

Dazzled

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Pledgemaster Tony must deal with a rebellious pledge on the night of the big raid on their rival fraternity--and why is that pledge wearing a dazzle mask?

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

Copyright - 2023 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- <http://wrestlr.neocities.org> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.mcstories.com/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

Dazzled

by Wrestlr

Why the fucking hell was the universe doing this to him? Yes, he was the pledgemaster, and, yes, he'd known he was signing up to deal with shit like this. But why the holy fucking hell?

For the umpteenth time tonight Tony sighed, rubbed his forehead. A few minutes past midnight, there in the shadowy back yard of the Zeta fraternity house, the assembled pledges--known as *those little maggots* or just *those damn fuck-ups*--stood waiting, shoulder-to-shoulder and sort-of at attention, for the latest pledge challenge "mission" to begin. Tonight, halfway through rush week, was one of Zeta's favorite traditions: the pledge raid on their arch-rivals, the Omega house further down Fraternity Row. The challenge was for the pledges to sneak into the Omega house, where each of them would steal something "official" that had the Omegas' letters on it, then get back here without getting caught. Points would be awarded based on how large or how official that stolen something was.

Well, *obviously*, the Omega brothers knew the raid was coming sometime this week, though not exactly when, but they would be watching and ready for it. If the maggots were caught, all the "punishments"--*Don't even think of it as hazing*, Tony chided himself--would be dished out by the Omega house. The Omegas had

their own raid planned for some random time this week, maybe even tonight; they'd send their pledges over to the Zeta house on a similar "secret" mission. The reciprocal program worked well for both fraternities, which was why it had become a "tradition"; it kept the hazings from getting personal or out of control, mostly.

Infiltrate and abscond. Tony intentionally made the pledges' task sound way too easy. *Sneak and steal.* Of course he omitted the part about the Omegas being ready for their raid. Half the fun was the pledges not realizing the brothers were always five steps ahead of them.

Tonight most of the pledges had their asses in gear, at least as best Tony could expect from a bunch of semi-sober freshman. The only maggot whose ass was definitely *not* in gear was Gene. Of course. *That fucking Gene!* Why was he always the fuck-up, at least whenever Tony was nearby? Tony hadn't gotten to know him that well yet, but the rest of the brothers and pledges seemed to like him for some weird reason. Tony couldn't quite figure out why. Maybe they just liked watching how this pledge always left tornado-meets-trailer-park wreckage and drama in his wake. Like the time Gene couldn't hold his beer during a pledge challenge and puked all over Tony's favorite sneakers. Or the time at that last party when he hit on two guys at once, right in front of both guys' super-jealous girlfriends. Or the time--

Tony sighed and rubbed his forehead again. No, the question wasn't *if* tonight's mission would be a complete and total fucking disaster--the question was *how big*. Holy fucking hell.

That fucking Gene. Per the orders Tony handed down earlier, Gene's pants were black. But where the other maggots wore a black or dark gray shirt as instructed, Gene wore a skintight wifebeater T-shirt so bright fucking white it burned Tony's eyes. Instead of dark-colored sneakers or trainers, Gene wore stupid designer flip-flops, leather, expensive, probably impossible to run in. And the absolute worst part, the dealbreaker, was the kid's mask. The other pledges wore the required face-obscurers, masks that covered their whole head and, when activated, turned so absolute black they obscured every detail, made the pledges impossible to recognize or tell apart; not even facial recognition software could identify them. Gene, though, wore a dazzle mask. Where the fuck had he even gotten one of those? Benny, president of Zeta, had a couple like it--the masks were always Zeta's secret weapons for when the Omega pledges staged *their* raid and suddenly found they not only didn't want to get away but somehow were completely agreeable to whatever humiliating "punishments" the Zeta brothers inflicted on them. The punishments weren't "hazing" if the pledges said yes, right?

But where had Gene gotten that dazzle mask? The damn thing didn't even cover his whole face, a clear deviation from orders. No, this one was some sort of cowl bullshit that covered just the top of his head and his eyes, and didn't even do a good job of that, ending halfway down his cheeks. It made the maggot look like a demented pirate, or a fashion-impaired gypsy--some B-movie costume shit like that. Fuck, Gene's mask was glittery and even his hair where it poked out from under the mask seemed to shine. The maggot wasn't even trying to look stealthy. He was trying, Tony decided, to look sexy, like this raid was some sort of down-to-fuck mission to get laid and not a serious, time-honored fraternity tradition!

Sigh. Why the hell was the universe doing this to him? Why was *Gene* doing this to him? Tonight wasn't some fucking fashion show or inter-fraternity booty call. Was Gene trying to challenge his authority or something? Tony was the damn pledgemaster, for fuck's sake! If he had his way, he'd have blackballed this fucking pledge at least three different times for a whole list of reasons that included being unwilling to follow even simple orders without a crap-ton of attitude. But the other brothers wouldn't let him. They all agreed Gene was a fucking brat but always laughed off the shit he pulled, like they enjoyed the drama and chaos. They all treated Gene like a special project, like he was their little queer mascot shitting rainbows all over the place or something.

Tony shook his head, dismayed. Well, too late now--he couldn't fix the situation, couldn't do anything except

get this cluster-fuck underway and stand by for the inevitable fallout. "Okay, maggots, you got your orders. The first one back with Omega letters worth more twenty points gets immunity and can sit out the next challenge." *Sigh*. "So just go ... Go do your thing."

As the pledges rushed forward into the night, Tony clamped a heavy grip on Gene's shoulder. "Not you, maggot."

Gene looked up at Tony imploringly. "What? But--"

"Please explain to me what the fuck you're doing in that getup? This is *not* what you were ordered to wear, maggot, and you know it. Are you just *daring* the Omegas to catch you? Here's a news flash, genius: A dazzle mask is only good one-on-one and at close range. Three or four Omega brothers catch you, and you're toast." Tony saw something flicker in Gene's eyes, and he realized: "Holy fucking hell! You *want* them to catch you! What the hell are you up to, asshole?"

Gene bit his lower lip. "Well ..."

"What's game are you playing at? Spill it, maggot."

Gene sighed. "Fine. You know Kurt Johnson, right?"

"Yeah, one of the Omega brothers. What's this got to do with him?"

"And you know how Kurt's got this big reputation for catching pledges and making them do things like suck his cock and stuff, right?"

"No." Tony narrowed his eyes at Gene. "No, I do *not* know that."

Gene brushed at a lock of hair sticking out from under that damn mask. "Well, rumor says Kurt's packing the holy grail of all cocks. I've met guys around campus, guys he 'forced' to suck his cock." The little shit even made air-quotes with his fingers. "They said it's huge, said they were wrecked for *days*. So can I go now?"

Tony frowned and massaged his forehead with two fingertips. Fucking hell, the universe must surely be out to get him or something. "And no one reported these sexual assaults to the campus police *why* exactly?"

Gene's dropped jaw showed he found Tony's question blatantly incomprehensible. "Duh. Because they all *wanted* it, of course. Like me. And now that ass-hat Joey's gonna get there first." The maggot pouted, looked genuinely disappointed.

Tony sighed. He wished this pledge drama was none of his business, but as pledgemaster he had to deal with the situation. He rolled his eyes and grumbled, "So fucking sorry for cock-blocking you, dude. I had no idea Kurt was the ... What was it you called him?"

"God's gift to size queens? Every gay-boy's wet dream? I mean, just look at him. It's pretty fucking obvious." Gene shook his head as if disbelieving Tony's ignorance, and that shake made his dazzle mask glitter in the faint light. "So, can I go now? Maybe I can catch Joey and beat him off Kurt's cock with a baseball bat or something."

"What? *No!*" That annoyed the hell out of Tony. "Holy fuck, no, you cannot go beat another pledge a baseball bat. Don't even *say* that shit, not even as a joke. Are you even fucking thinking? And what's with the dazzle mask? What would you have done if I hadn't stopped you? Were you planning on using it on Kurt?--Make him let you suck his cock? I mean, fuck, maggot, what the hell were you thinking?"

"I was thinking"--Gene huffed and crossed his arms over his chest--"about getting laid. *Obviously.*"

Something occurred to Tony. "Nuh-uh. No way. I know Kurt's not gay. I've seen him with his tongue down a girl's throat and his hand in her pants. Multiple times. Even multiple girls a few times too. A fucking dazzle mask won't turn him gay for you."

Gene waved dismissively, as if Tony had raised only a minor technicality. "So then he's probably bi. Who cares? Listen, I'm not trying to 'turn him gay'"--more air-quotes. "I just want him to catch me. Can I go now?" A pause. "Can ... I ... go ... now?"

"What does Kurt do to the pledges he catches? Or what do you want him to do to you? Do I even want to know?"

"You mean, what do I want besides for him to take off all his clothes and show me his jock-body completely bare-butt naked? He can do whatever he wants. I hear he likes skull-fucking."

Tony's forehead creased.

"Not fucking an actual skull, dumb-ass! How the hell did you pass enough classes to be a junior?" Gene shook his head in disbelief. Tony narrowed his eyes at the insult, ready to impose a crap-ton of demerits, but the pledge kept jabbering. "Kurt sticks his erect penis"--Gene mimed his description with exaggerated hand gestures--"in a guy's mouth, then fucks that mouth like it's just a hole, without any regard for who it's attached to. And if I'm really lucky, he'll fuck my mouth like that and maybe my ass too. But he can't do either one until you let me go so I can pull that asshole Joey off his cock."

More than just Gene's insubordinate attitude, all of this bothered Tony. Holy fucking hell, where to start? "So that's it? It's just sex? He's just a body to you? A piece of meat? That dazzle mask won't turn anyone gay. When it wears off, they're back to ..." Tony shook his head, exasperated.

"You're being super-weird, Tony--"

Tony tried to interrupt with a scowl and threatening growl. "For the last time, it's 'Pledgemaster Tony, sir,' maggot."

"--And I know the mask won't turn just him gay. But I'll bet he likes guys at least a little bit. There's a good number of guys around campus he wrecked with his big ol' cock, so there's plenty of evidence he's at least partly bi. I just want to make him open to the idea of fucking me. I hope he lives up to his rep. From what I heard, if you'd ever seen his dick, you'd understand why he's so legendary."

"I *have* seen his dick," Tony grouched. "Lots of times. Kurt and I were both on the baseball team before I messed up my knee and had to quit."

"You mean, somehow you're staying in school based on academics?" Gene sounded fake-shocked.

"Ha-fucking-ha. You can be a real ass, maggot. You know that?" Tony was going to demerit this fucking arrogant, insubordinate brat of a pledge into the thousands of points--*hundreds* of thousands! Gene would never be able to work off all the demerits; the brothers would *have* to blackball him after tonight.

"Guilty as charged. You can spank me if you want." Gene rolled his eyes, but whether in flirtation or unconcealed annoyance Tony couldn't tell--maybe both. "Never mind," Gene continued. "Just tell me about Kurt's big ol' dick, every detail, and maybe I won't hate you forever for fucking up my chance."

Tony sighed and shrugged. "Mine's bigger. Not bragging. Just a fact."

Gene's jaw dropped, then snapped shut. "Now you're just teasing me. That's plain cruel." He pouted and Tony couldn't help but notice how inviting his exposed lips looked. That girl Tony dated last year, the one who really got off on sucking cock, used to make the same pouty expression with her lips when she wanted his dick in her mouth. Too bad she was such a bitch whenever her lips weren't wrapped around--

"Why," Gene continued, interrupting Tony's memory, "are you cock-blocking me?"

"I ..." Tony felt uncertain, unsteady. Had Gene activated that damn mask? Was Gene using it on him?

"Hey, Pledgemaster Tony, sir, how about I suck your big dick instead?" Gene was saying. "You owe me for messing up my chance at Kurt's. Let me suck your cock as a consolation prize."

Now Tony was sure the mask was sparkling, and he couldn't look away. He felt so disoriented and woozy.

"You owe me some cock, Tony. And every straight boy likes having his dick sucked, right? So let me suck yours. I'm *real* good at it. You'll like it. I promise. You can pretend I'm your girlfriend's mouth or whatever."

As Gene knelt and fumbled with Tony's pants, Tony knew he should say no--but those sparkles--and somehow his brain was not functioning properly, couldn't make his hands push Gene fingers away, and definitely wasn't connecting to his mouth properly. He should've said *Don't fuckin' touch me, it's none of your business if I have a girlfriend*, but what he heard come out of his mouth was, "Don't ... have ... girlfriend ..."

That damn mask--fucking with his head--had to be. Point-blank like this, so hard to resist, had him thoroughly dazzled and unable to think clearly. He'd been zapped with a dazzle mask before, when he was a freshman pledge going through rush, just like Gene, and the fraternity president had gotten his hands on one and dazzle-zapped Tony and a couple of other pledges into being willing to do a bunch of stupid shit while the brothers laughed their asses off. He remembered how one moment he'd been thinking the defiance of *No way a bunch of sparkly lights will affect me* and the next he was being overwhelmed by the same slightly dizzy, lightheaded feeling he was experiencing now, how the feeling took away all his defiance and fear, replaced them with this pleasant euphoria that made him giddy and agreeable; remembered how he'd happily gone along with every super-humiliating thing they told him to do and had fucking begged--*begged*--for more while they laughed and laughed. That mask was like a drug, made him feel so damn good all over, and he liked it, liked it a lot, and--

No! Get back in the game! he scolded himself, trying to shake off the effect but only half-succeeding.

Though at least a little more aware now of what was happening, Tony still could not do anything to halt Gene from tugging down his zipper. Tony was thankful for the dark privacy--nighttime, trees, back of the yard--that might prevent his fraternity brothers from seeing what Gene was doing to him, from seeing Tony's hot flush of embarrassment and pleasure. He should stop Gene. He really should. Move his arms, shove Gene's hands or head away. Move his legs, take a step away. But all he could think about now were those little sparkles, and skull-fucking, and Gene's mouth, and how good he felt. "Don't ... have ... girlfriend ...," Tony sighed again, because his mind was unable to make his mouth say anything else.

"Whatever." Gene tugged Tony's pants and boxers down a few inches, then a little more gently pulled them to his knees. "Damn, Tony! You *do* have a gorgeous cock. A tool like that is totally wasted on a straight boy." Gene sighed with exaggerated regret.

"I ... Huh?"

Gene didn't respond. He finger-gripped Tony's dick-shaft, which was already more than halfway hard, and swallowed the head and first several inches of it neatly into his throat.

Shock bit through the dazzle effect--*No girl ever managed*--and Tony staggered off-balance a half-step under the bobbing motion of Gene's head in his crotch. Holy fucking hell! Gene's mouth was warm, wet, felt like magic. Felt even better than the dazzle effect. "More," Tony moaned weakly. "Suck ... more."

Gene popped off Tony's cock for a second and looked up, and that damn dazzle mask sparkled in Tony's gaze again. "If you want more, Pledgemaster Tony, sir, go ahead and fuck my face. I promise we'll both like it."

Those lips encircled his cock-head again. *My cock is in a dude's mouth*, Tony's malfunctioning brain chimed over and over. He could not figure out what to do, but his body seemed to know. As if on autopilot, clumsily at first, then more steadily, Tony's hips pushed his cock into Gene's mouth, slid it nearly out, repeated harder, faster. At one point Gene almost choked. Tony's body pulled back, but Gene grabbed him by the ass and used his grip to pump his own mouth up and down on Tony's cock. Was he sucking Tony's dick, or fucking his own mouth with it? Both, Tony decided. Not that the difference mattered. Nothing mattered but those little flecks of light and the slide of his cock in and out of that warm wetness. None of this seemed real, not even when his balls pulled up tight and hollered for release.

"Fuck," Tony moaned. "I need ... need ..."

Gene pulled off Tony's cock barely long enough to say, "Cum in my mouth. We both want you to." Then his mouth was surrounding Tony's happy cock again.

Tony felt his head fall back, eyes clamped shut, and he groaned as his release began and the blissful ecstasy tidal-waved over him. His body pumped his cum deep into Gene's throat.

Afterward, his head was beginning to clear but Tony didn't know what to think. That had been, unquestionably, the best blow-job of his life. Hands down, no contest. But Gene was a dude. And that damn dazzle mask. Still, it had felt really, *really* great--the blow and the dazzle effect combined in an intense way Tony'd never expected, had never experienced before--and Gene was looking up at Tony with wide, dreamy eyes, like he'd just won some orgasmic cock-sucker's grand prize or whatever.

Tony found he liked that look. Liked it a lot.

"I can do that again," Gene said happily, greedy tongue licking his lips. "Any time you want. No strings. Just say the word. I'll drink as much cum as your balls can give me."

Which sounded weird--but also awesome. Tony asked, "What about your big plans for Kurt?"

Gene sighed. "Too late for that. Besides ..."

"What the hell, maggot?"

Gene shook his head. "Nothing. Can I suck your dick again? My therapist says I've got a major oral fixation."

Always *drama-drama-drama* with this pledge! Tony rolled his eyes. "Whatever. Maybe."

Yeah, Tony's head was clearer now and his dick was still hanging out. Gene was still on his knees and had his own dick out too, and Tony could see its outline in the darkness. He bent and pulled up his pants. They were still outside in the fraternity's back yard. Fucking hell!--Someone could spot them any moment.

Tony made a decision. "Nuh-uh," he ordered gruffly; he nudged Gene's thigh with his shoe. "Hands off your cock, maggot. Don't you dare cum. Put your cock away and get your fucking pants up. Using that dazzle mask on me just earned you a fuckin' shit-ton of demerits, and as pledgemaster I'm going to punish you myself. Get your ass in the house--*double-time*, maggot. I'll be in as soon as I get one of the brothers to cover

for me. Someone's gotta be here to meet the other pledges when they come back and keep score."

Gene looked for a moment like he was going to protest. Tony glared harder. But then Gene nodded; he palmed his own erection, pushed it back into his pants--"Yes, sir, Pledgemaster Tony, sir," in an unreadable tone.

Tony watched Gene silently walk up the back porch stairs. Without, Tony noted, any trace of *double-time* in his step. Holy fucking hell. Tony shook his head in frustration. That damn Gene.

###

Tony found Gene in his room, lying back on his bed. Tony hadn't said where to go other than *get your ass in the house*, but he was weirdly pleased to locate Gene here. Gene looked up as Tony closed and locked the door. The pledge had for some reason decided to strip to his boxers but still wore the dazzle mask from before. With that mask on, Gene could be anyone, could maybe make Tony do anything, make him feel so good. This whole situation seemed weird, but not completely a *bad* weird.

Then Tony realized: Those weren't his own boxers Gene was wearing--they were Tony's. Must have claimed them from the discarded clothes always left lying on Tony's floor. "What the holy fucking hell, maggot? Why is *your* dick in *my* underwear?"

Sitting up, Gene didn't answer, instead said, "Can I suck your cock again, Pledgemaster, sir? Just one more time? Please?"

Tony's cock twitched. It wanted to be warm and wet inside the pledge's mouth again and it wanted that mouth now. And Tony wondered what would be the harm of saying yes? Hell, college was a time for experimentation, right? Plenty of guys did it and they weren't gay, including Kurt if what Gene said was true. And the pledge was cute, with his big eyes and inviting lips and even that stupid mask.

"It doesn't have to mean you're gay," Gene added.

The mask began to sparkle again. Tony felt his thoughts begin to slide, his resistance start to crumble. "Uh ..."

"It doesn't have to mean anything at all. Just let me make you feel good--maybe relax you a little. You're always wound up so tight ..."

"Stop," Tony sighed while he still could, though he really didn't want to. "Stop ... mask ..."

The sparkling slowed, then ended.

Tony knew he should stop all of this--not just the mask but everything--should ignore his cock, open his door, walk out. He'd blackball Gene, and this time make it stick no matter who tried to defend their little pledge mascot. But Tony also found he liked the hungry way Gene was staring at him, at his athletic body. Liked it a lot. Felt flattered by the attention and maybe wanted more of it. His cock felt expectant, half-hard again. What had he been thinking before?--That saying yes wouldn't hurt anyone? The door was locked. No one would know. No one but him and Gene.

Tony could just say yes and feel good and no one would know. "Fuck it." Then, as he began to pull his T-shirt up and off, he added, "Sure, okay. Blow me ... But no mask."

Eying Tony's bare chest as if memorizing every muscle swell and flat plain, Gene perked up, eagerness making him look even cuter. "*Really?*"

The dazzle effect had felt like a drug. Were the mask and its blissful effect addictive? Did Tony want to be addicted to it? Gene's mouth might be addictive too. Tony worried about how much he liked how the mask made him feel, but found he was fine with how good Gene's mouth felt. He made a decision and glared at Gene as he toed off his trainers. "Did I stutter, maggot? I said blow me. Are you questioning your pledgemaster's orders?"

Gene flipped himself around so he was kneeling on the bed, head slightly bowed, looking theatrically contrite. "No, sir, Pledgemaster Tony, sir--definitely not questioning your orders, sir."

Tony had his pants open now but paused before dropping them. "Insubordination will get you paddled, pledge. Do you *want* me to punish you?" Somehow Tony's dick liked that idea--Gene's bare ass, red from paddle swats--liked it a lot.

Gene looked up with blazing eyes even that stupid sparkly mask didn't hide. "Is that a trick question? Because the answer is yes. I like being spanked, and maybe some other rough stuff too, sometimes."

"You *like* being paddled? No wonder you're joining a fraternity." Tony, in just his boxers and socks now, shook his head in dismay. He felt out of his league, realizing he might be playing a game with higher stakes than he'd expected. In comparison, being naked with a guy, being blown him, now seemed pretty damn tame. "How about we keep it simple for now and stick with your mouth sucking my cock?"

Gene bounced on the bed a little. "Okay!--I can do that!"

And before Tony quite processed what was happening, his boxers were around his ankles, and he was naked except for his socks. His cock was down Gene's throat and all those pesky questions scurried away, this time without the mask's influence.

###

Tony woke up, on his back with something solid and hot tight-clamped onto and half on top of him, someone's arm thrown over his chest. He thought of iguanas basking on hot rocks, with himself as the hot rock.

That something solid was Gene. Tony liked the heat-pressure of Gene's body--Tony'd always been the one doing the big-spoon wraparound with girls, but he had to admit lying naked in his warm bed with a warmer body pressed against him felt nice, even if the body was firmer than he was used to--and was scuffing morning chin-stubble against his shoulder. The night before, between suck-sessions, they'd gradually gone from just lying together on the narrow bed to cuddling, which Gene seemed to require; the cuddling had been awkward for Tony the first time or two, but he'd gotten used to it, had actually begun to enjoy it by the last couple of rounds. Gene had left little suction hickey-marks too, lots of them, all over Tony's chest, as though territory-marking Tony as his; Tony perversely kind of liked them. He even liked Gene's scent; it was clean and just a little sweaty, not some funky floral chick-perfume that made Tony's nose itch.

The body pressed to him had morning wood too, another new experience, another dude's cock pressed firmly against Tony's thigh. Tony smirked and shifted his leg to rub slowly against Gene's rod, feeling it pulse along his skin as Gene's dick registered the new stimulation. How the holy hell could Gene still manage to get an erection after all the times he'd jacked off while sucking Tony last night? Even Tony's ever-ready dick managed to be only half-hard this morning, still felt heavy and contentedly spent after spurting so many times.

Ugh. Worry about that later, Tony told himself as his body prompted him about a more urgent need. He pried himself out from under Gene's grip. The pledge grumbled drowsily for a moment, squirmed, then sank back into unconsciousness. No surprise. Last night had been strenuous for the guy--for both of them. Tony

wouldn't be hauling himself out of bed if he didn't have to piss so badly. His bladder was a demanding taskmaster.

He located his favorite pair of baggy blue basketball shorts on the messy floor, pulled them on, and ambled down the hall to the communal bathroom he shared with his fraternity brothers. Sidled up to the toilet to piss. *Aaah!*

As he flushed and turned away from the porcelain, he ran into two of them. Mike and Stan both had their arms folded over their bare chests, clearly waiting for him.

"What?" Tony asked.

"You got that kid in there?" Stan tilted his head toward the hallway, in the general direction of Tony's room.

Tony froze. "Um--What?"

"You know," Mike said. "What's-his-face the maggot. The pretty-boy one. Always messing with his hair. Gay as fuck. Has a crush on you about a mile wide and twice as obvious."

"Um, I ..." *Crush?*

Stan sighed, rolled his eyes at Tony's incomprehension. "Tell us it's him and not somebody else. This is *real* important."

"Huh?"

"Listen," Mike said. "We were one pledge short last night, so I gotta know if the Omegas caught him and we need to ransom him back, or--"

Stan: "And you gotta hear the maggots tell about their raid. It was epic! They worked together this time. Two of them made sure they got seen sneaking around out back of the Omega house. While the Omegas were at the back waiting for them to make their move, the rest of the maggots walked right up to the front door and stole the Omegas' letters off it! Right off their *front fucking door!* Posted a video of it and everything! Epic! Word is, the missing one planned the whole thing. No pledge class will *ever* top last night. History was made, dude. Fucking epic!"

Mike: "And the Omegas staged their own pledge raid at, like, four a.m. We caught three of them--Benny and a couple of the guys are working on 'em in the basement right now. So we can trade one of them for that little maggot if we gotta ransom him back--"

--And somebody said the maggot was wearing one of Benny's dazzle masks--"

--And we heard you getting your dick spit-waxed last night--"

--A lot," Stan added. "You were real loud. We lost count at six times--"

--It was eight--"

--No way--that's inhuman--maybe seven--"

--So is that maggot in there, or not?" demanded Mike.

Tony opened his mouth and closed it. He was very much aware of how flushed his face felt.

"Because if it's *not* him," Stan said, "can you *please* keep it on the down-low? We'll help you get whoever-it-is outta the house without anyone seeing. Dude, there is a *lot* of money riding on this."

"But if it *is* him, we gotta know, 'cause we got our money on it being what's-his-face--" Mike began.

"Gene," Tony said flatly as he rubbed his forehead. "His name is Gene." Holy fucking hell, this situation was insane--all of it. He definitely didn't get enough sleep last night if the universe was going to make him deal with this much drama first thing in the morning.

"Right. Gene. We got our money on Gene sucking you dry before the end of the semester. So please tell us he was the one who kept draining your balls all night last night."

"You've been ... betting on me?"

Stan nodded. "Well, yeah. We've all been waiting for you to come out and stuff, but you never--"

"Which is totally fine," interjected Mike.

"I'm not gay--" Tony began, rubbing his forehead harder.

"Dude, you were totally checking out our chests when you turned around just now."

"Which is totally fine too," Mike nodded. "I don't mind. It's kind of flattering."

Tony frowned. "But I'm--"

"Dude"--Stan flexed an arm, curling, made his impressive biceps stand up--"what's two times two?"

Of course Tony looked, wondered for a second what that arm would feel like if ... Wait--what was the question?

"Gotcha!" Stan laughed, making finger-guns at Tony.

Mike added, "The eyes don't lie, man."

"Anyway"--Stan again--"like I was saying, this Gene kid has been gunning hard for you since day one--"

--I think he might've pledged just to get a shot at you. It's kind of cute, really--"

--And we've all been betting on *when*, not *if*, he'll get your dick down his throat. Me and Mike put our money on it happening before the end of the semester. So, *please*, for the love of all that's holy, please tell us that horny little pledge is the one in your room. Then we go collect our money and everyone's happy."

"Except those losers that lost the bet," Mike pointed out.

"Got that right," Stan agreed, and they fist-bumped.

"So, uh, all you care about," Tony said, speaking slowly to make sure his brain processed this conundrum correctly, "is whether you won some fucking bet or not."

Both brothers stared at Tony as if he'd said the most obvious thing ever and nodded. Stan added, "Well, *yeah*."

"Oh ... Well. Then, yeah, Gene's in my room." Tony rubbed his forehead. "He said something about Kurt over

at the Omegas and wanting to be his sex-slave and--"

Mike laughed. "Dude! Kurt flunked out last semester. *Everybody* knows that. He doesn't live at the Omega house anymore, hasn't for a while. And I heard he's engaged now."

"Oh."

Stan slapped Tony's shoulder. "Maybe you better have a talk with your boy. Meanwhile, we're gonna go collect our money."

Mike and Stan fist-bumped again. Assholes.

Tony stomped over to his door and pushed it open more forcefully than he intended. The door banged against the wall, and Gene looked up, wide scared eyes. The idiot had put that stupid mask back on.

"Take that fucking thing off," Tony demanded.

Gene was all spooked innocence. "What?"

"*Take ... off ... that ... fucking ... mask,*" Tony gritted out. He didn't feel in control of much but, fucking hell, he could and would get Gene out of that dumb-ass gypsy dazzle mask!

"But it makes me look awesome."

"For fuck's sake, *take it off!*" Tony shouted. He didn't shout often.

"Yes, sir." But Gene's terrified eyes just stared up at Tony; he was clearly too scared to move, much less remove the mask. "Uh, I'll just go--"

Somehow, Tony didn't want that. "No. Stay," he grunted. "Move over."

Gene scooted, leaving most of the bed for Tony. "Are you pissed? Duh. Obviously you're pissed. I'm sorry, Tony. I just--"

"Shut up. Holy fucking hell, for once *please* just shut the fuck up."

Gene shut up.

Tony sat on the bed and looked at Gene. Looked at him hard. Yeah, when they started, Tony was under the influence of Gene's damn mask, but he was pretty sure that had worn off early. He thought of all the things they'd done last night involving his prick and Gene's mouth, and he was pretty sure everything they'd done just scraped the surface of what they *could* have done, what Gene could've used the mask to make him do. Would Tony have pushed back if Gene tried to go further than just sucking Tony's dick, licking his balls, tongue-worshipping his body? He rubbed his forehead, waited for a feeling of revulsion or disgust, but none surfaced. He had joined sports teams and the fraternity for the comfort that belonging to an all-male environment provided, but still something had always seemed to be missing. All he seemed to remember of the last several hours were the feelings of pleasure and rightness, as if he had found the missing something, and he couldn't seem to feel anything else while looking at Gene. Some guilt, sure, and a little annoyance, but mostly an overwhelming desire to recapture the ecstasy and fulfillment Gene had brought him earlier.

"Come here," Tony said with a resigned sigh, reaching for Gene.

Gene slid closer, all awkward limbs like a newborn calf, and settled straddling Tony's hips, facing him. "Yes, sir, Pledgemaster Tony, sir?"

"Just 'Tony.'" Some mischievous impulse made him add, "While we're alone, anyway."

"Okay." Gene worried his lower lip.

The girls Tony had dated had all been looking for something, a boyfriend with popularity or power or prestige--he had all those things, but they never seemed to be looking for *him*. Or maybe he wasn't really looking for *them*. This damn Gene, though--

Tony grunted, making a decision. "I want to know ... I need to ..." He gave up trying to explain things he didn't understand and kissed Gene. This was something he needed to try, an experiment. Tony needed to know.

The mask scraped Tony's cheek as their faces moved against each other; Gene's morning stubble scraped too, a new experience. Tony had gone into the kiss with his mouth shut. Gene's tongue touched the seam of his lips, and Tony automatically opened, realizing with surprise what he had done once Gene's tongue was teasing in his mouth. Gene kissed like he was trying to consume Tony, as though putting months of desire and longing into one press of mouth against mouth. Tony held on and let the kiss roll over him, just let it happen to him.

Some unknowable time later, they pulled apart and sat looking at each other, both panting slightly. "Well?" Gene asked. "Did I pass, or what?"

"Pass what?" Tony still felt a little dazed. Like that first blow-job yesterday, this was the best kiss he'd ever had. And if the mask combined so intensely with sex, how would it combine with ...

"Your test," Gene said. "That's what that kiss was, right? Now comes the part when you tell me you're really flattered, but you're just not into guys that way. And that sucks, but at least you're not kicking my ass, so that's a plus for me. Why do I always fall for straight boys?"

Tony shrugged. "Beats me. I want another."

"Another what?"

"Kiss. What else? And this time, I want you to use the mask."

Gene stared at Tony for a few seconds, mouth slightly open, then the sparkling began, and Tony lost himself in it, that blissful feeling, so lost he barely felt Gene's mouth on his. Tony surrendered completely. He couldn't think of a single reason not to, so it happened and he let it.

###

Much later, with both of them lying naked and sweaty, Gene said, "It's okay--I don't mind."

Tony yawned. Why the holy hell was everyone asking him all these fucking questions this morning? Didn't they know his brain was still too addled by exhaustion and afterglow to handle difficult shit like thinking and questions? His cock and balls and hip-thrusting muscles felt sore in really good ways. And how the hell was Gene even able to talk, anyway?--Surely his jaw must be aching after all the cock-sucking he'd done last night, and this morning. "Mind what?"

"Being your little secret. The mask made you; I get it. It's okay, really, as long as we can still do this once in a while. I won't tell anyone." He leaned in and risked a tentative kiss on Tony's shoulder.

"No, it wasn't the fucking mask," Tony said. "I made the decision, not the mask. Thought I made that pretty

damn clear last night? And I meant it. I said use it because it feels good, not because it made me--you know." Deep breath. "Listen, I'm not big on keeping secrets and sneaking around. Too much trouble; not worth the drama when everyone finds out, which always happens. If we do this whatever-it-is thing, we do it out in the open--none of this 'keep it a secret' bullshit. And we don't blame it on the damn mask."

"Yes, sir."

Tony raised an eyebrow.

"I mean, yes, Tony."

"Good boy."

Gene grinned brightly.

Tony liked that smile. "Now, let's go clean up and get something to eat. I'm hungry."

"Whatever you say, Tony." Gene sounded almost convincingly like an obedient sex-slave, but Tony already knew better.

"And after that," Tony said, "I want you to go get your shit and move it into my room. But that fucking mask stays in a drawer unless I say take it out, understand? Where'd you get it, anyway? Those things aren't easy to find."

"I took it out of Benny's room. He has two or three--I figured he wouldn't miss one for a night. Besides, I needed it more than he did."

Benny's ...? Fraternity president Benny? Tony wasn't sure how to process that, didn't want to know. So he decided to say something safer instead: "Well, it looks fucking ridiculous."

"I think it makes me look cool."

"Trust me, it fucking doesn't." But Tony had to force himself to stop grinning as he said that.

"Fine." After barely a pause Gene continued: "Are you sure?"

"About you losing that fucking mask? Hell, yeah."

Gene swatted his arm. Tony made a note of that, added it to the offenses list for later punishment.

"No," Gene said. "I meant about me moving in here."

"This morning my friends told me they knew I was"--Tony couldn't say *gay* yet--"going to experiment with guys before I did. This thing--'friends with benefits,' fuck-buddies, boyfriends, whatever it is--I think I need to keep you around to show me how this whole fucking queer universe works. You can be my gay spirit animal or something. What's a good one?--A rainbow-spotted ocelot that shits pride flags or something?"

Gene put his balled fists on his hips, a theatrical huff. "I do *not* shit pride flags. And what if I don't want to be a gay ocelot spirit animal?"

Tony rolled his eyes to dismiss Gene's latest drama. "Fine. Then you can be ... my tour guide to Planet Queer. Whatever."

"You're probably not even gay--just experimenting before you go back to being a straight boy."

"Gene, in the last twelve hours I've cum more times in a guy's mouth than I usually cum in a month. Either it's you, or the mask, or I'm gay." There--he'd said it. "And I don't think it's the damn mask."

"I'm betting it's me," Gene said, a wide smirky smile as he slipped the mask off his face and laid it on Tony's small bedside table.

"I'm good with that too, I guess. Get some pants on, and let's go clean up."

Tony pulled on the basketball shorts from earlier and Gene put on the pants he'd worn the previous night. Tony opened the door to find three of his fraternity brothers waiting. Looking past Tony and seeing Gene, their faces fell in unison.

"Fucking hell! Mike and Stan were right. Assholes!"

"Fuck! It's still, like, a week 'til payday, too. Tony, your timing fucking sucks. Just couldn't keep it in your pants 'til after the end of the semester, could you?"

"I blame the maggot," the third brother said. "Have you seen how he operates? He'll probably be president of the fraternity by the time he's a sophomore."

"Pretty sure he already *had* the president--"

"Benny?--No way! He's straight as they--Oh. Never mind."

"Best blow-job he ever had, he said."

"Really? Hey, Tony, are you two gonna be exclusive, or are you gonna share with your brothers?"

"Yeah!--Brothers share and share alike, right?"

Tony had the sudden image of a kneeling Gene, the three grinning fraternity brothers standing around him, shirtless, barefoot, their shorts down around their knees, stiff cocks out, their expressions dazzle-dazed as the masked pledge's hungry mouth went from dick to dick to dick. *Grr!* "Go the fuck away," Tony growled at them. "And stop looking at Gene like that. He's my pledge now. Go get your own. Maybe try asking that maggot Joey."

The brothers slouched away, still bitching about losing that damn bet.

As soon as Tony and Gene were safely in the shower, Gene said, "About that possessive alpha-male shit you pulled back there ..."

"Yeah?" Tony asked warily. He paused from scrubbing a soapy thumbnail at a streak of dried cum, probably Gene's, on his chest, next to one of the little hickey-marks, definitely Gene's. Wondered if his fraternity brothers had noticed. Yeah, no way they'd missed any of it.

"Just so you know, that was frickin' hot."

"Really?"

"Yeah, really, dumb-ass. Super-doooper hot! I nearly jumped on your cock right then and there in front of them. Want me jump on your cock right now? You can fuck my ass if you want."

Surprised, Tony fumbled and dropped the bar of soap he'd been working across his pec. Gene was offering anal? "Um, yeah. Fuck, yeah! You'll let me do that? You sure it'll fit?"

Gene laughed. "That's my line, stud, not yours, and that big ol' dick of yours'll fit just fine, trust me. I've been practicing." Gene shook his head and chuckled. "I sure hope this isn't a dream, 'cause if I wake up right before you stick your dick in me, I'm gonna be *so* pissed."

"Okay, smart-ass. Turn around and grab your ankles." A test.

"Yes, sir, mister alpha-male pledgemaster, sir!" And Gene did it.

Well, all right then. Tony reached into his shower kit and grabbed the little bottle of waterproof lubricant he kept there for jacking off whenever he had some privacy in the showers. He coated two of his fingers, pushed one into Gene's ass, then both. The pledge made a sudden sound, part gasp and part slutty groan. Tony thought maybe he'd accidentally pegged Gene's prostate--he'd heard that felt real good. Tony tried to find it again, missed a couple of times, and gave up. Later. He'd find it again later. He just needed to make sure he had a later. He thought, as he pumped two, and then three, fingers in and out of Gene's perfect ass, that he might be down for a lot of later.

Gene begged to be taken right then and there in the showers, but Tony heard a voice from somewhere in the house and turned suddenly nervous, remembering any of the brothers could walk in any moment. Plus, his shower kit had lubricant but no condoms; he never had been in a situation where he needed a condom in the shower before.

"But I'm on Super-PrEP!" Gene protested.

Tony finished drying off, then looked at him. "I don't even know what that means." They were both still naked; Gene was bent forward, rubbing the towel down his leg, pert ass-globes offered, and Tony was tempted, but no.

Gene rolled his eyes. "Do you live under a rock or something? It's this pill you take that keeps you from getting sexually transmitted diseases and stuff."

"Holy fucking hell, Gene, we are *not* doing it without a condom, okay?" Not yet, but they would; Tony needed to start a to-do list. Yes, he'd pumped a pint of ball-juice into Gene's throat already, in blow-job after blow-job, but unprotected anal felt more significant. Tony sure wanted to try anal, wanted his cum inside Gene's ass in a fundamental way that went beyond just *establishing dominance* or *marking territory* and into some caveman-brained primal shit he didn't understand, not even a little bit--but then he didn't understand physics either and somehow gravity still worked. The universe didn't depend on his understanding, and everything still had a way of working out.

"Okay," Gene said, sounding somewhat disappointed. Then he perked up. "But you can still fuck me some without a condom, then pull out and cum *on* me instead of *in* me, right? If you want to--ass, stomach, face--I'm fine with anywhere."

Tony's brain locked up just thinking about those options. None of the girls he'd been with had ever volunteered for a facial, not even that one girl who'd really gotten off on giving head. For some reason they didn't find facials as sexy as Tony did, didn't find them sexy at all. But Gene was asking for it. Tony's heart anticipation-hammered even faster and his exhausted cock started waking up and getting interested. *No--the brothers--walk in any moment--stick with the plan.* "Get your pants on. We're going back to my room right fucking now."

Tony had condoms in his room, and the water-resistant lubricant from his shower kit, but Gene wanted instead to use this super-slick lube from little packets he had in his pocket. Until now, Tony hadn't known lube even came in pocket-sized packets. The only shit he'd ever used was lotion when he first discovered jerking-off and the water-resistant stuff he used in the shower. He'd never needed lube with the girls he

fucked. Travel-sized lube was a revelation, so handy; they could fuck any time, *anywhere*. This was amazing! He wondered for a moment why Gene just happened to have packets in his pocket, then decided, *Nope, don't wanna know*.

Gene quickly got naked and onto his hands and knees on Tony's bed, ass offered and vulnerable. Good thing his own basketball shorts had an elastic waistband, Tony decided, because processing the sight of Gene's ass didn't spare him enough brainpower to decipher a button and a zipper. Tony had planned on finger-fucking Gene a little more with that travel-sized lube, but the pledge beat him to it, slicking and stuffing several of his own fingers into his ass, mewling his need, begging for Tony's big cock. Gene's prick was hard and Tony could see a drop of pre-cum dribble from the tip and onto his bed. Part of him was disappointed it hadn't fallen on his tongue. What the hell was up with that?

"Hands off," Tony ordered. Gene obeyed immediately for once, and Tony got his first up-close view of the pledge's hairless ass crack. No way was that natural. Couldn't be. Real asses, at least real *guy* asses, were hairy and just ... not like Gene's. Gene had some hair around his cock, but even that was carefully trimmed, not completely hair-free like his crack. And his hole? Assholes were at best unattractive, like a mutant starfish. Something about Gene's, though, looked ... pretty. No other word for it. Even loosened by his fingers, Gene's hole was perfect, like porcelain. Tony hadn't seen a lot of buttholes this close, and all of them had been on girls whose pussies he was eating out, but Gene's was by far the best of the bunch. How was that pucker supposed to stretch to accept something the size of Tony's cock? Vaginas were different; Tony knew how to fit his cock inside one of those and bang around. But Gene's asshole looked definitely too smooth and fragile to stretch enough to allow his cock passage inside. "Are you sure this is okay?" Tony asked. "Can I, like, touch it? I don't want to hurt it. It won't break or anything, will it?"

Gene looked over his shoulder. "Is *what* going to break? My asshole?"

"Yeah?"

Gene hung his head and laughed, bratty tone back in full force. "And this is why I should never seduce the straight boys, no matter how much I want them to hammer my ass. Yes, you can touch it, Tony, and, no, you know it's not going to break. You had three fingers up my butt in the shower less than ten minutes ago. Your tiny little dick is gonna have to try a lot harder than that to break my hole."

"Who you calling 'tiny'?" Tony growled, mock-indignant, and gave Gene a light spank on the butt as punishment. "Fuck you, asshole."

"That's the idea, yeah," Gene snarked back. "Think you can get around to that *sometime* today?"

"Sure thing, baby."

Baby made Gene blush. Tony found he liked that--a lot.

"Do I have to say 'pretty please'? For fuck's sake, Tony, put your cock in me. Are you waiting for a user's guide or something? You straight boys worry me sometimes."

"Pretty sure I'm not straight, not entirely," Tony said. He stared again at Gene's hole, then yielded to the temptation and ran his tongue across the pucker, tasting the lubricant from when Gene had stuffed his own fingers up there moments ago.

Gene jumped and made a gurgling squeal. Over his shoulder he said, "Damn, Tony! What are you doing back there?"

Tony pulled back. "Uh, was I not supposed to do that?" Gay sex seemed so fucking complicated--all these

rules and none of them written down anywhere. Tony decided maybe he *did* need that user's guide or at least some bullet points.

"You are *definitely* supposed to do that, and you will definitely be doing it again later," Gene declared as he pushed his ass back, spread his knees a little wider, braced his elbows on the mattress. "But right now, if you don't stick your big dick inside me in the next thirty seconds, my balls will explode and I'll die and that will leave a huge mess for you and your fraternity brothers to clean up. I don't think they'll like that."

"We'll make the other pledges do the clean-up. That's what they're for," Tony laughed as he snagged one of the condoms from his bedside drawer and tore open the wrapper. At least rolling it on over his hard cock was a familiar task. "I don't want to hurt you," he said as Gene's butt settled against his hip.

Gene gave him a grin. "Use a lot of lube and we'll be fine. Go slow, a little at a time. Then when I tell you I'm ready, you can fuck the shit out of me."

Tony's forehead creased. "Gross!"

"You know what I mean. Believe me, I've been training my ass for this. We'll be fine."

Trusting Gene's experience--because, of the two of them, Gene was the only one who'd been fucked in the butt--Tony slathered lubricant over his rubbered cock and started to push forward, making contact with Gene's pucker, pushing harder, starting to breach the hole and enter it. "Fuck," was all Tony could say, over and over. This felt like the dazzle mask effect, lightheaded and intoxicating, but in a different way. His brain went completely blank as all his blood rushed into his dick, and that dick was in the tightest, absolute best place it had ever been. He pushed in slowly, an incremental slide, testing for depth, and eventually bottomed out. That was awesome, too. Tony's rod was thick and long, and he liked the sweet, sweet feeling of being able to get the whole thing in.

"You okay back there?" Gene interrupted. "You didn't get lost, did you? Do I need to draw you a map?"

"Shut up, maggot." Tony started to move, slowly at first. "Your ass feels so fucking tight. I'm not hurting you, am I? Can I fuck you hard now?"

Gene pushed back onto Tony's dick. "You better. Or I'm gonna roll you over and ride your dick like you're a pony I just got for my birthday."

"I'd like to see you try." Tony *did* want to see that. And feel it. It sounded amazing. He imagined Gene on top, straddling him, riding his cock cowgirl style--cowboy style. He penciled it into the number two spot on his List Of Things To Try Next.

Gene on his elbows and knees seemed already lost in the sensation of Tony's cock rubbing in and out of his ass. The pledge kept making these grunts and pleas and eventually little gasping groans that could be anguish or ecstasy. Tony would've worried about the noise, but it was already late morning and all those asshole brothers were awake by now and they already knew what he was doing. Might as well give them their money's worth. Make those assholes really jealous.

A few more thrusts and Tony felt his orgasm threatening to break over him. "Gonna blow," he gasped, and meant it, any second. He pulled his cock out from Gene's body and roughly shoved him onto his back. Tony tugged off the condom. Hand-stroked. "Where you want it? Tell me quick."

"Ungh," Gene said.

Prick and crotch it was, then, since that's where Tony's missile was already aimed and his climax started two

jerks later, sooner than he could react. Ecstasy sang along his nerves and half a second later the first spurt of cum rocketed out and splatted on Gene's lower stomach and groin and dick, marking them, marking Gene, as his. Had Tony ever felt this primal before? Definitely not. As the sensations continued to overcome him, he spent the rest of his load onto Gene's cock while Gene's hand worked at his own rod in a blur, with Tony's cum as lube.

"Fuck, so close," Gene moaned. "Lick my cock--Please?"

Tony bent down as the pledge fast-stroked, and he touched his tongue to the leaking tip of Gene's cock, gave it a quick lap. That was all Gene needed; he cried out as he orgasmed hard, and spunk shot out of his dick. Some hit Tony's lip and some went across his cheek. And it was ... far sexier than he'd expected. Sperm was, like, just some bodily byproduct, right? When had cum gotten so sexy? Tony brushed at the spot with his finger and brought it to his tongue. The taste wasn't what he'd call delicious, but he could get used to it. It was Gene's. Tony already wanted more. That became item number three on his growing List Of Things To Try Next: Blowing Gene.

"Don't pass out on me now," Tony said to the semi-conscious boy on his sheets as he reached for his bedside table, "because it's time for payback."

Gene made a contented whine-purr sound, eyes closed, still floating in his afterglow.

Tony's hand closed around the dazzle mask Gene had left there. How did this fucking mask fit? Tony had never worn or used one before. Okay, there. Now he had it on. A little adjustment, and he had it aligned with his eyes and could see out of it. How did it turn on? Oh!--There it went. That was easy. Little light-flickers at the edges of his vision told Tony it was working.

"Hey, maggot"--Tony gave Gene's shoulder a little shake--"look at me."

"Huh?" Underneath, Gene opened his eyes and aimed them up at Tony. His eyes widened. "What are you do ... dooo ..."

Number one on Tony's List: Dazzle Gene.

Gene's voice trailed off as his expression went almost slack except for the barest trace of a blissful smile, and to Tony this seemed the sexiest look of all. All of Gene's brattiness and attitude were gone, at least for now, and his purring submission was genuine. Yeah, now Tony knew why Gene took the dazzle mask from Benny's room; he definitely understood the attraction of wearing it. Tony wondered whether he might actually come to like using the mask more than having it used on him.

"You're feeling pretty damn good right now, aren't you, pledge?"

Gene barely nodded, not looking away from the mask and widening his grin just a bit. "Uh ... huh ..."

"Good. I want you to feel good. But you've been a bad boy, pledge--you've been a fucking brat ever since yesterday, haven't you?"

"Yuhhh ..."

"And brats need to be punished, right? You want me to punish you, don't you?"

"Yuzzz ... surrr ..."

"Yeah, that's better. That's the kind of respect you should've been showing me all along. I'm going to punish

you and you're going to be a good little pledge and take it. You're gonna like it and beg me for more, got that? First, you're going to clean me up with your tongue. Then I'm going to spank you. You okay with the plan so far?"

"How ... How much?" Gene managed to ask, which must've taken a lot of effort. Tony was impressed. Too, Gene's woozy voice had faded into this lower, slower register that made Tony's cock pay attention.

"How much am I gonna spank you? Until I think you've had enough. You got a fuck-ton of demerits, maggot, so that's a fucking lot of swats," Tony said. "And then, if I think you deserve it, *maybe* I'll fuck you again." Because Tony was betting Gene would find the dazzle-plus-orgasm combination as mind-blastingly intense as he himself had. Tony wanted--fucking hell, *needed*--to make an impression.

Gene sighed happily, sinking back. "Yuzzz ... surrr ..."

###

As the universe continued in its mysterious ways, Tony made the best effort he could at figuring out how to be Gene's boyfriend, and Gene became the best tour guide to Planet Queer Tony could hope for, as they ticked item after item off his ever-growing List Of Things To Try Next. Gene had his own list, and Tony soon learned to excel at creative punishment; applying his experience as pledgemaster, he mastered spanking to Gene's satisfaction right away, and then edging, then moved on to more advanced techniques.

They never did return the dazzle mask to Benny, because Gene could still be, when he chose, very bratty indeed.
