After turning two adjacent showerheads on, Jimbo pushed me under the spray.

"That's the way, Jimbo. Get Daryl good and clean," Doctor Tramell said, watching us from the doorway.

Jimbo began lathering up my back. My ass. My legs. My chest. My crotch. My hair. He made quick work of them all. I enjoyed the feel of his hands on me, half-bathing and half-massaging. The Hammer had faded to half-mast during the walk to the showers, but now it came raging back to its full ten and a half inches of hardness. It bobbed in the air straight out in front of me.

"Now, Daryl, you do the same to Jimbo."

Okay. I could do this. I *wanted* to do this. I just needed a second to remember how to move my arms. Okay. A squirt of body wash from the wall dispenser into my hand, and I began to rub Jimbo's shoulders and upper spine, working my way down, like he had done to me.

Doctor Tramell: "Bathing him feels so intimate and sexy, doesn't it, Daryl."

In my blank-headed state, I took that as a fact instead of question. Intimate? Yes. I hadn't touched another man like this in far too long, and I definitely wanted to keep touching Jimbo. This hormone mix must have had an aphrodisiac angle, because The Hammer was throbbing. By that time, my soapy hands had worked their way below Jimbo's waist and were caressing the top of his ass. The doctor wanted to take this in an "intimate and sexy" direction? In my happy-horny state, that was fine by me. Hell, I'd have been okay with letting The Hammer nail Jimbo even if the doctor's little gizmos weren't mass-producing the hormonal equivalent of nano-Viagra inside me. I used one hand to wash Jimbo's tight ass cheeks while my free hand started to rub the head of my super-hard glans along his crack. When The Hammer first touched him, Jimbo flinched but immediately relaxed, and then he started pushing his ass back against me, which I liked a lot. Yeah, we both knew what was ahead, and we both wanted it, wanted it badly.

The doctor had us shut off the shower heads, and we moved this little party to a wooden bench in the locker area. Where sex was concerned, I was used to being the one who took the initiative, but I couldn't work up the will to do anything on my own. When Doctor Tramell told me to do something, though, I certainly didn't have a problem following the doctor's orders, though I was still too woozy to do anything quickly. When he told me to touch Jimbo's cock, I matter-of-factly reached my hand out to grasp the kid's steel prod. Jimbo had one of those cock-heads that looked like a ripe plum, same size and color. When I wrapped my fingers around the shaft just behind the head, his whole whanger leaped in my hand. I slid my hand along his shaft a few times. Jimbo had that stupid, slack-jawed look guys get when their brains have turned off and their dicks are doing all the thinking. Maybe it was the nanites. Maybe it was my hand squeezing his rod. The kid was obviously enjoying himself.

The doctor prodded Jimbo to take a step closer, not that the boy needed much encouragement. He took that step, and the doctor told me to take a taste. I happily went down to my knees, slowly because my knee was better but not yet one hundred percent, and I lowered my head to suck that cock-head and about half the shaft into my mouth. The doctor and Jimbo both seemed surprised that I managed so easily--guess they hadn't expected me, The Sledgehammer, to be an experienced pole-smoker.

We ended up back in the trainer's office. I swear, that the trainer's table must have been designed for sex. Jimbo hopped up on the padded leather, sitting with his legs dangling over the end. I swung out the small stool built into the end, tossed a foam pillow on it to protect my knees, knelt, and continued the blow-job I'd begun earlier. I was getting the hang of moving through the stupor from this nano-hormone cocktail, though I was definitely still at one-quarter speed or thereabouts. As I tongue-slathered his meat, the happy hormones flooding Jimbo's bloodstream had him babbling like a giddy schoolboy, a bunch of semi-coherent ramblings about how often he had stared at my meat in the locker room, how many times he had jacked off at home thinking about my dick. I had not been with someone as young as Jimbo in a while, and I couldn't remember ever doing anybody whose nuts rose up so taut so soon. From the way Jimbo's hips were auto-humping my face, we all knew he was going to cum soon, so the doctor told me to slow down, make it last a while. Okay, I could try to do that, even though Jimbo's overheating 'nads seemed to have a different plan. I tried to distract the kid by rooting my free hand between his legs. As soon as I did that, he spread his legs, a definite invitation.

My middle finger sought out his hole; I pushed it into him without lube, a tight, dry entry. In spite of the roughness, Jimbo's ass snapped at my digit, as if begging to get fucked. This excited me so much that my cock flexed against the overhang on the table. Maybe these nano-doochickies had Jimbo and me pumping out some kind of super-concentrated sex pheromones, because right then all I wanted to do was jump Jimbo's bones and pound him 'til he begged for mercy.

All eagerness, Jimbo arched his hips to meet my mouth and finger, as he grasped the table with both hands. The nanites might have had me doing *what* the doctor said, but I seemed to have some leeway in the *way* I did it. I had some freedom to embellish a little too. Doctor Tramell might have ordered, "Yes, Daryl, finger Jimbo's ass," but I got to choose which finger and how to use my *come here* finger-curl to tickle Jimbo's sensitive spots and light up his nervous system. Jimbo's cock bucked in my mouth, and his asshole clamped, tight and hard, around my finger, as he began to cum in spite of the instruction for us to slow down. Hey, I guess nanites and hormones can only do so much when a guy's nerve network tips into overload. Jimbo's first shot was so strong that it hit the back of my throat and slid down without my tasting it at all. The second burst was almost as strong as the first. Not until his third and fourth pulses could I taste his jizz on my tongue.

I sucked him until I was sure that he was spent, then let his tool slide from my mouth and withdrew my finger from his ass. By this time, Jimbo was lying back on the table, moaning deliriously in his afterglow. His cock was still hard, but his body was limp after the intensity of his nano-enhanced orgasm.

Okay--I could do that. Doctor Tramell told me to stand up, and he told Jimbo to climb down from the table and take care of me. Jimbo slid off the table and dropped to his knees in front of The Hammer. He hefted my cock as if he were weighing it, then looked up at me and grinned like a kid about to dive into a fudge sundae. My nuts filled his entire hand. He held them tenderly, while his mouth stretched wide to accept the head of my Hammer.

This felt great! I hadn't gotten head in far too long. While Jimbo seemed to have a working knowledge of the basics, he was a bit inexperienced at accommodating the sheer oversized tool I was packing into his mouth. But he more than made up for the clumsiness with his eagerness. My hands worked through his hair. He sucked as much as he could fit into his mouth. I wanted to feed him more, but I didn't want to shove in more than he was ready to take. As he sucked, he figured out how to handle Hammer's size, and soon he had me feeling really good--and thinking about that inviting tight ass I'd fingered just a few minutes before.

The doctor must have been thinking the same thing. He called my attention to a tube of lubricant and a condom next to the trainer's table, and suddenly I knew exactly what I needed to do.

Jimbo, on his back, his knees pulled up to his chest. Me, tearing open the condom wrapper with my teeth and sacking up the ol' Hammer. I squeezed out a glob of lube and smeared it along my shaft. When I turned my attention back to Jimbo, my cock was lined up directly with at its target. I slid my hands between his cheeks to ready his asshole. As I squirted the lube and worked it around with a couple of fingers, he raised his head and babbled something about his fantasy of getting fucked by a big jock with a really big dick. *Flattery will get you everywhere*, I thought, because I couldn't think of a better choice than The Hammer and me to make his fantasy come true.

I used a couple of fingers to get his ass relaxed and accustomed to being penetrated. The way my fingers slid in and out of his hole, I knew I wasn't his first, but I was willing to bet I'd be his biggest. If the doctor told me to shove my cock into Jimbo's rectum, which seemed to be the direction we all

wanted events to go, I'd do it--but I wanted Jimbo to enjoy it too. My other hand gripped his still-hard cock. As I stroked it, I realized his dick hadn't gone soft after shooting that monster load. Man, this nano-hormonal cocktail in our bloodstreams much be really something!

My Hammer had not gone soft either, and it just kept getting harder, so hard it was starting to hurt, as I prepped Jimbo's hole. The doctor got impatient with all the prep-work and ordered me to fuck Jimbo. I wasn't sure the kid was quite ready, but I didn't try to resist the instruction. I needn't have worried--as soon as my cock-head touched Jimbo's hungry hole, his ass practically sucked the head of ol' Hammer inside. Jimbo was ready to get plowed! Now, everybody looks down on bottoms, as if getting fucked up the ying-yang is the least masculine thing a guy can do. But hell, taking something like the ol' Hammer up the butt-slot takes a lot of balls. Anyone can fuck a hole, but it takes guts--no pun intended--to take a dick up there. I like getting fucked just fine too, sometimes; but right then, Jimbo looked like his ass was hungry for fresh meat, and The Hammer wanted to feed it. How could I say no?

I slid about four inches in on the first thrust, waited a second or two, withdrew to the crown, then worked a little more cock-meat into him. Jimbo gibbered and yammered like a lust-crazed monkey as he tried to push back, wanting his ass impaled on my pole. *Not so fast*, I thought as I repeated the process. Still, soon I felt my nuts brushing the cheeks of his ass.

If the doctor wanted to be in control and to watch, I was happy to give him something to watch. Jimbo obviously wanted his ass fucked, and I wanted to fuck it. Different agendas brought us to that point, but right then we all wanted the same thing. I tried to hold back--to put on a good show for the doctor and to show Jimbo that sex was more than just taking the fastest road to orgasm--but when Jimbo reached up and twisted my nipples while his ass clamped a simultaneous vice grip around my cock, the jolt that rocketed up my spine locked around all my higher brain functions like a fist and shut them right the hell off. The nanobots had complete control over me and the Hammer, and from then on I was reduced to just an animal in rut, aware of nothing but this fuck.

I raised Jimbo's legs up and pulled his calves to my shoulders, his feet in the air somewhere behind my head. Now that I had his well-lubed chute in the best position, I increased the pace and began a steady fuck: middling speed, deep strokes. In, out, in, out. My nuts swung and smacked against his ass with each inward stroke. Jimbo was riding hard against me because he was eager to get more of my dick up his butt. I kept up my work on his stone-hard cock with my right hand, but my left hand held his hips in place so he wouldn't slide with my fuck-strokes.

Jimbo loved my big dick slamming inside his butt. Judging from the way he kept crying out, "Oh, Jesus," and "Oh, God," as I picked up the pace, getting his ass Hammered was practically a religious experience for him.

And my back?--Completely pain-free. I hadn't been able to fuck this vigorously in years! That was worth a halleluiah or two from me too.

Jimbo was going to cum again in less time than it would take me to cum my first time. I felt his shaft grow thicker in my hand and his ass became vise-like as his body prepared to erupt again. Jimbo jabbered something incoherent that included the words *fuck* and *cum* over and over, and then his eyes clamped shut and sperm began spurt from his cock and fall onto his stomach. I took special care to milk his cock all the way to the end of his bliss, until I was sure his balls were completely, thoroughly emptied. He gibbered and trembled his way through another mighty orgasm. Damn, I do good work!

Watching him cum and feeling his sphincter tighten around my tool started the process for me too, and I was ratcheting my way up to what would be a real explosion in his ass. I might not have been as quick as Jimbo, but I packed a quality punch. I hammered all ten-plus inches in as deeply as I could, multiple times, just to make sure that I hollowed out as much of his insides as my tool could reach. His eyes opened and then they widened; I could tell he was feeling my shaft thicken inside him, which made my passage in and out of his chute tighter still. More friction for him; more sensation for me. I was about to cum like a son-of-a-bitch. I couldn't hold back any longer. Seeing the way his ass had left me spiraling helplessly into the hurricane of my impending orgasm made the bastard smirkily proud of himself.

My balls were primed. My first shot was coming now, and my world exploded into ecstasy. I think I bellowed like a stud-bull as I unloaded smack after smack of cum into that condom up Jimbo's butt. I rode hard and long, all the way to the trembling, spasming end. I bent forward and Jimbo bent up, and our mouths met in the middle for a hard kiss.

After I was spent, I slowly withdrew from his ass. I had to sit down and catch my breath.

Doctor Tramell punched those two onscreen buttons, and they changed from red back to green. My head started clearing a little. Damn, I couldn't believe what had just happened!

"So, Daryl," the doctor announced as I panted, "if you don't want to go through this again, I can stop the nanorobots where they are. They'll purge themselves from your body and your back and knee will remain eighty percent healed. As far as medical science is concerned, you had the miraculous near-total recovery the team managers are paying me for. That'll probably be enough for you to last through the season, and maybe even the next one too, if you're lucky. But if you want to push your knee back to one hundred percent and keep the nanorobots in place to repair any future damage, you can play football until you decide to retire years from now. In return for that, I will ask one simple thing: one day a week of your time. On your day off, you will come over to my place and for twenty-four hours you will place yourself under my complete control. I'll activate the nanites' special functions, and you will do whatever I want, just like we did today. It'll be you, Jimbo, and the four other players you'll recognize from the team. But I do need your answer now, please."

Jimbo looked like he was eager to hear my answer too.

Sure, the nanite part still seemed weird, but one day a week to fuck as much as I wanted? I didn't have to think about it. I panted, "Just text me your address."
