

Hell Night

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Hell Night is always busy, what with taking control of the pledges, staging the obligatory orgy ... and dealing with the rival fraternity.

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."

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The five pledges kneel, hands clasped behind their backs, facing the small raised stage in the dim basement. The fraternity president, clad in a hooded robe--coarse fabric, dark brown--that obscures his face and covers his body all the way to his feet, stands on the stage. The pledges listen intently as the president, Adam, intones the usual crap about how tonight Hell Night begins: *You go into this to prove yourself worthy, blah-blah-blah, and if you show you have what it takes, you will emerge on the other side a brother, blah-blah-blah.* Frankly, I've heard better spiels in pretty much every movie about a fraternity initiation, but I don't begrudge them their ritual or the drenched-in-pomposity seriousness they expect. Initiations are a rite of passage, yes, but they're also a spectacle. Adam has so much presence and such a forceful personality that he can make even this cornball hokum sound important. The ritual was like this when I was initiated, it has been like this every year that I've been a member, and I can't expect them to change it just because I'm pledge master this year. A fraternity thrives on consistency.

A God-awful ornate grandfather clock, maybe an antique but probably just old, has been hauled out of storage somewhere and positioned at the back of the stage to give tonight the appearance of authority. Adam times his speech perfectly, stopping just seconds before--wait for it, wait, wait--the clock chimes in ominous *basso profundo* tones. Nine p.m. Adam declares that Hell Night has officially begun.

The assembled brothers, clad in robes identical to Adam's, hoot and whistle. I don't have to be a mind-reader to sense the pledges' nervousness as they wonder what the brothers have planned for them. All the degradation, humiliation, and abasement they've endured in the last several weeks is, they fear, about to get many times worse. Hell Night lasts only twelve hours, each one of the pledges is thinking; surely they handle whatever is done to them for just twelve hours.

They have no clue what's really in store.

Anyway, Adam gestures at me, and as pledge master I am expected to administer the first challenge. We don't "haze" our pledges; we "challenge" them. But we--I--have a secret these pledges are about to experience firsthand. They really have no idea.

The pledges kneel in a line, bare knees against the hard concrete basement floor, shoulder to shoulder, their heads bowed reverently. They wear their usual pledge uniform: boxer shorts, no shirts, mismatched shoes in the fraternity colors--the right one red and the left one gold--and a red-and-gold necktie tied around their foreheads like a headband. Their boxer shorts formerly were white, but now show a few brightly colored stains remaining from last week's backyard paintball challenge.

I approach the second pledge in the line, intentionally skipping the first for now. I sense the mild confusion of Pledges One and Two--they would have expected me to start at one end of the line or the other. Pledge One is secretly relieved; he won't be the first to undergo whatever test I will administer; he expects to watch and learn from what happens to the others. That's exactly why I skipped him.

I push the hood back off my head. I hold a plate and a fork. "Initiates," I intone, playing my part, "your first challenge awaits. This"--I rattle the fork against the merely old ceramic plate from a thrift shop that we have told them is an ancient fraternity relic, steeped in history or some such bullshit--"is dog shit. This is your first challenge."

With two fingers under his chin, I tilt Pledge Two's bowed head up to face me. He's a laid-back Nordic surfer boy, eighteen, light brown hair, good body, not a trace of hair on his chest. Cute face, and an even cuter ass that I can hardly wait to fuck. But he also has a fast, accurate mind for mathematics and I'm eager to add his skills to our collective psyche. College has been his first taste of life away from home. Well, tonight will be a different kind of education for him. *Look into my eyes*, I say into his mind, and I feel his disbelief as he realizes he heard my voice but not with his ears. By then, his eyes, equal parts shock and confusion, have met mine, and I'm inside his head. Eye contact is not required; I just like to see the way a man's expression goes slack when I take him for the first time. I take Pledge Two quickly, sinking my hooks into his mind, bending his will to my own, enthralling him. His psyche quiets, becomes receptive, becomes obedient. He will obey me without question.

"Open your mouth, Initiate," I order aloud, and he does.

The other pledges, peeking from the corners of their eyes, are awed; they knew Pledge Two was laid-back, but they thought surely he'd object to eating dog shit. His simple obedience astonishes them.

I skewer a piece of what's on the plate with the fork and transfer it to the pledge's mouth. "Chew," I order, and he does. "Swallow." He does.

Behind them, the assembled brothers erupt into howls and whistles.

I sidestep to Pledge Three. What is on the plate is, of course, not really dog shit. It's a chocolate bar that has been sliced and squeezed and maybe mixed with something else to look like feces. But the pledges don't know that.

Pledge Three gulps. His mind blazes with fear and doubt. He looks up at me nervously. Any other time, this breach of protocol--breaking the standard "head down" position without being ordered to do so--would have earned him yelling and demerits. Instead, as our eyes meet, he is on the receiving end of my thoughts, which dominate his and subjugate his mind. I comfort and quiet his fears. Pledge Three is a dark-haired Latino, dark eyes, olive skin, neatly man-scaped hair on his chest. In the next few seconds, he never realizes what is happening before it's over and his mind belongs to me. I put a piece of "dog shit" into his mouth and order him to chew and swallow.

While all the brothers in my fraternity have become my mental thralls, I have intentionally not used my abilities on the pledges until now. After all, I couldn't risk someone I'd dominated washing out during the rush process and going out into the world before being completely bound to me; I couldn't risk the possibility that someone out there might discover clues that would lead him to me. Maybe I've seen too many dystopian movies, but I can't imagine having my skills revealed would end well for me. I've been cautious ever since my abilities had first manifested, which happened shortly after my own initiation.

Pledge Four is older than the others. He is twenty, having served two years in the Army right out of high school. Now he is starting college like the other pledges, but he is more mature. He's a lanky, pale-skinned Irish boy, with a couple of tattoos and a small patch of hair between his pecs. His discipline will be a great addition to our collective mind-skills, but I've also been wondering whether his military training and discipline will make a difference in my ability to take him; I'm looking forward to a real contest of wills. *Look into my eyes*, I tell him as I swivel his head up to face mine. His thoughts twitch around mine. He doesn't understand what is happening, has a moment of knowing only that something he has never experienced before is happening to him. By habit he tries to lock down his reactions with stoicism, but I'm already inside him. In the end, he lasts perhaps a few seconds more than the others before he succumbs. Oh, well.

Pledge Five is a black guy, a swimmer on the college team, with the classic sleek swimmer's build. He likes to smile and joke, but he's all seriousness now. He thinks this can't possibly be real dog poop, suspects a typical initiation prank at the pledges' expense; he fights the urge to grin as I step in front of him. When I touch his chin, he meets my gaze with an expression more mischievous than brave. Two seconds later, his mind belongs to me, and he chews obediently.

That leaves Pledge One. All though rush he had a cocky attitude, and I'm amused to see his attitude has abandoned him now; his nervousness has escalated to the point that he is almost vibrating. The horror and near-panic radiating from his thoughts is such a change that it makes me smile. Drawing out his misery, I pretend ignorance. "I have one piece of dog crap left. Who did I forget?" I mutter, knowing he hears me. The hooting brothers start calling out Pledge One, which makes him tremble all the harder. All eyes are on him, and he is afraid of losing his nerve. He debates running, quitting, telling us where we can all stick our fraternity, but he also knows we're one of the most active frats on campus. He has ambitions; he wanted access to our connections and influence. If we blackball him,

he'll be a pariah. That's a strong incentive for him to stay and put up with whatever we throw at him during Hell Night.

"Oh, yeah," I gloat, as I walk over to him. "Nearly forgot about you. You ready for your taste of yummy-yummy dog shit, initiate?"

He swallows hard. He knows better than to answer with anything other than, "Yes, sir."

I don't take over his mind. Not yet. Instead, I skewer the last piece of "shit" with the fork and hold it down where he can see it. The brothers managed to make it look sort of realistic this year, unlike the obviously fake version they fabricated the year I was initiated. I'd love to say this faux-shit is a traditional fraternity recipe handed down over the generations, but in truth, like a lot of fraternity rituals, we've just been making this up as we go along.

But the initiate doesn't know that. The locker room smell in the basement drowns out the smell of the "shit"; he can't detect the chocolate scent that would give the trick away. He saw all four of his fellow pledges chow down on it, and he has probably half-talked himself into believing he could do it too. But confronted with a piece just a few inches from his mouth, he reconsiders. Terror has crippled his ability to commit to one course of action.

The fork eases closer to his lips. He knows he should open his mouth to receive it. He trembles, begins to sweat.

The fork is an inch away from his lips. His jaw quivers. A shudder runs through him.

"No!" he shouts at the last second and jumps to his feet, hurtles backward away from me. He collides with the wall of assembled brothers behind him. "I can't do it! I can't! It's fucking gross, man!" Panicked, he tries to push through the brothers to get to the door, but they hold him, don't let him pass. "Let me go! I won't--No way!--Too fucking gross!--I can't!" The brothers push him back toward me, and he stumbles to the floor at my feet.

If Pledge One had been just any other pledge, I might have let him go, let him walk out and not join us. But Pledge One isn't the only one with ambitions. His father runs a series of investment firms, has lots of cash and connections, and we want access to that that. Therefore we want Pledge One.

Shh, I say into his mind, bringing him jumbled thoughts into focus on me.

"--The fuck?" he yelps. He gapes at me, not understanding how he heard me when I didn't say a word. Our eyes meet.

So easy--just let it happen.

Confusion colors his thoughts as his mind opens to me. I burrow in, not deeply enough to take full control yet, but strongly enough to influence him.

"Be a good boy," I say out loud. "Open wide." I lift the fork to his mouth.

He hesitates, fearful, repulsed, but somehow also knowing--as long as he stays focused on me, stares into my eyes--everything will be okay. His mouth opens halfway.

I slide the fork between his lips.

He chews, tastes sugar, chocolate, whatever the brothers made this "shit" from this year. He realizes the trick. Relief floods him, then anger at being duped and at embarrassment of his outburst. He begins to realize he cannot look away. I smirk as he begins to wonder what is happening. He doesn't have time to realize what's going on. He sinks as I cradle his mind in my control, though I still do not take him over completely. I hold him just enough to make him let go of his anger. I do not take full control yet. I have other plans for him.

I turn to Adam and announce, "Mister President, the initiates have been tested and have passed their first challenge. I present to you this year's initiates for brotherhood. They await your instruction." At the same moment, I slip my thoughts back into Adam's head and take control of him too. Controlling as many minds at once as I'm about to will be exhausting, but Hell Night is always a special occasion.

Adam sighs contentedly as the familiar grip of my control glides around his thoughts. Adam is more than just the fraternity's president--he is also my roommate and my favorite lover, though we're not monogamous and I'm not sure I would call him my boyfriend. I know he has a dark side, but I can handle that. He is the only one at the frat who knows my secret.-He loves being in charge, and he is never happier than when I have merged our minds into total harmony. We make a good team: I have the strength of mind, and he has the confidence and the strength of personality. I create the control, and he gives the orders.

Adam's first order to the initiates is exactly what I expect: "Strip!"

For the first couple of hours, what unfolds is more of the humiliation and domination the pledges have already endured during rush, only now they're fully naked. Push-ups. Sit-ups. Paddlings. I keep enough of a hold on the pledges to make them obey without question, and I allow them to retain some awareness of what's going on. They're starting to think Hell Night might not be so bad.

Minutes before midnight, though, it's time for one of our initiation traditions: the Naked Hell Night Run. For this, the initiates are allowed to put their mismatched fraternity-colored shoes back on, but as the name implies they're otherwise naked. We brothers hustle the pledges out to the street out front of the frat house and line them up. The challenge is simple: All they have to do is run all the way down and around the block and back to the house, about a mile and a half total. Being naked in public like this on an autumn night embarrasses them, but they're thinking they can handle it.

Then all the brothers from the neighboring frat houses start pouring out onto their lawns to watch and catcall. Being naked in public becomes several times more humiliating when the public is several times larger. Joker Pledge Five, the black swimmer, decides to make the best of the situation. He raises his arms and bounces on his toes like a defiant prize fighter, which makes his nice-sized flaccid cock bounce up and down too. He grins widely when our neighbors point and holler encouragement at him. The adulation encourages him, and he strikes a series of bodybuilder poses for his appreciative audience.

The late-night autumn air is chilly. When the grandfather clock chimes the stroke of midnight, audible through the open window, Adam yells, "Go!"--and the pledges take off running. They're all fit, so the run itself is not a problem. Neighboring frats cheer or yell insults, lewd comments. Our frat house sits in the middle of a long block, so the pledges have to run about one-fifth of a mile to reach the corner and turn onto the second leg of their race.

That's when all hell breaks loose for them. On the adjoining block is our arch-rival frat, and they've been preparing for our pledges. The rivals pelt our pledges with raw eggs, ice water, paint, who

knows what-all. By the time the pledges stagger through that gauntlet and reach the next corner, all of them are freezing, covered in slime, and so fucking miserable that two of them want to quit. Fortunately my control ensures they keep running.

The total distance they have to run is about a mile and a half--doable, but not exactly fun when they're naked, cold, filthy, and forced to endure insults every step of the way. Even Pledge Five is visibly crestfallen. One by one, they reach the frat house again; they're forced to wait in the street out front, completely exposed to their laughing and hooting audience, until the last of their number arrives, gasping and plodding. Then the brothers hustle the pledges into the back yard ... where somebody yells that we can't allow the initiates back in the house looking like that, and two brothers use garden hoses to unleash torrents of cold water on the pledges. They're told to scrub, get that crap off of them, make them themselves all clean and pretty again--which isn't that easy when they're shivering and practically immobilized by the cold. Needless to say, when the water is cut off, the pledges aren't exactly filth-free.

Other brothers move in, armed with douche bulbs. The pledges are made to squat and endure enema-douches, forced to suffer through the indignity of voiding their bowels right there in the back yard, though the semi-darkness preserves some of their modesty. As pledge master, I preside over the hosings, scrubbing, and douchings until I finally declare the initiates are as clean as they're going to get.

Then the brothers hustle the initiates back into the basement, which seems like a warm paradise compared to what the pledges have just endured, and they're given towels to dry themselves.

That's where Adam gives his next order: "Strip!"

Of course the initiates immediately drop their towels and peel off their frat-colored shoes, but this time the order is not for them alone. The assembled brothers also wrestle out of their robes and stand naked, some of them already showing half-hard cocks. The pledges begin to realize what will be happening, but my hold on their minds keeps them locked in place, unable to protest.

The pledges stand in a circle. Everyone knows the biscuit game--a bunch of guys jack off and cum on a cookie or something, and the last guy to cum has to eat the cookie--but our version has a twist. Each initiate has his own cookie. Each of them jacks off. They'd all expected Hell Night would involve being made to jack off, so none of them puts up too much resistance to my influence that propels them to hardness, irresistible horniness. Cookie in one hand, cock in the other, they jack themselves. Each of them cums onto his cookie--with my tweaks in their head, they cum in quick succession to one another--and then the twist: each of them passes his cookie to the initiate on his left, who eats half and the passes it to the man on his left, who eats the remainder. In our version, each pledge eats the cum of two men, to the catcalls and hollers of the assembled brothers. Pledge Three retches, nearly vomits, but manages to choke his cookie bites down.

Under my influence, the horniness in this room, in each of the men, brothers and initiates alike, spirals higher and higher, until the need to get off overpowers any qualms. They're all hard, overwhelmingly hard. The brothers stand around in the casual nakedness of a locker room, making no attempt at hiding their hard-ons. The pledges are more skittish, clinging to their modesty, not used to such displays yet. Still, they try to mimic the brothers' casualness, and the pledges cannot deny or hide the fact that they too are erect. Brothers and initiates alike obey me now, obey the irresistible drive I've manipulated in them.

Adam's next order: "Fuck!"

The brothers howl and split into groups, four to six around each pledge. The pledges think the order was a joke, but they immediately realize the seriousness. They can't fight their horniness, though, or the overwhelming numbers of the brothers. The pledges are bent over; their mouths are stuffed with cocks, most sucking dick for the first time, as their asses are lubed. Laid-back surfer Pledge Two and black swimmer Pledge Five scream as brothers shove hard cocks into their virgin butts. Pledge Four, the military man, merely grunts as he takes cocks in both ends. Asses are fucked. Cocks are sucked. Brothers jack off while waiting their turns.

Pledge One, the ambitious one that I'd tagged only lightly earlier, is reacting badly. He does not want this, tries to struggle against what is happening. He spits out the cock that had been in his mouth, fears he is about to vomit, and tries to squirm away from the dick that intends to invade his ass. I make my way over to the group of brothers around him.

"N-no! No!" Pledge One moans to no one in particular. Two brothers have restrained his hands, which limits his ability to avoid the cock about to penetrate him.

Shh, I think into his thoughts as I enter his mind and begin strengthening my hold. *Look at me-- everything will be all right.*

"Huh?" His head rolls. His eyes flail, then find mine.

I mentally instruct the fucker to change tactics. Instead of trying to stick his cock into Pledge One's butt, the brother drops to his knees, parts the pledge's ass cheeks, and begins licking the crack and puckered entry.

"Oh!" Pledge One gasps. I ramp up the pleasure, helping him focus on the sensations he feels instead of the taboos he internalized. "Oh, damn ...," he sighs again, relaxing.

I bend in and kiss him. The pledge's mind flails but cannot escape. My control permeates it, until all resistance is gone. I break the kiss. "Better?" I ask.

"Fuck me," he tries, again to no one in particular. His fucker inserts a finger into Pledge One's ass, probes a moment, and finds his prostate. "Shit!" Pledge One barks. "Fuck me! Stick it in me! Fuck my ass!"

Another success story.

I step back and let their actions run their course. Because I can get inside their minds, I'm privy to all the different explanations they'll give themselves afterward, just like always: *That was fun and I liked it*, or *Sometimes I get freaky with my frat brothers but it's just a bunch of horny guys having fun and fucking around so no big deal*, or maybe even *I only have sex with guys when I get really horny and drunk and there's no girls around*. Whatever. When I take control, they obey; and I always make sure they don't feel regret afterward. Having no regrets is my gift to them.

My head aches. Influencing this many minds at once exhausts me. It's only around two a.m., maybe three--no, not that late yet--and Hell Night still has hours to go. I'm not sure I'm going to last.

A warm body presses into me from behind. Adam. His arms slip around me, pulling my shoulder blades into contact with his strong, bare chest. His half-erect cock lodges along the crack of my ass. I

let him hold me, relax back against him. The strength of his will comforts me, strengthens me. He kisses my neck. "You okay?" he whispers near my ear. "How're you holding up?"

"Okay," I whisper back. "Kind of a strain."

He kisses my neck again. "It's okay, buddy. I'm here for you. You keep things under control, and I'll call the shots, just like we always do."

I nod--"Okay"--and bring Adam's mind to the top of the network of links. Mentally my mind steps back, lets Adam's mind take charge. I'll keep us connected to the brothers and pledges, keep them all receptive, and Adam will give the orders. Over the years we've been together, we've created a strong partnership.

Focusing just on keeping all these psyches aligned is easier for me. Adam steers the proceedings ahead, his commands relayed through my connections. Dicks get sucked. Asses get fucked. Minds stay under my--our--control. The pledges are getting initiated into far more than they expected. Under my influence, they're coming to love it, all of it.

Adam steers me--us--over to a group. It's Pledge Three, the furry-chested Latino. He opens his mouth like a hungry lamb and takes in my erection, suckles happily on it with a single-minded focus. Sucks with gusto. Sucks like he was born to suck. I do such good work.

How does it feel? Adam asks in his thoughts, knowing I'll hear them.

I nod and grin at Adam. He pinches both of Pledge Three's nipples, and the pledge's body bucks with pleasure.

I love you, I tell Adam, and I feel his satisfaction at that. I know he doesn't love me as much as I love him, and that's okay. He does love me in his way. He strokes his pretty, pretty cock with one hand, pinches one of my nipples with the other, and winks at me. "Fuck," I swear out loud, happily.

We change groups. I slide on a condom and poke my cock into Pledge Two's cute ass, which is just as tight and fine as I knew it would be. Adam pokes his dick in the pledge's mouth. Adam cups his hand behind my neck and pulls my face to his for a kiss. *Tell me you love me again*, he says, because he knows I do. We've been together since we met as freshman roommates. I had the biggest crush on him back then. Hell, the reason I joined this frat in the first place was because he wanted to join and convinced me to try out too. He preferred women before my little mind-skill developed. I bound him to me--and he, knowing a good thing, has bound me to him. I know he has used me to help him climb the ranks in the frat, but I've used him and his body too. Neither of us can let the other go now. We've made this partnership work.

Cum for me, Adam says, knowing what that will do. He knows what will happen when I cum with us all connected like this. He knows, and he tells me to do it. *Cum for me*. He pinches my nipple again for a jolt of emphasis.

Not yet, I protest as I thrust in the pledge's ass. *Just a little more*.

He pulls his dick out of the pledge's mouth, and another brother's erection takes his place. Adam comes around the pledge toward me.

I said, cum for me, he head-growls, disliking my disobedience. *There's other shit we can do to them once the sex is done*. His mind has images of some of those things.

Adam is handsome, friendly, and a great guy, but he has a hidden cruel streak. I know the love he feels for me is mostly something I've made him feel. I know he manipulates me sometimes, and I have to be careful about letting his sadistic streak have an outlet but keeping it in check. I'm the only thing preventing Adam from taking Hell Night in a direction that could be dangerous for these mind-thrilled brothers and pledges. I have to protect them. I've taken hold of their minds, and I've turned them over to Adam, but I'm also their defender, preventing things from going too far.

I could make him back off. I could take control of everything again. But this is Adam, and I know he really does love me in his way behind this forceful façade. I decide to deflect him. *Yeah?--Maybe you should give me some inspiration*, I tease.

Adam considers for a moment. Then I feel him reaching through the connection, through me, giving instructions to ...

Pledge Four, the former Army man, appears behind me and roughly bends me forward, as if seeking revenge on me, the pledge master, for the weeks of abuse he endured during rush. He sinks to his knees behind me and laps at my ass with surprising skill. Pledge Four has been given his mission and he is intent on completing it. My head is near Adam's crotch, and he guides his cock toward my mouth. I open my jaw and take him in. Adam's thoughts reach again. Somebody, probably another pledge but possibly a brother, is underneath me and tongue-teasing my cock. Hands, lots of them, stroke my back and my arms. Somebody even finds a way to tickle my ball sack. I seem to have become the center of attention, and I love it.

Another cock pokes at my face, demanding attention. I come off Adam's erection and go down on his competitor. I won't be able to hold out long against all this stimulation, but while I can I'm determined to give a well as I get.

Cum for me, Adam orders in my head again, sterner than before.

Not yet, I answer back, but I'm feeling a familiar tingle. My orgasm is building, and my body is about to betray me.

I pull my mouth off the cock in front of me, push away from the hands and tongues that attack me from the neck down. Whew!--I've managed to stave off orgasm for now. My overheated cock begins to cool down. Adam decides to pretend he was joking; he laughs as he pulls me to him and kisses me. Around us, the pledges and brothers return to their orgy. I'm not done with Adam yet. I wrap my hand around his hard prick and stroke it. I reach into his mind and stroke it. "Wait," he pants. "You need me." He knows what I'm doing, tries to resist by thinking un-sexy things: history exams, old nuns, dead bugs. His fight makes the domination sweeter for me. I'm too deep inside his mind, and I know all his triggers. I turn his thoughts to flashes of favorite fantasies, stoking his arousal--I prevent him from thinking un-sexy things now, and his excitation spirals upward. Adam breaks the kiss and gasps, "Oh, God!"--and then he is cumming. Cumming hard. Cumming and shuddering and spurting his sperm all over my hand.

Had it been me climaxing, the way all of us are connected, we would have all cum and all the physical exhilaration would be over. But this is just Adam cumming, and I can keep the effect localized to just

him as his body jerks and spasms through his overwhelming pleasure, just like earlier when the pledges and a couple of the brothers had lost it and orgasmed.

Nearby, at least two brothers lose it and orgasm now, gasping and moaning, which could be coincidental timing and not part of what I did to Adam leaking into other minds because I'm tired. Probably coincidental.

Adam knows what I've done and why. I've taken dulled his arousal, taken his desires out of the mix for a while. Spent, he needs time to recover his strength, both mental and physical. He also knows he depends on me to give him this kind of complete control over the frat, so he decides to laugh rather than reveal how angry he is at me. "You shit-head," he chuckles. Since I'm still in his mind, I know everything he means by that.

I smile and pull back, wipe my cum-covered hand on my side. Being in total control again will tire me, but I can handle it. With the erotic charge I'm broadcasting into everybody's heads, Adam will recover in a few minutes and be horny again. But I've taken back control, so for now he'll be a puppet dancing to my strings instead of him giving orders to the rest of us and pushing us too far.

Meanwhile, I have a cock that needs to be sucked, or maybe stuck inside an ass. I decide to check on Pledge One. By now his ass is probably sore from getting fucked, but maybe he can take one more.

Pledge One is happily sucking about half of a brother's rather large cock, using his hand to stimulate the part that he can't fit into his mouth. Pledge One is definitely a fast-learner. His ass is available, but I see no condoms nearby and the lube bottle is nearly empty. Damn.

So I walk over to the table near the back wall where I'd put out a reserve stock of lube and condoms, and ...

I feel someone nearby, just outside on the other side of the wall. Not one of my frat brothers; this is an unfamiliar mind.

Up near the ceiling and over a little is one of the basement's two short, wide windows, grimy and pretty much impossible to see in or out of. Except that someone has scrubbed off a patch toward one corner, not very well and not a very large patch, but probably enough to see the Hell Night orgy going on here in the basement.

Well, a voyeur can't be good.

Fortunately, being intoxicated is a familiar state for most college students. I enter the voyeur's mind quickly; I find a memory, recent and still strong, of being drunk off his ass, and I use it to convince his mind that he's drunk right now, an overwhelming feeling of being inebriated. I hear the voyeur stumble a little outside the window as the influence hits him.

I cut my thoughts to three brothers near the basement door and sent them a compulsion: *Someone's outside, around back of the house by the basement windows. Go get him and bring him inside.* They might not realize what hit them, but they sure know what they need to do and hustle out.

I'm waiting at the foot of the stairs when the brothers haul our voyeur inside and down to the basement. He giggles and staggers, still "mind-drunk," and seems to think being accosted by three naked frat boys stinking of sweat and lube and sex-musk is hilarious. Two brothers hold his arms clamped at his side. The third hands me something: a video camera.

I don't need to look into our voyeur's mind to know what that camera has captured. I do, though, need to look into our giggling intruder's mind to find out why. That means I need a distraction.

Pledge Three, the furry-chested Latin boy who under my influence has been discovering a love for sucking cock, is nearby. I send a quick command into his head, and he separates himself from the group where he was casually licking a cock-head, not really servicing it but resting and recovering as he paces himself to keep going all night. Despite the soreness in his jaw and the puffiness of his lips, he sinks to his knees before Camera Boy and reaches for his zipper.

Camera Boy, as I label him, is a cute little fucker: an inch or two below average height, pale-skinned, wavy light brown hair, a good-looking boy-next-door. I am thinking he'd have made a good pledge if he'd shown up for rush instead of outside our basement window on Hell Night. When Pledge Three tugs Camera Boy's pants and boxer-briefs to his ankles, revealing hairy legs, Camera Boy's cock comes bouncing out to play--three-quarters hard already, about six inches, with a snug foreskin, hardening quickly. Camera Boy stops giggling and watches, fascinated, as those six near-hard inches disappear into Pledge Three's throat. He isn't resisting at all, settles into making little cooing sounds as Pledge Three bobs on his meat-stick.

And I'll say for the record, I've never encountered a guy who can keep anything in his head a secret when he's distracted by a blow-job.

While Camera Boy focuses on the slick, warm pleasure of Pledge Three's mouth sliding up and down his cock, I poke around in the little voyeur's memories. I don't need long to find what I need--everything is pretty much at the front of his thoughts. Camera Boy is a reporter for the campus media venues, and he decided to do a story on fraternity hazing: does it go on?--how prevalent is it?--that sort of thing. He talked to a couple of fraternities, including the president of our arch-rival, who told Camera Boy to keep an eye on us, especially after the Naked Pledge Run. The rival president hadn't outright accused us of hazing, but he had strongly insinuated it. Our cub reporter here had found the basement window when he was sneaking around back of the house, and now he had a camera full of man-on-man orgy scenes. To an outsider, that sure might be interpreted as hazing.

That pisses me off. I don't mind a little arch-rivalry, but accusations of hazing can get a fraternity shut down, and nobody--*nobody!*--fucks with my frat like that.

I hand the camera back to the third brother. "Erase this," I tell him.

Camera Boy makes a gurgling sound as he climaxes, ejaculating deep into Pledge Three's greedy throat.

I find Adam sprawled on one of the couches by the wall, making out with one of the brothers and teasing his own cock with slow fingers, not jacking but just enjoying the feeling of being so hard. While Adam and I have a thing going, I can hardly fault him for kissing on one of the other brothers, not after the overpowering lust-wave I've been stirring up in everybody's heads all night. I'm not jealous. Whatever.

I poke Adam's calf with my toes to get his attention. "Get dressed. I need your help."

He grins because he thinks I'm going to put him back in control of Hell Night. His grin gets even wider when I tell him what we need to do instead.

Minutes later, we're standing at the front door of our arch-rival fraternity. Camera Boy, fully dressed again with his newly erased memory card and his newly enthralled mind, is filming away and about to get more of a scoop than he ever dreamed. Adam and I are back in our pseudo-medieval robes with our hoods pulled up to shadow our faces. The front door is locked, so we can't just slip inside. I ring the doorbell. The hour is late, the wee hours of the morning, but we can hear muffled yelling and chanting from inside, because it's their Hell Night too. No one answers so I ring the doorbell again. Their night is about to get a little more hellish.

Adam bangs on the door with his fist. Finally, I reach my thoughts inside the house, tickle one of the closest minds: *Someone's at the front door.*

Finally a guy opens it, angrily declaring, "What the hell do you butt-heads waaah ...?" His voice trails off as I take over his mind. Now, suddenly, he is absolutely convinced that Adam and I are the guests of honor they have been waiting for all night. "Sorry," he says. "I didn't know it was you. Come in; come in. Everyone's downstairs."

Downstairs, the pledges are easy to spot. They're the ones naked and blindfolded, wrists tied behind their backs, and being made to run a gauntlet that seems to involve being doused in some kind of gooey oil and showered with feathers from old pillows. The brothers, most of them fully clothed but a few shirtless, are the ones swigging beer and hollering, "Go! Go! Go!"

The president and vice president of this frat stand on a little platform. They see us walk downstairs. The president's eyes go wide when he sees Camera Boy with his video camera aimed at the proceedings, but his jaw really drops when Adam pushes back his hood and the president recognizes him. I can't hear what he says to his vice, but the words are right there in the front of his mind: *What the hell are they doing here?*

For a moment I savor the way his horror transmutes to righteous rage. He is about to jump down from the platform when I unleash my mind on the assembled brothers and pledges.

Everyone freezes. A long, lazy wave of lust has rolled across them, irresistible as an incoming tide, and their agenda for the evening has just been hijacked. They blink, unaware that my mind has entered theirs but definitely feeling the effects. The room is so suddenly silent that we can clearly hear somebody mutter, "What the fuck ...?"

This sounds like a great idea to them. The brothers strip quickly, flinging shirts this way, shoes and socks that way, pants and underwear too. Hard-ons wave. Five or seven brothers sink to their knees. The rest circle them, aiming their dicks at the kneelers' mouths. Those who can't get their dicks into a mouth right away stroke themselves and jostle to be next. Unlike what I did back at my frat, the lust-wave I'm sent here is demanding and frantic--the brothers here at our arch-rival are overpowered by the need to fuck, to cum. They don't care who they fuck, or how they get off, and they won't stop until they do.

I make sure Camera Boy is getting all of this, and then I amble over to the pledges. They're just as lust-zapped and erect as the others, but they're still bound and blindfolded--leaving them helpless like that with no way to get sexual relief seems cruel. I pull off their blindfolds, untie their wrists. The moment they're free, they leap to join their brothers.

Around the time I'm halfway through freeing the line of pledges, somebody has discovered that I brought a gallon jug of lube with a pump top. I hear somebody scream as he takes a brother's hastily lubricated cock up his ass for the first time.

The last pledge: holy crap! He is one of the most beautiful men I'd ever seen, and--*zammo!*--I start getting hard. I don't believe in love at first sight, but I do believe in lust. At first I think maybe it's my mental gift short-circuiting and zapping me with what I'd zapped all of them with, but no, this is something that feels genuine to me. Damn, even half-covered with pillow feathers, he is pretty. I want him, because I know my dick and his ass were made for each other. Needless to say, I don't let him scamper off to start fucking his frat boys. I want this pledge all for myself.

The pledge follows me, docile as a puppy, back to Adam and Camera Boy. Adam raises an eyebrow and I sense jealousy coloring his thoughts. Yeah, well, he'll have to get over that, especially if I decide to let him watch me pork this pledge. That's how in lust I am for this pledge already--I don't even care if Adam sees.

I curl my thoughts around Adam's and suppress his jealousy a bit. I have another task for him. He grins as the idea sinks in. Maybe he thinks it's his idea; maybe he considers it some sort of payback for my obvious attraction to this new pledge. But he grins and he wriggles his way out of his robe and he wades into the sea of bodies, pushing for the stage.

I'm glad I brought Adam. Without his fearlessness backing me up, I wouldn't have the courage to do what we're about to do here.

They tried to fuck with us; now we're going to fuck with them. That I'm going to use our frat president's penis to fuck with their frat president's ass seems appropriate.

I'm conserving my mental strength. Rather than take full control of these frat-boys and make them do what I say, I'm bending their thoughts toward what I want them to do. As far as they're concerned, everything they're doing is their idea, even if they've never wanted to do anything like this before. They just can't help themselves.

The arch-rivals' president, treasurer, social chairman, and pledge master are all on the dais. I'm not sure where their vice president has gotten do, and I don't care. Really, the president is the one I want. Anyone else is just collateral damage.

The president and the social chairman are making out and jacking off. Adam pushes away the social chairman, who immediately turns to the treasurer and pledge master, recasting their duo into a trio. Adam plants himself in front of the president. The president tries to kiss him, but Adam's having none of that. He forces the president down to his knees. I take up my position behind the president. Together, Adam and I have him on his hands and knees. Adam kneels in front of him to give the president better access to his cock. I kneel behind him and start messing with his ass. The president looks terrified--he knows he's out of control and, since Camera Boy is filming the whole thing, he knows we know what he tried to do. But the president is also feeling so horny he cannot think his way out of this dilemma, and right now *horny* is kicking *terrified's* ass in his emotional roller derby. *Horny* wins by a shut-out when the president's tongue makes contact with Adam's cock.

"Looks like we got a live one," Adam laughs as the president grasps his steel-hard thighs and enthusiastically swallows Adam's cock.

"Then let's give him what he wants!" I tell Adam.

Before the president knows what hit him, Adam and I have plugged him at both ends. Adam has his cock buried in the president's throat. At first, the president comes off Adam's cock and screams when I push my lubed cock hard into the president's ass. I don't stop, and I don't pull out. Adam rams his porker back into the president's mouth, all the way to his tonsils, and the president gags. The president twists his head, dislodging Adam's dick again. He gasps, tries to get his retching under control. "Fuck! --It hurts!" he bleats but he pushes his ass back to meet my thrusts. Adam's cock smacks his cheek and catches his attention. The president finds himself suddenly overwhelmed by lust-hunger and he has to try swallowing Adam's cock again.

"I always knew you were a cock-sucker," Adam gloats as the president goes mouth-first after Adam's dick.

I make sure Camera Boy is getting plenty of good shots of the three-way treasure/social chair/pledge master fuck; especially I make sure the shots include the fraternity's Greek letters mounted on the wall directly behind them. No way they'll be able to claim this wasn't them when the video is "leaked" to a bunch of websites.

Once I'm satisfied that Camera Boy is getting exactly what we'll need, I reroute my attention and start to revenge-fuck the president in earnest. Every plunge forward makes my balls smack against the president's. I reach under him and grab his dick. In spite of the pain of having his virgin ass broken in, his dick grows even larger as I thrust into him--I'm making sure of that. Harder and harder Adam and I force our way inside of the president, as if our cocks were going to meet somewhere in the middle. Between us his body writhes, trying to take in each and every exhilarating inch. As we keep at it, I have the president ramping up and aching for release, balls tingling, cock throbbing, pre-cum drooling onto the floor below. But with my hand around his cock, I control his ability to get himself off. He knows it, and Adam and I both know it: we snicker between grunts as we continue fucking him.

I won't be able to make this last much longer. I feel my whole body trembling with lust--and Adam knows it too. I don't want to cum yet--I have a few more things I want to do first. I pull out of the president's ass to let my cock cool down. Adam quickens his hips, thrusting into the president's throat in earnest now that they have each other's undivided attention.

I pull off the condom and call that handsome pledge over to me. I'm deep inside his head, and he is oblivious to everything else going on around us. He sinks to his knees. I'm thinking I'll have to guide him through his first blow-job, but he leans in without me prompting him and licks the flat of his tongue along my one-eyed monster. He starts swallowing it, and he already knows how to keep my rod safe from his teeth. This is not the handsome pledge's first blow-job. Good. That means I don't have to direct this play, and I can be the audience and enjoy his performance.

Handsome Pledge can take it. He might not understand why he is suddenly consumed by the need to give me a blow-job, but he's certainly not opposed to the idea. Hell, he loves sucking cock, and he's damned good. I wonder if his frat knew that? Pretty soon, I'm fucking his throat mercilessly, and his mouth and tongue are doing amazing things along my cock. He could definitely teach Adam a few tricks. Hell, he's teaching *me* a few tricks! He's more than just experienced--he's a cock-sucking master already. He's, like, the Pelé of blow-jobs. Pretty soon it's me that's begging and moaning and pleading as he gives me one of the best suck-jobs I've ever had! Handsome Pledge is looking up at me, watching what his tongue and occasional gentle scrapes of teeth are doing to me, the way he has

me practically falling apart. My obvious enjoyment has him grinning around my cock. He seems smirkingly pleased with himself. I decide to table any complaints until after he finishes me off.

Adam, having moved to fucking the president's ass, watches Handsome Pledge blow me and my obvious enjoyment, and I feel Adam's jealousy peak again. Right now, I don't care. The president is cursing happily at the feelings Adam's cock awakens inside his ass, and I mentally direct Adam's attention back to that ass, make it the sole focus of his awareness. His jealousy can wait.

Handsome Pledge looks so hot with my dick bisecting his mouth. He tugs at my balls as his throat massages my cock. I won't last much longer. After a night of keeping my frat and now this one tanked up on sex, after fucking the president's cherry ass and now getting a primo suck-job, my body is too aroused. I can't stave off orgasm for long.

The president, social chair, treasurer, and pledge master are flat on their backs on the dais and jacking off. Adam and a bunch of the rival frat brothers crowd over them as they all stroke themselves hard and fast. They're sweating and panting and groaning, nearly ready to cum. Camera Boy films everything, being careful to avoid getting Adam's face or mine in the shots but getting lots of close-ups of the rival frat leaders' faces--they'll be forced to admit it's them in the video once it's uploaded!

Handsome Pledge shifts his knees, spreading them wider, as he jacks his pretty cock furiously. I'm determined I'm going to outlast him, hold out until he cums first. My dick is on an out-swing in Handsome Pledge's mouth when he does this little trick along the underside, and all of a sudden I'm at the flashpoint. Raw fire runs from my cock throughout my body and my skin blazes. I'm going to cum, right now, and there's no way I can stop myself. All I can do is shove my cock back deep into his throat and hang on to his head as everything explodes and my balls unload and I'm climaxing, hard, shooting, hard, deep into his gullet. My orgasm trips everybody else's, since I'm in their heads, and we're all one big forest fire of cumming, the world turning to ecstasy around us. Everyone who's jacking or fucking or being sucked--which is everybody except Camera Boy--is orgasming along with me, shooting. Adam and the group of our rival frat's brothers and pledges on the dais are squirting their sperm and coating the president and the officers, who are spurting their own spunk high in the air before it splashes back down on them.

I sag hard into my afterglow. I'm tired because it's late and now I'm wiped out from my intense orgasm. I droop against Handsome Pledge's head. Only my grip on his neck keeps me from falling over. I pant, struggle for coherence, but I'm wasted.

Let me take over for a while, I hear Adam say in my head, all syrup-slick charm.

I know that tone. I know what he wants. He has something planned, but I'm too exhausted to care. All I can do is nod. I step back in my head and connect Adam directly to the minds around us. I'm just the conduit now, relaying his ideas. He is the one in charge of the men around us. In charge of everyone, that is, except Handsome Pledge, who I've separated from the network of minds. He is mine and mine alone. I'll protect him from whatever depravity Adam has planned.

Handsome Pledge shifts under me. I make sure my legs are working again, and I let go of his head. He stands up. *Get your stuff*, I whisper into his enthralled mind. He is still too dazed by his orgasm, his proximity to mine, and doesn't seem to notice that he heard without me speaking. He just nods and turns to shuffle up the stairs. A minute or so later, he comes back down, carrying a brown plastic garbage bag, tied at the top. A white sticker on the side bears his name. The bag, I understand without

reading his thoughts, contains his clothes. His frat brothers must have stashed his effects in there at the start of their Hell Night.

While Handsome Pledge was gone, Adam was busy. And if Adam and the brothers around him pissed on the president and other officers who still lay prone on the stage, covering their chest and stomachs and legs with urine and probably ruining the hardwood flooring underneath them, well, that was just a little harmless mischief, right? And if some of the freshly fucked brothers and pledges squatted over the offices and lost control of their bowels on the officers' chests, well, accidents like that happen a lot after a guy gets his ass fucked for the first time, right? Camera Boy captured every moment of it. The officers are wallowing in pretty much every fluid and waste product the human body can produce, which seems appropriate. I won't describe what other dark fantasies Adam indulged with them. Are Hell Night hijinks really hazing if they happen to the officers instead of to the pledges? Hazing--revenge--that's a distinction for someone else to make. Right then I was still too exhausted to bother. Besides, they deserved every captured-on-camera moment of this for trying to fuck with my frat. They'd remember what happened, but too bad none of them will remember anything about Adam or me being there. I can't risk exposing my frat or myself being involved. I might have been enjoying the rush of having a whole room do whatever Adam or I told them, but I wasn't going to turn suddenly stupid about it.

When we start the walk to our frat house, the sun is just peeping over the horizon. Dawn. Yay. Hell Night is winding down but, in spite of how tired and yawning I am, I still have a couple of things to accomplish, not the least of which is getting a shot at Handsome Pledge's nicely developed ass, which I am currently following down the street. When a early-morning jogger looks up and realizes he is approaching two guys in medieval monk robes, a naked guy carrying a plastic garbage bag, and--incongruously because this is frat row during initiation season--a fourth guy wearing normal clothes and carrying a video camera, he shakes his head and thinks, *Just some fraternity prank*. I make sure of that. By the time he is twenty feet past us, he has already forgotten us. I make sure of that too.

Back at our frat house, most the guys have wound down from the arousal high I'd given them. A few have cum by accident, in spite of the compulsion not to that I'd planted. A few are dozing after being up most of the night. But the majority still nurse their erections and semi-erections. Some are even still making out with each other to keep the spark glowing. Yes, I do indeed do good work.

My thoughts sweep the room, subordinating mind after mind again. My brothers and the pledges begin to rouse, their cocks hardening back to full erection as lust once more permeates every part of their thoughts.

"Nnnn," Adam moans beside me as he shrugs off his robe. He alone knows what I am doing--but knowing and resisting are two different things, as he learned a long time ago, and his surging arousal drowns any resistance he might have offered.

I take the camera from Camera Boy and set it aside. I'll have one of the techie brothers upload the video later. Right now, I stare into Camera Boy's smiling eyes and burrow deeply into his mind. What he knows now as the absolute truth is that he was suspicious when the rival frat assured him they didn't haze and when they tried to steer him toward us. So he decided to sneak back to the rival frat's place and caught their hazing on camera. He'd checked my frat out and found we were great guys--in fact, he liked us so much he decided to pledge.

Strip, I say into his mind, and he does, revealing a tight, trim body and a tasty dick--average in size but perfectly shaped.

And that's how Camera Boy becomes Pledge Six. Oh, sure, getting the paperwork filled out late will be a hassle, but what good is being pledge master if I can't bend the rules a little? Keeping Pledge Six where I can keep an eye on him will come in handy once his story about initiation hazing at our rival frat breaks in the campus media. But for right now, the gathering clutches of horny male bodies are pulling Pledge Six in, and I let them have him.

That leaves me with Handsome Pledge. *Drop your bag over there*, I tell him, and he does. He still smiles that same cute-as-hell half-smile as I dig into his mind and make a few changes to his memories. Our rival frat had black-balled him for some minor offense, so he decided to get back at them by pledging our frat and discovered he liked us a lot more anyway. That's how Handsome Pledge becomes Pledge Seven.

I shrug out of my robe. Just the sight of Handsome--er, Pledge Seven's museum-quality ass has my cock towering toward the heavens. I don't care whether Pledge Seven is a top or bottom. I lean back against the basement wall and order the dude to drop to his knees and suck my dick. Making all my frat brothers horny may be tiring, but it also makes me horny as hell too. The time has come for some down-and-dirty sex.

Pledge Seven definitely knows how to combine his tongue and a guy's dick, and he proceeds to demonstrate on mine. When he reaches back and grabs my clenching glutes to steady himself, I decide he probably even has more experience with man-sex than me! I'll have to probe his memories about that later. Right now, I'm definitely not complaining.

I stroke one hand across the back of his head repeatedly and sneak into his mind to show him exactly how I like a guy to worship my lean flanks and hard, flat gut, to work my balls, and even to wickedly torment my tender nipples. He responds by handling me just the way I showed him, refining his technique on the fly. Sometimes he gets so focused on what his hands are doing, his mouth-work suffers, and sometimes vice versa, but we have the rest of the school year to improve his mouth-hand coordination; I'll see to that. The way his own stiff dick towers seven or eight inches from his shaved crotch proves how good a time Pledge Seven is having sucking my cock. Yeah, he is going to fit in here just fine.

Pledge Seven's suction picks up and his tongue twirls around my sensitive knob like swarming hornets. When he eases that hand on my ass toward my crack, though, I know he is ready to advance our sex-play to the next arena--but I need to cool down. Unless I get a few minutes with his hands and mouth completely off me, I'm going to blow one serious nut long before I'm ready--and I don't want Hell Night to come to a climax, so to speak, this soon.

Getting his face off my crank is difficult, though, because Pledge Seven doesn't want to let go. The guy seriously loves sucking dick.

I stand him up and bend him over. He braces his hands against the basement wall. Maybe he thinks I'm going to fuck him right off, but I have other plans first. I kneel before his butt and pry his smooth, hard glutes open and ease my face deep, prodding my tongue against his shit-hole. As I hold his hips tightly and snuggle even tighter up his ass crack, I hear Pledge Seven gasp and moan and then start swearing to himself. That ass wriggles back against my face, daring me to do him harder and tongue-fuck his sphincter open. I will, eventually, but first I need to spend some quality time teaching Pledge Seven how a real fraternity man eats ass so he'll know how he should lick mine later.

I reach around and grab hold of his dick; find it thicker and longer than it first looked. For the next five or so minutes, we slip into a rut--the one my face is buried in--as my tongue eases ever harder against his fuck-hole and my hand on his dick keeps him where he belongs, right at the razor edge of pleasure without letting him cum. A shudder of pure animal joy ripples down his spine and into my face. His moans have turned to pants and little woodland yelps like an animal's mating cry.

My tongue and lips, the jack-job I'm doing on his joint, and all the sex-action from the other guys around us are too much for him. The inevitable begins to happen. His glutes heave shut on my face, his body buckle and contorts, uncontrolled spasms of rapture, and the gorgeous guy begin busting his first Hell Night nut all over that basement wall and the floor below. While he is jerking and shooting, I shove my finger up his ass. That just makes his dick rupture even harder, spewing out more sperm than most guys shoot in two orgasms. He nuts and blows and blasts, screaming like the deepest damned of Hell with every wad. Like all good things, his nut also eventually comes to an end. When I think he has to be about dry, I shove a second finger up his ass and start stretching it wide while he bounces around as if I'm poking a high-voltage cable up his butt instead of only two fingers. He collapses forward against the wall, panting and heaving, trying to suck in enough air to make up for all the screaming.

Fortunately, just like the proverbial scout, I am also prepared. Before Pledge Seven can even think of standing up, I've grabbed a condom and lube from the nearby supply table, applied both to my shank, and now I've parked my hands onto his shoulders. I don't bother telling him what I'm going to do. Experience taught me long ago that forewarning a guy just makes him tighten up even more, and that means more work for me making his mind override his body and relax it. When the butt-busting dick is as long and thick and hard as mine, the guy already has all the trouble he needs.

My tongue- and finger-work and Pledge Seven's cum-spasms have loosened him up enough--just. Breaching my cock through his sphincter hurts him like hell, though--I know because of the noise he makes as I pop through. It's not a scream or shriek. It is half police siren, half blackboard screech, only twenty times as loud and an octave higher. Fortunately we are in the basement so nobody else but my frat brothers can hear, but I bet dogs all over the county must be barking.

I seat myself all the way up his ass, grinding my stiff pubes into the ruins of his shit-hole, even as my lips find his ear and whisper reassurances that he'll survive. Meanwhile, my thoughts in his head make sure he puts his trust in me and relaxes, so I can push him to do far more than just survive; I'm going to push him to heights of pleasure that even space rockets can't reach.

I give him a quiet twenty seconds or so to get used to my dick in his ass. Then I begin to plow that tight furrow with a vengeance, harrowing his hole while five or six of my frat brothers stand around and cheer us on--or better, bend another brother or a pledge over and join us on our fucking race to blast off. Everything I feel is getting broadcast to the brothers, winding their arousal higher and higher too. Those hoots and yelps, the *smack-thwack* sound of my pelvis pounding Pledge Seven's ass, his moans of abject submission, and my grunts of conquest all swirl together as I fuck him harder and deeper and faster with every frenetic stroke. His hands claw at the concrete wall, but I'm shoving more concrete up his ass.

I look to my left. One of the brothers has pushed Pledge One up against the wall alongside us and is fucking the pledge's ass, mimicking us. Beyond them, Pledges Two through Six, though not in numerical order, are also against the wall and getting ass-fucked. The brothers who aren't fucking a pledge or another brother crowd around us, cheering us on, jacking themselves off, or jacking the brother standing next to them.

Pledge Seven is so fucking tight and smooth and hard that I lose track of what I'm doing up his tail in no time. I tongue-fuck his ear a bit and bite down hard on the base of his neck like a tomcat. Pledge Seven's mind and body have become twin pits of need, demanding more. The more I use his ass, the more it needs and wants using. I dig my thoughts into his head, binding him to me. I have him past the brink, converting pain to pleasure, agony to ecstasy, while this beautiful man-whore begs me to fuck him harder, faster, deeper. The more he whimpers and whines, the more I hunker down and ream him his mind and butt wider. I love the feel of his prostate sliding tight along my dick. The feel of my sweaty balls banging into his butt and the back of his scrotum. The smell of sex and lube and slick sweat pouring from both our bodies. The wall of white noise of the other guys egging us on. Mostly, though, I love how fucking tight Pledge Seven's bone-hungry shit-hole is. I doubt it was virgin territory before we began, but it sure as fuck isn't virgin any longer. His ass will always remember the night he became a fraternity man--and the man who initiated him into being one.

My mind is tiring--I wouldn't keep the rest of the frat under my control and overwhelmed by erotic submission much longer, not if I'm distracted by fucking this pledge. Everything is becoming a fog, but for now I'm happy to let the thrill of the fuck carry me off and I'm happy just to hold tight to Pledge Seven's body as my pelvis works on auto-pilot, pounding up into his ass, reaming us both happy and then doing it all again. Neither of us is truly thinking. Both of us are screaming. Then, after a minute or an hour, the bitch's bad behavior repeats itself and he blows another nut, his second, all over the wall.

The way his ass cinches up on my dick trips my wire. Hours before I'm really ready to stop fucking, I feel my guts start gearing themselves up, getting ready to go into overdrive. *Gonna cum*, I think to Adam, wherever he is. But first, I have something I need to do, and I'm going to make it all happen simultaneously.

Pledge One gasps and begins to cum, his fucker too, spurting cum all over the wall without touching his cock.

Pledge Two and the man with his dick up Two's butt both holler, "*Fuck*," as they launch into orgasm.

Pledge Three plays with his nipples and throws his head back. "Gonna cum!" Suddenly he and the brother fucking him are shooting skyward.

"Not yet!" Pledge Four protests as he stops jacking, trying to hold off, but already he and the owner of the dick porking him are cumming, rocket-blasting into orbit.

"I'm gonna--" Pledge Five hollers. He makes a *yaaaarh* sound as he and the man fucking him cum.

Pledge Six shouts, "Fuck, yeah," as he and his fuck-partner erupt like fireworks.

I start to cum. Pledge Seven starts to cum again. Adam and all the brothers around us start to cum. I keep us all connected, and all of us are cumming together, orgasming, ejaculating, cumming hard and strong. All of the sperm cells in my body pump themselves out through my dick and into the core of Pledge Seven's very being. I hold on tight and scream and buck and scream some more until I'm drained dry and my jism is all but busting the condom up his butt.

Exhausted, I sink down onto a nearby couch, pulling Pledge Seven down beside me. Hell Night is almost officially over, and I am spent in more ways than one, and all I want to do is sleep. Adam's face swims into view. He kisses my cheek and whispers, "Good job." He is sweaty, grinning, seems to

have at least one load of cum streaked across his shoulder and right pectoral. I feel a surge of happy affection rolling off of him; he does love me in his way. No regrets.

I am falling asleep. I can't stop myself. Adam settles on the other side of me on the couch and cuddles in close. He is falling asleep too. All the brothers and pledges around us are falling asleep, since I still have us all connected; we're all falling asleep sprawled on chairs or couches or the floor or each other. Yeah, a little nap will be great after the long, hard night of hard-ons that we'd all had. The only task left to do is bring Hell Night to its ceremonial close and welcome the pledges to official membership in the frat. But that can wait until after we'd all had a little recharge nap. Who knows--maybe we'll even have the strength for another group-frat jack-off when we wake up. I can't think of a better way to welcome our new brothers.
