

# Mergers & Acquisitions

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: The jock fraternity is reaching out to the other campus frats and reeling them in. Another "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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# Mergers & Acquisitions

Think of me as "Mr. Mergers & Acquisitions."

I'm the Pledgemaster this year. You probably think that means I make a bunch of freshman guys recite the Greek alphabet backward and thank me for giving them spankings and shit like that, in return for the possibility of proving themselves worthy to join our fraternity. Sure, that *is* part of it--but there's so much more going on that nobody knows about. Nobody except us.

See, our faculty advisor--we call him Doc--has big plans. He started with our frat. He came in, and he started helping us learn some mental discipline. Filters, he called it, to keep us aimed at our goals. We're a jock frat, so all of us play on one or another sports team here at college, and we saw the advantages immediately. A lot of the brothers had had problems keeping their grades up. After Doc started working with us, our grades went up because we were studying more effectively, with fewer distractions, and our performance in the gym and in our sports went up too. Enough to make us want more. We wanted everything he could give us.

Sure, maybe he wasn't one hundred percent philanthropic about it. I'm talking about the sexual stuff he made us do. But pretty soon, we got to like that too--hell, sex is sex, right?--and then we were doing it all willingly. Good grades, good reps in sports, and great sex. Fuck, we had it made.

Doc has been at this a while. Used to be, he would come in, take over a team or a frat, and then move on to another college when the school authorities got wind something was up. He was getting too ambitious too

quickly. Now he's learned to be a lot more subtle. We weren't the first, and we weren't the last, but we were the core where his plans first started coming together. He started with one brother, then another, and another, until he eventually had the whole frat under his influence. You might say he took us over from within.

He used us to get into our teams. The first one was the football team. Seven or eight of the brothers in the frat played football that year. They started doing so much better on the field--their coach and teammates all noticed and asked what was up. So the brothers told them a little about Doc and how he was helping them. Not everything, but enough to get their teammates hooked. Then, slowly but surely, Doc started working with the football players, acquiring more and more of them, and bringing them all into the fold.

The swim team was next--that's where I came in. Then the baseball team. Basketball. Wrestling. Tennis. Soccer. He started running out of teams and new jocks. So then he started working on the other frats, letting the jocks take him back to the frats they belonged to so he could start adding them to his stable.

Some of the guys he worked with in the past at previous colleges have graduated. They're are still under his influence. They're leaders in industry, famous actors, politicians and lawmakers, real important people. With the kind of connections and strings Doc can pull for us, it's pretty much given we're all going to be successful when we graduate. That's pretty damn seductive.

If you're wondering how one guy like Doc manages to control all those guys, the answer is ... he doesn't. Well, not directly, at least. Over the last couple of years, he's taught his methods to some of his best subjects, like me. Once he had firm influence over us, he taught us and steered us

into the leadership of the frat. He uses us to control the others. It's like an army with Doc as the general; he gives us our orders, and we give them to the troops. He calls us "officers" his Inner Circle--we're like his lieutenants or something.

Me, he had the guys elect me pledgemaster--*mmm*, twenty pledges shouting, "*Yes, Mr. Pledgemaster, Sir,*" every time I tell them to do something. It's a good fringe benefit for being one of his best subjects. He told me so himself. Says I go under so smooth and so quickly. He's a psychology professor and I'm a psychology major, so we have that in common too. He taught me a lot of his skills, and now I'm using them the way he tells me to--to help train the new pledges, bring in the last couple of athletics teams, and bring in the rest of the fraternities.

I'm on my way to a new frat's house now. We're about to start taking over a new fraternity. Doc and I were talking yesterday, and he was saying he wanted to start working on the golf team and the Sigma Nu frat. I kinda teased him about golf not really being a sport, but he knew I'd be on it. Heck, I couldn't have disobeyed if I wanted to, which I didn't. As soon as we were through talking, I had some of the brothers finding out who was on the golf team, and who among our ranks was friends with them, and how we could start reeling them.

The Sigma Nus ... Well, I'm handling that one myself. Van, my best friend from high school, is a Sigma Nu, and my cousin Roy is a brother there too.

They're the "rich kid" frat on campus. They've got a lot of cute guys, and a *lot* of money, and a lot of connections--maybe as many connections as Doc. Hell, I'm surprised he waited this long to start bringing them in. I guess he's got his reasons.

We're on our way to the Sigma Nu house now. I've got Shane with me. He's one of the Inner Circle too. You'd never expect him to be as effective as he is. See, if you just saw him at the mall or hanging out around campus, you'd think he was a geek. Cute, and a lot better built than most geeks, but still a geek. He likes that--it makes people underestimate him and makes doing what he does easier.

Shane--he's one of the few of brothers who doesn't play on a sports team. He's on a team, but it's the school chess team. Yeah, that's right--the chess team. I still remember when Shane came over to the frat house that first time. He was just a freshman, like me. That was back when I was still a pledge, back when Doc has only just started working with us. Shane was all cocky because he's got this genius-level IQ or something--like the chess team was something to be proud of!--and he was talking out against frats and stuff. He had said something in Doc's class about jocks and frats were throwbacks that encouraged the worst in guys and taught bad values and undisciplined behavior. So Doc said he didn't agree and invited Shane to come by the house sometime to check things out in person.

So when Shane showed up, we're wondering what Doc wanted with this tall, skinny geek. But Doc had it all planned out.

Shane was all wide-eyed and nervous. I mean, we could practically smell the fear on him, like wolves. I mean, there he was, the lone geek who had mouthed off about frats, now in a frat house full of shirtless jocks. Hell, maybe he was afraid he was going to get beat up or something? Even with my beginning set of filters--I was still just a pledge, remember--I was catching these little glances he was giving us when he thought Doc wasn't looking. I think he couldn't decide whether to sneer or to leer.

Doc set about making him feel at ease--Doc even had a chessboard all set up in the rec room and asked Shane if he wanted to play a game. Shane said yes, and I think he was glad to have something he was familiar with, and they sat down to play.

I could tell Shane was taking this game *really* seriously. The chess game, that is. He was studying the board, bent over the pieces with his eyes all intent, and every time Doc made a move, Shane had to think about it this way and turn it over in his head that way, like his whole future was riding on that game.

Well, not exactly. Doc was talking kind of soft and low. "Breathe in ... Let it out. Breathe in ... Let it out." Just a low monotone. Shane probably considered it an attempt at distraction and thought he could ignore it. Doc just kept at it. "Breathe in ... Let it out."

Pretty soon, damn if Shane wasn't doing it. Breathing along with Doc's rhythm. Breathing in when he said to. Holding it. Letting it out when he said to. And Doc was playing with the rhythm a little. Slowing it down, gradually. Letting Shane get used to it. And he was saying, "In--just *relax* ... And out--*let go* of all that tension ... In--so *peaceful* and so *focused* ... Out--ready to *let go* ..."

I remember it all perfectly. Doc said, "Take a long, deep breath, and to hold it for a few seconds. That's it. So *focused*. Let it out now. *Relax*. So relaxed. Eyelids so heavy. Heavy. Let your eyelids close down, just for a moment, and let go of the surface tension in your body. Just let your body relax as much as possible. All right--that's fine. Just relax. Starting to sink deeper now. With each breath you exhale, you sink just a little deeper and more relaxed.

"Now, this relaxation you have in your eyes is the same relaxation that I

want you to have throughout your whole body. I'm going to have you open your eyes again and then close them. That will be your signal to let this feeling of relaxation become ten times deeper. All you have to do is want it to happen, and you can make it happen very easily. Okay, open your eyes. Good. Now close your eyes, and feel that relaxation flowing through your entire body, taking you much deeper, as if your whole body is wrapped in a warm blanket of relaxation."

Shane never saw it coming. Doc kept asking him to open his eyes, then close them, telling him each time it made him feel ten times more relaxed, more tired, more sleepy, more ready to relax more deeply. Poor Shane managed to open his eyes each time Doc asked him to, but I could tell he could barely hold them open. He wanted to drop into a deep sleep right then and there.

Doc led him through an exercise and told him that, each time he closed his eyes, his body would become so relaxed that every muscle of his body would become limp, unable to work. Doc said, "In a moment, I'm going to lift your left hand by the wrist and drop it. If you have followed my instructions up to this point, that hand will be so relaxed, it will be just as loose and limp as a wet towel, and it will simply plop down on your leg again. Once your hand touches your leg, I want you to send a wave of relaxation from the top of your head down to the tip of your toes."

Doc picked up Shane's left hand by the wrist, and the hand hung limply. Doc dropped it, and it dropped like dead weight.

"Very good," Doc told him. "Now, as you sit there, with your eyes closed, you can begin to drift into trance, in your own way, in your own time."

Shane's body slowly sagged into the chair as Doc talked him deeper,

deeper into his trance. Yeah, Shane never saw it coming. I guess a genius IQ isn't everything.

Doc kept talking to Shane, and guiding him, giving him suggestions. Pretty soon, Shane was taking his shirt off. There was a lump in his khaki pants, too. I wasn't seeing Shane as a geek who'd mouthed off anymore; I was seeing him as a horny guy, just like the rest of us.

Doc said something to us about relieving Shane of his virginity, and he called two of us pledges over and had us kneel on either side of Shane. I'd been a virgin with guys up until just a few weeks before when I'd pledged the frat, but I'd seen plenty of cocks since I pledged and started working with Doc. I knew how to make a guy feel really good. Yeah--what Doc was telling me was right--I wanted to make Shane feel good too.

When Shane unzipped, what he pulled out of his khakis and boxers was the biggest fucking cock I'd ever seen. Damn thing was *huge!* I'm pretty well-hung, but the eight-plus inches I pack when I'm hard was dwarfed by Shane's monster. It must have been between a solid twelve and thirteen inches long, thick too, with a nice mushroom head. If my filters hadn't been keeping me focused, relaxed, and cooperative, I might have had second thoughts.

Doc guided us through it. Shane just lay there, limp, as if he was asleep. His moans, though, as we bent over him and began licking his pecs, told me some part of him was aware of everything we were doing.

Shane was the beneficiary of everything the other guy and I had learned about cocksucking as pledges. The other guy took Shane's cock in his mouth--he could get that monster further down his throat than I could, even with my filters helping my throat muscles relax--while I kissed and licked Shane's chest. His muscles weren't as developed as mine, but he



had the beginnings of a nice body, and the virginal skin on his pecs was perfectly smooth under my lips. When Doc suggested it, I took one of Shane's cinnamon nipples in my mouth and licked it and teased it with my teeth. I made my way up his neck and kissed his lips, but he was so relaxed he barely worked his mouth in response.

I was hard, but Doc hadn't asked me to undress, so I didn't. My cock ached to be let out of my pants, but I had to stay focused.

Doc had the other pledge bury his face up under Shane's low-hanging balls, while I kissed and nibbled Shane's neck. I started sucking at his neck, leaving a livid hickey that would certainly impress his fellow geeks. Doc asked Shane if he wanted to jack off, and Shane began stroking his monster cock as the other pledge and I worshipped his body.

Doc asked me to take another crack at Shane's massive cock, and it sounded so good to me. I rubbed his pecs and tweaked his erect nipples as I made my way down to his hard-on. I flicked my tongue first on the head of his cock, at the sensitive area just under his piss slit. Then I put the head in my mouth, letting it rest between my lips as my spit mixed with the drop of his precum. I took more of his cock into my mouth, then more, as my fingers wandered between his sprawled legs, just the way Doc was suggesting, to find his ass and explore around his sweaty hole. The other pledge's mouth found Shane's balls again and gave them a good tongue-washing as I suckled on Shane's cock.

I pulled my mouth off his cock and ran my tongue down the length of it. Doc asked him to jack off, put on a show for us, stroke himself off, and Shane's hand wrapped around his cock like a familiar friend. After a few languid strokes, Doc told him to cum when he was ready.

Shane gave a slight gasp and his abs tensed. Suddenly, his load shot

straight up out of his cock, hitting my face as it fell back down. Doc told the other pledge and me that we could cum too if we wanted, and suddenly I was having the most intense orgasm and shooting off inside my pants without touching myself. *Damn!*

After that night, Shane was hanging around all the time, doing Doc's mental training with us. The brothers put him on a physical training routine too, and he started muscling up and now he has a good body to match that mind of his. He joined my pledge class and joined the frat and in his senior year got himself appointed Treasurer, which made him part of Doc's Inner Circle of frat officers, and that's how he ended up here beside me, walking across campus through the warm fall night to the Sigma Nu house.

We make a good team, Shane and I. With all the extra training Doc has given me, I'm a real expert at this and I know how to take a guy deeper, work past his resistance. See, just because a guy says no doesn't mean you can't make him change his mind, work him there in smaller steps, seduce him into it. And Shane still looks kind of like a geek, so people never suspect him; with his smarts and quick head, he can figure out which approach will work on a guy and have him feeling very relaxed before the guy knows what hit him. I've seen it happen many times.

I ring the bell.

The front light is on and we stand there in its welcoming glow, a slight fall breeze playing warmly over our bare chests.

The door swings open. "Yeah?" a male voice asks; then, recognizing us, the guy says, "Hey--come on in," and opens the door wider to let us in.

The president and social chair are waiting for us. Along with the pledgemaster, those are the three most powerful positions in any frat.

The brothers look up to them.

Control the head, and the body will follow.

We shake hands, and the president offers us a beer, which we both decline. They lead us back to a quiet room where we can talk. They think this is going to be a discussion of how our frat can work with theirs for an upcoming campus project. If they only knew.

On the way, the president is making small talk about the weather, saying that the warm fall days won't last much longer, colder times coming. Blah, blah, blah. After a few moments, my filters block out his chatter and let me study his eyes, the way he moves.

The social chair gives my pecs a look. Maybe he's jealous. Or maybe he wants to lick them. Out of the blue, he says, "Don't you guys ever wear shirts?"

I say, "It's a warm night tonight," as an explanation. But Shane and I have tee-shirts stuck in our back pockets, just in case, and we pull them out and pull them on. The social chair seems both disappointed and relieved as our chests disappear under the fabric. I caught his expression though--in the door less than five minutes, and I have my mark. Shane has seen his expression too, and we exchange a knowing glance.

Near the end of the hall, we run into my cousin Roy, and he and I say hello to each other. I haven't seen Roy in a year or two, and I notice what a good-looking man he's growing into. He's a sophomore, so Doc is going to have plenty of time to train him before he graduates. I ask Roy how my buddy Van is doing--Van and I haven't hung out much since we came to college because we pledged different frats, and my filters started keeping me focused on studying, the team, the frat, and some things Doc wanted to work on. Ray says Van is fine and I should stop by and say hey

to him before I go.

But Shane and I are there for a reason, so I have to catch up with the others. "Where's your pledgemaster?" I ask as we gather around the chairs and the president shuts the door.

"He's not here," says the social chair flatly. His tight smile could be a smirk. He's probably thinking we're dumb jocks who don't have the brain power to notice the Sigma pledgemaster isn't there. What my brainpower is thinking is, *Since it's so easy to study thanks to my filters, I have 3.95 grade point average--I'll put that up against your 2.6 any day, Mr. Checkbook.* But my filters are already dissipating my anger.

Okay, I'm looking forward to deflating that arrogant bastard's ego. All of his daddy's money won't be enough to buy him a clue in time.

"Uhm ... He has a paper due tomorrow," the president says, scowling at the social chairman, "so he said to say he's sorry he has to miss the meeting." Well, at least one of them has manners. Doc wouldn't like this though. He had sent us there to target the Sigma Nu leaders: the president, social chair, and pledgemaster. Two out of three would have to do. For now.

So we start talking about the upcoming project. Everything's pretty simple, and I can do this with only part of my mind. The rest of my head is focused on the Sigma Nu boys--watching the way they move, reading their reactions. I start copying some of their gestures. The social chair shifts a little, and I shift a little. He tilts his head, and I tilt my head. Shane has the president covered and is mimicking his moves. Doc says this is called "establishing a physical rapport." It's the first step.

The social chair doesn't have a clue what is going on, but his body knows. I think he's getting turned on. Every time he looks over at me,

I'm be looking at him and grinning. He is starting to shift uncomfortably, like he has a hard-on in those expensive jeans or something.

Mr. Social Chair's name is Ash. Even his name is pretentious. I can't deny he is attractive, though. That's probably part of why Doc is having us target the Sigma Nus. I'd put Ash at twenty or twenty-one--he's a Junior, I think. His expensive clothes hint at an excellent body underneath--his ass had looked especially nice when I'd scoped it earlier. Just a bit under six feet tall. He is a very handsome man. Loose, dark-blond hair and dark brown eyes--those eyes are his best feature. I'm looking forward to seeing them droop and close.

"Be right back. I need to take a wicked piss," Ash says, getting out of his chair.

"Me too," I say, standing. "Can you show me where your bathroom is?"

Ash scowls a little, like he isn't too happy about it, but he says, "Sure. This way."

He leads me down the hall to the bathroom. It offers three urinals and two toilet stalls and a shower area divided into semi-private booths. This will do.

He stands in front of the urinal on the far end. I could take the one at the opposite end, but instead I stride up to the one in the middle, right next to him, like I own the place.

I'm not wearing underwear--none of us at the frat do unless it's a jockstrap at practice, so I just have to unzip and then I'm pulling out my half-hard cock. He starts to glance at my cock but instead he looks up at me, sees me grinning at him, and glances away quickly. But not before I

catch that little quiver to his lower lip, like he wants to lick it. Yeah--he probably doesn't even realize he did that.

Ash blushes when he realizes I'm the only one peeing. I guess he can't pee with a hard-on. He shuffles, and he shifts his eyes to see if I've noticed, and I give him a wink as I shake off the last drops of my pee, tuck my meat back in my pants, and zip up. The wink does it. Ash blushes darker and tries to push past me in a huff.

"Hey, hey, hey," I coo, pushing him back against the wall and holding him there with the palm of my left hand still on his collar bone. I crowd in on him, standing close, invading his personal space, but grinning, always grinning.

"What the--what're you doing?" Ash snarls. "What *the fuck* are you doing?" But I notice he isn't trying to push me away.

"I'm going to hypnotize you," I say, still smiling.

"Hypna-- What?" he says, eyes widening like he's never heard the word before.

"I'm going to hypnotize you," I repeat. "In fact, I've already begun. It's called 'the handshake method,' and you might find it very hard to resist."

Ash stammers, "Hu-*huh*?"

"It works like this," I says. "Shake hands with me." With my left hand still pressing him lightly back against the wall, I reach for his right hand with mine. His right hand comes up uncertainly to meet mine, and we shake. But instead of letting go, I run my hand along his and hold his wrist between my thumb and forefinger. He tries to pull his hand away, but he can't pull it far with the wall at his back.

He is staring at my hand on his wrist, probably wondering what I'm up to. See, Doc taught me the secret is to create a sense of waiting, a sense of expecting something to happen.

"See? You're already falling into hypnosis. Nearly there." I stare him right in the eye. I give his hand a little tug upward, then a little push downward. "Three. Two. One. Sleep now." I give his hand a sharp jerk downward and forward. "Deeply hypnotized. Sleep now."

His body sags forward against my shoulder. His head rolls loosely. Eyes closed. Doc trained me well. Ash never stood a chance.

I guide Ash through a little exercise that deepens his trance. His hand rises when I ask him to feel it getting lighter, lighter than air. His breathing slows even further. Deeply entranced. I have to admit: asleep, with his arms hanging limp at his sides and his eyes barely flickering in dreams under his locked-down eyelids, he is beautiful.

I draw him away from the wall and into one of the toilet stalls for some privacy, and I push the door shut behind us. I prop him up against the wall again for support and brush my hand into his crotch. There's a lump there already. Some guys get really aroused when they get relaxed and sleepy--apparently Ash is one of them, because he doesn't need any urging from me. I knead that lump gently, feeling it harden and lengthen, while I slip the initial set of suggestions Doc has laid out into his subconscious.

He resists a little, shaking his head a little when I ask if he agrees with some of the suggestions. I enjoy a challenge. Time for a more ... "seductive" approach. I unbuckle his belt, unzip him, and unbutton his jeans. Under his underwear is a thick five-inch cock. Uncut. Ramrod hard. I stroke it for him, slowly, gently, slowly, gently, as I keep

whispering the suggestions into his mind, reinforcing them, making sure he understands just who is making him feel so good, and why, and just what he needs to do so that I'll make him feel this good again really soon. His blissful half-smile tells me the suggestions are taking hold now--he isn't fighting any longer. I can't resist unbuttoning his shirt and getting a good look at his chest. Very nice. Tight abs. Well-shaped pecs. Not a hair on him above the navel. Large, dark nipples, oblong.

I tease his cock with my fingertips. He is close to cumming. He is ready. I make sure to anchor him to this very relaxed, horny feeling, to make it easy for him to return to his trance. Then I tell him to cum.

His orgasm hits him like a seizure. In spite of how relaxed he is, his body jerks and spasms. His load shoots out and hits the opposite wall with a loud "Splat!" Okay, finally, I'm impressed.

Ash sleepwalks behind me back to the room, docile as a puppy dog, not a trace of arrogance to him now. A little trance work and a strong orgasm will do that to a guy. I've gotten his pants closed back, and if anyone happens to see us, only two things would reveal that Ash isn't ... exactly himself. One that dazed "trance" look in his half-open eyes. The other is that Ash has his shirt off. It seems only fitting after the static he gave Shane and I when we arrived. Plus, if things go as planned, there will be a lot more guys hanging around the Sigma house shirtless really soon.

I open the door quietly--don't want to disturb what is probably in progress.

The Sigma Nu president, Ryan, is slouched in his chair, head lolled back, eyes closed, mouth hanging open. Shane is whispering the suggestions to him. He glances up at me when I lead Ash in, and we exchange quick smiles of success without Shane missing a beat.



I settle in to watch. Shane is nearly as good as me, and he has Ryan in the palm of his hand. Ryan's shirt is open, revealing a muscular chest dusted with brown hair. His pants are open too, and he is slowly stroking his seven-inch cock.

"You can cum now," Shane tells him. "You're doing beautifully. Cum when you're ready."

And Ryan gives a groan, and he begins to shoot, spurt after spurt, across his chest and stomach.

From behind me: "What the *fuck!*"

I turn to face the incredulous new voice. In the doorway stands my friend Van, his eyes bugged out and his jaw dropped. "I--I came by to say hello ... Jesus Christ! What the *fuck* is going *on* in here?"

Behind him, Roy is craning his head over Van's shoulder, trying to get a good look.

Sometimes I don't even have to think.

I grab Van and Roy and pull them inside, kicking the door shut.

I push Van up against the wall, and Shane, rushing around the table, grabs Roy by his tee-shirt and pushes him up against the door. He manages to lock it too--good man!

Okay. I need to keep Van disoriented and keep control of the situation. Confusion induction.

"You may think you know what's going on here. You're a smart guy, aren't you? I know how difficult it can be for someone with your

intelligence to recognize that it will be a pleasant change for me to work with you instead of someone who just came in *here* like your friends *there*."

"Huh--?" Van begins.

But Shane cuts him off, following my lead: "And even they, with their eyes closed, can be so small minded, always appearing mad at the world and never giving a moment for themselves ... to *relax*."

"Those are the ones who just feel that they have no need at all to listen to what is said or not said."

"Putting in values that have no place *here*, no value *there*."

"They refuse to learn anything that will help them to see the world in a different light and be *comfortable* too."

"It's so *comforting* too, to know that you have ability to use your mind in that way."

To learn and to accept that it can be such a *relaxing* experience."

"To allow that drifting into a trance to occur, without concerning yourself."

"As you try to be aware of al that is said, the exact meaning of all the words."

"And of all those events that occur in your own thoughts."

"You can know too that you can choose."

"To forge to choose to pay that attention to all that happens."

"Here, in your experience or not. There, or what changes or stays the same."

"And what about that man who had something to do?"

"He knew he was told the right way to go."

"Keep to the left for the first part."

"That's right."

"So easy at first. Then right."

"That's right."

"Not the left because what is right is to take a right."

"Then what is left cannot be right, until the turn that is next that is left."

"The turn to the left that will be right takes him straight to the next turn that is right."

"And if that turn is right, then he would be turning left onto the right route."

"And then all that is left is to *relax*."

"It really can seem to be too much effort at times to be so concerned about what is right."

"That can best be left to those who need to know that which may turn out to be that."

"Or if not, to *relax* and begin to recognize that you really don't know what is no here and yes there."

"Where to go."

"To where you can let go and allow those things to occur in their own time."

"And you know there is nothing that you need to do or not do."

"You can be totally *relaxed* and *comfortable*."

"As you recognize that what I say can mean so many different things."

"It can be so easy to accept all those things and to be completely *comfortable* and *relaxed* with all that is so right."

"And be left with that train of thought that could allow you to stay on track."

"And recognize that too was not worth the effort, that it takes so much effort to try to remember so many things."

"And to understand there's *no need* to understand."

"The conscious of your mind can do anything, go any place it wants, without any need for you to be so concerned that your subconscious is concerned."

"To hear all that is important to you, as you continue to listen to my voice."

"And my voice that drifts down with you now, into that calm drifting"

"Calm drifting of thoughts and of experience too."

"That can go so slowly or so quickly now."

"As that relaxation inside you grows more and more."

"As you can allow the subconscious part of your mind to take part in guiding your thoughts and your experience into the quiet calmness that follows."

"When dreams can be turning within."

"As the wheel turns, and the world turns."

"All on its own."

"Nothing at all for you to do or be concerned with as you drift effortlessly down into that drifting place where nothing is left except what is right for you."

"To where your own inner mind waits too with the comfortable peace you get yours and those things needed too."

"As you sleep now."

"Sleep."

We take them deeper, as their expressions go steadily slack, eyes locked shut, heads drooping limply from their necks.

Once we get them locked into nice, deep trance states, we start reciting Doc's suggestions into their heads.

And we can play a little. Shane is stroking my cousin Roy's body, and I

have to admit he has a nice one. At nineteen, he is beginning to fill out. Slim build like a runner. His face is still boyish, and his long lashes accentuates the shape of his slumbering eyes. Brown hair, still sun-bleached nearly the color of sand.

Van is a natural blond. I remember his body from high school. We had been on the swim team together, though he isn't on the college team. I think he keeps fit by hitting the gym and doing lots of dirt-biking on weekends. It shows. His body is more muscular than before.

I have an idea itching in the back of my head. I said that I'd been a virgin with guys before I joined the frat, and that is true. But that doesn't mean all my friends in high school were virgins. This one time, at a party at a friend's house, I'd been looking around something, when I heard some noises coming out of the laundry room. I peeked through a crack in the door, and I saw Van on his knees giving a blowjob to some guy. Man, that about floored me! I never said anything about it to Van, but I was getting this idea.

Relaxation leads to arousal. They are very relaxed, and now they are becoming very aroused.

I let Shane take over--he likes to order cute guys around.

Van's shirt comes off. Wow, has he gotten muscular in the last couple of years! That sprinkling of blond hair across his chest has gotten a little thicker as well.

Roy's shirt comes off too, revealing a smooth chest just now turning into a man's, wiry and sleek. His jeans slide down around his ankles. Black boxer-briefs. When he eases the boxers down, his sleek six-inch cock springs free, like a happy puppy, throbbing for attention. His torso stays slumped against the wall for support.

Van kneels before Roy. When Van unzips his pants, he exposes a sword about eight inches long--thick and uncircumcised too, with an upward curve. At Shane's suggestion, Van starts to jack himself off. Van isn't fighting the suggestions at all--if anything, Shane seems to be holding him back.

Van opens his mouth, and his tongue darts out to lick at the tip of Roy's cock. He kisses Roy's rod and pushes his mouth forward, taking it deep. Van sure knows how to give a blowjob, and he is making Roy's abs ripple from the sensations running through his body. Van has one hand fisting his own cock and his other hand tugging gently on Roy's balls. Roy just continues leaning limply against the wall; little moans and whimpers slithering out from someplace deep in his throat.

"Oh, yeah," Shane encourages them. "Suck his cock! That's right. Suck it. So sweet!"

Van knows his way around a cock. He slides his mouth up and down along Roy's shaft in long, even strokes, always ending with his nose stuffed in Roy's bush.

"Roy, you can cum any time you're ready," Shane says, his own voice husky with lust. I'm betting Shane needs to get off too, but we have to stay focused.

Roy groans comfortably, and his body convulses. His cock is buried in Van's throat, and that's where he shoots his load. Some of it escapes from Van's mouth and rolls down his chin.

My cock is so painfully hard inside my pants. I massage it a little, and it sends warm, happy sensations running through me. Shane glance over at what I'm doing to myself and grins.

Shane says, "Okay, Van. Your turn. Cum for me, stud."

Van is dripping sweat. His hand pumps at his cock harder and faster. His torso rocks like a twig in a storm. His load spits out, long ropey strands, as his balls empty themselves. His body trembles while his orgasm sings through him, and as it passes, he begins to sag back into his deeply relaxed state.

Shane and I grin at each other. "You want some of this?" Shane says, caressing Van's drowsy head.

I bite my bottom lip. We're supposed to stay focused. But I'm so horny, so fucking horny. I look up at Shane. I know he won't tell Doc. I nod.

We aren't supposed to relax each other--the Inner Circle is only supposed to do it to the rest of the guys. Shane is fighting against that rule a little in his head. But he reaches out and his hand covers my face, drawing my eyelids down, and he says, "Sleep now," and that's my key to close my eyes, relax completely, let my filters take over, and just sink down, deeper, even deeper.

When I open my eyes again, I am completely naked. I'm hard and positioned in front of kneeling Van, with one of my hands back against the wall to steady me and the other curled around the back of his head. Van has his pants clumped down around his ankles, naked from the knees up. He has one hand on my thigh and the other around the base of my cock to steady it as he attacked it with his mouth, like a dream come true. He is slobbering and sucking and drooling and licked at my meat, intense as a tropical storm, like maybe he does this all the time. Swallowing me down like he really wants to, trying to make me part of him forever. Nibbling and teasing and drool and sucking my dick so sweetly, working his mouth up and down the shaft, then his tongue



flickering around the head, kissing it, worshipping it. It feels so damn good. I'm so relaxed and empty of everything except how damn good Van is making my meat feel.

"Cum now," Shane says quietly, and the word rages through me, and my cock turns to white fire, and I'm blasting the sweetest, most intense load deep into Van's throat, so much pleasure burning through me, swirling me up and carrying me down deeper, and deeper.

Shane takes care of getting everyone dressed and closing up shop there. He doesn't snap me out of it--he is going to let me wake up naturally, gradually, as we walk back to our frat house.

Yeah, Doc will be pleased--he sent us to start by assimilating three Sigma Nus, and we acquired four. That will give us a good foothold for merging them into Doc's growing ranks.

From what I'd seen, as long as Doc keeps providing the orgasms, the Sigmas wouldn't mind the changes Doc is going to make. No, not at all. And me, I'm looking forward to getting another shot at Van and Roy myself, once they are fully assimilated.

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