

# Outside

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

Synopsis: A fraternity pledge and his big brother go on a camping trip to bond.

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 are 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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Anthony was not looking forward to this--no, not at all. Just the previous weekend he and five other freshmen had pledged the Gamma Upsilon fraternity; and now he had to spend this whole upcoming weekend on some camping trip with one of the older brothers? What the heck would a black city-boy like Anthony be doing out in the middle of nowhere? Just the two of them? *Fuck that shit*, Anthony thought, then scolded himself because his parent always said cursing was low-class and swatted him when he did.

*Mandatory*, the pledge-master had told them. The new pledges would each be assigned to a brother and they would head out for a weekend of one-on-one camping and bonding. *Or you can just de-pledge now and save us all the hassle*, the pledge-master added helpfully. Well, to heck with that idea too, because Anthony was no quitter, and he really wanted to join Gamma Upsilon. How bad could the weekend be, he decided with a sigh, aiming to put aside his complaints and tough it out. Besides, it was only a weekend. How bad could it be, right?

Then Anthony learned he had been assigned to Buck, a dirty-blond white boy who seemed like a Texas-drawling shit-kicker, the kind of guy his parents would definitely call low-class. Anthony had barely met him before pledging, knew little about him, other than Buck was a junior and the other brothers all seemed to like

him.

Anthony's parents had impressed on him from childhood onward that he must always be respectable. He had to always be smart, well-behaved, well-spoken, avoid cursing; always be *Anthony*, not *Tony*. Always strive to be your best self, they constantly told him, and never ever be low-class. If anything, he thought their emphasis on social betterment had made him a little too serious, knew some people considered him stuck-up. He had come to college to study hard and turn good grades into a career as an engineer. He knew he could handle the academic part. He played sports in high school, mostly because his parents insisted, and he liked the body athletics gave him, but his time competing never felt like him. He felt more at home and more himself in the locker room. He liked the comradery of the team more than the sports themselves. He wanted everything in his life to be like that team experience--wanted to be living in a house full of other guys, supporting each other, watching one another's backs. Fraternities pitched themselves as academic and social supports: important networks, lifelong friendships. Perhaps joining a fraternity would bring him out of himself, help him loosen up and improve his people skills, help him round out his college experience to include more than just academics? He had chosen Gamma Upsilon because the fraternity has a mix of guys, not just white guys looking for a token black member, but a good number of black guys like him too. When he heard about the camping weekend, Anthony hoped one of the black brothers would be assigned to him. Maybe the weekend would be their chance to relax, and Anthony could quiz him about what life in the fraternity was *really* like. Maybe he would give Anthony the secret of how to go from pledge to full brother.

But now he was assigned to a drawling, shit-kicker white brother? Anthony's mood sank.

Still, Buck seemed cool-ish when they met briefly, and his emailed instructions were simple enough:

1. Pack light.
2. Wear proper shoes for hiking--a lot of hiking.
3. Anything electronic, leave it in his dorm room.
4. Spend Thursday night at the fraternity house; plan to leave early Friday morning.

No problem, Anthony decided.

So Thursday night he arrived at the house with a backpack loaded with enough clothes to last until their return Monday morning, a backpack which Buck promptly confiscated, promising to merge Anthony's stuff into the packs of supplies Buck had already put together and had waiting.

Anthony found himself bedding down in one of the narrow dormitory-style beds in the basement room where the pledges were allowed to sleep, spending a long time in the darkness trying to get comfortable on a mattress that he decided was designed by Torquemada himself, judging from the way it seemed to form new lumps every time Anthony shifted. *Fuck this shit*, Anthony swore for the hundredth time, deciding this time the curse-word was warranted, reminding himself this was just for one night, right?

Finally he managed to get comfortable. Most of the other pledges seemed to be asleep by then, either deep-breathing or snoring softly in the windowless darkness. Anthony felt himself just starting to doze--

--And then he felt something nudge his foot through the thin sheet. He ignored it, craving more sleep. A nudge to his arm. Ignored that too, grumpily shifting a little.

Then a light hit his face, and something nudged his nose. He opened his eyes to see the toe of a hiking boot an inch away. *What the hell!* Anthony flinched his head back and officially woke up.

Buck towered over him, grinning, cell phone in flashlight mode. "Haul your lazy butt outta bed, pledge," he whisper-drawled, "and get your ass dressed. Time fer us to hit the highway."

Anthony pulled himself off the bed--had he slept more than a few hours?--and by the weak light of Buck's phone, hoping his morning wood was not obvious, Anthony pulled his T-shirt and shorts over the boxer-

briefs he had slept in. He tugged on his socks and tied on the athletic trainers that Buck had begrudgingly approved as hiking footwear the night before. Anthony's response to that had been a silent *screw you*, since those were the shoes he wore for long runs, and he knew they would do. Obviously nothing Anthony did would be suitable, so he decided he would have to try extra-hard to follow Buck's instructions and prove himself worthy.

Anthony followed the older brother to the front of the house. "Packs are already loaded in my truck," Buck informed Anthony at the door. "Oh, one more thing. Hand it over."

Anthony, half-awake, muttered, "Hand what over?"

"Your phone. Rules said leave it behind, and I don't think for a minute you really ..."

Anthony huffed out a sigh of exasperation as he extracted his phone from the shorts pocket that he had hoped was hidden by his T-shirt hem. He always felt naked without his phone and disliked not having it handy.

Buck plucked the phone from Anthony's grasp. "Thought so, pledge. You can have this back after the weekend."

And so they headed out in Buck's truck. After a stop through a drive-in window to order breakfast biscuits and coffee ("Decaff only," Buck declared; "Caffeine's poison, and I ain't lettin' you put none'a that stuff in your body this weekend"), they headed onto the expressway and toward the mountains.

This, Anthony decided as he munched a bite of his egg-and-cheese biscuit, was going to be a long weekend indeed.

Music? Nope. "Don't like nothing distracting me while I'm driving," Buck stated.

Conversation? Anthony tried asking a few questions about the fraternity, the pledging process, and Buck himself, since the stated purpose of this weekend torture was for them to get to know one another. But Buck also vetoed conversation with one-word answers and finally a dismissive tone: "Ain't much of a talker."

Anthony sighed his frustration again, taking the unsubtle hint; he was about to decide this drawling shit-kicker was an asshole, but he told himself to keep an open mind--too soon decide that he disliked Buck. They still had a long weekend to get through together, after all, and they would have to get along as brothers once Anthony was initiated into the fraternity, so he hoped these early impressions would not taint his relationship with Buck once they had gotten to know each other. Maybe they had been paired for a reason? A reason other than someone's pure sadism, Anthony hoped. He patted his pocket for his phone, then remembered that Buck had taken it--and left it back at the house, so no hope of begging for it back. Finally, after watching miles of trees and a whole lot of nothing whizz by the truck windows, Anthony crossed his arms over his chest, leaned into the corner where his seat met the door. He always found sleeping in a moving vehicle to be easy, the way the road just seemed to rush repetitiously by, and the way the road-vibrations seemed to relax his body and lull his thoughts. The fraternity brothers had kept him and his fellow pledges up late last night, he had slept badly on that lumpy mattress, and maybe, he decided, he should settle in and nap and catch up on some of his missed sleep.

The monotony of the road and the vibrations were already doing their work; he was starting to doze and having trouble keeping his eyes open. And if he heard Buck speaking, well, *Too late to get chatty now, asshole*, Anthony thought, squirming a little to settle deeper into the corner.

What Buck was saying made no sense anyway. Something about *pick a spot and stare at it*, something about *eyelids getting heavier and heavier*. Buck said something about *maybe soon you'll blink*, Anthony blinked, and Buck said something about *see, you're a good boy and doin' fine*.

And if Buck was saying some horse-poop about *you want to close your eyes because you're very, very tired and sleepy*, well, Anthony could ignore that because Buck was just stating the obvious. Anthony considered keeping his eyes open, just to spite Buck, but the road--vibrations--so hard to keep his eyes from closing. The older brother was right about one thing: *Fightin' it just tires you out faster, makes you sleepier*. When Buck said something about *you're gonna gently close your eyes*, Anthony knew he was right and let his eyes close completely.

Buck continued talking about how *gettin' more relaxed, sleeping deeper, arms and legs so heavy*, and Anthony knew he was falling asleep, and it felt good. Buck's voice came from farther and farther away, telling Anthony *relaxed* and *sleep* and *floating* and *deeper*. Anthony felt himself--

The truck braked to a stop.

"Rise and shine, Sleepin' Beauty!" Buck declared. "Now we start hikin'. Let's get a move on!"

Anthony blinked at the forest outside the windshield. Trees, trees, and more trees, still green with early fall lushness, too soon for the leaves to be changing color. Anthony squinted as the bright sunlight stung his eyes.

Buck was already bounding out of the truck and reaching into the back for their packs. Anthony stretched and stepped out of the cab. He felt, he decided, oddly rested, like he had slept for days instead of a couple of hours. He felt great.

Anthony stretched again and yawned. He looked around. He had grown up in a big city, and he had been camping exactly twice before, both times when he was eight years old with his grandfather. Now, ten years later, Anthony's world had completely changed: he was starting college, pledging a fraternity, and about to spend a long weekend in the middle of tree-filled nowhere with a drawling shit-kicker white boy who would soon be his fraternity brother and was probably an asshole.

Maybe this weekend would be tolerable if--

"Yo, pledge! You gonna pull your thumb outta your ass and help me with this gear, or what?"

*Sigh.*

###

Anthony could count on one hand the number of times he had seen this many trees in one place before. They were everywhere. Sometimes the trail led through the forest, and sometimes through open spaces where the mid-morning sun blazed down at them, but always trees and more trees.

The large backpacks were heavier that Anthony expected, but in high school he had run track and played baseball. Track gave him a fine ass and strong legs to handle the hike. Baseball gave him the shoulders, back, and chest to bear the pack. The overbearing sun, though, and the brisk pace that Buck set made the hike punishing. Anthony resolved not to complain--he would show Buck that he could take everything the fraternity brother could do to him, take it like a man and without protest. Anthony promised himself to give Buck neither the satisfaction nor the opportunity to make a sarcastic *suck it up, pledge* comment.

Still, Anthony was pleased when Buck decided to stop after about an hour and a half for a brief rest and a drink of water. They slung off their backpacks and sat in the shade of some monstrosity of bark and leaves and limbs that Anthony thought was probably an oak, though Buck announced it to be a mulberry--cooling shade, whatever kind of tree it was, and that was all Anthony cared about. Tiny flying insects buzzed around them, attracted to their sweat, some sort of gnat, just a nuisance easily shooed away.

And if Buck was going to keep playing Mister Not-A-Word, other than saying *Let's sit a spell* or *Here, wet your whistle* when he pulled a bottle of water from one of the packs and passed it to Anthony, then fine, Anthony wouldn't say anything more than *Okay* and *Thanks*. If this weekend trip was intended for them to get to know each other, Anthony decided with a scowl, it was off to a lousy start.

When, after too short a while, Buck stood up, Anthony knew their break was over. Buck peeled off his sweat-drenched A-shirt, tucked it in the back of his jeans. Anthony did a quick corner-of-his-eye assessment of Buck's torso, checking him out without letting on that he was doing so. Wide shoulders. Arms worth showing off. Muscular, gym-sculpted chest, dusted with trimmed hair. Flat stomach. Anthony had decided Buck was good-looking when they first met, the kind of dirty-blond, likeable, easy-smiling guy who was popular almost by default; but now, seeing Buck shirtless and sweaty, he upgraded his assessment: Yeah, Anthony decided, Buck was *hot*.

Yes, well, Anthony thought himself to be decent-looking too, and he could play that game too. Being shirtless sounded like a good way to deal with this damned heat, so Anthony started to wriggle out of his own T-shirt. If Buck was trying to intimidate him by showing off his muscles and chest hair, well, Anthony would show Buck that his own smooth body was just as good, just as hot, if in a more runner-slim way. He tucked part of his T-shirt in the back of his shorts.

Wait--Did he just catch Buck checking out his torso, maybe his crotch too, with a quick glance? Had Buck caught Anthony doing the same thing to him just moments before? Anthony looked away, fearing himself to be blushing. Maybe Buck would think the heat was to blame.

"Halfway there," Buck said with a smirk. Anthony was so surprised by this comparative chattiness that he responded with a bland grunt. He would have to worry about Buck's new *hot* designation later, because right now the take-charge shit-kicker seemed back in *asshole* mode. They switched backpacks, and Anthony was surprised to note this one was a little lighter; probably contained their tent, clothes and lightweight stuff, while the first one had their food and such, perhaps? Whatever, Anthony was pleased to have a lighter load--and he noted that Buck had not stuck him with the heavier pack for the entire hike. Swapping at the halfway point seemed fair, not at all what Anthony would have expected from this asshole.

They hiked on, and the day grew hotter as noon approached, then passed. The sun seemed even more brutal. At least the feel of what little breeze happened by on his bare chest helped relieve the heat a little. By now, the novelty of trees and clearings had worn off, and all this hiking seemed to Anthony, well, tedious as heck. He tried again to make conversation with Buck as he followed the older man up the inclined trail, but Buck shut him down with, "No talking, pledge. Just breathe deep and enjoy all this fresh air."

So they trudged on in silence, and the relentless green-green-green of everything got boring. Anthony didn't know enough about what he was seeing to tell what kind of bird was singing now as opposed to five minutes ago, or what kind of tree they were passing, or what kind of insect he was brushing away. Yeah, he could already tell this was going to be the longest weekend of his life.

Still, at least this trip would be a break from all the humiliating *prove yourselves worthy* challenges and abusive crap the brothers had put the pledges through during the last week. Anthony had almost immediately gotten tired of hose-downs in the yard to get rid of coatings of mud, or showering bits of leftover eggshell out of his hair, or--

Wait. Were there wild animals to worry about out here in the middle of nowhere? Snakes? Poison ivy, or poison oak?--Anthony was unsure of the difference. Ticks? Anthony wasn't even sure how big a tick was, or whether he would identify a swarm of them flying at him out of the woods. Buck seemed to know what he was doing. Surely Buck would tell him what to do if they found themselves in a risky situation? Anthony would just have to trust him. Anthony could just follow the other man's lead and let him worry about the

warnings and dangers. That was why Buck was there, right? And if Buck was doing the looking-out for them, Anthony could just trust the man and let his mind wander, just like when he had been running long distances with his track teammates back in the big-city high school or running laps for baseball training. Let his mind wander where it wanted, maybe daydream about random shit as he tromped along behind Buck. Hell, he had little else to do during all this walking except daydream.

And if Buck murmured something about *like dreamin'* and things Anthony *won't even consciously notice*, well, that wasn't worth interrupting his daydream, was it? Half the things Buck was saying made no sense, such as *imagine yourself walkin' along a path that leads down, down, deeper* because obviously the path they were following led up the mountainside. And when Buck said *the heat makes you feel relaxed and heavy*, well, way to state the obvious--and *one foot in front of the other, so relaxin'--thoughts so relaxed and heavy* too, and *relax and feel them slip away, and deeper--*

--"Two, one, wide awake," Buck was saying. "Look alive, pledge. We're here."

"Huh? What?" Anthony blinked and looked around. *Here* was a clearing in the forest. The spot seemed peaceful enough, but it looked pretty much like half the others they had passed through on the hike up the mountain, maybe wider than some, smaller than others. So why stop here?

"This here's where we'll set up camp," Buck clarified as he tilt-and-pushed the backpack off his shoulders. He opened a pack flap and pulled out a bottle of water and what Anthony guessed were tent rods. "Well, don't just stand there like some greenhorn, pledge. Or were you plannin' on puttin' the tent up with your backpack still on?"

And just the one tent? Anthony had not been expecting that. He had assumed they would sleep in separate tents--but at least this one seemed large enough to share. Unless Buck decided to be an ass and made Anthony sleep outside, exposed to the night air and weather and any wild animals that happened by?--No, no way Buck would do that, right? Right?

Anthony surveyed the collection of different-sized poles. Which ones went where? Maybe if he spread out the tent, he could get a sense of its shape and figure it out. "You're not going to help me, are you?"

Buck, leaning back against the tree trunk, hands tucked behind his head in a position that was both casual and a great way to showcase his chest and lats, slowly smiled and drawled, "Naaaw. That's one'a the rules. Pledges gotta set everything up. Besides, you're the smart guy that wants to be a hotshot engineer someday--you'll figger it out. I'm just here to supervise ... and make sure you don't get eaten by no pack of raccoons."

"Raccoons?" Anthony froze, running through his limited knowledge of raccoon facts, most of which were culled from television shows and *Guardians of the Galaxy* movies he had seen. Ringed tails. Masked faces. Raided trash cans. Sometimes rabid. But how big were they?--Big enough to eat a full-sized man? No, they were more like dog-sized, weren't they? Anthony shook his head, realizing Buck was teasing him again. "Asshole," Anthony muttered quietly.

"Hey, that's 'Mister Asshole Sir,' pledge." Then they both laughed, which made Anthony feel better.

But the damned tent ...

"Double dog-fuck dammit!" Anthony barked as he nicked his thumb trying to rock-hammer the last stake in the unyielding ground. In the last ten minutes he had both thrown out his parents' *no swearing* rule and gotten inventive with his fully warranted cursing in ways that surprised him--because figuring out what went where and getting that blasted tent set up was more complex than he expected. What the heck kind of fraternity tradition was this? What the hell was the purpose of schlepping a pledge out into the middle of nowhere, dumping a tent at his feet, and then telling him to put it up? Without an instruction manual? Without his

phone to look up how-to videos online? Anthony sucked at the stinging part of his thumb and rolled his eyes in frustration.

"Weeell," came Buck's slower-than-usual drawn through the heavy afternoon heat, "that looks like a mighty ... uh ... okay job for a beginner, but ..."

Anthony rolled his eyes, resigning himself to a weekend in which nothing he did would be good enough. "But what?"

"But you kinda set it up on in a bad spot. The ground over there is so rocky we can't sleep there, and so hard you barely got those stakes in. First good breeze comes along will knock the whole thing over. Better take it down," Buck instructed as if it were the most obvious idea in the world, "and put it up over there where the ground's flatter and less rocky."

Anthony took a step back. "You couldn't have said something about that sooner?" He saw it now, the way the tent bent over a rise in the middle that would probably be uncomfortable to sleep on, and the stakes and guy ropes did look a little too limp. "Fuck me sideways," he swore to himself.

"Well, maybe later," Buck drawled with another grin, "if you say 'pretty-please' first."

Anthony ignored that remark. He forced himself to swallow his frustration and began taking down the poor results of his first effort.

After fifteen minutes of work and more cursing, Anthony had finally the tent reassembled on the other side of the clearing, where--Buck was right--the ground was flatter and less rocky, and the stakes went in easier. The set-up job was not perfect, but Buck judged that it seemed likely to hold for the night, which was good enough. And Anthony noted that the tent was larger than it first seemed, so they would at least have some room to move around inside. Overall, Anthony considered his second try a job well done.

But now that the immediate task was finished, his bladder called. "I gotta piss," Anthony announced and strode over a tree at the edge of the clearing.

"Nuh-uh," Buck warned, climbing easily to his feet. "Don't do that so close to where we're gonna be living. I ain't breathin' the stink of your piss all weekend long. Let's go down the path a ways."

Anthony was surprised that Buck followed him. Before, when they had been hiking, one or the other just stepped off the trail, unzipped, and released his urine on a tree or clump of weeds or whatever. But now, with a hundred trees around, why was Buck sidling up next to him, practically shoulder to shoulder? Probably just Buck messing with him again, Anthony decided, so he ignored his wariness; ignored Buck too.

Anthony unzipped his shorts, pushed down the front of his boxer-briefs, and pulled out his thick ebony-dark cock, darker than the rest of his skin, and aimed it at the tree trunk, keeping his eyes pointed carefully forward. He heard Buck unzip his jeans next to him. Anthony's full bladder took over, and--*Aaah!*--his piss stream began. Buck's too, playfully crossing and re-crossing Anthony's. Anthony fought the urge to smile, not wanting to give Buck the encouragement.

After a few moments, as his bladder was nearly empty, Anthony felt Buck's shoulder nudge his. He looked Buck in the eye. "What?"

"Mine's bigger," Buck said in a self-satisfied voice.

"Uh, what?"

"Thought you black guys was supposed to be super-hung, but mine's bigger." Buck nodded down at their crotches and grinned.

"That might be a racist thing to say, white boy."

"Sorry," Buck said, teasing, without sounding apologetic at all, "but don't you never look?"

Anthony laughed nervously and shook his head. "No, never," he said, which was a lie but he was not prepared to admit otherwise.

"Well, I do, all the time," Buck said. "And I don't mind if you do. Fair's fair, right?" He shook a last drop of piss off his cock, moved back half a step, turning his body, naked to his thighs, as if displaying himself and his cock to Anthony.

Anthony was actually curious. He had seen his track and baseball teammates naked often in the locker room and showers, but only in quick side-of-the-eye glances, too afraid he would be caught. He had never risked a long, direct look at them, but he knew he was larger than most of his occasional jack-off buddies back in high school and the men he saw in Internet porn. The girls he had fucked never seemed disappointed by his size. Now, since Buck was inviting him to look, Anthony looked--out of the corner of his eye at first, then more directly.

Buck stood facing Anthony, shirtless, jeans open, his body stripped from head to the top of his thighs. They were about the same height, similar builds. Anthony's eyes moved downward. Buck wore no underwear. In the parted front of his jeans: his dangling dick.

Maybe Buck did have a large cock, with a generous foreskin. But was it bigger than Anthony's? If anything, Buck's seemed to be about the same size as his own. Anthony asked himself yet again why penises fascinated him so. Flaccid, dicks were just pieces of soft, round skin and gristle. But hard, something about them seemed to contain a secret knowledge. Was Buck giving him an invitation to do more than look? And did Buck's dick just twitch?--Was it starting to plump a little toward hardness? What if Anthony gave in to his curiosity? What would he discover if he just reached for Buck's cock and--

"Caught you looking!" Buck teased, smiling slyly, and lightly punched Anthony's shoulder in a good-natured way.

"So what? You told me to," Anthony grinned back. "Or did you think I'd disobey a brother's order?"

Buck moved closer and grabbed Anthony's arm, voice husky. "If you did, I'd have to punish you."

"Just try," Anthony said, playfully shoving back.

As they mock-struggled, both laughing, Anthony felt hyper-aware of Buck's sweat-slicked chest bumping his, the strength of their arms grappling and sliding and pushing, familiar like old friends or teammates--and then, Buck's swinging exposed cock tapped against Anthony's, only for a second, but Anthony nervously pulled back. *Just two guys horsing around*, he barked at himself, scrambling to get his boxer-briefs back in place and his shorts fly closed. *It didn't mean anything.*

Buck seemed to pay no attention. "Come on," he said casually, re-zipping his jeans. "We gotta finish getting the camp set up."

Anthony followed Buck back to the tent, thinking, *Maybe he's not such an asshole after all.* Maybe this weekend would not be so bad.



###

Buck unfastened the rolled-up sleeping bags from the backpacks. "Think fast!" he called as he threw one bag at Anthony. Anthony caught it, tossed it into the tent, only to hear, "Think fast!" again as the second sleeping bag clipped the side of his head. Anthony turned and scowled, but Buck was grinning widely, and Anthony could not help grinning back too. Now that he was learning how to translate what Buck said and did into a free-spirited playfulness instead of asshole-ness, Anthony was feeling more comfortable around him.

Anthony's stomach grumbled. All he had eaten so far today was a breakfast biscuit and some water, and the hour was well into the late afternoon. "Hey, Buck," he said, "I'm getting hungry. Where's the food? What are we supposed to eat?"

Buck grinned again, which Anthony was discovering was his default expression. "Whatever we can catch."

"Catch?" Anthony imagined himself running through the woods in pursuit of a deer or rabbit. How fast could they run? How long would he have to pursue them? His time on the track team definitely did not prepare him for chasing down wildlife. And was he to kill them with his bare hands?--Snap their necks? The thought vaguely horrified him. "Uh, you mean we have to catch our own dinner? I'm not sure I can--"

"I expect you to try," Buck said, "or we're both goin' to bed hungry--which, I'm sayin' right now, will not make me happy. Unwrap that gear over there."

Anthony picked up the canvas-wrapped bundle Buck indicated and uncovered a pair of collapsed fishing rods. *Whew!* Realizing that Buck meant they would be catching fish instead of wild animals made Anthony sigh in relief. He had only been fishing once, on one of the camping trips with his grandfather ten years ago, but maybe this was an activity a city-boy like himself could muddle through without making too big a fool of himself.

"There's a creek"--Buck's drawl mauled the word into *crick*--"about five minutes away, due east." Anthony's confusion about which way was *due east* must have been obvious because Buck rolled his eyes, pointed past Anthony's shoulder, and said, "It's that way."

"Oh," Anthony replied, as he picked out a small side trail on that side of the clearing that seemed to lead in the right direction. But when he looked back at Buck, the question Anthony blurted out in shock was, "What the heck are you doing?"

Because Buck had his hiking boots and socks off and was working on dropping his pants. "I'm getting nekkid. What's it look like I'm doing?"

"Uh ... but why?"

"'Cause I want to. Ain't no one around fer miles, so why not? 'Sides, I like being nekkid. Didn't no one tell you this weekend was clothin'-optional? It's kinda traditional. You can get nekkid too, if you want." Buck tossed his jeans aside and stood there as if daring Anthony to look at him again. "Or not. Your choice, pledge. No pressure." Buck paused as if waiting for Anthony.

Anthony was tempted to strip down and call the older brother's bluff, in case this was some kind of dare. But finally he decided he was a still little too intimidated by being out there in the unfamiliar forest and by Buck himself. The last thing Anthony wanted was to be the butt of another fraternity joke. What if Buck whipped out a hidden cell phone and snapped photos of naked Anthony and sent them to all the fraternity brothers? He'd never live down the humiliation. But wait--*Don't be an idiot*, Anthony chastised himself. *He's naked; where's he going to pull out a phone from?* Still, in just his shorts and trainers, Anthony felt exposed enough already. "Uh, I'm fine, I guess."

Buck shrugged. "Suit yourself. Now, grab that gear and let's go see what we can catch for dinner."

Without waiting for Anthony, Buck set off down the eastbound path. Anthony followed, catching up quickly. All of these greens and browns, trees and leaves and underbrush, confused him; this was so different from the city world he understood, where nature was carefully landscaped or orderly like a park. Now and then Buck pointed at some plant and said its name, but Anthony just saw leaves and sticks, just like every other plant, and he wondered if Buck was just making this shit up as he went. Probably was, he decided, but he could not prove it.

The creek--or was it a small river?--a stream?--*Dammit, why must nature have so many different names for things?*--stretched some twelve or fifteen yards across here and moved slowly, lazily pulling at the banks and a half-fallen limb that dipped from overhead; the water widened as it passed downstream into a pond. On this side, trees shaded the bank, though the air remained oppressively hot and thick.

Buck assembled the rods and baited the hooks. Anthony nodded, vaguely remembering how his grandfather had taught him. Swing the rod forward, flick the wrist, and Anthony thought his first cast was decent enough. Buck seemed to think so too, and Anthony silently thanked his grandfather for the long-ago lessons.

The fish did not seem eager to bite, so Buck and Anthony settled on the bank, naked Buck lying half-sprawled, and Anthony sitting back against the trunk of a dead tree. Anthony made sure he looked anywhere except at Buck's bare ass.

The heat and humid air seemed to press down on Anthony, and after the hours of hiking and physical exertion, he felt himself begin to relax and nod, needing a nap. He settled the rod handle securely where he would feel a bite if a fish took the bait, and he closed his eyes and began to give in to the heaviness. He was beginning to doze, hovering on the edge of sleep, and if Buck was murmuring about *picture the deep water and maybe startin' to sink deeper into the water*, well, Anthony could ignore whatever that meant. He could also ignore Buck saying something about *sinkin' into the calm, peaceful depths and down, deeper down*, though that did sound nice. His fingers tingled, toes too, and seemed to twitch now and then, and that was okay, like Buck said; that meant he was *lettin' go* and giving himself permission to *sink into the depths*. He seemed to feel the *quiet, relaxin' depths* Buck was talking about, so soft and low, and he could imagine himself in the *dark, sleepy depths*. If Buck said something about *good job, keep breathin' deeply and touch you, adjust your position, help you sink deeper*, Anthony could understand that the light pressure on the back of his head was Buck's hand, adjusting, helping, and Anthony felt his cock throb a little in his shorts, and his entire body relaxed, as Buck guided his head forward toward his chest, where each breath helped him *sink deeper*, into the depths, into sleep, with the *calm, protective darkness* folded around him like a blanket, and he could sleep, let everything go dark, let everything go, go into *deep sleep* ...

--"One, and wake up," came Buck's voice. Anthony's eyelids drifted up. He blinked. He must have dozed off, because he was waking up now, and Buck was saying, "I think you got a bite on your line. Reel 'em in, bud."

Anthony sat up and grabbed the handle of his fishing rod, spun the reel a little to take up the slack in the line. Yes, he felt some resistance. He kept reeling.

Buck fist-bumped his shoulder. "You got one! Good job!"

Anthony grinned.

Pretty soon, he had landed in a fish that Buck called a *crappie*--"Them's good eatin'!"--and Buck pulled the collapsible mesh fish cage out of the edge of the water and pushed Anthony's crappie into it. Anthony saw two or three other fish already in the cage; he did not remember them, so Buck must have caught them while he was napping, maybe? And without waking him? Anthony was not usually that sound a sleeper, but maybe

things were different in the fresh air and the Great Outdoors?

Buck pushed the fish cage back into the water and announced. "I think we got enough. That's enough fishin' for one day. I don't know 'bout you, but I wanna get this sweat off me." He ran about ten yards down the bank, to where the pond bank rose, and he leaped with a yell: "Wah-hoo!" He hit the water with a loud splash and disappeared. He surfaced a few feet away, hollered, "Come on in, pledge!"

"Are you insane?" Anthony called. "You don't know what's in that water. There could be flesh-eating bacteria--or snakes--or leeches--or--" He stood on the bank near where Buck had leapt. Here the creek was wider, almost a small pond, and the edge of the ground rose about three feet above the translucent water. How deep was the water? *Depths* ... Something about depths ... Disorienting ...

"Hush your worryin' and jump in! You know how to swim, right?"

Wait, what? Had Buck asked him a question? Anthony blinked away the dizzy feeling. A question. Anthony had learned a long time ago--"Yeah, I can swim"--though he had not been swimming in years.

"Then, come on in! Feels great!"

Anthony assessed the water. Something about the idea of depths made him woozy. The water, was it deep enough for diving? Buck had jumped in, no problem. Confused. Dazed. Some lingering worry--what about--"You sure it's safe? What about snakes?"

"Snakes probly lit out when they heard us stompin' around. Now, stop bellyachin' and jump in! Or not, if you ain't got the guts. But I'll make sure all the brothers know if you pussy-out on me now."

Anthony blinked. Okay, washing off all this sweat would feel good, and if Buck said to ... Anthony bent to untie his trainers and hopped a little as he pulled off the right one and the sock under it, then repeated for his left one. Show Buck he was not a pussy. Show him. If Buck said ... Anthony blinked. He opened his shorts, letting the T-shirt that he had tucked in the back hours before flutter down. He stepped out of his shorts, smoothed the legs of his boxer-briefs, and shuffled closer to the edge of the bank.

"Nuh-uh, pledge!" scolded Buck. "Lose the under-shorts. Everything off!" Then his voice dropped, and Anthony had to strain to hear him. "Just let go. Take it off, and jump in, Little Brother."

Yes. Buck was his Big Brother, looking out for him, guiding him through the pledge process, helping him become a brother and a man. If Buck said so ... Wait, had the fraternity officially assigned big brothers to the pledges yet? No, stop worrying. Buck was his Big Brother, and if he said to do it--

Anthony snagged his thumbs in the elastic waistband and pushed his boxer-briefs to his ankles. He stumbled a bit, still a little disoriented, as he pulled his feet from his underwear and left the garment there on the ground. If his Big Brother said to ... Yes, prove he was not going to pussy-out ...

He stood naked at the edge of the bank and looked down at the water. *Depths* ... He looked out at Buck, treading water and grinning at him. *Big brother* ...

"C'mon, Little Bro, jump in."

Anthony jumped.

The stinging impact and cool water shocked him out of whatever had been clouding his thoughts, and he broke the surface and gasped in a lung-full of fresh air. "Fucking shit!" he hollered, the course language coming more naturally now. "It's fucking cold!"

"Sure is," Buck smirked from three feet away and closing. "But don't you feel better now?" He play-punched Anthony's arm. Anthony threw an easy punch back at Buck, practically in slow motion through the water, and soon they were grappling and whooping their laughter in the coolness of the shady creek.

Being nude with Buck felt strange. Several times, the brother's arm or hand or hip brushed against Anthony's cock, and sometimes Anthony's limbs brushed Buck's dick too. Anthony found he did not mind--the brief touches did not mean anything. He liked sharing this buddy-closeness with Buck. Sometimes, when he dove under the surface, breath held and eyes open, Anthony tried not to focus on Buck's large cock suspended in the water in front of him; but his eyes kept being drawn to it as he grabbed Buck around the waist and tried to upend him, or his hand would brush it as he levered for Buck's thigh.

After play-wrestling, they stopped, and treaded water a moment, catching their breath. Buck dipped below the surface. A moment later, Anthony felt a hand at his waist and he laughed, expecting the water-wrestling game was starting again. Then the hand glided along his balls and cupped them, and another wrapped around his floating cock. Anthony shock-froze and did not push the hands away. He felt his cock start to stiffen in response. This was more than casual, definitely meant something. What was Buck doing?--And what should Anthony do?

Now he tried to force the stroking hand away from his dick-shaft, but the hand would not release his near-hard. The sensation was incredible and Anthony gasped. In spite of his misgivings, he closed his eyes, let his cock continue to stiffen, and enjoyed the insistent motion of Buck's hand on his rigid meat.

If this were just some game, Buck was taking matters too far. Still, Anthony was too overwhelmed to try pushing him away again. If Buck kept this up, Anthony realized, he would cum soon.

The hands slipped away, and a moment later, Buck surfaced.

"What the fuck?" Anthony asked him.

"Just checkin'," Buck said, "to see if my pecker's still bigger when you're hard. That's okay, ain't it, Little Brother?"

Anthony paused. *Little Brother*. If his Big Brother wanted ... Anthony watched Buck carefully, not sure what to think about his Big Brother. He felt confusion, but also some sort of--what?--acceptance? He had been enjoying the playful wrestling with Buck, and some tiny part of his mind, growing louder, was telling him he wished they would go even further. "Yeah," Anthony surrendered quietly, "it's cool."

Buck swam for a place where the bank lowered to meet the water's edge. He strode out of the creek, called over his shoulder, "And fer the record, yeah, I still think mine's bigger."

Treading water near the middle and waiting for his erection to finish fading, Anthony ignored Buck's comment, because he had caught himself thinking that Buck sure had a nice ass and that he would sure like to--

He blinked. Where did that thought come from?

Still, Anthony soon joined him on the shore. He no longer thought of the fraternity brother Buck as an asshole; instead, he could not help liking Buck, with his over-the-top machismo and his unbridled enthusiasm. That Buck was hot certainly was a bonus, too.

"We better get back to the camp 'fore it gets too dark," Buck said. "We still got to gather some wood fer a fire ... unless you wanna eat those fish raw."

Anthony grunted his reply and reached for his boxer-briefs. As he started to step into them, he felt Buck's hand on his shoulder. "Nuh-uh, Little Brother. From here on out, we're both gonna be clothing-optional--one hundred percent nekkid. That's the rule, right?"

Anthony thought for a moment. Yeah, Buck had said that was a rule, and if his Big Brother said so ...

Anthony balled up his underwear into one fist and nodded happily. "Sure."

"Get your stuff together and hand it here," Buck said as he headed back to where they had left their catch and their gear. "You'll get it back when we head home."

###

As they wandered through the woods near the camp and gathered firewood--small sticks to get the fire started, thicker limbs to keep it burning--Anthony looked around him in wonder. He was naked in the forest with his Big Brother, carrying an armload of wood. He realized he might never experience something as awesome as this again, and he was grateful that Buck was giving a city-boy like him the chance to see it, experience it.

Now that he was naked and outdoors, Anthony found he was beginning to enjoy this new sense of--what, openness?--adventurousness?--freedom? He was not quite sure yet how to describe how he felt. Being naked outdoors, with no walls, where anyone could see, where nothing was hidden or subject to shame, was so different from being nude in a locker room with his teammates, where nakedness always had to have a purpose--a condition encountered on the way from street clothes to uniform, uniform to showers, showers to street clothes--and restrictive rules governed who could look, and how, and how long. Anthony liked the feeling of--maybe, he decided, *availability* was the right word, the sense of just being naked, no ulterior purpose, just if someone wanted to look, some curiosity needed to be satisfied, some knowledge of the body needed to be gained. Yes, Anthony understood, he liked this, and loosening the restrictions under which he had always lived definitely had some advantages. No wonder Buck had insisted on the clothing-optional rule.

In the gathering sunset with the shadows just beginning to deepen, already having to pick his barefooted way carefully, Anthony would have been lost, and getting lost in the woods did not sound like an enjoyable experience, so he followed Buck's paler skin carefully like a beacon. Doing this chore together allowed Anthony to look more openly at Buck's naked body. The fraternity brother, Anthony decided, was in amazing shape. Broad-muscled chest. Flat stomach. Buck obviously spent a lot of time in the gym and outdoors to keep himself in that kind of condition.

When Buck finally decided they had enough wood, they returned to the camp. Anthony was surprised to see their arc through had kept them less than twenty yards away from the clearing; he had thought they walked so much farther away. They threw their armloads of sticks and limbs into a pile beside the fire pit they had dug earlier.

Buck said, "Get the fire started. I'm gonna clean and gut our dinner." He pulled a large knife from a backpack and laid the first fish out on a stone.

"Seriously? How am I supposed to start a fire?" Anthony asked, exasperated. "By rubbing a couple of sticks together like some caveman?"

Buck grinned. "Naw. I ain't *that* sadistic. 'Sides, I'd probly starve waitin' fer a city-boy like you to start a fire the old-fashioned way." He pulled cigarette lighter from a backpack pocket and tossed it to Anthony. "Just don't expect things to be this easy every time."

Soon Anthony had the pile of twigs alight, and after that he had a few larger limb-pieces on the way to

making a blazing campfire for cooking the fish.

Later, their bellies full of the day's catch, Anthony burped his appreciation. After the long hike, setting up the camp, and everything else, he had worked up quite a hunger, and he had torn into the still-hot fish with gusto, nearly burning his fingers and tongue with the first bites. "I never knew anything could taste so fucking good." He nearly blushed--cursing was not like him and, growing up, his parents had always scolded him, and even with his track and baseball buddies Anthony had refrained, keeping his language polite and correct like his parents demanded. *Fucking repressed* one of his buddies had called it, but Anthony had ignored that insult. But here, naked around the fire with his Big Brother, maybe Anthony could relax, and maybe the occasional curse-word was allowed, right?

The sun had set long ago, and a sliver of moon bathed the trees with anemic light. The fire cracked and sent long shadows across the clearing. Anthony felt as if the world contained just Buck and himself. He leaned back on his elbows on the soft, mossy-grassy ground, basking in the fire heat on one side and the breeze cooling the other. *I'm sitting here naked, in the middle of nowhere, with some guy I barely know, he thought, and I'm really fucking enjoying myself.*

Buck finally seemed to be in a talkative mood, so if this weekend was about getting to know each other, Anthony decided, Buck seemed to have finally gotten around to that.

"Okay," Buck said, "where's the wildest place you've ever had sex?"

*What the--? So nosy! But then, Why not? Guys talk about this stuff--no harm, right?* Anthony thought for a moment, then said, "Last year, back in high school, I was on the baseball team, but I was benched because I'd hurt my wrist in practice. So rather than warm the bench, I snuck off and met my new girlfriend and we ended up having sex under the bleachers while the game was going on, and there were all these people sitting over us."

"Did anyone see you?"

"Don't think so, but I didn't care about that. We had to be real quiet, you know? She was a real freak and had already fucked most of the guys on the football team and half the baseball team and stuff, which was kind of the only reason I went out with her, because I knew she was do-able, and this was, like, my third or fourth time having sex, so all I could think about was the girl and getting my dick out of my pants and into her, and I didn't give a fuck if anyone saw me. We broke up a few days later. I guess I didn't much like her when we weren't fucking. Too clingy, you know? The sex wasn't worth putting up with her bullshit."

Buck laughed. "That's it? Fucking the clingy school slut under the bleachers is the best story you got? Aw, man, just about *every* jock fucks a girl under the bleachers at least once. I can't decide whether your story's sad, or pathetic, or both."

"Hey, fuck you, man," but Anthony was laughing too, because he knew what Buck meant. "Okay, if you're such a stud, let's hear about the wildest place *you* ever had sex."

"Hmm ..." Buck stayed silent a while. Anthony wondered whether he was avoiding the question. Then Buck said, "Outdoors ... in public ... in front of some of the fraternity brothers at a party ... I guess I can't pick just one because I like every time to be unique, you know? When I'm in the moment, I like doing what feels right for me and the other person, no matter where we are. The best sex is when I'm really connected to the other person and they want it there in the moment as much as I do and we just go for it because it feels right, right?"

Anthony paused. Then he laughed. "Dude, that's either really deep shit, or you've watched so many chick-flicks your balls have shriveled up!"

Buck reached down and fluffed his bare scrotum forward in the firelight. "Do these balls *look* shriveled up to you?"

Anthony felt okay looking at Buck's genitals as they laughed, and he admitted Buck's hefty balls did not look shriveled at all.

Buck switched back to serious again. "Sex is a real powerful thing, y'know? It can break down barriers and build trust, build new relationships, make a guy do things he'd never think of doin' otherwise. So, yeah, I guess that is some really deep shit."

Both of them were silent for a while. Anthony watched the fire as he considered what Buck had said, thinking this evening as not at all going the way he thought it would.

Then, Anthony decided to steer them back to the bragging territory of athletes in the locker room that he knew so well. He asked Buck, "How'd you lose your virginity?" Yeah, that would get some awkward fact or story out of Buck, and then Anthony could tease him and regain control of the situation.

"With a girl?--It was a long time ago and I was drunk as shit, so I don't really remember. With a guy, it was my freshman year of college, right around the time I pledged the fraternity."

*What? Girls and guys?* Anthony jerked his head up, surprised by what Buck had told him. Nothing about this evening was going like Anthony thought it would. "Oh, that's cool," was all he said.

"What about you?"

Anthony, still processing Buck's information, was not ready to have the question turned back at him. "Uh, I was dating this girl--this was before the slut chick--and the girl I was dating was a cheerleader, a real goody-goody type, you know? One day she tells me she thinks she's ready to have sex, and I was sure ready too. It was both of our first times. I was so horny I came in less than a minute just as she was getting into it, and she got all upset. The next day she dumped me by text message and started telling everyone I was a horn-dog who kept pressuring her to have sex. That's why I started dating the slutty girl I told you about earlier, so I could get laid and so I could get back at Ms. High-And-Mighty Cheerleader. But I guess that didn't work out so well, either. From one extreme to the other, right?"

"And what about with guys?"

"Uh, no guys," Anthony said, but somehow he could not stop himself from adding: "It's no biggie if that's your thing, but I'm not into that. I jacked off a few times with buddies in high school while we watched porn videos--which I guess is no big deal, really--lots of guys jack off together--and one time I got drunk and passed out and woke up and this guy had my dick in his mouth, but I made him stop because ..."

Anthony managed to shut himself up. Why had he stopped the guy from sucking him back in high school?--Because he was not ready, not yet, not back then. But the truth was, he had been more than a little curious about guys and their dicks, and that had not changed now that he was starting college. And now here he was, naked by the fire in the middle of nowhere with an equally naked fraternity brother who had just told him he had sex with other men, which had Anthony wondering if Buck's announcement was an invitation. What Buck described about himself in fact sounded exactly like what Anthony had always secretly wanted to experience but a fear of what others would think, meant he had never allowed himself to have it. He was afraid, was afraid of not being respectable, of what others thought about him. The way he felt tempted by Buck, so close and hot and naked, had Anthony feeling nervous, and he hated feeling nervous or out of control, and they still had to sleep in the same tent together and get through the rest of this long weekend together; and Anthony needed to shut up immediately, because he was seconds away from saying something dumb that could derail his carefully planned life forever, one way or the other, only he didn't know which of

several somethings that would be, and this evening had already gotten way too far out of his control.

Both were silent. *Way to be a mood-killer, Anthony--real smooth there*, he thought to himself. Anthony worried that he had already said the wrong thing, maybe insulted Buck, but he dared not open his mouth to apologize because no way could he trust himself not to somehow make the situation worse--so best to say nothing at all. He would apologize tomorrow, maybe, if Buck still seemed pissed off. But for right now, Anthony just watched the flames and kept his mouth shut and hoped he could get through the rest of this evening--screw the weekend, just get through the right now--without making an even bigger fool of himself.

Anthony supposed he should fake a yawn, claim to be tired--which was definitely true and Buck would surely understand--and escape to the tent and the sleeping bag Buck had brought for him. But was that just more fear making him think that way? He had no idea what the time was, and the fire was starting to burn low, but somehow deep inside he admitted to not wanting the night to end. So instead, he just shifted his position a little and continued to watch the flames.

The gyrating fire seemed to pull in his gaze, seemed to promise something. And Buck, who as Anthony just now realized had been talking low, was right: he *was* so very tired, and looking into the flames *was* so very easy. The smell of the trees, the moss, the smoke, surrounding him and lifting him. The sparks and crackles of the flames as they wove their dance and drew him in *deeper, sinking deeper*, making him so aware of how *tired* he was, and *sleepy, too sleepy to fight it*, and that was okay because his *Big Brother* was watching over him, protecting him, watching him *sink deeper into sleep*. Yes, he was protected, watched over, safe, and he could *sleep now*; he could *let go and drift away*, he could *close those heavy, sleep eyes*, finally and fully; he could *sleep now* and ...

Anthony opened his eyes. He was lying on his back. A tendril of smoke and the occasional spark curled upward into the starry night sky. So many stars, such a deep sky, all of his cares floating away like smoke and getting lost in the deep sky. Anthony turned his head. The fire had burned down to embers, and Buck was dumping soil on them to extinguish them, sending up more smoke ... up ... floating away ... getting lost ... deep night sky ...

Buck was still speaking, soft and low, and Anthony knew his Big Brother was speaking to him, letting him know he was watched-over and protected, even if Anthony could not seem to grasp the actual words, which washed over him and slipped away.

"What you doing, Little Brother?"

Anthony thought about it. His hand was moving. He recognized the rhythmic motion, though it was slower than usual. "Jacking off ..." His hand felt familiar, nice; the sliding motion brought the promise of relief, but Anthony was in no hurry. Not trying to cum this time--no rush to orgasm like when he usually masturbated--just enough leisurely stroking to keep his dick hard and eager for more.

Instead of judging or teasing, Buck grinned. "Feels good, Little Brother?"

Anthony grinned back. "Yeah. Feels real good ..."

"You got a big ol' prick, Little Brother. Might be bigger than mine after all."

Anthony grinned wider at Buck's appreciative tone, happy to have pleased his Big Brother.

"What do you think of my pecker, Little Brother?"

Anthony looked between Buck's spread knees, and there it was: the world-changing truth of Buck's erection, pointed directly at him. Long, thick, the foreskin already pulling back from the head. "Big," Anthony said,



awed.

Buck chuckled. "Yeah, it's big all right, Little Brother. Think you can handle one this big? Want to try?"

Anthony nodded slowly, and started to reach his free hand for Buck's hard-on.

"Nuh-uh, Little Brother." Buck's fingers touched the wrist of Anthony's reaching hand, pressed it down toward the ground. "That hand's limp and heavy, too limp and heavy fer you to lift, ain't it?"

"Yeah ..." Anthony knew that heaviness to be a fact, as he felt his hand settle on the ground.

"Besides, I could jack myself, if that's what I wanted. But what I really want, what would really make me happy, Little Bro, is for you to suck on my pecker fer me. Think you can do that, Little Bro?"

Anthony let the thoughts glide through his head. Some drifted away, floated into the night sky like smoke. Only one remained in his head: He wanted to whatever he could to make his Big Brother happy. So he said, "Yeah ..."

Buck moved closer, spread his legs wider, and cantilevered his hips. His hard-on swung closer.

Anthony watched the way Buck's hand moved on his approaching erection, the way he slid the skin down, causing the foreskin to reveal the cock-head, then conceal, reveal, conceal. What secret knowledge was he to learn from Buck's dick? How would it taste? How hard would the head and shaft feel? Anthony felt his tongue slip out. It made contact with Buck's cock and ran long the shaft, tasting salt, musk, the essence of Buck himself. Anthony knew without having to decide: he liked it.

"Go ahead, Little Brother. Relax and go slow. Don't take too much. Let yourself get used to it. Think of the best blow-jobs you ever got and what you liked about them, then do those things to me."

Anthony felt the advice moving through him. His Big Brother was looking out for him, telling him how to do a good job, and Anthony wanted to please him.

Buck's cock moved closer, poked Anthony's cheek, then his nose. Anthony opened his mouth, felt Buck's cock-head slide across his lips. A thought of *no, I shouldn't* tried to form, but slipped away, floated off into the depths of the starry night sky. Anthony opened wider and the head slid into his mouth. He hoped he could make his Big Brother feel good, hoped he did not seem too clumsy. The first few inches of Buck's dick entered his mouth, and Anthony tried to move his head up and down on it. Again and again, his teeth scraped Buck's shaft, and his Big Brother grunted a protest.

Chastised, Anthony pulled back. He could not seem to concentrate, but settled for little licks and kisses, which to his foggy head seemed insufficient but would surely not cause more discomfort to his Big Brother. Buck leaned down and said, "I'm not that delicate, Little Bro. You can be a little rough with me. Just don't, y'know, maul me with your fuckin' chompers."

By trial and error, with Buck's suggestions now and then, Anthony learned how to lock his lips around the cock and keep his teeth away. Now he could work the first several inches. "Good, Little Brother," Buck congratulated, stroking Anthony's head.

Anthony felt encouraged and tried to take more of Buck's cock. A moment later, however, the cock-head nudged something in his throat, and Anthony pulled back quickly, gagging. He blinked as his head cleared. That half-asleep feeling had partially left him, and he felt more awake now, as all his doubts and conflicts came crashing back. He was naked, next to a naked man, had moments ago had that naked man's cock in his mouth, and he did not know what to do. He recoiled, tried to push away from Buck's crotch. "What're--"

"Shh," Buck murmured, with a firm hand behind Anthony's head and neck to prevent him from fleeing too far. "Relax. There's nothing more important than listening to my voice, Little Bro. Just listen and relax. Let go. Easy, ain't it. So easy to let yourself go; let yourself slip back down--"

*Little Bro ...* Anthony felt his muscles begin to go slack, his anger wavering. He felt as though he were starting to doze. *Let yourself go ...* The more Buck coaxed him, soft and low--*relax ... let go ... slip away ... deeper--*the more the world seemed to tilt, and Anthony felt himself sinking, as his eyelids shut.

Anthony opened his eyes. Had he been asleep? Yes, that seemed right. He had been sleeping for a little while, and that was all right, and that wonderful half-asleep feeling was back, stronger than ever, holding him tighter than ever. His fingers and toes tingled. Yes, he was still half-asleep and that seemed right too.

"Feeling better, Little Brother?" Buck hovered over him.

Anthony looked up at him and grinned. "Yeh ... Bett'r ..."

"Good. Think you can suck my pecker some more? Don't try to take so much this time."

Anthony slow-nodded happily, pleased for another chance to make his Big Brother feel good. He moved his head closer to Buck's cock. He gently licked at the head, worked his kisses down the shaft and back up again, applying a small amount of suction with each kiss. He had been curious about cocks for so long, and now he could experiment and play with his Big Brother's cock without worry or fear. He could learn everything about it. Whatever happened would be okay. He never had to fear this anymore. He loved Buck's cock, wanted to keep worshipping it forever. He took that cock-head in his mouth, began to slide his mouth up and down, just a couple of inches, slowly, not forcing it too deep, getting used to it, the feel of it, the taste. From above him, Buck groaned.

"We'd better slow down," Buck announced softly, "or I'm gonna shoot."

The fraternity brother's cock slid away. Anthony moaned in disappointment.

"Don't worry, Little Brother. There's lots more we can do. Hey, do you know what this is?" Buck held up a narrow strap of what looked like black leather, a few inches long, with silver snap fasteners at each end.

Anthony shook his head slowly: *No*.

"It's a cock-ring. I'm going to put it on you. Gonna put it 'round your pecker and balls and have you wear it all weekend. Do you know what this cock-ring is gonna mean?"

Anthony shook his head again: *No*.

"It means I'm gonna own your pecker, Little Brother, as long as your wearin' it. I'll own your prick and I'll control it. It'll be a little game we'll play. I'll control when your prick gets hard, and I'll control when it goes soft. And 'cause I'll control your pecker, I'll control you. It'll be a lot of fun. Will you let me put it on you and control your pecker, Tony?"

Anthony considered for a moment. *Buck ... Big Brother ... Half-asleep ... Follow instructions ... If his Big Brother ...* He nodded: *Okay*.

"Just relax and spread your legs, Tony, so I can put it on your prick."

Tony was already lying back, feeling the mossy ground tickle along his spine. *It's 'Anthony,'* he wanted to protest as he felt Buck between his knees, felt Buck's hand on his balls, the band being slipped under and

around them, and the base of his cock-shaft, then with a soft sound--*tick!*--it snapped into place. *It's 'Anthony' ... But was it? Cock ring ... Owned ... Controlled ... If Buck ... Tony ...?*

"There," Buck announced. "Sit up, Little Bro. How's that look?"

Anthony lifted his torso off the ground, legs still spread, Buck still between them. Anthony stared down at the glossy black leather band and silver snaps nestled in the near-dark against his black pubes, encircling the black flesh of his cock and balls.

Buck's hand, stark white in the moonlight and firelight, caressed Anthony's ball-sack. "What's that mean, Little Bro? Say what that means."

Anthony thought for a moment. "You ... control ... cock and balls ..."

"Good job, Little Bro. That's exactly right. And you know what, Tony?" Buck's white hand wrapped around Anthony's cock and began to stroke, and Anthony felt his meat begin to stiffen under the attention. "I control this-here pecker, and I'm gonna make it hard right now ..."

Anthony enjoyed the sensations washing through him.

"C'mon, let's go lay down on our sleeping bags so's we'll be more comfortable. See how well your tent job holds up, too. Think you can stand up fer me, Little Bro? Stand up."

*Little Bro.* Being called that made Anthony feel so relaxed and protected. Made him want to let go of all his doubts and worries. He tried to sit up, but his arms and legs and swinging erection were too clumsy, as if he were still half-asleep. Buck's hand on his shoulder helped him sit up, and Buck's hand on his arm supported him as he stood. Yeah, when he was half-asleep like this, Anthony needed to lean on his Big Brother, needed his Big Bro to tell him what to do and help him do it. He wanted to do whatever Buck said, wanted Buck to be pleased with him.

Buck's arm around his shoulders guided Anthony to the tent, and Buck pulled back the entrance flap. The more Anthony moved around, the easier moving through this half-asleep feeling became. He was getting the hang of this. But climbing through the entry was tricky, and he stumbled, partially fell, onto the sleeping bags beyond.

"You okay, Little Brother?" Buck was climbing through the entrance after him.

"Yuh," Anthony burred, nodding. He felt fine, especially now that his Big Brother was here.

Buck zipped the entry shut and switched on a tiny battery lamp that filled the tent with a weak light. Now they could see each other.

Anthony felt Buck's arms wrap around him from behind. Buck's skin was so pale against his own. Anthony felt their bodies pulled together, Buck's chest of trimmed hair against his back, Buck's erection fitted up along the slot between his ass cheeks. This felt nice--Anthony felt relaxed and protected, felt like sinking deep into sleep again.

"Hey, stay with me, Little Bro," came Buck's voice from somewhere near Anthony's ear, and he felt Buck's five o'clock stubble rasp against his neck. "You know what would be the ultimate, Little Brother? Would'ya let me fuck you? I got some lube in my pack, and I can grease up and make it easier fer you to take."

Being fucked--something about that threatened to awaken old fear slumbering in the back of Anthony's head. He wanted to stay half-asleep and do what his Big Brother said, make him feel so good. Something about the

idea of getting fucked seemed like too big a step, going beyond curiosity and into a commitment. He felt so horny, and he wanted to do what Buck said, but--

"Shh. Relax, Little Brother. Whatever's botherin' you, relax and let it go. I know something that'll help. Let's get you up on your hands and knees."

Yes, Anthony could do that. Still a little unsteady, but he needed only a little help from Buck to get into position, and once there, he had no trouble holding it.

Some little voice in the back of Anthony's head told him to expect a finger stuck up his ass, or a dick. That position, ass exposed and vulnerable, surely invited a cock. Buck's cock. Anthony felt the fear start to well up. He was naked. He was beside another naked man. He was horny. He did not know what to do. A deep breath. Yes, he did know what to do after all, and he knew how. *Relax*, he told himself, *and let it go*. Yes, he could do this. His Big Brother would want him to do this, was showing him how. Now Anthony just had to do it. Another deep breath.

Anthony felt something: Buck's hands spreading his ass cheeks. But Anthony felt, instead of a finger or a cock, something wet and firm. A tongue? Yes, he realized groggily, Buck's tongue, licking his ass.

And it felt ... odd. A wet swipe through the ass-crack, then a tickling, tingling sensation as the tongue swiped across the hole itself. It felt weird and good at the same time. As the sensations drifted through his body and into his awareness, Anthony realized that he liked it. Maybe this would not be so bad. If it felt good, he could relax and let his fear go. Let it go; let it spiral off into nothing.

There. Now he was ready.

Little jolts like electric shocks zapped through his asshole, running into his legs and balls and chest. The more Buck licked, the more pleasure Anthony felt and more strongly. He liked the way Buck's shadow-stubble scraped his butt-cheeks as Buck licked at his hole. Anthony felt his sphincter beginning to twitch. He drifted in a haze of pleasure. At some point he realized Buck had slipped a slickened finger into his ass, drilling deeper. When had that happened?--And why hadn't he noticed, protested? No, none of that mattered. Buck's tongue was all that mattered. Anthony felt more and more sensations in his hole, like mini-orgasms almost.

"Roll over," Buck told him. "On your back. Your first time will be easier that way."

Since Buck knew what to do, all Anthony had to do was follow his Big Brother's orders.

On his back, in the semi-darkness, Anthony felt his legs lifted and spread, vulnerable, ready, willing, submissive, receptive--all of those and more. He felt the presence of Buck kneeling between his thighs, watched as Buck squeezed lubricant on his dick and fingers. Anthony moaned as Buck worked two fingers up into his tongue-loosened ass again, preparing him, and he felt himself slowly opening up for something bigger.

"You ready, Little Brother?"

Anthony felt his legs lifted higher, knees raised toward his head, ankles settling on Buck's shoulders.

"Just breathe, Little Brother. It's gonna hurt at first, but just breathe, and let the pain pass through you and drift away. It'll start feelin' good soon--real good. I promise."

Buck leaned forward. Anthony felt Buck's blunt cock-head at his hole, pressing, pushing forward. "Relax and let yourself open up fer me, Little Brother."

Anthony felt the pressure at his ass become a stretching as Buck's cock-head breached his muscle-ring and entered him. Pain, yes, just as Buck had said. The sensation seemed oddly distant. Anthony breathed in deeply, and let the pain move through him. He breathed out, and let the pain move away. He could not quite push it out, not yet, but he could let it move far away, as though it was happening to someone else.

Buck pressured forward, overcoming the resistance in Anthony's body, another lube-slick inch sliding. Slowly the length of the fraternity brother's shaft slipped inside, and Anthony felt as though a faraway fire had been set in his body. He felt Buck's rod sink in until his bro's balls nudged Anthony's ass-cheeks. Anthony tried to relax, to ease away whatever lingering parts wanted to force Buck and his cock away.

Buck's hips moved with long, slow strokes. Soon the spikes of pain were colored with something unexpectedly good. Better than good, and the sensation helped push away everything else, and Anthony felt the pain drift way into nothing. Buck knew what to do. Buck was guiding him through this, relaxing him, making him feel good, letting him enjoy something he had been curious about for so long, without shame or judgment. Anthony was so lucky to have Buck as his Big Brother, so lucky Buck had taken an interest in his success, so lucky Buck would be guiding through this, and through his new life as a college student and fraternity brother too, as Anthony remade himself from boy into a man. All Anthony had to do was relax and let go, let it happen, let Buck guide him, let Buck stay in control.

Buck bent himself forward, pressing his mouth and stubbled chin to Anthony's neck for nips and kisses. Their torsos rubbed against each other as Buck fucked. Anthony rolled his half-awake head. In the dim light, he saw his dark hand clasped against the tent floor by Buck's light one. A man's hand squeezing his. A man's forearm pressed against his. A man's torso moving over him. A man's virile cock inside him. Anthony had been so curious about this, but until Buck guided him here he'd had been too scared to try. Why had he been afraid of this, when it felt so great, so damn great?

Anthony became aware of his erection pressed between the friction of their bodies when it began to feel extra-good. His balls were tightening. His cock jumped and spurted cum across his stomach, and his load began to smear between their chests. His cock softened a degree, but the sensations in his ass, the wonder of Buck's hard-on poking at something up inside there that sent extra shivers through him, had him hard again soon. Maybe he would be able to cum again before--

Buck pressed in hard and bit harder than before on Anthony's neck, which muffled the fraternity brother's moaned, "Aw, fuck!" His hips jabbed Anthony's ass in a series of demanding, faster strokes, and then he froze. Buck's body shuddered, and Anthony realized his Big Brother was cumming, realized he had made his Big Brother cum and feel the male-strong ecstasy, which made Anthony feel satisfied. As Buck's body gradually went limp atop him, Anthony felt that he could finally relax and let go, let go of everything, just as Buck wanted. He could just *sink deeper*, like Buck said, and *sleep*, and *listen ... listen deeply ...*

Sometime later, Anthony opened his eyes, like Buck told him. Had he been asleep? Was he still asleep? Maybe, somehow, in a way he did not quite understand. But that was all right. He was with his Big Brother, and Buck would take good care of him and guide him.

"That's it, Little Bro. So easy to open your eyes and stay so deeply asleep, isn't it. Yeah, just like that."

Someone else's voice, male, familiar--one of the fraternity brothers?--said, "I don't fuckin' believe you, Buck!"

Buck: "Believe it! Already got him cock-ringed and everything."

"That don't prove nothing, Buck, and you know it. He could've put that on by himself."

"Hold your horses," Buck groused. "I'm fixin' to show you the real proof." And to Anthony: "Turn this way,

Little Bro. That's it."

Buck was kneeling next to Anthony's head, holding something in front of Anthony's face. His phone? Was he filming? Voices--was he on a video call?

A voice: "No fucking way!"

Buck flipped the phone back to himself. "Dude, I'm telling you: I had him under twice before we even got to the campsite--twice!--while you and *your* pledge was probly still talking about your feelings or some crap like that. My boy here went down real easy--never knew what hit him. Like he fuckin' craved it or something. He went down even faster than you did when I brung you up here last year, Bobby--"

"Shut the fuck up, Buck--"

"I was afraid a smart guy like Anthony here was gonna figure it out and be a real problem, but it's like he can't get enough. He's a whole different dude when he's under, a lot more chill." Buck aimed the phone's camera back at Anthony. "Hey, Little Brother, it's pledge check-in time. Say hey to the boys at Gamma Upsilon. Tell them how your Big Bro is takin' good care of you."

Anthony said, "Hey ... Big Bro ... good care ..."

A voice: "Crap, look at him. Buck ain't lying. Dude's so fuckin' out of it!"

Another: "No fucking way!"

Another laughed: "You get him to take that stick outta his ass yet?"

Buck snickered. "You know it! Pulled that stick out, and stuck my pecker in its place. He took to it real eager-like. He's a lot more fun when he's under. A *lot* more fun. Sweet ass to fuck too."

"You're so full of shit, Buck. No way you got him to swing on your cock so soon!"

"Watch this!" Buck knee-shuffled closer to his hips closer to Anthony's head. "Hey, Little Brother, how about giving my pecker a lick, please? You wanna make your Big Bro's prick feel real good, don't you?"

Anthony shifted his head and looked at Buck's dick, semi-erect and rising. He opened his mouth. His tongue stretched out and slicked across the head.

"No fuckin' way! He's doin' it!"

"Yup," Buck gloated as half of his cock disappeared into Anthony's mouth. "He don't suck cock worth a damn yet. Davy, you'll have to give him some blow-job lessons--"

"Fuck you!"

--But he's learnin' real quick." Buck stroked Anthony's head with his free hand. "Okay, guys, I gotta go. I got a Little Bro who needs to be fed some meat. See you back at the house on Monday."

"Wait--"

The screen light went out. Buck put aside his phone. "That's right, Little Bro. You're learnin' real quick."

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Anthony--*call me Tony*-- opened his eyes as the other door shut. He was slouched in the passenger seat of Buck's truck. He was wearing his shorts and trainers. No shirt. No underwear. Just like his Big Bro Buck.

His jaw felt stretched and sore. His asshole, likewise. His cock and balls felt completely fucked-out and spent--and completely satisfied. Had they ever felt this satisfied before?

Tony sat up and looked around. A parking lot, just down the street from the Gamma Upsilon house. He was back on campus? Monday already? The last thing he remembered was being at the campsite. The weekend had passed in a blur, like a dream. Fishing. Firewood. Swimming. Buck's body over him, beside him ... and Buck's cock, in Tony's hand, his mouth, his ass, filling him, relaxing him, making him feel great. Tony's cock in Buck's mouth too. Hard. Special. Cumming and cumming. Breathing deeply. That half-awake feeling throughout. Tony wanted to feel that way all the time.

Was he still wearing the cock-ring? Did his cock still belong to Buck? Did that matter?

*Thwap!*

A hand smacked against the window beside Tony's head, and he jumped, surprised, the half-awake feeling nearly broken. He had to take a deep breath, like Buck taught him, to get it back. There. Easy. Getting easier every time.

Tony turned, and still-shirtless Buck grinned at him through the truck window. "Hey, Little Bro, you gonna sleep all day? Get your ass outta my truck and help me haul this gear back to the house." Tony grinned too. Buck beamed wider and stepped back as Tony opened the door and swung his legs out.

"I like you a lot more when you're relaxed," Buck said as he shouldered one of the backpacks. "Ready to go show the other brothers how well you learned to relax, Little Bro?"

Tony nodded. "Yeah, Big Bro ..."

Buck turned to start the short walk to the house. "We got more to do with you 'fore it's permanent but, dang, I ain't never seen nobody take to it as fast or as deep as you. Can't wait 'til the others see the new you."

Tony looked, could see a sliver of the Gamma Upsilon house farther down Fraternity Row. Their destination. A house filled with men: brothers, pledges, their cocks. Cocks that he could make get hard. Cocks that he could make receive and give pleasure, make surrender their secret knowledge of male-strong pleasure. He wanted that, wanted them all.

Tony picked up the other pack and fell into step beside his Big Brother. He thought about Buck's cock, so close, concealed by just the one cloth layer of his pants. Yeah, he could hardly wait to see Buck's cock again. Or his ass. Buck had a nice-looking ass in those snug jeans. Tony grabbed Buck's nearest butt cheek and squeezed, making his Big Bro jump a little. "When we get to the house, can I fuck you?"

"Told you my ass ain't much into receivin', but you'll find plenty of brothers who'll be happy to let you get your stick wet, Little Bro." He shook his head again in smirking disbelief. "Dammit, Anthony, you sure are a horny fucker. I don't think none of the brothers is gonna be ready fer the new you."

Tony grinned in the warm sunshine and squeezed Buck's ass harder. "Dammit, Big Bro, I told you before. Call me Tony."

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