

Inevitable

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Yet another story about a college fraternity, a swim team, and a hypnotist. Who comes up with this stuff, anyway?

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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1.

Night had fallen, like a priceless Ming vase dropped by a clumsy burglar. Okay, this story has nothing to do with vases or burglars--I've just always thought it would be cool for somebody to start off a story that way. Since I'm telling this story, we start it my way, okay?

Night had fallen, though. That part was true.

It's hard to believe that I nearly changed the world. By "change," I mean I tried to affect the course of something already happening. By "the world," I mean life here at this campus, which for a college student like me pretty much *is* my whole world. Plus this is the story of how I lost my virginity ad got hypnotized for

the first time, both of which were sure world-changing for me. Neither event happened the way I expected, and trying to change the world didn't last long. When you're just one guy, a thing like that can't, you know.

I'm in a fraternity with a bunch of other athletes. This university puts a lot of emphasis on the sports programs, and that means the jock frat has some major clout, so I go to all the best parties with a lot of rich boys, the kind where if his name is *Bo* he spells it *B-e-a-u-x*, that type of bullshit. But mostly, I spent my time in classes (boring), the library (super-boring), the gym (better), or the frat house. Let's start there. Let's peek in on a typical third-floor bedroom at the jock frat house in the middle of the night. See that handsome young athlete studying at the desk there? That's me. I'll be your narrator. Hi. Welcome to college. Welcome to the party.

By now you may be wondering how I wound up nearly changing the world--or maybe not. Maybe you wonder how the Internet works and how your favorite websites know when it's time for an update, or maybe you're wondering why I haven't gotten directly to the good-and-dirty parts already. Point is, I don't see another narrator in this story, so pipe down. We'll get to the good stuff soon enough.

How did it all happen? See for yourself.

Like I said, a typical third-floor bedroom at the ATHL house. At, like, one o'clock in the morning, the frat house was quiet, my roommate was off God knows where, and I was still up studying for a killer chemistry midterm I had coming up. I had the munchies, so I headed downstairs to raid the refrigerator. Most of the guys were asleep already--hey, frat life isn't *always* drunken parties every night until dawn, even here at a jock frat like Alpha Theta Lambda. ATHL ... Athletics, get it?

So everybody was asleep, and I was trying to be quiet. I headed down the back stairway, mostly because it's right outside my room and I was too lazy to walk to the front of the house and use the main staircase. I long-legged over the third step, the one that always creaks, got about halfway down, and froze.

Nobody much used these back stairs except me and my roommate Jake, so the guys must have thought they wouldn't be disturbed back on this side of the house. Not ten yards away from the stairs and off to the side stood Marcel, Peter, and Junior, kinda facing me, and there was this other guy with them with his back to me, between them and the stairs.

My first thought was, *Kind of a public place for a circle jerk*. I crouched down on the stairs and watched them between the railing slats.

Here's what I saw, kinda in the order I saw it. They were standing side by side, just about shoulder to shoulder--Marcel on the left, Peter in the middle, then Junior--all facing my general direction. The hallway lights on their floor were still on, so I saw them clearly.

Oh, and they all had their cocks out, hard and stroking--I noticed that immediately too. That's why I thought they were having a circle jerk.

See? I told you we'd get to the good parts soon enough.

Marcel, our fraternity president, wore a pair of white boxer-briefs, white socks with red stripes around the tops, and a baseball cap pulled down on his nearly black hair and turned backward. He wasn't wearing a shirt. He had his boxer-briefs bunched down at mid-thigh, so his big, super-thick, hard cock soared proudly in the air. He stroked it lightly--index and middle fingers and thumb of his right hand--while his left cupped his balls. He had his knees bent slightly, tilting his torso back, as if displaying his sleekly muscled body. His eyes

were closed, face bowed downward at his cock.

Peter looked like he had just gotten back from a date with whatever Miss Slutty McSlutski he was currently boffing. He was dressed kind of nice, kind of preppy: an olive-green polo shirt, loafers, khaki pants down around his ankles. His cock wasn't as thick as Marcel's but it was just as long, and he was using both hands to stroke it. He had his eyes closed too, head tilted back, mouth open slightly, enjoying the feeling.

Junior wore his usual white wife-beater tee-shirt and a pair of brick-red sweatpants. He had the bottom of that wife-beater scrunched up a little on his tight stomach, sweatpants lowered to just below his balls. No underwear. His feet were bare. His cock was the longest of the three. He stroked it with his left hand, a good, firm grip, while his right circled the base of his rod and ball sack. He had his head bowed forward too, like Marcel, eyes closed, stroking happily in a world of his own.

Peter with his head back made this weird little sound. If I didn't know better, I'd have sworn he was snoring softly.

The guy standing between me and them? He had his back to me--didn't know I was there--none of them did. He was an older guy, seemed familiar, but I couldn't quite see his face. "That's it," he told them. "Feels so good. Bring yourself right to the brink, but you can't cum just yet. Not until I say so."

I thought to myself, *Is this any way to run a frat house, having a jack-off contest in public like this?* I had on a pair of boxer shorts and my socks. Now my cock stiffened up inside my boxers, making an obvious tent. I didn't dare touch it or take it out, 'cause I'd probably cum instantly if I did; that's how horny I was.

The man said, "Marcel, how long has it been since you were allowed to cum?"

Marcel panted quietly, "Eight days, sir, since you let me."

"Peter, how long has it been since you were allowed to cum?"

Peter moaned, "Two weeks, sir, since last time."

"And Junior, how long for you?"

"Four days, sir, since you let me."

"Good, boys, very good. Just stroke yourselves. Good. Feeling so good, isn't it. Let yourself go right to the brink ... but you can't cum. Not until I give you permission. You've still got a few important jobs to do first, don't you. Yes, a few more very important jobs. Cumming is your reward for obeying so very well. Maybe after you complete the tasks I've given you, then and only then will I give you permission. For now, that's enough--take your hands off your cocks, boys."

They did, slowly.

"Let your cocks soften. Let them go limp. Tomorrow, after you've done what I asked, maybe then you'll get your reward. Cocks going so limp. Bodies so relaxed and loose."

They did as he said. Their hands fell away from their rods, and their cocks slowly started deflating.

"Time to put your toys away, boys," the man said.

The three of them bent and pulled up their pants, tucking away their sagging semi-hard cocks.

The man lifted something into the air between them, something dangling from his hand on a thin gold chain. The dangling thing was this faceted purple crystal of some sort, just like the one I'd seen Coach Cox use on Jake earlier.

That's when I put two and two together. Peter really was snoring, because they were all three asleep.

After what I'd seen at practice that afternoon and now this, I said to myself, *What a way to run a college--are all the guys getting hypnotized except me?*

The man said, "Open your eyes and look deeply into the crystal again, one last time for tonight." They did. "So easy to look deeply into the crystal and stay so deeply asleep. Let it relax you more deeply. You have your instructions for tomorrow--feel them lock in, stronger, ever stronger--and I expect you to do your best. Now, it's time for you to go back to your rooms. Carry this deeply relaxed, deeply horny feeling with you. So easy to walk back to your rooms and stay so deeply relaxed. Nothing will interrupt this peaceful, calm feeling that fills you. Go back to your rooms, and fall into your beds, and you will sleep deeply, sleep until morning, and awake feeling refreshed. Go now."

Marcel, Peter, and Junior shuffled off down the hallway, their eyes open but obviously nobody home upstairs, like they were sleepwalking or something. Which I guess in a way they were.

I stood up, intending to creep back up the stairs until the man had gone too, like I was never there. The stair creaked a little-- *damn it!*--and that's when the man turned to me. I recognized him: Professor Johnson, from the Psychology Department, one of our two faculty advisors. I grimaced and pretended I was just now coming down the stairs, not trying to sneak back up. He grinned, like he had known I was there all along--which maybe he had. Who knows?

"You're up late," he said.

"Yeah--just heading down to the kitchen."

"Well, don't stay up too late. It's past time for you to be asleep. In fact, speaking of sleep, why don't you--"

"It's late--catch you later, Professor," I said, as I slipped by him and continued on down the next flight of stairs, to save myself further embarrassment.

2.

Lots of porn stories are about colleges, but *real* college life is hard to dramatize for several reasons: the ecosystem is too vast, and it's based loosely around tedious lectures and insufferably self-centered kids. But the main reason is that only a small percentage of people have a degree. The majority of readers can't relate to stories about college life, aside of course from the parts about getting drunk or getting laid, which is what most porn stories imply college is all about. Stories about what college is really like--the lectures, the whiney kids lost in their soap-opera lives--those stories remind readers of experiences they either wish they had or are relieved they didn't. This story, though, is just me skipping over the dull crap and telling you about the good stuff--it might not be completely centered around keg-fueled escapades, but it's the story of nobody's experience but mine, and there's probably enough sex to keep you entertained even though I obviously wasn't one of the ones having most of it. You might like this story if you like that porn subgenre where debauchery

is college's sole reason for existing. College is one of those experiences where mundane authenticity is the enemy of entertainment.

Oh, shit--I skipped something. Damn it. I forgot that whole *what I'd seen with Coach and Jake before* bit. I made a big deal telling you that, and then I totally forgot. Fuck, this is bad narrating--like a five-year-old trying to tell a joke: "Wait; back up--I forgot to say the Martians were purple and had three eyes." Fuck. Anyway, I don't know if you want to see it now, but here's the fucking *Coach and Jake* stuff. Can I say *fuck* some more?

I'd been in the locker room after swim team practice. I'd already showered, dried off, and had my boxer shorts on. Jake, my roommate and teammate, was running behind, as usual. He'd been shitting around with some of the other guys and hadn't done anything except get his locker open so far. He still wore his practice Swimsuit, the same school blue that all of us had been wearing earlier.

Coach Cox, our swim coach and my frat's other faculty advisor--his office adjoined the locker room, and this side door connected them. The bench where I was changing was right by the door.

From the doorway, Coach barked, "Jake, get in here."

"Coming, Coach," Jake said and followed him inside. Jake is captain of the swim team, so it wasn't uncommon for Coach to talk to him after practice.

Coach pushed the door shut, but it didn't swing closed all the way. It stayed cracked open a few inches.

"Have a seat," Coach said. Jake sat down in one of the two chairs in front of Coach's desk, which put his back to me. Coach sat on the corner of his desk, in semi-profile. There was somebody else there too, sitting behind Coach, at Coach's desk. All I could see was one of the other guy's arms.

Coach fingered at something on his chest. In addition to the whistle he always wore dangling between his pecs, there was a purple crystal pendant on a thin chain--I remembered he had started wearing that a few days before--*For luck*, he'd said.

"You looked good out there," Coach said to Jake. "You shaved almost half a second off your time. See how your performance improves when you focus?"

Something distracted me over my shoulder--bare feet ran by, somebody's balled-up towel whizzed by my head. Guys horsing around. When I turned back to the door, Coach had that pendant and chain dangling in the air away from his chest a little. He turned it and it rotated this way a little, then back the other way. "That's it," he said. "Focused. Deeply relaxed."

I couldn't see much of Jake through the crack, just his arm when it slipped off the chair's armrest and hung there, limp and still.

That's it, Coach murmured, so quietly I couldn't hear him over the noise of the showers and the guys fucking around in the locker room--that part I lip-read. Then: *Go ahead and take it off, if you want to. You're going to be taking a shower soon anyway. Might as well take it off now.*

I thought, *What the fuck?* But I got distracted again when somebody's shoe bounced off my shoulder. "Sorry," one of my teammates bleated, scooping up the shoe and retreating.

"Watch it, fucker," I barked at him.

When I turned back to the door, I was just in time to see it click shut. I guess they wanted privacy.

I finished getting dressed and sat waiting for Jake. A while later--by then two-thirds of the team were gone--the door opened and Jake strolled out, smiling a little, naked, thick semi-hard dick swinging, with his swimsuit bunched in his right hand. His eyes looked dazed or distracted. I'd seen his dick before; it looked normal when it was soft, but obviously he was a grower. I'd only sorta-kinda seen it hard before, during rush last year, and technically I wasn't seeing it fully hard now, but even semi-hard, his cock was pretty fucking big.

I asked him, "So what just happened in there?"

"Pep talk," he mumbled as he dropped his swimsuit on the bench and picked up his towel, which made his dick swing around some more while I tried not to stare. "Yeah. Pep talk." And then he strolled off to the showers before I could question him more.

Okay, I apologize. That was a terrible scene. You're probably thinking, like, *Why was that even in this story?* Gee, you think maybe it'll be important later, or something?

3.

In my philosophy class last semester, we read Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer says there's no such thing as free will, neither in the philosopher who throws a stone nor in the stone itself, although both of them believe otherwise. The stone thinks, as it sails through the air, that its will is free, but that's only an illusion. Everyone likes to believe that he is free in his individual activities, that at any point he can change his life and begin another one, or become another person altogether. But even though the man thinks about change, he does not change. Necessity rules him, often necessity of which he is unaware. From beginning to end, he acts out his assigned role.

I was in one of the bathroom stalls that morning, with my shorts and boxers around my ankles, taking a piss and a dump. The main bathroom at the frat house was a big, open space with sinks and mirrors over there, a couple of urinals and toilet stalls over here, and a shower area over there. I finished my wiping and cleanup, but I was in no hurry to flush and leave the stall. Why? Well, I'm about to tell you, since that's a narrator's job.

Because of the view. Marcel, the president of our fraternity, stood under the shower spray, soaping his back. I kept leaning to the side so I could peep through the crack between the stall door and wall. Marcel's ass was practically a work of art that belonged in a museum, and I didn't want to miss that exhibition.

Taz walked in, in shorts and a pair of flip-flops. He hooked his towel over a peg, hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his shorts, and was naked on one easy drop-and-step-step motion. Taz was on the wrestling team, and while he may have been a huge jerk half the time, he had this really efficient and sexy way of moving that made up for it. Taz started the shower two nozzles down from Marcel, tested the temperature, and stepped under the water.

Marcel said something and Taz said something back. I couldn't make out specific words over the showers--the acoustics in the bathroom with all that tile made conversation difficult when the showers were running unless you were right on top of each other or hollering or shit like that. But I heard Taz say incredulously, "Here? Now?" He looked around guiltily.

Marcel said something else. He was soaping his groin area. When he turned a little, I suddenly was treated to the sight of his erection poking out of a sudsy fist--poking *repeatedly* out of a sudsy fist, as Marcel stroked himself.

Taz looked at the door, as if assessing the risk. He was a sadistic Neanderthal, but he was an adventurous Neanderthal. He looked back at Marcel and grinned and nodded. His hand slithered into his crotch and he soaped up his cock. Pretty soon, this column of flesh was rising from the mass of bubbles Taz had made in his pubes--rising, rising, and still rising. Taz's erection was fucking *enormous*! He was a muscular wrestler but--man!--that cock nearly dwarfed the rest of him.

They faced each other, one empty shower between them, and stroked. I had a great view of Marcel's ass and Taz's cock, and I memorized everything about them. Yeah, I'd be jacking off over this memory again and soon! My cock was already hard. Marcel kept saying something low. Taz kept replying with something curt and hard--from his expression, I imagined he was saying, *Dude, shut up and stroke.*

Marcel kept droning on. Maybe he turned into a fucking chatterbox when he jacked off--who knows?--but Taz kept replying with that same curt-and-hard answer. But Marcel kept talking, the same drone, too low for me to make out specific words.

Taz blinked, and yawned, kept stroking, and blinked again. Marcel kept droning on. Taz's head bobbed a little. He blinked again. I might not be the sharpest tack in the seat cushion, but I figured it out. You did too if you've been paying attention.

Marcel must have thought they wouldn't be disturbed, because he was not only jacking off in the showers with Taz, he was trying to hypnotize Taz too, like they had all the time and privacy in the world.

That's when the idea hit me. I could really fuck with them!

I reached back and flushed the toilet. The sudden loud sound snapped them both back to reality. "Shit!" Taz barked, eyes wide and jaw dropped, and I heard that just fine because he said it so loudly. He and Marcel, back under his own shower again, whirled their fronts toward the wall to hide their hard-ons. Right--as if the guilty, scared-shitless looks on their faces weren't confession enough. Fucking priceless!

I had to fight to keep from laughing my ass off! Nah--I had to play this cool, real cucumber-cool. I stood up, pulled my underwear and shorts up, tucked my hard-on away. As I opened the stall door, Taz zipped by, nearly collided with me, flip-flops slapping his feet, towel around his waist, shorts bunched in his hand. He disappeared into the hallway. I tried to act all nonchalant as I strolled out of the stall, paying no attention--nope, none at all--like I hadn't seen a thing, certainly not a two-man circle jerk that almost ended in hypnosis. I played it Mister Causal style and strolled out of the bathroom without even glancing at Marcel.

Upstairs, with my erection mostly subsided, I ran into the Professor in the frat house hallway. He usually wasn't around this time of day, and almost never on the top floor where my room was.

"Well, hello." He snaked his arm around my shoulder and ushered me back toward my room. "I've been thinking," he said, "it's time we had a talk."

"Uh, okay." I said, hoping the remnant of my Marcel-and-Taz erection wasn't too noticeable in my shorts.

"Have a seat there on the bed." I did, and he sat in my roommate's desk chair. He fingered this little purple crystal. "Don't worry--you're not in any trouble. You've probably noticed some things happening."

"Uhm, yeah?"

"There's nothing to worry about. Have you ever thought you knew what was going on, then you turn around and it turns out to be something completely different? Like maybe you only knew a little piece of a bigger picture?"

"Yeah--sure."

"How did it make you feel?"

"I dunno. Kinda dumb, I guess."

"That's understandable. No one can know everything that's going on. We all sometimes feel like things are going on around us we aren't fully aware of. Like your arms there. Sometimes you pay attention to one thing, like my voice, and you forget what your arms are doing or what they feel like. Or maybe your legs, the way they can feel all heavy and limp sometimes."

So the Professor was trying to hypnotize me too now, huh? I wasn't sure what to make of that. While I thought hypnosis was pretty damned sexy as fantasy fodder, my frat brothers didn't know I batted for the gay team, and I wasn't sure I wanted to get into a situation where they might find out.

"Listen," I said, already up and heading for my door. "It's been great talking to you, but I gotta be someplace. Maybe later?" Meaning: *never, no way, nope*. And that's how I made my escape and left him sitting there, probably pissed off at me now.

I might be in the closet to my frat brothers, but I'm no dummy. In all of these porn stories--and the fact that I not only know these stories exist but have read enough of them should tell you how much of a turn-on I found all this to be--in all of these stories some professor-slash-mad scientist-slash-circus clown, whatever, walks into a fraternity house and brandishes his pocket watch-slash-experimental formula-slash-magic spell, and he doesn't stop until the whole frat is naked and jacking off at his feet. It's inevitable. Hot too, right?--If you're into that, I mean, which you probably are since you've read this far already, and for that I thank you. But what all those stories lack is realism. Sure, they're porn. But where's the reality? Where's the dramatic tension? You never once doubt that the professor-slash-whatever is going to be successful in his master plan of hypno-seducing the whole frat.

Hypno-seducing. Like it? I just made that word up. Narrators can do that sort of thing, and nobody cares until the narrator starts calling your attention to it.

Sure, I'm nineteen years old and only recently de-virginized--which, don't worry, I'll tell you about soon--and way too sarcastic for my own good, but I'm perfectly capable of making up a word like *hypno-seducing*.

Well, I decided two things right then and there. First: If somebody was going to write a porn story about what was happening at my fraternity house, it was going to be me. Why should some other author-slash-jerk get all the credit? That way I'd know the writer got it right. Second: Fuck Schopenhauer--my story was going to have dramatic tension, even if I had to provide it myself. I knew there probably wasn't much I could do to stop or even slow down the inevitable. Hell, I'd be going up against a mad scientist-slash-whatever who probably had that whole *master plan bwa-ha-ha* speech thing already thought out, and I'm just a college student who couldn't manage to schedule his laundry day far enough in advance to always have fresh underwear in his drawer. And when did society decide we have to change and wash a tee-shirt after each individual wearing, anyway? If it's not dirty and doesn't smell too funky, I'm gonna re-wear it. Whatever. But

at least I could introduce a little chaos into the proceedings. That's the role usually performed by the villain, but I'm too big a meathead to be a real villain. Real villains could probably pass chemistry, a class where I was not doing so well, especially if I didn't ace my upcoming midterm. I'd make a lousy villain. No, mischief was more my speed. I'm more fun-loving than evil.

Oh, sure--everybody says they want to play for the Big Dramatic Hero, but I don't have enough internal conflict to make a convincing hero--well, aside from that *closeted gayboy* thing nobody but me knew about. Anyway, heroing sounds like a lot of work, and I'd rather have fun. Maybe I'd even manage to get my dick sucked along the way, which isn't exactly a heroic aspiration. You want a fascinating play about moral ambiguity as the hero strives to overcome his human failings?--Go read Shakespeare instead. So what other major character type is left? That's right--the trickster. An online encyclopedia says a trickster is a character "who plays tricks or otherwise disobeys normal rules and conventional behavior." This is an otherwise conventional porn story, so the trickster's role would be to disrupt the inevitable proceedings, and I was the man for the job. Hell, messing with Marcel and Taz in the showers had been fun, and messing with the Professor in my room had been kinda fun too. Playing the trickster is always more fun than playing the hero or the villain. Ask anyone.

4.

Speaking of laundry ...

See how all these parts fit together? This narration shit is easy.

I hauled my laundry--all nice and clean again--from the far end of the basement where the little laundry room was, down the hallway to the stairs, and I passed by the door to the big room where most of our Hell Week and initiation stuff happens. It's a big unfinished basement room with a concrete slab floor, so any spillage "accidents" involving massive quantities of beer, puke, or other bodily fluids can get cleaned up and don't ruin anything.

I stuck my head in, just to see how the proceedings were going, and by "proceedings" I mean all the wicked shit we make the pledges do in theory to "prove" how much they want to become brothers--we don't call it "hazing" anymore.

I stuck my head in and there's my sort-of buddy Taz putting this year's crop of pledges through the usual fraternity shit that stops just this side of outright sadism.

Taz, this year's pledgemaster, was easy to spot--in room where all the men, even Taz, were shirtless, he was the only one wearing pants. He was also the one hollering orders.

Most of us got into the frat because we were good athletes who were also good guys to party with. Taz--see, he's a different matter. Some might say he got into the frat on account of his big dick, which I already showed you in the showers, but in my opinion, *dick-schmick*, Taz was destined to be here. His fearlessness and latent sadism made him the perfect pledgemaster. Taz had been pledgemaster last year too, when I went through rush, and sometimes I still resented him for the sick shit he made us do. But I gotta admit, seeing the pledges being made to do that sick shit was worth having been made to do it myself.

"Keep it up, pledge--you're doing good. Suck that dick. You like sucking that dick, pledge? Suck it harder. I know you like sucking that dick, pledge. Now, switch!"

Did I say *latent* sadism?

Taz called them all *pledge* because he said he didn't want to bother learning their names if case they dropped out before initiation, but I think it was because he wasn't smart enough to remember that many names. The pledges were the ones in boxer shorts. He had three of them on their knees, with the rest lined up in front of them. The standing pledges had their boxers pushed down, and the kneeling ones were sucking the dicks of the pledges standing in front of them. I couldn't see the details from way over by the door, but I remembered the drill. Every time Taz yelled *switch*, each kneeling pledge moved down to the next dick.

"Yeah, that's right. Suck that dick. Suck it! Deeper, pledge!"

Now, an outsider walking in and seeing this might think, *Wow, how far has this hypnosis thing spread already?* But trust me, that wasn't hypnosis--making the pledges suck cock is just normal Hell Week behavior around this frat house. Taz still had his pants zipped, but once he thought they'd gotten the hang of it and once he figured out which pledges were good at sucking, he'd probably haul his dick out too and show those pledges what a real man's cock was like by getting himself some of that oral action. I suspected Taz wasn't entirely heterosexual.

What I was watching was supposed to be sexual but not sexy, if that distinction makes any sense. Just a bunch of pledges being made to gross sexual stuff. It was all about humiliating them. If one of them seemed to think it was sexy or seemed to like it--or heaven help him, if he climaxed--he'd have been ejected immediately. Sucking cock was not about cumming, but about making the pledges do something they hated, over and over again. Still, I remembered when Jake and me were pledges last year. Sucking dick like that for the first time was a secret thrill that led to me admitting to myself I'm gay. But I hadn't admitted that to any of the others.

Just a quick look--just enough to store up "inspiration" for a jack off fantasy later. Anything more might seem like I was enjoying the view *too* much, and I didn't need rumors getting started.

I was stashing my clean laundry in the closet when Peter walked into my room. Peter's one of my frat brothers. What sport did he play?--Well, it involved a ball and it didn't involve water, so obviously it wasn't one of the important ones. He wore a sky-blue tee-shirt and a pair of light gray shorts, dark hair partly sweaty and tousled, a volleyball tucked under his arm. "Well, well--It's about time you were getting back," he said. The way he wolf-grinned made me nervous--like something was up that I wasn't supposed to know about.

I decided to play dumb--which definitely wasn't that difficult for me. "What the fuck're you talking about?"

He tossed the ball at me, fast. "Sleep!"

By reflex, I caught it, right before it would've hit my chest. "Huh?" I said. I shoved it back at him. "Sleep yourself. Whatever, dude."

He snatched it out of the air, eyes slitting just a bit, that grin widening, more predatory. "Mmm," he said, savoring something. "Nice try, but say it like you mean it." He snapped the ball back at me again and barked, "Sleep!"

I caught it. Did he think the Professor had managed to hypnotize me earlier? Maybe he didn't know I'd slipped away before the Professor could seal the deal. Or was he trying to hypnotize me himself? I pitched the volleyball back, hard and fast. "Sleep!"

Peter snagged the ball out of the air. "Mmm, yeah--That's better--I almost felt it that time." He snapped the ball back at me again. "Sleep!"

I was a millisecond too slow that time--fast enough to block it, but the ball ricocheted off the side of my hand instead of me catching it. *Fucking ow!*

Peter bent and scooped it up in mid-bounce.

"So what's going on here?" boomed a voice from the doorway. Marcel leaned against the door frame.

"Just playing around is all," Peter said. "Want to join us?"

Marcel scowled and stalked over. Was Peter doing something he shouldn't? I'd figured out the hypnosis but I still wasn't clear on everything else going on here. Marcel jerked the ball out of Peter's hands, saying, "You know that's against the rules. Nice use of props, though. Let's see how you like it." He poked the ball against Peter's chest and commanded, "Sleep."

Peter blinked. That wolf-smile softened--it stayed just as wide but became a smile of pleasure. "Mmm ..."

"Sleep," Marcel said authoritatively as he poked Peter's chest again.

"Ahh ..." Peter's eyes closed, and his head drooped forward.

"And you," Marcel said, bumping the ball against my chest. "Sleep."

"Dude, what are you talking about?" I decided to play dumb.

Marcel frowned at me a second, then poked me again. "Sleep."

I swatted the volleyball out of his hand, and it bounced out into the hallway. "Uh, I'm kinda in the middle of something here. Why don't you two go somewhere else. Seriously."

"Yeah ... Well." Marcel practically dismissed me, even though this was *my* room. He turned back to Peter, standing there, gently swaying, asleep on his feet. "Come with me," Marcel hummed in Peter's ear. His hand, lightly in the small of Peter's back, guided him forward, toward the door. Peter didn't seem to mind and went along quietly.

When they were gone, I pushed the door shut and looked down at the crotch of my pants. I had one hell of a boner!

5.

Coach called for another special evening practice, the second one in a row, but I had to miss it again because I had a chemistry study group meeting every night that week. Coach knew I had to pass that big midterm--he'd understand.

The next day, though, Coach called me aside near the end of our regular practice and got all on my case about missing the special practices. He was calling another one for that evening, he said, but this time he didn't want me to be there. Instead, he told me I needed to go see Professor Johnson right away--go, go, go.

Well, there was no way I was going to go all the way to Professor Johnson's office in nothing but my wet swimsuit and track suit, so instead I went back to the locker room with team.

Coach whistled for practice to be over, and he led the team as we trotted back to the locker room and through the double doors. Usually Coach veered off to his office--but this time, pulling his shirt off over his head, he kept going directly back to where the showers were. The guys were shedding their track suits and goggles and swimsuits too, so I did the same thing.

As he toed off his shoes, Coach hollered, "Listen up, guys! What comes after one hundred?"

"Ninety-nine!" we all shouted back in unison, still shedding our own gear. I wondered, *What kind of question was that?*

And before I knew it, the rest of the team hollered, "Ninety eight! Ninety seven! Ninety-six!"

Coach and the team, everybody naked now, including me, crowded into open shower area. There were only eight shower nozzles and about twenty-four of us team members, twenty-five counting Coach. Usually we spaced out our shower intervals 'cause there was enough space or shower heads for all of us at once, but right then we were jammed in there three or four to a shower.

And still the guys kept chanting under the spray: "Ninety-three! Ninety-two!"

"That's it," Coach hollered out over the spray as the team called out the numbers.

I decided this must have been something they'd covered in the special practice sessions. I played along.

"Eighty nine! Eighty-eight!"

"Focus." Coach said. "I know you're tired after a hard practice. So tired. So focused. Just like before. Let it happen all over again."

Over there, one of my teammates yawned. Over there, so did another. We were all tired, but I wondered if more was going on.

"Eighty! Seventy-nine!"

"So focused. So sleepy. Together. Teamwork."

A couple of the guys looked really sleepy. They weren't jostling each other anymore, just kind of standing there, waiting, letting something happen.

"Seventy-three!"

"Returning to that deep sleep you enjoyed last night."

A couple of voices went quiet. Not intentional--they just didn't join in anymore. One guy leaned back against the wall, eyes closed, and his body sank down until his butt met the tile floor.

"Seventy-one!"

"Falling so deeply asleep with the team."

Two others leaned against each other, wet and slippery from the water spraying down on them, then both sagged until they were on their knees. They toppled, slowly, to the floor.

"Sixty-nine!"

"It's part of you now. Part of being part of the team."

All of the guys looked groggy, even Coach. More and more of them were dropping out of the chant. One by one, their eyes closed. They sank against the wall or to the floor. They seemed to be falling asleep.

I figured out what was happening. I figured out what I'd missed during those "special" practice sessions.

"Sixty-five!"

"Sleep now."

The guys already asleep looked so peaceful. The ones who hadn't yet weren't fighting it. Coach didn't seem to notice I was there with the team instead of off with Professor Johnson--or maybe he didn't care.

"Sixty-three ..."

"Sleep now. Overwhelming you. Sleep now."

Only a few voices were left, and they were slowing down.

"Sixty-one ..."

"Deep sleep. Irresistible. It's part of being a team."

"Fifty-nine ..."

Another teammate slumped down onto the floor, brushing me on his way down. I decided the time had come for me to pretend to be hypnotized too, so I closed my eyes, stopped chanting, and sank down onto the tile floor too--but not up against any of my nearby teammates' naked bodies. I'd have thrown a woody for sure if that happened.

Finally the last voice went silent.

"That's it," Coach's groggy voice congratulated them. He seemed to be reciting the words, slowly, voice almost sleep-thick himself. "Deeply asleep. Deeply relaxed. Feel the sleep becoming part of you. Part of all of us now. It's part of being part of this team now. You love being part of this team, and you love being this deeply relaxed. It feels good, doesn't it."

A couple of guys murmured.

"Being this focused helps you feel part of the team. It feels good. Anything that happens when you're this deeply relaxed, this deeply part of the team, feels good and helps you feel more connected to your teammates."

What the fuck is he talking about, I wondered, waiting to see where this went.

"When you're part of a team, it's only natural to want to help the team succeed."

What was it Jake had said about a "pep talk" after I saw him in the office with Coach? Yeah, I was pretty sure I knew where this was going, and my dick started expressing its interest. *Down, boy*, I thought to it, just in case I was wrong.

Coach said helping out the team was a major part of being a team. There was nothing more important in our lives than this team. If a teammate needed help with something, anything, we had a duty to provide, just as our teammates would help us when we needed it. No boundaries, no secrets, and no shame. Each one's need was everyone's obligation. One goal. One team.

I lost the fight against an erection, and my cock continued to swell, heading toward full mast. I regretted going down against the wall where I could peer through nearly closed eyelids at what was going on, because it meant my boner was on full display.

No boundaries, no secrets, and no shame. Coach kept coming back to that part. Everything that happened was teammates helping out teammates and would bring us closer together, tighten our bonds as a team. He told us to open our eyes and look around at our teammates.

Uh-oh! I was seconds away from the whole team seeing my erection!

I opened my eyes, thinking I'd find some discrete way to use my hand or arm to hide my dick.

I opened my eyes, and I saw Coach standing across the showers, the only one of us still on his feet, naked except for that little purple crystal pendant around his neck. He wasn't paying attention to me. He was looking at the mass of swim team members in front of him. And Coach had himself a fat erection too! His dick stuck directly out in front of him, thick, crimson-headed.

Somebody's arm reached up from the shower floor and a hand wrapped around Coach's cock and stroked it slowly.

Somebody else's hand slid across my hip and circled my shaft. I jumped and sucked in a breath, reminding myself I was supposed to be all relaxed and hypnotized.

I reached out and touched a butt cheek. My fingers followed it around and found a navel, then the erection below it. I wrapped my hand around it and tugged on it, slow and gentle. My other hand wandered out and found another cock, already being jacked, so my fingers stroked the nut sack instead.

Everything was a mass of writhing male flesh on the shower floor. Somebody pulled Coach down into the tangle, and he willingly let himself be drawn in. Hands were on cocks, and across the way I saw a couple of my teammates, including Jake, going at it with their mouths. I wasn't sure who I was jacking, or who was jacking me, because all I could see was a shoulder, part of an arm or two, and somebody's calf as the bodies squirmed in front of my face. Besides, I thought it best if I didn't appear too interested-or awake.

Coach told us it was okay to cum. Okay to help a teammate cum; okay to cum ourselves. That last part he got kind of strangled, like he was cumming. I could see part of his torso, his head thrown back and mouth open, orgasming, definitely orgasming. I heard a couple of the guys groan as they probably climaxed too. That did it for me. My balls pulled up. My dickhead fired off that first blot of pleasure, and I gasped, and then my dick sent waves of ecstasy through me while my balls squirted out my load. My body bowed, muscled clenched as I came, and then everything went loose and helpless as my orgasm was spent. The warm shower spray rinsed away my semen.

So there you have it--that's the story of how I lost my virginity in the showers with one of my teammates. I'm not sure which one, but I'd like to take this opportunity to say: *Thank you, anonymous teammate.*

But this little event was not yet over. Coach told us how easy it was to stand up, and we did. He marched us out to the locker area, had us sit down on the benches. He walked the team through an induction to strengthen the trance. I wasn't hypnotized, but I just played along. I recognized what Coach was doing from my Internet research.

I played along like I was just as hypnotized as my teammates--and maybe Coach too from the way he looked--because I was thinking I might be able to get some clues to why this was happening. I didn't pick up on anything useful about their larger agenda though. Mostly I was fascinated by this lingering pearl of cum dangling unnoticed from the head of Coach's fat cock.

It seemed to be just Coach reinforcing the hypnosis, reminding us that we were not to jack off or have sex, that cumming was restricted to our team-building "pep talks." Connecting what was happening here up to what I'd seen at the AThL frat house, I decided the strategy was to hypnotize the new "recruits" and give them lots of sex to get them indoctrinated, then to use withholding sex to get them to accomplish tasks. That would make their orgasms become a powerful incentive to encourage obedience. But it still left the big question of why. Why were they doing this? Why the swim team and the AThL fraternity? Who else were they pulling in? Okay, that last question is a *who* rather than a *why*, but you get my point. Maybe stories don't tie off all the plot threads they raise, and maybe narrators don't always have all the answers. You'll just have to wait and see, won't you?

Anyway, at the end, and by then we were mostly air-dried, he told us to wake up, get our asses dressed, and get out of there until that night's special practice session. So that's when I officially "woke up."

So if you're thinking, *That's it?--Is that all that happened?* Let me remind you: I lost my virginity in that scene. That's a plenty big deal. Trust me--I waited nineteen years for it. It wasn't how I imagined my first time would happen, but I've got no complaints. None at all. Let's move along, shall we?

6.

My roommate Jake dreamed about fucking--a lot. Some nights I'd look over and he'd be pumping his hips a little under the sheet as he lay on his stomach, maybe grinding his cock into the mattress, sound asleep and fucking some dream girl. Other times he'd be on his side, and I'd watch his hips thrust--fast, then slow, then fast again--against the sheet. The boxer-briefs he always wore to bed and the sheet over him kept me from seeing anything definite about his hard-on, but I imagined every vein and detail about it. I liked watching him on his stomach best, because sometimes I'd dream about climbing onto his bed with him, pulling the sheet back, sticking my hard dick up his butt, and fucking him while he fucked the mattress under us, fucking him while he begged me at first to *take it out, it's too big, it hurts*, gradually changing to *deeper, fuck me, harder, don't stop, deeper, more, please.*

Yeah, I had a wicked crush on him. I figured *that* part out a long time ago.

After that time with Peter and Marcel, I figured out what was happening too. It wasn't the crystal. It wasn't the ball or any of the props. It was the voice. The authority. Say it like you mean it, and they respect the authority. Obey it. Fall under its spell.

I figured it out from watching, plus some research online. How the hell did people manage to find out stuff

before the Internet?

I thought about this a while. If the Professor and his minions were trying to hypnotize me, it was probably just a matter of time until one of them did. I was okay with that. I was kind of curious what it would be like. I'd been thinking about getting my dick sucked by a dude for a while now and was scared about what would happen if my frat brothers found out. Sure, they made me suck cock when I was a pledge, but that was different--they made *all* the pledges suck cock to prove how much we wanted to join the frat. But now I was thinking I wanted to get my dick tongue-waxed by a guy just for the fun of it. Maybe sucking cock would be okay if I was hypnotized into doing it. But hey, before the Professor or Coach managed to nail me, maybe I could turn the tables and take advantage of the hypnosis they were doing with some of the others. I bet they weren't planning on me fucking with their plans!

I went downtown to this woo-woo New Age-y spirituality and incense shop that sold crystals, and I'd found a purple one not quite like the ones Coach and the Professor used but close. I bought it for ten bucks and tried it out on my roommate Jake. I bought something else while I was downtown too, and I'll tell you about that in a minute, but right now I'm telling you about trying the crystal out on Jake.

In our room at the frat house, late, nearly bedtime, we were winding down. The Professor hadn't dropped by tonight. Seemed like the perfect time. I held up the crystal and said, "Look what I got." I made it turn back and forth just like Coach did.

Jake, digging through the bottom drawer of his desk, glanced over and said flatly, "Cool." Not the flat tone of being hypnotized, but of being completely uninterested.

So that's when I figured it out, and I came up with a Plan B on the spot.

Jake shut the drawer, having not found whatever he looked for. "Hey, Jake," I announced in my best Voice Of Authority. "Sleep!"

He turned to face me. "What?"

I poked his chest with the crystal. "Sleep!"

He looked at me, confused, and blinked.

"Sleep!" Poke.

He blinked again, a couple of times, quickly.

"Sleep!" Poke.

"Whaaa--" His voice sounded sluggish, thicker.

"Sleep! Sleep now. Sleep!"

His eyes closed.

I poked him again just for good measure. "Sleep. That's right. Sleep."

He swayed, asleep on his feet. I'd seen this enough by now to know.

Jake wore a white tee-shirt and a pair of red shorts, drawstring in front, white stripe down the sides.

"That's it, Jake. Focus on my voice. Sleep deep, buddy. Just let yourself sleep. Maybe you'd be more comfortable if you took your shirt off. Maybe you'd be able to sleep deeper. You'd like that, I bet. Go ahead and take your shirt off, Jake."

And he did. His hands moved slowly. They took hold of the tee-shirt and lifted, pulled it up and off smoothly, and dropped it.

"It's time to sleep. You're ready to sleep. You need to sleep. You need to get comfortable to sleep. It's time to take off your shorts. Go ahead, Jake. Take them off."

I reached out and pulled one end of the drawstring, because I thought that was sexy, and the knot unfurled. Jake hooked his thumbs under the waistband, and his shirts dropped to his ankles. He stepped his bare feet free of them.

That left a pair of white boxer-briefs. "Take your underwear off too, Jake. You'll sleep much more deeply, more comfortably, if you take off your underwear too. Take it off." So he did. His cock was half-hard. I'd seen it hard before, of course, but not this close-up, and not just for me.

"You sucked my dick a couple of times when we were pledges, didn't you, Jake. Did you like it?"

He sighed, "Yeah ..."

"You want to suck it again?"

"Oh, yeah."

Okay, enthusiasm is fucking sexy. Even hypnotized, he sounded like he wanted it. Hearing Jake say he wanted to suck *my* cock was fucking sexy!

I've got to admit: When Jake's eyes closed, I started boning up. Now, my cock was hard in my underwear. I sat on the edge of his bed. All I had on were my briefs. I pulled the front down, tucked the waistband under my balls, and spread my legs.

I told Jake to kneel between my knees, and he did. I told him to lick my balls and he did. I told him to suck my cock, and he did--badly. I mean--*man!*--somebody was obviously a rank beginner here! Enthusiastic, but a beginner.

"Teeth," I warned quietly as that somebody's teeth rasped painfully on my shaft. "Ow!--Teeth ... Watch the teeth ..."

This was one of the worst blow-jobs ever. Fuck!--Didn't he remember anything from our pledge Hell Week last year? Hadn't I seen him blowing one of the other swim team members in that shower scene I just told you about? How the hell was Jake so bad at this?

"Teeth!" I hissed again. "How about you just jack me off instead."

Jake's mouth slid off. His hand replaced it, sliding spit-slicked up and down my shaft. The warm, wet grip felt a lot better than the mouth, and I moaned appreciatively. What he lacked in cocksucking skills, he sure made up for in the hand-job department.

I let him jerk himself off with one hand while he jerked me with the other. After a while, I was ready to give him another shot at blowing me and told him to kiss the head. "Lick the shaft. Now lick the head. Open your mouth and put the head inside. Don't try to take so much at one time. Watch the fucking teeth, dammit."

Soon he was managing the basics--mouth riding up and down on my cock, one hand playing with my balls or the base of my shaft, other hand playing with his dick.

Figuring out how to take advantage of the hypnosis was risky. I knew the Professor would probably be mad as hell if he found out I'd even done this much! I let Jake suck me a while. I could tell he was ready to cum from the way his hips were bucking, fucking the air as he jacked--he was close. All he needed was my permission. I didn't care if Professor Johnson got pissed at me. Jake deserved some relief. "Cum, Jake," I said in my Voice Of Authority. Yeah, the Professor would be really pissed if he found out I told Jake to cum, but I didn't care. "Cum," I ordered again.

Jake had my shaft in his mouth at the time. "Nnnnph," he said, and his torso stiffened. His dickhead spat out his cum in hard, fast bursts, so hard I heard them strike the floor.

I pulled my cock out of his mouth and jacked it in a hurry. My load spurted out and most of it landed on the floor. A couple of drops landed on Jake's discarded tee-shirt.

7.

Good stories all have this thing, this formula, that's so cool. See, there are always two or more plots. One's normal, and the other's some wild shit, and then you find out that they're connected, that it's all one plot. That's the essence of--

Okay, okay. Let me show you instead.

Coach's office, the next day. Coach Cox told his assistant to take over, and Coach called Jake and me into his office as soon as practice ended. I heard the assistant coach holler out, "What comes after one hundred" and the guys answer "Ninety-nine" as the door shut.

I was ready. I took the purple crystal out of the pocket of my warm-up jacket and pulled the cord over my neck.

Jake and I both wore just our practice swimsuits and warm-up jackets, but now I wore a crystal pendant that was just like Coach's except for the cord.

"Have a seat, boys," Coach said as he parked his butt on the corner of his desk. Jake sat down. I didn't.

Coach spoke to me, "So, Professor Johnson tells me he's been trying to have a talk with you but you've been avoid him." Then he realized what he saw on my chest. "Where'd you get--"

"Let me take this one, Coach. You just sit back and enjoy the show." I didn't give Coach a chance to say anything. I turned to Jake, held up the crystal as if it was going to do the work, and ordered him, "Sleep!"

Crystal or Voice Of Authority, it didn't matter. Pretty soon, I had Jake asleep, just like the night before. Naked too, just like the night before. And hard--that boy seemed to get hard the minute the hypnosis began. Maybe they'd trained him to do that. I worked my jacket and swimsuit down and off, one-handed, so I was bare-ass

and erect too. No reason not to give Coach the whole show.

I leaned back against the desk and had Jake kneel and demonstrate his oral skills on me again, really putting on a show for Coach. At least Jake was starting to get better at blowjobs.

Then I had a wild idea. I turned the crystal toward Coach and poked his chest with my other hand. "Sleep!" I ordered him in my most authoritative voice.

Ambushed, he said, "What? Stop that."

"Sleep!" I commanded, poking his chest again.

I'll skip right to the good parts. I figured if Professor Johnson had gotten to Jake, he probably got to Coach too. It was just a matter of convincing Coach I was the authority here.

"Sleep, Cox! Focus on my voice, and sleep."

I kept at him, kept drilling at him. The process took longer than with Jake, because I guess Coach was used to being in charge, but soon I had him blinking. When he stifled a yawn, I knew I had him. Soon I had his eyes closed, and I had him.

I talked him through the process I read about on the Internet, deepening the trance, settling him down into a nice state of hypnosis. Coach didn't put much must resistance at all after those first few minutes. I guess the Professor had him pretty well-trained too.

Soon, I had Coach Cox naked and hard and kneeling before me too. I pulled my cock out of Jake's mouth and offered it to Coach. Maybe Coach would be better at sucking cock than Jake.

He was. Coach Cox leaned forward on his knees, his chin brushing my thigh as he took my cock into his mouth, one hand guiding my shaft in, the other cupping my hip and the edge of my ass. I felt his lips sliding down, then back up, caressing the shaft. I was so fucking horny I had to start fucking his face a little. Where Jake was a rank beginner, Coach was an expert at sucking. His tongue flicked all around my cock. The sensations were feathery and light, then strong and determined. I moaned my appreciation as I pumped my hips toward him.

Coach was deeply hypnotized, but he still took charge of the suck-job, and I let him. He reached up and gently ran his fingers across my chest. Pinching my nipple, he eased me back until I was sprawled on the surface of his desk. I put my knees over his shoulders while his strong hands rubbed my upper body. He was under my hypnotic control, but I let his expert hands and mouth take over. His mouth slurped away as it plunged up and down on my rod. I could feel the cum gathering in my overstuffed balls. I reached that magical point where my orgasm began.

"That's it, Coach," I panted. "Make me cum! Get ready to swallow it."

Coach's mouth locked tight around my cock head. My spunk fired into his mouth and his throat muscles worked, swallowing, taking everything my balls pumped at him.

I pulled my cock out of Coach's mouth. I needed to catch my breath. I told Jake and Coach to suck each other, and they coiled into a sixty-nine position on the floor in front of the desk. I could tell Coach was getting close; he started slowly on Jake but now he increased the speed and suction of his mouth, taking all of Jake's

dick down his throat and holding it there, softly shaking his head back and forth.

Jake was in pure hypnotized ecstasy too. So I said, "Cum, Jake," and he couldn't stop himself from shooting. Coach swallowed the first shot, then quickly took his mouth off Jake's cock and ran his tongue up and down the bulging veins. Jake shot again and again, and the gooey, white gobs landed on his chest and abs and on Coach's face.

Jake kept sucking on Coach's rod, working the bottom half of the shaft with his hand. "Cum, Cox," I told Coach. "Cum now." Coach's body stiffened and twitched, and a hip-jerk made his cock pop out of Jake's mouth. The first spit of Coach's cum landed on Jake's jaw and shoulder; the rest dribbled down his cheek and neck.

8.

The big downfall of campus life is that everyone's constantly moving, everyone's in a continual state of transition. One semester you're in classes together and see the same people all the time and get to be friends, and the next you're in different classes, or they transfer to a different college or graduate or drop out, and you never see each other again. Shit like that. People are always coming together then moving apart, combining and recombining. I thought joining a fraternity would give me a sense of stability, a place to belong. Rush was hell but I made it through. At first I felt lost, overwhelmed--I had studies and the swim team, and then moving into the frat house and life in the frat itself got thrown on top of that--but I found my footing soon enough. I had no idea my brothers and I would get to know each other so intimately just from sharing bathrooms and hanging out and shit like that. After I started accepting that I was gay after rush, I realized life might be trickier in the frat house than I'd anticipated. I needed something to take my mind off my body and my need for sex--and my need for a place to fit in, which went beyond my need for sex. I threw myself into studying and swimming. I didn't think hanging around the guys would make me so hot; I didn't think I'd meet people this intense and this sexy. I was terrified that I'd be taunted by all that rampant nudity and blurred sexuality and still wind up not getting laid and not finding a boyfriend. Then, when Jake and I started rooming together and I found myself saddled with a huge crush on him ...

Let's change the scene. Narrators can do that--we can move the story forward and backward in time, or change the setting entirely. That's what narrators do. If you don't like it?--Well, like I said, I don't see any other danged narrator here.

The next day was Saturday, the weekend--I didn't have classes or swim practice. What I had was a bladder that woke me up with a need to piss. I needed a shower too.

I staggered down to the stairs. The bathroom, a big light-filled place that was perversely free of privacy, had been converted into a communal-style shower room, complete with a bench. Mornings, I usually ran into some of my frat brothers naked there, like it was the most natural thing in the world.

I stumbled into the bathroom and found Junior standing in front of one of the mirrors nude, putting in his contacts. His roommate Peter, also naked, was at the sinks shaving the last third of his face. "Check it out--it's Sleeping Beauty risen from the crypt," Junior called out as I shambled in, mixing his metaphors, in his booming voice that ensured none of my frat brothers would be sleeping off a hangover with him around.

"What's up?" I said, as if this scene was normal; as if every day closeted gay guys in frat houses all over the world walked into bathrooms landmined with naked jocks. Which I guess does happen.

"Hey, did you hear about last night when we went through the McDonalds drive-through completely naked?" Junior asked, looking at me in the mirror as I cozied up to a urinal and began to piss.

"It was the stuff of legends," Peter added.

My peripheral vision took in Junior's smooth, hairless ass, the legs of a Greek statue. His freshly showered hair had gone wild and hadn't been combed yet. "So what'd you guys order?" I asked, reeling from the daily effort of being the house faggot walking into this locker room peep show and trying *not* to get hard.

Junior ran the razor through the last bit of shaving cream and rinsed it under the faucet. "I was in the passenger seat with my feet up on the dash. I ordered a double cheeseburger and fries. Peter here ordered a pack of condoms."

I laughed, flushed, and walked toward the showers, which were really just nozzles sticking out of the wall. I hung my towel on a peg, turned on the water, and stripped out of my tee-shirt and shorts. From under the spray I had a full view of Peter and Junior and their dicks. My dick began growing, and I turned my hips away so they wouldn't see. Peter and Junior were two of those guys everyone's jealous of because they have it all: looks, popularity, buckets of masculinity, and in this case really nice dicks that I'd seen hard just a couple of nights ago and was seeing soft right in front of me.

Junior scratched at his neatly trimmed pubic hair. "The problem is," he said, "there weren't any chicks working, and the guys there refused to serve us." He looked me right in the eye, as if we weren't all three nude, like we were having beers. I could feel my dick perking up a little, and I prayed for it to go down. "We were really hungry."

Peter hollered to be heard over the spray. "I was out of condoms and really needed to get some. I was told McDonalds sold 'em"--and here he scowled at Junior--"but I guess I was misinformed by *someone*."

They laughed. I laughed too, and I kept trying not to look at them below the waist--unsuccessfully. It was my daily battle of ecstasy and torture all at once, and I was a willing participant. My dick managed somehow to not get hard.

Junior caught me glancing at their dicks though and smirked at me, like he figured something out. Time to change the subject.

"So," I said, "what were you doing naked in the car that you needed condoms for?"

Peter grinned. "We were drunk off our asses. Driving around naked was a joke. It was funny as shit at the time."

Junior smacked Peter's arm. "It was nearly as wild as that time I walked in and caught you with your dick stuck in the vacuum cleaner hose when you tried to use it to suck you off. It would have been funny--if it wasn't so totally pervo."

Great. As if I needed the image of Peter with an erection fucking a vacuum. Not getting hard was hard--er, *difficult*--enough already.

Peter smacked Junior back. "I was *not* getting my dick sucked by the vacuum cleaner. I thought the hose just happened to be the right size, but I didn't use enough lube and got stuck. I had to wait 'til my dick went down to get free. I still jizzed, but out of spite, not pleasure."

Junior howled his laughter. "Aww, look--now he's all upset because I told the vacuum cleaner story. Don't be so uptight. Everybody masturbates ... just, uhm, not with household appliances." Junior smacked Peter's arm again. "C'mon, let's go tell Marcel about McDonalds." And then they were gone, running off naked to find Marcel.

Whew!

I finished my shower and dried off. I headed naked into one of the toilet stalls, closed the door, dropped my clothes, towel and little pack of toiletries on the floor, and had a seat. I didn't need to shit--I needed to masturbate. I had lube in my pack. All I needed was a few minutes with nobody else in the bathroom and I'd pump out a load so I could face my frat brothers without throwing an erection.

I heard somebody rush in and head to the urinals, then a steady stream of piss. Which went on for a while. Then pledgemaster Taz's voice boomed: "This has got to be the longest piss *ever*. I'm such an asshole for not timing it!" Yeah, that's our Taz.

Marcel walked in. He and Taz said hey to each other. For once Marcel *wasn't* wearing a baseball cap--in the showers was about the only place I ever saw him without one. Marcel dropped his maroon shorts and claimed one of the shower heads.

Taz flushed the urinal, hung his shorts and towel on a peg, and sauntered into the showers too. They didn't know I was there. I couldn't make out what they were talking about over the shower noise, and I couldn't see much through the crack between the stall door and partition wall.

I was still nude and I'd retreated into that stall to jack off, so my dick was already expecting some attention. Looking at Taz and Marcel all naked and showering had my dick interested. Were Marcel and Tax going to do another shower jack-off? My prick stood up, proud and hard, waiting for a little bit of lube and the nice hand-stroking it expected.

I couldn't hear what they were saying but Marcel seemed to be doing most of the talking. Nearly all the talking, in fact. Taz blinked and blinked again. He seemed disoriented. Marcel kept talking, and Taz kept blinking, only each time his eyelids were less and less open. *Shit, Marcel's trying to hypnotize Taz again*, I thought, which made my dick really stand up and notice.

Remember that other thing I said I bought at the New Age novelty shop along with the crystal? The thing I said I'd tell you about later? Well, guess what: it's later.

I reached into my pack and pulled out the little palm-sized canister. It was one of those anti-rape air horn things--you know the type: You get in some trouble, and you push the top of the can, and it makes this really loud blaring noise to scare off your attacker and summon help. I pointed it toward the ceiling, covered my ears as best I could with my free hand and opposite shoulder, and pressed. It let out a BLAAART!--so deafening I nearly dropped it too.

When I peeked back at the showers, Marcel and Taz were holding their ears. Marcel was yelling at the door about what fuck-heads Junior and Peter were. He thought they were responsible? Whew!--he didn't suspect me.

Taz shook his head and said something about needing to get to class. He cranked off his shower, grabbed his shorts and towel, and disappeared toward the door. Marcel just stood under the spray, chagrined, watching him go.

Marcel shut off his shower, dried himself, stepped back into his maroon shorts, and walked over to the sink where he'd left his toiletry stuff. He smeared shaving cream across his jaw and began to shave.

I sat there with my boner practically vibrating with a need to be touched. Would Marcel ever hurry the fuck up and leave so I could jack off? I risked giving my cock a couple of slow, silent strokes, just to keep the interest level high, while I peeked at Marcel's nearly naked body. Yum!

"Hi, sir," Marcel said, looking in the mirror at somebody coming into the bathroom. Who would Marcel call *sir*?

Professor Johnson walked up behind Marcel. Marcel bent and rinsed his face and straightened, still looking at the Professor in the mirror.

"Look into my eyes," the Professor said, a voice of quiet authority. "That's it. Sleep, Marcel. Sleep." The Professor slipped closer, until his body was against Marcel's back. He slid a hand around to stroke his fingertips in a lazy circle over Marcel's taut stomach. "So easy. Just sleep. Sleep."

Marcel's eyes closed. "Yes, sir." He swayed slightly against the Professor.

The Professor pulled at the front of Marcel's maroon shorts and soon had Marcel's hard-on standing free. It was hard and thick, hovering at a forty-five degree angle over the sink. The Professor's hand wrapped around Marcel's cock and began to stroke.

"Where is Taz?" the Professor asked. "You did not accomplish your job, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Peter and Junior ... interruption ... air horn ... interrupted ..."

"Peter and Junior were with me. Whatever the interruption was, I don't think they were responsible. But no matter. Skip Taz for a while. Go to the next name on your list, and that is your new objective. How long has it been since you were allowed to cum, Marcel?"

"Ten days ... sir ..."

"It'll feel so good to cum when you finally accomplish all of your jobs, won't it."

"Yes, sir," Marcel sighed.

"You won't fail again. You only have a few more jobs to accomplish before you can cum. You'll accomplish the next one very soon, won't you?"

"Yes, sir. Soon ..."

"Good. Now, let your erection soften. Let it soften and fade, and let yourself slowly wake up."

The Professor slipped his hand away from Marcel's rod, and he stepped back, and he was gone.

Marcel's dick softened and sagged. He took a deep breath and his eyes opened. He looked at himself in the

mirror. He looked down at his shorts. He tucked his half-hard cock away, closed his fly, grabbed his stuff, and left.

Finally, I had some privacy. I drizzled a few drops of lube on my cock. Images flashed through my head as I stroked: Peter and Junior naked, Taz naked and nearly hypnotized, Marcel naked, Marcel hypnotized, Marcel's erection. Fucking hot! I came in less than thirty seconds! Shot myself a big load too!

9.

I roused up when somebody sat down on the edge of my bed. I'd been asleep on my stomach, so it was kinda hard to turn my head to peer at whoever this was in the dark. Jake said, "That's right. Sleep. No need to wake up. Just sleep. Deeply asleep."

I muttered, "Jake, what the fuck ..." I tried to turn over--hard to do since he was sitting on the sheet.

"Shh." He pressed his hand on my bare shoulder blade, a comforting weight, to keep me from rolling over. "Just sleep. So easy to just close your sleepy, sleepy eyes and go back to sleep. You know you want to. Sleep."

"Seriously, Jake, you need to go get in your own bed, man. What the fuck are you doing?" But I knew exactly what he was trying to do. Man, if they could hit me when I was trying to get some shut-eye, sooner or later I wouldn't wake up in time and they'd get me.

I managed to roll over on my back anyway and pulled myself so I was sitting up. Time for the Voice Of Authority. "No, you listen, Jake. You may think you're hypnotizing me or giving me a pep talk or whatever, but you're really hypnotizing yourself."

"Huh?"

"It's true. You tell me I feel sleepy, but you feel it too. You feel sleepy too, don't you, Jake?"

He didn't say anything. I reached for the crystal on the little table beside my bed and held it up in the semi-darkness. "It's okay. It's okay to feel sleepy. It's okay to sleep. Sleep, Jake."

Soon, I had Jake's eyes closed again. I fumbled with the boxer shorts I sleep in, fumbled my happy hard-on out into the night, then guided Jake's mouth to it. After all, my hard-on needed a blowjob, and he needed the practice.

"Go slow," I told him. "Watch your teeth."

Jake worked his lips up and down my pole. I loved seeing my cock disappear between those pretty lips. Watching him made me want to cum then and there, and I wanted to blast my load down his throat. I intended to do exactly that.

Jake had trouble taking in my entire length. My dick is only average thickness, compared to the other guys I've seen hard, but it's about seven and a half inches long. Jake just about couldn't handle that last inch or so. Hypnotized like this, he wanted it badly though and sucked on my cock like a nursing calf. When he finally managed that last inch, he nuzzled his nose in my pubes and I patted the top of his head and sighed my approval.

I let Jake nurse on my tool. He was starting to get the hang of blowing me. I loved watching him go at it. I loved that I could control him. He was beautiful, and he was mine. I ran my hands over his muscular shoulders. When he'd been sucking only a few minutes, my dickhead and balls started that familiar buzz. I moaned and fucked my cock at Jake's mouth a time or two, which nearly made him gag. I pushed my dick all the way in between his lips. I started to cum. I planted my seed in his throat, claiming him for my own. My hard cock pumped out spurt after spurt of jizz, filling Jake's sweet mouth. My eyes rolled back in my head as I shot my man-juice deep within him. It was so intense!

When I came down from my orgasm, I realized I had a problem. Jake had nearly gotten me while I was asleep. If I hadn't woke up, he *would* have gotten me! I had to sleep sometime, but if they could make another try any time they wanted, they'd get me sooner or later. It was inevitable. Maybe I wanted to experience being hypnotized too, but I didn't want to make it so simple for them. I wouldn't have a problem yielding to it but only after they worked for it. After all, stories need something called a plot, people. Try to keep up.

I needed someplace else to sleep, someplace safe, someplace they'd never think to look for me. I pulled my sheet off the bed and grabbed my pillow.

The attic wasn't used much, except for storage and for roof access when we wanted to sunbathe out on the shingles and shit like that. In the back there was this little forgotten alcove that Jake and I had found months ago when we'd been sent up in the attic searching for something. In front of it was all this furniture that hadn't been touched in years. I moved a couple of things to block the path as I went. I might be barricading myself in, but at least I'd have plenty of warning if somebody came up there looking for me. They wouldn't catch me asleep. Hey, just because I knew they'd get me eventually didn't mean I was going to make it easy!

I pulled the protective plastic sheet off an old couch in the alcove. It smelled musty and dusty, but it would do. I bedded down there for the rest of the night.

Oh, and I slept pretty well, all things considered, if you want to know. Thanks for asking.

10.

Every good trickster needs a sidekick or a foil. Someone who helps the audience figure out what's going on in the story.

I ran into Taz. "Hey, can I talk to you a minute? In private?"

"Sure."

Taz wasn't really a close friend, but I knew him well enough and considered him a friend, in spite of all the shit he put me through during rush the year before. He wasn't that smart, not by a long shot, but I thought he was my best shot at an ally who could help me figure this out--or at least help me interrupt the agenda. What I didn't know exactly was how to describe what was going on and how to get Taz on my side. I planned to figure that part out as I went along. I pulled Taz into a side room.

"What's up, study-boy?" he asked. "You still got blue balls from playing online Scrabble games instead of getting laid?"

I decided to ignore his comment--protesting that I did not play Scrabble would just encourage him to make more comments. Taz knew I was studying hard to get my grades up, and he knew I'd still been a virgin--and

he never missed a chance to rib me about both. What he didn't know was that I'd lost that virginity burden the day before with my anonymous teammate. I wasn't about to enlighten him about *that* fact either.

Taz continued, "You need some help brushing up on your seven-letter Scrabble words? Here's a few for you. Sexless. Flaccid. Drydick. Shall I go on?"

Did I say Taz was a "friend"? Maybe I should have reconsidered. At the time, though, this Neanderthal was the only potential ally I had, and I decided to ignore his taunt. "Listen, you may have noticed there's something going on around here ...?"

"Well, yeah. It's called 'rush.' Maybe you've heard of it? Oh, yeah--you have--you went through it last year. I'm pledgemaster. It's my *job* to make sure there's always something going on around here. Are we done here?--'Cause I got a bunch of pledges using power tools to build some shelves in the basement, and I need to go make sure they don't hammer off an arm or stick a screwdriver in someone's eye or something."

"I'm not talking about rush. Coach Cox and Professor Johnson ..." How to bring this up?"

"Our advisors," Taz prompted me, scowling. "I've met them."

"Can it with the snide comments a minute, please? This is serious. I think they have a secret agenda going on. They're hypnotizing the swim team and some of the frat brothers like Marcel and Peter and Junior, and they're making them hypnotize the other frat brothers."

Taz stared at me like I was crazy.

I decided to head that thought off. "Look, I know it sounds crazy, but it's not"--which I realized too late was exactly what a crazy person would say.

"How much of those drugs have you been smoking?"

"Listen--I'm serious here. I've seen them doing it. Marcel even tried to hypnotize you in the showers yesterday, until I blew my air horn and interrupted."

Taz narrowed his eyes at me. "So that was you? Marcel thought it was that fucker Junior or Peter."

"Look, I know *what* they're doing. I just don't know *why*. I thought maybe you could help me?"

"Help you what? Figure out why you've chosen right now to take this little vacation from sanity?"

"Taz, listen--I'm serious here."

"Wah-wah-wah," he mocked. "Listen, freak show, you know what this is?" He held up his index finger and thumb an inch apart.

My turn to scowl. "Let me guess: The size of my dick?"

"No--it's the amount of sense you're making ... And also the length of your dick. They just happen to be equal in this case. Doesn't happen often, but it's pretty cool when this shit lines up, like an eclipse or something. Go to the Counseling Center if you need a therapist, and stop bothering me." Taz walked out.

Okay. That didn't go like I planned. Obviously I was going to have to be one of those sidekick-less solo

tricksters.

So it was back to the drawing board for me. I don't think I'm anybody special. That's probably why the Professor didn't put me at the top of his target list. That's why I had free run as long as I did. The Professor had bigger catches to land.

Maybe the best way to disrupt what they were doing would be to take charge of the agenda. I wasn't really on their radar so they wouldn't be expecting me to be a threat. I'd nailed my roommate Jake. I'd nailed Coach Cox. Who was next? If the Professor had bigger targets than me, well, I needed to make a big score too.

Marcel was the fraternity alpha dog. He was as take-charge as Coach and probably had more influence over the frat brothers than the Professor did. I decided taking him down was my goal. At the very least, I could probably pry details about the Professor's plans out of him. Plus, it'd be one hell of a kick to take Marcel down and have him following my orders!

My balls felt so full and hair-trigger, I could barely see straight. Marcel came back to the frat house around nine o'clock and headed directly to his room. I followed. I was fully dressed, of course--otherwise my hard-on would have been leading the way; that's how charged-up I was just from thinking about my plan.

I passed Jake on the stairs and basically said, "Hi--gotta go--catch ya later," as I zipped past him.

I caught up with Marcel in his room. He was alone. Good.

I knocked on the door frame. "Hi. Can I talk to you? Privately?" I didn't wait for permission; I came on in and shut the door behind me, making covertly sure it was locked.

"What's up? Professor Johnson's been looking for you," Marcel said, all friendly smiles and extroverted eagerness.

"I need you to do something for me, please," I said as I fished in the neckline of my shirt for the cord and crystal. I held it up in the aid. "I need you to focus, Marcel. Focus on my voice."

He stood up from his desk and frowned at the crystal. "Is that ...? Where did you get that?"

I ignored his question and started right in on it in my best Voice Of Authority: "Focus on the crystal. Focus on my voice. You remember how good it feels to focus on the crystal. Look into it."

"Nice try, but that's not--"

"Listen to me. Look deeply into the crystal. You're feeling that familiar focused feeling, growing stronger." I came around the bed, closer to him. "Focus on the crystal and that drowsy feeling, heavy and light at the same time, growing stronger, spreading through you. Focus on the crystal. Focus on it. That's it. Focus."

Suddenly Marcel grabbed my upheld wrist and yanked me to him. I sputtered, "Wha--" He spun me around and my body slammed into his, and his arms bear-hugged me tight, my back to his chest. "Lemme go!" I struggled, but he was plenty strong and he had his arms locked tightly around me. We both wore tee-shirts and shorts. Our bare legs tangled and we stumbled and fell over, torsos landing on the bed, legs hanging off. Marcel took most of fall but managed to keep his grip clamped around me. I yelled, "Let go!" Fuck, he was strong! He rolled, using his weight to help pin me down.

"Shhh," he hushed, lips brushing the back of my ear. "Let me explain to you how it works. You don't need a

crystal to hypnotize someone."

"I know that--"

"All you need is to pay close attention to what you're feeling."

"Let me go, man!"

"No, we're going to lie here just a minute. Just like this. Be still. Shhh. That's it. Settle down. See? Don't you feel different already? Just relax."

"Marcel, seriously--let me go."

"No, I'm not going to. Listen to your heartbeat. Can you feel it? Take a deep breath. What about your neck? Soon you'll feel the first little muscles in your neck relax. A relaxed, pleasant heavy feeling moving down your neck. Feel it?"

"Fuck no--"

"I think maybe you do. Don't be afraid of it. As you focus, that drowsy, heavy feeling will move into your shoulders as you continue to focus and listen to my voice. That's it. Let your arms relax. Let them go loose and limp. Don't worry. Let your arms fill with the deeply relaxed, deeply pleasant feeling spreading through you. Feel it spreading down into your chest and lungs as you breathe in ... and out ... Yes. That's it. Don't resist. You might resist if you wanted, but it feels better when you just let it happen. Resisting tires you out faster, then that heavy, pleasant, drowsy, oh-so-drowsiness spreads even faster. So focused. So drowsy. Without thinking about it, you will soon enter a deep, peaceful hypnotic trance, with no effort, no resistance. Just relax and let it happen, as automatic as dreaming. You know how pleasant it feels to fall asleep and dream, and how easily you can forget your dreams when you awaken. Yes, that's it. You are responding very well. Without noticing, you are breathing much more easily and freely, and I see you are drifting into a hypnotic trance. Yes. You can enjoy relaxing more and more. Your subconscious mind is focused and listening to every word I say, so it's less important for you to consciously listen to my voice. Drifting now. Letting go completely. At your own pace. Just as soon as you are ready."

Someone knocked on the door. "Hey, Marcel?"

I snapped awake. Fuck!--He nearly got me!

"Uh, what're you guys doing? Am I interrupting?"

I jerked away from Marcel and stumbled off the bed, shoved by the visitor, and out the door, hoping nobody saw the erection in my shorts, but I managed to get out of there.

Another minute and I'd have been gone. Fuck, fuck, fuck--that was close!

11.

Jake didn't want to talk about how Professor Johnson and the hypnosis. I tried to bring it up by asking how the Professor hypnotized him the first time. He brushed it off and looked at me as if I was crazy, so I dropped it. Maybe I still wasn't completely comfortable talking about hypnosis, especially since it seemed to lead to gay sex acts. We'd probably discuss what was going on later, I guessed.

At swim practice on Monday, I tried hard not to stare at Jake. I still couldn't believe he had sucked me and jacked me off like that. Sure, he still sucked at sucking--I mean, easily the worst blowjobs I'd gotten back during rush and stuff--but I was massively turned-on by the thought of ordering him around and making him do stuff. Maybe he'd get better with more experience. He was already getting better with practice. Or maybe he'd let me fuck his ass. I was newly fascinated by his ass in his snug swimsuit, though I'd seen it a thousand times before. I had to make myself not stare.

When practice ended and we poured into the locker room, I was hoping for a repeat of last week's shower fun, but Coach had other plans. "You and you," he barked, pointing at Jake and me. "My office. Right fucking now."

Okay. No time to get out of our swimsuits. We followed him into his office, and Jake closed the door.

"Have a seat," Coach said. He sat on the corner of his desk. Jake and I sat in the two cheap-ass chairs in front of his desk, the kind whose sole purpose is to be "functional" and keep your ass off the floor, rather than be comfortable.

"So," Coach said to me, "I hear you've been avoiding Professor Johnson. He's not happy. We both want you on the same training regime that's worked so well for Jake here and the rest of the team. You *do* want to be part of this team, don't you?"

I didn't like the sound of that. "Yeah. But you know, Coach, I think you like it better when I do the training, right?"

He fingered that purple crystal pendant he wore and regarded me for a minute. Then he lifted it away from his chest and into the light. "I'm in charge here. What I say goes, and we're doing it my way."

I looked him right in the eye and gave him my best Voice Of Authority. "Are you really in charge, Coach? You know you like it when Professor Johnson takes charge. You liked it the other day when I took charge too. I bet you want me to take charge again. Just for a little while. No one has to know. It'll be our secret."

My voice fell into a commanding drone. "See? You do like it. Our little secret. Just listen to my voice. You too, Jake. It's easy. So easy."

Jake was kind of slouched down in his chair a little but watching me skeptically, listening.

"That's it. Just listen. No need to think. You're tired and it feels good if you just relax and feel that heavy sleepiness spreading through you. Drowsy. Sleepy. Already so ready for a relaxing hypnotic trance. Already relaxing down. Listening. Focusing. No distractions. Relaxing. Breathing deeply, slowly. Beginning now to drift into a relaxing hypnotic trance. So pleasant. So sleepy. So relaxed and sleepy. So ready to follow my easy instructions as you just relax and listen to my voice."

Fuck, this was a rush! Jake's eyes closed. Coach's eyelids drooped and finally closed too.

Coach took off his shirt. Jake lifted his ass off the chair a little and pushed his swimsuit down, but his legs seemed too limp to kick it off over his feet, so he settled back down in the chair and just relaxed. No problem. Coach slipped down his shorts and jockstrap. My dick was fiercely hard, and I didn't mind that it showed in my swimsuit--hey, their eyes were closed, right? Jake's prick was already hard. His hands around the base had it pointed straight up in the air, wagging around a little. Coach's cock kept on stiffening. I pulled mine out of my swimsuit and held it the same way Jake held his. Our cocks were a good match, approximately the same

length and girth. Jake's cock head was maybe a little thicker. Coach's shaft was much thicker than ours, but not as long.

Jake stroked his cock. Coach stroked his cock. I stroked mine. It felt good, and I wanted to push things a little further. But Jake spasmed and came too quickly. Fuck! Okay, there was always Plan B.

Jake on his knees worshipped Coach's cock and balls with his tongue, just like the other day. "That sure feels good, don't it, Coach?" I said. Coach made this happy moaning sound. "So, while you're enjoying that nice, relaxing blowjob, why don't you tell me what Professor Johnson has planned for me."

12.

So that's pretty much that. Yeah, I know--you're like, *Wait--he hasn't told us why ...* I promised you some closure, and you're thinking I've left everything dangling. Who's the narrator here, again? That's right--it's me. I said I was going to tell you my story, and that's exactly what I did. Before you start bitching about bad narration again, I'll get to that closure thing in a moment and tie up most of the plot threads.

Don't worry--I saw the last *Lord of the Rings* movie; I'm not gonna have this story end, like, seventeen times. There are, though, two final scenes for your viewing pleasure.

For the first scene we'll start with that same Monday afternoon. I was walking down the hallway, and I passed by Taz's room. Marcel and Junior were in there too. Taz sat on his narrow bed with his back to the headboard. Marcel sat at the foot of the bed, and Junior stood at the door, like he was practically standing guard. At first though, Junior was distracted and didn't see me. I backed up and watched.

Taz wore only his briefs. Marcel was in his boxer shorts too and his baseball cap. Taz had the front of his briefs pushed down and tucked up under his balls, which pushed his very large woody and balls up and made them seem even more enormous. Marcel had his boxers open, his cock out through the fly. Marcel stroked himself. Taz stroked himself too.

Marcel was droning on about something--I heard his voice but didn't make out the words. Taz's head nodded forward, eyes closing. His head and eyes jerked up and open, only to droop and nod again. Obviously Marcel hypno-seducing Taz. Taz was falling asleep but fighting it, fighting it, but still falling asleep. Fighting, then losing, fighting, losing.

I didn't have that air horn with me. I could go over there and rap on the door, really loud, and wake Taz and fuck with their plans--which made me grin. Taz and I weren't really allies, but as long as Taz wasn't under their spell, I wasn't alone in this. A couple of really loud knocks on the door would snap Taz out of it.

But before I could, two things happened.

First thing: Marcel leaned in and his hand touched Taz's hard-on. Taz's hand fell away, limp against his thigh. Marcel stroked. I was fascinated by the sight--Taz's enormous erection, and Marcel's slow, firm strokes. They'd done the circle-jerk part before, I decided, which was why Taz wasn't fighting the hypnosis anymore. I thought, *Is everybody in this frat having circle jerks but me?*

Taz's eyes were closed now and weren't reopening. After that tenth slow, confident stroke, Taz gasped and his cum erupted from the tip of his erection. That's how I knew Taz had lost--it's hormonal--after a guy cums, he feels sleepy and relaxed and docile, and Marcel was going to use that as he finished hypnotizing Taz.

It wasn't too late--I could still interrupt them and Taz would snap out of it. Marcel hadn't done anything more than get Taz into a trance; he hadn't gotten his hooks into Taz yet.

Second thing: Junior saw me watching. He scowled and stepped out into hallway, pulling the door quietly closed behind him, and scowled at me. With his arms crossed over his chest like that, he made it clear he'd probably beat the shit out of me or something if I tried to interrupt. I decided I better back the fuck up and get out of there.

Sorry, Taz. I wouldn't be coming to your rescue this time.

Now, for the second scene, let's jump to that evening. I was hanging out in the great room on the main floor of the frat house. Based on what Coach told me, I was safe for the rest of the day---no chance of running into Professor Johnson. He wasn't going to make another attempt to hypnotize me until at least tomorrow.

About half the guys were around somewhere, and the rest were off at late classes, part-time jobs, dates, or whatever the fuck they were up to, the usual shit. Still, nobody was in the great room but me. I was parked on one of the couches and reading through my chemistry notes for that big midterm the next day, because I just can't study at the library--too quiet--or in my room.

Marcel walked by and said hey, and I warily said hey back. Next thing I know, Marcel's sitting next to me on the couch, and I mean with his arm and shoulder pressed firmly up against mine. "Whatcha doing?" he asked.

"Studying," I said, tensing up because of that happened last time with him.

He made a face. "Yuck. That's no fun."

"Fun has to wait. I have a killer midterm tomorrow. I've still got a bunch of shit to get though."

His hand cuffed my thigh. "You sure? I think the studying can wait a little while. There's always time for a little fun." He turned my books on the table where he could see the titles. "Wow ... Chemistry, physics, and history. I guess my only question is: how have you not been blowjobbed to death by the entire cheering squad?" He grin-smirked.

I scowled.

He leaned in, undeterred, and whispered, "I can fix that, you know."

My cock gave a definite twitch, definitely interested.

I thought, *What's going on here?* I looked over at Marcel, which was easy to do with his face inches from mine. I was pretty sure he was trying to provoke a reaction out of me because he was always doing that alpha dog button-pushing shit to see if he could get a response. I was determined to play it cool. He wore a date-quality tee-shirt and shorts, a backward baseball cap. He nudged his knee against mine, and his hand gave my thigh a squeeze. It could've been just friendly, but it felt like something more, something linger-y.

I said to him, "Uh, dude, do you need to go jack off or something?"

"Wanna come watch?" His wolf-grin moved closer like he was about to kiss me. "Again? Or do you wanna join in this time?"

Playing it cool or not, this was just a little too uncomfortable and button-pushy for me, and I had to pull away

as best I could, leaning toward the opposite end of the couch. "Sorry, Marcel--" I couldn't stop myself from blushing, which was the worst part. It was the same as a confession.

He leaned in closer again. I pulled away. Was he fucking with me? Why was he doing this? "What are you doing?" I warned.

He ran his hand over my chest. "Nice," he purred. My dick certainly stood up and took notice.

His knuckle brushed my nipple through my tee-shirt. "Coach Cox and Kyle told us what you like."

His breath warmed my neck. "You like blowjobs, and you like being in charge."

His fingertips teased down my fluttering stomach. Barely a whisper in my ear: "Sometimes letting go can be fun too."

What the fuck was he doing, and why the hell was he teasing me like this? If he was trying to seduce me, he sure had my cock hard enough already to burst out of my shorts.

His nose brushed my cheek. "You know you want this, and you know it's going to happen. Stop making a big deal out of it. Just let it happen."

His body heat flooded me across the narrow space separating us. If I'd turned my head a little, we could have kissed. I knew Marcel wasn't doing this because he wanted to. He was only doing it because my name had risen to the top of his to-do job list. Marcel was just follow orders. This was the first time I felt how pitying someone and wanting to fuck them can get all tangled up in your head. There's overwhelming sadness, and meanwhile you've got a rodney that could hammer nails. Is that sick? Yeah, I think that's sick.

He pulled back and gave me a wink and his patented leer-grin. "Well, when you change your mind, you know where to find me." *When*, the cocky bastard said, not *if*. And then he was off the couch and strolling down the hall that led to the stairs to his room, humming a little tune as he went.

I tried to study. I really did. I tried to read. I tried to make the sentences make sense in my head. I tried to make sense of my notes. I tried for at least five or six minutes. But all I could think of was Marcel up there jacking off--that and his invitation. I knew it was a mistake to act interested, and an even bigger mistake to let him know how my cock had twitched when he squeezed my thigh. Fuck, if he said anything to the other guys ...! Nope, there was no way in hell I was taking him up on his invitation.

But--*crap!*--now I was so horny I couldn't concentrate worth shit on chemistry. I kept at it for at least another ten minutes, though it felt like a hundred times as long, and the words just kept going *blah-blah-blah* in my head without making any sense at all.

Okay, it was close to time to get some sleep. I gathered up my stuff and headed upstairs.

My room was on the third floor. I should have gone all the way up. Or I should have gone all the way up to my little attic hideaway. But I stopped on the second floor instead. Marcel's floor. I had absolutely no reason to be there that time of night, but there I was.

I was just going to walk by Marcel's door. Yeah, that was it. Just walk by. Chances are, either his door would be closed, or if it was open he'd be doing something mundane. Jacking off with his door open, like that hallway circle-jerk I'd spied on the other night? Highly unlikely. Yeah.

His door was open halfway. Inside, there's Peter and Junior. No Marcel--not that I could see--but I could see plenty of what was going on with Junior and Peter. Junior had on a white wife-beater, just like the other night when I'd spied on their hallway circle jerk, but he was naked from the waist down. And Peter?--he was just plain naked. They were standing up, Peter leaning back against the far wall, and Junior leaning in kissing and licking at Peter's neck, and they both had hard-as-hell cocks, sticking nearly straight up. My jaw dropped. I was staring, but who the hell cared? There was no one else in the hallway to catch me, and they left the door open like that, like they wanted somebody to catch them. Maybe they weren't having sex yet, but they were definitely well into their little stroll down Foreplay Road.

Suddenly the floor creaked behind me, and suddenly there was an arm around my waist and I was rushed through the door and into their room. "Look who I caught enjoying the show, guys," Marcel said. He'd shed his shirt, shorts, and shoes, but he still wore his ever-present baseball cap and a pair of boxers.

"Uh--wuh--wait," I stammered, "it's not what it looks like"--even though it was and I was so busted. I had no idea what to say next. Marcel hauled me over to Junior and Peter. They grinned and didn't seem surprised in the slightest.

"It's about time you joined in," Marcel chuckled. "I was about to think you'd never take the hint."

"It's not like--"

"It's exactly like." And then Marcel kissed at my neck--aw, fuck, that sure felt nice--and Junior and Peter were surrounding me too.

I said, "Guys, what the fuck?" They pushed my back against the wall and they were all over me. Junior's shirt went flying this way, and Marcel's boxers and baseball cap went flying that way, which meant all three of them were naked now, which made my dick jump. Junior and Peter pressed up against me, their hard-ons rubbing my arm and my hip as they kissed and licked at me. I had to stop myself from reaching for their dicks. I turned my face away from their kisses, but I couldn't push any of them away, not for long anyway before they came right back. Two of the pressing mass of bodies had my arms pinned back against the wall. Someone else fumbled with my tee-shirt, pushed it up on my stomach, and then went after my pants. Soon I was feeling cool air and warm skin brushing across my hard dick. Fuck it--with naked bodies rubbing up against someone like this, what guy wouldn't pop a boner?

"You really need to loosen up some, buddy," someone said. My roommate Jake. He stood in the doorway, Professor Johnson right behind him. The Professor had his hand on Jake's bare shoulder, and was probably responsible for the glazed look in Jake's eyes and the blissed-out smile. Fuck!--The Professor must have known I was hypnotizing Coach Cox and fed him false information to trap me!

"We got him, Professor," Junior declared happily, "just like you asked. We accomplished our job."

"So you did. Very well, boys, you may cum--after he does. Jake, why don't you do the honors," the Professor said.

"Sure thing, Professor." Jake grinned. Shirtless, he took two steps toward us, pushed off his sweatpants, commando, and dove naked into the squirming mess of arms and shoulders and skin crushed up against me.

Professor Johnson said, "Yes, relaxing sounds like a good idea, doesn't it. We should all help him relax." He held up that purple crystal on a gold chain, holding it in the air where I could see it over somebody's head. "Focus. Relax. Don't fight it--don't fight me. Let's work together. I want what you want. We can work

together to make it happen. Relax and focus."

But who could focus with all this going on? My frat brothers were grinning, giggling, having themselves a lot of fun. I felt something warm and wet on my hard-on, a tongue, and then a mouth engulfed the head. Three of them kept me pinned against the wall, writhing and kissing and licking, while the fourth sucked my cock.

Process of elimination. Junior's head was licking at my left nipple. Peter's was in front, blocking most of my view as he nibbled at my neck and purred happily alongside my ear. Marcel's hair appeared and disappeared to my right. That meant the sucking mouth belonged to ... my roommate Jake. Jake was sucking my cock. And finally he was doing a pretty decent job at it! No teeth this time. It sure felt good. I groaned my appreciation.

Maybe Professor Johnson was still talking, but who was paying attention? Certainly not me. I was getting my nipples licked, which felt good and ticklish at the same time, and it made me giggle along with the guys. I was getting my neck and ears kissed, and various things were happening to all the various other body parts that somebody managed to reach, and in the center of this constellation of sparkly sensations was the feeling of Jake's mouth licking around my cock head, his one hand around my dick shaft, and his other hand tugging gently at my sensitive ball sack. I sighed contentedly and surrendered to what they were doing to me.

"I'm gonna cum," I whispered just before Peter tried to kiss me again, and this time I let him. His tongue invaded my mouth and tasted like spearmint, and mine chased after his, kissing back as intensely as he kissed me. I felt my climax building. Jake's hand slid from my ball sack to my ass, and his finger thrummed back and forth over my buttock. My head got all tangled up in wondering whether Jake was gonna stick his finger in my unexplored hole and whether I'd like it. Just the thought--

My body tensed and tightened as they kept me pressed against the wall. My cock burned with that familiar fire, and my balls pump-pump-pumped out my load. I felt it overflow Jake's mouth and coat his fingers, and the slickening sensation fired up my orgasm even more.

"Fuck! Holy fuck ..." I groaned happily, sagging back against the wall, spent and happy. I'd worry about the consequences later. Right then, my whole world was the happy warm limpness weighing down my arms and my legs, the comfortable heat of my friends' muscular bodies pressed against mine, and that contently spent feeling I was enjoying in my cock and balls. I moaned my appreciation and shuddered through a final orgasm aftershock. Peter chuckled and kissed me again, and again I let him. Consequences later.

Peter had one arm holding me against the wall, and his free shoulder and arm moved--he was jacking off, fast and furious. Marcel and Junior were too--even Jake, between my legs and nuzzling my balls, was vibrating as he pumped at his erection.

"Gonna cum!" Marcel panted.

"Me too," Junior growled.

"Fuck, yeah!" Peter gasped.

Jake moaned into my ball sack.

"Cumming!" Marcel choked out. He pushed his hips forward and I felt his cockhead smack my hip over and over as he flogged his rod, then wet heat on my skin as he squirted his load on me.

Junior: "Here it comes! Here it--Ahhh!--Fuck!" His face twisted, mouth open. I felt his cum hit my arm and ribs.

Between my legs, Jake groaned and unleashed his cum against my leg.

"Move," Peter gasped, pushing Marcel aside. "Lemme in there. Fuck!--Oh, man!--Fuhh!--uhh!" His cock fired his spunk against my stomach.

All of them collapsed, happy and grinning, against me, smearing their cum into my skin--which I decided felt totally sexy, instead of gross.

Somebody cleared his throat: "*Ahem!*"

Junior and Peter turned their heads to look at Professor Johnson, which meant I could see the Professor again around Peter's head. The slough of body parts surrounding me still had me pinned to the wall, but the press of flesh felt comforting in my afterglow. I now understood the attraction of cuddling. I needed a nap after that strong climax. I was kind of glad they were holding me there, because I'm not sure I could have stood up on my own. That's how strong my orgasm was.

"You'll have to forgive them," Professor Johnson growled to me, clearly irritated. "I enlisted the boys to help 'recruit' you and a few others, and I suggested they would have to wait to ejaculate until they got you secured and ready. They've been feeling understandably ... pent up these last few days, especially since you decided to disrupt my timetable. I'm willing to overlook your recent interference. Coach Cox tells me you've got the beginnings of a good technique. If you behave and cooperate, perhaps I'll help you refine it."

"Hit me with your best shot, Professor. Hey, I've got a chemistry midterm tomorrow--how about improving my study skills while you're at it?" I teased, still grinning stupidly after my orgasm. Truth is, I was curious about being hypnotized. How would it feel? What would it be like to know I was following someone else's orders? Hypnotizing Jake and Coach Cox had been fun. I knew I'd do what the Professor said if it meant I got to take charge and hypnotize some guys too sometimes, like Marcel.

The Professor didn't know that, though, not yet. "Defiant to the end, eh? If you hadn't skipped the special practice meetings, you'd already be seeing an improvement in your study abilities like the rest of the swim team. Isn't that right, Jake?"

"Yessir, Professor," Jake sighed happily from somewhere in the mass of flesh against my legs.

"Now, if you're quite comfortable, perhaps we can get on with the program."

I needed sleep. I knew I wouldn't be able to hold out long. Beside me, Marcel made a purring little hum--a contented sound--in my ear and nibbled at my neck.

The Professor spoke in a firm tone, like my Voice Of Authority but smoother, a voice that just made you want to listen. "Focus on how relaxed you feel now. Focus on it, and feel it deepen, feel it double, feel it happening. You had a good run, but the time has come to surrender, time to accept what you can't prevent."

"Now you're going to see how it's *really* done," Marcel said and nuzzled my neck.

Okay, I thought to myself, now Professor Johnson is going to hypnotize us--I knew it was gonna happen--it's cool we're all going to be hypnotized together.

"Focus on the crystal. Focus on that light, pleasant feeling that fills you as you focus on it, the feeling that starts in the corners of your eyes as you look deeply, so deeply into it, and moves through your cheeks and up into your forehead too. As I continue speaking, as you continue focusing, that feeling grows stronger and stronger. Soon you'll feel the first slight trickle of that relaxed, pleasant heavy feeling moving down your neck. Then, as you focus, focus so deeply, that drowsy, heavy feeling will move into your shoulders as you continue to focus and listen to my suggestions. Let your arms dangle loose and limp, filling with the deeply relaxed, deeply pleasant feeling that is spreading through you. Feel it spreading now into your chest and lungs as you breathe in ... and out... Drifting now. Letting go completely. Let go when you're ready. So relaxed now. Let go."

To my left, Junior sighed and settled against me, eyes closed, head rolling against my shoulder.

"You can continue becoming more relaxed and comfortable as you focus, even if your sleepy eyes close, your drowsy, drowsy eyes, closing, closing."

From down in front of me where he still knelt, I heard Jake groan quietly, and I felt his weight sink against my leg. Marcel and Peter settled alongside me too. Their bodies against mine felt reassuring and good. I was so fucking tired, so fucking drowsy. I fought to keep my eyes open, just a little longer, not wanting to miss anything--fight it off and enjoy this relaxed lethargy just a little longer. My dick was getting hard again. Keeping my eyes open against the pleasant sleepy feeling was so difficult, too difficult ...

"As you surrender to the deepening comfort, you don't have to move or talk or let anything distract you. No distractions. You are getting closer to a deep hypnotic trance. Nearly there. Nearly asleep. Yes. It's inevitable. And you realize now that you don't care whether you slip into a deep trance. Being hypnotized is always a very pleasant, completely relaxing experience. Deep, peaceful relaxation, deep sleep. Perfect, deep sleep. You will be really happy that you let me hypnotize you. Every time I hypnotize you, it will keep becoming more enjoyable, more of this relaxed pleasure. Getting closer. Let yourself fall asleep now. Falling asleep now. Sleep. Falling. Sleep. Sleep now."

There was probably more, but that was the point I closed my eyes like the Professor said, let my head lay against Junior's, and surrendered into sleep.
