

Going Under to Stay On Top

I had thought college would be the same as high school; partying every weekend, hot girls throwing themselves at me, skating through my classes with my good looks and my status as a quarterback. It helped that I brought home states once in my junior year and then once in my senior year. Being a top dog came with its perks, and I made sure to milk said perks. And when I was hand-selected by the head coach at Virginia Tech University, I thought the gravy train was just beginning. I knew other guys who graduated from my school who talked about how easy college was, and how they were given top marks for classes they hadn't seen.

Boy was I wrong.

My first semester started out like I had assumed; easy classes, cool roommates, amazing team. Sure, I wasn't starting line for the football team, but that was expected since I was a freshman. No sweat. And maybe I wasn't getting straight A's in all of my classes, but I was passing. No worries. And maybe my "super cool" roommates were more into Magic than drinking. No problem.

I told myself I could always work harder in the gym and start next semester. I told myself I could always study more and bring up my GPA. I told myself that any frat would want me when it came around to pledging in the spring semester. I told myself a lot of things, but didn't follow through with any of it. But the end of my spring semester I was still sitting on the bench, I had failed two of my 5 classes, and my roommates had opted out of staying with me next year; even though I partially begged for them to stay.

Over the summer between my freshman and sophomore year, I was dreading going back, even thought about dropping out of school and just moving back home. It wouldn't be so bad, I told myself. Dozens of guys from my high school were still living at home, trying to figure out their life. Why did I have to figure out everything right away, I was only nineteen for Christ's sake! So I decided to part way through the summer that I was going to just slip into neutral and relax, and if I went back, I did and if I stayed home it was whatever.

So my days were spent in the sun, and my nights were spent on the couch watching tv or jerking off. Some days I didn't even leave the couch, the motivation to do anything was lacking, and I didn't give two fucks about life, school, or sports. But apparently my lethargic personality "worried" my father and off to the psychiatrist I went, and that was when I meet Sir... I mean Dr. Daniel.

Doctor Daniel was a trained psychiatric doctor who specialized in guys like me, apparently. Young men with so much potential but little drive to do so. I remember the first time I sat down on the long red couch in his office. He sat facing me in a t-shirt in jeans, a play to get me to open up I had assumed. We talked about sports, school, my love life or lack thereof, and my future. After about twenty minutes of talking, my words came out quicker and more genuine than the short abrupt words that I started. When the session neared its end, he asked me something that I had not expected.

“Have you ever tried hypnosis?” Dr. Daniel asked as he withdrew a dated iPod shuffle from his desk drawer. “I have had some success with many guys, when it comes to drive, and positive thinking.” I was hesitant as he held out the small listening device. “It’s not gonna bite I promise, or make you cluck like a chicken.” I laughed as I took the shuffle. What was the worst that could happen, I thought to myself. Best case scenario, it works and I start feeling some drive. Worst-case scenario, I end up clucking like a chicken.

“Sure, do I just – like listen to it when I am sleeping?” I asked Dr. Daniel.

“Exactly. It is all subliminal. So to you it will sound like a thunder storm or whale calls or flutes. Whichever you choose. Each are 8 hours long and you should listen to it from start to finish. Every night while you sleep. The subconscious is the perfect time for the hypnosis to take root while you sleep.” I gave him a a half-hearted grin, not really believing in such a far fetched idea, let alone actually believing that it would work.

The first morning I felt nothing. The second day, I felt nothing. By the third day I had thought the hocus pocus that the doc was feeding me was just snake oil and lies. The power of “positive thinking” and dumbshit like that, when I work up the fourth day I felt different. Like I was on edge. As if I had taken Adderall for the first time. I cleaned my room, cut the grass, and even worked out TWICE! It gave me the same feeling about life, just like when I was in high school. It was like I was full of energy with a drive and belief that I could do anything and I never wanted it to stop.

So I listened to the recordings a little more than I was supposed to listen. I kept with every night but also at the gym, during the daytime, and even when I was getting ready for the upcoming school year. The gentle songs and the unknown soundtrack beneath the melancholy cries of whales or subtle notes of a flute urged me to do better.

And I did.

My body never looked better. My chest was massive and heavy, my shoulders were broad, and my arms were the size of softballs. Every time I went to the gym, I would plug into one of the tracks and zone out for hours, and only stop when my body could no longer lift. I would drag my body back home,

rest and return sometimes less than 12 hours later, thanks to the soundtrack. I was growing so fast it got to the point where I couldn't wear anything from the year prior, everything was either skintight and uncomfortable or so small that I couldn't even fathom how to stretch it over my newly bulked body. My parents noticed, my friends noticed, even the ladies at the gym noticed, but the only person whose opinion I seemed to care about was Dr. Dan's.

Every session I would brag about my gains, what I accomplished in the week, even going so far as to bend the truth a little about my successes. He would sit and nod and smile and congratulate me through the session and would give his input which only seemed to get smaller, which only made me yearn more for his approval. Maybe he couldn't see how well I was doing at the gym? So I changed up my clothes, going for a less is more appearance. And by the eyes lit up when I entered the office the following week in a pair of denim cut-offs and a tight mesh tank-top; I knew he approved. He leaned closer to me the entire session, and every time his thigh would touch mine or his hand would grab ahold of my muscular arm it was like electricity shooting through my body. And a feel burned within me wanting more.

"Here. I have a new tape for you to listen." He said after that session, handing me another iPod shuffle but this one was a deep red unlike the blue one he had given me. "This is the next step in the process. Now don't listen to this too much. You're only listening at nighttime right?" He asked, raising an almost accusatory eyebrow towards me.

"Oh course," I lied. I took the shuffle and pushed it into my shallow pockets. "Well, it was great seeing you, Doc." I hesitated at the door, as if there was something that I wanted from him.

"Same to you buddy," He said as he opened the door and wrapped one around one of my shoulders in a friendly sort. But that small gesture was enough to make me melt into his hands and for my cock to jump in excitement. The feeling was a surprise and one that I did not understand. So I ran from his office, unsure of my body's response to my doctor's display of affection. It worried me that something was happening to me, but that didn't stop me from plugging my headphones into my ear and going straight to the gym from our session.

The changes or my need for approval also only seemed to increase from that day. My clothes became smaller and more revealing, wanting to show off the hard work that I was putting in at the gym. My chest now hung heavy from my chest, growing to the point where I could pop buttons off of any of my button down shirts. While my lower body had become nearly impossible to fit properly. My waist had stay thin and trimmed throughout my entire summer long gaining process but my ass was nearing

the size of small melons and my thighs were like tree trunks. I had retired most of my clothes and began solely wearing workout gear, but not the typical that I would have worn a year ago.

The thought of short spandex shorts, and large billowing tank tops, like those of bodybuilders from the 90's caught my eyes. They looked masculine, they looked powerful; they looked like they were adored by everyone, and that was what I wanted. To be loved and worshipped by everyone but it seemed like no matter how much attention I got only one person came to mine. One person's face plagued my dreams and my fantasies. So gone were my knee length shorts and my basketball jerseys and they had become thin mesh tanks, short silky shorts, spandex singlets, and even a few posers. I would stare at myself for hours in the mirror posing, feeling stronger and bigger every day. And I could just see Doc standing applauding my size, and that made me want to work even harder.

I began to think about his large goofy smile and his large mop of brown hair. The thick bulge that formed between his legs whenever he crossed his legs, or how it would fall onto his chair whenever he spread his legs. Or the way that he smelled whenever he sat next to me or placed his hand on my thickly corded thigh. I had never felt anything for another man, but the way he looked at me; prouder than any coach or parent made my heart lift and my cock heavy. The attraction I felt wasn't sexual I told myself it was an attraction to be better for him, to make him proud. To grow my body. To become the best. I didn't know what it was about him but I needed him, it was like an addiction. I wanted to please him, and I wanted him to adore me like a trophy that he had won or a god that he had created. And when the last session came, I could barely contain my tears.

He sat across from me, farther than usual. I inched closer. He leaned back. I reached out. He moved to his desk. It was an obtuse game of cat and mouse, but it was a game that I was pushing myself to win.

"Are you excited about going back to school? Do you think you are prepared to go back?" He asked as sat in a corner of his desk, as I had done several times before. But this time I was in my smallest shorts, and a pair of crotch lifting underwear. My bulge was just several inches from his face, and threatened to break free of my shorts.

"Oh, I'm going to rock it," I said giving him a wink as I lifted one of my arms and flexed my massive bicep. "Just a little worried that I wouldn't have you there," I told him, knowing that our session was wrapping up and I only had so much time left with him. I left tomorrow. And our session ended in twenty minutes.

"Well, I do Skype sessions," he said offering.

“Yes!” I shouted, slamming one of my hands onto his desk, excited at the idea of seeing him weekly still. Maybe I could even push for more than one session.

“Well I will check with Susan up front and see if we can pencil you in every week,” he said as he stood from his desk and I stood from the edge of the desk we fell together. I looked down at him as his hands fell onto my pectorals. My pert nipples were hard underneath his hands as they practically groped my heavy muscles. His tiny hands moved around my pectoral’s almost in awe at the size before he looked up at me. “These have gotten sizable.” I beamed in excitement at his acknowledgment. I bounced both of them back as he squeezed them both.

“Do you like them?” I asked him. My question hung in the air as his fingers found my nipples and gave them both a pinch.

“I can appreciate them. But I prefer them bigger. And I know you can become massive with my help,” he said as he gave both of my nipples a harsh twist.

“Ooo,” I cried as my knees buckled and I fell down towards Dr. Dan. He pulled my face towards his and pressed my lips to his and I felt my cock bulge obscenely in my shorts and shoot a heavy load into my shorts. Before we even pulled away I felt the wetness spread through my shorts until the entire front was soaked. Dr. Dan broke the kiss and walked back to his desk and withdrew another shuffle.

“Bring this to school with you,” he ordered. I shyly took the shuffle and tucked it into my wet shorts. “Tell Susan to set a calendar reminder for me every Tuesday at 3pm. So we can continue our sessions. Good luck at school.” Dr. Dan looked back to his stack of papers, clearly dismissing me from out session. Humiliated, I walked out to Susan and scheduled my appointment. Unsure of what our net session would be like.

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“Today’s date is August 27th, 2019. Subject Micah Stevens. This will be session number 11. Subject is on shuffle type 2. Clear addictive personality has emerged as presumed. Subject Stevens body has grown substantially this summer. Clear adoration for myself has been shown in touching, visible affection, and orgasm upon touching. Confidence has grown to oblivious. And his attitude is nearing delusional. Study will continue while subject is away at school. Shuffle three has been given. Will document further with continued observation. Will be transferring sessions to webcam and follow-ups throughout the week.