

Teamwork

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: The football coach thanks his star player for the teamwork.]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

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- http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
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Sure, we aren't going to a bowl game anytime soon, but being the football coach at our local community college is the best job I've ever had. It's all because of our star quarterback, Brandon.

All the guys look up to Brandon, not just because he's a senior and not just because he's our best player, but because he's Mister Teamwork, the guy willing to stay after practice to help out the less experienced athletes. He does it at least once a week and, every time, I make sure to reward him for being such a team player. Sure, Brandon is straight, but there's a special kind of extra training I've been giving him for years. I don't think he remembers it afterward--anything he remembers seems as fuzzy and distant as a dream. That's what I always tell him.

It's the same routine every time. Once everybody has split for the day, Brandon heads to his locker and starts stripping off his gear. Then I come in. I lock the locker room door, look him straight in the eye, and ask him if he needs any "assistance" with his pads. I put a special emphasis on that word, and this

little part of his subconscious knows what my tone means. It knows that word is a trigger. He always focuses on my gaze and says, "Sure thing, Coach." Consent is given. This is the way he has been trained to tell me the trigger has taken hold. The way his grin turns distant and his eyes un-focus confirms it.

I'm a big black guy. The guys on the team look up to me; they respect me because I've practiced what I preach--I played pro ball a couple of seasons, even went to the Super Bowl, before I turned to coaching. But this is something more. This is Brandon responding to me the way I've trained him to respond, when we're alone and I ask him if he needs "assistance."

I touch him gently but firmly where the base of his ear meets his jaw and neck. It's a comforting, calming gesture. He relaxes. I guide him through it, same as always: "Imagine it's like standing in the ocean, the way the waves lap at you, higher and higher, the water getting deeper and deeper, each wave rolling gently against you, until the waves roll over you and lift you up, under a calm blue sky, and you find yourself floating, drifting, peacefully drifting on that deep, deep sea of hypnosis again, where everything seems like a faraway dream, hardly worth remembering when you wake up later, but so peaceful and dreamlike, and so enjoyable now while you let yourself experience this deep, deep hypnotic trance again."

Brandon is a handsome Irish-Italian guy: black hair, brown eyes, five o'clock shadow highlighting his jaw and mouth. I tell him, "Your arms are so light. They float up; let them lift, lift above your head, so I can get your pads off." He still has his practice shoulder pads on. His powerful arms lift slowly, steadily. I undo the straps and lift the pads over his head, and I deposit them on the bench for Cameron, the equipment manager, to stow later.

Brandon has a great body: wide shoulders, a little triangle of dark hair pointing down the center of his chest, solid muscles, flat stomach, another little patch of hair around his navel that becomes a trail leading into his pants. I kneel. He lifts one foot when I tell him, balancing on his other, while I untie his cleat laces and pull off his scuffed-up shoe and sock. Then he balances on his bare foot while I peel his shoe and sock off his other foot.

I reach up. He's a tall guy, nearly as tall as me. I untie the drawstring at the crotch of his uniform pants, then I pull his pants and his jockstrap with its hard plastic protective cup down to his ankles. He steps out of his pants and jockstrap, and I push the cloth down to make sure his feet come free smoothly. Now that I've gotten him naked, his cock is semi-erect and rising, his egg-shaped balls fully exposed and ripe for a tongue bath. He is deeply hypnotized, and his subconscious knows what is next.

"You want it?" I growl, and he smiles sleepily and nods. Consent is given.

I unzip my shorts, let my cock come out to play too. My lips find Brandon's seven-inch cock, nearly erect now, and slide around its head. I'm slobbering and stroking myself with one hand while reaching the other around to push against his meaty, white ass so that he can face-fuck me harder. His cock hardens the rest of the way while I suck.

The best part about sucking off Brandon is, no matter how many times I do it, he acts like it's the first time. The moaning, the way his body quivers when I deep-throat him all the way to the base--you'd think this guy was a virgin.

Brandon's rugged attitude on the field doesn't match this vulnerable side he shows me when he is thoroughly entranced in the locker room. If only the other guys and coaches could see him whimpering as he shoots his load all over my face.

Now that he has cum, he is even more deeply relaxed. Time now to get him into the showers, get him cleaned up, and get my dick up his ass.

The warm water relaxes his tired muscles. The hypnosis keeps his thoughts vague, indistinct, his mind as relaxed as his body. He stands there while I soap him up, lets me guide him under the spray, turn him this way and that, to rinse the suds away.

Brandon has a fine ass for a white guy. I lean him forward, his shoulders and hands pressing against the cool tile wall. The shower sprays warm water down the right halves of our bodies. He spreads his feet when I tell him, so obedient when he's deeply relaxed like this. I kneel again, behind him, and spank one of his fine ass cheeks gently before I press my face to the other and lick. My tongue slides into the ravine and swirls around his hole. He moans. He feels everything so intensely, just like I suggested. His ass bucks against my face.

I probe his ass with one, two, then three lube-slick fingers that quickly find their way up and in and back. Brandon is straight, but this deeply hypnotized, he loves having his ass played with. He moans in one long, low, deep exhalation, repeated several times as I loosen his asshole with my fingers, taking my time, getting him ready for the eventual onslaught. His dick is hard all over again.

I brought the condoms and lube with me when I led him into the shower. I unroll one of those condoms on my erection now, teasing his asshole with my tongue while my hands get my dick ready.

I push my dick at his asshole. He pushes back, butting against my cockhead, which pops past his sphincter. He eases back, hands flat against the wall, pushing his shoulders away from the cool tile. His ass glides down my cock. Hungry ass. Ready to be fucked.

I pummel his ass, one hand on his waist, the other anchoring me against his shoulder, my head thrown back in ecstasy. He groans and grunts, the feeling of my cock in his ass helping him relax and enjoy this fuck that sends a million tremors of pleasure through his body and the hypnotic trance that fills his head, as the warm water splashes and runs down the right sides of our bodies. I could cum quickly, but I choose to hold off.

I look over toward the shower entry and finally acknowledge him. Cameron stands at the entry to showers, already naked, already entranced. He had finished stowing the rest of the team's gear, came back to the locker room door and found it locked. Finding the door locked was his trigger. By the time he let himself in and stripped, he was already deeply asleep.

Cameron is a sophomore. He tried out for the team last year but didn't make the cut. However, he was too cute, too blond, too porcelain-skinned, for me to let him get away. I asked him to be the equipment manager. He leapt at the chance to work with the team. It's a shitty job, and this is my way of saying thanks for the teamwork to him too.

He finished stowing all of the team's equipment except Brandon's. He came back to the locker room for it and found the door locked. That trigger told his subconscious to help him return to a relaxed hypnotic trance. He let himself in with his key, then re-locked the door, letting himself fall back into hypnosis as he stripped, came to where we are, as he has been trained, and now he waits for my instructions.

"Come here, Cameron," I purr. He enters the showers, following the lead of his bobbing hard-on. I hand him a condom and tell him to put it on, and he does. His eyes are distant, his lips half-smiling, loving the feeling of being this relaxed. I aim him toward Brandon's asshole, and Cameron takes over fucking it.

Cameron's body is slimmer than Brandon's. Cameron's cock is average-sized, shorter than mine by an inch, but just as thick. Brandon handles Cameron's just as well as he rode mine. I slide my hand over Cameron's sleek, hair-free chest and tease the closest nipple, oblong and dark. He groans. His blue eyes roll with pleasure and his lips part. I kneel behind Cameron and part his butt cheeks and send my tongue between them, timing my licks to his hip-thrusts against Brandon's asshole.

Cameron cums quickly. He always does, the first time. Then it's time for me to have them swap places. Cameron takes Brandon's place, propped forward against the tile, half under the spray, feet apart. Brandon takes Cameron's place and pulls a condom over his erection. By then, I had gotten Cameron's asshole nice and relaxed, nice and open, and Brandon enters it with his veiny seven-incher.

Cameron bucks while Brandon fucks. Cameron is less experienced than Brandon, and he keeps trying to wake up. I have to keep talking him down, relaxing him, deepening him, while Brandon pumps at his fuck-hole. Brandon fucks with quick, short strokes. His cock gets the job done. Brandon cums, filling the condom with his cum inside Cameron's ass, and I stroke Cameron until he cums again too, moments later.

I'm sprawled on the tile floor, on my back under the shower spray. Cameron lies between my legs. His head bobs on my cock. Brandon lies alongside him, my leg between them. His hand reaches under Cameron's head to stroke and tug at my ball sack. Cameron's blue eyes and Brandon's brown eyes stare into mine, their expressions rapt with the pleasure being this deeply relaxed and hypnotized brings them.

I shift, rolling a little, and my cock aims at Brandon's head. He opens his mouth and sucks it. Cameron licks my thigh and kisses my hip.

It occurs to me that I need to start looking for my next Mister Teamwork, since Brandon will be graduating at the end of this year. Maybe I'll keep Brandon around, offer him a job as Assistant Coach. Or maybe I'll start working on that freshman receiver who is showing a lot of promise. But that's just a quick thought, and then I'm slamming headlong into my orgasm, unloading my spunk into Brandon's mouth, and he dutifully swallows as best he can.

It's time to send them home. They dry off when I tell them to, get themselves dressed. I'm in a generous mood, so I'll stow Brandon's equipment rather than make Cameron do it. I'll send them home now.

They'll walk home to the apartment they share, waking up gently as they walk. Do they ever remember more than blurry snippets of what has happened, like the vaguest of dreams, already fading? Do they carry the sex they share in the locker room with me over into their private lives together? Are they just friends, or fuck-buddies, or maybe even lovers? I don't know. I don't care. Once a week or so, they're mine for a little post-practice teamwork. That's enough for me.
