

Fraternity Induction

By Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

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Fraternity Induction

Day 1: Friday

It's Friday, late afternoon. Normally that's cause enough for activity here at the frat house, but this weekend is special: initiation.

You're not a member--more of a special "advisor." Your roommate--the guy you roomed with all through your undergraduate years--joined this frat, the campus jock frat, and you got involved through him. His scholastic major was almost beside the point; for all practical purposes, he majored in football. You were in psychology, and initially because of your crush on your roommate, which probably wasn't as secret as you thought, you specialized in the psychology of sports and motivation. When you learned hypnosis, your roommate volunteered to be your test subject, and the results were excellent. He liked his improved focus and decisiveness on the field. You liked watching the object of your covert crush gradually submit to your induction, liked how cooperative he became, how little by little he, willingly, learned to share his body with you.

When you both graduated--him to turn pro and you to enter graduate school at this same university--his frat brothers asked how he got so good and he, with your permission, finally told them about the hypnosis. Several members of the frat volunteered as subjects for your motivational "research." Your advisor, the professor you call Doc, the man who taught you hypnosis, is the faculty advisor for the frat--after seeing the difference you made with a portion of the frat last year, he recommended that you broaden your work to include all thirty-five active brothers. That was last year, and since the start of the school year

you've been doing just that. The results have been impressive: improved performance in their sports and in the classrooms, fewer complaints about rowdy behavior in town, and--the most impressive change--a drop in date rape and sexual assault charges from ten two years ago, to three last year when you started your hypnosis training with the members, to none so far this year (you smirk, wondering what Doc would think if he knew the real reason for this drop--and since Doc continues to hypnotize you now and then to illustrate the finer points of technique, you decide there's a chance he already knows).

Knock on the door. Alex, the wrestler who is pledge-master this year, answers it. Beyond him, just as you knew they would be, are Bryce, the dark-haired diver, and Jake, the social chair who is on the football team. None of them are consciously aware that you ordered them in their last sessions to be here at the door at this time, waiting for you. So far as they know, they all just happened to run into each other here in the foyer and were chatting when you just happened to arrive.

Draw the gold pocket watch from your pocket. Doc had used this to hypnotize you back when you were learning; when you graduated, he made a gift of it to you, and you've used it with your subjects as a visual focusing tool ever since. Hold it up, dangling at the end of its short gold chain. Alex, in front, is the first to see it. "Relax and obey," you say, triggering the suggestions you've been giving him for some time now. Alex's eyes go blank, his expression slack, as his mind recognizes the trigger and slips back into that submissive, relaxed state. "Yes, sir," he murmurs, confirming his submission to the post-hypnotic command to re-enter the trance state.

Hold the watch up higher, where Bryce and Jake can see it over Alex's shoulder. Repeat the trigger: "Relax and obey." It has its effect on them as well. "Yes, sir," they murmur almost in unison.

Alex is pledge-master this year, Bryce the frat president, and Jake the social chair. They were some of your first and best subjects; you've been hypnotizing them for over a year and they're profoundly suggestible now. You maneuvered them into positions of leadership for just such a day as today. Now, with these three in their trances and receptive to your instructions, you effectively control the leadership of the entire fraternity. As Doc likes to say when explaining the power of hypnosis, "as the head, so the body," though you doubt what you have planned is what he had in mind.

Alex and Jake are dressed as you instructed them: nothing but a pair of shorts, though Jake has supplemented with a backward baseball cap. You eye their exposed chests and legs. Their bodies are sexy, but somehow the slack expressions on their spellbound faces strikes you as far more erotic. Bryce, on the other hand, is fully dressed. When you ask why, he mumbles that he got out of his afternoon lab late, just got here, didn't have time to change. You decide meeting you is compliance enough, given the circumstances, and you order him to strip off his shirt, shoes, and socks; a guy in nothing but a pair of jeans is as sexy as a guy in just shorts.

"Are the pledges ready?" you ask Alex.

"... yes ... sir ..." His rapt eyes never leave the watch as it turns gently at the end of its chain.

"And are the brothers all here as well?"

"... yes ... sir ..."

"Everything is ready, just as I instructed you?"

"... ev'rything ... sir ..."

"Good, Alex--very good. I'm very pleased with you. I want you three to gather the brothers. Act normally; act like you usually do when you aren't in this pleasantly relaxed state. Have everyone meet in the basement in five minutes for the start of initiation. I will take care of telling everyone in the TV room. You three tell everyone else. Go now."

They move off, slowly, on their appointed task. You turn right, to the TV room that branches off this foyer. As usual, the TV is on, blaring some game. Three brothers are sprawled about the room, paying varying degrees of attention to the game. According to your orders, too, they also wear nothing but shorts.

You walk in. Hal, the tall basketball forward, looks up from his textbook and smiles, nods hello. Nod and smile back. You spend enough time here at the frat house that, even though you're not a brother, they are never surprised to see you.

Take the remote from the table at Tommy's elbow. Turn the set off. Tommy in his chair and Michael, sprawled on his stomach on the floor in front of the TV, turn your way and in unison scold you with an annoyed chorus: "Hey!" You have the attention of all three men in this room.

Hal protests, "Turn it back on--it's the last four minutes and the score is tied."

Before they can say anything else, you lift the pocket watch, let it rotate slowly a quarter-turn as you say, "Relax and obey." It hits them just as they're been programmed: their eyes go somewhere far away. "Yes, sir," they say, almost simultaneously. Now you have more than just their attention; you have complete control of them. These three you send to gather the pledges from the room where they are being made

to wait, to bring the pledges to the basement in ten minutes.

You are waiting at the foot of the basement steps when the brothers start arriving. The basement is a broad, unfinished expanse, running the length and width of the house. Normally, it's empty except for the occasional support pole, the water heater, the furnace room, and a few boxes being stored in the far corner. Today, though, a small platform has been built in the center of the basement. On that platform, a small podium. The part of the basement to the left of the dais has been curtained off, for now, by a series of sheets strung between the support posts. To the right and further back in the basement, another sheet blocks a small area from view. Here, in this basement, is where the first part of your plans for the initiation will unfold.

You are standing at the base of the stairs, facing the stairs with your watch held high, when the brothers start arriving. You have been working with all of them for quite some time now, and they obey easily now. The change in them is profound. Their strides, as they start down the stairs, are cocky and jocular; then they see the watch held aloft, hear your command to "Relax and obey," and their paces slow as their thoughts go blank and their minds slip away into that pleasant, obedient place. You instruct them down from the stairs to stand, in three shoulder-to-shoulder rows, facing the platform.

You keep count. Alex, Bryce, and Jake come in near the end, having completed their task of gathering the others. Only two stragglers come after them. That brings the total here to thirty-two active members. Counting the three actives you sent to retrieve the pledges, that's a perfect attendance of thirty-five.

As the leadership of the frat, Alex, Jake, and Bryce belong on the platform. You join them there--it seems only fitting, and no one is

going to complain. As president, Bryce begins the ceremony. His voice is sluggish from the trance that still clouds his mind, but no one except you is in any shape to notice. This year, you decided they should dispense with the pretentious, childish trappings that normally fill their initiations, like monk's robes and cowls, but you believe in ceremony enough to retain some of the ritual parts.

At the appointed place in the proceedings, Bryce turns the podium over to Alex, the pledge-master, and the nine pledges are brought into the basement.

They know something is up--the brothers are acting oddly--but they cannot decide just what. They've been denied basic privacy almost throughout the rush period, called "shithole" or "pledge" instead of their names to dehumanize them. The brothers have kept them awake for almost three consecutive days now--disrupting their lives and their sleep cycles. Denying them sleep has kept them mentally off-balance and really done a number on their heads. Now, however, stripped to their underwear, hands tied behind their backs, awed by the legends of hell nights past and the importance of initiation, they're more worried about what will happen to them tonight. Besides, maybe the way the brothers are acting is part of the ceremony.

The pledges are lined up between the rows of active brothers and the platform, facing the podium. Alex drones through his speech about them being nominated for membership in an elite group of men, blah blah blah, and how the events about to occur will separate the men from the boys, the worthy from the unworthy, the future members from the chattel. The speech doesn't tell the pledges anything that they don't already know.

Alex singles out each pledge in turn, and asking if he is ready and

worthy. Each one knows to respond loudly, "Sir! Yes, sir!"

After the last pledge has answered, Alex says, "Then say goodbye to the boys you are now, and embrace the men you are about to become. Good luck to you all."

That is the signal. The brothers, on the platform and on the floor, each strip off their shorts and drop them by their sides. This sudden nudity is not wasted on the pledges; in spite of their fatigue, their eyes widen; they know something is up. You go to the small curtain, stage right, and disappear behind it. Tommy and Michael each take hold of an elbow on the first pledge and guide him behind the curtain too. Hal waits behind it already; he is ROTC, and he knows how to run the clippers efficiently.

The cordoned area is small, barely six feet wide, but wide enough. This first pledge is led to you. You have worked with all of them in the months since they pledged. The commands are inside of each of them too, just waiting to be triggered. Tommy and Michael untie his arms. This pledge is on the swim team; his body, completely exposed to your stare except for the small area concealed by his briefs, is sleek, toned, smooth. He's trying hard not to show how tired and nervous he is, but you can see the expectation and apprehension in his eyes. All that changes when you lift the pocket watch and murmur, soft as a lover's voice, "Relax and obey." His eyes gradually glaze; his eyelids flutter. He visibly relaxes as his mind yields to the programming. "Strip," you tell him, and he removes his briefs. "Good boy. Relax and obey."

Hal turns on the electric shaver, the kind barbers use. The pledge's hair is short already, but in a few quick passes, Hal has his hair reduced to stubble. Hal shaves the pledge's underarms and pubic hair away as well. Then, you give the signal, and Tommy and Michael lead the unresisting, enthralled pledge back to the platform. They position him on it,

standing at the rear, to one side, facing the brothers--and the pledges.

The psychological effect on the other pledges is priceless. Their eyes are bugging out of their heads in shock. This guy in front of them--one of them--has been stripped and shaven; more than that, something has gone out of him--they've never seen a man become so docile, so cooperative--and after just a few minutes too. They're realizing two things simultaneously: that the hazing has just begun, and that whatever happened behind that curtain is going to happen to each of them too.

One by one, more of the pledges are brought back behind the curtain. There, they are untied, hypnotized, stripped, and shaven before being led back to the platform to stand beside their fellow thralls.

The ninth and last pledge, a baseball walk-on, panics as he is being led over. He tries to break away, and he even succeeds in pulling his arm away from Michael, but Tommy has a strong grasp on him. "No!" the pledge yells. "I quit! Let me loose! I don't want to be a brother anymore! You can't keep me here--let me go! No!" You make a mental note for next year: gag them too.

The pledge recovers his cool a bit by the time he's brought behind the curtain; he's trying to put up a front, but he's scared shitless. You can see it in his eyes. "Hey," you tell him, "it's all right. Calm down." He knows you. He trusts you. If he took a minute, he'd doubtlessly figure it all out. Instead, he tries to bargain with you: "Let me go, man. Just let me loose and let me walk, okay?"

"After all the time and effort we've both spent here? Such a waste. You don't really want that, do you. No." Hold the watch up into his sight. "You want to relax and obey. Relax and obey."

He's one of the more suggestive ones, and his conditioning is strong. You

keep whispering the trigger to him, "Relax and obey," and he responds, letting go of the tension, letting go of his struggles, mental and physical. "Good boy," you murmur, stroking his neck, "relax and obey." Now all you see in his eyes is blank obedience. From there, stripping and shaving him is easy. This pledge has a hairy chest, and Hal takes care of that as well, leaving only stubble in his wake. You make a mental note to keep close tabs on this pledge, just in case.

Michael and Tommy lead this last pledge to the platform to join his cohorts. Two of the brothers, as planned, are removing the other sheets that cordon off the other portion of the basement, exposing five ancient clawfoot bathtubs, left over from when the house was renovated many years ago.

As the brothers move closer to the tubs, you see a flash of blue in their midst. Shorts? One of the brothers has not stripped?

Tell Hal to go back to smaller curtain, to his clippers. Move among the brothers. There, in the cut-offs--that's him. "Victor," you say, putting your hand on his shoulder and turning him toward you, toward the trigger watch dangling at eye level, "could I speak to you in private?"

He is only lightly under. Victor, a sophomore inducted last year, has been difficult to hypnotize, naturally resistant. He is entranced enough to be receptive but not enough to succumb fully to the post-hypnotics that should be guiding him. Lead him behind the same partition as before. Dangle the pocket watch in front of his eyes. Coax him through a quick deepening exercise. He surrenders and begins to go deeper into his trance. "Victor, relax and obey. Take off your shorts." He opens his cut-offs, unzips, shimmies them down his legs, steps free of them, nude. "Victor, you need to do penance for your resistance. You need to reassert your vows to the brotherhood, don't you."

His voice is breathless, far away. "Yes ..."

"You need to show the brothers that you are sorry for your independence, that you want to be part of the team. Don't you."

"Yes ..."

"Remember your initiation last year? How good it felt to belong?"

"Yes ..."

"You need to go through initiation again. That will show them how much you want to belong, won't it. Submitting to initiation will make you part of the team again, and you want that badly, don't you."

"I ... Yes ..."

Motion to Hal. He understands and shaves Victor crown to crotch, just as he did the pledges.

"Relax and obey, Victor, and we will initiate you back into the team."

Victor smiles a distant smile, breathes a contented "... yes ..." You have him deeply now.

A hand reaches from behind you and closes over your hand. "Relax," purrs a familiar, strong voice, as the hand guides the watch in front of your eyes, "and obey." You cannot move. You are turned toward the man who keeps the watch suspended before you. Doc, as you knew it would be: your advisor, the frat's sponsor. "Relax"--he says the trigger again like a purr--"and obey." You feel everything fall away.

You strip when he tells you to. You feel Hal shave your head down to stubble, then your chest, underarms, and pubes. The sense of ... *union*, of

fulfillment this brings makes you understand how much you want this. All you want to do is stare at the watch and listen to Doc's soft words. You control the frat brothers and pledges. Doc controls you. Through you, he controls everyone in this frat. Maybe he always has. You will control them for him. It's what he programmed you to do, and it makes you feel special to do this for him.

You continue to follow the instructions Doc has been giving you; he had masked them from your conscious memory but now they bubble up easily into your head. Lead Victor to the platform and stand him beside the other pledges. Get the brothers' attention and announce that Victor will be repeating his initiation as a show of belonging, that they are to treat him just like any other pledge.

The brothers have carried the bathtubs to the area in front of the platform. The tubs are heavy, each needing five jocks to lift it. The drains have been sealed. The tubs won't keep everything off the floor, but they will help. The pledges are led to the tubs and they climb in, two in each bathtub. Each faces his tub-mate, cock in hand. On your command, they piss on each other, wetting each other from belly to toes. The air fills with the ammonia stench. The brothers, you, Doc gather around the tubs. The pledges kneel, mouths open. Doc is the only one not nude, the only one who needs to unzip. Then you give the order, and everyone pees on the pledges, wetting them all over, drenching their hair, spraying their mouths, splattering off their torsos.

Freed from morality and everyday constraints, following orders locked in during months of hypnotic control sessions, the brothers allow themselves to be worshipped by the pledges' willing mouths and tongues. The pledges lick from tit to tit, cock to hard cock. The air is clogged with the stink of piss and sweat, the musk of males in rut, muffled groans and exclamations of delight and muttered curses.

One by one, the brothers start to cum, some in a pledge's mouth, some by jacking off while waiting for a pledge to return his mouth to the brother's needy cock. All cum is either pumped into a pledge's mouth or aimed at his body; no sperm is wasted. Each brother, after cumming, bows his head, closes his eyes, slips gently into a pre-programmed sleep state. When all the brothers at a tub have cum, the pledges in it turn on each other, sucking each other as they slosh around ankle-deep in piss, getting themselves off; when the first pledge has cum and slipped into that deep trance, his partner jerks off and then joins him in sleep.

Three of the five tubs are completely still now. In the last two, the pledges are servicing the remaining brothers. Victor is blowing you, just the way you've trained him to in these past months. Doc, naked now--at mid-thirties, he works out, looks good--stands beside you, jacking himself off as he watches your erect rod sliding in and out of Victor's mouth. Across the tub, Bryce throws his head back; his hand is a blur on his cock. He gives a short cry and his load jets out onto Victor's back. Bryce looks down at Victor, his eyelids already going heavy, and he sleeps. Your balls ride up, tingling. It's the first signal for you: orgasm imminent. Your cock transmutes to coherent fire, and ecstasy ripples outward from it through your whole being. Your body starts to buck. Realizing what's happening, Doc clamps his mouth to yours, invades yours with his searching tongue. You return his kiss as you ejaculate into Victor's mouth. Already you can feel your jaw going slack, your body relaxing, the thankful blankness of sleep overwhelming you. Close your eyes. It feels good, and you let go, let it happen, let it claim you.

Doc wakes you up. You're dressed again, as is he. The brothers are back in their shorts. Doc gives them a few commands. He holds the watch--they will listen to his commands as if they were yours. He tells them to forget or, failing that, to let their memories blur until what just happened seems a hazy dream, as if they were drunk. He tells them to go

back to where they were before and to wake up with a confident feeling that the initiation weekend is off to a great start.

The brothers begin filing back up the stairs. The pledges, though, are still naked. Rub your newly buzzed head as Doc hands you the key to the rented van. You think you could get used to this look.

Pull the van around to the side of the frat house like he told you to. You feel awake and free, but are you really? Can you say for sure? It's late night--where has the time gone? At least none of the neighbors are awake to see the basement door open and the pledges, clad only in their briefs, file out and into the van. Doc takes the keys from you and climbs into the driver's seat. He waves and drives off, leaving you there in the driveway.

Head back into the house. Some of the brothers have headed off to bed but a few are still milling around doing last-minute things before calling it a night. Aside from Doc's appearance, everything seems to be going more or less according to plan--though you're wondering now exactly *whose* plan.

That's a question for tomorrow. Right now, you're tired, and a shower would feel good.

You grab a towel from the supply closet. Head to the showers. They're semi-communal--an open area with little individual alcoves for partial privacy. The sound of water spraying as you walk in means someone is already using one.

Strip down. Throw your towel over the half-wall. Select an alcove across from Alex, the pledge-master. He says, "Hey there," as you adjust the temperature, and you say, "Hey," back.

Alex flexes one arm, massaging his shoulder.

"Something wrong?" you ask.

"Not really--just a little sore," he says. "I think I pulled it somehow."

Probably by lifting one of those heavy clawfoot tubs, you think, though you don't say that. Instead, you say, "Turn around, and I'll massage it for you."

He eyes you for a second. "Well," he says, "okay--if you don't mind." He turns his back to you, facing the wall.

Cross the space between you and join him. You can't help but notice his fine, fine ass. Turn him slightly so that the warm shower sprays down on his shoulder. You begin to massage, rubbing and coaxing the muscles. Alex hums his approval. His ass and the feel of his muscular body have your cock stirring again.

"You're tense," you say. "You should relax." Without the watch to use as a trigger, you'll have to do this the hard way. So you say to Alex, "Why don't you close your eyes and take a deep breath for me."

He's turned away from you, so you can't tell if he closes his eyes, but his rib expand as his lungs fill ... then release.

"That's it," you say. "Turn loose now, and relax. Take another deep breath for me ... That's right. Let it out and let a good, pleasant feeling go all across your body. Let every muscle and every nerve grow so loose, limp, and so relaxed. Let your arm go limp now, just like a rag doll. That's good."

His subconscious mind understands what is happening and is already

shifting him into a more cooperative state.

"Now, Alex, I want you to focus on how relaxing my hands feel as they massage your shoulder. We're going to send that pleasant wave of relaxation through your entire body, from the top of your head to the tips of your toes. Just let every muscle and nerve grow loose, limp, and so relaxed. Yeah, you're feeling more relaxed with each breath."

You can feel his muscles shifting under your hands, loosening. He's responding nicely.

"Feeling so relaxed. So drowsy and sleepy. So calm; so relaxed. You're relaxing more with each easy beat of your heart ... with each easy breath that you take ... with each sound that you hear. Your arms are loose and limp, just like a rag doll. When I raise your hand, just let the weight of it hang limply in my fingers. And when I drop it, send a wave of relaxation all through your body. As you feel your hands touch your body, send that wave of relaxation from the top of your head all the way down to the very tips of your toes. As you do, you find that you double your previous level of relaxation."

You lift his arm straight out from his shoulder. It's limp in your grip. When you release it, it falls back against his hip with a wet slap.

"That's it, Alex. So deeply relaxed," you say. "So relaxed and so deeply asleep. Now, in a moment I'm going to do something that helps you relax even more, Alex. You'll like that, wouldn't you? Yes, I know you will."

You look around--your choices are soap or shampoo.

"Alex, I want you to spread your legs for me a little. Can you do that? So easy to spread your legs and relax even further. That's it. Good, Alex-

-you're doing fine."

Shampoo it is. Smear some over your hard cock, coating the head and shaft. "Alex, you know what I'm going to do, don't you? You know how deeply this always helps you relax, don't you?"

Dibble some shampoo over his asshole and wind your finger up inside him.

"So relaxed. Everything I do helps you relax even more, doesn't it?"

Inside his hard ass cheeks, his hole is tight, but his subconscious mind knows how to relax it and accept your cock. Still, it takes a couple of tries before your cock-head pops past the ring of muscle guarding his entrance.

"That's it, Alex. Everything helps you relax even more."

You slip in a few inches of your shaft. His subconscious mind is used to this, knows how to cooperate, knows how to help his beautiful body get fucked. His ass-ring snaps tightly around you, making your anxious cock throb and your nuts buzz. His body shifts--his subconscious working with you the way you've trained it--and he pushes back against your pole. Now your pubes are scratching against his arching butt.

"That's right, Alex. You know just what to do to help me relax you, don't you? Help me relax you, Alex."

His ass moves, grinding against your crotch. Your hips also know what to do, and your horny body takes over, driving your aching cock in and out of Alex's grip. You look down and watch yourself fuck him, your dick sliding between his perfect ass cheeks.

You can feel every nook and cranny of his ass. You're going for broke--stroking your cock in his butt and working up to full speed. The shower spraying down on you washes away the sweat as you relentlessly pump into him.

"Feels great, doesn't it, Alex?" you whimper into his ear. "Helps you relax so deeply."

You're counting--it takes you less than one hundred strokes. Alex gives an involuntary moan. His body shudders and his asshole spasms around your cock as he cums without touching his cock. Reaching the edge takes you ten more strokes, and one more stroke sends you into that place where pleasure floods through you as your cum floods through you. You pull out at the last second, stroking yourself as your load jets onto Alex's back and butt and is rinsed away.

"That's it, Alex," you pant, once you can form words again. "So deeply relaxed now, aren't you? Now I want you to turn off the shower and go dry off. If you want to wake up, it'll happen when it feels natural for you to do so. Or you can go back to your room, and lie down on your bed, and go directly to sleep, a nice, restful sleep. I'll leave that up to you."

Alex's hands rise and shut off the shower. You sink back under your own shower, letting the spray wash away the last of the evidence from your cock. Alex turns and pads out of the shower. Dip your head back under the spray and run your fingers through your hair. *Yeah, you think, I'm going to sleep like a baby tonight, myself.*

Dry yourself. Alex was gone when you left the shower, but there are sounds of frat brothers still awake moving around the house. Wrap the towel around your waist and gather your clothes. Time to head to the guest room they keep for you; time for bed. You can't wait to crash.

Day 2: Saturday

Wake up to a roaring from outside. Barely past dawn. Lawn mower? At this time of morning on a Saturday?

Roll over and paw back the curtain. Outside in the back yard, are several of the pledges. You count quickly; you can spot Victor and eight pledges--that's all except one. They're all in their underwear--a privacy fence protects the yard from prying neighbors. They're all singularly focused on their tasks as one mows, a pair clean the pool, and others trim the shrubs and rake up the yard. The blankness around their eyes tells you Doc has taken good care of them, which makes you smile.

A knock on your door.

Stagger out of bed and open the door. "Yeah?" you say, yawning "Whazzit?" Okay, so you're not very eloquent first thing in the morning.

It's the missing pledge, a handsome guy in his underwear. His slightly dazed expression tells you he's in an in-between state--not fully entranced, but not fully awake either. Acting out some post-hypnotic suggestion from Doc, perhaps?

He starts to pull something from the small purple velvet pouch in his hand. "Doc told me to bring this to you." He pulls out the watch by its chain, holds it up. You're reaching for it when he says, "Relax and obey."

Your hand pauses as the familiar fuzziness fills your head and you feel yourself slip back toward that cooperative place, just like Doc has trained you. Somewhere far away, your voice says, "... yes sir ..."

The pledge says, "Doc told me to give you the following instructions." And when the pledge tells you what Doc wants you to do, you feel every word push its way into your head.

When you open your eyes, you're alone. The pledge has gone. In your hand, the purple velvet pouch; shifting inside of it, the weight and outline of the watch.

You don't feel exactly awake yet--kind of half-zoned out, like you do sometimes after one of your great talks with Doc. But that's all right because you know what you need to do.

Get a pair of shorts on. You need some time to work with the frat brothers--you have to make sure they will follow Doc's instructions precisely, which means you need to send the pledges off for a few hours so you can work undisturbed.

You track down Alex, the pledge master, and take him aside. A few instructions, with the watch dangling before his emptied stare, and he knows exactly what you want him to do.

Alex calls in the pledges, shoves their clothes at them. Their eyes tell you Doc's trance has worn off, though there's no telling what commands are still waiting to be triggered. Alex tells them they have one minute to get dressed, grab the list out of his hand, and get the hell out of there. A scavenger hunt, and they have four hours to find everything on the list. Alex's vague threats about what might happen if they're late will keep them motivated.

The pledges scramble into their clothes. Alex has the pledge paddle and he swings it a few times. They've felt it enough these last few weeks to know he means business. One of pledges tries to grab the list and nearly gets hit by the paddle. Alex is zeroing in on a couple of pledges who are

still pulling on their shoes. He lands a sound swat on one's butt--the pledge knows to bark out, "Sir! Thank you, Sir!" as the brothers laugh. Another pledge, lunging in from behind Alex, grabs the list, and then the whole lot of them are bolting for the front door as fast as they can run, while the brothers jeer and laugh at them.

The pledges will soon find that the list doesn't make much sense--a mix of things that will probably seem almost random--and there's no way they'll find everything on it. So you have at least four hours to do your job.

First, you need to give the frat's leaders their special instructions. You tell Alex to wait for you in your room. You have to find Bryce the president and Jake the social chair.

Bryce is easy--you find him in the TV room, parked with some of the brothers in front of the game. "Where's Jake?" you ask him.

He slugs back a hit of his beer, not taking his eyes off the instant replay being rerun yet again onscreen. "Ah ...," he says nonchalantly after he swallows, "I think he went out running. He'll be back soon."

"Bryce, I need to discuss some things with you about initiation."

"Later." He's already jabbing his hand at the screen, hooting "Holy fuck!--did you see that? Man, he was right in there! Man. I can't believe this shit!" The brothers groan appreciatively.

"Bryce, we need to do it now."

He looks at you. "Huh? The pledges won't be back for hours. There's plenty of time to--"

Lift the watch from the pocket of your shorts and hold it in front of him. The others are glued to the TV. Bryce's eyes are glued to the watch. Whisper, so only he can hear, "Bryce, relax and obey."

His eyes go glassy; his expression goes slack. "... Yes sir ..." he mumbles, and you smile.

"Bryce, let's go to my room. We have some very important plans to talk over."

"Plans ..." he echoes as he stands up and follows you.

Just as you pass the front door, it opens. Conveniently, it's Jake. Sweaty and panting, fresh from his run. "Hey," he gasps at you. He tugs off his tee-shirt and wipes his face and neck with it.

"Good run?" you ask.

"Yeah." He puts his hands on his hips, atop the elastic waistband of his gym shorts. "Did an extra mile today," he says around his panting. "I'm seriously wiped."

"Hope you're not *too* wiped. We have some things to discuss before the pledges get back."

"Yeah? Where'd they go?"

"Scavenger hunt. Alex gave them a list that'll keep 'em busy. They've got four hours."

Jake tucks his tee-shirt in the waistband of his shorts, in back like a tail. "Cool--then I've got time for a shower." He lifts an arm and sniffs the pit, makes a face.

"I'm 'fraid not. I need to discuss some things with you."

"But I'm all sweaty and--"

"Don't worry about that. The only thing that matters right now"--lift the watch up so he can see it, and revel in the way his eyes empty out as his mind begins to return to that familiar trance state--"is this. Relax, and obey."

"... yes sir ..." he recites, arms slipping and dangling limply at his sides.

"Follow me, Jake. I have some special instructions to give you in my room." Turn and lead the way.

Giving them their instructions takes less time than you thought, because they're very receptive. When they have awakened, stretched and yawned as if rousing from a great nap, and sleepily stumbled out of your room, you feel this terrific peaceful feeling come over you--you've fulfilled your own orders just as Doc intended.

The pledges make it back more or less right on time. Most of the items they had to find were easy: flour, syrup, onions, clothesline, whistles, Ben-Gay cream, duct tape, clothes pins, candles and matches, an instant camera, film. Some were clearly intended to put them in embarrassing situations: buying gay magazines from four different stores, taking a picture of each pledge naked in front of the Student Union. Some items were impossible to find, and in the end they had to come back without them to meet the time limit. Oh, well--those items were mostly to keep them busy, though Alex administers one lick apiece with the paddle as punishment for not bringing back everything anyway.

The brothers herd the pledges into the basement and into the furnace room, where the pledges are made to strip completely. Alex pushes the

door shut after them, and the lock makes an ominous click. The pledges' orders are to use the clothesline to make a "necklace" of several half onions, and a whistle. The brothers leave the nine naked pledges, and Victor who is still getting the pledge treatment as punishment for yesterday, in that stuffy room. To the pledges, crowded in there, the time must seem like hours. That's the idea. As the brothers set up the basement for the ceremonies, the pledges must be wondering what the weird sounds filtering through the door mean. The furnace room is probably reeking with sweat and onions as the temperature creeps up. Their eyes must be burning from the onions. They're probably miserable and worried about whether they'll make it through what's surely coming next.

When you give the sign, Alex bursts through the furnace room door and starts yelling orders at the pledges. They file out, single file, looking like deer. They're naked, stinking of onions and sweat; they have to be feeling vulnerable. They're confronting a half-circle of brothers, all dressed in shorts. A couple have on baseball caps, some turned backward. The brothers all have the same look in their eyes, a glazed, intense expression, totally focused and giving no quarter.

Alex commands the pledges to stand at attention and look straight ahead at all times. Jake starts yelling the standard questions at them, and the brothers yell too, until the whole half-circle of them are yowling and jumping like monkeys. "When was this fraternity founded?" "Why?" "What makes you think you'd make a worthy brother?"

By now, the pledges know that most are trick questions--no right answer. Hal yells, "You there--how many men in your pledge class?"

The pledge snaps out the correct answer: "None, Sir. We're all worthless piles of shit."

Each time a pledge misses a question, a brother punishes him. Sometimes by throwing a pail of hot water on him, other times with a bucket of ice water or a beer in the face. The brothers throw a mixture of the flour and syrup, which the pledges had picked up on the scavenger hunt, on their soaked, naked bodies until it begins to form a gummy second skin. The brothers accuse the pledges of having small dicks and laugh at them and throw more of the syrup and flour mix at them. When one of the pledges starts getting a hard-on, the brothers stop it with more buckets of ice water.

Finally, well after midnight, it is over for the night. The pledges are dripping, covered with a scum of flour and syrup. The brothers pass out toothbrushes to the pledges and Alex orders them to clean up the grimy floor with the toothbrushes.

When they're finally finished, just prior to dawn, having worked all night on the floor, Jake and the brothers pull in five sleeping bags and tell the pledges to sleep two to a bag. They are not allowed to clean the beer, syrup, and flour off.

Day 3: Sunday

Two hours later, at about 4:00 in the morning, the pledges are awakened to blazing overhead lights and bellowing brothers. They have to climb out of their sleeping bags quickly to avoid being kicked by the brothers. They're herded out, still naked, into the back yard by four of the brothers, who will hose the flour and syrup and stink off of them. No need to worry about the neighbors, thanks to the privacy fence and the early-morning hour.

While the pledges are being hosed down, you have work to do. The rest of the brothers are still gathered in the basement. "Hey," you yell. "Everybody, can I have your attention? Hey! Everyone! Can I have your attention, please?" When you're satisfied that they're all looking at you, pull the watch out and hold it up where they can all see it. Recite the words: "Relax and obey. Relax and obey."

Collectively, they chorus back at you: "... yes sir ..."

You give them the commands which somehow you know you're supposed to say. You make sure they know exactly what will be required.

"May I?" says a familiar voice from behind you, and Doc reaches around to take the watch from you.

"Oh, hi," you begin. "I didn't know you were here--"

He ignores you. "Relax," he says, smiling as he holds the watch up in front of you, "and obey."

"Yes sir ..." says your voice, coming from farther and farther away.

Doc repeats the commands that you just gave to the brothers, and you understand.

The brothers are starting to wake up--slowly, at their own paces. They're blinking and looking around like they're not sure what just happened. They don't have long to worry about it because the pledges, still dripping wet, are led back in. Doc takes the four brothers who were their escorts aside so that he can prepare them. The other brothers put down plates on the floor--one piece of toast per plate--and make the pledges eat their breakfast with their hands clasped behind their backs. Then the pledges are ordered to line up and bend over. The brothers pelt them with a barrage of questions like the night before, questions with no right answer. Each time a pledge misses a question, a brother administers the smack of a paddle on his bare ass.

Who knows how long this goes on. In this windowless basement, with rapid-fire questions coming from all quarters, time loses all meaning. The pledges are off-balance from lack of sleep, disoriented. The brothers douse the overhead lights. A few of them have powerful flashlights, and they're running around the line of pledges, strobing the light beams around the room, at the other brothers, and point-blank in the pledges' faces. The other brothers--lost in the impenetrable darkness then picked out by a sweep of light, then lost in darkness again--yell and bellow question after question at the pledges. This keeps the pledges confused, blinded, unable to concentrate; they make more mistakes and are rewarded with more paddlings.

Jake starts in hard on one of the pledges, firing off question after impossible question, paddling him for wrong answers and using his hand on the pledge's bare ass too. Jake's blows are getting harder and faster. The pledge's ass starts to glow pink in the occasional flashlight beams, then red. He's really pushing the pledge. Then the pledge makes a

mistake: he's had enough and he turns around, ready to stop Jake from paddling him. As you ordered, hell breaks loose with the brothers. They're bellowing about how they deal with pledges who fight back, demanding punishment. Two flashlight beams focus on the several brothers who swarm him, picking out body parts as the brothers and the pledge struggle in the darkness. The brothers wrestle the pledge to the floor, while Alex orders the other pledges to stand at attention to "watch and learn." Under the piecemeal glare of the flashlights, the pledge is dragged over to one of the tables, and the brothers use the clothesline from the scavenger hunt to tie his arms and feet to the four corners of the table, leaving the pledge spread-eagle, face up, and helpless. The look in his eyes in the stark flashlight beam is defiant, but there's nothing he can do.

The pledges are ordered to bend over again, and the questioning and paddling begins anew. The pledge who was tied to the table starts yelling at the brothers to stop, and they quickly gag him. The pledges have had enough, and they're starting to rebel. Another pledge has had enough and whirls around, ready to fight rather than take another paddle lick. A flashlight beam blinds him. Several brothers swarm over him, yelling and swearing, and they haul him over to the other table. Other brothers join them, and pretty soon this second pledge is tied down too, spread-eagle like the first pledge, and gagged.

The overhead lights come on again, leaving the brothers and pledges alike blinking against its glare. You're standing by the table, and you bend over and whisper a few words in the spread-eagle pledges' ears. These are words you somehow know you're to say to them, commands. Their cocks immediately start rising, rising, hardening, swelling, stiffening, stretching. The first pledge's eyes look mortified. He's intensely aware of his hard-on, now in plain view of everyone. He's probably trying desperately to think of something else, anything else, to make it go

down. But it's no use. He is getting hard, almost fully hard now--which maybe has never happened to him in front of other men before. The second pledge, though, just closes his eyes, resigned to the insults he knows must be coming

One of the brothers notices and yells out that the spread-eagle pledges are faggots. The pledges both have nice-sized cocks, but several of the brothers gather around and taunt them about how small their cocks are.

Alex orders the pledges to gather around the table. He yells that he has a "game" he wants them to play with the spread-eagle pledges. "Listen up, scumbags," he tells them. "This game is called Milking' and you're all going to play. Count off by twos." After the pledges have dutifully counted off into two groups of four each, Alex tells them, "The game is simple: each group will take one of these shitholes"--he gestures at the spread-eagle pledges--"and all you have to do is milk your victim and make him cum four times. The first time will be easy, but it's gonna to get harder each time. You have half an hour. If you do not make him cum four times, your whole group will be *punished*."

The pledges look at one another, uncertain.

"Begin, worms!" Jake bellows, and he smacks the paddle against the closest pledge's butt. That sets them to work. One pledge reaches out tentatively and starts jacking off the bound pledge in front of him. The others watch, and after a few seconds, a pledge from the other group reaches out and starts jacking off his own bound pledge. As predicted, the first time only takes a few minutes. First one of the bound pledges and then the other arches against his restraints, moans into his gag, and shoots his first load of cum.

Not wanting to lose time, the pledges keep jacking their bound victims.

One victim starts going soft, while the other seems to be staying hard. The hard victim's cock is still too sensitive from cumming, but he's helpless. Alex squirts Ben-Gay into the palm of one pledge from each group, orders them to smear it on the bound pledges' tender nipples and scrotums, which they do immediately. The muffled moans from both bound pledges make the others think they're enjoying it, almost. The hard victim twists against his restraints, then cums a second time. The pledges in his group are elated. They are half-way to their goal!

It's clear that the pleasure of being jacked off repeatedly is turning into a torture for the bound pledges. The one who has cum twice is now limp too--until you whisper the command into his ear again and his sore cock starts to reinflate. Whisper that command into the other pledge's ear, and his cock starts to harden again too. The two bound pledges are spent, but they cannot stop what is happening to them.

After several minutes, the pledges seem no closer to getting their bound victims to cum, and they're starting to get a little nervous. Both victims are hard, but their bodies show no signs of being ready to cum. Alex is moving among the pledges, smearing Ben-Gay on all of their nipples and scrotums. They're shifting uncomfortably as the cream begins to burn their sensitive areas. Several of them are getting hard, and they look humiliated, miserable.

You move around the outskirts of one group of pledges. This one, the pledge standing farthest away from the table, will do nicely. He has a nice erection, which you remember from your many training sessions with him. A great body too--he's on the baseball team. From nowhere, you know what you need to say to him. You lean in from behind and whisper the command into his ear. The pledge doesn't appear to have noticed. Then he shakes his head, like he's trying to clear it. He moves in closer to the bound pledge, licks his lips. He pushes the jacking pledge

out of the way. "We ... uh ... we need to try something ... else," he says uncertainly as he leans in and kisses the victim's cock. His lips spread over the victim's cock head and he starts to blow the bound pledge.

The blowing pledge fumbles for his hard-on, jacks himself off as he blows the victim. All of the other pledges are gawking at him. That gives you an opening. To the pledge at the edge of the other group, you whisper the same command. He shudders, but he understands what he is to do. His body understands too, because he has an erection. He heads to the table and licks the bound pledge's cock, then guides it into his mouth, starts sucking it and jacking himself off. This bound pledge has only cum once, and after about a minute he bucks and moans, and the sucking pledge comes off of his cock and lets him shoot across his belly. The sucker aims his own prick at the load on his partner's stomach and shoots his own load. While the sucker is still panting and riding his afterglow, the other bound pledge begins to cum for his third time, followed soon by the pledge who was sucking him.

"Time!" Alex calls.

Panicked expressions on the pledges--neither team has reached its goal, and they know Alex meant business and the only question is what kind of punishment he has in store for them.

Hal isn't waiting. He strides up to the pledge who was blowing the other victim and pulls him off. "On your knees, worm," Hal snarls. "I'm gonna show you how to suck a real man's dick." He pushes the pledge to his knees. The pledge's eyes are wide with fear and hunger. Hal shoves his shorts down to mid-thigh, unleashing his hard cock. It's a really big one, and the pledge's eyes widen in fear and wonder. Hal wraps one hand around the base of his meat, the other around the back of the pledge's head, and he pushes it at the pledge's mouth. "Suck it, shitbag."

The brothers and pledges alike watch, their breath held, as the panicky pledge drops his mouth open and Hal roughhouses his dick inside. For good measure, you say two things out loud. One is a repeat of the command you whispered to the pledges to initiate their sucking. The other is a command meant for the brothers.

There's a suspended moment. You see the pledges blink as a shudder runs through them. You see the brothers' eyes go blank for just a moment. The air itself carries the tension, rising, purely sexual, as the crotches of the brothers' shorts all begin to tent. In this moment, the only other motion is the sucking pledge, lips buried in Hal's pubes, a tear forming in the corner of his eye from the strain of opening his mouth that far. The pledge begins to slide his mouth back toward the head of it, resigns himself to following the command to suck it.

Some brother lets out a howl, and the brothers collectively surge forward, swarming around the pledges. The pledges are forced to their knees. Shorts are shoved down, or left limp around one ankle, or doffed completely. For the pledges, time has lost all its perspective. All they know, and all they will remember, is that they must suck the other men's dicks. And that they do.

The brothers are greedy; they pull the pledges off each other and plug themselves in until another brother pulls the pledge away after a few strokes. Someone has freed the two bound pledges--they're on their knees amid this melee too.

Hal roars in his orgasm. He pulls his cock out and pumps it himself, jetting his cum across the pledge's neck and shoulder and cheek. Immediately the pledge is pulled away to service another brother, probably thankful that the other brother is more average in size.

As the brothers one by one abandon their encumbering shorts, it's harder to tell who is lord and who is victim--only their positions on their knees marks the pledges.

Michael, Tommy, and Jake have a pledge bent face-down over the table. Michael and Jake are holding his arms. Tommy, between the pledge's legs, thrusts his hips. He's an animal in rut, conscious only of his dick fucking the pledge's ass. No--this isn't a pledge: this is Victor, whose punishment for not submitting to your commands is to be treated like a pledge again. He's learned his lesson--you can tell he has learned not to try to fight his conditioning in the future.

Victor isn't struggling much. Tommy and Jake are both jacking themselves off as Michael takes his pleasure from Victor's ass. You join them, kicking off your shorts and stroking your erection. Tommy lets go of Victor's arm entirely, reaches over to tweak Jake's nipple. Jake moans, then pulls Tommy's face across Victor's back and kisses him. Jake breaks off the kiss and turns and kisses you, his tongue sliding inside to play against the roof of your mouth as you kiss him back. Michael is out of Victor's ass, jacking, spurting across Victor's butt cheeks and spine. Tommy swats Michael's ass playfully as they swap places. Tommy works his hard-on into Victor's ass. He says something that you can't entirely make out over the din of brothers rutting, something that might be, "Oh, man!--sweet ass!" Tommy slaps Victor's still-pink ass as he starts fucking. Victor tosses his head back, mouth open in a silent ring of pleasure. Jake climbs onto the table, on his knees; he pulls Victor's shoulders up and presents his erection to Victor, who dutifully lets it into his mouth. Victor is impaled on both ends by grinning brothers. Jake reaches forward and tousles Tommy's hair, and Tommy in turn pinches Jake's nipple, which makes Jake spasm in joy.

All around you, pledges are performing acts of devotion, worshipping

the brothers' cocks. Brothers are responding--more and more of them--by losing themselves to the need to cum and anointing the pledges with their cream. Even Doc over there, pants around his ankles, is getting blown.

Around you, Michael is watching Jake and Tommy bend forward to kiss across Victor's back. Your cock is broadcasting that familiar ecstatic buzz through every nerve in your body. Push your hips forward as your hand pumps at your cock, and shoot onto Victor's shoulder and back. Jake's cock slips out of Victor's mouth, and Michael reaches out to touch it, then stroke it. Jake seems surprised as his orgasm washes over him; he gasps, then yelps, as his body shudders involuntarily and his cum surges out across Victor's back.

Michael and Jake kiss, then Michael and Tommy. Tommy slams his hips finally against Victor's butt, and Tommy's own ass clenches, and his body jerks, head snapped back, as he cums hard in Victor's ass.

When Tommy pulls out, they allow Victor to roll over. Victor works his erection furiously. They tease him about the size of his cock, about jacking off, about looking at their bodies while he does it, but their razing can't stop Victor. Michael and Tommy work his nipples as he jacks. Victor writhes and groans and shoots his load across his own stomach.

Now that almost all the brothers and pledges have cum, and the last one or two are riding over the edge into bellowing orgasm even now, it's time for you to initiate the final step before they have a chance to think about what has happened. You find Bryce the frat president and Alex the pledge-master in the mass of sticky, naked bodies and give them the word, and they announce that the pledges have passed through their hell and are now full members of the fraternity. The brothers cheer and slap

the former pledges on their backs as the brothers help them to their feet. Some of the brothers bring in coolers of beer. The brothers herd around the naked, cum-covered pledges and shower them with beer spray and foam before thrusting the cans into their hands and celebrating with toast after toast. The former pledges are grinning, aware of part of what just happened and maybe uncertain why they allowed it, but happy to have made it through.

There's still the swearing-in ceremony to go, but that's just a formality. For these pledges, the hell of rush is over, and their lives as full brothers are just beginning. You--and Doc--will be beside them the whole way. Their obedience throughout rush has proven that your conditioning inside them is strong, and that will help you help them in their respective sports. Yeah, it also means that you're going to enjoy the rest of this semester, and the next, and the next. You finger the watch that Doc has returned to you, and smile.
