

Top Dog

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Paul is top dog on the soccer team, and he'll do whatever he must to keep it that way.

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

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Where I came from, I was the big dog in a little yard. When the time came to go off to college, I was more than a little nervous about how I'd measure up to the other college jocks. In high school, I was the hotshot--the star of the soccer team, and more than a little cocky. I was handsome, I was athletic, and I was built. I had a lot going for me, and I knew it--but I also knew college was a whole different world. For all I knew, I was about to run up against guys that could easily beat me by a mile. Hell, they might even be better-looking than me. I lived for being the number-one jock, and I definitely didn't relish the idea of being number two, or three, or even further down the list. That might seem shallow or conceited--and yes, I was a more than little of both--but I defined myself by who I was on the soccer field.

I didn't have much to worry about. I quickly discovered I could hold my own against the college guys. With my worries about my ability to compete completely swept away, I was able to turn my attention to other matters--studies, adjusting to dorm life, being away from home, the usual freshman stuff. Hell, out on the field was pretty much the only place I *didn't* have any problems.

Those college jocks were a hell of a lot hotter than my high school teammates. All through high school,

I'd been noticing my teammates and their bodies, comparing myself to them, happy that I came out number one in most categories, but now my college teammates really ratcheted up the competition. Before long, all I could think about were their hard, muscular bodies. I really had to concentrate on unsexy things like upcoming papers or exams to keep from popping a boner in the showers, and even then I was still half-hard a lot of the time. Changing clothes before practice became a real trial. All those hot young men, dressing and undressing; the smells and sounds of the locker room; all that hard, naked male flesh--it was just about more than I could handle. By the time I got dressed, I was so horny my jockstrap could barely contain my hard-on.

All that pent-up arousal worked to my advantage, though. I became an unstoppable juggernaut on the soccer field. My hyper-horny state gave me more power than I'd ever had before. No one dared fuck with me. I focused the power surging from my nuts into raw strength and aggressiveness, and I used it to plow past anyone who got in my way. No one could take me out. I was took a lot of risks, and I pulled most of them off by sheer audacity. My libido was super-stimulated, and my sexually tormented state gave me the drive of two men. I soon became the top-scoring player on the team--and all because I was horny!

I was thrilled with my success in soccer all through my freshman year. I wanted to be number one, and I was. But when my sophomore year started, my priorities shifted. At the end of my freshman year, I'd gone to a party hosted by one of the fraternities, and I'd gotten shit-faced drunk, and I'd ended up letting one of the frat-brats blow me out behind a storage shed. Even though I was drunk and the other guy passed out before I came and I had to finish myself by jacking off, I knew I liked it. By the time my sophomore year began, I'd come to accept what liking a guy's lips locked around my joint meant. I stopped trying to tell myself I was straight, or even bi, and I admitted to myself that I was completely queer. Even though I wasn't ready to announce it anyone else, I stopped telling myself I was just checking out my teammates to hold their bodies up against mine for comparison purposes, and I admitted to myself that what I really wanted was to hold my body up against theirs for sexual purposes. Suddenly being the top dog was fighting for priority with my desire to get my hands on my teammates. I was a horny nineteen-year-old, and I wanted some dick! I'd never been with another guy except for receiving that one drunken blow-job, but I sure wanted to be. I wanted to experience everything two men could do together. I wasn't in high school anymore, I'd established myself at college and on the soccer team, and now I was going to get some cock no matter the consequences.

My roving eyes gave me away. I was in the locker room and looking at Fabian, the team captain who was also one of the other really good players on the team. He made me horny. Watching him slip out of his tight jeans made my nuts ache. Seeing him slide his ass-hugging briefs down just about made me cream my jock. I was looking at his chest as he changed out of his street clothes and thinking to myself that he had started to really layer on some good-looking muscle lately--and had started to show some significant improvement on the field too--when I looked up and saw he was looking right at me. As soon as my eyes locked on his, I knew I had been caught. He could read the lust in my eyes. He raised an eyebrow and smirked a little, like something he had suspected about me had just been confirmed. I didn't know what to do, so I just jerked my gaze off to the side, trying to act all nonchalant, like I was just looking around, thinking my own completely innocent thoughts. I didn't know if he was interested or just thinking about exposing me. I feared it was the latter. He was a senior and had been the top dog on the team until I came along last year; I knew he was more than a little jealous of me, and I assumed his improvement had been the result of hard work to regain the top spot. I knew I had to watch my step. But now I'd just handed him a big weapon to use against me. I didn't know what he would do. I sure hoped he was interested, however, because Fabian was fucking hot! He had a well-muscled body and a hairless chest. He was cute as hell, and laid-back in a sensual, dreamy sort of way. He had the tightest little ass, and his dick--oh, man, that thing looked like it would be at least seven inches when it was hard. Everything about him was thick and hard and definitely drool-worthy!

Despite my intense attraction, I was cautious; partly because this was new territory to me, and partly because I had an uneasy feeling about Fabian. He was an unknown; I knew he wanted back into the number one spot and would do just about anything to accomplish his goal. He seemed like a nice guy and he was hot as hell, but I'd heard rumors that he was manipulative and would stop at nothing sometimes to get what he wanted. If he wanted to be top dog on the team again, I was worried that I'd just handed him a thermonuclear weapon that he could use against me. Would he try to blackmail me?-- Or worse, try to make me quit the team? But though he had caught me staring at him, Fabian didn't seem offended at all. I'd noticed before that he always had a sensual, arousing way of casually touching himself that drove me crazy, and right then he was practically putting on a show, like he was performing just for me. He would seductively slide his hands over his abs, or across his chest, or over his bulging pouch after he pulled on his jockstrap. Seeing him do those little things made me yearn to touch him in the same places, the same way, with my hands. I wasn't sure if he was intentionally trying to turn me on, but he sure was driving me out of my mind with lust! Then as he left the locker room for practice, he gave me a wicked little smile that told me that he knew I was his. *Oh, fuck!*

During practice that day, Fabian was especially hot. All of his sensual, arousing moves hit me harder than ever, like he was performing just for me. Fabian knew he had the upper hand and he seemed to relish pulling out all the stops for his final assault on my weakening resolve. I wanted him so badly I was ready to do anything to get him. He knew it, too. I was no longer unsure of his motives. He was definitely trying to drive me wild with his body.

I didn't do as well that practice. I couldn't make my aching nuts work for me like usual. I knew something was about to happen, and it made me nervous and unsteady. I started to take off for the locker room after practice, but Fabian grabbed me by my jersey.

"C'mon, Paul, let's practice a little longer," he said.

We ran up and down the soccer field, doing some two-player drills and passing the ball between us. We were both still hot and sweaty, and keeping up with Fabian had me dripping and exhausted in no time. The way Fabian's wet jersey hugged his muscular chest, I thought I was going to cum in my jock.

I could read in his eyes that something was up, but I couldn't tell what. We kept up our workout for what felt like at least an hour before Fabian suggested we take a break. We gulped down some fluids to stay hydrated and walked around to keep our muscles loose. I tried to keep things light by asking him what his secret was, why he'd started improving. He said he had a "secret weapon," which naturally got me curious as hell, not just because now I knew Fabian had a secret too, but because--well, if his secret worked that well for him, I could just imagine much better it would work for me. Fabian though turned coy on me and refused to divulge any more information about it. In fact, I think he was kind of gloating that now he was in control of *two* secrets, the bastard. If not for two things--the fact that he knew so massive a secret about me, and the fact that I still wanted to run my hands all over Fabian's body--I'd have told him he was an asshole and walked off. But I didn't. If Fabian's secret was important enough that he wouldn't tell me, it had to be something big too, like steroids or ... Hell, I'd have believed anything right about then.

Finally Fabian said, "You know what? I think you're ready to learn my secret."

So of course I said, "What is it?"

"C'mon." Fabian strode off toward campus. "I'm not going to tell you. I'm going to show you."

So I followed him halfway across campus. He walked quickly, a man on a mission. We were both still in our practice gear, and we were dirty and sweaty, and we probably stunk like we'd been run over by a manure truck. Every time I'd say something like, "Shouldn't we go back to the locker room and change first," Fabian just fired back, "Do you want to learn the secret, or not," and kept walking.

We were coming up behind some buildings, and Fabian turned and headed toward the back door of one. I didn't need to see the sign out front--I knew which building it was because I walked by it nearly every day on my way to and from class. "Uh, Fabian, isn't this the Counseling Center?" Because I couldn't for the life of me see what we were doing here.

Fabian just grinned over his shoulder and said, "C'mon," and went in through the back door like he owned the place.

I'd never set foot in the Counseling Center before. Fabian seemed to know exactly where he was going. Down the hall, the third door on the left, he gave a series of quick little knocks and flashed me a big shit-eating grin. A man's voice from inside said to come in, and Fabian practically bounded through the door.

"Hey!" he greeted the man at the desk, who was rising. They shook hands and the man looked over Fabian's shoulder at me. I was kind of skulking nervously in the doorway. "This," Fabian enthused, pulling me over to meet the man, "is Paul, a buddy of mine from the team"--as if our grungy practice uniforms weren't a giveaway there--"and he's dying to learn about my secret weapon!" Did Fabian give the man a wink? I only caught a glimpse out of the corner of my eye and couldn't be sure. All I knew was something was up, and I needed to figure out what.

The counselor and I shook hands. "Fabian has told me a lot about you," he said. "He has been talking for a couple of weeks now about bringing in to see how we can work together to improve your performance."

I thought, *Wait--what?*

"Well, you two get acquainted," Fabian said, "and I'll be right outside. Holler if you need me."

And then I was alone, as Fabian shut the door behind himself, with this man.

"How much has Fabian explained to you about what he and I have been doing?"

"Absolutely nothing," I said and grinned, turning on the ol' charm because if this secret worked for Fabian, I wanted to know if it would work for me too. No way was I going to let Fabian push me out of the number one spot!--Not without a fight!

The man said, "Yes, that sounds like Fabian," and we shared a laugh at Fabian's expense. "Have a seat."

His "office" looked like it had been a storage room in a past life. Basic empty walls. No windows. A desk. Two chairs. Not a lot of personality there. "You sure?" I said, gesturing at my sweaty, dirty practice gear. I didn't want to get his chair filthy, even though it was leather or vinyl or something and probably could be wiped clean.

The man nodded and gestured, so I sat down in the chair obviously meant for visitors.

"Well," the man began, "everyone experiences trance in a different way."

I burst out with, "Trance? Like ... hypnosis or something?"--because I sure hadn't been expecting that.

"Yes, that's one way of looking at it--a form of hypnosis."

I was stunned! The man kept talking, but all I could do was think, *What the fuck*, over and over.

"Mental training in sports," the man was saying when I rejoined the conversation, "is a rapidly growing field. No one likes to talk about 'hypnosis,' as if it's a dirty word, even though the techniques they're using are taken directly from hypnosis. Athletes see the importance of training for the mental game, but they often are either not aware of, or are nervous about, how hypnosis tools can help. Sometimes they call the tools 'affirmations' instead, or 'guided visualizations,' but those tools are directly pulled from hypnosis. The most obvious application is to give the athlete a way to quickly and easily enter that focused mental state you've experienced during competition, what you probably call 'the zone.' That's not so weird now, is it?"

"Uh," I guess not," because no way was I going to disagree with him until I learned more, like how it worked for Fabian--even if it did sound crazy.

"What you call 'the zone' is that focused state where you are at your peak, where nothing distracts you, and you perform smoothly and competently. Some people think getting 'in the zone' is a chance occurrence--on a good day they reach it, on bad day they don't. But what if you could get 'in the zone' any time you wanted? Could stay in the zone as long as you needed?"

"That sounds a little too good to be true."

"On the contrary, it's a learnable skill, and it's easy to do. At will. Any time, any place. All you need is a little training in how to control your relaxation and to energize your focus by removing all distractions. Getting in the 'zone' through a few simple mental training exercises is easier to learn than most athletes like yourself realize. Fabian was skeptical at first too, but the results he is seeing speak for themselves. My research is aimed at helping athletes, just like you, learn those skills, and then you can apply them yourself any time you need them. You learn to block out distractions and activate the confidence you need to become a winner. Still with me?"

I frowned as I tried to process this. "So that's what Fabian ...?"

He nodded. "Fabian has been learning quite well. He tells me he has seen a lot of improvement. Do *you* think he has improved?"

"Well, uhm, yeah."

"The core of the exercises is really quite simple, and it's ideal for sports practices and events. You see, at any given time, only a few outside factors are important: the ball, your teammates, nearby opponents, the rules, the technique for getting from point A to point B. That may seem like a lot, but it's actually a very small subset, and you're already used to managing it when you play. Everything else can be ignored: the crowd, the time clock, that exam or paper you have next week. Those things only get in your way. If it's not related to achieving the goal, it doesn't matter and your mind doesn't waste time or energy processing it. Until the goal is achieved, only the important things matter. The exercises help you build a mindset that kicks in every time you walk out onto that field. That mindset focuses you on the goal, and everything that is not important to reaching the goal goes unnoticed. The opposing players will be just an annoying barrier to be controlled and avoided. As soon as the goal is achieved or you come

off the field, that mindset is turned off, and your body gets a rush of endorphins and a sense of accomplishment--that 'hooray' moment when the crowd goes wild. The mindset can be turned on for as long as you are practicing or playing, and it can be shut off as long as you are on the sidelines or in the locker room, depending on what *you* decide you need in the specific situation."

"Uhm, that sounds ..., " I said, stifling a yawn.

"I know--it sounds all theoretical and strange and not very practical at all, right?"

"I guess. Kind of like wishful thinking, maybe?"

"Getting you past your initial resistance is the hardest part. But if you're willing to put forth just the tiniest amount of cooperation, it can and will work for you too, just like its working for Fabian."

He yawned and stretched. The yawn was contagious, and I tried to stifle another one too.

"Sorry," he said, grinning like he'd won some little trial I didn't realize was going on. "It's kind of warm in here and you look like you had a hard practice today. Perhaps we're both more tired than we realized?"

"Yeah. Sorry."

"Don't worry about it. It's a perfectly natural response. Athletes like yourself have to be aware of how their body feels at every moment, whether it's tense or relaxed. That's a natural response too. Athletes are usually good at learning hypnosis because they have experience in focusing. The point of hypnosis is to help you relax your body and get directly in touch with your subconscious. Hypnosis is not about 'overpowering' your will. It's about introducing an intense focus, what you might call a 'trance' even though it's not. It's a perfectly natural, focused state in which all distractions are shut out, like being in the 'zone.' You don't have to do anything in particular to go into trance. There's no right way or wrong way to go into trance. Going into trance, into the 'zone,' is just something you allow to happen. You can just be thinking whatever you're thinking and not really trying to make yourself go into trance, because the trance state is not a task you do--it's more something you allow. You might experience trance like going to sleep because it's more like allowing sleep to be there than making yourself go to sleep. So you can let whatever enters your consciousness just be there. It might be the sounds around you; or it might be the distraction of how your body feels in that chair. You might be aware of these things, or you might be lost in your thoughts, wondering whether you are going into trance and what it will be like to go into trance, and maybe you're wondering how you'll know when you are in trance. So you can let those thoughts just be there. You don't have to do anything to go into trance. You can just allow yourself to have whatever experience you're going to have, and you can allow yourself to wonder how you will know when you are in trance. Will you feel a change around your eyes? Will your eyelids grow heavy? Will they close? You might feel certain that you're not going into trance, or you might feel concerned that you won't be able to go into trance. Just let that concern be there, and know that you also may want to go into trance, be willing to go into trance, already be feeling yourself go deeper into trance, because you might not be consciously aware of other responses you are having. You may not have noticed the changes in your muscles and the way they are relaxing even now. Give yourself permission to be exactly the way you are and to have exactly the experience you're having, and when you're ready, at your own rate, you can start to complete your experience of being in trance. Allow the trance to happen. There's nothing you need to do. Just give yourself permission to relax the rest of the way into your trance. Continue enjoying this pleasant experience as your subconscious mind receives everything I say. You will be pleased by how easily and automatically you respond to everything I say ..."

I pulled my head up. "Wait! You're trying to hypnotize me!"

He smiled. "I would say it was more assisting you in hypnotizing yourself. And quite successfully too, I might add. You just spent the best part of the last twenty minutes experiencing a trance--in the 'zone' as it were--and learning to build a mindset in which you shut out all distractions. Then I awoke you by snapping my fingers, and you put that mindset aside."

"No way!" I barked, because I was pretty sure he'd been asking questions and I'd been answering them--but even as I said it, I remembered I *had* heard him snap his fingers. My jaw dropped when I realized I'd fucking been hypnotized!

He gave me a smile that stopped just short of a smirk. "That was the more traditional trance state. Did you enjoy it? How did it feel for you?"

"I dunno," I said, because I didn't have a clue. "I guess it felt like ... well, like being me. I guess I wasn't aware of anything being different, if that makes any sense?"

He nodded. "Everyone experiences being in a trance differently. And the best part? After you have entered the trance state once, entering it again the next time gets easier, and even easier the time after that. One trick we hypnotists like to use is giving you a key phrase or a trigger to help make entering the trance zone again easier. Every time it's used, you enter trance more quickly and more deeply." He handed me something. "Do you know what this is?"

I took it. "It's a stopwatch."

"Not just any stopwatch. It's a very special stopwatch. It can help you re-enter the trance zone any time you want."

"No way!"

"Try it. Press that little button there."

I pressed the button to start the stopwatch. It began ticking and the second began sweeping. It looked like a completely ordinary stopwatch to me, like all the others I'd seen over the years. The watch ticked and every ten seconds it made a louder ping. That sound meant something.

Ping! *Closer*. But to what, I wondered.

Ping! *Deeper*. But to what, I wondered.

"Focus," he said.

My cock was hardening, making me want to focus.

Ping! *Look closer*.

Ping! *Sink deeper*.

"Relax," he said.

Yes, my cock was hardening, definitely making me want to relax.

I found myself concentrating on the watch, aware that it was filling my every thought, unable to look away, unsure why I would ever want to. Ping! The watch was everything. *Closer*--feeling good. *Deeper*--feeling better.

His voice drifted in from a distance: "That's it."

He snapped his fingers, and I snapped upright, as if startled a little.

"See? What did I tell you?" he said as he took the stopwatch from my hand. "It's a special tool. Each time"--he clicked the button and the watch started ticking again--"it gets stronger and easier."

Ping! Already I felt my world revolving down to that stopwatch. This huge wave of concentration was rolling over me, all gentle and quiet but irresistible. I needed to pay attention, needed to feel my eyes closing.

He snapped his fingers again, and I opened my eyes, thinking, *What the hell?*

"Just like that. Re-induction strengthens the trance and helps the hypnosis work faster. You enter the zone faster"--he clicked the button again--"and inevitably you learn to focus faster ..."

Ping! By the second ping, I was out again.

When he asked me to, I lifted my head and opened my eyes.

"How do you feel?"

I thought about it for a moment. My body felt relaxed and heavy. My cock felt very hard, straining at my jock inside my shorts, making me want to hold on to this relaxed, focused feeling. My fingers and toes tingled. My balls tingled too, which added a sweet horny expectation to the buzz I was feeling. It felt like all the best parts of being drunk and stoned and horny all mixed together with none of the bad parts. I answered, "I feel really good."

"I didn't snap my fingers, did I?"

I thought about it. "No," I said, because I couldn't remember hearing a snap.

"So I didn't wake you from your trance. Do you know what that means?"

Talking felt difficult, needed too much concentration. I didn't see the point, but I needed to answer him. "I'm still ... zone ..."

"Yes. Very good. You are indeed still in the zone. See how easily you can respond to me without leaving your trance? Say 'I am deeply hypnotized,' and feel it becoming even more true."

"I am deeply hypnotized."

"See? You're doing very, very well. With a little more practice, you'll be able to do this on your own, any time, any place--during practice, during a game, even during a big exam--anywhere that you need to

be in the zone for maximum performance. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"I know something else you'd like. You see, Fabian has told me quite a lot about you. I think you and he have a number of things in common, things you haven't even realized yet."

I sat and waited for him to explain. Instead he called toward the door, "Fabian, come in here, please."

The door opened, then shut. I vaguely sensed someone beside me, but I didn't let it distract me from this tightly focused feeling.

"Hey there. What's up?" Fabian's voice beside me. "Holy shit! Is he--? Did you really--? Holy fuck!"

"Yes, Fabian, he's deeply hypnotized and enjoying himself. He's a very good subject. Most athletes and over-achievers are."

Fabian waved his hand in front of my face. I didn't let that distract me. "Holy shit!--Look at him. He's really in the zone, isn't he! Does he even know what's going on? Can he hear us? Is that a hard-on? Has he got a fucking hard-on?"

"Yes. I find a little sexual arousal is a good way to help encourage a persistent trance state. You probably recall that yourself."

Fabian giggled self-consciously. "I thought I was the only one who got a ..."

"No, it's quite common. Perhaps you'd like to demonstrate?"

The counselor clicked the button, and the stopwatch ticked and pinged. Fabian made a quiet sound, not quite a moan or a sigh.

"That's it, Fabian. Proceed." To me he said, "Paul, perhaps you'd like to watch Fabian demonstrate some of the more advanced aspects of the trance zone?"

I turned my head toward Fabian. Everything else was gone, didn't matter. Fabian's expression looked dazed and intense at the same time: slack around the mouth, but laser-sharp around the eyes, the expression of a man who knew what he needed to do. I watched as Fabian slowly pulled off his jersey, wobbled a little as he tugged off his shoes and socks. He looked so hot standing there in just his shorts, his beautiful chest rising and falling slowly as he breathed. He was so fucking hot! I couldn't help but just stare at him. Every aspect of my thoughts was focused on Fabian.

"Paul, perhaps you'd like to get more comfortable, like Fabian?" he asked me.

I kept looking at Fabian as I pulled my own jersey off. All the pent-up desire and arousal in my balls had been harnessed to this ... this zone I was in, but it was too much--I was too relaxed, too deep--and I couldn't seem to make my body work enough to reach down for my shoes. Fabian was more experienced at this, but I couldn't seem to make my body work right.

The counselor had a plan for this too, and he told Fabian to help me. Fabian knelt before me, nothing on but his shorts, so beautiful, and he picked up my left foot and put it against his thigh and untied the laces

and then pulled off my kick and my sock and my shin guard. Then he eased my foot back down on the floor, took up my right one, and repeated the process.

"Paul is here to learn from you, Fabian," he said. "Why don't you show him how to enjoy the arousal that accompanies a good, deep trance."

Fabian stood in front of me and pulled me to my feet. Our eyes locked. Fabian inched his face closer to mine and kissed me, his mouth changing from slack to dedicated, as he kissed me deeply, demandingly. After a few moments, he pulled back and looked into my eyes. He seemed to be daring me to object, but I was too focused to make a move, and any objection was a fading distraction that I let slip off to the side in my mind. He wrapped his arms around me and pressed his lips to mine. He darted his tongue into my mouth, and we kissed deeper still.

I would have done anything he asked. My head was focused on the need to have him, and I think he knew it. He seemed to be focused on the need to have me too. Fabian seemed as into it as I was. I felt too good to care.

"Chew on his neck," we were directed, though I'm not sure which of us the counselor was talking to. "Lick him. Show him you want to make love to him."

Everything melted away except that need. I wanted to take the initiative, and this time I managed to make myself move. I chewed on Fabian's earlobe and neck. He moaned his passion, a series of low groans. I licked my way down to his chest and tongued one of his nipples until it grew hard. Fabian moaned more and pressed my head against his pec. He sure as hell wasn't acting or faking. He wanted this as much as I did. I lathered his muscular pecs with my tongue, tasting his dried sweat, exploring his chest to my heart's content. I worked my way to his abs. Man, was he built! Each row of abdominal muscles was like steel. My own body was pretty damned hot, but his was exceptional. I worshipped his torso with my fingers and tongue. Fabian was so fucking hot!

"Strip him."

I found myself rubbing the large bulge in Fabian's shorts. I pushed them down. His hard tool stretched the mesh of his jock. I could clearly make out the hard shaft and the bulbous head; his dark pubes were poking out the sides. I groped him through the jock as I looked up into his beautiful eyes. His heavy-lidded, intense gaze made him look hotter than ever. His eyes were glazed with lust and concentration and something wicked that I couldn't read. It didn't matter; I was too far gone to care. I was his. I dug my fingers under the band of his jock, and my eyes locked on his. I pulled his jock down, and his massive tool sprang up to freedom.

"Kneel."

I sank to my knees in front of Fabian. His big cock cantilevered in front of my face. I licked it and pulled the head between my lips. My eyes never left Fabian's until he closed them to focus on the feelings I was creating on his cock.

All of my attention locked onto his dick as I massaged the head with my lips. I ran my tongue all around it, investigating the taste. I pulled more between my lips. Fabian was thick so I had to stretch my mouth to accommodate his tool. As he hardened, I understood I'd underestimated his length earlier. Hard, he wasn't seven inches; he was closer to a good eight, maybe even eight and a half! I'd never seen a guy hung like that before! I'd checked out every one of my teammates, and I'd seen plenty of hard cocks in

the locker room and the showers, but no one else came close to Fabian. He was definitely the top dog in the cock department. Fabian's mammoth meat made my seven-incher seem small. He was huge! I knew I'd never be able to take him all in. I didn't care because, even if I didn't accomplish the goal, I still wanted to try!

I worked my lips farther and farther down his tool. I loved the way it throbbed between my lips. It felt so hot in my mouth, warm and alive and so intimate. I worked down as far as I possibly could and then tried for more. I just couldn't do it. I could handle four or five inches, but I just couldn't manage those last several. Fabian didn't seem to object--probably no one had ever swallowed his whole cock on their first try. I went to work on what I could handle, and like I'd seen in a porno video, I formed my index finger and thumb into a ring to stroke the excess length that my mouth couldn't handle. Fabian sure liked it; he never stopped moaning and groaning and running his fingers through my hair. I was finally sucking dick, and I loved it! I was sucking Fabian's dick!

I really went to work on his dick. My lips and tongue were all over him. I might not have been skilled yet, but I was enthusiastic. With his looks he must have gotten plenty of blowjobs, but I bet he'd never gotten such an enthusiastic one before!

I pulled my lips from his pole and tongued his nut sack. That really made him moan. I licked all over his scrotum and then drew one of his nuts into my mouth. I rolled it around on my tongue and massaged it with my lips. Fabian pressed my head against his crotch. He must have really liked what I was doing. I went for his other nut and gave it the same treatment. I tried to take them both in at once but, like his cock, they were just too fucking huge.

I pulled Fabian's cock between my lips once more. I could taste his pre-cum, since he was beginning to ooze. I ran my lips up and down his throbbing shaft. He was moaning like crazy, and he never stopped moaning for a moment. That made me hard as a rock, had my cock drooling pre-cum into my pouch. I was half-afraid I'd jizz in my jock before I was even finished sucking Fabian. I'd never been so aroused or so focused on a goal before!

Fabian was on the edge; he started fucking my face like crazy. He had a goal and he was going for it. I could feel his nuts tighten, and his cock throb harder than ever. With a loud groan, he filled my mouth with the first huge spurt of his jock-cream. It coated my tongue, surged against my jaws. It tasted weird, but it was Fabian. That first spurt was followed by another, and another. His cock popped out of my mouth and the next spurt jetted across my cheek, then the rest of it oozed out as Fabian gave me the last of his load. I loved the way his cock-head felt against my skin as it smeared the rest of his jock-jizz against my jaw and neck. Man, those big nuts of his could really pump out the cum!--spurt after spurt of it, so fucking hot, so fucking ... Fabian!

"Excellent. Paul, why don't you stand up, and Fabian, why don't you return the favor," the counselor suggested.

Fabian staggered half a step back, pulling his thick, juicy dick away from my mouth. Standing seemed too complex to me, I struggled a bit, and Fabian helped me to my feet. He dropped to his knees and yanked my shorts and jock to my calves. He swallowed half of my seven inches on his first plunge, another inch on his second, and went right down to the base on his third. My nuts and cock buzzed happily as he demonstrated his oral skills. His warm and wet and velvety mouth felt better than anything I'd ever experienced in my whole life!

I'm embarrassed to admit this, but I blew my load in less than half a minute. I just couldn't help it. I was so worked up, so aroused, that I had nearly shot my load while I was sucking on Fabian. So when he

wrapped his lips around my cock, I just couldn't take it anymore. After just six more delicious slow glides of his mouth down and back up my shaft, my cock spewed a deluge of cream between his slurping lips. I kept cumming and cumming and cumming--releasing all that pent-up horniness--like I hadn't gotten my rocks off in weeks. Fabian sucked my dick hard as I spewed jet after jet between his sensuous lips. I couldn't believe how good his mouth felt, and my orgasm felt so fucking intense!

I leaned back, and the chair seat caught me behind my knee and my shorts and jock around my calves hobbled me, and I sat down hard in the chair, breathing hard, completely wiped out. Something about seeing Fabian kneeling naked before me was especially hot, and then he licked his lips and rubbed his tight abs seductively and kind of slutty--oh, man, I started to get erect again.

The counselor said, "Very good, boys. Fabian, is there anything else he can do to help you relax and focus?"

"I want him to fuck me," Fabian said.

That made my nuts surge with power again; my cock immediately finished springing to life. The rest of me was nearly too relaxed to move, so Fabian unrolled the rubber he'd gotten from somewhere over my hard cock. He got down on the rug on all fours. I managed to make myself move, sank off the chair and onto the floor, kneeling behind him. I hadn't dreamed I'd get to fuck him, but the counselor said that was now my goal, and I wanted it more than anything. I wasn't about to pass up this shot at Fabian's tight, sweet ass.

I'd never fucked a guy, but I'd fucked girls, and I'd fucked a girl up the ass once last year. I knew the basics; I knew how to achieve this goal. I positioned my dick-head at his asshole and pushed, and it popped right in. Fabian tensed and grunted. I just held my cock there for a minute. Fabian needed to get used to it, and I loved the pressure and heat of his tight little hole clamping down around my dick.

I pushed a little more of my pole up his butt. Fabian grunted again, but I could tell he was beginning to like it. Each inch of my cock sinking into his asshole felt like pure bliss; my cock went deeper and deeper. If this was what achieving the goal felt like, I was all in, and I let my head sink deeper and deeper too. Fabian's ass was so nice and tight! My dick felt hard as a rock. My balls blazed with power and I couldn't have gotten out of this zone if I tried--and I wasn't about to try! The way my cock and balls felt, if I hadn't already gotten my rocks off earlier, then no way could I have held out for long--and I definitely wanted to stay in this zone a good long time before I blew my load. I was going to accomplish this goal, and Fabian's ass was going to get fucked good!

I slid more and more of my seven-incher up his sweet, sweet ass. Fabian moaned virtually nonstop. I loved it, and so did he! I can't begin to describe the feeling as the last inch of my cock slid into his ass and I knew I had my entire cock buried in his butt--the intensity of it all was beyond description. Everything felt so good, and my cock definitely felt like it was meant to be right where it was, surrounded by Fabian's ass!

I pulled my cock nearly free of his hole, then pushed it in once more. Making my so-relaxed muscles move was still difficult and clumsy, but I managed and this time I didn't have to pause. I just slid the whole thing back up his chute. The feeling was so magnificent! As soon as my pubes crushed against his butt, I pulled nearly out and pushed in once more. Moving was getting easier now that I was getting used to being in the zone. If he wanted to be fucked, I'd fuck the hell out of him--I'd go all top dog on his ass and make sure his ass knew who was in charge. I picked up the pace, little by little, until I was really fucking him. Fabian was really into it too, like a feral animal. He kept shoving his tight butt back against my cock as I pushed it into him.

Something primitive and primeval awakened in me, maybe in us both. Everything else just flowed from my mind, and the only thing I could think about was our coupling. I had made getting my hands on one of my teammates' bodies a priority, and now it was happening. Fucking Fabian's butt was my goal, and I was accomplishing it. Nothing else mattered in the world for me but this hardcore butt-fucking. I rammed into Fabian harder and harder. He didn't protest; instead, he rammed himself back against me, making his cock smack against his stomach, impaling himself on my pole, trying for the hardest fuck he could get out of me. Hell, Fabian's ass was snapping and biting at my dick in ways I never knew a butt could bite back. If I was a dog, he was a wolf, and he was definitely giving as well as he got, maybe even better. His ass wasn't just going to be some passive hole like some of the girls I'd fucked; he was fucking me back! I thrust harder and faster. My breath was coming in gasps, and my heart felt like it was going to explode out of my chest. We were going at it all out, holding nothing back, chasing down the goal. We were wild, consumed by the fuck. Just when I thought I was ready to collapse from the intense pace, I hit my second wind. I kept going, kept slam-fucking Fabian's tight ass for all I was worth.

"Are you ready to cum, Fabian? Give yourself permission to cum."

I wondered why Fabian got to cum first if I was top dog, but that didn't matter. I was in the zone and all that mattered was the powerful feeling of thrusting in and out of his ass.

Fabian yowled in ecstasy, and I knew he was shooting his load, holding nothing back. Neither of us had touched his cock once since I had sucked him dry, but now his dick was spewing cum like a fire hose. I wished I could have wrapped my hand around his dick, but I was too busy holding on to his hips as I kept fucking. Feeling his body tense and his asshole clench around my cock, hearing him moan and whimper in ecstasy, made me fuck him harder still, like that extra burst of speed at the end of a long sprint down the soccer field. My cock flashed in and out of his ass.

"You're ready to cum too, aren't you, Paul? It's time. Go ahead and let yourself cum."

That's when it happened. I felt it growing--another fuck-stroke, another--growing faster--another--and then I started orgasming--and then I blew the biggest, thickest load I could remember. I didn't know where it all came from, but my cock spewed spurt after spurt of cream deep into Fabian's ass. I could feel the rubber expanding with the flood of jizz. My cock was like steel. I pummeled Fabian's ass as each surge of my cream jetted from my dick. I howled like a wild beast as I fired my shots up his ass. With one last huge spurt, I fell to the rug, exhausted. My nuts were empty, completely drained of power.

"Good, boys, very good. Sleep now. Just let yourselves sink back into deep, restful sleep ..."

The next thing I knew, we were back at the locker room. I had no idea how we got there. Feeling kind of vaguely embarrassed, "That was wild," was all I said to Fabian about what we'd just experienced.

"Definitely," he agreed, nodding a little.

We showered quickly, dressed, and left without saying another word to each other.

The next day after practice, as the team started heading back to the locker room, Fabian grabbed my jersey and pulled me aside. "We've got an appointment," he said, and I grinned and trotted happily along after him to the Counseling Center. Once we were in the zone, we got it on again, and it was nuts-drainingly good. And the day after that, we did it again, and the day after that.

I was still a force to be reckoned with on the field. Dropping into the zone helped calm down some of

my reckless risk-taking and improved the technical aspect of my performance immensely, making me a better player overall. But having the power in my balls yoked to the zone instead of my game-playing made me lose my edge. I was no longer quite the unstoppable force that I had been. Fabian replaced me as the top dog on the team. I realized that was why he shared his secret and took me to see the counselor; it was his way of seducing me into being number two. He knew I'd lose my edge and he'd accomplish his goal of regaining his place and finishing his senior year as number one. He was a wicked, scheming little fucker, dangerous as hell. I didn't care, though. I was more than willing to pay the price for his throbbing dick and sweet little ass--and if it meant being number two, that was fine with me. I'd be number one again next year after he graduated, and the year after that.

It was my own fault--I was the one who decided getting my hands on some dick was a priority, and now my goals had shifted. I'd found something that was even more important than being number one: hard, sweaty, man-to-man sex, especially man-sex in Fabian's hot little butt. I guess we both ended up with what we wanted. Fabian was the star soccer player again, and I got to fuck his tight little ass and suck his huge cock to my heart's content. He was using me, and I let myself be used because letting him be top dog was such a fucking sweet ride!
