

# The Inner Circle

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: [Synopsis: His brothers are home from college for the summer--and they've brought a friend. An Infiltration story.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction--who can say?

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# The Inner Circle

## 1.

When I got home, the moment I walked in the door, I took off my shirt. I didn't have to think about it; somehow I just knew I was supposed to. Anyway, it always seemed there were more important things to think about.

I was itching for a workout. I needed to blow off some steam and release some stress. Pumping iron sounded great. We had some weights and exercise equipment in the basement that Dad and I used--Sean and Adam too when they were home.

When no one's around, I like to work out in the nude. Always have. I like that "free" feeling. I only do it, though, when no one else is home, because I don't want my Dad or my brothers thinking I'm *too* weird.

I checked around. Dad wouldn't be home for a couple of hours. No sign of Sean or Adam--they were off somewhere. I didn't think of looking for their friend Kurt, who was visiting us. Cool--I had the place to myself. I went to my bedroom and stripped off the rest of my work clothes. I grabbed a pair of shorts--just in case someone came home unexpectedly--and the little towel I use to wipe off the sweat, and I padded barefoot and bare-ass downstairs to the basement. Shut the door behind me too, so if anyone came home I'd have a little extra time to get my shorts on.

The overhead lights down there were kind of dim. That's good. There was one right over the bench press. I didn't remember it being there before--Dad must have played handyman and put it in.

After I do my stretches, I always start with the bench press. I loaded the weights onto the bar. I lay back along the bench. As I stretched out, I could already feel my body relaxing, letting go. I had had one fucking stressful day! I sure had plenty of knots to work out. I put my hands on the bar and pushed it up. Okay, this was easy. Let the bar come down; breathe in. Push the bar up; breathe out. It's a rhythm.

Down, in ... Up, out ...

Down, in ... Up, out ...

I can do the bench press in my sleep. My eyes slipped past the bar and found themselves aimed at the light overhead beyond it. Something tickled at the back of my mind. Something about lights? A half-formed thought that kept skittering away. Something about a light. Oh, well--I just let my body go on auto-pilot, moving the bar and breathing, working away the stress as it worked up a good pump.

I started getting lost in the rhythm. It was easy to get lost, so easy. My thoughts just wandered as my body worked. So easy. Like daydreaming. So easy to focus on how my muscles felt as they worked and how the tension was flowing, flowing right out of them. My body felt so good, so alive. The more I let it work, the better it felt, and pretty soon I had a big ol' hard-on, rolling up across my groin.

Maybe I fell asleep or something. Everything sure felt like a dream. I heard someone upstairs. I snapped about halfway out of my daze--not all the way, but enough to set the bar down, sit up, and reach for ... for my ... What was I reaching for? It was so hard to focus.

I heard someone open the door at the top of the stairs. Through my fog, I realized I needed to get my shorts on. I couldn't let them catch me sitting there naked with a hard-on. But my arms felt so heavy, almost

too heavy to move.

Footsteps--someone coming downstairs. I fought against the lethargy and managed to sit halfway up. I made myself reach out for my towel, and I pulled it into my crotch, over my erection. The terrycloth rubbed against my rigid cock and sent a tremor of pleasure through my body. Simultaneously, the thought, *We're all guys here*, went through my head, and I found myself feeling comfortable, not really caring if they caught me.

Bare feet. Bare legs. A little fraternity tattoo on the outside of his ankle, like Sean, Adam, and their friend Kurt had. Whoever it was, he was coming down the stairs naked. Cock. Abs. Chest. No, it was not Sean or Adam. He was stepping out into the dim light. Kurt. Somehow it seemed like I was expecting him. He was smiling at me, walking toward me.

"Good boy," he said. "You see how easy it is? Just relax." His fingertips touched my bare shoulder and guided me back, lying me back down on the bench. "See? So easy to just lie back and let everything happen. No worries. No fears. Just be carefree and relaxed, like your brothers. You're a natural at this, just like they are."

He reached down and took hold of my wrist gently. He pulled my hand and the towel away from my crotch. His voice was low and soothing: "You don't need to hide anything," he said. "We're all guys here." The towel fabric teased the sensitive skin of my dick, and the pleasure ripples pulled me back a little deeper into the fog that still surrounded me. "Nice," he said, appraising my exposed meat. It was pulsing now, needy, needing attention, pulling me back down into my daze.

"Do you want to play the game again?" he asked, smiling. "Yes. I can tell. You want to show me again how you've learned to play as well as

your brothers. Every time you play the game, it gets easier." He had a penlight in his hand. My eyes were used to the dim room, and the beam from the penlight dazzled me, but I didn't look away as he moved it from side to side. I followed it with my eyes as long as I could. As long as I could keep them open. So heavy. Eyelids already starting to close. Just like he was telling me. My eyes were closing, and it was all right, and I gave myself permission to let them close, and I sank back into the fog. My body sank against the bench again. Too heavy to move, yet drifting and floating at the same time. Too relaxed. Feeling too good. Feeling better when something touched my dick. Enveloped it. Something warm and wet and gentle, milking me, like the world's best blowjob, until at last I was so relaxed I couldn't stop myself from cumming, and as I felt myself shooting I also felt the world tilt out from under me and I sank the rest of the way down into sleep.

Then a while later, I opened my eyes. I was still lying on the bench. Must have been more tired from my mall job than I thought.

Maybe it had all been a dream after all? Dreaming about getting a blowjob from my brothers' friend--how fucked up was that?

I heard the front door close. Someone was home. This time I had no trouble sitting up, grabbing my shorts, and pulling them on.

## 2.

I still lived at home with my Dad. Sean and Adam were home for the summer. They're my brothers, and they never let me forget they're older than me. They'd been away at college--they both went to the same college, and they both joined the same fraternity. They're both on the swim team, too, though Sean swam in the distance categories, and Adam was a diver. Sean was going to be a senior that fall; Adam had just finished his freshman year, and he'd be a sophomore. They looked so much alike people sometimes couldn't tell them apart--we all took after my Dad.

Me, I had just graduated high school and just turned 18. I was heading to college that fall too, but I made sure I chose a different school. My dad went to their college, and now both my brothers do. I figured it was time to set out on my own. Traditions were made to be broken. Hell, I'd always been the black sheep of the family anyway.

When Sean and Adam came home, they brought a friend with them: Kurt, one of their fraternity brothers. He had just graduated and was going to be starting a high-power career in a couple of months. I got the feeling they were really close friends. This would be the last time they saw each other for a long time, and his visit was his last chance to kick back before he joined the work world. When they asked if Kurt could stay a couple of months, Dad said no at first; then after talking to Kurt on the phone one night, Dad changed his mind and said it was okay.

I didn't really like Kurt much, though. He was too confident, too cool, a little too arrogant. He was always smiling like he knew some secret the rest of us didn't, or like there was something going on that he wasn't telling us about. He was one of the hottest men I'd ever seen, though,

and he was always walking around with his shirt off, so that kind of made up for some of it.

### 3.

Saturday, and I slept in, like usual. I don't know where Dad was, but when I slipped on a pair of gray gym shorts and headed down to the kitchen for some O.J., Sean and Adam were out back, in the pool. Kurt was sitting back in one of the poolside, lounge chairs, with his back to me.

Sean and Adam were horsing around, splashing and dunking each other, horsing around and hooting and laughing their asses off. They must have thought I was still asleep upstairs, dead to the world like I usually am.

They couldn't see me through the glass doors, but I could see them. Kurt yelled out something--I couldn't tell what he said because the glass doors were closed. Maybe he called them over. Sean and Adam swam to the side of the pool and pulled themselves out. Matching red Speedo-cut swimsuits, the ones they wore for their university swim team. They trotted over to Kurt, water cascading down their sleek bodies. Yeah, they were my brothers, and I never really thought of them sexually, but I had to admit: swimming every year since high school had given them both amazing bodies.

Kurt was sitting in the chair with his back to me. I couldn't see anything of him except the top of his head, an elbow, and one leg slung off the side of the chair. Sean came up to his left, Adam to his right. They had these little half-smiles on their faces, eyes half-closed and looking kind of distracted, like maybe they were tired or something.

I couldn't fucking believe my eyes. At first I thought they must have known I was there and were putting on a show for me, but they went too far for that. They slowly peeled down their swimsuits. Adam was already hard, and Sean was semi-erect and rising. This was a show, but it sure wasn't intended for me!



Adam planted his feet firmly on the concrete and started jerking off. Sean rubbed a hand over his own chest and his other hand snaked around his cock and then he was jacking too. They were facing Kurt, looking down at him with their heavy-lidded eyes and smiles, and jerking off. I never in my life would have guessed either of them ever did anything with another guy, but here I was watching it.

Kurt moved a little, and then I saw him drop a yellow swimsuit--his--beside the chair. He settled back in the chair. I couldn't see much of him except the motion of his right elbow as he stroked himself. He reached out his left hand to stroke Sean's thigh and ass.

He was talking to them. I could hear the sound, but I couldn't make out the words through the glass door. They didn't seem to be paying any attention. They were too lost in what they were doing.

I was seeing them in a whole new light. I knew they were hot, sure, but I'd never seen either of them hard before, much less stroking. They looked like twins below the waist too. It was uncanny how closely their seven-inch cocks looked like each other. Looked exactly like mine too, which I was hauling out of my shorts and stroking too. Thick cocks must run in our family.

Adam threw his head back and yelped out, and I watched him shoot his cum out over his friend's body. The top of Kurt's head jerked rapidly, like he was busting his nut too. Then Kurt sat up and I saw his head heading for Sean's crotch. Kurt stuck his head under Sean's cock and licked at his balls. Sean grunted hard, then again, and his load jetted out across the side of his friend's hair and ear.

Another couple of strokes, and I was gasping and shooting too, dropping my load on the kitchen linoleum. Kurt said something to them, too muffled

for me to make it out, then he's standing up, and they're all three grinning and running naked back to the edge of the pool and jumping in.

I cleaned up my cum. They were horsing around in the pool like this kind of stuff happened every day. Maybe it did for them, in that fraternity. I felt kind of guilty about watching them. I wanted to go out and join them, but--hell, I'd just spied on my brothers having a jerk-off party with Kurt. So I snuck back upstairs to take a shower.

## 4.

Dad seemed to be really enjoying himself. I could see him sitting out back by the pool with Sean and Adam and Kurt. Sean and Adam were horsing around in the water. Was that a flash of Sean's ass? Shit, they were bare-ass.

Dad didn't like us swimming naked, but he didn't seem to care. He was sitting with Kurt on the side of the pool, laughing and grinning and trading splashes at Sean and Adam like he was a college-age guy again himself, not a care in the world. Maybe in his head, he still thought of himself that way. He seemed really relaxed. There was a little bit of a vacant look to his eyes; maybe his eyes were a little closed like he was tired or something. But he seemed happy, kicking back and having fun. He was naked, like they were, and wet, like they were. I suddenly realized again what a handsome man he was--good-looking, tanned, athletic--how good he looked from all his workouts in the basement gym.

I don't think them could see me, but Kurt must have realized I was home. He got up and trotted bare-ass into the house to meet me. "Hey, there," he said cheerfully, as I tried not to stare at the water dripping off his pecs. "Come out to the pool and join the party." He was standing entirely too close. His arm slid around my bare shoulders--I'd pulled off my shirt like usual when I came in the front door--and I felt the gentle pressure to follow his body toward the pool. I felt my cock jump and start to get hard, and that made me blush.

He felt my reluctance. "What's wrong? I bet you're tired after working all day. Come on out by the pool and relax." He pulled at me again, and I took a step, not wanting to.

"Listen," I said, trying to pull away a little, and trying to get the words

out before I got lost in his voice again. "Why are you doing this?"

His voice was smooth and soothing as honey. "Doing what? We're just kicking back by the pool." "You know what I mean. You just come into our home and start changing everything." "No, no, no," he cooed. "You've got it all wrong. I'm not changing anything. I just helping you act on what's already there. See, Doc--that's our fraternity adviser back at college--he showed us how to get the best out of ourselves. He's such a great guy! I owe him so much for helping me develop as an athlete, academically, and as a person. He always says, if you want people to do their best for you, give them something they want. Whether it's athletic success for Sean and Adam, or a chance to just relax and forget his worries for your father. Give them what the want, and they'll let you take control. I guess that's true."

"What do you mean?"

He reached out and stroked a wet finger down my pec. "Listen, I used to be just like you. Back then, when I was fresh out of high school, I didn't have a fucking clue. None of us did. Then I went off to college on a ball scholarship, and Coach introduced me to Doc. Doc got inside me and helped me figure out what I wanted. He gave me direction. Dude, I owe him so much! Joining the frat was the best thing I ever did. But all that success comes with some responsibility, y'know? The frat has got too many guys for Doc to give personal attention every day. That's why he delegates some of it. Before I graduated, I was one of the guys he delegated to. I like helping people get what they want."

I said, "Huh?"

"Sure," he purred. "It's simple. The frat has got connections. The alumni are major players now--political leaders, heads of corporations, rich

businessmen, famous actors, athletes--you name it. If you're worthy of getting in, the frat's connections will practically ensure you get a great career and lots of success." He tapped his temple with his index finger. "See, the secret is mental discipline. Train the mind. Give it some filter to block out all the unimportant stuff. Doc works with all the guys and gets them used to the training, learning discipline and self-control, and setting up the filters. That's what it's all about, really. Then he teaches the some of the seniors--we call them Doc's "Inner Circle"--he teaches them how to do it, and they help work with the younger brothers. Then when the seniors graduate, they go off to their new careers, but before they go, they teach the next senior class how to do it so they can take over as the new Inner Circle. That's what I'm doing. I just graduated. Sean's gonna be a senior this fall. If you were to ask him, he'd say the last three years have been kind of a haze for him, but that's just 'cause his filters have been keeping him focused. Now it's time for him to realize what's been going on at the frat. Adam--he's just a sophomore, so he's got a while to go yet. I thought I'd be teaching Sean to hypnotize by just using Adam. He's a great subject. But it turns out you and your father are good subjects too, so that's been a bonus."

I guess I had this shocked look on my face. Kurt said, "What? You didn't know you were being hypnotized? Dude, I've been hypnotizing you since the day I got here. I had you under less than an hour after I got here. Your Dad too. He's one of the easiest subjects I ever had. I guess I shouldn't have told you that, but it doesn't matter since you're about to fall asleep and then this will all seem like a dream. Yes, a peaceful sleep."

I was like, *what the fuck?* Was he trying to hypnotize me? Somehow that sounded pretty hot to me, and my cock started stirring again.

"You like it, don't you? Being hypnotized. I know you do. You love it. Just like your brothers, and your father too. I can tell how much you

love it every time we play the game."

The game--it had something to do with a light. That much I remembered. And it always made me feel very relaxed and happy and peaceful. I remembered that too.

"Do you want to play the game before we go out to the pool? Is that it? Are you wanting me to hypnotize you? Wanting me to shine the light deeply into your eyes, until your eyelids start to blink and grow heavy. Yeah. So heavy. Growing heavy already. You'd like that a lot, wouldn't you?"

My eyes were starting to blink a little. I couldn't make them stop. Was this how hypnosis started? My body was feeling relaxed, starting to sway a little, and he put his arm around me to steady me. My cock was rising to rock-hardness now.

"Yes, I know. You've gotten so good at playing the game, you don't even need the light anymore, do you? I can see how easily you'd go into a deep trance just from listening to me, like your brothers and your dad. I could put you into a deep, relaxing trance just by talking about hypnosis, or maybe I could just snap my fingers and you'd fall into a deep trance almost instantly."

He looked like he was going snap his fingers. But then he didn't.

"Nah," he said. "On second thought, I'm not going to hypnotize you. Not right now, anyway. Why don't you run along and play, like a good little boy, and think about what I told you. You'll be hypnotized again real soon, and there won't be anything you can do to prevent it. Hell, you'll *want* it. But if you don't want to come out to the pool, I won't make you. Run along now."

And then he turned and walked back to the pool, leaving me there inside, shivering.

## 5.

I was watching through a crack in the door.

Sean and Adam were in the bedroom they shared. Kurt was there too. Sean had on a pair of jeans. Adam and Kurt had on shorts. As far as I could see, that was all they were wearing. I could see the tattoos on their ankles--I wondered what it would be like to get a frat tattoo just like theirs, something that said I belonged to a bigger brotherhood. I felt kind of disappointed that I wouldn't joining their frat since I was planning to go to a different school in the fall.

They were gathered on the bed. They had Kurt's laptop computer connected to the phone line. I think they were downloading his email. From the way they were all three crowded around the screen, they were expecting something important.

Since that afternoon, when Kurt told me about the hypnosis, I'd been watching him closely, but I made sure I stayed out of his way.

"There it is! Is that it?" I hadn't heard Sean sound that excited in a long time.

"Email from Doc. Probably so," Kurt said. "I need to read this one in private, guys." And he pulled the laptop off to the side, into his lap. He read, and his face grew impassive, his expression almost slack.

"What does it say?" Sean urged in a whisper. "Did I get into the Inner Circle? Well?"

Kurt moved slowly, like he was sleepwalking or something. He slid the laptop aside and crawled toward Adam. He placed his palm on Adam's



forehead and said slowly, "Sleep now, Adam. Sleep now." And Adam gradually relaxed and laid back on the bed, eyes closed, body limp.

And Kurt turned to Sean, and he put his hand on Sean's forehead, and he said, "Sleep now, Sean."

Sean had been sitting cross-legged on the bed. He didn't move for a second, then his torso began to ease backward, until he was laying out alongside Adam. I couldn't see Sean's face or eyes--just his friend's hand still covering Sean's face. Sean didn't move at all now. He lay limply under Kurt's hand.

"Before you left the frat house, Doc gave you a gift," Kurt said. "Your subconscious knows where it is. Doc says your subconscious can open that special gift now. Let yourself find it, Sean, and open it. Accept this wonderful gift Doc has given you. Let the gift become part of you ... Have you let that happen, Sean?"

Sean's voice was a little muffled. He said, quietly, "Yes ..."

"Then you know what to do," Kurt said. "It's time for you to take my place in the Inner Circle."

"Yes ..." Sean said. Moving now, he pushed Kurt's hand away. He sat up. He reached out and put his hand on Kurt's forehead and said, "Sleep now."

I got the hell out of there. I didn't know what the fuck was going on. I had to find Dad and tell him--maybe he'd know what to do.

I found Dad in the living room, slouched in a chair. He was talking to someone on the phone--well, more like listening, since he wasn't saying much. Must have been a boring conversation, because even though he

was smiling he looked pretty dazed. He was sitting in profile, and I couldn't tell what he was doing with his hand in his lap, but it looked suspiciously like ... like he was jacking off. Was Dad having phone sex?

"Uhm, Dad," I said uncertainly. "Uhm, I need to talk to you. It's real important."

He shuddered and dropped the phone and gasped, then collapsed back in the chair with a long, contented sigh. I was thinking, *Ew; gross!*

After a second, he said, "Sure. What is it?"

"It's Sean and Adam. Uhm--Dad, there's something important you need to see. C'mon--they're up in their room."

Dad stood up. He was naked. There was cum on his stomach, and his cock was still half-hard.

"It's all right," he said. "Everything is happening the way it's supposed to."

And I said, "Huh?" What the heck was wrong with Dad's eyes--he looked like he was about to fall asleep.

Dad said, as his eyes slid closed a little bit more, "That was Doc ... on the phone ... He explained it all to me ..."

Dad wasn't talking to me. He was talking to someone behind me.

I turned around, and there was Kurt. Just standing there, smiling at me. He had that penlight in his hand, shining it into my eyes. I squinted but I couldn't turn away--couldn't look away from the light.

"Shh," Kurt said. "Look into the light. It's time to hypnotize you now."

Everything is all right. Just relax and let your filters take over. From now on, Sean will be in charge of your training."

And then he stepped aside, and I saw Sean standing behind him. Sean took a step forward. He was smiling. He said, "Look into the light." And he took the penlight from Kurt's hand, and Sean lifted that penlight and shone it directly into my eyes. "That's right, bro," he said to me. "Just look directly into the light."

Soon I was naked in the pool with them. We were playing, innocent as puppies, splashing and dunking each other and playing grab-ass. That familiar relaxed feeling filled me. I never wanted it to leave. I was happy, grinning, couldn't stop grinning. I loved how this felt, playing naked in the water with my dad and Sean and Adam and Kurt, with my dick hard, and loving the way the water felt and the way their skin felt when our bodies brushed up against each other. Sean was sitting on the side, laughing, egging us on, telling us what to do.

And later, standing in a circle on the side of the pool. Jacking off. All of us in a circle. So horny. So hard. Five guys needing to get off. Dad and Sean and Adam and I looked so much alike, even our cocks. So horny. And beside me, Dad reached over and wrapped his hand around my cock, and I reached over and started jacking Adam, and then we were all jacking each other off, and then Sean asked Dad if he would show us that trick he learned while he was in the military, and Dad knelt down in the center of the circle and he put his mouth around my cock and started giving me this really slow, sweet suck-job. And Sean was telling us to share, and I moved over and let Adam stick his cock in Dad's mouth, and we stayed circled around him, jacking each other off and swapping turns letting Dad suck us, until Sean told Kurt to cum, and he did, showering Dad's back with spunk, and then Sean was telling Adam and me to cum, and we did, and then Sean was gasping and and moaning as Dad sucked

him, and Sean came, slamming his cock deep into Dad's throat and feeding him his load, and then when Sean's stormy orgasm was passing and his panting was slowing down, he told Dad to cum too, and Dad fisted his cock faster, and he gave this huge grunt and came, the cum leaping out nearly a foot.

Sean was chuckling--we all were. He reached over and gave my shoulder a light smack. I looked at him--I felt so much love and devotion for him. I'd do anything he asked.

It was a given that I'd change my school plans. I wouldn't be going to that other school after all--I'd be going to theirs instead. It was a tradition. I was going to pledge their fraternity too, maybe even work my way up to the Inner Circle myself in my senior year. Sean assured me I'd get in for sure.

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