

Accelerated Take Down

by **Wrestlr**

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I was a freshman, and it was the first day of wrestling practice, so I didn't know really what to expect. I was nineteen, fresh out of high school, attending this big fancy college on a wrestling scholarship. The head coach has recruited me himself, and I had been looking forward to seeing him again. Funny, but when he looked in my eyes, I couldn't think about anything else. I had not been planning to come to this school until he visited, and after that it was like all my questions and reservations just vanished, and I never doubted my decision to come to this college instead. So I thought it was kind of odd that he wasn't there that first day. Oh, well.

After some practice drills, we circled the mats. Time for us newcomers to go up against the returners and show them our stuff.

I was ready for anything. At nineteen, I was cocky and had that confident swagger of a winning jock. I was handsome, well-built, and I knew it. The girls couldn't get enough of me, and I couldn't get enough of them. I'd had a damn good season my senior year in high school--even took the state championship in my weight class--this would be a piece of cake.

I was ready for anything. Anything except the tall built-like-a-brick-shithouse captain of the wrestling team. That's who I got as an opponent. His name was Chris. They called him Killer. I knew him vaguely from high school. He had been a senior my freshman year, and now he was leading my college team. He'd been just another wrestler until last year, when he'd practically come out of nowhere to burn up the

mats against every opponent. Somehow, last year, he'd turned into an unbeatable machine on the mats. I'd followed his career in the news, and his turnaround was one of the big reasons I had signed with this college.

Now I had to wrestle him. He'd beefed up a lot since high school. One look at all that muscle bursting out of his singlet, and I knew he'd kick my ass. Man, this guy was in a whole different weight class from me. Still, I was game.

We were staring each other down. He had this really intense look about him, like his mind was somewhere else and his body was responding on its own. We took our stances in the center ring; the assistant coach blew the whistle; and we circled each other. He went in first, fast and low. He got the back of my neck from the crouching position. I clasped under his shoulder blade, and he put a move on me: the cross-ankle pickup. He grabbed my right ankle and used his weight to drive me down. Around us, his buddies were chanting "Kil-ler! Kil-ler!" His big body plowed into mine; he was forcing me to the mat. He nearly pinned a shoulder. I thrust forward with my hips. He lifted, and I rolled. I used my arm leverage, tried for a reversal move he wouldn't expect. I twisted, caught a grip on his brawny thigh, pressed back the force of his position. I grabbed his waist and yanked with all my might. The flex of his quads dictated that he was not going down. He was ready for me after all. He was stronger than me, bigger than me. He wasn't going down.

I put my head to his iron-hard chest and pushed, only to draw back with my neck burning. He looped a muscle-corded arm around my neck and dropped me easily into a crotch and half-Nelson hold. I squirmed and struggled, but he had me in his lock. The heavy crush of his forearm wore me down and pinned both shoulders to the mat. He'd landed a take-down. I lay there, panting, defeated. He only had to hold me there a moment to gain the score, but he stayed there, growling. That rock-hard

body ground down against mine. I felt the heat of his dick throb into my chest, growing hotter and harder. Shit! He was getting off on this! The assistant coach had blown the whistle, but he stayed where he was, pressing his bulge into me.

"Kil-ler! Kil-ler!" his buddies chanted in unison around us.

I lay under the thunder of his heaving chest, the heat of his flesh, the weight of his cock throbbing against me. I'd never gotten off with a guy before, and definitely not in front of everybody like this, so I was freaking out a little. The assistant coach slapped Chris on the shoulder, told him to get off. He did, and yanked casually at the cloth of his singlet, and slowly walked away.

In the locker room after practice, I'm fresh from the shower, a towel around my waist. Chris sauntered over. He hadn't showered yet; he was naked except for his jockstrap. He cornered me in front of my locker. He leaned forward, propping one arm on the lockers, using his invasion of my space to intimidate me. It worked too; my back was against the chill metal lockers, and he had this hard stare holding my gaze. "I know you, don't I. Yeah, I remember you. Jack, from high school."

I swallowed hard. His proximity was getting to me, making my cock stir. I was starting to throw a boner. Shit, this bruiser had me where he wanted me, and he knew it. I swallowed hard again, and tried to think of something else. "Yeah, that's me."

"You did good out there today. You got the moves and a lot of spirit. All you need to work on is your mental game."

"Uh, thanks, I guess."

"Wait for me to change. We'll go back to my place for a beer and watch

some wrestling tapes."

"Okay."

Chris was obsessed by wrestling. His big, off-campus apartment was a shrine. Wrestling posters and pictures on the walls. A mass of trophies he'd earned. Even had rubber mats covering the part of the floor in the main room. Certainly put my dorm room to shame.

His roommate, he said, was out, wouldn't be back until much later. He handed me a beer, and we kicked back. He hit the remote and, on one of the biggest televisions I'd ever seen, we viewed a bunch of hyperactive studs gripping muscle, grunting, slamming hard bodies into the mats. Chris was focused on the screen, commenting on the action but never looking away. I kept glancing over at him. He'd spread those big muscular legs, shift his dick in his sweats. This sense of power and presence seemed to just radiate from him. Sitting there next to his powerful body, I could feel my cock stir a little, snaking around in my shorts.

"See that!" He was thrusting his finger at the screen. "That move right there. It's tricky. Get on the mat--let's try that!"

Next thing I knew, we're down on the mat, going through the moves. Shit, this bastard was fast and super-strong. No matter what I did--no matter how hard I tried--he took me down again and again. We were panting, sweating. His taut legs entangled mine, and his chest pounded into mine. I thrust with my hips, trying to lift him off of me, and he bore down. I could feel his prick against mine, hard from the pressure. I got aggressive. I pushed back and forth, practically dry-humping that mound in his loose sweats. He stared right into my eyes for a long moment. Then he pulled back, lifted off of me.

"Yeah," he said definitely, as if some question had just been answered. "You got the spirit, all right. You just need to work on your mental game." He stood up and reached his beer, took a long hit off of it.

I stood up too. "How'd you get so good, Chris? I mean, you were always good in high school, but now ... shit!"

"Last year, Coach showed me a way to take myself to the next level. I owe it all to him."

"What do you mean?"

He gave me another of those long, hard looks. "It's something he and this guy over in the Psychology department worked up."

He opened a cabinet under the huge television. Took out something that looked like a video game system and put it on the table. He took out a couple of helmets, kind of like a weird cross of a motorcycle helmet and a virtual reality helmet, connected by cords to that central unit. He handed me one of the helmets.

"What does this do?" I asked.

"It's some kind of accelerated learning system, Coach says. Helps you unlearn all the bad techniques and relearn good ones instead. Makes you think faster on the mats and gives you more self-confidence. Sure worked for me."

"Can I try it?"

"You sure you want to? It can get pretty ... intense."

"Sure. I can handle it. How does it work?"

"Have a seat," he said.

I sat down, slouching a little.

"Gimme a second," he said. He rummaged through the cabinet, pulled out some cartridges. One of them was labeled Introduction, and he pushed it into the slot on the central unit next to where my helmet's cord connected to it. "I'm at level 3 but I'm going to start you on the very first one. Slip that headset on," Chris said. I pulled the helmet over my head. The faceplate was opaque and shut out all light from outside. I heard him doing something to that unit on the table. "Ready?"

The faceplate lit up. A snowy pattern like static on a television and a lulling hiss of white noise. There was this little red dot in the center, and it drew my eyes. It was the only thing that wasn't a shifting chaos of static. It just sat there. I expected it to grow or shrink or move, but it just sat there.

I waited for a long time. I was aware of something, like a presence, that seemed to come from the image before me. The static pattern and noise were kind of soothing actually, and I found I didn't mind waiting.

Chris' voice reached me from somewhere outside, somewhere very, very far away. He said, "By now, the subliminals have got their hooks in you. Don't be afraid if you can't move--everything will be all right, Jack."

He was right. My arms and legs were completely limp, too heavy to move. Or maybe I just didn't want to.

Chris' voice again: "The process is making your mind completely open and receptive. When it's finished, you'll be like me; you'll be on your way to becoming the best you can be. Every aspect of your personality will be changed to make you a winner. It's for the best."

The visuals flickered. Only the red dot at the center of my awareness remained constant. The most intense sensations washed through me. Something was happening. Something incredible. Something I wanted, more than anything else. I was floating, my body and mind drifting through clouds of pure sensation. The visuals shifted inside the static patterns, too fast for me to make anything out; and there was a voice murmuring in the hiss, too soft for me to catch. I just let it all go and drifted. Slowly, everything was getting more intense, and I loved the sensations washing through me.

Suddenly, everything shattered. The stimulation jumped incredibly and something erupted through my body, like an orgasm but a hundred times more intense.

I sat up, gasping.

A hand on my shoulder. A voice, Chris', from outside the helmet. "Easy, Jack. It's pretty intense the first time, isn't it. Just relax and give yourself a second to get used to it."

I was still panting as I lifted the helmet off my head. I felt disoriented. How long had I been under this device's spell? My arms didn't seem to want to work right. My cock was softening; it had been hard, and the head had pushed out from under the waist of my shorts. I'd cum, and my spunk was soaking into the fabric of my shirt.

Chris was kneeling beside me. Grinning. "Don't worry about it," he said softly. "Feel better?" He took the helmet from me and set it aside.

"Yeah." I really did. My body felt ... more alive. Electric.

Then Chris did something I never thought he would. He dropped his hand into my crotch and stroked the ridge made by my softening cock.

"Like that? Feel good?"

Then I did something I never thought I would. I spread my legs and moaned, "Yeah ... feels great." My cock was starting to rise again.

His voice was still quiet, smooth, more like a purr. His eyes stared directly into the depths of mine. "The Voice was right. You're different now. Better. Like me. Isn't that great?"

My voice was quiet too. "Yeah."

Chris was pulling away. I didn't want him to go. He walked over to the mats. His voice was a growl. "Come here."

I stood up. My legs felt wobbly. This was more than just post-orgasm slackness. That helmet had done something to me. Something I liked.

Chris jumped at me the moment I stepped on the mat. I sidestepped him. Which surprised me--before, I never would have seen that coming. He came back at me fast, rolled forward and knocked me off my feet. I slammed down, him atop me, his hands around my wrists and feet around my ankles. I was spread-eagle on bottom; he was spread-eagle on top. The lump in his sweats pressed against my responding cock. I strained to topple him. He was strong, I was strong. We were eye to eye, his boring deeply into mine. He humped against my crotch, and I humped back, sparking a fire to my nuts. His hand slipped, and I shoved him to the side. He whirled and grabbed me from the back, grabbed my tee-shirt and tugged it back. I slid down, arms up, slipped out of my shirt and out of his grip.

He came after me again, not letting up. He clawed for the waistband of my shorts. I scrambled sideways. I hooked my fingers in the neck of his tee and pulled; the material tore down to his navel. He shrugged out of

his destroyed shirt.

While he was distracted, I lunged at him. He heard me coming and shifted, enough to throw off my hold. He roared at me and turned, snatched my shorts and briefs down. My shorts kept me from backpedaling out of his way, and he threw himself on top of me. My mouth was open, and he covered it with his own. This was the first time I'd ever kissed a guy, and I loved it. I loved the way his tongue snaked into my mouth like it was probing into my soul.

His hand ventured up my bare torso. Mine touched him here and there, exploring his hard muscles. He reached down and slipped his sweats down. No underwear. My cock was hard. His too. He pressed his crotch down on mine and ground our cocks between us. I gasped as this wave of pleasure pulsed through me.

That's when I heard something. Keys in the door. I panicked, but Chris didn't move, didn't let me up. The door opened. It was Coach! My heart almost exploded!

"What the hell are ya doing there?" Coach bellowed in a voice full of thunder.

Shit! What if he exposed me to the team? There goes my scholarship, I thought. I'll be thrown out of school. What if he tells my parents?

"Hi, Coach," Chris said. "We were watching some wrestling tapes, and Jack tried the accelerator."

Coach snarled, "Ya practice a few holds one minute, and the next thing yer fucking each other like a couple fags?"

Coach's stony face was fixed in a kick-ass grimace. But what the hell was

he doing here? How did he get keys to Chris' place? Was Coach Chris' roommate?

Next thing I knew, Chris was pulling off me. I pulled up my shorts, snatched for my tee shirt. Chris crawled over to Coach and knelt in front of him. I was shocked. He pulled down Coach's zipper, the only sound in the room. Chris pulled out Coach's massive hard-on and stroked it. Coach pulled off his shirt, and I stared at his body. His torso was awesome. His arms were big, bulging guns. His barrel chest was cut and perfectly sculpted. He radiated power.

Chris was attacking Coach's dick, licking and stroking it. Coach ran his fingers through Chris' hair, a surprisingly affectionate gesture from such a gruff man. Coach's face took on a lustful expression as Chris began sucking his long, thick rod in earnest. Coach was staring a hole through me, and I couldn't look away. Something about him reminded me so much of that presence I had felt when I was experiencing the accelerator. I couldn't look away from his eyes. "That's right," he grunted, and then he spoke the words that hit me hard: "Relax. Focus. Obey."

He churned his hips against Chris' face. Then Chris pulled back, wagging that bone, skinning it back in his fist. **Shit**--Coach really had some dick on him! A hefty plum-headed beast! It projected straight as a pipe in front of him, and he and it were walking toward me.

With one paw, Coach pushed me down to my knees. Eye to eye with his whanger. I didn't resist. Coach repeated, "Relax. Focus. Obey." His cock came closer. I kissed the head, tasting my first cock. I opened my jaw as far as I could and tried to slip his meat into my mouth. Something in me wanted badly to please him. I gagged though, tried again, and gagged again. Chris was beside me, running his tongue up Coach's hip. Coach

turned, and Chris sucked his cock deep into his throat.

Coach ruffled my hair. "Don't worry. We'll get ya broken in soon, punk."

I licked at Coach's groin and belly as Chris blew him.

Coach grunted, "Gonna cum, punks." He pulled out of Chris' hungry mouth, jacked himself with rough strokes. His cock aimed at me, piss-slit gaping. His cock jerked, and the first of several long ropes of cum jetted out across my cheek, shoulder, and chest. Coach howled his pleasure. He continued to pump that monster long after it stopped spitting cum at me.

He chuckled and ruffled my hair. "Yeah," he said definitely, "we'll get you trained up right, punk."