

# The New Coach

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: The new coach has a plan for rebuilding the wrestling team.

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 are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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# The New Coach

by *Wrestlr*

"That was a good game," Jerry grinned as he and Hank broke away from the crowd leaving the small-town college football stadium in the warm autumn night. Like most of the mob, they wore T-shirts sporting the team's blue-and-gold colors and a cartoon image of its mascot. Jerry's face still glowed from the team's victory. "A real good game."

"Feels good to win for once," Hank agreed as they started down a side street.

"Remember two years ago?--We lost nearly every game." That cheerful smile lit Jerry's handsome features, and his large, shining eyes gave him a look of youthful innocence. "Didn't matter what sport; we had the worst teams in the league--in the whole state."

"True," Hank confirmed, nodding. "But the new coach has turned things around. We started winning some last year, and this year's looking even better. Our football team's already three-and-oh so far. That's a damn sight better than two years ago!"

Joking casually, they strolled down the street side by side. Hank was slightly taller than Jerry, and his shirt

clung to wide shoulders and hard chest-plates. Similarly, Jerry had a slimmer, muscle-thick build that belied the boyishness of his face.

"How come you don't come back to the wrestling team, Jerry?"

"Shit, I dunno. I hated that last coach, so I wasn't too torn up when he threw me off the team for mouthing off to him. Hell, you and me, we were the only ones who ever won our matches, so maybe he was afraid I'd fuck up his zero-wins season. You still like the new coach better? The wrestling team started practice a couple weeks ago, right?--Even though the season don't start for a while?"

"Yeah. I love our practices now. The new coach's really turning things around. You should come back to the team. I know you miss wrestling. And Coach says he'd like you to see you come back on the team."

"Maybe I will. Hey, is it true that he ... Uh ..."

"Is what true?"

"Never mind."

They continued on in silence, and when they were opposite the block-long city park, Jerry gave an annoyed grunt and pawed one hand over the male-mounded crotch of his jeans. "I gotta take a leak," he muttered. "Should've hit the men's room at the stadium before we cut out."

"Me, too," Hank agreed and nodded toward the darkened park. "C'mon. We can go in the bushes over there."

Jerry grinned. "Good idea."

The two youths hustled across the street, and Hank led the way down one of the paths, then deviated into the night-dark overgrowth, stopped in a narrow clearing. Jerry followed, moving in beside his friend and popping open all the metal buttons down the front of his jeans without shyness. His white briefs showed in the dimness. He shoved one hand inside the elastic waistband, pushing his jeans and underwear to mid-thigh, freeing his cock and balls, letting them dangle for a moment, then he tugged his dick to get started.

"Wow," Hank murmured. "You let it all hang out when you piss, huh?"

"It feels better this way." He knew Hank was staring at his loose-shafted rod, and he grinned. "Try it."

"Okay."

Hank unfastened his jeans and brought his commando genitals out from inside, and worked his pants down a bit further. His lean prick curled downward over his freed testicles, and he stroked it openly.

"Show-off," Jerry snickered, admitting he had been watching. He began to spray the bushes with urine.

"Look who's talking. You're not as innocent as you look, huh? You're hung real good. Better than I remembered." Hank pressed out a stream of piss, trying to match his friend's gusher. "You're right, Jerry," he muttered. "It's a real turn-on, letting my cock and balls hang out when I take a leak."

"Told you it--" Jerry cut off. Then: "Listen, is it true, the rumors about the new coach?"

"What do you mean?"

"That he"--Jerry looked nervously over his shoulder, as if searching the bushes for eavesdroppers--"that he"--his voice dropped to a whisper--"that he hypnotizes everybody on the football team?"

"Wouldn't know. I'm not on the football team."

"Well, what about the wrestling team? You guys already started practicing, right? Has he ever hypnotized you?"

Hank shrugged. "Maybe. Maybe not. If you're so curious, maybe you should rejoin the team and see for yourself. You used to be a damn good wrestler, and Coach said--"

"I bet he did. I bet he *did* hypnotize you. Man, you probably don't even remember it!"

"I ain't saying he did or he didn't, but I can tell you hypnosis is not a one-way ticket to Amnesia-Ville."

"So he *has* hypnotized you?" Jerry squeezed the last droplets from his dick, then turned to face Hank. "Why the fuck would he do that?--And what the fuck is it like? Did he make you bark like a dog, or stuff like that?"

"Easy there, buddy," Hank chuckled. "Some things the team just won't talk about with outsiders. Only way for you to know for sure is for you to get back on the team. But I'll tell you this. Hypnosis, even if it's used for sports improvement, ain't nothing special. You and everybody else--you go into a state something like hypnosis every day. Maybe it's when you're daydreaming. Or when you're focusing on just one thing and shut out the rest of the world. It's nothing special. Anybody can do it, and everybody does it. Maybe you're even doing it now. Natural as breathing."

Hank glanced quickly back the way they had come. No one else around. Just Jerry standing there with his pants halfway down his thighs and that expectant look on his face. The perfect opportunity.

"You want to know what it's like?" Hank said. "It's like when you were on the mats, ready to wrestle and focused on nothing but what you were about to do, shutting out the crowd, every sound and every distraction and everything else around you. Can you remember it? I bet you remember exactly what it was like."

"Sure, but--?"

"I bet you can imagine it clearly, right? The crowd, the mats--do you remember what color they were? Can you try to picture it? So familiar. Just relax and remember. Breathe deep and slow, and relax. Can you see all clearly? Now that you're remembering being part of the wrestling team, you can picture that spot, that special spot of the mats where you focus all of your attention. Let yourself really concentrate on that one spot; concentrate on it just as hard as you can. As you do, you can still be aware of my voice, and you can let your body go real relaxed and comfortable. And in a little time--I'm not exactly sure when, but soon--your eyes will go so relaxed and comfortable and they'll want to close. Bet you can already feel it. That's right."

Jerry squinted and blinked in the semi-darkness.

Hank continued. "You pick the time that feels right. When it happens, you can feel even more relaxed and comfortable than you are right now. When it happens, when your eyes close, we can talk about some other things that're real relaxing and comfortable for you, like how much you loved wrestling. So relaxed and calm, from the top of your head all the way down to your toes. And when you're feeling so relaxed and comfortable like you are right now, you might like to imagine that you're back on the wrestling team. Maybe you're starting to think about it a lot, maybe getting a little obsessed with wrestling again, like you were before, 'cause it's your favorite thing in the whole world. Close your eyes now. Maybe you can imagine that you're on the wrestling mats or in the locker room. Everything's so familiar, right? So relaxed and calm. Close your eyes, and as you do, your eyelids lock tightly. They'll stay closed no matter what, so you can't even try to open them."

Jerry's eyelids closed, and he swayed slightly in the warm night air.

"That's it. Your eyes're locking tighter and tighter, so just stop trying; just relax and sleep. Let a nice, tired feeling come over your body, just like you felt after a good wrestling workout. Every muscle and nerve in your body going so relaxed and loose. Breathe easily and deeply, and maybe send a wave of deep relaxation from the top of your head to the top of your toes. Can you do that? Try it."

*Success!* Hank spent the next few minutes delivering the instructions. Jerry was at best only lightly in hypnosis, but even light hypnosis would work, Hank had been told. He had his orders, and he would not waste this opportunity.

"Breathe deeply and easily," Hank said once he was finished, "and send a wave of relaxation from the your toes back up to the top of your head as you start to wake up, slowly, in your own time, and let the memory of everything we talked about fade like a pleasant dream."

Several long moments went by. Hank gazed at Jerry's exposed balls and cock, semi-hard. Hank looked down at his own tool, which he likewise had not tucked away, and he wet his lips as he locked his fingers around his cock and pumped it.

Then Jerry took a deep breath and his head pulled up, eyes opening. He blinked groggily at Hank's stroking fist. "What're ... you doing?"

"Playing a little." Hank grinned. "That rod of yours must need as much action as mine does."

"I--I guess." Jerry seemed more awake now. He glanced around nervously. "What if somebody comes by?"

"Hell, nobody can see us back here."

"Yeah." Jerry grasped his already swelling cock and jerked slowly. "I'm awful horny."

"You sure throw a big rod." Hank moved closer, his eyes fixed on Jerry's thickening, potent rammer, and suddenly Hank released his own meat and reached out to grip the other youth's without hesitation. "Want me to lend you a hand, pal?"

"Ahh!" Jerry took a fast breath, and then after a moment of hesitation his fingers likewise wrapped around Hank's vein-etched column. "Feels good, huh?"

"Damn good." Hank shivered as he felt Jerry's free hand press between his thighs and cup his tight-sacked testicles. "'Take it easy with my nuts. They're kind of sensitive."

"So're mine."

"You've got one helluva pair," Hank murmured, matching Jerry's move with his other hand. "Big cock, big balls. Ever done this before?" Hank raised one hand from Jerry's crotch to roam over his taut belly and upward beneath his T-shirt. "You know, trade hand-jobs with a guy."

"Sure," Jerry confirmed. "Jack Lambert and I took each other off a lot before he graduated last spring. We did it here in the bushes a couple of times." Jerry tensed as Hank's fingers rose to his chest, grazing across the slick muscle-arcs. "Aw, fuck--that feels ..." Jerry's eyes widened as Hank's hand under his shirt found and toyed with a sharp-tipped nipple. "What're you doing, man?"

"Feeling you up," Hank answered plainly. "You sure are smooth. I've got a little hair on my chest and--"

"Crap!" Jerry hissed, and he hunched forward, pumping his super-hard prick into Hank's fist. "I'm going to cream! Catch it in your hand so it doesn't get all over our clothes!"

Hank barely had time to follow instructions, massaging Jerry's cock-shaft with one hand and cupping the head with his other, and then his palm was being filled with spurting body-hot cum. Hank heard Jerry's hoarse, pleasure-filled groans of climax, and he wondered what to do if the juice overflowed and dripped on their clothes.

Then the spurting was over, and Jerry was heavy-breathing and trembling in the aftershocks of sex-release. He had let go of Hank's hard-on during his orgasm, and that gave Hank an idea about what to do with the handful of juice. He smeared the cum over his own still-rigid prick, and he grabbed one of Jerry's wrists, bringing the hand up to clench his meat again. "Finish me off, Jerry."

"Uh ..."--Jerry's voice and expression were still sex-dazed. "Okay ... Sure thing."

Jerry began fisting the youth's slippery shaft again, and Hank rocked forward, pressing the side of his face to his buddy's shirted shoulder. "That's more like it," Hank mumbled. "My dick with your cum ... Slides real good ... Gonna pop a big load ... Gonna--" He tensed. "I--Aw, *fuck!*"

Hank felt Jerry cover the crown of his pulsing rod, and then his climax was ripping lose from every part of his body, centering at his fire-hot cock, then charging down the tunneled passage and bursting free. He saw skyrocket bursts and shooting stars, and he stifled a howl of pleasure.

Another explosion. And another.

More!

More!

As always, it ended slowly, and Hank floated in a cotton-candy world of sex satisfaction, leaning against the trim youth who had taken him off.

"Ease off," Jerry said at last, releasing Hank's still-firm prick and trying to step back. "We'd better wipe up and clear out of here before someone comes by and catches us." He looked down at his cum-filled palm, then rubbed it against a nearby tree trunk, scrubbed it clean on the bark. "You sure cream a lot."

"You, too." Hank grabbed a nearby leafy bush-branch and dried his fingers on the foliage. "We should've stripped down all the way."

What for?"

"If we was naked, we wouldn't have to worry about getting our clothes messed up. Did you and Jack do anything besides jerk each other?"

"Like what?"

"Trading blow-jobs, maybe. Sucking or--"

"Shit, no!--I'm not about to have some bastard slobber on my meat!" Jerry shoved his genitals back into his briefs and began buttoning his fly. "Maybe Jack let someone go down on him? He said a lot of cock-suckers hang out here in the park."

"Want to try it sometime?"

"Hell, no." Jerry watched Hank adjust his cock and balls in the pouch of his jeans and fasten up. "Jerking never hurt a guy; but I can't see doing any of that other stuff." He turned on his heel. "C'mon, Hank. Let's get

outta here before someone catches us."

They tromped through the bushes, and as they started down the street again, they exchanged casual remarks as if nothing had happened, as if the hypnosis and the hand-jobs never happened--just a couple of guys headed home after a football game.

"Here's where I cut out," Jerry announced when they reached a corner several blocks from the park. "See you in class on Monday, huh?"

"Sure." Hank paused a moment, then added, testing. "Hey--Monday, bring your gear to the gym. You can work out with me and the wrestling team. I'll introduce you to the new coach. Maybe he'll talk you into joining the team again."

"I ...," Jerry began, then paused, appearing to think something through. "Yeah--okay. I think I'd like that. G'night."

Hank watched his pal stride into the shadows, and he grinned, savoring the satisfaction of completing his orders and the successful test. An hour ago, Jerry would have said no to the idea of rejoining the wrestling team. But after a weekend of letting those hypnotic suggestions sink in and do their work, come Monday Jerry would probably be eager to join back up. Yeah, when Hank introduced Jerry to the new coach, those suggestions would make him an easy target--Coach would take him right under, no sweat, and Jerry would never know what hit him, and then Coach would surely talk Jerry into rejoining. Too, Hank was remembering the throbbing heat of Jerry's rigid prick, the feel of his sex-tight balls, the smoothness of his chest and torso beneath his T-shirt, the hot stickiness of his spurting cum. Yeah, soon Jerry would be his teammate again, and then Hank could feel Jerry's body any time he wanted, could touch and lick and--

Sure Jerry might have said *hell no* to the idea of swapping blow-jobs a few minutes ago, but in a week would he say the same thing? Hank remembered how his own resistance had been worn down in just a matter of days.

Whistling to himself, the youth turned around and headed back the way they had come, breaking into an easy trot, heading back toward the stadium at the outskirts of the college.

A few minutes later, Hank stopped in front of the home team's locker room at the stadium. He had passed only a few stragglers milling around and nodded greetings to a few--family members of the team or friends waiting on players, mostly.

The new coach had installed a lock with a keypad on the door. No one was allowed in the locker room nowadays except the players and the coaching staff. The locker room was a private space for the teams now. But as a jock, Hank knew the combination, and he knew what each number meant.

*Two. Zero. Twenty.* The beginning.

*One. Nine.* Nineteen. The countdown.

The light went green; Hank pressed the button and opened the door.

*Eighteen.*

He kept count in the back of his mind as he stepped briskly through the doorway.

*Seventeen.*

The door closed behind him. The locker room smells--sweat and disinfectant--hit him, and the sound of running water in the showers. No one at the lockers. They must all be in the showers by now, he realized.

*Sixteen.*

He felt it hitting him quickly now, hitting him hard, like he knew it would, that groggy feeling as everything slipped away. He welcomed it, like always.

*Fifteen.*

Football jerseys, pads, shoes, various parts of team uniforms in blue and gold, jock-straps littered the floor. No one had opened their lockers--they had stripped directly on their way to the showers.

*Fourteen.*

Hank paused by a bench. He needed--needed--

*Thirteen.*

Too much clothing. He needed to be naked. He started the process of struggling clumsily out of his T-shirt.

*Twelve.*

He dropped his T-shirt as he toed out of his right sneaker.

*Eleven.*

He popped open the waistband of his jeans as he toed off his left sneaker.

*Ten.*

He unfastened his jeans. Down.

*Nine.*

Pushed his jeans all the way down to his ankles, his three-quarter erection bobbing out into the air.

*Eight.*

Right foot pulled up. Staggered a bit, off-balance and woozy.

*Seven.*

Right foot pulled free of his jeans.

*Six.*

Shifted his weight so he could work on his left foot.

*Five.*

His left foot caught in his jeans, and he nearly stumbled.

*Four.*

He righted himself.

*Three.*

His foot came free.

*Two.*

He straightened and stepped away from his jeans.

*One.*

*Just in time*, he thought, as that back part of his mind completed the countdown.

*Trance.*

*Yes*, Hank confirmed to himself, enjoying the familiar focused calmness that locked around his awareness. His body felt heavy but light, clumsy but floating, focused but dreamy, all at the same time. In just these few weeks, he had already come to love this feeling, to crave it. He shuffle-walked toward the showers, his cock bobbing and pointing the way.

Coach stood in the opening to the communal shower area, watching the players inside under the spray. He was stripped to his sweatpants--bare feet, bare chest except for the whistle hung around his neck, swirls of black hair glistening on his broad chest.

"Reporting, Coach ...," Hank murmured. After these weeks, talking while hypnotized was still difficult for him--so hard to form words in his head and make his mouth shape them when he felt this relaxed and sleepy.

"About time," Coach grumbled, looking over his shoulder, eyes raking up and down Hank's naked body. "Where's Jerry?" Not *were you successful*, because Coach knew Hank would not be here if he had not fulfilled his task.

"On his way home ..."

Hank's eyes found the motion, the bodies, visible past Coach's shoulder, in the shower area. Naked athletes under the steam and spray. He recognized several, the ones he could see clearly through the fog: the quarterback, one of the receivers, a couple of tackles, others. The familiar shoulder-pumpings of hand-jobs. Here and there a body pressed against the wall as another gave oral worship to muscles and skin. Here and there a free-standing body, head back, eyes closed in bliss--someone getting a blow-job from a kneeling player that Hank could not see over Coach's shoulder.

Yes, the football team had won their game. They were getting their reward.

Coach's voice pulled Hank's attention back to him, and Hank's gaze locked on the half-naked man. "He didn't figure out what was going on?" Coach's eyes narrowed. "He didn't figure out it was a set-up?"

"No ..." Hank sighed. "Never saw it coming ... Only got him ... down lightly ... but enough ..." A deep, relaxing breath. "But ... had ... better hand-jobs ... for sure ..."

"You weren't exactly a champion your first time. Going to coach Jerry?"

"Sure ... Coming ... to wrestle practice ... Monday ... like planned ... Get him ready ... join the team ... then introduce you ..."



Coach grunted his approval as he ran one palm over Hank's solid chest. "How far did you get him to go tonight? Just a hand-job? Or did he go for a suck-job?"

"Hand ... Got pissed when ... brought up blow-job ..."

"Take it slow, pal. Don't let him get away before I have a chance to talk to him." Coach fumbled at the crotch of his loose sweatpants, the ridge of cock-meat making a semi-hard tent there. "I'm gonna get a charge out of making him suck cock. Or maybe fucking him. You like Jerry's looks?--You want to help me fuck him?"

"Yeah ..."

"Dammit, I'm getting a hard-on," Coach grinned, and Hank's eyes were pulled down to watch the man's fingers grope at his erection trapped in his sweatpants. Coach stared at Hank's stiff meat too. "Looks I'm not the only one who's horny. You ready for your reward."

"Yeah ..."

"You did good, Hank. Real good." Coach's eyes met Hank's, and Hank saw the glow of pride there, felt it warm him. He craved Coach's praise almost as much as he craved being this relaxed. Then Coach's hand on the scruff of Hank's neck propelled him forward, past the half-naked man, into the shower area with the full-naked football players. "Get it, Hank. Get your reward."

Hank had completed his task. He had done a good job--better than expected for Jerry's first time--and he deserved his reward. He had won. The football team had won. The football team was not his team, but they were a team of winners, and Hank was a winner too, and he belonged among them.

Hank staggered another step forward. So hard to think. Where would he start? What would he want? To his left, Mike the quarterback stood, with Stanley the receiver kneeling before him and sucking. Mike's hand hooked around Hank's neck, drew him closer. "C'mere," Mike's voice slurred, making the decision for Hank.

Stanley stood and moved aside. Mike's grasp turned into a hold, then a gentle pressure downward. Hank's trance-fogged mind could find no objection, so he spilled to his knees between the man's spread legs and pressed his face forward. A trickle of body hair ran downward from Mike's cratered navel and widened at the base of the rigid cock, average-long and thick, a vein-webbed shaft topped by a broad, reddened crown, over large, potent testicles cleanly outlined in their crinkled sack. Warm water. Heavy steam. Hard cock. Hank pursed his lips and nipped at the tip of the swollen rod as if kissing it. He tongued the sharp-cut well and licked the powerful head sensuously, gripped the column with one hand. Suddenly he dropped lower, letting the male-staff spank against his face as he nuzzled the exposed balls.

"Get to it, stud," Coach called from somewhere. "Eat those rocks!"

Wrapping his arms about the quarterback's hips, Hank buried his face in the quarterback's offered crotch, inhaling the heady, masculine scent, licking and sucking, feeling the strong fingers run through his mussed hair and over his heaving shoulders. He heard Mike and Stanley's hoarse, aroused breathing, and he switched over to Stanley's proud crotch and upturned prick, gulping it into his mouth, rolling it on his tongue, suctioning steadily until his lips were clamped about the base.

"That's the way, Hank!" someone, maybe Coach, said as Hank shifted back to Mike. Mike held the youth in place while he stood straighter and pushed his hips forward to meet Hank's mouth. Hank pulled partway back and looked up at the trim-muscled quarterback looming over him. Slowly he brought his hands to the firm belly and stroked upward over the heated male torso to the hair dusting the masculine chest.

"Get up ... Against the wall ... Bend over," Mike ordered huskily. "Plug your ass ..."

Hank liked how sleep-thick Mike's voice sounded. He felt his body drifting up, as if of its own volition, and he found himself standing, then hunching forward, resting his outstretched arms against the tiled walls, and he shut his eyes as he felt the quarterback move in behind him, palms rubbing over his butt cheeks, slick fingers delving inward, and finding the puckered opening, and probing it.

"Slow ..." Hank breathed.

"Shh. I won ... tonight ... I'm in charge ... Coach says so ..." Mike slid one arm about the youth's waist and held him securely as he continued to explore Hank's hidden lips, applying something slick, slicker than water. Mike's fingers probed and explored, and Hank felt himself relaxing, breathing deeply, relaxing so deeply. Mike withdrew his fingers, and Hank felt the touch of that powerful cock-head against his hole, as the quarterback centered it against the slippery muscle-ring.

"Remember the first time I screwed you, Hank?" Coach's soothing voice, from somewhere close by, purred in the wrestler's ear, a comforting presence helping him relax. "You thought your asshole wouldn't spread enough for my meat, but it did."

"Yeah ...," Hank moaned, remembering, not that long ago.

"Don't forget that if you get a chance to pop Jerry's cherry."

Mike nudged his cock tauntingly.

Coach's voice again. "Let him get used to the idea. Make him want it."

Was Coach talking to Hank about Jerry, or to Mike about Hank? The wrestler decided this did not matter. He wanted Mike's cock in his ass. "Okay," he groaned, lowering himself forward into his elbows against the wall, thrusting his butt back toward Mike. "Sure ..."

Coach: "Make him beg for it."

"Yeah ..." Hank trembled as Mike's cock repeated an up-and-down massage, the cock-head rubbing against the opening in his tail. "Awww--"

"Make him beg for it. Make him beg!"

Cock-head rubbing up and down, teasing, threatening to enter, teasing ...

"Fu ... Fuck me ..." Hank's words came in a stutter, then faster. "Fuck me ... Fuck me ..."

"You heard the man," Coach said. "Fuck him."

Mike pushed his cock-head in, a single, strong thrust, penetrating flange-deep.

"Take that cock," Coach coaxed.

"Rrrrrrah!" Hank tensed and jerked his head up, waking partially, his features contorted from the pain of entry. He breathed quickly, exhaled, then inhaled deeper, relaxing, trying and returning to that calm state again. In just a few moments, he felt cradled in that deeply relaxed trance again.

"You're getting used to it," Coach murmured, as Mike clamped both strong arms about Hank and drove more of his shaft into the slippery nest. "You've got about the hottest ass I've ever screwed, and you're gonna give Mike and Stanley a nice ride. And when the time comes, you'll get to help break in Jerry's tail, and maybe he'll get a turn inside yours too."

The quarterback held still for several seconds, then bent his knees and hauled Hank back, impaling him on the steel-hard rod. Hank tensed again, just for a moment, only to relax and settle into the man's embrace, tail-to-crotch.

"Fuck me ...," Hank managed to whimper. "Yeah ... Fuck ..."

"You heard the man. Fuck him!"

Mike rocked Hank forward against the wall once more, and he hip-pumped slowly, making each stroke count, his cock sliding so sweetly in and out of Hank's responding ass. At the same time, Mike ran his palms over Hank's chest and torso.

Coach's voice floated in, a husky whisper, from a faraway dream. "How'd you like to have Jerry here right now? How'd you like to have him sucking you off?"

That would be wild, Hank realized, imagining, but all he could say was, "Rrrr ..."

"Maybe screwing his butt while I plug yours?"

"Rrr-rrrh ..."

"Coach him, Hank. Coach Jerry like I coached you."

Hank drifted through a fog of sensation, floating on his coach's voice.

"This is how you're going to screw Jerry, huh? Start slow and build up and--"

"Rrrh ..."

At some point, Stanley took Mike's place, poking his shorter but thicker meat-bat into Hank's hole. Stanley used sharp, steady penetrations, and both he and Hank gasped and moaned as they threw themselves into the rising frenzy. Coach with his sweatpants down to his knees and naked Mike stood beside them, jacking themselves slowly.

Then somehow Coach was the one behind him, fucking Hank, while Mike and Stanley stood by and jacked. Hank could not survive much more, and he thrashed beneath his hard-driving coach. Then Coach said something and Stanley slipped in underneath, between Hank and the wall, and the wrestler felt his cock slide into Stanley's mouth as Mike toyed with Hank's closest nipple. Coach seemed to plow harder and faster, each thrust hammering his crotch against Hank's sleek butt cheeks.

"Gonna ... Gonna ...," Hank moaned.

"Cum," Coach said, then louder so that everyone would hear: "Cum! It's time to cum!"

Mike, jacking, was first, and Hank felt Mike's sex-hot sperm splatter against his arm as he moaned through his orgasm.

Underneath, Stanley make a whimpering sound that felt great around Hank's cock as the receiver came.

Hank fell into his orgasm, world exploding with bliss, balls squeezing, firing his cum into Stanley's sucking throat. He felt his asshole clench around Coach's plunging cock with each cum-burst. A hoarse growl later, Coach joined Hank in climaxing, and Hank felt the man's cock convulsing as it jetted its heavy load up his ass. Writhing with pleasure against Hank's back, Coach clamped his half-open mouth against Hank's shoulder to muffle his howls, and he pumped automatically as if trying to send each new blast even deeper into Hank's

guts, while Hank pushed his ass back harder to receive it.

Later, when it ended and they had separated and rinsed off the sweat and cum under the showers, Coach kept an arm slung around the wrestler's shoulders and neck. "That was one hell of a good fuck, Hank," Coach told him. He chuckled and ran his fingertips over Hank's slick chest, lightly.

"Yeah," Hank whispered, not fully entranced now but not quite awake yet either, drifting through an in-between state.

He let Coach lead him out of the showers, let Coach grab a towel and begin to rub it briskly over his wet skin. "That's it, stud. You're coming along nicely. You're doing me proud." The coach continued to stroke the youth's sturdy torso with the towel, and the relaxed muscle-ring in Hank's ass still burned as if Coach's cock was still inside it. "You turn on to locker room sex, right?"

"Yeah," Hank agreed, remembering that not long ago he would have considered the locker room to be the most sexless place ever. But now, the smells, the sounds, the guys strutting around bare-ass--just walking into the locker room made Hank feel horny and receptive, ready for hypnosis or sex or both, whichever Coach sent his way.

Coach had shifted to drying himself now. "Who're the next guys you're gonna recruit for me?"

Hank had to concentrate for a moment. "Jerry ... and then Lefty Turner."

Coach snickered. "Lefty's gonna be an easy one. He's always showing everything he's got in the locker room. Hell, he might let you suck his cock if you ask him, so why not just walk up to him and say so? On the other hand, he might deck you, so better get him hypnotized first. Yeah, stick with the plan, buddy, and you'll keep making me proud." Coach flicked his eyes at Hank. "Say, who else would you recruit, if I was to tell you to go after any guy you wanted?"

Hank had to think about this for a moment. "Your new assistant."

"Jocko? How come?"

"Built big ... like you ... Be a kick to hypnotize him."

"Ever seen him stripped?"

"No." Hank blinked. He was continuing to wake up, coming out of the last of his trance. He looked at the nude coach beside him. "You bastards always use the staff showers."

"Jocko's got one hell of a chunk of meat on him. You'd probably choke to death on it. Or get your little tail split wide open."

"Bullshit," Hank laughed. "If I can take *your* dick, I can take any guy's." He watched the coach's hands drop to the towel on the bench. "How come you and Jocko don't use the main shower room with the rest of us? This is the first time you've ever--"

"Rules," Coach snapped. "You know that." He picked up his discarded sweatpants with one hand and spanked Hank's bare butt playfully with his other. "But every once in a while, we can forget the rules, right? But you'd better get dressed and clear out of here now."

"Okay." Hank picked up his clothes from where he had dropped them onto the floor earlier and plopped them on the bench. As he sat and reached for his socks, ignoring the football players drying and dressing around

them, Hank grinned at his coach. "Hey, maybe we should invite Jerry and Lefty and Jocko to work out with us, just you and me and them, sometime soon ..."

"You're asking for a gang-fuck, buddy. Even with hypnosis, I'm not sure you're ready for that--and I'm damn sure they ain't ready for you," the coach chuckled, and he clapped Hank on the shoulder before slinging his sweatpants across his shoulder and striding bare-ass toward the side door. "See you Monday."

"Sure thing, Coach!"

The side door opened into a hallway, and Coach sauntered down it. At the end was an open door to a small staff dressing room, and as he entered, he smiled at the naked, freshly showered young man casually drying himself.

"Hi, Jocko."

"Hi, yourself." Jocko, the newly hired assistant coach, was good-looking and solidly built, his muscled shoulders giving way to the broad, clearly marked planes of his chest, his golden torso trimming to his narrow waist, and his long, fat cock flopped loosely between his powerful thighs. "Been getting your rocks off?"

"What makes you think so?" the naked head coach asked, dropping his sweat pants onto the bench.

"You're still a little flushed. You always flush when you have sex. And your dick's soft and worn-out." He shrugged. "Also, I saw Hank stumble into the locker room earlier, while you were busy with the team. You fuck him?"

"Sure. He's turning out to be a good recruiter for us. He's nearly got Jerry lined up, and then Lefty will be next. Pretty soon we'll have all those good wrestlers back on the team, and we'll have them under our control, so we can get them focused." Coach watched the towel glide under Jocko's arm. "You should've joined us. Hank's hot for you. He wants to hypnotize you and see what you look like naked."

"Oh?" Jocko snickered, slouching against the staff lockers.

"That's what he said. I told him you aren't hung worth shit."

"Does this look like shit, Coach?" Jocko snickered, fingering his heavy prick proudly.

"Shit!" the coach mock-exploded. "Be careful with that thing. You'll shoot somebody's eye out." He shook his head, grinning. "Want to stick it to Hank?"

"I wouldn't mind."

"He's bringing Jerry to wrestling practice Monday afternoon."

"Why wait? Why not have Hank come to our place this weekend?"

"He doesn't know we're living together. Or that you're the one who taught me how to hypnotize, or that you've been hypnotizing me ..."

"So? Just arrange to meet him somewhere. When he gets in the car, you hypnotize him, put him to sleep, and drive him to our place. And afterward, same thing--he sleeps through the trip back. Tell him to forget where he went, and he won't remember a damn thing."

"Maybe, but also, he's one of those kids who digs locker room sex."

"So do I," Jocko admitted easily. "Bend over and I'll show you."

"No way. You know I don't take it up the ass."

"You sure? Just because you never tried it don't mean you won't like it." Jocko's voice dropped slow and smooth, and the Coach found himself listening closely. "You never tried hypnosis before I introduced you to it either, and now you need it, crave it, have to have it. So just relax, big guy. Listen to my voice. Focus. Relax. Feel that familiar trance coming over you yet again. It's inevitable. Don't fight it. You don't want to fight it. You can't fight it. Relax. It's inevitable. I know you're nervous about getting fucked, but just let that fear go. Let it drift away, and let a warm, comforting curiosity take its place. You're gonna be ready to get fucked soon, and you and I both know it. It's gonna happen someday soon, so why not let today be the day? You can find out how good it feels, find out how much you're gonna come to love it, need it, crave it, too. Maybe today is the day? All you have to do is lean forward. Put your hands on the bench. I'll take good care of you, make you feel so relaxed and good. Spread your legs a little. That's right. So easy. Just relax."

Coach blinked. Somehow he found he had bent forward, palms on the bench, his bare ass offered, Jocko's hand caressing--

"Shit!" Coach barked. Now that his head cleared a little, he realized what he had almost allowed and he fought it. "No way!" He shook his head quickly to clear away the trance and straightened up. "Nice try, but forget it, buddy. Besides, you know the rules--you can hypnotize me at home, but never when we're here at the campus."

"Maybe I didn't hypnotize you," Jocko said, smile just a little too innocent. "Maybe that was you hypnotizing yourself." His smile turned mischievous. "But I almost had you, buddy. I'll get you soon, and you know it. I'll make your ass feel so damn good."

"No way, Jocko. You know that's another one of the rules. You can screw your nuts off with any of the guys on the teams like Hank, but not me."

"I'd rather hump his friend Jerry. That stud's got a butt that's built for fucking."

"Hank talked him into swapping hand-jobs after the game," the coach said casually. "I've got Hank primed to go after Jerry hot and heavy, get him hypnotized, get him back on the wrestling team, work on making him compliant. If Hank's as good as recruiting as I think he'll be, he'll have Jerry's cherry ready to be popped pretty soon. Once Hank and I break Jerry in, you can take over. Unless you want to be the one who pops him?"

"Maybe I will." Jocko tossed away the towel and faced the coach. "You weren't kidding when you said we'd get plenty of action from these jokers."

"They're eager to please, and they're super-horny. You were right--that makes them easy to manipulate. And with the hypnosis?--They're falling into line and they don't even realize it!" He watched Jocko open a locker and take out his street clothes, and Coach realized he himself was still naked. He reached for his sweatpants. Maybe getting dressed would help him keep that drowsy feeling at bay, and the thoughts of getting fucked too. "Did you get to check out Lefty Turner?"

"This afternoon, before the game," Jocko replied with a nod. "I started off with the usual *sports make the man* and *school pride* bullshit-talk he's heard from every coach ever, and I laced in a little induction work to get him relaxed and receptive. He never knew what hit him. He took to the hypnosis pretty damn well, but I didn't get very far with him sexually. He's only into fucking and getting the blow-jobs--that's all."

"Strictly a top man?--Like me and you?"

"Yeah," Jocko nodded again, "like me, anyway. You and I both know it's just a matter of time until you put that rule aside and let me fuck you. I think you'll like it a lot."

"No way." Coach worked at pulling up his sweatpants, wondered where he had left his shirt and shoes, then saw them in an open locker. He must have left them there earlier, after the game and before the showers, though he could not remember doing so. Usually Jocko did not mess with his memories, but lately--

Thinking about hypnosis was dangerous right then, Coach knew, with him feeling so close to slipping back into a trance and Jocko so intent on talking him into agreeing to get fucked. He probably would agree too--he was increasingly curious--but when awake and aware, he was not ready yet. He had taken this job a year ago and started to turn the teams around. He had only met Jocko and first gotten hypnotized by him a few months ago, had only been hypnotizing the athletes for a couple of months. He still had so much work to do, but already things were turning around for the teams, the guys were really trying, and the hypnosis was making everything easier. Sure, he was curious about getting fucked, but not getting fucked was one of Coach's rules for himself. Lately Jocko had homed in on that curiosity, had been aiming the hypnosis at it, especially now that the athletes ... so well-trained ... naked ... hypnotized ... obeying ... sucking ... fucking ... getting fucked ... someday soon ...

*No--stay in charge*, he told himself. Coach shook away the drifting feeling that nearly took over his head. He needed to change the subject pronto, distract Jocko with thoughts of another target, maybe? So: "Maybe Lefty'll change his mind if you get him into some locker room sex after a workout. He's next on the list of guys I've got Hank working on. Maybe we'll get him paired up with one of the bottoms--somebody who can wear down his resistance, ease him into it a little at a time, while you work on getting him addicted to your coaching and your mind control tricks. Most of these guys'll do just about anything for us coaches, even without hypnosis. Though ... yeah, a little hypnosis is definitely a big plus."

"I knew you'd see things my way once I got you trained, buddy!" Jocko patted Coach's shoulder. "And don't get used to being dressed, because the minute we get home, you're gonna find yourself getting relaxed and naked, and I'm gonna make sure you stay that way the whole weekend. We'll keep our dicks worn out all weekend. Maybe you'll even agree to let me fuck you!"

"No way!"

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