

Team Entrancement, Parts 1 - 10

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

This is a revised, expanded version of my story "Martin and Sean." Is it a sequel to my other story, "Jeremy's Story"? It's true that a few characters from "Jeremy's Story" reappear here, but this is not necessarily a sequel.

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Team Entrancement, Parts 1 - 10

1. Martin

Somebody said Coach's wife left him. Whatever the reason, he was busting our balls--but good, too.

Me, I tried to stay out of his way and not fuck up. He was reaming guys new assholes over just about anything these days. This was my third year on the team here at college, and let me tell you, Coach Bradley wasn't like this at all before.

Ballbuster Bradley. That's what we called him. He probably knew it too, and this year he was doing everything he could to surpass that reputation.

Sean--he's like my best friend and my roommie as well as my teammate--said Bradley and his wife had this *huge* fight right as pre-season practice was starting. He said she walked out on him--took their two little kids and just disappeared. All I knew was *something* was eating Coach Bradley alive, and he was sure as hell taking it out on us. Snarling and snapping at us, insulting us, blasting us with extra laps around the track for the smallest offenses. Half the team was ready to quit, and the other half, including me, wasn't far behind.

News must have gotten back to the administration. Nothing makes the alumni more nervous than a threat to the football season, and nothing makes the administration sit up and take notice faster than something that threatens alumni donations.

Anyway, just as suddenly as it started, it was over. I mean, like

overnight. Coach was back to his old self. Smiling, laughing, still tough but back to that for-your-own-good kind of tough. Sean said the word had come down from the Board of Trustees, and the president of the university told Coach Bradley to get counseling or get out, immediately.

Sean said they sent Coach to a guy in the Psychology department. He said he knew the guy was pretty well because he'd seen him himself some to help him deal with some grief issues after his father died last winter. That surprised me. I knew Sean had taken his father's death hard, but I didn't know he'd been seeing a therapist. Guess that just goes to show you--you can know a guy for years, even share living quarters together, and still not know all his secrets. Plus, I guess it's a man thing, and needing to see a therapist isn't the kind of thing a guy broadcasts to the whole fucking world, right?

The counselor must have been really good. Like I said, just like that, it was over and Coach Bradley was back to his old self. Still busting our balls but not out of pure meanness anymore. When the counselor started coming by practice sometimes, I didn't know who he was, not until Sean pointed him out. I thought maybe he was just an alum or an administrator coming by to get the inside scoop on the team's potential. That happens a lot, and we've all learned to ignore people gawking at us during practice. Anyway, he wasn't around all that much at first.

I guess I was stupid. Over the next week or so, I didn't see any kind of warnings, and I didn't have Clue 1 that anything was going on. When a guy would miss a day of practice, I didn't think anything about it--it happened sometimes. When I saw Coach Bradley looking kind of glassy-eyed, I just thought he was daydreaming or thinking up some wild new strategy. When I saw one of the guys looking glassy-eyed on the field during practice, I just thought he was focused on something else or was shaken up a little from taking a hard hit. Like I said, I didn't have a clue

until it started hitting me in the face. The first time I saw it happen, I couldn't believe it. Hell, I barely even understood what I was seeing until after it was over.

It was after practice, and we were all in the locker room changing. Coach Bradley stuck his head out of his office and yelled at Sean to come in there--wasn't unusual at all, since Coach was always calling us in to talk about this or that. Sean had just gotten stripped down to nothing but his jockstrap, but he knew better than to keep Ballbuster Bradley waiting. So he just hustled himself into Coach's office, and Coach shut the door after him.

From where I was changing, by the window into Coach's office, I could see them through a gap between the blinds and the wall. That guy that Sean said was from the Psychology department was sitting behind Coach's desk, kicked back. Sean was standing on the other side of the desk, facing him. I could see part of Coach Bradley--he was leaning against that filing cabinet over there. Their mouths moved, but I couldn't hear a thing through the glass. The Psych guy was doing most of the talking. Sean laughed. They seemed to know each other pretty well. I guess I thought it was probably just them shooting the bull or a standard "good practice" pep talk.

Sean flexed his shoulder, like it was sore. The Psych guy said something, and Sean said something--probably something like "Oh, just strained it a little in practice today." The Psych dude had something in his hand, and he's turning it over and over. I couldn't see what it was, but Sean was looking at it, real intent. Coach came around the desk. Sean didn't move. Coach stood behind him, started massaging Sean's neck and shoulder, gently, very gently. Sean said something like, "That feels good," but he didn't take his eyes off whatever that Psych dude had in his hand.

Coach was standing awfully close to Sean. The Psych dude was leaning forward. He said something, and I saw it begin to happen. Sean's eyelids fluttered, and his head dipped forward, then jerked up, the way a guy's head will do when he's starting to doze off in a really boring lecture. I thought it was kind of weird that Sean would be ozing off while talking to Coach and the other guy. Coach continued to massage his shoulder. Sean's eyes finally shut and his head drooped all the way forward. They stayed there a minute like that, Coach rubbing, the Psych guy saying something, Sean standing there with his head bowed like he was asleep on his feet. This looked kinda ... well, hot. Kinda intense and a little erotic, you know? I was starting to get hard just from watching, and I had to hold my towel in front of me to hide it.

Sean's hands started to move. He hooked the thumb of his left hand in the waistband of his strap, pulled it down, freeing his cock, already hard. I couldn't believe my fucking eyes! Coach slipped a hand around Sean's ribs and wrapped it around Sean's shaft and began a gentle, slow pumping, milking it like a cow's teat. Sean rocked a little under Coach's motions. It didn't take long--his cock spat out cum like a cobra, hurling rope after rope of cum onto the corner of Coach's desk.

Coach pulled back his hand and continued to rub Sean's shoulder. Sean tucked away his softening cock. The Psych dude picked up a paper towel, wiped up the cum from the desk, and dropped the towel into the garbage can. Coach headed back around his desk, stood over by the filing cabinet again. The Psych guy said something to Sean for another moment. Then he snapped his fingers, and that seemed to wake Sean up. His head jerked up, eyes open. Sean grinned, flexed his shoulder, then nodded, like he was saying his shoulder sure felt a lot better.

They chatted another minute or two, then Sean left Coach's office, whistling a little tune and grinning this shit-eating grin as he passed me,

like nothing had happened but he was really happy for some reason.

I showered and dressed in a hurry. Man, I'm not gay or nothing, but I barely managed to keep my cock under control until I got back to the small apartment I shared with Sean.

When I opened the door, I saw a line of discarded clothes leading into Sean's bedroom. Obviously, he'd made it home before me somehow. Maybe he skipped showering? I don't know. I followed the line, peeked in through his cracked door. Sean was sprawled out on his back on his bed, taking a nap. He was naked, his hard cock jutting up along one hip.

Sean is sandy blond and blue-eyed. He's got handsome All-American looks and this smile that lights up his face. He's about six feet tall and his body is buffed from working out all through high school and college. Wide shoulders and a muscular, smooth chest. I know he doesn't have any trouble with the ladies because he's always going out, though he never seems to keep a chick around for very long. He and I have double-dated a couple of times though, so I know the chicks dig him and he digs them. I never had a clue he was into guys, but he sure had let Coach jack him off with the Psych guy watched. Hell, I didn't know Coach was into guys either.

I dig chicks myself, I guess. I had noticed Sean was cute but that was all--I mean, you can't be on the team with a guy and live with him without checking out his package--but there'd never been any attraction there beyond just friendship. I'd seen him naked a lot, but I'd never seen him hard before, except for earlier in Coach's office. Seeing him on the bed there and seeing his rod made my cock shoot up hard as well. That freaked me out--I was supposed to be straight, right? I backed away quietly, sneaked off to my room. I grabbed a mag from my porn stash and flipped over to my favorite big-titted blonde. But the more I jacked

off, the more I was thinking about what I had seen with Sean in Coach's office, not the girl in the magazine. Couldn't get it out of my head. I came like I was having seizures, real intense, and I just lay there for a while, panting, cum all over me, too spent to move.

2. Sean

My name is Sean, but you already know that, huh? I'm a pretty normal guy, I think. I like sports a lot--not just football because I play on the team, but all of them--and I've always been athletic. I'm blond and I've got a good build. People say I'm good-looking, but it hasn't gone to my head or nothing.

When my father died, that's when it all started. See, my mom left us when I was eleven; she just disappeared and never came back. I guess she couldn't take his drinking anymore. She and my dad, they'd been having some problems. Maybe my dad knew where she went, because he did try to find her, even hired a private investigator, but my dad always said he never could track her down. I barely remember her now.

So anyway, my dad raised me on his own, and he was all I had. We never had much, but we got by. When I started getting involved in sports, and I was good at them and played a lot of different ones, my dad would be just about busting with pride at every game. I liked making him happy. When he just up and died, man, it was the worst thing I'd ever felt. Like the fire burned out in me, y'know?

I didn't want to eat, or practice, or even get out of bed, but I did, and I kept going and I tried to make sure no one knew what I was going through, not even my best bud and roomie Martin. But when you keep something bottled up inside like that, it's never real good. After a while, I was just a mess. I was thinking things that weren't healthy and for a long time I was thinking like, I'll just tough it out, but everything started going wrong. I was needing some help and I knew it. So I swallowed my pride and got some help.

So that's how I got hooked up with Doc. We hit it off from the start.

We talked through a lot of my issues. It helped me a lot. But there was always something I couldn't get at no matter how hard I tried. Doc thought it was pretty central, but it was like a blank area for me. That's why Doc suggested it. He wanted to hypnotize me. He had me look at this watch. He didn't swing it, not like they do in movies or that kind of shit. He just held it. It had this real intricate pattern that cut the light into colored patterns. As much as I said I couldn't be hypnotized, he managed to get me right under pretty easy. That surprised me. I was also surprised by how relaxed it made me feel. It helped me relax more than I had in weeks, so I liked that. And focused. It didn't feel anything like I thought it would—just this really relaxed and concentrating feeling. Doc even helped me learn The Words, as I call them, a couple of words he used to put me back under quick when we were talking and he thought we were getting close to that issue I was blocking out.

It took us a while before we had a breakthrough, but all of a sudden it was all there. I was under, and I remembered it all. It just opened up inside me. Felt just like it was happening to me right then and there, all over again.

I must have been twelve or something like that. It was six or eight months after my mom disappeared. It was Saturday and my dad had been out drinking all night that night and the night before, which was just the way he was. All I remember was I was in my bedroom. I had just discovered jacking off and I was in my bedroom having some fun. I must have been so cross-eyed from the feeling I didn't hear him come in. All I remember was my bedroom door slamming open, and my dad standing there with the light behind him. Since I was sitting there in just my tee-shirt with my briefs around my ankles and my hand around my hard-on, he couldn't miss what I was doing. I tried to scramble away, but my briefs tangled my legs, and my dad grabbed me right up by the scruff of my neck.

He was stinking drunk. He told me to get my underpants and tee-shirt off and get up on my hands and knees on the bed. I thought I was going to get whipped, and I was crying and begging him not to and saying how I'd never do it anymore.

He got behind me, and his hands were stroking my back and my hair. I heard his clothes rustle, and I heard him spit on something. I was bawling and saying I'd never do it anymore, and he was saying *shhh* and telling me how much I looked like my mom, I guess cause I have blond hair just like hers. He said I better hush cause men don't cry, and I should bite the pillow if I needed to. That's when he stuck it in me, and I hollered cause it hurt like hell, and he cuffed me one across the back of my head, and I was seeing stars.

I didn't connect what he was doing to me with sex at first. All I knew was it hurt like hell, and it was dirty--I was dirty. I thought it was punishment at first, like some newkind of whipping. He was grunting and telling me how sexy I was and calling me my mom's name. His big ol' cock up in my ass kept hitting this place, and after I got used to it I kept seeing stars of a different kind. I must've cum at least twice. I mean, *really* cum. My dick was still hard when he moaned like he was hurting. He shoved it in hard, *real* hard, a last time or two, then his whole weight fell across my back, slamming me down on the mattress. I figured that was it, and I was really going to get the shit beat outta me now, but he just pulled out, pulled up his pants, and staggered out.

I remembered huddling there in my bed and crying myself to sleep. Next morning when I saw him, my dad was like nothing happened. Maybe he didn't remember, since he'd been so shit-faced drunk. He asked why I was limping, and I made up something about how I must've hurt myself playing some football with my friends the day before. He said football was a damn fine game, make a man out of me.

When Doc woke me up, I was crying, just like it had just happened, and my ass hurt and it all came flooding back to me. Doc helped me deal with it. He helped me turn my life around, starting right then and there.

No matter what happened, I knew he had my best interests at heart. And if I didn't always remember what we did in those sessions, or if sometimes I got a phone call late at night and all I heard was his voice saying The Words, it was all part of his way of helping me get my life and my game in gear. So when Coach Bradley's wife left him and he started taking it out on us, and I saw Coach at that bar near campus, drunk and holding that picture of her and crying into his beer, I told him to give Doc a call. Doc helped Coach just like he helped me, and we all saw the change in the Coach almost immediately.

3. Martin

Sean was getting really good this year. Sure, he'd been good last year, but this year he was *really* good. It was like watching a totally different guy out there. He was making plays like he could do them in his sleep, even a lot of shit he'd never been able to do last year. He wasn't showing off either--he was just a helluva lot better than he used to be.

We were in the locker room after practice, after our showers. Five of us--Sean, me, Hec, Scott, and Will. Sean had done this wild-ass catch today, then he got around an opposing player with this twisting turn no one should have had the balls to make, and he slammed it all the way to the end zone for the points. We were ragging him about it, calling it luck, but the truth is we were all jealous as fuck.

"Not luck, dudes; it was skill, all skill," Sean was saying as he pulled on his jeans. "Just admit it: I've gotten better than all you losers."

We all laughed at that, but maybe we were afraid he *had* gotten better than us. It wasn't just this one play. He was a lot more confident on the field lately.

So Will was wrestling his way into his tee-shirt, and he asked the question we were all thinking: "Yeah? How'd you get so good all of a sudden? This time last year, you weren't that kind of hot shit out there."

Sean paused like he was considering it. "I got an ace now, something I didn't have last year."

Hec chimed in with: "Yeah? Whazzat?"

"I've learned how to concentrate better, that's all. It's a mental thing."

Hec laughed. "Yeah? Well, concentrate on *dis*," and he flipped Sean the finger.

We all laughed.

"No, really," Scott said as he tied his shoe. "How *did* you get so good out there?" Where Hec was the cut-up among us, Scott was more like me, a little more serious about the game.

Sean hesitated. "Well you know Dr. Clay?" That was the name of that guy from the Psychology Department who'd been hanging around.

"Yeah?"

"He's been helping me with some visualization techniques. You know, helping me learn to concentrate, shut out distractions, and picture the whole move in my mind before I do it. I think it's working okay for me out there."

Hec exaggerated his words the way he does when he's making a joke. "Yeah? Vizyullization? What's up widdat?"

Sean got a little defensive. "It's a proven tool, okay? It's like a kind of self-hypnosis but not exactly."

"Hypnosis? You vizyullize y'rself crowing like a chick'n or sum'thin'?" Hec burst out laughing and Scott, Will, and I kind of joined in.

"Listen, it's serious, okay? And it works. I'm proof of that. You can't argue with the results--you've seen them yourself. I got a real shot at the pros now."

I guess he had us there; he *had* gotten a hell of a better somehow since

last year.

Hec said, "You gotta be shittin' us, dude."

"Nope, I'm straight up with you," Sean said.

Scott: "So would it work for me too?"

Hec: "Yeah! How do *I* get me a piece of dis?"

"You'd have to talk about that with Dr. Clay. I guess it might work for you. He says it doesn't work for everybody though. Or I guess I could ask him for you--I'm on my way to his office next."

Hec said, "Well, hell, let's *all* go ask him. *Right?* Am I right?"

Hec had this way about him--he could say things like that, and suddenly you'd find yourself being talked into something you'd never do on your own. Scott and Will were kind of iffy about it, but Hec kept saying "us, us, us," and the next thing I know, all five of us were walking across campus to the Psychology Building.

We climbed up the stairs to the top floor. The Psych Building's laid out like a labyrinth, like one of those mazes they make mice run through to get the little piece of cheese. We wound our way around corridors. I would have sworn we were lost and entering a part of the building where nobody else ever went--it was quiet and I didn't see anyone else anywhere. But Sean knows where he's going. And someone inside said, "Come in," when he knocked.

The first thing I see when we open the door is the far wall is nearly all windows. There's sunlight flooding in. All I can see of the guy sitting at the desk is his silhouette.

We all filed in, and I shut the door behind us. Sean introduced us, and Dr. Clay shook our hands. He seemed glad to see us, almost like he was expecting us. He told us to pull up some chairs and have a seat, and we did.

Hec was all over him with questions about "viziullization," and Dr. Clay kept answering him with careful, measured tones. He sure seemed to know a lot about it. His expertise and his smooth voice kind of took some of the nervous edge off us.

He was sitting on the edge of his desk in front of us. At some point, he picked up this little purple velvet pouch off his desk, though I couldn't tell what was inside it. He kept telling us about athletes he'd worked with before, the kind of results they got. I recognized plenty of the names too.

"The human mind is a fascinating thing," he was saying. "And the athlete's mind in particular. Properly trained, it can make the difference between a talented player and a winner." He paused and looked right at me, and I could practically feel his eyes daring me to look away, "Do you want to be a winner, Martin?"

It seemed like a dumb question. I said, "Well, yeah."

He looked at Scott. "What about you, Scott?"

"Yeah, I guess so. I mean, yes, I do."

"Will?"

"Yeah, of course I do."

"Hec?"

Hec shrugged. "Uh huh. I gotta make the pros--that's my ticket out."

"Well, here's a news flash. Every member of the other team wants to be a winner too. Problem is, not everybody has what it takes to win. Everybody *wants* to be a winner, but only some people *are* winners." He paused to let that sink in. He looked right at Hec and said, "So I guess you're wondering what the next step is, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I--"

"The next step is for me to see if I can help turn you into a winner, Hec. And you, Will. And you, Scott." He looked right back at me. "And you, Martin."

I said, "How--"

Doc interrupted me with, "Shhh."

I didn't like getting cut off like that, but I didn't say anything. I was pretty sure I was going to dislike this guy.

He pulled something out of the pouch. Something round and metallic, some kind of pattern etched into it. The edges of the lines cut the sunlight into golden fire, like a prism or the back of a CD. "Have you ever heard of hypnosis, gentlemen? It's a very old and respected tool with a long history of helping athletes visualize themselves into winners."

Hec said, "Yeah, we heard--"

Doc's voice was smooth and deep, soothing as slumber: "Take a look at this." He held up the metallic thing from the pouch, held it up into the sunlight spilling through the window. It was a pocket watch of some

kind—larger than most, maybe a good five inches across. Gold or something like it, and highly polished. As it turned at the end of this little chain, the edges caught the light. The cover was engraved with this really intricate design; then the cover rotated into the light, the lines broke the glare like a prism, into a spray of reds and oranges and yellows, greens and blues and purples and white.

His voice was low and even, purring like quiet music. "Hypnosis and visualization are not about watching the swinging coin. They're about focus. All you need is something to focus on. Just a focus."

The deeper into the center of the pattern I tried to look, the deeper in it seemed to go, like there was always something else further in, just a little further in

Dr. Clay snapped his fingers. "Wake up, guys."

I blinked. Huh? What was that? I'd gotten kind of slouched down in my chair, so I sat up. I looked around. The rest of the guys were blinking and sitting up too. What was that all about?

Dr. Clay slipped the watch back into its velvet pouch. "See? There's nothing to it. It's all about focus."

I yawned. My body felt good, sluggish and relaxed, like I'd been asleep. The sun seemed lower too.

Dr. Clay said, "Gentlemen, I'd love to continue this, but Sean and I have work to do. I'll be touch with each of you soon to set up individual training sessions."

Dismissed, Will, Scott, Hec, and I shuffled out into the hall, leaving Sean in Dr Clay's office. We all looked a little sheepish, because none of us

really knew what had just happened, any maybe we all felt a little foolish that he was able to catch us off-guard like that. We didn't talk much about it; we just headed to our favorite hang-out like usual, bullshitting about the team and about the girls we were going to do that weekend, like nothing had just happened.

4. Sean

I knew what was happening. They didn't.

It went down just like Dr. Clay told me it would. When I started dropping all these hints about how visualization got me up to pro quality, sure they were interested. Hec was the key--as long as I had him hooked, the others would follow too. He's a natural ringleader, and Doc told me just how to reel him in.

It was a lot easier than I thought. I still wasn't sure why I couldn't just invite them to Doc's office, but he said it was better if they thought it was their idea from the get-go. He had had some problems at a school where he'd taught previously, and he wasn't eager to have to go through that again. So, fine--I played it Doc's way.

When we got to Doc's office, he was in control from the start. He started telling them about it, just like he did with me the first time, way back then. Hec tried to get his two cents in and take charge like usual, but Doc kept shutting him down. Doc called it "neuro-linguistic programming techniques applied to alpha-male dominance dynamics," which is basically a fancy way of saying he did a lot of subliminal things with his words and voice that got Hec and the others to recognize that Doc was in charge. The others never gave him any trouble; I had thought Martin might, but he just sat there and took it all in.

Anyway, once Doc made it clear he was running the show, it was all smooth sailing. He hauled out that watch and started talking about focusing. That was my cue to close my eyes and think about something else. Doc had promised me I could watch.

They never saw it coming. Maybe they thought it would be like the

hypnosis you see on TV or in the movie. They never thought it would creep up on you. They never thought it would be subtle, like that feeling of concentration when you're really engrossed in a TV show or a book or something.

He talked them down gently. Once I missed his initial induction, I could sit back and watch as their expressions went slack, their glazed eyes closed, their heads bobbed and eventually slumped forward into sleep. Pretty soon they were following his instructions as he ran them through a series of tests and deepening exercises: arms lifting, feeling very warm, then very cold. That sort of thing.

I wanted him to do more, go further, but Doc had this real clear agenda about that. He was going to take it slow. Easy tests for their first time, all the while telling them how good they felt, how much they enjoyed it, how easy it would be for them to come back to this relaxed, focused place in the future. Do it gradually and reel them in a little at a time. He wasn't going to repeat his previous mistakes.

5. Martin

I answered the phone.

A familiar purr in my ear: "Martin, this is Dr. Clay."

"Hey. How's it--"

"Martin, I want you to come by my office now, please."

"Now?" I glanced at a clock: 8:35 p.m.

"Yes, now. I'll expect you by 9:00 sharp."

"But--"

"Martin, listen to me," Doc said. "Focus on my voice." He said something else, and then I heard his next words like striking an anvil in my head. "Come--to--my--office--by--9:00."

"yessir " Was that my voice, so soft and far away?

"Good boy, Martin. Now hang up and get over here."

I put the phone down. I thought to myself, *I guess it wouldn't hurt to go see Dr. Clay again--he seemed pretty cool this afternoon.* So I pulled on some shoes and a tee-shirt, and that's what I did.

Since I lived just a few blocks off-campus, I walked. Didn't take too long, less than fifteen minutes, I think. As I was heading up the steps of the Psych Building, the door opened and Hec burst out, grinning ear to ear.

"Oh, hey, Martin," he said when he saw me. He was beaming, in a great

mood. "Gonna up ta see the Doc?"

"Yeah, he called me."

"Yeah, I was just up there. He's pretty cool, for a faculty dude." Hec smacked me on the shoulder as he swaggered past. "Listen, I won't hold ya up, dude. See ya at practice tomorrow!" He headed off into the night, whistling a happy tune to himself.

I went up and wound my way through the halls to Dr. Clay's office. His door was open.

"Martin! Come on in," he called out to me, sounding real happy to see me. "Right on time--I like that."

"Hey, Dr. Clay."

"No need to be so formal. My friends call me Doc. We're friends, aren't we, Martin?"

"Uh, yeah I guess so."

He pushed the door shut behind me. "You guess so? Trust me, Martin--after tonight, we're going to be good friends. Very good friends." He stood close to me, closer than my personal space would have liked, and that made me kind of edgy at first, but I took a deep breath and then that was okay.

He was looking me right in the eye, and I was looking back. His one hand on my shoulder. His fingertips stroked my muscles gently but firmly, in slow, even motions. His voice was a low, steady drone. "I know, as an athlete, you like to be in control and call the shots. But I also know how much you like to give up that control sometimes and just

relax and groove. Remember this afternoon? You gave up control this afternoon. Remember how good it felt? When I hypnotized you? You were able to focus and just relax and let go. Remember?"

" yeah " It was a real effort an answer. My voice felt so quiet and distant.

His fingers continued to stroke my shoulder, in deep, even motions. "You were so very relaxed. You're feeling that way again. So pleasant and so relaxed. The same way you felt this afternoon when you let me hypnotize you. You're letting me hypnotize you again now, aren't you?"

" yeah "

"Because it feels so good. You like feeling this relaxed, this deeply relaxed, don't you? Just let your thoughts drift back to this afternoon, Martin. Just listening to my voice helps you go back to that pleasantly relaxed feeling you felt this afternoon, doesn't it, Martin? The feeling you got when you were hypnotized. The feeling you're getting again now. So relaxed. Body so heavy. So relaxed. Getting so hard to think clearly. Like you're drifting off to sleep, drifting back into that pleasant state of hypnosis."

I was finding it hard to think. Much easier to just let my thoughts go. I was looking right into his eyes; I was blinking a lot but I couldn't seem to make my eyes focus clearly. My body felt pleasantly loose, and I was very conscious of his fingertips gently stroking my shoulder, back and forth, back and forth.

"You remember what it felt like to be hypnotized, don't you? It was a wonderful feeling, and you're feeling it come over you again now. Yes, it feels so good, so very relaxing. Yes. Just focusing on my voice helps you remember, and helps you feel that way again. I can see you remember

how good it felt. To be so very deeply hypnotized. Just easily, easily letting go and doing what I tell you to do. I see you remember how good that felt. Yes, its all coming back to you now, isn't it? Such a relaxed and drowsy feeling. Your eyelids feel so heavy, so very, very heavy; they could close at any time now."

My eyes did feel heavy. I could hardly keep them open.

"But before your eyes close, let's walk over to this chair, Martin. That's it. Sit down. You eyes feel so heavy. You want to let them close and go into a very deep sleep. Just let them close. So easy. Letting them close helps you feel even better. And you go so much deeper. That's it."

6. Sean

Martin was my price.

Doc had me so deep, I wasn't thinking about consequences and shit like that. Instead, he told me that if I brought Hec and a couple of my other friends from the team to him, he'd give me Martin. Told me he'd fix it so Martin would do whatever I wanted. Man, I gotta tell you, I'm not made of stone. That was all I ever wanted. How could I say no?

When Martin left a little before 9:00, I knew where he was going. I didn't know how long it would take. I didn't even know if Doc would be able to do it--he warned me sometimes it wouldn't happen right away. But I waited up until Martin got back.

I was on the couch. It was getting late, and I had class in the morning. I was thinking of packing it in for the night, but the idea that maybe, just maybe--well, it wouldn't have let me sleep even if I tried. So instead I read an article in a sports magazine for the second time while some action flick played on cable in the background.

Martin came in around 2:30 a.m. Doc must have had to work him an extra-long time. Martin looked kind of dazed, out of it, like maybe he was still under Doc's influence a little and not completely woke up yet. Anyway, I tried to play it cool and not let on how wired I was.

"Hi, Martin. You were sure out late."

His voice was kind of quiet. "I yeah "

Doc told me just what to do, so I did it. I stood up and pulled off my shirt, trying to act cool about it. "Well, I guess it's nearly time for bed."

I flexed a little, like I was stretching "What do you think--do I have a nice chest? Do you like my chest, Martin? Do you like what you see?"

Martin's eyes were glued to my chest. They looked more glassy than before.

"Like what you see, Martin?" That was supposed to be the key phrase. I popped open the fly on my jeans and slid them down. I had an erection. Martin could sure see it through my white briefs. "Take a good look at me, Martin. Like what you see?"

Martin's expression was groggy, going slack.

I stepped out of my jeans. My erection was real obvious in my briefs. "Like what you see? Come over here, Martin."

He sleepwalked over to me, not taking his eyes off mine. "That's it. Like what you see? Of course you do. Let me see your chest, Martin. Take off your shirt for me."

Martin's hands rose slowly, and he pulled off his tee-shirt. Where I'm blond and my chest is smooth, Martin is dark and hairy. Very hairy.

I eased my briefs down to mid-thigh, letting my erection bounce up into the space between us. I couldn't believe this was really happening, but it was. Doc sure did know his business.

I said, "Like what you see, Martin? Just relax and go with the flow." I put my hands on his shoulders and pressed downward. "Get on your knees for me, Martin." He yielded and knelt. My dick was an inch from his face, and I eased my hips forward until it touched his lips. "Like what you see? I'm very horny, Martin, and I know you'd really like to help me out. We're buds, Martin. Nothing wrong with helping a bud get some

relief." Martin's eyes never left mine. "Like what you see? Open your mouth, Martin. I'm very horny, and so are you. I want you to suck on it, just a little, Martin."

Martin's mouth opened and my rigid cock slipped inside. Fit like a glove. Martin began to run his lips up and down my shaft. Kind of amateurish-- I guess maybe he never did this before--but he was doing it now. I nearly busted my nut right then. "Like what you see? Are you hard, Martin? I bet you are. I bet you need some relief too. Pull down your shorts, Martin. I want you to jack off while you blow me."

7. Martin

It was like some dream. You know the kind where you're kind of aware what's going on but there's nothing you can do to stop it, and it doesn't matter what happens cause you know it's just a dream? That's what it felt like.

I wasn't sure where I'd been. One minute I was in Doc's office, and the next I'm walking through our front door again. Sean was sprawled out there on the couch, and the moment I saw him it was like *damn!*--like I never saw anyone so beautiful before in my life. I couldn't take my eyes off him.

He was saying something, but I didn't catch a word of it. Then he stood up and took off his shirt. Oh, man! He was so so frickin' beautiful--there's no other word for it. I'd never had the guts to do anything with a guy before then, not even back in high school, but right then I couldn't stop myself. I knew Sean was cute but how could I have not seen how incredibly attractive Sean was before then?

I walked over to him. He was saying something else, but I couldn't take my eyes off his chest, the way his muscles moved under his smooth, smooth skin. Then he took off his pants.

I looked him right in the eye. He was looking right back. He kept saying something, but I didn't care what. All I cared about was how *right* this felt, like it was something that was supposed to happen and I'd been somehow expecting it, and now here it was. No one around but Sean and me. No danger. No fear.

I took off my shirt too. He looked down at my chest and smiled, but I couldn't take my eyes off his. When he put his hands on my shoulders

and tried to force me down, I hesitated. I'd never done this before, though I sure wanted to right then. But this was Sean, and I wanted to make him feel good cause we're friends. So when he poked at my mouth with his cock, I opened up and let him put it in my mouth. His was uncut, like mine, though a little longer than mine. And his balls with that silky blond hair on them. I pulled the front of my gym shorts down, my underwear too, and wrapped my hand around my cock. It's only average length, but it always works just right. I tried my best to give Sean the best blow-job I could, and I jacked myself off at the same time.

Sean came first. All of a sudden, there's this salty, bitter taste in my mouth, and I didn't like it, but I knew what it was. I wanted to make Sean feel good, so I swallowed it. Sean took a step back that pulled his cock out of my mouth. He watched me jack myself off, and I spurted my load on the floor.

8. Coach "Ballbuster" Bradley

I guess the problem was I never thought of them as real people with real lives. I always thought of them as players, game pieces to move here and there and do whatever it takes to win. Weapons to be used against the other team. What they did outside of practice or the games, I didn't want to know about. Their personal lives always seemed to be full of nothing but excuses for fucking up or not giving a hundred and ten percent. "But Coach, I got a hangover today," or "but Coach, my girlfriend broke up with me yesterday," that kind of shit just didn't cut it for me. At all. *Leave your personal lives outside, I used to tell them, You want to be on this team, you're mine for the rest of the season.*

That changed when she left me. Just up and left. Took the babies with her. Most of the furniture too. She moved out and disappeared in an afternoon, so I know she's been planning it for a while. She left a note. Said she was tired of coming in last place behind my career and win record. The usual "Don't try to find me" crap. Said she even gave me extra innings but I never managed to kick the extra points. My first reaction was, *Stupid cunt can't even get the sports right.*

So at first I was glad she was gone. That lasted about an hour. Then I looked around that near-empty house, and I guess I saw she was right about some things. I had my shot, and I blew it. Maybe I never reached out to her, but I always knew she was there. So after she left--when she wasn't there no more--I started reaching out instead for the booze.

Drinking alone. That got me through the first couple of nights of sleeping on the floor--she took the bed *and* the couch, the selfish bitch--but that big, empty house just seemed to get bigger and emptier. So I started going out and drinking at bars. Yeah, like that solved anything

The bitches there were too stuck-up to even talk to me for long. I mean, I'm a good-looking guy, I got a job and a house, I'm good in bed--what more do they want?

I never drank at work. That's one thing I'll always be able to hold up my head about. But truth is, I missed my wife and my kids, and I took it out on the team. After a while, I missed the bottle too, since I didn't touch a drop when I was at the school, and I took that out on the guys too.

The President and the Dean gave me an ultimatum: Shape up, or ship out. Plain and simple. Trouble was, I'd been treating everyone like a game piece so long I didn't even know how to treat them any different. I didn't know how to treat *myself* any different.

That night I went to a bar again. People around let me think I wasn't alone, but I was. I was sitting quietly at my end of the bar, getting drunk again. All of them had their lives--they were laughing with their friends, or picking up a new friend. Me, I had my best friend in a glass in front of me.

That's when Sean appeared in the seat next to me. It must have been early still. I would have given him shit about being in a bar and drinking when he was supposed to be in training, but he ordered juice, and anyway I was glad to see someone familiar, even if I didn't know him that well outside of practice.

There's that stereotype that drunks in bars always spill their business to anyone who will listen, and Sean listened. I ran down the list and then went down it all again, just in case I missed something the first time.

Sean kind of interrupted me. "Listen, would you be willing to talk to this friend of mine in the Psychology Department? He's a really good listener, and he might be able to help."

"I don't *need* no shrink."

"I didn't say he was a shrink. He's a friend. I think you could use one right about now."

"I guess so."

"Cmon--let's get out of here."

Sean put a bill in the bartender's tip jar. I tried to stand up, but I was a little worse off than I thought, even more than usual. Sean had to help me walk out.

I thought we were heading to the car, but he took me across the street, to the school. I asked where we were heading and he said to see his friend. I tried to push off and I said I wanted to go home instead, but Sean was insistent. He didn't let me go. He's a strong guy, and a good player, and I guess I trained him pretty well, because he kept us heading for the Psych Building.

He introduced me to this Dr. Clay. They poured me into a chair, poured me a cup of decaf. Nasty stuff, but I drank it. Doc and I talked. And talked. And talked. After a while I started sobering up. We talked for maybe three hours, with a couple of breaks to let the booze and coffee out of my nagging bladder. Sean didn't say anything the whole time--he just sat off to the side and listened to the Doc and me.

I came back from a pee break. It must have been near midnight at least, and I was feeling pretty close to sober now, and more than a little embarrassed at myself. There was classical music playing very soft and low from somewhere. Doc asked me if I was feeling better, and I nodded, said yeah, I was. He said he had something he wanted to try, something that would help me relax and get past the pain so I could start

concentrating on getting my life back in order. Was I willing to try it? I told him, fuck, that's why I'd been going to bars, and we all laughed. I figured it couldn't hurt, so I said sure.

We sat in chairs facing each other. Sean was there too, sitting off to one side quietly. As Doc was getting settled, he said, "Do you mind the music? I find it very soothing very relaxing "

"It's fine," I said, suddenly remembering it. I don't much care for classical music--it always seems like elevator music to me--and this was so soft I didn't have any trouble ignoring it.

Doc switched on a desk light, then flipped off the cheap overhead florescent lights. The room plunged into a dim burnished glow from the desk lamp. "I want you to know there's no need to be nervous, okay?"

"Sure."

We talked some more about other stuff. Doc smiled a lot, and I felt pretty comfortable around him. He asked some questions and got me talking about my life, the parts not about my wife and our relationship. Stuff like, where I was from originally. How I got involved in sports. How I got into coaching

I was feeling much more relaxed, and Doc observed, "You seem a lot more comfortable now than when you first came in."

"Yeah, I guess I got kinda fucked-up earlier. Thanks for talking me through it."

"I understand," Doc said. He was smiling, looking me straight in the eyes. He took something from a deep purple pouch of some thick cloth--velvet, maybe? A round gold disk. He handed it to me and I turned it

over in my hands. Kind of like a pocket watch but bigger, a chain fastened to a fob on one end. One side was etched with this design, the lines so sharp they shone with color even in this dim light. Real intricate and detailed, especially toward the center. Something about the pattern was drawing me in.

Doc was droning on. "Sometimes talking to someone is just what you need. Just talking to someone can make you feel so comfortable, so relaxed. And I bet the music has helped, though you've probably forgotten it was even there. I know how that is--you can be so engrossed in someone, or something, and you just focus on it and forget about everything else in the background."

"Yeah?" I wasn't paying much attention to him, I guess. I was trying to find the center of the design, but it seemed the further in I looked, the further away it got, always a little out of my reach.

"That's a really intricate design, isn't it? Just study it for a moment. It's very detailed. Great craftsmanship. I bet you didn't know there's a story being told in that design. Just concentrate on it for a moment. Just shut out everything else and study it. Follow it toward the center. And the story it's telling. Focus on it. You can almost begin to see the story now, can't you. Yes. Just let everything else fade into the background and focus on the pattern. On the story. Just focus. It's about a man. A man lost in a maze. That's right--just focus, just relax. The man is all alone in the maze. You can see it now, can't you? Yes, just focus on the pattern. The maze is a very quiet place, so peaceful, so serene. He hears a voice, a deep, soft voice calling to him, leading him deeper toward the center of the maze. And he goes toward the voice. Deeper and deeper into the peaceful, dark maze he follows the voice, and he goes deeper and deeper and deeper."

Doc's voice was falling so soft and deep I had listen carefully to hear it.

"Yes, there is only the voice and the maze."

The room was pretty dim, but I couldn't stop blinking my eyes. And I couldn't even keep them open all the way.

"Very soothing," Doc continued. "Very soothing to just close your eyes and listen to the voice, my voice. Isn't it?"

"Yeah," I said. My voice sounded really sleepy, and I *felt* really sleepy.

"That's so good. I know how relaxed you are. Your eyes look so heavy. I bet you're having trouble keeping them open. That's okay. Whenever you want, just let your heavy eyes close. It's okay if you want to just let go and sleep. Just let go. Just sleep. Just follow deeper and deeper into my voice, and let your heavy, heavy eyes close, and sleep. Deep deep sleep."

I guess I dozed off for a while then. I had a dream. I opened my eyes. My pants were open and my cock was hard. Sean was kneeling between my knees, blowing me. Blond hair, just like my wife's. The more I looked, I thought it was my wife kneeling there, giving me head just the way I like it. Better, in fact, the best mouth-job ever. Sean, my wife, I didn't care who it was as long as he kept making me feel this good. Then I blew my load and sank back into a sound sleep, until my alarm went off and I found myself back in my own house.

I was all set to write it off as a dream--I mean, I had gotten shit-faced drunk the night before--when Doc shows up at my office. He says he's got a proposition for me and asks if I'd noticed how good Sean had gotten since last year. I'm thinking, when a good player turns into a great player almost overnight, how could a coach *not* notice? Doc says

he can do that to the other team members, and am I interested? Shit, what coach wouldn't be? As long as it doesn't involve steroids or illegal stuff like drugs, I'm willing to listen.

He asked who I thought had the most potential, and I said it was Hec and Martin. Hec had the makings of a pro, but he was too interested in grandstanding and calling attention to himself to live up to his potential as part of the team. Martin, he just had a motivation problem--he had the talent but he didn't work as hard as he could at using it. Sean, and Martin, Hec, and a couple of their buddies--they're this little clique of five who need someone to really get them up off their asses.

Doc offered me a proposition. If I let him work with the five of them and didn't say a word about anything I saw or heard, he'd give me five world-class players. And if that worked, then we'd talk about the rest of the team. As an incentive, he'd also make sure I got plenty more of what I got the night before. I'd be lying if I said my cock didn't jump, remembering, when he said that. But to tell you the truth, just looking into his eyes and listening to his soothing, deep voice made me feel so relaxed and pleasant that I would have agreed to just about anything, even without his incentives. We shook on it. After that, I don't remember *what* happened the rest of that day.

9. Martin

Practice went *great*. It was like from the moment I set foot out there I knew exactly what I should do, exactly where everyone would be, exactly how to do everything. I felt this calm, collected feeling come over me, and I just let it. It let me focus past every distraction and handle every situation perfectly. Practice drills? Ran through them like clockwork. Everything went my way. Will and Scott, they were having a great day too. And Hec--usually he's out there showing off and generally getting in the way nearly as much as he's contributing. This time, though, he was right in the pocket where he should have been, every time. Sean, Will, Scott, Hec, and me, we tore up the place. Like we were in synch somehow and able to play off each other almost by instinct.

Back in the locker room after practice, right as I was coming out of the showers and wrapping my towel around my hips, Coach stuck his head out of his office and yelled, "Martin! In here, now."

"On my way, Coach. Gimme a sec."

"*Now!*"

I changed course right away. In Coach's office, Doc was sitting behind the desk. Coach closed the door behind me, then leaned off to one side against a filing cabinet. He looked a little funny, like his attention was focused on something else or he was lost in a daydream or something.

Doc was toying with something round and purple. I remembered seeing it before. He said, "You had a really great practice today, Martin. Coach and I wanted to congratulate you on your improvement." He pulled that watch out of the purple pouch. He turned it over and over in his hands. The pattern caught the light and drew my eyes in. I couldn't look away. I

didn't want to.

"A good hard practice like that must leave you very tired. That's okay. There's a time to work hard, and there's a time to relax. Now's the time to relax, don't you think? It feels so good to relax."

I couldn't look away from the pattern, the way it sucked at my head, sucked my thoughts in. Hands on my shoulders. Coach's hands. Kneading deep into my muscles. The heat of his body nearly touching mine from behind. I felt this pleasant lethargy steal through me: a warm, weary feeling like I was too comfortable to move. Or just didn't want to. I moaned in spite of myself.

Some part of me realized this seemed very familiar. Where had I seen something like this happen before? But it was so difficult to think clearly--so much easier to just let go and ride the pleasantly heavy feeling that was numbing my head.

Doc leaned forward. He said something I didn't catch, something that slipped away from me when I tried to dwell on it. My eyelids were so heavy, blinking rapidly. I couldn't keep them open for long. My head lolled forward a bit, then jerked up. I felt so drowsy. My eyes shut, and my head sagged all the way forward. I was floating in a comfortable dreamlike place.

I felt my towel being unknotted, felt it slide from my hips. I felt Coach's hand coast around my ribcage and wrap it around my hard dick and begin this sweet, sweet pumping, so slow and gentle. I couldn't hold out for long. I felt my orgasm ripple through me like wavelets on a placid lake surface. I let the ripples carry me deeper into this dream place.

A dream. That's what it had to be. I jerked my head up. I was still standing in front of Coach's desk, Doc seated there, Coach leaning

against the filing cabinet. Towel snugly knotted around my waist. Doc was congratulating me on practice like nothing had happened. There was no cum on the desk, but my body had that excellent just-cum afterglow all over. I felt really happy, glowing from Doc's praise.

It wasn't until later, after I'd dressed and gone home, that I realized how close what happened to me had been to that scene before with Sean in Coach's office.

10. Hec

No, man, it's just Hec. Not Hector, no shit like dat--just Hec. Like "give em heck," y'know? Cause when there's heck to be given, I'm all over it.

Okay, okay, I'll "talk English," fucker.

Martin and Sean? Way cool, I guess, for white dudes. Scott's cool, for'n Irish boy. He digs at my last frickin' nerve sometimes with all that middle class crap about workin' hard n getting ahead they shoved waaay up his ass when he was a kid, but he's cool. Will, he's Hispanic--he's cool too but sometimes I gotta remind him his brown skin ain't makin' him no brutha like me.

Me, I'm gonna make the damn pros. Just watch me. I got the moves, n all I need is to catch some attention.

Yeah, Sean told us bout his friend. Yeah--Doc--that's the one. First, when Sean was laying out what Doc done for him, I thought it was a load'a bull, y'know? Plus when we first met up with him, I was all set to hate him the way he kept interrupting me n shit. But Doc was on the up-n-up. He sure delivered for me. That other stuff, the sex stuff? That's water under the bridge now. Maybe I wouldn't'a done it normally, but you can't argue with the results, right? Am I right? Course I'm right.

Anyway, after that first time when we all went ov'r to Doc's, I started seein' him real regular. Think he took a shine to me. I knewbout the others was seein' him too. That's cool, y'know? If the team does better, that means more agents comin' n seein' me.

Annnnyhoo, we was in the locker room after practice, getting' changed back into our regular civvies. I was seeing results in my game right off--

we all was--which is how I knew Doc know his shit.

It was Scott, Will, Sean, and me. Martin was still in the showers. We was nearly dressed, just hangin' round and shootin' the shit bout practice while we waited for Martin. I said, "Man, that run I made to the end, that had'ta be Doc. Had'ta be! No fuckin' way I coulda made it round those guys otherwise."

Will asked, "What you mean?"

"That catch just weren't natural. No way anyone shoulda been able to make it. But it felt natural n so I went for it, n it was right there in my arms." I called out toward the office. "Thanks, Doc!" and we all laughed.

Martin came over, pulled the towel from round his waist, started drying hisself off. Man, dude's one hairy muthafucker. I caught myself checkin' out his ass, then I thought, *Where the fuck is that comin' from?* Cause I never looked at no guy's ass before. But I sure had been checkin' Martin's out, n wonderin' what it would feel like, n guess what? I kind of liked it too.

We were alone in the locker room, except for Doc and Coach Bradley, but they was back in Coach's office. Sean gave me this wink. Did he catch me checkin' out Martin's butt? Shit!

"That's not all," Sean said. "Doc's got some other stuff that's pretty wild."

"Yeah?" I said. "Like what?"

"Watch this." Sean pulled off his shirt. "Hey, Martin! "Like what you see, Martin?"

Okay, I didn't know what was supposed to happen, but Martin, he gets this real I dunno--glazed? A real glazed look on his face. He's drying his chest, and his hands kind of grind to a halt. He's staring at Sean like he can't take his eyes off him.

Sean popped open his jeans and unzipped. He said it again, like he didn't know if Martin heard him. "Like what you see, Martin?"

What the fuck was going on here? The towel fell out of Martin's hands. He didn't seem to notice. He was getting semi-hard too. Just standing there, starin' at Sean, getting' wood, acting like I don't know what.

"Like what you see, Martin?" Sean pushed his pants down, underwear too, n his cock was half-hard already. There was this sex vibe in the air, n I started catchin' it too, cause my cock was startin' on the rise. Right then I thought it was just cause I was a horn-dog or som'thing. I didn't knowbout the other stuff til later. I never got wood for no guy before.

Sean said it again. "Like what you see, Martin?" Martin took a step toward Sean. I could tell he was fightin' it, but I didn't know exactly what "it" was yet.

"Don't fight it, Martin. Doc's hold is too strong. Just let it happen. Like what you see, Martin?" Martin took another step, then another, then he was there. He went down on his knees, then he went down on Sean. *Fuck!* I nearly shit when he did that! Martin turning fag for Sean? No fuckin' way! But I saw it with my own eyes Martin givin' Sean a hummer.

I had this feeling in the back of my head. I knew if I just gave in n relaxed n let that feeling take over, ever'thing would be cool. It felt like sinking. This relaxin' calm feelin' all over. I gave my cock a squeeze through my denim shorts. Scott and Will? They was gawkin' at Martin

too. But when I looked over at them, I felt I dunno like some kind of *connection*. When Will looked over at me n gave hisself a grope too, all I felt was shit, I dunno like I done this before.

I stood up n shoved down my shorts. Ain't no better goods to have than a good face, a six-pack of abs, and a hard dick, n man, I *got* the goods. My meat was standing proud n ready for some attention. Will licked his lips, then he put them on my dick. Man, I nearly jumped out of my skin cause it just felt so *right*. Scott worked open Will's pants n started in on blowing Will real slow n sweet while he jerked hisself off.

Coach stuck his head out of his office. Doc too. "Holy shit," Coach said. "You weren't kidding."

"Just boys relaxing and blowing off steam." Doc's rich voice filled my head like velvet. "Coach, you need to relax too. Wouldn't that feel nice?"

Coach sounded rattled. "Huh? yeah "

"Just relax. Why don't you go get a piece of the action? I know you'd like that."

" yeah "

Coach came over to us like he was in a trance. He pulled off his shirt n he dropped his shorts. Sean took one look at Coach's boner, n his eyes kind of glazed over like the rest of us, n he bent over to blow Coach Bradley while Martin blew him.

Doc din't come any closer, but he din't have to. His voice carried right through me. It carried me right through this. "That's right. Relax and make each other feel good. So easy just to help each other feel good."

I felt my balls buzz. Doc said, "Pull out when you're ready to cum." So that's what I did. I pulled out of Will's sweet mouth n popped my load all over his face and hair. Then Will creamed all over Scott. Sean pulled off out without missin' a lick on Coach n he unloaded his wad on Martin's cheek n neck before he went back to blowin' the Coach. Scott stood up n he shot off on Will's shoulder. Coach grunted. Sean fell back, n Coach sprayed his jizz all over Sean's chest, a real geyser. Martin was the last one to blow his wad.

Doc's voice said, "Very good, gentlemen. I'm sure you enjoyed that. Now, wouldn't it be nice to sleep for a while? Nothing feels better than a little nap after you cum. Sleep now." N that's what I did.

[On to Part 2](#)

Team Entrancement, Parts 11 - 21

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

This is a revised, expanded version of my story "Martin and Sean." Is it a sequel to my other story, "Jeremy's Story"? It's true that a few characters from "Jeremy's Story" reappear here, but this is not necessarily a sequel.

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Team Entrancement, Parts 11 - 21

11. Martin

I guess he took over so gradually no one noticed. Or cared. Yeah, with the way we were all improving, probably no one cared.

All I know is, almost every day when I went out to practice, there were more guys with that intensely focused look. More of us. I'm pretty sure Coach was sending the rest of the team over to see Doc, a couple of new recruits each day or so. All I know is whenever I thought about what was happening, my head felt all muzzy inside, and I couldn't concentrate, and the thoughts just slipped away.

Seemed like I never had to jack off anymore. It was like I couldn't keep my hands off Sean. Whenever he wanted a blow-job, I gave it to him. And I liked it too, which was weird. Plus sometimes there would be this dreamlike sex with Hec and the others after practice, sometimes Coach Bradley too; I was never too sure if it really happened, but it always left me feeling that afterglow as if it really had. Not to mention how drained and peaceful inside my sessions with Doc left me feeling. I was getting it so much I didn't have to worry about chasing pussy anymore.

When Doc started spreading his influence to the rest of the team, one of his first "recruits" was this freshman. He was nineteen, first year on the squad. He was one of just a few freshmen, and he was kind of shy, so this early in the year he didn't know too many people. His name was Christian--everyone called him Chris. One day after practice while we were getting dressed and laughing and joking like usual, Doc brought him over to where we were. Chris had that dreamy-eyed expression guys get a

lot when Doc talks to them. Doc sat him down on the bench next to Hec, and from then on Chris was always around with us. He was a nice guy, kind of quiet, kept to himself. Hec seemed to sort of take him under his wing

So I'm at this club having a few drinks with some friends, and I go up to the bar, and this guy comes up to me. People do that all the time. Usually, they say something like, "Hey, aren't you on the team" or "Aren't you the guy who made that touchdown last week." But this guy, he said, "Hey, aren't you that guy from the video? The one I saw on the Net?"

I'm like, "No, dude, that wasn't me."

"Yeah, yeah, you're him. The guy from that video about straight jocks who get it on with each other and their coach after practice. I saw it the clips on--" and he named the Internet URL.

I said, "Look, it wasn't me. You got the wrong guy, okay?"

Anyway, he was persistent but I finally got rid of him. It kind of worried me, what he said, so I cut things short with my friends and went back to campus. I went to a computer lab and surfed out to the URL he had named. It was kinda nondescript and boring, all text. The main page promised a collection of videos of straight, young college jocks who jack off and have sex with each other in the locker room, showers, and other campus places. To see them you had to become a member, which cost money, but there were a four sample thirty-second video clips at the bottom.

So I clicked on one. What came up was kinda of lame, like one of those amateur "hidden camera" videos, but the scene looked familiar. I recognized Coach's office. Coach came in the picture, then Sean, and

Sean was blowing Coach. Just a thirty-second clip, but plenty of time to see what I needed to see. It was real, all right. Another clip called up a video of the locker room. There was me, down on my knees blowing some guy who was cut off above the nipples. Sure looked like Sean's chest though. And another one brought up a video of Doc's office with a couple of my other teammates going at it, one bent over Doc's desk getting fucked by the other. And the last one brought up the locker room again, and there was Hec and Will and Scott going at it, and in the background Coach and Sean and me.

Okay, maybe just about anyone could have put a hidden camera in the locker room, maybe even in Coach's office. But no one could have put one in Doc's office except Doc. That meant--

Holy frickin' shit--those things I'd told myself were just dreams were real after all.

I had that buzzing feeling in the back of my head, the one that always made me feel relaxed and focused and made things slip away. Usually I gave in because it made me feel so damn good, but this time I needed my head on straight. I had to think of what to do, so I pushed it back.

I went to the Psycho Building. Doc probably wasn't there this late, but maybe he was.

His door was shut. There was a light on under the door. Noises. Voices. Too muffled to make out or recognize, but obviously he wasn't alone.

Okay, I could storm in and confront them. Yeah, and if it was Coach in there, I'd get kicked off the team for sure.

Or I could walk away. Like that would solve anything.

Or I could find out if anything *was* going on, then decide.

There was a storeroom next to Doc's office. I remembered a ventilation grate in the wall near the floor. Maybe I could see through it into Doc's office.

That storeroom door was unlocked. Stark florescent lights blinded me for a moment. The vent would be along the wall, but it was built out a little under some cabinets. Looking through, I could see the grate on the other side, and part of Doc's desk, nothing else. I gave the cover a tug, and it came loose easily--quietly too, which was lucky. It was big vent duct. I could wedge my head and shoulders in a little ways--I've got wide shoulders. Far enough to see a little more, at least.

I could see the chairs in front of Doc's desk. In one sat Hec. In the other, Chris. Both were slouched down in their chairs. Shirtless. Shoes and socks off. Each of them wearing just a pair of shorts. Their expressions were glazed, like they were in a trance, eyes half-open. I couldn't see Doc but I could hear his voice. It sent this soothing feeling spreading through me, and I had to fight off the urge to just settle down and listen and let go of everything. Somehow I managed to shake it off.

Chris and Hec were moving. Sitting up. Moving in slow motion like sleepwalkers. Chris stood up and slipped down his shorts, underwear too, and stepped out of them. He bent over, resting his elbows on Doc's desk. Hec stood up too, and dropped his shorts. He knelt between Chris' spread legs and parted the globes of Chris' ass. He buried his face in the crack, kissing and licking Chris' ass checks, crack, and hole.

In the background, I saw Doc from the neck down for a moment. Something at chest-level that might have been a video camera. Okay, so now I had my proof.

I should have left then, but I wanted to see more. Chris was moaning and gasping, wagging his head. For a quiet kid, he sure made a lot of noise when he got his ass rimmed. I hadn't realized how cute the little fucker was. Thick blond hair and blue eyes. A light down of blond hair dusted his chest, ass, and legs--it caught the light like a golden nimbus. He was everybody's boy next door.

The contrast between Chris' skin, white as milk, and Hec's honey-brown skin wouldn't let me look away. Doc I couldn't see anymore. When Hec stood up and smeared a little lube on his cock, began to press it into Chris' ass with his hips, I was fascinated. I mean, everybody's got a little voyeur in them, right? I remembered seeing stuff like this in my dreams, which I guess weren't really dreams after all, but here it was right in front of me, just a few feet away on the other side of the ventilation grate. Chris groaned and moaned and gasped as Hec began to fuck him. Just the sight of this had me hard as steel in my jeans.

Suddenly, in the storeroom, someone grabbed my ankles and yanked me out of the duct. Before I could see who it was, somebody kicked me hard in the gut. Knocked the air out of me. I doubled up in pain.

I was gasping. Someone else--Scott--sucker-kicked me in the kidneys. He and Will stood over me. There was something about their eyes. Will kicked me again, in the stomach. I barely managed to roll with it, and my world exploded in bright pain again.

"Guys," I panted, squinting up at them and still trying to catch my breath, "it's me--Martin."

They were not themselves. Both of them--their eyes were blank, their faces expressionless, like sleepwalkers. Both of them had their shirts off, in just shorts and trainers. Scott swung back and kicked at me again. I

jerked back at the last second, and he caught me with a glancing blow to the shoulder.

I scuttled away, in the corner now, my back to the wall. "Guys," I managed, "stop it."

Someone behind them. Doc's voice, "That's enough, boys. Get him on his feet and hold him steady. Let's see who we have here."

Will and Scott grabbed me and pulled me up. I was still out of breath from their blows. Each of them held me by an arm. I didn't put up a fight right away, but I was catching my breath and getting ready to.

"Well, well," Doc said. "Martin. I knew it would be you."

"What's going on here?" I snarled. This late, there was no one around to help, and Chris and Hec in the other room weren't likely to help me any more than Will or Scott.

"Really, Martin, there's no need for this drama. Did they hurt you? Here, let me make the pain go away." Doc held up the watch.

I clamped my eyes shut and twisted my head back. I pulled at Will and Scott but they held me with all their strength.

Doc's voice, very close in front of me. "Martin, I can't let you leave yet. Open your eyes, and this will all be over before you know it."

"Let me go. What have you done to my friends?"

"Martin, listen to me. Just relax and listen to me." Doc's voice held me, did something inside me. "Remember how soothing my voice is? Remember how calm it makes you feel? So calm and relaxed? Yes, of

course you do. In fact, you're starting to feel that way again now, aren't you?"

In spite of myself, I felt my anger slipping away. I tried to hold on to it. Something was happening here, and I had to get free.

Doc turned my head back forward. "Just open your eyes for a moment, Martin. Look into the pattern, Martin. Just for a moment." My eyes opened almost on their own, and I looked. Even in this jittery florescent light, the lines caught the light and my eyes. "That's it," Doc said as I stared into the pattern. "You must have worked hard to fight my suggestions. So hard. But that's all over now. Now you're so tired. So very tired of fighting, I know. That doesn't matter any more. There's no need to fight. Just relax and let go." To the Will and Scott, Doc whispered, "You can let him go now, boys. Martin won't give us any more trouble. Will you, Martin?"

They released my arms. I'll say this for Doc--he must have known his stuff and done something right for me, because they never saw it coming.

Like lightning, I bolted. I snatched the watch and shoulder-slammed Doc out of my fucking way, and I was out the door. Heading down the hall, fast as I could go.

Okay, I had no clue where I was going, or what to do when I got there, but I was sure going there in a hurry! I missed a turn--remember, the Psych building is laid out like a maze or something--and I'm lost pretty quick. My footsteps are echoing like thunder as I'm running.

Okay, I get downstairs and I was passing some classrooms so I'm pretty sure I know where I am. Thing is, I heard Doc's voice up ahead too. Someone's coming up behind me too. So I duck into a dark classroom

and try a window, but it's locked tighter than shit.

The overhead lights explode on, and I'm blinded. Doc's voice says, "There you are, Martin. This nonsense stops now, Martin. Give me the watch." He was blocking the doorway. Scott behind him, and probably Will too, though I couldn't see him.

I held up the watch and said, "Look into the pattern, Doc. That's it. Isn't so intricate? Like it's sucking your eyes in? Just look into the heart of it."

Doc's eyes hit the watch, and his expression went blank. He took a slow step toward me, eyes locked on the watch.

Yeah, I thought, this is the fix. I said something like, "It's so easy to get lost in the design, isn't it? Just keep looking into it."

Doc was sleepwalking to me, not taking his eyes off the watch.

"Feeling kind of tired, aren't you, Doc? It's been a long day. I bet you're getting sleepy, aren't you?"

Doc stopped a yard or so away, still not taking his eyes off the watch and the way the pattern cut the light into a kaleidoscope of colors.

"That's it, Doc. Looking into the pattern after your long, exhausting day makes you feel so sleepy, right? You'd like to just let go and sleep now, wouldn't you?"

"Actually, no," he said, suddenly looking up at me.

I was surprised as shit!

His hand grabbed at the watch, but I wasn't about to let it go. We

wrestled at it. He was stronger than I would have thought--I couldn't get it away--but he wasn't strong enough to get it away from me either. I guess we were pretty evenly matched.

He was staring me right in the eye and I was staring right back, each of us trying to dominate the other with our body language while we wrestled for the watch.

"It won't work on me, Martin," he said. "See, I'm a little nearsighted. I can't make out the pattern except up close. I learned my lesson at my last college--never depend on outside tools. The real tool is my voice. All of my subjects are trained to obey my voice. Just like *you're* trained to listen to it, Martin. And obey. You can't fight your training, can you, Martin? No, you can't. It's too hard to fight it, and you must be exhausted from trying."

He said something else, some key phrase that hit my head like a lightning bolt. Just like when he'd call on the phone. Suddenly, I was so focused on everything he said.

"That's it, Martin. Let your training take over. Focus on my voice. Feel everything else slipping away. Arms, hands, getting so tired and numb. Let them relax and fall to your sides."

My hands felt tingly, like they were going to sleep, and my grip relaxed on the watch. Doc tugged it free easily. He held it up in front of my eyes, and it spat colors at me.

"There. Wasn't that easy? You're a good boy, just like I trained you to be. So easy to follow your training. Let everything else go. You're feeling a lot calmer now, aren't you, Martin?"

" yes "

Doc droned on. "So calm and relaxed. Any maybe a little tired. It's late. You should be asleep, shouldn't you? I know how important it is to get a good night's sleep, especially when you're in training. It would feel so good just to sleep."

I didn't want to struggle anymore. All I wanted to do was sleep. I yawned.

"That's right. Already yawning. Already so sleepy. Sleep, Martin. Sleep."

The world dropped out from under me, and I fell. Everything faded except the watch and Doc's voice droning on and on.

My hands were moving, all on their own. My clothes came off. Doc led me to his office. Doc announced, "Gentlemen, look who's come to join us. It's Martin." Everything after that became a fog of jumbled dreams.

Doc calling the shots. Me wanting so bad to follow his instructions.

Me kissing Hec as he fucked Chris.

Chris sucking me.

Me sucking Chris.

The heat of Chris' cum smacking into my chest.

The sharpness of Hec's dick in my ass.

My dick in Chris' ass.

Doc telling us what good boys we were and to sleep.

12. Hec

That's what was different with me. See, it wasn't the same for me. The others, I guess Doc made something happen with them cause they never seemed to know what was goin' down. Me, I remembered. Not sure if I remembered all of it--probably not--but I sure remembered enough. At first I was clueless as the rest of them, but as time went by, I started bein' more aware durin' it n rememberin' it after. Not that bein' aware meant I could stop it, cause it didn't. It just din't seem like a dream no more, n I din't let go and forget when Doc told me to. Doc figured out what was going on with me, but he didn't seem to care much. Hell, he threw enough perks my way I din't either. I guess you could say he knew my price. Hell, I admit it--I was bought and paid for, bro. Don't think I was no victim, though. Maybe it isn't what I would have wanted, n maybe it isn't anything I'd have chosen for myself, but I was sure as hell figured out how to make the best of it.

Like with Chris. I never had thought about dudes. I liked chicks. But I sure had this thing for cute, blond white chicks. Now, Chris--Doc got inside him real frickin' good. He already liked dudes, I think, n he sure had this big-ass ol' crush on me, so it was pretty easy for Doc to steer him at me. Doc just had to give him a little push here n a little push there.

Me, at first I'm feeling kinda turned-off about the whole thing. Maybe Doc worked on that; maybe he didn't. So pretty soon I thought to myself, *Hey, I'm like a machine out there on the field now, gonna make pro for sure, n I'm getting it regular without ever having to go looking for it or the bullshit of scamming some chick in a bar.* N Chris, he was so devoted to me, like a puppy or something, n that really stoked my ego, let me tell you. He was blond n white--real cute for a guy too. After a

while, Doc was videotaping things n he was selling them. He said the guys who bought the tapes, they really liked me a lot, like I was a star or sumthin'. So he started slippin' me some bills every time one sold, n pretty soon I got some serious cash coming in on the side. So I figured out pretty quick. Kicking serious butt on the field? Good sex? Money? Hey, I got it pretty good here.

Doc filmed us in a lot of different places. Getting' it on in the locker room, in the shower, in Coach's office, once even on the field at like 3 a.m. when no one was round. Sometimes it was just me n Chris, or a third guy joining us, or sometimes just me n some other guy from the team. But Chris was my favorite. I guess you could say I got to where I kind of liked having his white ass around.

So we're in Doc's office. I guess this time it was going to be us having sex in a professor's office. Guess that turns some guys on.

Chris n me, we was hanging at my place when Doc called. I answered, n Doc talked to me for a while--I don't remember what about--but I remember how good it felt to hear his voice. Then I handed the phone to Chris, n after a moment his expression kind of went vacant. He hung up, n I think we both knew we wanted to go see Doc at his office, so that's where we went.

Doc sat us down in those great chairs of his--man, they're so sweet to just sit back in. He starts talking to us, n I feel it happenin', that real sleepy, comfortable feeling I always get. I said I remembered what was happenin', but that doesn't mean I could ever fight it. Or maybe I weren't even thinkin' bout fightin', cause it felt so sweet.

After a while, I kind of opened my eyes again. Doc was talking to us. Chris stood up n stripped off his shorts n underwear--that's all he had on,

cause like I said, we'd been chillin' at my place. Then I wanted to stand up n strip down too, n that's just what I did. Doc had this video camera out again but I didn't care. Chris leaned over with his elbows on Doc's desk with his feet spread apart. I got down there between them n started doing what a man's gotta do. Sometimes if ya wanna get some ass, ya have to lick some ass--know what I'm saying?

There's this lube on the desk, n a couple condoms, n I grease up Chris' butthole, n pretty soon I'm sliding into that sweet, sweet ass of his. He's a loud fuck, always real vocal. I'm kind of getting off on the noise he's making--every time I fuck him, it's like the most intense fuck of his life.

I wasn't fucking him long when there's some kind of commotion from next door. I don't pay any attention to it. Like Doc always told me to, I just let it slip past n kept right on. Doc, he put down the video camera, n he told us we were feeling sleepy, too sleepy to fight it, n we should take a little nap until he got back. It was like I just couldn't keep my eyes open all of a sudden. Chris, he sagged down onto the desk under me, n I couldn't stay awake. I settled down across his back n I was out like a fuckin' *light*.

Doc said, "Look who's come to join us." I opened my eyes, suddenly wantin' some more of Chris' ass. Doc had Martin with him, n Martin was lookin' good, all naked n hard n ready to play. He came over, n Chris sucked him while I fucked Chris' sweet, tight butt, n Martin bent forward n we kissed. Doc kept on tellin' us what to do n we did it.

Chris stood up while I was pluggin' his ass. Not the greatest position for me, but it let Martin blow Chris while I fucked him. Chris came first, all over Martin's neck n chest.

Since Martin got a piece of my boyfriend, I got a piece of Martin. Only

fair, right? So I got to fuck him a while. After I pulled out, pulled off the condom, n got my nut off all over Martin's back, it was like I was suddenly so sleepy aga'n, so I sprawled out in one of Doc's great chairs, feeling all satisfied, as Martin started fuckin' Chris, n I closed my eyes n sank into a deep, unshakeable sleep.

13. Sean

Martin disappeared for nearly a week. No one knew where he went. He just vanished one day. Didn't show up for classes, or practice; didn't even come by the apartment for clothes. Hec said Martin must have shacked up with some chick, but I knew better. That wasn't Martin's style. Hec can sure be an asshole sometimes.

When he came back, he was different. During practice he worked his heart out but that wasn't the problem. The problem was outside of practice. He was quieter, almost like something had gone out inside him. For one thing, he was almost like an amnesiac--there were whole days and whole blocks that he just didn't remember. Things we'd done, things I'd told him or he'd told me. A lot of it was just gone. One of those blocks was any clus of where he'd been during the last week or what he'd done. When I'd ask he'd just say, "I don't remember." He didn't seem too worried about it either.

So I asked Doc about it. Sometimes he kind of confided in me--I mean, he told me about the problems he had at a previous school where he was helping out the wrestling team and how he had to move, change jobs, and change his name to get past that scandal--so I was hoping, if he did know something about where Martin disappeared to, he might tell me. Instead, he just said he didn't know and that I should probably ask Martin.

I didn't much care. See, Martin was becoming less important to me. I had this thing going with Coach he was like a father to me. No, more than a father, and when I was around Coach Bradley it was like, *Martin who?*

I was spending a lot of time at Coach's house. We were together like a couple, because that's the way Doc wanted it, and it just felt so right to

me. Coach and me, the way it was meant to be. So anyway, I didn't have a lot of time to hang around my apartment and worry about where Martin was and when he was going to drag his ass home.

By now I think Doc was having sessions with at least half the team. Maybe two-thirds. We kicked ass our first game, and our second too. By the time we slaughtered the other guys in the third game, everyone was sitting up and talking bowl game. We were sure coming out of nowhere and heading for the Top 10, for sure. Coach slammed down a "no talking to the press" rule, cause he didn't want us giving away the secret to our success to the other teams. That just made the press talk more. Nothing got them talking more than a little mystery!

14. Martin

I was going through my days like a sleepwalker. Or a guy with amnesia. There were whole chunks of the past that I just couldn't remember, like what had just happened in the last week. Classes and stuff? I was doing great, better than ever. But I never talked to anybody much. Mostly, my head felt like it was stuffed with cotton or like I was always distracted. I couldn't seem to concentrate except when some professor was talking in class.

All I knew was I had been with Doc that whole week and he had really helped me get some issues out of the way so I could practice and play better. Practice was the only time my head cleared up. Man, I stepped out on the field for drills, and *wham!*--instant focus-boy. I went through my drills and the practice scrimmages like I could do them in my sleep. Then when we'd head back to the field house, it was like this fog closed in on my head again.

The guys didn't pay much attention to me. They were all kind of pairing off--Scott and Will; Hec and that freshman, Chris; Sean and Coach Bradley. They didn't have time to hang much anymore, and I wasn't clear enough in my head much to really notice.

Doc was holding this party at his house. It was kind of a victory celebration the night after we won our third game of the season. And I mean, we really creamed the other team. The whole team was invited, but just the team--a private thing.

Doc lived on a couple of acres kind of out from town a ways--no neighbors close by. He had this big house--two stories and a basement--with a pool out back. His property had this privacy fence around it, just in case I guess. There was plenty of beer and liquor and snacks and stuff.

A barbecue grill fired up with chicken and burgers and kabobs--all sorts of things. Doc sure knew how to lay on a spread.

The guys were high on winning and ready to cut loose, and that's just what they did. Me, my enthusiasm was as cloudy as my head. I went to the party, but I couldn't work up that kind of "hell yeah" attitude.

The pool was a big draw. A lot of guys made a beeline right for it after they got a beer. They were stripping down to shorts or underwear--some of them all the way, too--and jumping right in. Guys were diving in and seeing who could splash the most, trying to dunk one another--lots of cutting up and just guys being guys--all while a lot of them tried not to spill their beers in the water. Doc had this huge-ass projection screen set up down by one end of the pool, and he had yesterday's game playing on it, to the guys' yelling and whistling.

I was one of the few guys in jeans and a tee-shirt. Coach was sitting in a lounge chair beside the pool. Sean sat on the concrete beside him. Both of them had their shirts and shoes off--just shorts--so they were definitely among the minority since most of the guys were down to underwear or skin for swimming.

I couldn't work up the sharpness to go swimming. I already felt like I was swimming through the thickness in my head. I headed into the house. Doc had a stereo blasting rock music in one room--the same music blasting out by the pool--and another TV going in the living room. Three of the guys, passing through, decided to stop and do some channel-surfing to see if there was any sex scenes on the movie channels. They were all fresh from the pool, hair still damp. They sprawled out--Bobby on the couch, Brad and Seth on chairs to either side--and Brad started clicking through. They hit the cartoon channel. This old episode of *Scooby Doo*.

"Hey, I know this one!" Brad said, scratching his balls through his plaid boxers. "It's the one where they try to catch this ghost clown. Man, I used to love *Scooby Doo* when I was a kid."

Bobby protested, "Dude! It's a frickin' cartoon. Gimme that remote!"

Brad laughed and held the remote just out of Bobby's reach. "No way, man! I wanna watch."

"Seth, help me get the remote!"

Onscreen, the ghost clown held up a spinning golden coin on little chain and used it to hypnotize one of Scooby's gang, chanting:

"Watch the pretty coin of gold,
And you will do as you are told."

Little sparkles appeared around the coin and around the eyes to show the character had been hypnotized.

Meanwhile, Bobby was bitching, "Oh, come *on*, Brad! This is so fucking lame."

Onscreen, the clown chanted:

"You will pay attention for a time,
And all your thoughts shall be mine."

"Gimme the remote, Brad," Bobby said. "Let's watch something good. I mean, hypnotizing them to do circus acts? That's so stupid!"

"Yeah," Seth said. The way he was slouched with his knees wide highlighted the lump in the crotch of his snug briefs. "Everyone knows hypnosis isn't real."

"Oh, I beg to differ, gentlemen." This from Doc, entering from behind them. "Hypnosis is *very* real." He came around the chair. "Mind if I join you, gentlemen?"

"Sure." Bobby slide down on the couch and Doc parked beside him.

"Hypnosis is a very respected tool and very natural--in fact, you've probably been in a state like hypnosis more often than you think."

"Bullshit." This from Bobby, between swallows of beer, as he rearranged his package in his white briefs.

"Let's try an experiment, shall we," Doc said. His back was to me, but I recognized the watch when he brought it out. He turned it so that only Brad, who was sitting to his right, could see it, but Bobby and Seth, to his left, could not.

Brad, looking at it, said, "Are you going to try to hypnotize me?"

"Try?" Doc said, his voice a smooth, low purr. "I already have hypnotized you. Just look at the watch, Brad. Look into the pattern. That's it. Breathe in deeply. That's it. That feeling is a deep, relaxing state of hypnosis coming over you. Sleep now."

Brad's eyes closed and his head drooped forward.

"Holy *shit*," Bobby said. "It worked. He did it!"

Doc continued, "As you continue to listen to me with your subconscious mind, your conscious mind sleeps deeper and deeper. Let your conscious mind stay deeply asleep, and let your subconscious mind listen to me."

Seth said, "Make him think he's a chicken."

Bobby: "No, make him bark like a dog!"

"Gentlemen, please!" Doc said. "I think"--he turned the watch to face them--"that a little turnabout is fair play, don't you?"

Seth and Bobby stared into the watch.

"Yes, that's it. Gaze deeply into the pattern. So sleepy. Going into a deep, hypnotic sleep. Sleep. Sleep now."

Their expressions slowly faded to slack, eyes shut, heads bowing.

"Good good. Gentlemen, you will find it so easy to open your eyes now, yet stay deeply asleep. So easy to stand up and follow me, even though you're still deeply in a trance. In fact, each step helps you relax and sleep more deeply. Stand up." They did. Doc walked through a door. "Follow me." And they did, and he shut the door behind them.

I didn't go anywhere. The TV fascinated me. There was something about a TV, or something about something that would be shown on a TV. I wasn't sure what. It had something to do with all the things I couldn't remember/ Every time I tried to concentrate, my thoughts got hazy, indistinct, and they slipped out of my grasp.

After a while, that door opened, and Brad shuffled out, yawning. "Man," he yawned as he shut the door behind himself, "I just had the best nap. Didn't realize I was so tired."

He walked over to the TV and started going through the cabinet. "Hey, video tapes. C'mere, Martin. Whadda'ya wanna bet some of these are porn?" He popped one of the unlabeled tapes into the VCR and settled out on the floor in front of the TV. "Hope he's got good taste in porn. Have a seat, Martin."

I walked over and sat down on the floor next to him.

The TV filled with the image of a white room. Some kind of blue mat on the floor. A lone guy in a wrestling singlet. College-age. The singlet bore the name of one of the major schools, not ours. The guy seemed distracted, like he wasn't really paying attention to what he was doing. Just standing there, blinking a lot, like he wasn't used to the bright lights.

Doc's voice from off-screen purred, "That's right, Jeremy. You're doing fine." He said something else too, but it was muffled, like he suddenly remembered the microphone and put his hand over it.

Jeremy didn't seem to pay any attention. He tugged at the shoulders of his singlet, pulled them down. He shimmied out of it, out of his jock too. He had a big cock--it was hard too. Doc's voice, still muffled, kept telling him things now and then, but they were too blurred to make out.

Jeremy sprawled out on the mat and started beating off.

"Oh, man!" Brad moaned. "That's--a guy. Doc's got a porno of a guy jerking off!" But he didn't turn the video off right away. In fact, he seemed fascinated by it.

Jeremy didn't take long to cum. After that, the scene changed. Same white room; same mats. This time it was Jeremy and some other guy. They circled each other, then grappled. They fell over onto the mats, struggling for position. Doc's muffled voice now and then. They pulled at one another's singlets like they were really in the way, and pretty soon they're both naked. They weren't really wrestling for the pin. That was obvious when they turned each other head-to-crotch and started blowing each other. This was starting to bring back something, something about what I couldn't remember.

Beside me, Brad moaned. "Oh, man, I'm so fucking horny. So fucking horny, dude."

I looked over at him. He was looking at me. He had his plaid boxers undone, his boner poking straight up through them.

Something in my head said I knew about hard-ons. I knew how to take care of them. I knew what to do. I rolled his way, bent my head, and his cock slid into my mouth.

I didn't care how I knew. I just did as I knew I was supposed to. Brad rasped, "Gonna cum," and then he did, a salty taste exploding in my mouth.

"Thanks, buddy," Brad murmured, yawning again. "Man, I'm so wiped." His eyelids sank and closed.

"That's it, Brad. Sleep." From behind us, Doc's voice. He was standing in the doorway, watching us. "Sleep. See how easy it is to feel good when you do what I say? Now stand up. So easy to open your eyes and stand up while staying deeply asleep." Brad climbed slowly to his feet. "Come here." Brad shuffled over to Doc, who put his arm around him and guided him back into that room.

"Martin," Doc said to me as he was shutting the door. "Turn off the VCR, and don't forget your suggestions. Oh, and I'm expecting guests. When they get here, show them to my study in the back, and tell them I'll be with them shortly."

The door closed, and I reached up to shut the tape off.

Later, when the doorbell rang, I opened the front door. Two men stood there. "Follow me," I said and led them to Doc's study in the rear of the

house. "He'll be right with you."

Doc came in right then, and he greeted these two like old friends, which they seemed to be. He seemed to have forgotten about me. Or maybe he was just ignoring me.

"The videos you sent were truly impressive, maybe even better than from that last college. So show us what you have for us this time, *Dr. Clay?*" one of them said. The stress he put on Doc's name implied he knew Doc by a different name.

"Something special." Doc turned off the overhead lights. He opened the vertical blinds that had shielded the wall of windows. Suddenly they were looking out at the team, still playing around and in the pool out back.

"Well, well," whispered the other one, staring at the naked and semi-naked bodies of my friends.

"That one there, the blond" said the first one, pointing at Sean, who was kneeling next to Coach, who lay on a chaise lounge. "I think I'm in love."

"That one," Doc said, "is a package deal. While an agenda of mine is running its course, he's available only as a part of a pair with the Coach, the man there next to him."

The first one gave this exaggerated pout. "No, I don't think so. The coach is a nice specimen too, but you know I only like them younger." He pointed. "What about that one? The naked black one getting himself a beer."

"Ah, that's Hec. He's certainly exceptional. He's not full service yet, but I'm working on that. He's top action only. His friend Chris, however"--

Coach pointed out Chris, who was cannonballing from the end of the diving board--"can provide the bottom element if you're interested. And Chris is one of the youngest, just turned nineteen."

"Hmmm " The first one appeared to be thinking it over, but he was smiling too big. He'd already decided. "Make it happen."

15. Hec

So I'm standin' there downin' another beer and workin' on this real nice buzz. I just got outta the pool so the breeze is makin' these goose bumps all ov'r my skin. Lotsa guys are naked so it's no big deal, y'know? Sides, they seen it all lotsa times before in the showers. No biggie.

Chris, he's in this divin' contest with a couple other guys, seeing who can make the splash or do the most flips before hittin' the water. Shit like that. Seems like punk kid stuff to me, but he's havin' a ball. His face is all lit up with this ear-to-ear smile that's like mega-volts. Contagious too, cause just lookin' makes me grin n wave back at him.

So Doc walks up to me n says he has this guy who's a fan n wants to meet me, n maybe wants a "special performance" too. I'm all about making my fans happy n I figure I know what kind of "special performance" Doc has in mind. I figure, *hey, an ass is an ass, and a mouth is a mouth--n as long as I get off, who gives a shit.* Right?

Before I could tell Doc sure, he says a couple of words. That's when I feel this I dunno, like a lightning bolt ran up my spine. It felt damn good, lemme tell ya. My dick got hard in like five seconds.

Doc called Chris ov'r, n he comes trotting ov'r like this big ol' puppy, all grinnin' and shakin' water out of his hair. Doc says a couple of words to Chris, n Chris kind of nods a little, like he's fighting off sleep, n he's all quiet n docile now, n Doc puts his arm around Chris n guides him inside, n I follow them, with my spike leadin' the way.

16. Martin

When Doc comes back, he says to the other one, "So what'll it be for you," like he's discussing the menu at a restaurant.

"I had in mind," the other guy says, "something extraordinary. Something on a grand scale." He gives Doc this grin, and Doc grins back.

"I think," Doc said, "I know just the ticket." Doc looked at me like he'd just remembered I was there. "Martin, you'd better go out back with your friends. You don't want to miss the fun in a few minutes."

So I did.

The game is still showing on the big screen. Guys are still yelling and drinking and horsing around, blowing off steam and having a blast.

The screen started to flicker. Like someone was flipping channels quickly, but it always came back to the game. I could almost tell what was on those little bits of something in between.

The other guys were noticing too. Some of them were stopping their yelling and running and shit to look at what was happening with the screen.

The flashings were slowing down, and I almost recognized what was in them. Something gold, shiny. I felt like if I just looked a little closer, I could make it out. Around me, most of the noise was dying out as more and more guys were looking at the screen, staring. The intercut pieces were dominating now. Something gold with sharp lines that cut the light. And Doc's voice instead of the announcer, as that something gold was revealed to be his watch, and the lines that intricate pattern, and that

drowsy, cooperative feeling coming over me as my head cleared of all distractions and focused on it.

I stared transfixed at the screen. I didn't know what Doc was saying--it was like he was talking to some other part of me. All I knew is--next thing I knew, I was taking off my pants and underwear. The others, the ones that weren't already naked, were stripping too. I had this big ol' raging boner. This guy next to me--I don't even remember who it was cause I'm not looking at his face--had one too and all I'm thinking is I know how to take care of a hard-on, and then I'm on my knees blowing him, and someone is curled up in front of me blowing me too, and all around us are the sounds of guys going at it with each other like rutting bucks. Everything I know condenses down to the cock in my mouth and the mouth on my cock, and that's all I know until salt explodes in my mouth and my world explodes in rapture in someone else's mouth.

17. Sean

I was sitting cross-legged there on the concrete around the pool next to Coach. He was stretched out in a chaise lounge, a beer in one hand, massaging my neck with the other. We had both peeled down to just our shorts. A lot of other guys had stripped down further, to their underwear or nothing at all. Seemed like as the night went on, most of them were getting naked. This was our night to party. The pool was like a magnet, pulled them all in, more and more as the party gained momentum. They were splashing and horsing around and generally cutting loose, which was great. Sometimes they'd try to splash us, but we were just a little too far away for them to get us much wet.

I wasn't in the pool. I was by Coach because that's where I was supposed to be. On the field, he treated me like just another player, but at home--I was kind of living at his house by then--he treated me like the center of his world. He was always a kind, attentive lover. He took good care of me, and I didn't care if he sometimes slipped and called me by his wife's name. I mean, I'd seen her photo and I could see the resemblance.

Anyway, we were there by the pool. The screen had been showing the game, but now it was starting to show something else. Doc's voice was on the speakers instead of the announcer's. Doc's voice licking at my ear.

I looked over at Coach. His hips hovered an inch or two off the chair, and he was slipping his shorts down. His rigid cock slapped up against his belly. His hand pressed the back on my neck, and I bent forward to suck him. He worked his fingers through my hair. After a minute, he whimpered and blew his load in my mouth.

I continued to lick his cock for a minute, just the way he likes it. When I looked up at him, expecting a smile and maybe a kiss, I saw he had fallen

asleep.

Around us, guys were fooling around. Some were jacking off, some were jacking each other. Some were sucking or fucking. A few, those who'd already gotten their rocks off, were stretching out and napping.

I stood up and shucked off my shorts. I picked my way over a couple of guys who had also finished and were sound asleep. I was hard, and I wanted to get off.

Bill and Seth, both naked, were standing there, jacking each other off. Bill reached out for me, grinning. I knelt and he swiveled his cock away from Seth's hand and plugged it into my mouth. Bill moaned and groaned like it was his first blow-job ever--he's a young dude, so maybe it was. Pretty soon, he's spurting his juice into my mouth. When I pulled off of Bill, Seth is ready and willing, and I went down on him, swirling my tongue around his cock-head like it's a lollipop. When I started deep-throating him, and I'm good at that, he couldn't hold out, and he came hard.

Seth patted my shoulder. *What about me*, I was thinking, stroking myself, but Seth was yawning, already fading. Bill was sprawled a yard away in a lawn chair, eyes closed, already deeply asleep. Seth curled up on the grass, leaning against Bill's legs, and he slept.

I looked around. Most of the team was spent by then. There was Doc getting it all on video, which made me grin--he's such a voyeur! I was heading toward this group of four or five guys when I felt someone's hand on my ass. I didn't care who--suddenly, getting fucked was all I wanted right then. I bent over a chair arm, and whoever it was rimmed me, then entered me. I was jacking off, slowly, wanting it to last forever. He knew what he was doing. He hit my sweet-spot up inside me, over

and over, and I was seeing stars. I came in these intense spasms right about the time he came too. He pulled me to him and we kissed, but by then both of us were yawning and fighting off sleep, so we lay down on the grass, in each other's arms, and gave in to the slumber washing over us.

18. Martin

I woke up at dawn. I separated myself from one of my teammates who was half-cuddled up against me and stood up. All around me, guys were still sleeping it off. No one else was awake yet, at least not that I could tell. We were all naked--good thing it was a warm night.

I found my underwear and pants, pulled them on. My head seemed clearer than it had been in a long time. Something about what I'd seen last night seemed to be bringing back something I could almost half-remember. Almost, but not quite. That Scooby Doo cartoon with the hypnotic gold coin. That video tape. Doc and his camera. They all went together somehow, but I couldn't make the pieces fit yet in my head.

I picked my way across the sleeping bodies. I went into Doc's house. No sign of anyone awake. I found my tee-shirt and shoes where I'd discarded them the night before when Doc told me to. I put my shoes on but not my tee-shirt. Instead, I went to the TV and found the video tapes in the cabinet under it. I took three cassettes out of their cases--one from the left side of the stack, two from the right. They were all unlabeled, so I was just hoping the ones on the right were more recent. I figured maybe watching them later would help me figure out the rest. I put the cases back so the tapes maybe wouldn't be missed, and I wrapped the videocassettes in my tee-shirt and carried them out to Coach's car--I'd ridden out here to Doc's place with Coach Bradley and Sean. I stashed them under the seat of his car. Then I went back to Doc's house.

19. Hec

I woke up on this bed in Doc's place, with my boy Chris curled up next to me. It was Martin what woke me, movin' round n shit. I got up n stretched. Guess I left my clothes out back, but I din't much care. I got the goods n I don't mind showin' em off. Know what I mean?

I hadta pee like a muthafucker, so I found me a bathroom. Hard to piss with my cock half morning hard, so I had to think bout other shit to let it go down.

I went out back. Musta been early, cause the sun was just over the horizon. Nearly all the guys was out there around the pool. Naked n sacked out all over each other. Musta been one *hell* of an orgy out there that night, that's all I can say.

I found where I left my tee, shorts, n trainers, n I pulled my shorts on. I'd just got my shirt on too when Chris came shufflin' up. He said good morning n gave me this puppy-dog devoted smile, n I knew he was rememberin' how great my cock made him feel that night. I gave him a kiss--just a little one cause I'm not a fag

Chris pulled on his jeans n I was getting my trainers on n tied the way I like em. Doc came up from in back of me, n he patted me on the shoulder.

"Great job, last night," he said. He was looking me right in the eye, n I was lookin' right back, n this feelin' started stealin' over me. Same feelin' I get ev'ry time I look Doc in the eye. Like I'm floating sorta. Feelin' great all over, inside n out. Like I wanna be naked, n my cock risin' again, needin' some attention. Like I'm invincible n open at the same time. Like he's lookin' right into me, n I like it. Same feelin' I get

sometimes when I'm startin' ta drift into sleep at night.

Doc pushes sumthin' into the pocket of my shorts. He pats my shoulder again n moves on to Chris. I feel that feelin' a while after Doc walks off. Then I kinda snap out of it. I check out what he put in my pocket, n it's some money. Like three times what he usually slips me, and lemme tell you that's a lot of jing. I'm like, *Fuck!*

Chris is still standin' there. Feelin' the same thing I was feelin', I guess. I'm so glad he's my boy, n I pull him to me n kiss him for real, real deep n long, just the way he likes it, the way that tells him he belongs to me. He gets into it too, n I feel his body melt against mine. I reach into the pocket of his jeans n pull out the money Doc gave him. It's a lot too-- not quite as much as Doc gave me, but more'n he usually gives Chris. I put his stash in my pocket too. Chris don't give a fuck. He's lookin' at me like he's totally wasted in love. I'm thinkin', *yeah, that's the way it's supposed to be.*

20. Coach Bradley

Things started coming apart when Hec started spending all that money. It attracted a lot of attention, you know?

The team could have ridden that out, though. Things like that happen all the time, and there's always an explanation other than college athletes getting unethical gifts that jeopardize their amateur status. But then things really fell apart for me, and it was all going to hell in a great, big handbasket.

Things fell apart for me about a week after they started the investigation into where Hec was getting all that money he spent on that new sportscar and the fancy threads. Hec was saying he had a part-time job doing some modeling. He's a good-looking guy, so that maybe was plausible, but he couldn't produce any of the payment paperwork or receipts they wanted and wouldn't say who he modeled for.

But that's neither here nor there. For me, the kicker happened right in my own home. It was kind of a late morning for us and we were sleeping in. Sean and me.

I don't know why I took up with Sean. Maybe part of it was for helping me get sober after my wife left me. Maybe, but part of it was something else. Sometimes, it was like I'd look at him, and I'd see her. My wife. It went beyond just seeing a facial resemblance and them having the same color hair. It was like I'd look at him and I'd think he was her, and all the love I felt for her I'd feel for him too. Don't ask me why.

Anyway, we'd been up late the night before. I'd gotten horny as fuck and maybe a little drunk too, and Sean and I had been kissing. We came back here to the bedroom and took our clothes off and we started fooling

around. Before I started fooling around with Sean and some of the other guys on the team, I hadn't done anything with another guy since high school or maybe college--you know, that fooling-around thing guys do together when they're experimenting or just horny sometimes. Nothing serious.

But it was different with Sean. I guess somewhere deep inside I knew what I was doing. But I'd look at him and I'd see her, and all that love I'd been bottling up inside would come rushing out, and I'd have to say I loved him--I mean, her. And we'd have to kiss and sometimes go further.

We came to the bedroom and took off our clothes, and Sean gave me this sweet, sweet blow-job--he gives the best head, the kind she was always too good to give. I licked on his cock too and sucked it a little, just to be fair. Mostly I worked on his ass with my fingers, and he let me. His ass warmed up faster than her cunt ever did--I guess he liked sex more--and getting him lubed up and open was pretty easy. See, she would sometimes submit to sex, but he always threw himself into it.

Sean liked to have me inside him. He liked it when I'd fit my cock inside him and we'd move together like we were one body. He really liked it when we'd come together, me cumming inside him. Like my spunk in his ass made us part of each other. I liked the way his ass gripped my cock tighter than her pussy ever did, the way his ass met me stroke for stroke like a mouth, not just sitting there like a bowl of lukewarm oatmeal.

We did it doggy-style. It's my favorite position, though she never liked it that way. She said it wasn't "intimate," whatever that means. I was jacking Sean in time with my strokes in his ass, and he started to cum. That made his ass clamp down around my rod, and it pulled my orgasm right out of me, and I came hard in his ass. We collapsed on the bed, me on top of him with my cock still in his ass as it started to go soft. I

kissed his neck and stroked his hair and shoulder, and we fell asleep that way.

So the next morning, I'm still in bed, and there she is, standing in the doorway with her suitcase in her hand. Says she's come back to try to work things out.

I'm looking at her and looking at Sean. It's amazing--I look at her and see her, then I look at Sean and I see him but I also see her kind of superimposed over him too.

That's when she realized that, first off, I'm not alone in bed, and she starts going off on how could I cheat on her like that and in our own home? Never mind that she walked out of "our own home" on me, right? Then Sean rolls over and looks up at her, and she sees I'm not in bed with some woman. I'm in bed with a guy, and one of my team at that.

Man, does she go ballistic! She screams a whole bunch of shit about me being a fucking faggot and she doesn't stick around long. Last thing I hear out of her as she's walking out the front door, a second before the front door slams shut, is she wants a divorce and I'll be hearing from her lawyer.

Of course, the university found out about that. She filed for a divorce, all right. Plus, she talked to the newspapers. All about how she, the devoted wife, walked in on me, the cheating S.O.B., in bed with a guy who was one of the stars of the football team, and about how she was divorcing me because she couldn't stand to be married to a fucking queer.

Then--and I don't know *how* the fuck it happened or where she got them--she was on the evening news with this "exclusive exposé." They showed a video tape that showed me having sex with two or three guys

who were, in their words, "rumored to be members of the university football team." The station blocked out the guys' faces and their privates, to protect their reputations and the audience's feelings about the team, but it was obviously the team locker room--you could see this big picture of the college mascot painted on the wall in the background. The station left my face visible, and it was obviously me.

I was surprised how little her shit affected me personally. Maybe Doc had something to do with how easy it was for me to blow it off as more of her hateful shit. Career-wise was whole other issue, though. In spite of our winning record, in spite of the buzz in all the papers and magazines about us heading for a bowl game, the administration suspended me. Immediately. Officially, they were conducting an "investigation" into the "allegations." Unofficially, my career at the school was over. Because, even though none of the team would talk or tell them what everyone on the team knew, the kind of stink my wife was making was the kind that stays with you forever, and the school wanted to avoid controversy and keep the alumni in a giving mood.

So they officially suspended me for the duration of the investigation and unofficially offered to buy me out of the rest of my contract. I saw the writing on the wall. Doc and I talked about it, and we agreed we had to do what was best for the team. So I let them buy me out. I resigned and agreed to keep quiet, and they gave me a nice cash settlement and agreed to hush it all up from their side and to give me a good recommendation. They did too. Maybe Doc saw to it that they kept their part of the bargain.

21. Sean

Doc fixed it. He got to them all, somehow. I know he and Coach talked. Next thing I know, Coach is resigning--"for the good of the team," he says. Right away, the administration puts the assistant coach in charge as interim coach, and Doc is assigned to do "counseling" to help us handle the "emotional stress." That's like putting the fox in charge of the chickens, if you ask me. Ha ha!

Doc said he was going to have a talk with Coach's wife, and a day or two later she's withdrawing her divorce suit, and she and Coach are back to living together. The whole mess disappeared from the media pretty quickly after that. She retracted her statements and claimed she was misled by a faked video, which was what the administration was saying too. I don't know how Doc did it. All I know is, the story faded out real quick because neither she nor the administration was talking about it. The public got tired of hearing about the same old shit, plus we continued having a great season, so it died fast.

I was out of the picture as far as Coach is concerned. Doc told me I shouldn't see him any more. Which was okay. I was starting to feel what I'd felt for Coach fade. It was like a switch was flipped inside me. One day I'm in love with him, and the next I'm feeling not as in love, and the next even less.

It was Martin who gave her the tapes. He admitted it when Doc questioned him. They had a big argument in Coach's office--former office, I should say. Doc accused him of stealing private property and staging some kind of "war"--Doc's words--and being plain vindictive and not caring who got hurt. Martin accused Doc of all kinds of unethical shit, like kidnapping him and brainwashing him during that week he

disappeared. The walls of the office are just cheap cinderblock, so we heard everything. The assistant coach--well, he was the head coach now--threw Martin off the team for being a troublemaker, which meant the end of his scholarship, and Martin withdrew from school a couple of days later. I don't know what happened to him. When I asked Doc, he said he had helped Martin realize his true calling, like Martin had joined the army or something; then Doc laughed like it was a big joke.

The investigation into Hec went on a while longer. Doc and Hec had a talk with the investigator. I don't know what the official story was, but off the record, they convinced him the reason Hec couldn't produce payroll records for his modeling was because he'd been starring in porno tapes. Coach Bradley had made him do it or else he'd jeopardize Hec's scholarship. Yeah, whatever. I didn't believe it, but that was the unofficial story. With Coach Bradley gone, Hec wasn't doing it anymore--blah, blah, blah. I guess because Hec is black and depended on his scholarship to stay in school, the investigator believed it. Doc and Hec even came up with a straight porn flick that Hec had starred in--I didn't know anything about that, but apparently it was a nice side-career for him. Plus, the investigator couldn't find any evidence of inappropriate "gifts" or alumni involvement, so the case was closed.

We--the team, that is--did pretty damn well, and we made it to one of the minor bowl games. We had a great season.

Doc moved on after that year. Said it was time for him to be moving on and he was going to another position where there wasn't this shadow of controversy and bad reputation hanging over everything. Hec transferred with him; Chris too. I understand Hec really does have a career in porn these days.

That was a year ago. I hear from Doc every now and then. He calls, and

I feel great for days afterward. I'm not going to say where he's gone. When I graduate at the end of this term, I'm going to the same place. He's pulled some strings and gotten them to offer me a good position as an assistant coach. I can't wait to see him again. Together, we'll turn those boys into winners.
