

Disclaimer: There's sex, hypnosis, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, go elsewhere.

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Comments to [wrestlr@iname.com](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

# Jeremy's Story

by Wrestlr

## Part 1

"Jeremy! Get your ass over here now!"

Coach Tucker was really steamed--that's why he was yelling at me. He'd warned me several times, but I'd screwed up ... again. Just my luck--Mondays always suck.

Wrestling practice. I rolled away from my opponent, stood up, and went over to where Coach was glaring at me. I'd fucked up again, and I knew it, so I was trying my best to look sorry.

Coach wasn't buying it. He jerked his thumb at his office door, and I followed him in. He nearly slammed it behind him.

"What the hell do you think you're doing out there? You're supposed to be a hell of a good wrestler, Jeremy, but you're just sloppy as hell."

"Sorry, Coach. I--"

"Sorry won't cut it! You could have hurt him with that maneuver. Even a blind ref would throw you off the mat for a stunt like that. I've warned you before, and nothing's changed. What the fuck is going on with you?"

"Sorry, Coach. I guess I'm just having some problems concentrating. I'm under a lot of stress this term." That much was true, sure, but it was kind of a dodge and we both knew it.

"Problems concentrating, huh?" The venom in his voice made me wince. He rummaged through a drawer in his desk. "Nothing I've tried has made any difference with you, so let's try something different." He tossed me a scrap of paper.

"What's this?"

"It's the phone number of a guy in the Psych Department. He's new, used to work with some of the Olympic athletes. He's supposed to be real good with motivation and stuff like that."

"He's a shrink or something? Coach, I don't need a fucking shrink. I just--"

"Shove it, Jeremy. You're going to call him, and you're going to call him right now. It's either this ... or you're off the team."

That got my attention! I'd been hoping to make the starting line-up, even if I knew I was fucking up a lot, but I never expected this! If I got kicked off the team, I'd lose my scholarship. My folks would kill me, even worse than if they knew about the other thing about me that I kept hidden from them. No wrestling. No school. My life would be over. I started to protest, but Coach held up his hand.

"Jeremy, you were really good last year. Top-notch. This year, you're blowing big, and the season hasn't even started yet. This is it, your very last chance to pull out of this tailspin. I'm not going to throw you off the team, just yet ..."

Whew!

"... but"--uh oh, here it comes--"... I am going to suspend you for at least two weeks."

"Two weeks? But, Coach--!"

"I don't want you coming around or suiting up. You're going to work with that guy. I've already cleared it with him. I'm going to check up on you with him this time next week for a progress report. You don't get reinstated until he says you're good to go. Understand me?"

"Uh, yeah, Coach, I understand."

"Maybe that will convince you how serious this shit you're pulling has gotten."

"Yes sir, Coach Tucker."

"Now get over there and call him. Right now." He shook a finger at the telephone.

"Right now?"

"Yes, now. Jeremy, you're not showing the right attitude here."

I looked at the number. I picked up the phone. I bit my lower lip a little ... and then I dialed.

He answered on the second ring.

"Hi. Uhm, this is Jeremy. I'm, uh, I'm on the wrestling team. Coach Tucker told you about me? I'm having some problems and he said you might be able to help me?"

"Oh, yes, Jeremy." Hi voice was smooth, deep, a rolling voice like low music. "Why don't you come by my office tomorrow and we'll discuss what I may be able to do to help? Say, around three o'clock?"

"Uh ..." I started to say three o'clock was during practice and I couldn't make it. But I saw Coach Tucker glaring at me out of the corner of my eye and remembered I wouldn't be practicing for at least two weeks. "Uh, yeah, three o'clock will be fine."

## Part 2

At five minutes before three the next day, Tuesday, I knocked on his door. From inside, that same deep voice: "Yes?"

I opened the door a crack and stuck my head in. He was sitting behind his desk, facing me. "Hi, I'm Jeremy? We have a meeting at three o'clock?"

"Oh, yes!" He got up, coming around the desk. "Come in, Jeremy, come in." He introduced himself--"Call me Doc; all my friends do"--and ushered me into this big chair by his desk.

His office was in the underground floor, so there were no windows. Just lots and lots of bookcases, stained a warm cherry color, and hundreds of books and journals. Lamps, some tasteful knickknacks. It looked more like a study in someone's home than a faculty office.

Doc himself looked kind of young for being a professor--mid-thirties, I'd say--and he had a friendly, open manner. He had a good build, like he was a former athlete himself and still kept in shape. He didn't sit back behind the desk. He sat on one corner, kind of facing me.

I was looking over a few of the titles on his shelves. A lot of them were books on hypnosis. "What's up with this stuff?" I asked, gesturing at the books.

"Don't laugh. Hypnosis is a respected tool. I do a lot of research into it."

"Yeah? I think it's a lot of hooley."

"No, it's not like what you've seen in bad science-fiction movies. It's very effective and very real. In fact, Athletes have used it for some time now to improve concentration and sports performance." He started by telling me about his background. He's worked with a lot of Olympians, just like Coach Tucker said, a lot of names I recognized, and a lot of medalists. He'd decided he was ready for a change of pace, so he had just taken this teaching joke, which he was enjoying a lot. He did miss some of the traveling he did when he was working with professional and competitive athletes. He started pointing out a lot of things on his shelf, telling me where he'd gotten them, and who he'd been working with at the time.

"And this piece ..." He picked up a statue of carved wood from the opposite corner of his desk. "This is my favorite of all. It's from Africa." A stylized statue of a man. A little over twelve inches tall, maybe, by five or six inches wide and six inches deep. The man had his knees bent, body hunched a little. His body was stained deep, brown, nearly black. At his waist, a loincloth was painted brick-red. The loincloth was split in two, and from the divide rose a large phallus, carved erect and curving upward, like the cocks on some of those Greek statues of satyrs. At least four inches long--definitely not proportional. The figure's torso was bare. Its face featured a mouth held in a perfect ring, a pair of large, dark jewels for eyes, upswept hair tinted faintly with dark cyan.

That cock alone would have made it obscene in any other setting. But here, in this office, with these rich woods and books all around, it seemed to fit right in.

Doc held it on his thigh, facing it toward me. "It's a rare piece, a statue of Ashibo, a trickster god. He's the god of mischief and luck, games of chance, and surprisingly, also the god of agriculture and fertility. I guess that's why his has this huge hard on." We both kind of chuckled at that. "Mischief, luck, agriculture, and fertility ... that's some combination, huh?"

"I guess maybe it's because having good crops and fertility are kind of luck of the draw?"

He looked at me like I'd just said something really smart, like he was impressed. "Why, that's right. That's exactly how the legends describe it."

I figured he'd put the statue away now, but he wasn't quite through. He was holding upright with one hand, kind of stroking the back of its head and neck with the other, which seemed kind of odd to me.

"The eyes, though, those are the really special part of this little guy. They're a special gemstone found only in a few places in Africa. A tribal shaman blessed before it was given to me. There's a special spell on these special stones. If you believe in that sort of thing. Either way, it's a very special piece. Look closer and you can see the intricacies in the cut of the stone eyes."

I looked closer. They did seem to be really detailed.

"See how they catch the light?" he said. "It's almost like there's a special light inside them, just waiting to get out. Look closer. Can you see the way they catch the light?"

As I looked into those dark gems while he spoke in that low rhythm like a quiet melody, it seemed I really could see little flecks of light in them.

Bluish shards of light. Small and deep inside them. And the more he gently stroked the back of the idol's head, the more he talked to me in that low monotone, the more I looked, the more it seemed I really could see lights inside those gems, flickers getting brighter and closer to the surface, more pronounced. My eyes were getting tired but I couldn't seem to look away. Or maybe I didn't really want to. My body felt both too heavy to move and feather-light, almost floating. The light was almost a steady glow now, light blue, shining just for me and getting brighter the more I stared. His words were kind of slipping away from me--I couldn't quite seem to catch back up to what he was saying as the warm, lulling melody of his voice rolled over me. So eventually I stopped trying to grasp what he was saying to me, just surrendered and let go.

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"Jeremy? Wake up, Jeremy."

I opened my eyes. My whole body felt relaxed and very heavy, like I'd been deeply asleep. Real lethargic and spent, the way I feel after a long nap or a really good orgasm. I looked up at Doc. All I wanted was to close my eyes again, but he touched my arm, said, "Come on, Jeremy. How do you feel?"

I blinked, took a deep breath to clear my thoughts. My head felt cottony but everything was coming more into focus now. "I feel pretty good," I replied, which was true. I felt incredibly good.

"Jeremy, do you know what just happened?"

"Uh, you hypnotized me?"

"That's right, Jeremy. You're a pretty good subject. I think, if you keep working with me like you just did, we can have your problems licked in no time."



"Like in two weeks?" I asked, remembering what Coach Tucker had said.

"Might take longer than that to get you where you want to be, but I think we can have you well on the road to success by then. Don't worry--I'll tell Coach Tucker everything went fine this time."

"Cool, Doc. Thanks."

"And I'll see you tomorrow at the same time, okay?"

"Tomorrow?"

"One session isn't going to cure you. Hypnosis isn't a magic bullet. It works best with repetition. We barely even scratched the surface today."

"Okay." I felt kind of uncertain about this, and he could hear it in my voice. "Okay," I said more definitely. "Tomorrow. Same time."

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That was Tuesday. We had a session each day the rest of that week, even Saturday and Sunday. I was starting to like Doc. He was really personable and pretty cool. He seemed to like me too. I really felt this great trust for him--somehow I knew, deep inside, that all I had to do was cooperate and trust him, and he would do everything he could to help me get back on track and back in Coach Tucker's good graces. Doc and I spent a lot of time talking after our sessions, not as faculty-student, or even counselor-patient, just as friend to friend. I told him all about my life and what I was going through and what was really throwing me off. I even told him I thought I was gay, which was the big secret I never had told anyone else before. I even told him about the big crush I had on my roommate Clay. Doc took it in stride, like he already knew. He didn't seem phased by it at all, just asked me how I felt about it and how I was dealing with it. Like I said, pretty cool.!

After our Sunday session, I spent most of the evening in the library, doing research for a paper. The paper wasn't due until later in the week, but it just felt right to get some of the research done ahead of time. Usually in the library my mind wanders and sometimes I sneak off to the men's room on the third floor in hopes of finding some guy to suck me off. This time, though, I stayed focused and on track. I stayed until the library was about to close, around midnight, got a lot of work done.

I suppose it happened like this. Doc would have knocked on my door at the dorm. My roommate Clay opened the door. Doc explained he was a friend of mine and could he come in and leave something for me. Clay would have said sure and let him in. Doc would have shown him that statue and started talking about its eyes, talking in that mellow monotone he always used during the induction. Clay would have fallen under the spell of those eyes before he knew what was happening.

When I got back to my dorm room, opened the door quietly in case Clay was asleep, the first thing I saw was Clay flat on his back on his bed, with nothing on except a pair of white briefs. His eyes were closed like he was asleep. Except that he was laid out on top of his sheets rather than under them, that seemed pretty much like every other night since we'd started rooming together freshman year.

As I continued to push the door open, I saw Doc standing at the foot of Clay's bed, that little statue in his hand. "Come in, Jeremy," he said. I shut the door behind me. He was smiling at me. Doc said, "Ashibo is watching relax."

I felt this sudden ... I don't know exactly how to describe it. Like a sense of peace. It flowed over me and I felt myself relax, letting go of all the tension and tiredness of the day. My eyelids were drooping. My backpack strap slipped from my limp fingers to plop softly on the floor

by my foot. I felt pleasantly stoned and all open inside.

"Relax ..." Doc said again. "That's it. Good boy, Jeremy. Look into Ashibo's eyes--you can see his light very easily now, can't you?"

My head felt all sluggish, like it had been stuffed with cotton to make my thoughts slow down. My eyes were drawn to the idol's, which shining with that bright blue light that I knew so well now, could see so easily now.

Doc was saying something to me, but I couldn't make out his words--all my attention was locked on the gemstone eyes. All I knew was that brilliant blue blast of the statue's gaze, which was wiping my head free of all thoughts, and this sense of easy peace that filled me. I knew Clay was there for me, that Doc had done this for me, had made it okay, that I could now do what I'd dreamed of since I'd first met Clay and it would all be all right. I could do what I wanted and Clay would never know. It would be okay.

Doc lowered the statue. He was standing very close to me now, his free hand cupping the back of my neck and stroking it gently like he always did the idol's. It felt great, and I accepted this gesture too. He was smiling, looking directly into my eyes. I felt such love and gratitude for him--he was giving me such a great freedom, such a great gift.

"Enjoy," Doc said, and stepped back, away from me, away from the bed and Clay.

I looked at Clay, smoothed across his bed, waiting for me, just waiting for me. He was nude except for his white briefs, which silhouetted but did not hide his hard-on. Clay is on the swim team--he's a diver and a damn good one--and he had this trim, sleek, muscular body, perfect definition. Solid pectorals with oblong little nipples. Twenty years old, same as me.

He's tall, his body completely hairless. His face is classically handsome, perfect skin, strong jaw. Wavy brown hair cut very short. His eyes are brown too, but right now they were closed, locked in slumber.

My eyes zeroed in on that tent in his briefs, the tube reclining across his left hip. Clay and I had both always had jocks' casualness about being undressed in our room; I'd seen his cock before, sometimes even hard first thing in the morning or when he kicked off the covers. It was really nice, thick, long, and I had this ancient hunger for it. I knelt beside his narrow bed. I pulled the elastic waistband down, tucked it under his balls. His cock was fully hard; he must have been having an incredibly sexy dream.

I bent over him. Guided the tip of his dick up and kissed it. Ran my tongue around the head. He was uncut, but he kept himself clean. His cock was thick, longer than average but not the biggest I'd ever sucked. Still, it stretched my jaw.

This cock belonged to a man who was physically perfect, and I wanted to enjoy this. I sucked it slow and nice, transmitting all the love I felt for him into his cock through my tongue and lips. I felt so relaxed and calm, not at all afraid of Clay waking up. And I wasn't afraid to let Doc see me doing this to my best friend either. He had given me such a gift, and I was giving the gift of pleasure to Clay. I heard the door ease open, Doc step out into the hall, close it, leaving me alone with Clay.

Was Clay even aware I was there? Or did he just think it was a really hot dream? I nursed myself on Clay's fine cock. I managed to fumble my jeans open, get them down around my knees so I could jerk myself off with one hand while I slipped my other hand between Clay's thighs to probe at his asshole with a finger.

It was over too soon. Clay started to cum, and I took it deep in my throat, swallowed as best I could. The taste of his salty, bitter load pushed me over the brink, and I shot my wad too.

When I was finally spent, I fell back. I still felt that relaxed way, but I was getting so sweetly sleepy. I pulled Clay's briefs back into place, stumbled the rest of the way out of my clothed, tumbled onto my bed, and was out like a light.

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Next morning, Clay didn't act any different. If he remembered, which I doubted, he didn't let on at all. If he remembered, maybe he just thought it was a dream. I was kind of doubting it had really happened myself, though I knew it had. I mean, Clay was one hundred percent straight--this couldn't have happened, right? But that morning he'd been laying there on top of the covers in just his white, white briefs, just like I remembered. Maybe that part had been right and I'd just dreamed the rest, about Doc and the blowjob?

Anyway, that afternoon, in Doc's office, after I'd gotten all embarrassed about it trying to thank him, when we started the session, it was like I'd passed some barrier inside myself. When he started the induction and those eyes started glowing, they blazed like never before. I slipped under easier, seemed like, and faster. Deeper too.

Doc's voice roused me gently. "Jeremy, wake up."

I sat up--we'd moved from that chair to this overstuffed sofa--and flexed my arms and chest. My shirt was off, which somehow seemed right, and I liked the way my body felt. As I swung my bare feet over the side of the sofa, Doc was asking me how I felt, what I remembered, the usual stuff. My body felt relaxed and tired, like I'd just cum hard, but also

buzzed, really alive. I felt really good and told him so.

He was staring directly at me, smiling gently. I'm a good-looking guy and I've got a hot body, and I know it. I like being looked at but there was something more going on here. I could feel it. An eagerness in my skin. A tingling in my cock and balls.

"Jeremy," he said softly in that low musical voice, making my name sound like distant thunder. In my head were answering waves, inevitable as a tide, and I wanted to submerge myself under them. "I think you've come a long way in the last couple of days, and I think you're nearly ready for the next step, don't you?"

I loved the way his voice rolled over me, caressing my bare chest, my nipples. I liked the way he was looking at me, smiling at me. I wanted ... I don't know what. I was horny as hell, and hard, and I needed bad to get off.

His voice was more than the mere whisper of sound. "You're ready, Jeremy. All you have to do is take the next step. You're ready to get rid of everything that has held you back, ready to love yourself, enjoy yourself, please yourself."

When he said "enjoy yourself," I felt ... I felt this jolt of pure pleasure shoot through me, and my cock turned harder than steel, harder than it had ever been before. I needed to jack off bad.

He pronounced the words clearly. "Ashibo is watching: enjoy yourself."

I couldn't help myself and I didn't care who was watching.

He said it again, "Ashibo is watching: enjoy yourself."

I had to jack off then and there or I was going to bust. I opened my jeans, shoved them to my knees. My cock practically jumped into my hand as I reached for it and started to jerk off. I should have been embarrassed at doing this in front of him, should have excused myself and gone to the nearest bathroom. But I had to get off right then. I didn't feel ashamed at all--I was having a ball! All I felt was the urgency of my hand moving on my cock, the ecstasy of his eyes on me; all I felt was this growing pressure inside and the need for release. Waves of bliss started in my balls and cock, rippled outward, washing out everything that had held me back, obliterating me with rapture. I arched my back and shot and shot and shot, spurting cum all over my chest and belly.

When I finally fell back on the sofa, spent and panting, he just gave me a smile. I smiled back, a little sheepishly. He handed me a little hand towel to wipe up with. I didn't feel even vaguely embarrassed by what I'd just done. I felt great, and I was especially pleased Doc seemed to like the show so much. I cleaned up my cum and got my pants back up. I pulled on my shirt, my socks, my shoes. We talked for a while, like usual, but not about what had just happened. He seemed really pleased with me, with my progress. He told me he'd told Coach Tucker that too, that morning when Coach had called for a status report.

I jumped off the sofa and threw my arms around Doc, hugged him tight, thanked him. That feeling I'd had all last week that he would do everything he could to help me had been right. When I pulled back, Doc's eyes were clouded with something that I couldn't read. I kind of sensed we felt this same chemistry. I was still too spent from my killer orgasm to get hard, but I definitely felt something there.

Doc changed the subject.

## Part 3

On the Monday my suspension expired, instead of our session, Doc went with me to see Coach at the gym. Doc showed up in short--first time I'd seen him in shorts--and I noticed he had a fine pair of legs. I was in shorts and a tee-shirt myself. I had my singlet with me, but Coach Tucker was skeptical, wanted to talk with Doc before he would let me dress out. He and Doc went into his office, and I watched my teammates warming up, starting practice, tried to ignore them when they glanced my way with expressions like they were glad they weren't on the sidelines in my shoes.

Coach stuck his head out and said, "Okay, Jeremy, suit up."

Man, I never hit the locker room and changed faster in my life!

I was into my singlet and back on the mats practically before Coach shut the door.

Coach had me warm up and stretch, then told me to join Doc and him in one of the smaller private session rooms while the assistant coaches ran the rest of the team through their paces.

Coach called Kirk in to join us too. Uh, oh. That was not good. Kirk was damn good, maybe the best in the state, and he'd had a major mad-on for me since grabbed his balls and squeezed during a practice session a few weeks before. Okay, so it was totally wrong of me to have done that, but I wanted to win even if I had to hurt him, and I didn't apologize after, which just made it all worse. Coach had stopped our match and blessed me out big time, which just meant Kirk never got revenge by busting my ass on the mat.

Looked like now he was going to get his shot.

Coach told Kirk to make me show him what I had--he was making no



bones about expecting Kirk to whip my ass. To me, Coach just said I better be good and better not try anything even close to funny.

I guess I was really showing how nervous I was. Doc came up to me, put his hands on my shoulders, told me it was going to be okay. Looking him square in the eye, I felt calmer, a little. "Take a deep breath with me," he said, and inhaled. I did too, and held it a second until he exhaled. It seemed to help, and I tried hard to give him a little grin which he returned as a big smile and a pat on my shoulder.

I took the mat with Kirk. Kirk's face was impassive, but his eyes said he was going to pull out all the stops to cream my ass and enjoy doing it. Kirk's a cute guy, tight build with sleek, hard muscles, brown-eyed, close-cropped dark blond hair, a little bit of darker chest hair in an inverted triangle. I'd have been glad to tangle with him sometime in bed; I even used to have a little crush on him. But on the mats we both knew he wasn't going to let me enjoy this the least bit.

When Coach called it and Kirk came at me like an engine of pure animal aggression, something felt different for me. It was like I was someplace different in my head, someplace other than where I usually was when I was concentrating on winning. Everything seemed effortless. Kirk would make a move, and I had him blocked before I even realized what he was trying. Like my body had taken over and was wrestling on its own. Kirk would try for this really punishing headlock he liked, and I'd have him shut out before he could even get in on me. I wasn't giving him any openings at all.

I flipped him back, dropped him into a pocket, nearly had him before he figured out what was going on and wiggled free. Again and again I had him on the defensive, which seemed to worry him. Me, I felt real objective about everything, like I was watching this on television while

my body responded automatically. I could feel how hard he was straining against me, the sweat and skin-friction of his body against mine, but this time nothing was distracting me. I was major focused!

I had Kirk pinned hard, waiting helplessly for Coach to count off the take-down. Coach Tucker slapped the mat, and I let Kirk up, sat back to catch my breath. My head was starting to clear.

Coach and Doc were conferring over against the wall, and I was trying hard to make out what they were whispering. I was catching bits of Doc telling the Coach that hypnosis could really help athletes with their mental game, help them focus and respond quicker--that, yes, others might benefit from similar training too.

Kirk distracted me when he offered me his hand. "Damn good match, Jeremy. How'd you get so good so fast?"

I said, "Thanks. I been putting in a lot of practice while I was gone." Not entirely a lie.

Coach looked annoyed to catch me trying to overhear. "Thanks, Kirk. You can go join the rest now." To me: "Jeremy, We're going to my office to talk this over. I want you to go change back into you street clothes and then wait outside. Stay out of trouble, okay?"

So I changed, then sat around and watched the team practice. Wished I was out there with them. Wished Doc and Coach Tucker would finish already and let me know something. What was needing all this big discussion anyway?

I hovered around Coach's office door, but I heard jack. Just a little bit of voices here and there, mostly Doc's, like they were talking low to keep from being overheard. What exactly was going on in there anyway?

Finally, Coach stuck his head out and called me in.

"Okay, Jeremy, this is the bottom line," he said. "Probation. One more fuck-up and you're off the team. But for now, get your ass here tomorrow and dress out."

"I'm still on the team?"

"Yes. Probation, though, Jeremy, and I mean it. One more screw-up and not all the special training will change my mind. But yes, you're still on the team."

I roared, "*YEAAAAAAH!*"

Coach: "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to practice."

"Thanks, Coach! You won't regret this. I promise!" I held out my hand to shake.

"I better not." He gave my hand a quick shake, then walked out, shut the door behind him.

I grabbed Doc's arm, whooped again as loud as I could, right in his face. "You did it, man! You kept me on the team just like you said!"

He gave me a grin and a cuff upside my head. "Nah. You did it. I just helped you get started."

"Hey, thanks, man. I mean it! Thanks."

"Come on. This calls for a celebration. I live just off campus, and I've got some beer chilling in the 'fridge."

"Cool!"

I knew I shouldn't be drinking the day before practice, but this was time for jubilation, and besides, one beer surely wouldn't hurt.

It was a short walk, just as he said, and he tossed me a beer soon as we walked in. My brand, too. One for himself. We saluted each other with them, took deep swallows. I nursed mine as he showed me around. Nice place--warm and comfortable, just like his office.

The basement he had redone into a personal gym, and he had a lot of equipment down there, nice equipment. I said something about having meant to hit the gym that day, and he came back with an offer of working out there. Before I could answer, he started taking off his shirt.

No shit Doc had worked with athletes. He was no slouch himself. When he stripped off his shirt, I saw the results of a hell of a lot of exercise. He had a really fine body. I got my shirt off too. He was checking me out and not caring if I saw. So I flexed my chest and arms a little, making it look like I was loosening up. We both had fine bodies. I checked out his chest, his legs and ass in those shorts, and it felt good to show off my chest for him. I started to get a little hard in my snug shorts too, but I didn't care if he saw or not; I mean, the man had watched me jack off, so I didn't have much modesty around him.

When we hit the weights, he blasted me through a workout from hell. He pushed me hard. In that low, rolling voice, he encouraged, cajoled, sweet-talked me through heavier weights, more reps. He always seemed to stand where I could keep my eyes on him. Sometimes our eyes would lock and I'd get to feeling a little lightheaded. I just wanted to keep looking in his eyes and keep moving. I was really aware of how much I owed him--I'd have lost my place on the team, my scholarship, everything, if not for him--and I wanted to push myself harder to please him.

Doc had me exhausted and soaked in sweat by the time he finally declared we'd had enough and let us start some cool-down stretching. Man, I have a fine body and I work out a lot, but Doc nearly killed me out there.

I sat on the bench and wiped the sweat off my forehead with my discarded shirt. "I'm going to be sore as fuck tomorrow," I said, panting.

Doc was standing very close to me. "I think you'll feel just fine tomorrow."

"Huh?"

He slipped his hand around the back of my neck, started stroking it like he had that night, like he did the little statue. It felt good, helped me let go of some tension stored there and in my shoulders. It made me roll my head to look up at him. My eyes locked on him as he smiled down at me. I smiled a little back. I felt all blank inside. Relaxed. Heavy and limp, except for my cock, which was hardening slowly. Waiting, I felt such love for him. I owed him so much.

"That's it," he murmured. "Just look into my eyes, Jeremy." I couldn't look away, couldn't move. Or maybe I just didn't want to. "You've had a hard, stressful day. It's time to relax. Let yourself relax, Jeremy. Let yourself go back to that very cooperative place inside you like so much. Ashibo is watching: relax."

This calmness began spreading through me, like before, obliterating every thought in its path. I felt myself open up to him.

"Jeremy, you're feeling pretty good right now, aren't you?"

"... yes ..."

"I want to make you feel even better, Jeremy. It's time. Are you ready? Will you let me make you feel even better than ever before?"

"... yes ..."

"Good boy, Jeremy."

He helped me stand, guided me by my bare arm back upstairs. As I walked, my snug shorts rubbed my hard dick, sending more pleasure into the vagueness that filled my head.

Led me to his bedroom. He stared deeply into my eyes, deeply into my mind, the very core of me. He smiled, and that made me happy. He stripped off his shoes, socks, shorts, jockstrap. "You're such a good boy, Jeremy, such a very good boy. Let's get you out of those clothes."

He stripped me. My cock was fully hard, straining, demanding release. He led me to the bed. His eyes had stolen my initiative; I let him take the lead and obeyed every instruction he gave.

We sucked each other. Every now and then he would repeat those words, "Ashibo is watching: relax," and I would reel further into that wonderfully relaxed space I was feeling.

I came hard. He swallowed.

He wasn't through. He had me on my back, ankles on his shoulders. He was easing his condom-coated cock into my lubricated and well-fingered virgin asshole. I felt so relaxed and open, wanting more than anything to have him inside my body as well as my head. He had a nice cock, larger than most but not as big as mine, and he was going slow and easy since I'd never been fucked in the ass before. Pretty soon he had it all in me, and after giving me a second to get used to it he picked up this slow,

steady rhythm. Throughout, our eyes stayed locked together, and I felt such trust, openness, love for him. I belonged to him.

His cock was hitting a magic place inside me, and I was hard again. He bent forward and kissed me hard. I felt his whole body shudder over and over as he came inside me. The pressure of his body leaning down on mine, of his shooting cock against my prostate, brought me off and I shot a second load.

---

When I awoke the next morning, I was naked, on my side with my raging piss hard-on, in his bed. I felt him snuggled close behind me, his chest pressed to my back, body contoured to mind down to our tangled legs.

Before last night, all I'd known of gay sex was quickie blowjobs in rest rooms and occasional handjobs. Now, his morning erection jammed up along the crack of my ass brought back a whole new dimension. I wanted to stay and luxuriate in what he made me feel, but I had to piss, and I had class in half an hour. I slipped out of bed and, after peeing and standing at the foot of his bed watching him sleep a while, I dressed and slipped out of his house.

## **Part 4**

That afternoon, I suited up and had a damn good practice. Doc had helped me become pretty much unbeatable. Coach was really impressed.

Coach called an end to practice a little early, told us to gather in the locker room for a special meeting.

We filed in. Most of us got to sit on the benches, but there wasn't

enough bench space for all twenty-four of us, so a few had to park their asses on the floor. Over there someone had set up a little projector of some kind, aimed more or less at this tall, narrow stand against the wall in front of us.

Coach Tucker came in, followed by ... Doc. I was kind of surprised to see Doc there. He gave me a wink on the sly but otherwise seemed to barely know me. What was going on here?

Coach Tucker introduced Doc as a specialist in sports psychology. A couple of the guys murmured among themselves, and Coach called for their attention.

"Men, Doc here has a program he wants to share with us. He's helped world-famous athletes reach their full potential, and now he wants to help each of you become the best you can be. This is no magic bullet, but it had been used over and over again in major training camps and it does work."

I figured out what Coach was leading up to. Apparently, Coach and Doc had decided that what worked so well for me would work for the entire team. I wondered if Coach knew what I knew about Doc's methods.

"I don't want to hear any lip, guys. We're going to work with the doctor here over the next several days to help you get the most out of his program, and anyone who gives him any trouble--any trouble at all--will get extra laps, so you'd better behave like adults and do exactly what he says." He stared down the line of guys, daring them to cross him. Finding no opposition, Coach turned and said, "Doc, if you're ready for them, they're ready for you." Coach let the Doc take center-stage and went over to stand by the projector.

"Thanks, Coach Tucker. Hi, guys. Yes, it's true, I have a program that



can help you become even better than you already are. It's a program based on hypnosis--"

Doc was interrupted by a few snickers up and down the line of jocks. "No, no," he said to Coach Tucker when Coach looked ready to yell at the disrupters, "that's a very valid reaction." He turned back to us. "But it's also an uninformed one. Hypnosis is both very real and very effective. Athletes have used it for a long time to improve concentration and performance. The ancient Greeks discovered hypnosis, and it has become a really important part of many training programs." He told us about a few big names who credited hypnosis with turning them into major players. "Take for example wrestling. What if you could use hypnosis to train your unconscious mind to make split-second decisions much more efficiently than your conscious mind? Hypnosis can help your unconscious mind to relax completely and respond to beneficial suggestions without the normal screening process of your conscious mind. Say you're on the mat with an opponent. He's going for a hold and! you notice he's starting to put pressure on you in a way that will force you into a vulnerable position. By the time your conscious mind reads his hold and decides how to get out of it, he's already dropping you in right where he wants you and it's too late. But what if instead you've trained your unconscious mind to recognize and react to a situation like this. When your opponent goes for a hold you go immediately into a defense and stop him. Sounds too good to be true?" He paused to survey our expressions. "Well, it isn't--not at all. Hypnosis can really help you reach the top, in sports and in academics. What do you say we give it a try, men?"

Someone called out, "What if I can't be hypnotized?"

Doc was ready for this question: "Everyone says that. My methods are effective even on people who usually don't respond to normal induction

procedures."

He reached inside his satchel. He pulled out that statue with its obscene erection. "Gentlemen, meet Ashibo." The guys snickered nervously at it. Doc placed the statue on the little platform. "Ashibo is here to give you a target for focusing. Some of the things we're about to do may seem a little silly, but there's a good reason for all of it. If you follow my program exactly, you can train your unconscious mind to make split-second reactions, which in turn will help you become the best wrestlers you can be."

Doc paused and looked us over again. "Any of you think this is stupid or not want to be here? Any of you not want to be a winner?"

With Coach Tucker right there, no one dared raise his hand.

"Let's get started, then. I want to start with a relaxation exercise to help your unconscious mind absorb and respond to suggestions. I think you'll enjoy it, so just settle back and let it happen." Doc nodded to Coach Tucker, who flicked off the overhead light switch and turned on the projector, which threw a small pool of brilliant white light at the statue of Ashibo.

The doctor's voice smoothed out into that murmurous monotone. "I want all of you to focus your attention on that statue. Look at its eyes. Gaze at its eyes, and do not break your focus. See how its eyes catch the light? Don't let anything distract you from focusing on the eyes and listening to my voice. If anything tries to distract you, let that distraction slide easily into the background, and return your focus to my voice."

I kept my eyes closed, kept running a song through my head to keep my mind off his induction. I wanted to stay awake, see what Doc had in

mind here.

Doc was droning on. "Now that you've been gazing at the eyes for a while, you're probably starting to notice how they catch the light, the way they seem to glow if you look really close. Look deeper into them. See the light? It seems to get brighter and clearer the deeper you look."

I let Doc drone on a little longer. I peeked aside at my teammates. They were sitting with these slack, dazed expressions, just staring at the statue. Even Coach.

As I kind of glanced around, trying to keep Doc from seeing I wasn't falling under, I caught the statue out of the corner of my eyes. Its eyes were a steady blue glow, and they drew my gaze like an irresistible magnet. Doc had trained me well. I couldn't look away, couldn't fight his induction now.

"Just relax," he was saying. "Take a deep breath ... and exhale. Feel all that tension leaving your body. Another deep breath ... hold it. Now exhale. Feel all the tension washing away. Relaxing your shoulders, neck, your whole body. Just letting go, eyes tired, relaxed, heavy ... You're probably noticing your eyes are tired. You want to close them, and you may close them at any time. Of course, you can always open them again if you want, but you'll find you relax deeper if you leave them closed. As your eyes close, it will become easier and easier for you to relax. As you listen to my voice, all the worries and tensions will leave your body and you will totally relax. It feels really good to relax ..."

Doc's induction droned on. Despite my best efforts, I was slipping deeply into sleep, just like all those times in his office. It felt great, and I stopped fighting and let go, let myself slip away.

---

Seemed like no time later when Doc clapped his hands loudly, waking us. We were all shaking our heads to clear away the cobwebs and wondering what happened. Coach seemed a little shaky too, but he flicked off the projector and turned on the overhead lights when Doc told him to.

"There," Doc said, grinning. "That was easy, wasn't it? That's all for today. Back to you, Coach."

Coach still seemed a little groggy--I was too, and I guess we all were--but he called out, "Okay, men, hit the showers and get out of here. See you all tomorrow."

We got to our feet, got our lockers open, got out of our singlets and shit. I grabbed my towel and headed for the showers.

Since there were only ten shower heads and twenty-four of us on the team, we didn't all shower at once. I was one of the first ones in, and I got the next to the last spot on the right. The other spots filled up pretty quickly.

I felt really good, loose, like after a nice, long nap. I soaped up. The other guys were horsing around and yelling at one another over the sound of the spray--same shit as usual. Kirk was to my left, this Russian guy Alexi to my right. I kept checking them out on the sly as I rinsed.

I heard Doc calling out something in the main part of the locker room, but I couldn't make out what he said. Then he appeared in the entry of the shower area. He had that statue cradled in the crook of his arm. Doc yelled out over the water, "Ashibo is watching: enjoy yourself."

Where had I heard that before? Didn't matter. Doc yelled out "Ashibo is watching: enjoy yourself" again, but I was already distracted by something else.

I was getting hard. Happens sometimes to guys in the shower or on the mats. Usually we just ignore it or joke it off. But right then, I was feeling incredibly horny. I was hard and I had to get off.

Alexi and Kirk were hard too. So were the guys opposite us. I looked down and found I was already jacking off. I didn't care who saw. Hell, these guys had all seen me naked a lot, even hard a couple of times, and I'd seen most of them in the same condition. I didn't give a shit--I just had to get off.

Doc was standing in the entry, smiling, watching us. Everyone in the showers was hard and beating off. One of my favorite masturbation scenes come to life.

Nobody cared who saw them getting off. I paid close attention to Kirk's cut meat, with its downward curve. He was focused on it like it was his best friend, giving it the loving attention it deserved. Looked to my like between six and seven inches.

I gave Alexi his share of looks too. Alexi was tall and twenty, same age as me, with this really cute face and smooth, muscular body that wouldn't quit. Squared-off pecs. Brown hair and eyes. His stiff cock was average size but perfectly straight, a real beauty that pointed nearly straight up at his navel. He was entirely into his own pleasure, not even looking my way. Oh, well.

I got down to business on my own erection. It wouldn't take me much longer, I knew. Then, I felt that rising in my balls, the heat of pleasure blanketing throughout my body. I thrust my hips forward, threw my head back, groaned loudly as I came, shooting wad after wad after wad.

Kirk hunkered down, almost squatted, and fired off a ropey load of white-hot cream onto the cool tile floor. Alexi tilted his torso back a

bit; he was masturbating with short, quick stroked, using just his first two fingers and his thumb. He shot nice, runny lava on his belly and fingers. Kirk and Alexi both turned back to the water and continued their showering as if nothing had just happened, as if jerking off in the showers after practice was something we all did every day.

Spent, exhausted, I grinned at the others as they jacked--I didn't feel the least bit self-conscious. I'd done a good job; Doc would be pleased with me; I knew it deep down inside. I rinsed myself off, went to claim my towel.

I passed by Doc on my way to my locker, and we gave each other a wink. He was roaming around, watching the rest of the team jack off in the changing area. Some of them had already cum, were heading for the showers, leaving behind puddles of spunk on the floor.

Coach Tucker was standing near my locker. He was one of the last ones still jerking off. He was naked, like most of the rest of the team, and jacking hard. He had his head tipped back, mouth open and eyes closed, lost in his own pleasure. Coach was mid-thirties. Dark, longish hair. A light sprinkling of hair across his pecs. Tall and muscular. A little tattoo of a dolphin over by the left side of his groin, where his underwear would cover it. His body was in great shape because he worked out with us. I'd seen him naked a couple of times, of course, in the showers and shit like that, but this was the first time I'd seen him hard and jacking. Average-sized cock--uncut, I think--and it sure looked like he knew how to make it feel good. As I watched, he shoved his hips forward, looked down at his cock as it started to fire droplets of cum at the floor between his spread feet.

Coach, still panting, looked up at me and grinned. I grinned back. He looked pretty pleased with himself, just like the rest of us. He milked the

last drop from his cock, let it fall. He bent and retrieved his clothes, carried them in front of him as he went back through the door to his office.

[Continue to the next part?](#)

Disclaimer: There's sex, hypnosis, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, go elsewhere.

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# Jeremy's Story

by Wrestlr

## Part 5

Later that night, near midnight, Clay and I were studying in our room. We were both stretched out in our underwear on our respective beds. It was really late, and I was really tired, close to time to call it quits for the night.

The phone rang.

Surprised the fuck out of both of us, so sudden. I scrambled off my bed, stumbled over and picked it up. "Hello?"

"Is this Jeremy?" Doc's voice. Why was he calling me this late?

"Yeah. What's up?"

"Not too much. Listen, is Clay there?"

"Yeah." What did Doc want with Clay? As far as I knew, they'd only met that one time, when Doc had hypnotized Clay.

"Good. Listen to me carefully, Jeremy ... Ashibo is watching: relax."

I felt so ... All of a sudden my whole body relaxed and I felt that sleepy, foggy feeling fill my head. Even though Clay was a few feet away, I didn't even try to fight it. I stood there, rapt, feeling how sweet my body felt as it relaxed, feeling myself slip back into that focused, cooperative state I liked so much.

Doc's voice in my ear: "Jeremy, are you listening to me?"

"... yes ..." Was that faraway sound really my voice?

"Good boy. Jeremy, give the phone to Clay. Tell him to come to the phone."

"... hey ..." I said, turning sluggishly to Clay, "... it's for you ..."

"Who is it?" Clay asked as he climbed off his mattress and reached for the phone. He didn't seem to notice too much that I didn't answer. He put the phone to his ear, said, "Hello?"

I was just standing there, enjoying how relaxed and cooperative I felt. I saw Clay's eyes go blank and his face slacken. "... yes sir ..." he said, and leaned closed to me, so the phone was by both our ears and we could both hear.

Doc's voice: "Boys, what are you wearing?"

"... briefs ..." I said at the same time Clay murmured "... boxers ..."

"Good boys. Listen carefully. In a moment, I'm going to ask you to come to visit me. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Clay and I both said "... yes ..." at the same time.

"But first I'm going to ask you to each put on a pair of shorts and a pair of shoes. Jeremy, I want you to bring your room keys too, so you can get back in later. Now, Jeremy, you remember how to get to my house, don't you?"

"... yes ..."

"Good, Jeremy. Clay, I want you to follow Jeremy. Can you do that?"

Clay mumbled, "... yes ..."

"If anyone tries to stop you, I want you to relax more and tell them you have to go someplace really important and you'll see them when you get back. Understand? And be careful about traffic when you're crossing the road."

Clay and I both said, "... yes ..."

"Good, boys. Listen carefully to me. Ashibo is watching; relax. Relax and obey me. Get your clothes on, boys, like I told you to, and come to visit me."

I heard Doc hang up and Clay up the phone down. We moved like sleepwalkers. I pulled on a pair of shorts, a pair of beat-up old sneakers. I picked up my keys. Clay was right beside me, dressed like I was. I opened the door and walked out.

Since it was so late, the dorm was mostly quiet. We didn't pass anyone we knew. We just walked out into the evening.

The night air was cool, felt good, helped me relax deeper as I walked on. A few blocks to the edge of campus. We just kept walking. A few more blocks, and we were walking up the front walk to Doc's house. I was feeling this wonderful state start to fade, feeling myself returning to normal, like I was waking up or something.

Doc opened the door to us as we approached. "Good boys--come in, come in." He ushered us both inside. Doc had that statue craddled in his hand, his other hand stroking the back of its neck in that familiar way. "You made it. I'm very pleased, boys. Now look closely at Ashibo's eyes,

gentlemen. Jeremy, Clay ... Ashibo is watching: relax." And I felt that pleasant state clamp down stronger on me and I relaxed and surrendered to it again.

Doc rubbed his hand over my bare chest, admiring "Bet you didn't know about Clay, did you? Bet you didn't know he's been coming to me for sessions since that first night, did you?"

"... no ..." I murmured.

"He's just as good a subject as you now, Jeremy, just as obedient. And you're very obedient, aren't you, Jeremy?"

"... yes ..."

Downstairs to his basement. He had pulled a couple of mats out. His voice flowed through me, through both of us, like oozing honey, and we kicked off our shoes. When Doc called go, Clay and I came together on the mats, grappling and laboring at each other. Doc has commanded us to wrestle, and we both put everything we had into it. Muscle straining against muscle, we were both soon sweaty. Clay was strong, quick too, but I was a trained wrestler and he wasn't. I had him down and pinned helplessly pretty quickly. He squirmed around, wasn't making this easy for me, but I managed to get my fingers hooked in his shorts and boxers, and when he scrambled out and away, I gave them a tug down and he kicked his legs free of them to get away from me. He faced me, naked now, and suddenly lunged at me again.

Didn't take me long to get him forced into a pocket where I wanted him and down, going for the takedown. I had him pinned on his back, my body on his, pressing him down hard. We both knew I had won.

From the sidelines, Doc said, "Very good, gentlemen. Ashibo is watching

enjoy each other."

I felt a rush, like I was suddenly horny and hot and had to get off. My balls tingled and spread this feeling like electric fire through every part of me. I was looking down at Clay, and he was looking up at me. He was hard too, my weight forcing my cock in my shorts down against his exposed erection. I felt this heat, sexual, burning through me. I wanted him--bad--and the lust mirrored back in his eyes said he wanted me too.

Clay pushed his hips up a me again and again, slow, rhythmic thrusts. He lifted his legs up, around me, clasp my crotch to his. I didn't care if Doc watched.

I pulled back. Clay didn't want to release me, but he did. I slipped my shorts and briefs down and off in one easy motion.

Doc leaned forward from his chair off the edge of the mat. He put a small bottle of lubricant and a few condoms where we could reach them. "Gentlemen," he said again, "Ashibo is watching: enjoy each other."

And this rush of pure lust burst up through me. I didn't care if Doc watched. I didn't care what Clay wanted either, though the heat in his eyes said he wanted this as badly as I did.

I snagged the lube. I didn't care if Clay was ready or not. I wanted this--needed this--and I needed it now. I squirted plenty on a couple of fingers, slid them between Clay's legs. I found his asshole and pressed them in, into him. He grimaced a little but he was relaxed and he wanted it. I massaged my fingers in and out of his ass, opening him up. He started to loosen up for me as I probed at him. I squirted his ass full of the lube. I needed this too much for foreplay.

I tugged a condom. Rubbed lube all over it. I was harder than I'd ever

been before. Needed this more than I'd ever needed to get off before. Clay lifted his legs, and I settled between them, settled his ankles on my shoulders. My cockhead at his buttocks, forcing itself forward. I needed this.

He grunted, then yelled as I entered him. I didn't wait for him to get used to it--I simply fucked him. Fast. Deep. Animal rut. I was out of control and lost in a crimson haze of need. He had his head thrown back, yelling, as he jacked his thick uncut meat as hard and fast as I was fucking him. His tight ass clamped down hard on me, and he came, jetting milk-white cum at his neck, a couple of spurts on his chest, more on his belly. His ass squeezing my dick threw me over the edge and I fired my spunk into the condom in his ass as my orgasm shattered every sense into fragments of pure pleasure.

I collapsed, spent, panting sweating on Clay. His tongue probed at my mouth. I raised my head a little--where did I find the strength?--and returned his kiss.

Doc, from the sidelines, clapped quietly. We looked over at him, at the statue he held facing us. "Very nice, gentlemen. Very nice." He stroked the back of its neck as he smiled at us, and I felt so proud to have pleased him. "And now, gentlemen, it's time for round two. Ashibo is watching; relax."

## **Part 6**

The next morning, I awoke first. I was in a bed, a strange bed. Doc's? My body was spooned up behind Clay's, and there was another body pressed up behind mine. I turned my head, recognized Doc. Both he and Clay were still sleeping.

I didn't remember anything that had happened since fucking Clay on the mat the night before, but the fucked out feeling that filled my body and the feeling in my ass told me I must have had a lot of sex all through the night. I would have loved to have stayed, maybe had another go when they woke up, but I had an early class, and I still needed to get back to the door for decent clothes and my books.

So I slipped out of bed. Showered the funk of cum and dried sweat from my body. I found my shorts and sneaks down in the basement, by the mat, and I pulled them on. Clay and Doc were still asleep when I slipped out the front door.

---

After class and some time in the library--I found it easy to get my work done now, which was a big bonus, thanks to the Doc--I headed back to my dorm room. I still had a little time to kill before practice.

I'd only been there a few minutes when the phone rang. I picked it up and said, "Hello?"

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A while later, I opened my eyes. The phone was kind of still tucked under my cheek. Dial tone in my ear. Whoever it was must have hung up when I answered, I figured. Kind of strange that I would have dozed off like that without hanging up. I definitely had to start getting more sleep.

I pulled my gym bag out of the closet. I still had a little time before I had to be at practice, but now I wanted to get to the gym early.

The door to Coach Tucker's office was open a crack. No one else was around yet. I put down my bag outside the Coach's door. It just felt like I was supposed to be there--I don't know how else to explain it. From

inside Coach's office, voices: the Coach's and the Doc's. I just stood there near the door, my back to the wall, and listened to them. Coach didn't sound happy. They were both talking kind of low under their breath, like they didn't want anyone to overhear.

"Listen," Coach was saying firmly, "all I'm saying is I don't care what else you do as long as you give me a team full of winners. That other stuff--shit, I don't--listen, I'm not into that stuff, so just leave me out of it in the future, okay?"

Doc's voice, low and smooth: "What's the matter, Tucker? Didn't you enjoy it? You sure looked like you had fun."

Coach sounded embarrassed. "Sure I liked *that* well enough. What guy don't? But you weren't supposed to do it to me too. That wasn't part of our deal. Just leave me out is all I'm saying."

"Coach, I can't make you do anything you don't want to. If it happens, it happens. I told you it might and you knew the risks. I can't make it not happen to you."

Coach's voice rose a little. "I know what you told me, and what I'm telling you is, don't do it to me again, okay?"

"Coach, it's not something I can turn on and off for selected observers. If it happens and if you're in a receptive mode, I can't prevent you from going under." Doc's voice was changing tone in a way I recognized. "Ashibo's spell is strong. There's no need to be ashamed if you can't resist it. Everyone surrenders to him. It feels good to surrender to him, doesn't it? Coach, look deep into his eyes and let yourself relax. Surrender to him. Coach, Ashibo is watching; relax."

I listened while Doc ran Coach through some deepening exercises,



weaving a deep trance around him.

Coach's voice: "Jeremy, please come in now."

How the hell did he know I was out there? Unless ... maybe that phone call hadn't been a wrong number after all. Anyway, I slipped through the door and closed it behind myself.

I took in the room: a small office with a desk, a couple of chairs, a lot of papers and sports shit. Doc was standing in front of the desk, that statue craddled in the crook of one arm. Coach Tucker, in his usual baggy gym shorts, tee-shirt, and whistle, was standing with his butt on the edge of this table along the wall. Coach had his head bowed forward, eyes closed, looking for all the world like he was just taking a little nap, under deep.

"Good boy, Jeremy," the Doc was saying. He put his free hand on the back of my neck and rubbed, making me feel kind of ... I don't know--open or whatever. He said, "It's time to thank the Coach for letting you back on the team. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Uh, I--"

He cut me off. "Jeremy, Ashibo is watching: relax." I felt that familiar feeling wash over me. I stood there feeling all quiet inside, passive and receptive, waiting to be told what to do. "Very good, Jeremy. Look at Coach Tucker, Jeremy. You owe him such a debt. You need to show him how grateful you are for what he's done for you. You need to show him you'll do anything for him. You felt really good when he let you back on the team, Jeremy, and it's time to make Coach Tucker feel good in return." Doc told Coach to slip his shorts and jock strap down, and the Coach did, moving slowly like he was sleepwalking.

I didn't even try to resist when Doc told me to kneel in front of Coach.

Coach was hard, and his pretty uncircumcised hard-on was staring me right in the face. I could see it bob as his pulse beat through it, and that little dolphin tattoo off to the side on his hip, the one I'd seen before sometimes when Coach showered with us after practice. Doc was telling me how badly I wanted to suck it, how much Coach wanted me to suck it, how good I'd make him feel by sucking it. I sure did want to suck it, more than I wanted anything else right then. It seemed perfectly natural, so I licked his shaft, and around the head of his cock, tasting his precum. I opened my mouth and let Coach's rod slip inside. I sucked it and licked it and nursed it, worked his balls with one hand, rubbed his thigh and ass with the other, doing my best to make him feel great. Doc told Coach to cum and cum hard. Coach's balls rode the rest of the way up, and his body bucked a little, involuntarily,! and he grunted. I felt his load slam into the back of my throat, felt that bitter salty taste spread all through my mouth. I swallowed it all.

"Very good, both of you. Jeremy, get up and go get changed for practice now." I climbed to my feet and walked out. As I was leaving Doc was telling Coach to remember who made him feel so relaxed and good, and how Coach would want to surrender to that feeling every time and not feel any more reservations about it.

The feeling wore off when I was most of the way changed into my practice singlet and gear. The rest of the team members were beginning to show up by then too.

We ran through a damn good practice. We were all working hard, straining and sweating like crazy. It was a blast! This was what wrestling was supposed to be like. Coach, awake now, was in a great mood, smiling and spurring us on.

Afterward, we all piled into the locker room for another team meeting I

figured this would be another "training" session like yesterday's, and I was right. We were all kind of horsing about, waiting for the meeting to start up. A couple of guys slipped the straps of their singlets off their shoulders, letting the upper part bunch around their waists. We did that sometimes, both to cool off after a hard workout and to show off our chests. I did it too, just for the hell of it. I'm a good-looking guy and I have a nice build--nothing to be ashamed of.

One of the assistant coaches dimmed the lights when Doc walked in with that statue. He put it on that stand again, and somebody switched on the projector that hit it with a circle of brilliant light. Doc was wasting no time today. "Gentlemen, congratulations. Today you've seen how much better you all perform when you keep your minds focused and free from distraction. All you had to do out there was focus and relax and let your subconscious take over. It felt good to relax, didn't it?"

I wanted to stay awake this time. I wanted to see what he was doing to us. I was sitting down on the far end, where I figured he wouldn't see me. I closed my eyes before he could weave a trance around me, and I tried to keep my mind distracted from following what he was saying by reciting song lyrics in my head. He was droning on and on about relaxing and how good it felt, and how Ashibo was there to help us all focus and relax, and how easy it was to relax when they looked into his eyes, how the blue light deep inside his eyes helped us relax even more.

I stuck it out. I was feeling kind of light-headed--maybe he was having a little effect on me, but I was still conscious. I got pretty hard, anticipating, but my jock kept my stiff dick from being too visible. I waited until I figured he was pretty close to the end of his induction.

I opened my eyes, looked down the long line of men beside me. A few were still not entirely under yet; they sat with their faces slack, eyelids

drooping, as they focused with all their might on the statue of Ashibo. Most, though, were entranced by now their eyes were closed, heads slumped, breathing deeply and waiting for the Doc's suggestions. As I watched, a few men down, my friend Alexi's half-closed eyes slid the rest of the way shut and his head slipped down. And there went my bud Mark the rest of the way into his trance. Damn! The sight of all these men helplessly entranced made my cock jump and turn still harder.

I could see Doc and the statue out of the corner of my eye, and I felt this incredible pull to turn my eyes that way. I was pretty sure Doc was looking right at me. He was talking all soft and low, and it was like he was talking to me alone, directly into my head, cooing the sound of his voice around my head like a lover's whisper. My eyes were being drawn toward the statue, tugged. I wanted to close them so I wouldn't see it, but I couldn't. The Doc and that damn statue had me too, and all that was left was for him to reel me in like the rest. Felt my head was being physically turned by an irresistible outside force toward Doc and the statue. My eyes met the statue's and I couldn't look or turn away. This woozy feeling came over me. I felt the spell flood through me, and my thoughts started going dim, and I felt myself relax the rest of the way and surrender to him.

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Doc clapped his hands and snapped us out of it. Coach turned off the projector when Doc told him to and switched on the overhead lights. Doc gave us a grin and said, "That's all for today, guys. I think you'll be seeing the results of this session pretty soon. Anything else, Coach?"

Coach was still a little shaky--we all still were--but he said, "Get your showers and get out of here, guys."

We climbed to our feet, got our lockers open, and started getting out of

our gear. I was one of the first headed for the showers and got one of the heads near the back. Kirk got the one to my left, and my friend Mark got the one on the end, to my right.

I was soaping up, sneaking a few little looks at Kirk and Mark as I did. Kirk had his back to me, displaying his perfect ass. Mark was telling me about this chick he wanted to ask out, which gave me an excuse to look at him some. He had dark brown hair, cropped regulation close, and brown eyes. Great build, muscular and smooth, hairless. He'd played football in high school as well as wrestling, and his body showed the extra muscle of a tackle. He had a tattoo, too, a pair of red rose blooms on a single stem, on the upper part of his left biceps. He was twenty and very cute, not hard on the eyes at all. I'd never seen his cock hard, but limp it looked about average, with a cute little circumcision scar.

I tipped myself into the spray and rinsed. I heard Doc's voice, calling out something in the locker room, but I couldn't tell what he said over the sound of the showers. After a second Doc was standing in the entry to the shower area, with that statue cradled in his arm. Doc shouted over the water, "Ashibo is watching: enjoy each other."

I remembered hearing him say that before: last night, with Clay. Suddenly, I was feeling exactly what I felt then too. Horny. Really horny. Doc yelled it out again: "Ashibo is watching: enjoy each other."

I was hard. Feeling incredibly horny. I was hard and I needed to get off so bad it hurt. But I didn't want to just jerk off. I wanted more. I reached over and wrapped one hand around Mark's perfect seven-incher, my other around Kirk's cock. Kirk and Mark reached over too, and their hands met on my meat. I jacked them, and they jacked me.

Mark bent in and kissed me, and I kissed back. I could feel the

needfulness in him--he needed to get off as badly as I did. Kirk moved in closer and nibbled at my neck and ear. All around us, guys were jacking each other off, kissing. Across from us, Alexi got down on his knees to give a guy a blowjob.

We were all young and horny and hot guys, so none of us was going to hold out long. Kirk came hard and long, squirting his spunk all over my thigh. Mark knelt, and my cock slipped into his mouth like it belonged there. This was a straight guy who had just been telling me about this chick he wanted to boink, and here he was doing me like an experienced cocksucker. I needed to get off bad, and I felt this orgasm coming over me so strong it made my toes curl. I came hard, bucking uncontrollably. I'd have fallen if Kirk hadn't been holding on to me. Across the showers, the guy Alexi was blowing belled and came too.

Mark rolled over on his ass, jacking himself quick and hard. Alexi sauntered over, stroking his rod. Alexi thrust his hips forward and squirted semen all over Mark's chest. Mark threw his head back and roared, and he shot off a huge load, all over his chest and belly.

I felt pretty damn satisfied, pleased with myself. Kirk and Mark and I swapped high fives and rinsed the cum off our bodies. I don't think we left the least bit of regret or shame at all. We had needed to get off, and we got off, simple as that. Now it was time to dry off and get dressed.

## **Part 7**

It was really early, about 6:00 a.m., when we climbed aboard the bus that would ferry us to our first match, an away match. I got a seat near the front, and Doc sat down beside me. Because it was so early and the ride was kind of boring, a lot of guys settled in to catch a little extra sleep. I wanted to get a nap too, but Doc kept talking about the match and how

well we were going to do, how well I was going to do in particular.

Doc was keeping his voice kind of soft and low, to keep from disturbing the guys around us who were trying to sleep, I guessed. I told him I was really nervous about this match; I didn't know if I could guarantee that I wouldn't get out on the mat and fuck up like I had done in practice so many times before Doc started helping me. I was afraid I'd fold under pressure and that would be that: I'd be off the team--no more wrestling, and no more scholarship. My opponent was going to be the guy who had won the regional title last year, and he was no pushover.

Doc told me all I had to do was focus on what I was doing and relax when I got out there, just like he'd helped me do in his office and at the team sessions after practice. His voice was soft and monotonous, a familiar drone in my ear. All I had to do, he said, was focus on my breathing, in-- I took a deep breath and held it--and out. I closed my eyes and followed his instructions, tensing the muscles in this body part, then relaxing, feeling my muscles let go of their tension. As my body loosened up and as more and more of my stress faded, I was becoming aware of how horny I was. My cock was stiffening. I needed to get off badly.

I kept my eyes closed because I didn't want to disturb how relaxed and easy I felt. My cock was hard, and I was horny as hell, and I needed to jack off to relieve the rest of my stress.

I didn't care if Doc saw. I was still aware of his voice in my ear, but I couldn't grasp what he was saying--the words just slipped away from me. I unfastened my jeans and unzipped. I felt my cock spring free and wrapped my hand around it. It felt so good I knew I had to jack off right then and there. That great feeling in my cock was spreading through my whole body, just like I knew it would, and my stress would soon be gone. Felt so good I couldn't hold back very long; I was about to cum right

then and there. I felt Doc press a handkerchief or tissue or something around the head of my cock to catch my jism, and I knew it was okay to let go. My orgasm burst through me like slow fireworks, and I ejaculated the rest of my stress from my body along with my cum.

I rode that long orgasm, then sank back in my seat, eyes still closed, pressure gone, feeling fully relaxed, and let Doc talk me down even deeper into this sweet, sweet trance.

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We kicked ass at the first match of the season. We ran over the other team so hard they never knew what hit them. We totally dominated them. Especially me--I'd whipped my opponent's tail like it had been *me* that won the regional title last year instead of him. Doc had been true to his word--he'd turned us into winners.

Man, I don't know how to describe what it was like for me out there on the mats during that match. My whole body seemed to come alive. My head seemed to just take a step back and let my body switch to auto-pilot. My opponent never had a chance. I was all over him, dominating from the start, and it didn't take long at all for me to beat him. Man, I fucking ruled that match.

It was an away match, and we were staying in this cheap old motel that night, heading back to our college the next day. This place was old, kind of out of the way, and we were about the only people staying there. So what happens when you combine twenty-four champion wrestlers, fresh from their victory, and a motel? *Par-dee! Par-dee!*

The coaches brought in beer and some liquor, and we were whooping it up. We were all pretty sloshed, even the guys who don't usually drink much. We were jumping all over the beds and spraying each other with



shaken beer bottles and laughing and cheering and getting drunker by the minute. Even the coaches, who usually all act like tight-ass chaperones for these overnight trips, were getting smashed. Me, I had a really nice buzz going, and I was aiming to get ripped. Doc was the only one even remotely close to sober.

Doc was roaming around with this video camera one of the coaches brought, getting it all on tape. We were horsing around, jumping on the beds like kids, hamming it up for him. Some of the guys had passed out or headed off to other rooms to crash. There were eight of us in my room, still going strong. I had my shirt and shoes off; a couple of the guys were in just their underwear. We were too high on winning and alcohol to be modest at all.

It was me, Kirk, Mark, Alexi, Dylan, Coach Tucker, and two assistant coaches, Kyle and Jason. Alexi and Dylan were in their boxers; with the radio turned up on some fast rock song, they were prancing around on one of the beds and singing along and playing air guitar while the rest of us, sprawled on the other bed and the chairs and the floor, laughed and applauded. Man, I was so drunk it seemed like the funniest thing I'd ever seen in my whole damn life!

Doc had the camera aimed their way, making sure to get plenty of footage. I was betting they'd be plenty embarrassed when they saw it played back later, but right then we were all too far gone to give a shit.

Doc had to yell because the music was blaring. "Guys, listen up. You did real good out there and you deserve some special fun, don't you think?"

We all roared "YEAH!" back at him like a sonic boom.

Doc said, "Guys, Ashibo is watching: enjoy each other."

By now, after all our training with hypnosis, the beer, and the elation of victory, we didn't have any inhibitions left. We'd been given this command enough, we didn't even hesitate.

I shucked my pants and my briefs in one quick motion. I stood at the foot of the bed Alexi was standing on, his back to me. He was kissing Dylan like his life depended on it, oblivious to me until I tugged down his boxer shorts. Alexi turned around and presented me with that pretty uncut cock of his, already hard as a spike. I lapped at it hungrily. I'd gotten to be a really good cocksucker lately, and I was giving Alexi's rod a primo tongue-lashing.

Around us, everyone else was naked too and hard and all over each other. We were converging on this bed and spilling off onto the floor. Doc tossed some bottles of lubricant and condoms into the fray, then stepped back to resume filming. Man, I was so hot and horny I didn't care what he did with that camera as long as I got to get my rocks off and soon!

I got pulled away from Alexi, pulled down flat on my back on the bed. Jason, one of the assistant coaches, towered over me. Jason is a tall guy and big--he's built himself a massive body with washboard abs and pecs like plates. Jason's good-looking and he knows it. Jason usually strikes me as a conceited prick, but he's got a lot to be conceited about. Brown hair with these blondish streaks, that gorgeous body. Now, out of his usual expensive clothes, straddling my stomach, that body had never looked better to me. I ran my hands up over his skin, the light fur on his belly the inverted triangle of hair across his chest. His cock was staring right at me. He wasn't hung that well--maybe five inches or so, and cut, if you're keeping track of that--but I wanted it in my mouth. I grabbed his hips and pulled him up where I could get my mouth around it. Somebody else grabbed my cock and fisted me slow and sweet as I sucked

Jason. When someone else slipped a finger under my leg to probe at my asshole, I reached up under Jason's balls and did the same to him. That did it for Jason--he threw his head back and bellowed, drove his cock forward into my throat as far as it would go, and shot a nice, salty load into my mouth.

Jason got dragged off of me. My teammate Dylan and Kyle, one of the other assistant coaches, flipped me on my stomach. Kyle parted my ass cheeks and dove tongue-first into my crack. Man, let me tell you, post-hypnotics or not, that man could rim an ass! Dylan got on his knees in front of me and pulled my head into his crotch. I suckled his cock greedily.

I think Doc kept repeating that command to enjoy each other every now and then, but I was too far gone in my sex-daze to hear him. I saw him a couple of times at the edges of our bodies, still capturing everything on film. Right then, though, I didn't give a shit what he got on film.

Dylan's a cute-as-hell fucker. He's a year older than me and he has this casual grin that can melt your heart. His eyes are nearly black, his hair too. He has a trendy haircut that accentuates his eyes, his face, the little dimple in his chin. His chest is broad and hairless, tight muscles everywhere. He used to row with the crew team before he decided to focus on wrestling, and his body still had that long, sleek crew shape. And no tan line!

Right now, Dylan's cock was mostly what I could see. It was uncut, kind of thick, about six and a half long, I think. He sure knew how to use it to swab out my throat, but I knew how to use my tongue to flick him over the edge. Right then, I just wanted to make him feel damn good, and that's what I did. "Gonna cum, dude," he grunted, and sure enough he did,

in my mouth and all down my throat.

Kyle rolled me onto my back. He'd rimmed me like a pro, finger-fucked me; now I wanted something more up my ass to scratch my itch. I wanted to get fucked bad, and he wanted to do it to me. He dragged me by my hips to him, planted my ankles on his shoulders. He stared directly into my eyes as he guided his condom-sheathed cockhead to my lubed hole and began to press forward. I relaxed and pushed down to meet him. His cockhead slid in, followed by a good portion of his shaft. He gave me a few seconds to get used to it, then started gliding in and out of my, slow strokes getting longer and more demanding as he went. Dylan's hand found my cock and he jerked me off while Kyle fucked me. Kyle's cock started to hit my prostate, and I was in heaven.

Beside us, Kirk was standing on the mattress with Coach Tucker kneeling, sucking Kirk off. Kirk pulled out and jacked himself a time or two; he turned our way and came hard, spurting cum all over my chest and belly. Dylan wiped up some of the cum and wiped it on my cock, using it as lube as he jacked my rod. I couldn't hold out, couldn't resist what they were making me feel any longer--I threw back my head and bellowed as an orgasm shattered through every part of me.

I lay there, totally spent. Kyle pulled out and pulled off his condom. He pulled on his prick and pretty soon his breathing turned ragged and he was shooting a huge load all over me. He collapsed on top of me, exhausted, and his lips found mine. We kissed. The others were falling around us, warm bodies and limbs cuddling all around us. We were all worn out. I felt really content and spend. I wrapped my arms around Kyle, kissed him again, and closed my eyes and started to give in to my exhaustion.

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I woke up the next day when Mark climbed off the bed and started looking for his clothes. Kirk and Alexi and Kyle were still sleeping around me. The shower was on. Mark pulled his underwear and jeans on. He looked over at me, gave me a grin and a wave before he slipped out the door.

I sat up on the edge of the bed and flexed my chest and arms, yawning and stretching out the kinks. I needed to pee pretty badly but I didn't want to disturb whoever was taking a shower.

Right then, the bedside alarm clock went off, and everybody else jerked awake. We all looked pretty sheepish, I guess, sitting there naked with some dried cum here and there on us, but I didn't feel embarrassed at all. Before any of us could do anything about it, Coach Tucker knocked on the door and told us to get our asses in gear and get out to the bus inside half an hour for the trip home.

## **Part 8**

Doc didn't show at practice the next day. He wasn't in his office when I went by for my private session, either--the first time he'd ever stood me up.

When he didn't show up for practice the second day, I started getting worried. The coaches were acting kind of spooked that day, like something was wrong and they didn't want us to find out about it. Coach Tucker wouldn't admit anything was wrong when I asked him after practice; all I really found out for sure was he had no idea where the Doc was.

So I went by his office again, just to see if I could catch him. If he wasn't around, I figured I'd leave a note under his door or in his mailbox in the

Psych department office.

His office door was open so I stuck my head in. But it wasn't Doc inside. It was this woman I vaguely recognized as the department secretary. She was taking books off the shelves and putting them into a cardboard box. She jumped when I said hello and asked if she knew where the Doc was; she seemed surprised as hell to see anyone come into Doc's doorway, much less drop my gym bag into a chair like I was supposed to be here.

"He's not here," she said curtly, as if I weren't able to tell that myself. "And he won't be back. The university has cancelled his contract."

"Huh?" I said. "How come?"

She wasn't looking at me, pretending I didn't exist or at least was completely inconsequential to her work. "Certain information"--she had an air of moral indignation in her voice but a gleam in her eyes, as if she'd sniffed something whose stink offended her nose but loved the scandal of it all too much to keep from inhaling it some more--"has come to light about his behavior at his previous institution. Information that, if it had been available when he interviewed here, would have prevented him from ever coming here."

"What are you talking about?"

"The good doctor was found guilty of ... certain moral lapses"--she stressed the words carefully--"at his last position, lapses that his previous department is just now making public." She deigned to look at me as she strapped the top of the box shut. The mean, pinched air of righteous anger in her voice shocked me. "Moral lapses that involved some of his students. *Male* students."

I tried to look suitably shocked.

She pulled in another empty box and turned back to her packing. "His previous college notified us when they learned from the news coverage of the wrestling team's victory that he was here. Then yesterday, the department received a complaint about the doctor and his behavior with an undergraduate boy in the gym, and the department chair found certain ... evidence to corroborate such accusations. So the university had no choice but to let him go immediately. In return for not pressing charges against him, the doctor agreed to a restraining order that prevents him from coming within five hundred feet of the university or contacting any of its students, ever again."

Shit! That meant everything Doc and the team had worked for was going into the toilet. He wouldn't be around to help make us winners. We'd be on our own. *I'd* be on my own again.

She went on with her packing. I looked around at the Doc's personal effects. Once they made this office seem homey; now they seemed like silent victims. There were his books, his papers, and there, on the corner of his desk, his statue of Ashibo. This woman didn't care about them, or the Doc, or how Doc had helped the team, if she even knew about that--all she cared about was this juicy scandal.

I don't really know why I did it. I slid the zipper on my gym bag open quietly. She wasn't paying any attention to me, was actively ignoring me. I lifted the statue of Ashibo from the desk as silently as I could and slipped it into my gym bag. I had just gotten it hidden inside when she turned to reach for the packing tape.

"Oh," she said, surprised. "Are you still here?"

"Yeah. I was just wondering if there was some way you could get a note to the Doc for me?"

"Absolutely not. I told you, he is not to have any communications with this university or its student body. I think you should go now." She went back to her work, plainly dismissing me. So I picked up my gym bag and left.

While I was walking back my dorm, I started rolling things over in my head. I had the statue--maybe I could use it to help the team? Doc used to claim that once a subject was trained to respond to a visual trigger, anybody could use the trigger to induce the subject into a trance. By now all of us on the team were pretty well-conditioned to the statue and the trigger phrases--maybe I could use them to continue Doc's work with the team? I could get a few books on hypnosis from the library, read up on it. I figured it couldn't be *that* hard, now that Doc had done most of the groundwork. Certainly couldn't hurt to try, at least.

All I had to do was get up the guts to try it.

Clay was reading a textbook at his desk when I came in. His jaw dropped when I told him about what the department secretary had said. "*Damn ...*" was all he could say. He liked Doc too.

We talked a couple more minutes, really superficial stuff about how Doc had helped us in our sports and study skills, and what a shame it was Doc got shoved out so fast, without even a chance to say goodbye. Neither of us mentioned the sex--I wasn't even sure Clay remembered it.

Clay went back to his studying, and I got busy doing my stuff. I kept glancing over at Clay. He was sitting there in just a pair of white briefs, his back to me, and I liked the way his muscles shifted under his skin when he would move to turn a page or give a heavy sigh as he read. Just watching him made me horny, and I suddenly realized how much I'd miss how Doc let me do sexy things with Clay.



That stature of Ashibo seemed to be calling me from inside my gym bag, like it wanted to come out or something. I guess I'd want out of a tight place where some jock stuffed his sweaty workout clothes, too.

I had this wicked idea. Clay had been conditioned to respond to the statue and key words, too. I could try them out on him--if they worked for him, they'd probably work for the wrestling team and I'd be a hero. And if Clay jacked off or blew me or let me fuck him, well, that would just be a bonus.

I pulled the statue out of my gym bag. I took a deep breath and tried to relax. I cradled the statue in my arm like Doc did, kind of stroking the back of its neck the way he did too.

"Clay, look at this."

He turned around in his chair and his eyes found the statue, found Ashibo's eyes. "That's it," I said, seeing it already start to happen in Clay's eyes. "Just relax and look deeply into Ashibo's eyes. Listen carefully, Clay." I took a deep breath, then said it firmly, like Doc would. "Ashibo is watching; relax."

**End ... *for now?***