

# The Seduction Engine

*by Wrestlr*

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

[Synopsis: A soccer jock gets introduced to Doc and notices changes in himself and his teammates.]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you

are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, 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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Comments to [wrestlr@iname.com](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

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# The Seduction Engine

*by Wrestlr*

1.

Don't bother reading this.

After a couple of pages, you won't want to be here, so forget it. Go away. Read something else. Save yourself.

Surely there's something better on TV. Or, since you have so much free time on your

hands, you could take some night classes, become a doctor, save the world from some incurable disease. Not that ambitious? Then maybe you could just color your hair. You're not getting any younger, you know.

What happens here at first isn't that interesting. After that, it just gets worse. Consider this your last warning. Get out now, while your head is still in one piece.

This isn't about someone courageous or virtuous or kind or that you'd want to be like. It's about me, and I'm not any of those things. What you're going to get here, if you stick around, is a stupid story about a stupid college jock. A stupid story about somebody you'd probably like to look at

but would never want to meet. I've got a good body and I'm nice-looking, but I'm not someone you're going to fall in love with. To tell the truth, it's none of your business.

This is about a stupid little boy who grew up believing every stupid thing Mommy and Daddy told him about what life was supposed to be like--what *he* was supposed to be like. Even after the Easter Bunny turned out to be a lie--Santa Claus, too, and the Tooth Fairy, Saint Christopher, Newtonian physics, and a whole bunch of other crap--this stupid kid still believed what everyone told him his life was supposed to be like.

That stupid kid was me. Big surprise, huh?

I grew up all screwed up, and I didn't even know it. It wasn't until I was in college and working with Coach and Doc that I started getting my head screwed on straight.

Well, maybe "straight" isn't the right word. If it were, you wouldn't still be reading this, would you? I know what you want.

You don't need to know every last detail--it's not worth telling. It's stupid to remember all that stuff from when I was a kid. Before college. Before Coach. Before Doc. Early on, Coach told us, "Someday, this will be worth all our efforts. I promise." Together, we made it happen, "we" being Coach, Doc, and the whole

damn team. We made that impossible promise come true, and all it took was the complete reconstruction of all the shit our parents had pumped into our heads, growing up. If you want to reinvent the world in your own image, you have to start by reinventing yourself. Hard work--and interpret *that* however you want--but worth it.

So again, your final warning: if you're going to read this, don't.

If you're a college student--especially if you're a jock, or a frat boy, or a campus leader--Doc is coming for you. Sooner or later. He's ambitious. He's got plans for you.



So if you think this is going to save you ...

If you think anything is going to save you  
...

If you think it could never happen to you ...

Well, now you've been warned.

## 2.

Let's start with a plot spoiler. The meaning of life. A unified field theory. The big reason why. I'm just fucking with you--I can't give you any of that.

The school year began like any other. Unfortunately. Ours was a private university. Parents send their kids here out of tradition, or out of the misguided notion that if you were paying Big Bucks for school you were somehow better off than if you went to a state college. Wrong. This place was even worse. The way everyone wore the latest fashions like some sort of uniform. The bureaucracy. The conformity. And, let me tell you, most of

these guys conformed.

Well, except for me. If you were a jock, conforming meant playing football or baseball. Those were the "it" sports at this college. I didn't play either one.

My name is Kip. If there were a twelve-step program for college jocks addicted to their sports, I would stand up now and announce, "Hi. My name is Kip. I'm twenty-one, and I've been addicted to playing soccer for as long as I can remember." Then you'd say hello, and we'd swap stories.

The problem with any story is: it's told after the fact.

Soccer definitely was *not* one of the "in" sports. Sure, I was in a smallish fraternity. Sure, I played sports, which set me a couple of steps above the rank-and-file student masses. But on the pecking order of college athletics, the soccer team was *definitely* lower-tier.

For some reason, the football team singled us out. They watched us like hawks. They made sure we all knew we were second-class citizens playing a second-class sport. It didn't help that the soccer team hadn't had a winning season in ... well, in practically the whole history of the school. We were easy targets.

The only thing that kept us from becoming total outcasts was this: We had Jake on

our team. Jake was handsome. Jake was popular. Having mega-rich parents didn't hurt either. Jake was a party animal, a total pussy hound, always working some scam to get into a chick's pants, and he was notoriously successful. He was a natural athlete--he could have played any sport, but he loved playing soccer almost as much as he loved getting his dick tongue-waxed by some new chick's mouth. Everybody liked Jake. He could have joined any frat on campus, but he joined the same one I did--his father had belonged, and his grandpa too, so Jake was a legacy. He could have afforded to live off-campus, but he wanted to bunk at the frat house. We both played soccer, so that's how we got to be roommates in the frat house.

I was so fucking jealous of how easy it was for him--chicks, school, the works. While I was really good-looking too, I wasn't Jake, so I had my work cut out for me. My family wasn't rich--I was there on scholarship. Compared to Jake, I was just an average cute boy. And the law of averages states that for every Kip Van Dyne--a.k.a. *me*--there has to be an equal and opposite number. Mine was Don Halsey, the football team's wonder boy.

Close your eyes for a moment. Picture yourself on the grassy college quad. Over there are three guys tossing a football in the late afternoon sun. They're wearing matching team track pants and cleats--no shirts. The one on the far left, the one with blond hair, that's Halsey. I mean, look at

this guy--he's prettier than most of the girls I've dated, and you just know he's such an arrogant prick. That expression that's half smile, half sneer? That's his standard expression. Yeah, that's just Halsey. There he is now, showing off his pecs as he lobs a pass to his two henchmen, Max and Chris. Chris? Think tan. Think cute. Think preppy jock. He's good-looking, dark-haired, and a pretty good athlete, but dumb as a loaf of bread, and he *totally* worships Halsey. As for Max? Think Chris; add blond.

Now, let me set this up for you. Imagine two or three blonde chicks over there. They're watching Halsey and his two shirtless buds toss that football as if they're starving lionesses at an all-you-

can-eat beefcake buffet. See the girl on the left? Her name is Jane. Meanwhile--*ta da!*--over there on the other side of the field, standing just outside the sidelines, that handsome young man is me. Kip Van Dyne. I'm giving Jane the hundred-yard stare. I mean, she is so totally hot. And so *totally* out of my league. And so totally dating Halsey. I've had the hots for her for a while now, but she won't give me the time of day. See, she hates me because I room with Jake.

Jake and Jane boffed one night, a long time ago, after some party at the frat house fall term a year ago--ancient history, right? For Jane, it was Something Special. Jake must've made her cum, like, a dozen times. We heard her moaning and yelling



all the way down the hall, even over the music and party ruckus. But for Jake, it was just a one-time thing. No big deal. Those one-time things happen a lot for Jake--that's just how he is. They had this big scene the next day when she came by the frat house to see him, thinking after the night before she was In Love or something, and he pretty much brushed her off with a "thanks but no thanks." Heck, I don't think he even remembered her name. But hey, if she didn't know Jake hardly ever dates any girl more than once, that's not Jake's fault--he's legendary by now. So now she says he used her and she hates him. And she hates me by association because I room with him. And Halsey hates me because she hates me and because he's seen the way I look at her--as

if he *needs* another reason.

Do I even need to tell you what happens next?

As you're picturing this scene, you can see Halsey and his two cronies huddling. Me, I'm still focused only on Jane. I'm so in lust I can't see anything else, and I've got a mammoth boner in my pants. Back then, every time I'd look at Jane, I'd get this hard-on that just wouldn't quit--and with that much blood rushing away from my brain, you can't expect me to be thinking straight.

Someone shouts, "Yo, Kip! Heads up!" I turn my head, and--

*Bam!*--goes the football ricocheting off my forehead.

*Wham!*--goes my ass bouncing against the ground.

Imagine that it takes a couple of moments for me to realize I've been knocked backward by this football-missile thrown right into my head. Fuck, that *hurt!*

Guess who in this scene is the football team quarterback. Guess who could throw a football with that kind of accuracy. And you have to guess *without* imagining Halsey over there with his arms raised in victory and this big shit-eating grin plastered across his face as everybody laughs at me and his buddies slap his back

like he did something good.

Other than knock me on my ass, the only real damage done was this king-sized bruise on my pride. I sit up, and Jane along with everyone else is still laughing at me, and Halsey and Chris are laughing and pointing at me. Max trots over and retrieves the football with a chuckle; without looking at me, and he sneers, "Good catch, Van Dyne. Way to use your head."

Okay, unless you're just fascinated by the thought of me sulking off to lick my wounds, you can stop imagining now and open your eyes and we'll get on with the story. But you see what I mean? Of course I had no idea that Halsey, Jane, and the

whole rich-dog-eat-poor-dog system at the college were going to be the least of my worries. My life was about to be changed forever.

# 3.

Meet Jake. He's the real hero of this story, at least at first. Six feet tall, trim and muscular from playing sports pretty much since the moment he burst out of his mother's womb. Sandy hair and blue eyes. The kind of handsome that opens every door with just a grin, and Jake is always grinning. His parents are rich and Jake is used to getting what he wants, but he's not stuck-up or anything. He has the kind of personality everyone loves immediately. Think "good-looking, carefree college jock," then amp it up a few levels. That's Jake.

This isn't the kind of story that goes, "And

then, and then, and then." Things have a more chaotic feel. Stories will begin in one place, with us thinking one thing is going on, and maybe end up somewhere else. Jump to this point in time, page whatever, and then jump back. You really, really need to get used to that feeling, sitting there in your chair, at work, in your relationship. This is just the world we live in. Just go with the prompts.

Jump to the part where I broke my leg.

Yeah, that's right. As if all of this weren't trouble enough--on top of everything else, I broke my leg early in the season. That took me out of soccer practice for a while. Coach could have cut me from the team, which would have been the end of my

scholarship, but he didn't. *Whew!* Instead, he just benched me and I sat out the first few weeks. That meant, if I recovered fast enough, I could maybe play the last half of the season, maybe even the playoffs.

The break in my leg was clean, so there weren't supposed to be any complications. Other than the cast, that is, and the cast went from above my thigh down to my ankle. Since I couldn't get around too well at first and my doctor told me to stay off my leg, I couldn't go to practice either for about three weeks. That pretty much took me off the radar for a while, as far as Halsey and his gang were concerned. At first I was thinking, *Cool--a mini-vacation!* But pretty soon I was missing soccer practice and my teammates.



My teammate Jake was also my roommate in the frat house, and he kept me informed of all the team gossip at first. But there's a difference between seeing the gossip happen firsthand and hearing about it later, and between practice, his social life, school, and study time at the library, Jake wasn't around much so the news usually wasn't so new by the time he got around to telling me. He told me the coach of another college had contacted our coach and offered his help as a team efficiency expert, and he told me the expert was introducing all these new training exercises.

All that extra training ate up nearly all Jake's non-school time, and I didn't see him around much. He'd pretty much come

back to the house at night and collapse face-first into bed--sometimes he didn't even bother to get undressed first. Then, he'd be gone by the time I got up in the morning. Dang!--Coach must have been working them like hell! Okay, I guess I was kind of jealous.

Jake was really popular at the frat and a walking wet dream for the sorority babes. The sort of guy who always gets what he wants. Everybody liked him, and he was that type of handsome guy who was always smooth at picking up the ladies. He was born to get laid. He always said his secret was to make the chicks feel as good as they could and to make sure they weren't afraid to ask for what they wanted. He said you'd be shocked sometimes by

what people would ask for.

But now that he was putting in all the extra hours training with the team, he missed two weekend socials in a row. I was pretty sure he hadn't been on a date or gotten laid since all that extra training began, and that was like an eternity for him!

One night, getting close to morning, I woke up when I heard Jake grunt like he'd been kicked in the stomach. I lifted my head off the pillow and peered through the darkness at Jake's half of the room. Jake sprawled on his back, on top of the sheets, mouth hanging open slightly, one arm bent against his forehead. He sat up, and I heard the familiar twin slaps of his bare

feet hitting the floor. I went rigid, guessing he had no idea I was watching him as he plodded stark naked to his desk and yanked several tissues out of the box.

"See what happens when I fight it and have to go without?" Jake muttered in the darkness, as if to himself.

He wasn't talking to me, but if I'd turned away, he'd know I'd been staring at him. All I could think about was how long it had been for me too since I'd had sex. For Jake it had been just a couple of weeks, at the most; but for me more like a month at least. Since before I broke my leg and got this dang cast.

Pale light from the window fell across his

chest. He swabbed the tissues across his stomach, his laugh low and gnarled with sleep. He threw both arms out, displaying his perfect body to no one in particular, and glanced down at the tube of his erection, deflating but still definitely a big one. He looked back at me. I closed my eyes quickly, before he caught me looking, but not before I'd seen the remaining semen smeared in an arc above his navel. Despite the sleepy playfulness in his voice, the boyishness with which he was showing off his nocturnal emission to the darkness, he was not playing the little boy taking pride in what he'd done. Right then, he was the kid on the playground shoving a dead insect in another kid's face. What I didn't know yet was that I was hearing the last of Jake's resistance melting away.

What I didn't know yet was what would happen next. *And then, and then ...*

I rolled over as best I could with my broken leg and the cast, without opening my eyes, and tried to wipe my mind clean. As the memory and wakefulness faded back into sleep, a single thought swung back and forth in my mind like a pendulum, getting louder each time it scraped bottom in its downward swoop: *When did Jake start sleeping naked?*

## 4.

The trick to forgetting the big picture is to look at everything close-up.

Jump to the part in the library.

Doc was very good at keeping us from taking that step back and seeing at the big picture. We were so immersed in the close-ups that we weren't always aware of the changes in and around us.

See, we were willing, but even if we weren't there was no stopping it. Once Doc had Jake, no one else stood a chance. Jake was pure seduction on two legs. He could talk anybody into anything, and he

had this way of always getting what he wanted--*who* he wanted--and he just reeled them in for Doc.

Every life moves toward, then radiates from, a single moment in time. I was in the library doing research for a paper. This was maybe a week after I had gotten my cast off--by then I had met Doc myself and I was back in practice with the team. Studying came easily now--just a matter of focus. I was in the library, and I heard Jake's low, throaty laugh, coming from some place. I pulled myself away and tried to pinpoint the location.

The sound of Jake's voice, low, and another guy's, barely intelligible. While the center of the floor was taken up



entirely by shelves, the outer walls were lined with private study carrels reserved for juniors and seniors. Peering between the shelves of books, I glimpsed Jake sitting across from a young guy I thought maybe I recognized. The guy had a slimmer, younger version of Jake's build, with dimpled cheeks and pouty lips.

What was his name? Trevor? Tyler? Taylor?--that was it. The freshman football player. I'd met him during rush week, right before I broke my leg. The boy with the Texas accent and the Bible-thumper parents. His father worked for the school, Dean of Something-or-other. I heard Taylor had pledged another frat instead, the one half the football players belonged to, but that was all I knew about

him.

Right then, his eyes were fixed on Jake's with awe and desire. Jake was reeling in another one.

Taylor's voice had a low, gentle drawl to it, and he spoke shyly, almost as if he were asking questions. "So I'm practically racing all the way home, okay? And soon as I get there, I hide my backpack under the bed, right? I mean, I never got to take it out."

"*Hustler*? You bought *Hustler* and they didn't ask how old you were?" Jake asked.

Taylor grinned proudly and nodded. "Yep. So anyway, that night Daddy calls us--"

"*Daddy?*" Jake's imitation was just gentle enough not to be mocking.

Taylor bowed his head slightly and shook it, embarrassed. "Sorry."

"Don't be."

Their eyes met for a second before Taylor snapped back to his story. "So he calls us down for dinner, and Mom's in the kitchen, right? And I sit down at my place, and she comes waltzing out with two plates. One for my brother and one for me. Sets his down in front of him, and sets mine down in front of me. Guess what was on it?"

"*Hustler.*"

After a moment, they realized how loudly they were laughing, and Taylor looked around nervously. I caught my breath as he looked my way, but he didn't see me. I was witnessing one of Jake's seductions in progress, this one with a new twist. Jake had always been a real predator when it came to fucking chicks, but when did he start going after guys too?

"What did you say?" Jake asked, bending toward Taylor, his elbows braced on the table.

"Oh, I denied it to Kingdom Come. Didn't make no difference, though. Daddy could just tell by the way I came home that I was up to something no good. And there weren't much I could do. It was in *my*

backpack. But hell, if it was such a big crime, why did he have his own little stash of dirty magazines hidden in the shed out back? He didn't know I knew about that, though."

"Shame you never got to look at it," Jake said, eyes bright as if suggesting the untold pleasures of pornography.

Taylor just shook his head and pulled an open book across the table until it rested protectively against his chest. "Well, I've-uh, I've done plenty of looking since."

"At *Hustler*?" Jake asked with a crooked smile.

Taylor lifted his head halfway, as if

deciding whether to meet the challenge.

"They have guys in *Hustler*?" Jake asked.

In the heavy silence between them, I realized Taylor had never said anything to Jake about liking guys. Jake just knew somehow.

"Who says I ..."

"I do." Jake cut him off gently, leaning forward in his chair.

"Oh, *do* you?" Taylor smirked.

Jake smiled and shrugged. I recognized that shrug--it was his silent way of saying, *Anything's possible when you're me*. The shrug made me wonder who was really

talking here, Jake or Doc?

"Your father--how did he punish you?" Jake asked. His eyes were intent but slightly glazed. It was a look I recognized from practice.

"You mean for the magazine?" Taylor asked.

"Yeah, for the magazine."

"He made me burn it."

"That's a shame."

Taylor choked out a short laugh. "Why? You think he and I should have sat down and looked through it together? What would *your* daddy have done?"

"It sounds like we have very different daddies. Mine," Jake began, rising out of his chair as Taylor's eyes widened slightly, fixed on Jake's groin, "taught me that the majority of the evil crap in this world comes from people who are afraid of what their bodies are capable of."

Taylor's mouth opened in shock.

With the lump in his crotch pressed down against the edge of the table top, Jake leaned in and murmured, "It's kind of amazing what you can do when you stop being afraid of yourself and learn to focus on what you want." Jake lowered his face to a couple of inches from Taylor's dumbfounded stare.



And Jake was whispering, *Shhh ...*

Jake was murmuring, *It's all right.*

Jake was saying, *Just focus on what you want.*

I slid away from the shelf and slipped away without disturbing his victory.

# 5.

Here's a hole in language. I'm going to hide myself in it for a moment; then we'll move on.

Jump back a little and begin again.

Begin on the soccer practice field. Not *our* soccer field. The other school's. Early morning.

The other school's soccer coach and their "efficiency expert"--they had invited our coach to visit and observe their methods in action.

Our coach saw perfection. Perfect form. The soccer team executing drills perfectly,

in unison, moving as one body. They looked ecstatic. Blissful. Peaceful. Completely focused on their drills.

He noticed that once in a while the efficiency expert would go off and call one of the players over. They would talk. He noticed the player always started to look ... odd. But the player always returned to the practice drills looking more focused, more dedicated. More committed.

That's what he wanted for his team. For us.

Focus.

Dedication.

Commitment.

Soon, when practice was over, the team captain took the players off to train them in a different way. The other school's head coach and the expert took our coach back to the office to talk. Our coach explained his troubles.

The expert started talking about focus. Commitment. Training mind and body. How deeply training could occur with even the smallest amount of focus, and how naturally it would become part of the team's lives. The other coach seemed to be dozing, eyes closing. Our coach thought that was kind of weird, but he had started feeling drowsy himself.

The expert was encouraging him gently, *Relax.*

The expert was saying to him, *Imagine your stress as a block of ice, melting, flowing away.*

The expert was telling him, *Relax, sleep.*

Coach realized he did feel very sleepy, as his eyes began to close.

# 6.

Someone once said, "Life is a team sport," but I don't agree completely. Teamwork can be beautiful and it wins games, but teams are always owned by their heroes.

Jump to the part where I, on my crutches and cast, made it down to the soccer field for the first time since I broke my leg.

This was right after I saw Jake wiping off his cum that morning in our room. I'd been out of commission for about three weeks, and I was missing the game and the guys. Heck, I even missed Coach busting my balls every time he got a burr up his butt about something. Well, okay, maybe I

didn't miss *that* part so much.

I was still kind of clumsy getting around with my cast, but I managed. There wasn't much I could do but sit on the sidelines and watch, but hey, that's why I was there. I was still part of the team, and it was great to see the guys again.

I parked my butt on the sidelines. I still couldn't stand up for very long on one leg and my crutches--very frustrating. Coach, in his tee-shirt announcing *DISCIPLINED* in huge block letters across his chest, had the guys running drills. Sprints back and forth across the field, passing drills, standard shit like that. Some people might think being on the soccer team is all about flashy stuff like bicycle kicks and making

that great play at the goal, but soccer practice is really mostly about running drills over and over. Not all that exciting to watch, maybe, but I was happy just to be there.

Coach had them running drills, and they were like something else. They'd made a lot of headway in the few weeks I'd been out. Everything was going like clockwork. The guys were moving precisely and perfectly, almost more like machines than men. Less disruptive horseplay. More focused. Intense.

There was some new guy there on the sidelines. When I asked Coach who the guy was, he didn't really pay that much attention to me because he was intent on



watching the guys practice. All he said was that the guy had been hired to help the team become more efficient. An efficiency expert.

*Okay*, I thought to myself, *whatever works*. I parked my butt on the ground on the sidelines--and let me say it's not easy getting down on the ground with most of your leg immobilized in a cast--to watch some more.

"Pretty impressive, don't you think?"

An unfamiliar voice over my shoulder, and I bent my head around and up to look.

"Hi," the efficiency expert said and introduced himself. Doctor Something-or-

other, he said as we shook hands. "Call me Doc."

"I've been meaning to get in touch with you," he said. "Even though you can't practice on the field yet, you should be working through some mental training exercises with the team. We don't want you to be too far behind when you get out of that cast. As you can see"--he gestured at the guys going through their drills--"the exercises are very effective, but like any game skill, they take dedication and commitment."

So of course I asked what kind of exercises, and he told me about this series of mental training drills designed to help us learn to focus our whole mind on

visualizing our goals and the tools for achieving them, ways of directing our minds to help discipline our bodies. He didn't have to work very hard to sell me on the idea, since the team looked pretty impressive out there.

He started talking and pointing out things, like how focused this guy looked or how that guy was blocking out something that might have otherwise distracted him. How relaxed they seemed. How committed. How I could start feeling those things happening in myself. I kept watching them running through their drills, perfect as clockwork, and I felt so relaxed and peaceful, this feeling of awe, and wonder, and deep unity with all of them and everything around me, feeling myself open

up and relax and focus, just like he was saying, and feeling myself wanting that focus, to make that commitment, like the rest of the team, and feeling so relaxed, and feeling it start happening in me ...

I sat up. Somehow, I'd started feeling really relaxed and focused, kind of sleepy, just like he said. He'd been talking to me, and I'd just laid back and listened. Now he had snapped his fingers, and I blinked in the sunlight and sat up. I blinked and looked at the team on the field, still running through their drills, then I looked at Doc.

He grinned and said, "Yes, I think you'll catch up in no time."

# 7.

Meet Nathan and Shane. They're the heroes of another story, but they're taking up residence in this one. Don't worry if you don't like them--that's not why they're here. Nathan is five-feet-ten, maybe a hundred and sixty pounds, all sleek muscle on a swimmer's build. His hair stakes out a color somewhere near the intersection of "dark blond" and "light brown." Brown eyes. Shane is taller, six-one, and slimmer. Blonder too. Deep blue eyes.

Jump to the part where the visitors arrived.

Jake and I--we were cutting through the

front room of our frat house on our way to the kitchen when the front door opened.

I propped myself on my crutches and said, "Hi. Can I help you?"

Two guys were coming in, each carrying a suitcase, like they planned to stay a while.

"Hey," the taller one said. "I'm Shane. This is Nathan. We're from the chapter at"--he named a college sounded really familiar. "We're looking for the president and rush chair. Can you tell us where to find them?"

Something about the way they carried themselves seemed really familiar too. That easy confidence, almost predatory.

Shane was tall, slim. My first impression was that he looks like some geek, probably on the math team or something, but underneath he had a good body and he was a good-looking guy. For a geek.

Nathan was built like a swimmer: sleek muscles everywhere. His eyes seemed to be boring right into my head. His lips were curved, a slight, confident smile--probably arrogant, but I decided he was very handsome.

That's when I placed the name of the college Shane mentioned: it was the school Doc had come from. They were members of our fraternity chapter at that school.

"I think I know who you are," Nathan said to Jake. "You're Jake, right? Doc told us all about you."

Shane said to me, "So you must be Kip? Yeah, Doc told us about you too."

I thought, *He did?*

We all shook hands. Something about them made my dick want to come out and shake their hands too, because it was starting to harden.

Shane said, "Yeah, Doc's pretty impressed with you two. He says you've mastered his training exercises already. That's good, since your chapter president invited us here to show you guys some similar



exercises Doc taught us that can help you focus and study better. We're going to help you guys get your grade point averages up." He was looking me right in the eye, and he brought up a finger and swaggered it back and forth in the air between our eyes, in pretty much the same rhythm Doc had used with the team in the locker room when he told us to focus on the light. Shane's voice dropped to a low, smooth purr. "That's it. Doc says you focus almost by instinct now. So dedicated. Always staying focused. Yes, I can see he was right. You *are* really good at focusing."

He snapped his fingers. I hadn't realized how far I was gone already until he did that--it woke me up. I'd been nearly out of it already, nearly cocooned again in that

deep, familiar state of hypnosis, just from listening to him. I glanced over at Jake, and he was blinking away the sleep too.

"But that'll have to wait," Shane said, "until after we check in with your president--he's expecting us."

"Yeah," Nathan said with a snicker. "We're gonna discuss some mergers and acquisitions."

"Down that hall," Jake murmured drowsily. "Third door on the left."

"Thanks," Nathan said, as they picked up their suitcases again. "We'll check you soon. Very soon."

# 8.

The first commandment of telling a story is: Something needs to happen.

Jump to the part where something new happened.

I was so happy being there. I couldn't get out on the field to practice with the team yet, but now I could practice with them in the mental exercises. The efficiency expert, Doc, had been working with me in private catch-up sessions.

The team ran through drills and plays and games on the field, sun glinting off the sweat that covered their bare chests and

backs as they worked hard, and I watched from the sidelines with my shirt off too. Even Coach--he had been wearing a t-shirt with the word *SUBMIT* in huge block letters across the front earlier, and he had pulled off his shirt along with the rest of team. They were all so focused. I was so focused. We were one team, one commitment.

Coach blew the whistle for us to head back to the field house. It might seem like that would have snapped us out of our focused state of mind, but it didn't. If anything, it made me feel even more focused and committed.

This was going to be the first time I did the mental training alongside the team.

Doc had decided I was caught up and ready to join them. I climbed to my feet. By now I was good enough on my crutches that I could pretty much keep up with them as they jogged into the field house.

They were jogging back to the locker room, and I was following, a little slower because of my crutches. They were yelling and hollering and elbowing each other and horsing around. Like I said, they were focused on the field, but now we were all looking forward to getting back to the locker room for the mental training, and we were all riding high.

Coach stopped us before we got there. He aimed us at the chin-up bars. We knew the drill. My buddy Jake was one of the first.

Two sets of bars, two guys at a time. Jake was one of the first two to hit the bars and start pumping out chin-ups.

I watched his body rise and fall through his chin-ups. I saw it beginning to happen. When his chin touched the bar the first time--perfect form--his eyes began to glaze. His body descended. His body rose, pulled by pumping biceps. Each time, as his chin nudged the bar, his expression smoothed a bit more, going slack.

This ritual was part of his trigger. *Our* trigger. I'm not sure how I knew that. All I knew was, this was the first step. He had been trained to do chin-ups on command. We all had. Each one helped him relax

and slide again into the state of mind where mental training occurred. I thought I saw evidence of his cock rising.

Hardening. Stiffening. A lump in his crotch through his jockstrap and shorts. This was part of his trigger too. Chin-ups made him horny, and the horniness helped him relax. It helped him feel good. It encouraged him to slip deeper, deeper.

He was cycling through his chin-ups, slow and steady, slow and steady. By the time he reached the last one, he was deeply focused and ready for the mental training.

Oh, man, I loved the look of his body, all long, sleek muscles and smooth skin. He was well-trained. I envied his commitment too. This was what Coach

had told us to do, so we had to do it. After his final chin-up, Jake's body dropped down from the chinning bar, and he walked forward so the next guy could take his place. Jake's expression was completely vacant, eyes half-closed. I could tell he loved being this relaxed and committed to the team. He never resisted it.

Neither did I. So a few guys later, when Coach called out, "Next!" and the pressure of his fingertips in the small of my back encouraged me gently forward, I hobbled my way under the bar. My body was tingling already, cock hardening already. I felt feeling the sweet downward tug in my head already.



Lex and Martin, on either side of me. I handed Coach my crutches. Lex and Martin put their hands on my sides, and they lifted me. Warm, strong hands. I couldn't jump enough to grab the bar with my leg in a cast, so they lifted me, so I could do the chin-ups and be focused just like them and go through the exercises with the rest of the team, and I felt so connected to them for helping me like that.

I reached and gripped the bar. Their hands fell away, and I started to pump out my set of chin-ups that let me feel that same delicious, downward tug, like sleep, slow and irresistible, so familiar, pulling me to the same intensely relaxed place in the back of my head, thoughts drifting, where I felt nearly asleep but focused at the same

time, so focused. My body, so limp except for my arms and chest pulling me up, then lowering me down, down, deeper, down. My cock, so hard, so deliciously hard under my shorts and jockstrap, feeling so good, spreading such a good feeling all through my body, making me want to relax and enjoy this even more. So hard to think--don't bother--just follow the exercise--whole body tingling.

Their hands met my torso at the end of my set. I let go of the bar and they lowered me, practically like I was floating down. That's how it felt. My arms settled around their shoulders. They supported me in place of my crutches as we headed through the double doors into the locker room, to sit on the benches and listen

raptly as we went through the mental training exercises.

This was my first time to go through the exercises with the whole team instead of just with Doc. Coach stood up in front of all of us, and he guided us through it, the process of taking what the chin-ups started and making it deeper, stronger, more absolute. I couldn't stop it. I was well-trained. I was disciplined. I was one of the team.

He turned on this laser pointer. You know the type--one of those little pen-like things people use in presentations and stuff; and when you turn them on, they make this really bright spot of crimson light on the wall, and sometimes, like this one, they

swipe the little spot in a tight, fast circle to really home your attention in. Coach was telling us to look into the circling light, to look into the light. This was different for me. Doc never used a laser light with me. He always just told me to focus my attention on something, and I would. I guess the team needed a more specific focus.

Already, Jake was sitting there, head bowed forward, eyes closed, arms and shoulders hanging limp. What a fucking over-achiever! He slipped under so smoothly and easily. He was more than just the team captain--he was our role model. Everyone wanted to be like Jake.

Coach was telling us to relax, to feel

ourselves returning to the peaceful training state of mind. "The idea is for you to relax, deeply. Watch the light flowing around and feel the sensation of relaxation, having it fill your mind as the light spins further, faster, deeper into your mind. Relaxation filling you as you look into the light. Feeling the relaxation flowing over you, sinking deeper and deeper into it, letting it sink deeper into you, and watching yet relaxing deeply with the light, letting it take you deeper into the flow. More relaxed, more aroused, peaceful now, as you relax more deeply, calm and aroused, peaceful, deep. Just allow yourself to enjoy it now. So relaxed ..."

*He's hypnotizing us, I realized, Coach is*

*hypnotizing us*. It didn't take an Einstein to figure that out. But I didn't care. It wasn't just us team members, either. The more he talked, guiding us, the more it seemed to affect him too. His voice was slowing, thickening, as if he was sliding under too. Maybe he was. Maybe he thought he was immune and didn't even realize everything he said was hitting him too.

Doc was moving among us. Coach said Doc might be touching us, adjusting our posture, showing us how to sit to relax more. He said there was this primitive, primal part of the body, connected directly to the sleep centers of the brain, and Doc might touch us there to help us relax so deeply.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Doc in motion. He would come up behind the guys sitting on the benches, and he would pause by them for a moment, one after another. I couldn't see what he was doing, but it must have been working--when he moved on, the guys always seemed more slumped, more relaxed.

Doc made an arc toward the front, up where Coach and his laser pointer were. Then he was sliding up behind Coach, and his voice fell in with Coach's, reciting the induction along with him, perfect unison. And then his one hand came around Coach's arm and gently took the laser pointer from him, and Doc's other hand came up and touched Coach behind the ear, and Coach's voice faded into a low

groan, and Coach's head wilted forward, and Doc's voice went on alone as he eased Coach's limp body down and off to the side and sat him down on the bench.

Doc kept up the cadence, guiding us down, down, as he continued his arc to the other side of the room, moving along the row of benches and the rest of the guys, heading my way. From the corner of my eye, another guy, then another, and then I felt the heat of Doc's body glide up behind me. His hand turned my head a little, and I felt his fingers probe behind my ear, pressing gently, firmly. Part of me knew that was the spot Coach had told us about, the sleep spot. My eyes began to close, and my body went slack. I felt myself slide directly into the training state as easily as



the rest of them.

When Doc snapped his fingers, we all opened our eyes. I wouldn't say I felt completely awake, but my eyes were open and I was looking around, moving around--we all were.

The team was squirming around on the benches as we tugged off our shoes and socks and shin guards. Yeah, the other players were hurrying to hit the showers. Even Coach was getting naked with us, and he used to shower instead in this little bathroom off his office. I was kind of holding back. I tried to fight it--don't ask me why--but my hands kept finding and pulling off what little clothing I had on. Except for the cast on my leg, I was naked

too.

I was sitting on the bench. Jake and Martin were beside me. They knelt by my broken leg. Jake lifted it gently while Martin slid a plastic garbage bag--you know, the tall kitchen kind--over my foot and up my leg. He tied it off around my thigh. I felt so happy. With this bag to protect my cast, I could join the rest of the guys in the shower. They were making it possible for me to join in, and in that moment I felt so connected to them and happy.

My arms around their shoulders. Their arms around my waist. Helping me walk to the showers. My cock was hard, achingly hard. Theirs too. So hard, pointing the way.

Some of the guys moved and freed up a shower head for us, and we moved under the spray. Water wet us, making our bodies slip across one another. Jake slipped away from us, then returned a moment later with soap, two bars. I balanced mostly on my good leg as Jake soaped the front half of my body, and Martin the back half, being careful not to rock me off balance. Soaping me, washing me, all of us grinning. It felt so sweet and sensual, made me relax even more.

Around us, the other guys were in pairs and quartets, washing each other too. Buddies and teammates taking good care of each other.

Jake's soapy hand casually brushed my hard-on as he washed my hip. His hand

ran between my thighs, under my balls. You might have thought I wouldn't like the idea of getting hypnotized, getting naked, getting hard in front of the other guys and maybe having one of them touch my hard cock. But my body was like, *Cool--I'm so gonna get laid!* And that pretty much overruled every objection my mind could come up with.

Martin guided my body back against the wall for support, and I settled against it. Jake's hand followed me, wrapping finally around my cock. Both of them kneeling in front of me, staring at my cock. Jake's slick hand sliding up and down on my shaft. One of Martin's hands caressing the thigh of my good leg, as his other pressed its way up and down the muscles of my

abs and chest, half stroking, half holding my body in place.

Around us, other guys touching each other, pumping, jerking, worshipping each others' hard cocks with hands and mouths.

I looked back down at my cock in time to see Martin's mouth kiss it for the first time. That struck me as funny, and I giggled a little, even as this jolt of pleasure from where his lips touched my cock head went cart-wheeling through my head. His mouth was opening and taking it in, forming a warm, wet velvety vice around it. Sucking me so sweetly, slowly, slowly. I'd only gotten a few blowjobs before, but something in the back of my head buzzed that this was the best ever--

no outsider was ever going to make me feel this good. Martin licking my shaft. Kissing the head. Sucking me. Easing me along, nursing me toward orgasm, toward release, toward a more relaxed place where the all members of the team and I were one. It couldn't get any better than this.

Jake stroked Martin's back at first, then he curled up on the floor, with his head in Martin's lap, sucking him, as Jake jerked himself off. This all felt perfectly natural, all inhibitions gone. Not thinking. Just feeling. Feeling really good! So natural to make each other feel this wonderful. I had a second to wonder if Jake sucked cock as well as Martin, before Martin did this thing with his tongue that sent another snag

of pleasure through me, obliterating every thought again.

Martin came first. I felt it in the sudden tension in his hands and in his mouth, squeezing my cock as his ecstasy rang through him. I looked down and saw his cum leaking from Jake's mouth, already being washed away by the shower spray.

Man, that looked so fucking hot, and it tipped me over the edge, and I shot hard, shot my load, shot into Martin's mouth and throat, feeding him all the weeks-worth of cum that had backed up in my balls.

Release so sweet and complete, shooting until there was nothing left, nothing except this peacefully intimate feeling of oneness with the whole damn team.

Around us, guys were starting to join us, cumming too, shooting in their partners' hands and mouths, shooting against their partners' cheeks and chests and legs.

Coach and Martin and Lex and all the rest. Cumming. Filling the air with their gasps and groans and grunts and sighs and their little cries and the smell of their semen, as the spray washed away everything, washed us clean of all embarrassment and inhibitions. Nothing left but the joy of being together like this.

Jake was one of the last ones. He sat up beside me with his legs stretched out and jugged himself off quickly and efficiently. His body was beautiful, and his cock was beautiful, that body I had seen so many times before in the locker room and in the



frat house, and that cock, now hard, and I didn't see any reason to hide my staring. I reached out and put my hand on his head, his wet hair. He looked up at me, and our eyes met, and he gave me this sexy, lopsided grin. Almost immediately, he was bucking and gasping. He kept his eyes locked on mine as he shot his spunk, and I saw the first wad hit his cheek before the shower spray began to rinse it away. He beamed at me happily, and I grinned back.

All I could think was, *I can't wait to get this cast off so I can try sucking my teammates myself.*

# 9.

Your subconscious is always trying to communicate, always trying to make contact. Problem is, it doesn't use words—it doesn't *know* any words. Instead, it shows you things, and you have to find your way back along the thread of association: Like: "See this blue? What does it remind you of?"

Jump to the night of the party.

The bass *thumpa-thumpa* of disco music was already pounding in our gums. Stepping inside the main room of the frat house, we were instantly swallowed by the shoulder-to-shoulder throng that

clogged the front of the house. The party theme was Studio 54, and the living room had been transformed into a poor man's disco. Half the shirtless dancers were wearing neon-colored wigs, and some old Warhol film was being projected across the ceiling, shaggy-headed sylphs staggering and jerking across the frame. I scanned the room for Nathan.

Part of me wondered why there were no chicks here, only guys, and then I felt that part of me curl up in the back of my head and go to sleep, where it wouldn't bother me anymore.

One of our pledges, shirtless, all wiry muscles, in a fluorescent orange afro wig - he shoved a tray of Jell-O shots in our

faces. Shane took one, shot it, and handed the other to me. "What's in this," Shane asked Orange Wig.

"X, sir," he shouted back, winking to let us know he was only kidding, before vanishing onto the adjacent dance floor.

Shane grinned at me. "Whatever," he said. "If I wake up cuddling against you in bed and stroking your hair, that freak is going up in front of the Disciplinary Council!"

"Whatever," I yelled over the music. "Let's find Nathan."

Shane pointed. "Look at that honey with the blond hair over there. She's *hot*."

I looked and thought, *She?* Nothing that

way but shaggy Day-Glo wigs and bare male torsos.

Then I saw him.

Houston, we have a problem. He wasn't part of my fraternity. Definitely a party-crasher because no way would I have invited him. He was some kind of half-dance on the other side of the room with some of his cronies. Halsey. He and his cronies--Max, Chris, two other guys--were some of the few guys here with their shirts on. He was dancing with Jane, who was probably the only female at the party.

Shane said "she," so at first I thought he was talking about Jane. But Jane didn't have blond hair--Halsey did.

I said, "You said the blond one, right?"

"Yeah," Shane said, nodding.

Okay, so he was definitely talking about Halsey, my arch-nemesis. Funny thing was, I was looking at Halsey too, not at Jane like I used to.

Shane said, "She is so fucking *hot*! I know who I'm going to fuck tonight. Think Doc would approve of her?"

But still, this was fucking *Halsey*, of all people. I had to put a stop to this purely on philosophical grounds. I scowled at Shane and said, "Shane, dude ... that's a man."

"Really? How can you be sure?"

"You mean, you can't tell the difference?"

He shrugged. "Well, usually I can figure it out once I get them naked."

I raised an eyebrow at him, not entirely sure he was joking. Just to be sure, I said, "Uhm, Shane, in case you can't tell, I'm a guy."

*Maybe, I thought, that's how the mental exercises work--substitute some new thing to be desired. Guys for girls, discipline for any other goal, the team for everything. Plug all the mind's hot wires in to it and let her rip. We met him halfway by being willing.*

Shane looked at me. "Oh." But he couldn't

keep back a grin any longer and gave me a "just kidding" punch in the arm.

I protested, "Ow!" For a geek, Shane was pretty strong. I rubbed my arm. "Forget about the blond," I complained. "We're supposed to be looking for Nathan."

"Yeah, okay," Shane said, not pleased to have been reminded of our obligation. He spotted something else across the crowded dance floor. "I don't see him, but there's your *roommate*. He's out on the dance floor bumping and grinding with some kid."

"Jake? Who's he with?" I asked before I could stop myself. I peered but couldn't find Jake among the mass of men.



"Someone who doesn't know any better, I'll bet. Someone young. Maybe he's a *freshman*." Shane said "freshman" like it was a bad thing, another tease. "I mean, don't get me wrong. Jake is pornstar-hot, and I'm jealous as shit that you get to room with him, but Doc or no Doc, excuse me for asking if someone who sleeps with that many people doesn't have something he's trying to prove."

I tried to shut out the image of Jake naked in the showers after practice, reaching for me. I tried to divert Shane by joking it off. "You'll have to take that up with Jake. Maybe you can interview him for our school paper. 'Jake: The Man, the Penis, and the Doormats He Rubs It On.'"

Shane smirked and said, "I know from personal experience he does more than rub."

I glared at him, feeling ... jealousy? Where the fuck was Nathan?

Out of the corner of my eye, the part that was keeping *Danger, Will Robinson* tabs on Halsey and company, I saw Nathan. Shirtless. Bright blue fright wig. Carrying high a tray full of shot glasses filled with something. He joined Halsey's little band of scandalized party-crashers and said something, all smiles. He made sure everyone got a glass. I was pretty sure those shots were laced with something special. Halsey's friends eyed the glasses suspiciously. Nathan said something else,

probably a challenge, and Halsey's crew chugged whatever was in the cups, making faces. Nathan congratulated Halsey with a slap on the back and withdrew, disappeared back into the crowd.

I pushed my way further into the room, skirting Halsey's crew. No sign of Nathan in the kitchen, so I edged into the hallway, narrowing my eyes against the flashing strobe to make out the wild forms on the dance floor. Lots of tossing heads, but none of them belonged to Nathan.

Then my eyes found Jake and his prize.

He was dancing halfway across the room, and his partner was a sleek, handsome blond boy who clung to Jake's muscular

frame as if Jake were a life preserver. A short neon-green wig perched haphazardly on half the boy's skull, almost ready to slide off. It was the dude I'd seen him with at the library. Taylor. Their slow, swaying embrace was completely out of synch with the urgent disco beat. Jake wore his usual baseball cap, with the bill shading his eyes from the strobe light, but I could make out his slight, suggestive smile, directed now at me. It was a smile that implied I'd been watching Jake for hours, and in a way maybe I had. Jake was not shirtless--he wore a tight sweater that accentuated the swells of his chest. Most people went weak in the knees, much like his current dance partner, when Jake looked their way, and I steeled myself against the jumping of my heart as his hand

rose and he aimed a slight wave my way.

I saw Jake's other arm was plastered between his body and the shirtless boy's, and I knew it wasn't alcohol that had turned this boy into a limp noodle in Jake's embrace. Jake's hand had disappeared into the unbuttoned, distended waistline of the boy's jeans. The boy was rocking up on his toes, his mouth searching for Jake's, before his intended kiss became a defeated gasp against Jake's cheek.

Shane appeared with Nathan, sans wig now, at my side. "Hey," Nathan shouted into my ear through the music. "So what did I miss?"

"Not much. Lots of bad dancing. Way too many guys in Muppet-colored wigs. But you're just in time to watch Jake reel in tonight's catch."

"That guy?" Nathan observed when he caught sight of them. But he didn't seem too surprised. "Oh, yeah. Doc told me about him--said his father is the Dean of Student Records or something. Doc wants him real bad. He's made him, like, a special project or something."

Which got me wondering why Doc would be so interested in this Taylor guy. For that matter, why would *Jake* be so interested in Taylor. It had been *days* since I saw them together in the library, and like I said, Jake almost never boffed

the same person twice. Maybe Jake was interested because Doc was interested?

Shane half-hollered in my ear over the music, "You're not into Jake *that way*, are you? Trust me--falling in love with Jake would be a big mistake. I know from personal experience: that boy's a predator masquerading as a pussycat. And the things that come out of his mouth? They even made me blush."

Cue this sudden memory. Jake and me in the showers with the team, messing around after another great practice, Jake and me collapsing, panting, against the wet tile, with my just-came dick popping out of his ass. He laughed and said, "Dang, I haven't been fucked like that since I was an altar

boy!" Which I thought meant we shared something special.

End memory. Back to now. Jake with his hand down some other boy's pants.

I felt another pang of that feeling, like jealousy. That's when I realized--as much as I maybe thought I wanted it, I would never have Jake all to myself. Doc had other plans, and Jake just wasn't made that way anyway. He was pure seduction on two legs, always moving on to the next opportunity, and I'd already been seduced. Past-tense. I sucked it up and pushed the pain out of my heart. I'd have to be happy with just what I could get.

Hey, love hurts. It's in all the songs. Look



it up.

Jake was heading our way. Probably he was on his way to our room, but since Shane, Nathan, and I were hovering near the hallway, his path led him directly toward us.

"Hey, guys," Jake said as he passed us, leading the shirtless boy, jeans still open, by the hand. This close, I could see the boy's dazed expression--no doubt Jake had put his lips close to the boy's ear on the dance floor and talked him through one of the visualization exercises from our mental training, to help him feel all relaxed and cooperative like this. Jake jerked his head back at the boy. "This is Tyler," he said.

"*Taylor*," the boy mock-protested happily, voice thick and dreamy.

"Condoms in the nightstand drawer," I said, forcing myself to grin.

Jake returned my grin, only his was genuine, and he winked and said, "Thanks," as he pushed past us and disappeared down the dark hallway toward our room, drawing the boy along behind him.

# 10.

Do you remember who taught you what beauty is?

Jump to later that same night.

Very late. The house was mostly quiet by then. Debris from the party scattered everywhere. A couple of guys passed out in the living room, draped over furniture. A few drunken revelers still in motion out back in the yard; they were just shapes I glimpsed through the window in the darkness beyond--who knows what they were up to. No sign of Halsey and company. No sign of the visiting brothers either--where had Shane and Nathan

gotten off to?

I went first to the bathroom to pee. That faraway, dreamy feeling clung to me like a fog. While I was standing at the urinal, I heard soft laughter in the hallway outside. A man's voice in a low, conspiratorial tone as he passed the bathroom door. Another man's subdued laughter followed, growing softer as they moved down the hallway.

Quiet had settled over the frat house. Most of the brothers were locked in sleep. I wasn't far from it myself. Felt like I was about to slip into sleep at any moment and just drift away into dreamland. No noises from any of the rooms I passed. At the door of my own room, the room I shared

with Jake, I could barely bring more than three fingers to the knob, letting them rest there. So difficult to think. So easy to just let things happen the way they were meant to.

Jake had left the party with that guy, Taylor, hours ago. Were they in our room together? Normally, Jake or I would hang something from the doorknob if we brought someone back, but the doorknob was bare. Maybe they had finished and gone by now.

Taylor wasn't part of our team. He had joined the football team instead. Halsey and his cronies ruled the football squad. Taylor was technically the enemy. Jake was a seduction weapon: irresistible,

inevitable, waiting only to be aimed and fired. Doc must have had him going after Taylor for a reason.

I opened the door. Night had fallen heavily against the opposite windows, a determined force. The little gooseneck lamp on Jake's desk spilled light over a boy's naked back. So hard to think of his name. Taylor? His head was pinned sideways to the pillow by Jake's hand. His mouth was open in a silent gasp of passion. Jake was a dark shadow above him, hips pistoning slowly, methodically.

I gently pushed the door closed behind me.

And Jake was telling Taylor, *Relax*.

Jake was saying to him, *Focus*.

Silently, I crossed to my desk chair and turned it around, legs scraping slightly across the floor. Neither of them seemed to notice me. Taylor's eyes were open but glazed, faraway. At first, his smile looked like a leer. I watched Jake turn him over, on his back, legs bent up in the air, Jake's head sliding under them. As my body sank down into my chair, Jake pushed aside Taylor's balls to get at the asshole hidden underneath them. His tongue didn't stop its shadowed rise and fall. As I watched, as if spellbound, at first the only sounds were their breaths, swelling and draining their chests.

Jake was whispering, *Enjoy*.

Jake was murmuring, *Surrender to the feeling.*

All I could think about was how good it would feel to pump out a load of cum. Now here it was, sex, right in front of me, and my body responded with a monumental hard-on.

Part of me wanted to leave, to let my roommate have his private time. But part of me refused to rise from my chair. That part was supposed to win--I knew it. I was supposed to be here, watching Jake mount Taylor again and slowly, slowly re-insert his cock in Taylor's ready ass. I was supposed to see this, the gentle motion of Jake's hips. Somewhere, somehow, I knew I had been told to do this.



Jake was telling Taylor, *Drift peacefully.*

Jake was saying, *Let go.*

I watched them fuck. Jake leaned over Taylor, holding on with one weight-bearing hand on the bed beside Taylor's shoulder, the other caressing the back of Taylor's head and neck. When Jake released his grip on the back of Taylor's head and extended his hand toward me, smiling, the gesture summoned up not only lust in me, but submission. Submission to the part that was supposed to win, the part that wanted to follow orders. The part that wanted to be just like Jake. This was the last of my reserve crumbling.

Commitment. No turning back. Every life

moves toward, then radiates from, a single moment in time. I rose and crossed the invisible dividing line that had once separated our sides of the room.

# 11.

How do you cope with the overwhelming force that is your life?

Jump to the part the next morning where I rolled over and peered at the clock.

I'd woken up five minutes early. I stretched luxuriously in the morning light slipping under the blinds. Reached out my sleep-numbed hand--*pat, pat*--and managed to slap down the alarm button on my third try. *Whap!* No annoying buzzer today.

Today--today--I had the sense that something was going to be different today.

*I was going to be different today. I rolled onto my back and felt my morning hard-on rub deliciously against the sheet as it lolled across my hip, blood-gorged and feeling good. I pushed back the sheet, enjoying the feel of it. Yeah, I was starting to understand now--sleeping naked had a lot of advantages. This was the only way to greet the new day!*

*I couldn't take my eyes off of my rod. I ran my fingertips gently up and down the length of it. I have a nice, long cock, and it gets really hard, and it rewarded me with these little ripples of pleasure that ran all through my body.*

*"Mmm," Jake mumbled drowsily from the next bed. Taylor was still sacked,*

sleeping soundly on the narrow mattress beside him. Jake looked across Taylor's back at my woody. His eyes were masked like night that morning. But he grinned and murmured, "That looks nice. Like a penis, only smaller."

"Fuck you," I teased back, wagging my substantial hard-on at him.

"Well, maybe ... But you better buy me dinner first."

I chuckled, too horny to really get into repartee this early in the morning.

Jake said, "Need a hand with that?"

I looked over at Jake as he climbed up from his mattress, gloriously hard too,

cock pointing almost straight up, and I remembered what I had been seduced into. I smiled. "A hand isn't exactly what I have in mind," I growled, an invitation.

And then he was climbing onto my bed-- his mouth and stubble beard nuzzling my eager hardness, and his tongue gliding over it like silk, then slowly swallowing it, and his hips cantilevering toward my head, and his fingertips, palm down, running down his abs to the base of his cock, turning it downward, so it fit into my upturned mouth. I savored the feeling of his mouth sucking me, and I sucked him.

And, as Taylor in the next bed officially woke up and rolled wide-eyed onto his side to watch us blow each other, I

thought, *Doc is really onto something with this teammates-helping-teammates thing.*

And, in the seconds before I came, came hard, into his mouth, I thought, *Maybe settling for what I can get of Jake will work out just fine.*

# 12.

Plot requires having someone to blame, and telling a story always works best when we have a bogeyman. People need a villain they can believe in. Otherwise, it's just Us versus Us.

Jump to that Saturday, a few days after I got my cast off. I went for a jog. It was too soon to go too far, or too fast, so mostly I was kind of half-trotting, half-limping along to get my leg used to running again, but it felt good to be out and moving. I definitely wasn't ready to play soccer again just yet, though.

My leg got tired pretty quickly--it hadn't



been exerted like this in several weeks. I stuck pretty close to the field house, just in case.

So I'd run as far as I could, and then I was bent over, hands on my knees, breath puffing, feeling the exhausted burn in my leg already starting to subside.

A familiar voice, chillingly sarcastic and confident as a snake cornering a mouse: "Hiya, Kip."

I snapped my head up. Two feet away, also bent over and facing me, was Halsey. *Dang!*--I hadn't heard him come up. He was coated in sweat, panting--must have been out running too. Tousled hair. Wearing his familiar uniform of running

shoes, sweatpants, and no shirt. Chest and shoulders shining with sweat.

I froze. I stared at him a second. He was grinning at me, that familiar half-smile, half-sneer I told you about. I didn't know how to react. He bounced his eyebrows up and down, teasing me, still grinning, and I decided--hoped--it was mostly just a smile.

Halsey was a football player. I was a soccer player with a bum leg. He was higher on the pecking order, and right then he was also stronger and more capable. If he started a fight, I'd probably lose.

"Hi," I said, noncommittally, hoping he'd move on.

"I'm surprised you're jogging. Aren't you supposed to be in a cast?"

I straightened up. "Just got it off a couple days ago. Don't tell anyone--girls love a guy in a cast, and I need all the help I can get."

He chuckled. "Good one, Kip." He stood up too, hands on his hips, flexing his spine almost like he was displaying himself. I caught myself wondering what his pecs would feel like, before I remembered there was a good chance he was about to use them to beat the living crap out of me.

"So ... you still on the soccer team?"

"Yeah," I said. "Maybe I'll get to play

again soon. Trying to build my leg back up."

"You dig it? Jogging, I mean?" Halsey said.

"Uh ... yeah," I said as I sniffed and wiped a sweat droplet off my nose.

I was pretty sure Halsey was still mad about catching me staring at Jane *again* a while back, so why was he acting all casual and friendly? And the soccer team's surprise victory against our arch-rival earlier that week made the front page of the campus paper, which meant for the first time in as long as I could remember, the headline wasn't about the football team--that probably wasn't helping the

situation here either.

So I decided to take the bull, so to speak, by the horns. "Wha--what's going on here, Halsey? Why are you all of a sudden talking to me?"

Still with that confident sneer-smile, he drawled, "Aw, hell, man, I'm just making conversation. I can't be a jerk *all* the time, y'know? I figured, ♦ What the hell, Kip's okay. I dunno about the rest of the soccer team, but Kip's awright."

I was still suspicious, but I said, "Uhm, thanks. I'm flattered, man."

Footsteps from behind me, and Halsey nodded his head in greeting, so I turned.

Jogging up from behind me came Chris.

Halsey was grinning and pointed a thumb at me. "'I'm flattered,' he says--what a card!" As if Chris had overheard the whole thing. Maybe he had.

Chris, panting, joined our cozy little conversation as if he'd been invited. He was wearing the same outfit as Halsey: running shoes, same team sweatpants, and no shirt. Did these guys *plan* to go outside wearing matching outfits? Points off for dressing alike, boys--definitely a fashion faux pas.

Oh, and in case you're keeping count, I was now outnumbered two to one.

Chris, though, was making a big deal of being casual around me. To Halsey, he said, "You mean Kip here wasn't bowled over by your famous sparkling personality?"

And as if on cue, from another angle, here came their third musketeer, Max. You guessed it--same sweats-and-no-shirt uniform as the other two, only his sweats were a little older and faded. What a rebel.

"How's it going, Kip?" Max panted with a chuckle as he sidled up into our little group and parked his comradely elbow on Halsey's bare shoulder.

"Hey," I said back, very aware that it was

now three to one. And that there was no one else around. Not that anyone was likely to help me anyway.

"We do this every day," Max said, apparently talking about jogging. "How come we've never seen you here before?"

"My leg has been broken," I said flatly, immediately wondering if I owed him an explanation. "I just got the cast off."

Chris patted me on the back. "Kip here is all right."

"Yeah," Max said with a snort. "Too bad about his lame friends."

"Hey!" Halsey mock-scolded as he slapped Max's abs playfully with the palm



of his hand. "Take it easy, okay? I'd take it personally if someone started talking shit about *my* lame friends." He was grinning so they'd know he was joking, and they all laughed.

"Screw you, Halsey," Chris snorted.

"You wish," Halsey said, goosing Chris in his bare ribs and making Chris laugh and squirm out of range. "Okay, guys, it's time to hit the showers."

"I'm done!" Max said.

"Me too," Chris agreed, looking over at me and adding, "Later."

I said back, "Later," and then they were jogging the first of the fifty yards or so to

the field house, and I was wondering if maybe I'd misread the situation and they were just being friendly after all. Heck, if they'd wanted to, they could have dragged my ass off on the other side of the field house, and it might have been Monday before anyone found me.

Then Halsey hung back, turned back to me, and yelled, "You coming?"

I debated it for a second. He nodded his head toward the field house. "Yeah," I said. "Sure. Why not?" That last part was to convince myself. And I jogged along behind him as best I could the rest of the way to the field house.

Inside, it was deserted. It usually was, that

time of day on a Saturday. Halsey and company headed straight for the locker room, jogging all the way to the last step as if that were the only gait they knew.

The locker room looked different without the soccer team's gear strewn all over the place. Halsey and his friends--their lockers were all side by side. Somehow, that seemed fitting, though just a little too "Stepford Wives" for me, though. But they were already toeing off their shoes, peeling down their sweatpants, jock straps, and socks. Grabbing their towels. Trotting off to the showers.

The same showers where the soccer team had been learning our special kind of buddy system.


Max went in first and had his pick of the showers. He picked the one in the middle. I went to one along the same wall, a discreet two heads down from him. Chris took the shower head directly beside me, on the other side from Max, and Halsey took the one between Max and me. All those closeness kind of weirded me out, but I tried to act nonchalant. Maybe this was just the way the football team showered.

The shower spray got warm almost immediately, and I let it cascade over me.

"Man, I'm so ready to party tonight," Max said happily.

"Big plans?" Halsey asked him, grinning

too.

"Aw, I dunno," Max smirked. "Does staying shitfaced wasted all weekend count as big plans'?"

"Sounds like a plan to me," Halsey leered. To me he said, "Whadya think, Kip?"

I made myself grin and said, "Sounds like a plan to me."

Halsey said, "Jane's folks are going out of town this weekend. We have the whole place to ourselves--*all weekend*." I ignored the emphasis in his voice, and I tried to ignore the image of Halsey and Jane naked and fucking like crazed weasels all weekend in every room of the

house. He had something in his hand, what looked like a six-inch black tube of plastic, which he deposited on the soap dish when he reached for the soap.

Max: "You two finally going to do the deed?"

Halsey shrugged noncommittally, as if to say, *What do you think*. "Probably."

That cut at me--so Halsey and Jane hadn't done "it" yet?--but I pretended not to notice. Instead, I nodded toward the thing he had put on the soap dish and said, "Hey, man, what's that?"

"Yeah, Halsey," Chris chimed in, with the same confident-evil tone I knew so well.

"What *is* that?"

"You wanna know what this is?" Halsey said, picking up the black plastic and displaying it to me. "It's a permanent marker."

I got this sick, sinking feeling in my stomach.

"Permanent ink," he repeated. "You get it on your skin and it almost never comes off."

Evil chuckles. Let's do the math: three of them, my weak leg, water-slick tile shower, and no one around to come to my rescue ... What were the odds I could outrun them? Do odds come in negative

numbers?

"I don't get it," I said, but I was understanding too well--even before they closed in a semicircle around me.

"Oh, you're gonna get it, all right," Max said. He was closest, and I gave him a shove, and suddenly they were all over me, grabbing my arms, squashing me face-first against the shower wall, Chris and Max pinning my arms to the wall.

I tried to pull free but couldn't get any leverage, and my leg was already starting to throb. I shouted, "Hey! Stop it, man! Comon, guys!"

"Nice view, Kip," Halsey said from



behind me, and I could practically feel his eyes zeroing in on my bare ass. "You sure you've never done this before?"

"Stop it, Halsey!" I snarled.

"Keep screaming, Kip," he hissed in my ear. "The doors are locked. Nobody's gonna be in here for hours. I made sure of it."

"What are you doing, man?"

He snarled, "You mean, what am I *gonna* do? *Kill* you, maybe." And then his voice became a whisper in my ear: "Or ... worse." We both knew what he meant.

"I don't think he wants to put out for you just yet, Halsey," Chris cackled as I

struggled against his grip. "Maybe you should have taken him to dinner first."

"Well, I'll tell you this, Kip--it won't hurt *too* much. Chris and Max wanted to kick your ass. But me?--I told them no.

◆Cause, see, I'm a nice guy. All I wanna do is write a little message back here. Just one itty ... bitty ... message."

"Lemme go," I shouted, struggling.

*"Lemme go!"*

"Don't make it any worse than it has to be," Halsey said, and I couldn't tell if he was smiling or snarling. "Or else I'll let Max and Chris here get in a few good kicks. Once I write a little message back here, on your ... cute ... little ... butt."

He knelt in front of my ass and patted one butt cheek. "Hmm ... What should we put here?"

Max said, "How about a heart with ♠'Fag Boy' in it?"

"Good idea," Halsey said, voice so cold now it sent a chill up my spine, "but no. Hmm ... I know! I'll write ♠'Fuck My Pussy' on his back, and then a big arrow pointing down." Malicious laugh.

"Stop it, you guys!" I yelled. "You could get expelled for this!"

"Really?" Halsey snarled. "Football brings in a lot more money from the alums than your pussy-ass soccer team. And in

case you haven't noticed, it would be our word against yours. Three on one, ass-wipe. The dean would believe us, even if we said you did it yourself then showed it to us ♠cause you wanted us to fuck you." I heard him pull the marker cap. "Now don't move, or you'll just make everything worse."

I resigned myself to my fate and stopped trying to wriggle free. But I didn't relax--I was gonna make a break for it the second I felt one of them loosen his grip.

Just as I felt the marker tip touch my skin, I heard bare feet behind us on the tile shower floor, and a familiar voice said, "Hi, fellas. Is this a private party?"


They jerked around, and I jerked myself free and crab-scuttled sideways for the shower entry. On the way, I had to pass by my rescuer.

Jake. Naked except for the towel he held in his hand.

"Get the hell outta here, Jake--this doesn't concern you," Halsey threatened, waving the uncapped marker in Jake's face like a knife. Was he afraid of Jake?

Should I grab my clothes and run, or stay in case Jake needed my help in a fight? I stayed.

Jake, naked, said, "Sorry, can't do that." There was teasing casualness in his voice,

a subtle alpha-male swagger as he took two steps closer to Halsey. Jake taunted, "He's my teammate and my frat brother, not to mention my roommate. You know-- the usual  mess with him, mess with me' shit."

"Fuck you, Jake," Halsey spat, swiping the marker an inch from Jake's unflinching nose.

Suddenly, Jake was moving, so fast I could barely see him. Halsey grunted as Jake grabbed him, and they grappled, and a second later, when the flying limbs resolved themselves back into bodies, Jake had Halsey firmly in his grip-- Halsey's back to Jake's chest--and Jake had a choke hold around Halsey's neck

with one arm. His other hand held the marker, pointed two inches away from Halsey's pretty-boy nose, with Halsey holding Jake's wrist with both hands to keep him from marring Halsey's looks with a black marker squiggle.

"Well," Jake said, matter-of-factly, "that was easy."

Max and Chris just stood there, not sure what to do, looking for a sign.

Halsey was straining to push Jake's hand and the marker away. "I don't think you realize," he growled, "just what kind of trouble you're getting into, Jake. Stop fucking around with me, or I'm going to kill you."

"I don't see it in your eyes, Halsey," Jake said. "I don't see you killing anybody."

"Look, we weren't gonna *do* anything to him, okay? Not really. We were just gonna scare--"

"Well, now that it's you and not him, I think it's more fair. Let's see ... You were going to write ♦'My Pussy' on his back. I like that, but I'm going to write it on your face, with an arrow going right to your cute little mouth. You like that idea? You gonna do something about it? C'mon, Halsey--I thought you said you were going to kill me."

And then suddenly Jake was shoving Halsey at Max and Chris, who caught him



as he slammed into them.

They stood there, glaring at each other, the three football players at Jake, Jake at Halsey. Halsey turned and walked slowly toward me, past me, slinking toward the shower entrance with Chris and Max in tow.

Jake challenged, "Why don't you and your little girlfriends come back and we're finish this up right now?"

But then we were alone. Halsey and company didn't bother to dry off--they pulled on their sweatpants and shoes and left.

I worked on getting my composure

together while Halsey and his toadies exited through the locker room doors. "Where the hell did you come from?" I asked Jake. "Uhm, not that I'm complaining or anything."

He capped the marker and tossed it to me. He shrugged that shrug and said, "I dunno, buddy."

# 13.

Inhale. Take in as much air as you can. This part of the story should last about as long as you can hold your breath, then just a bit longer. So read as fast as you can.

Jump to a little later when Jake and I got back to the frat house.

We walked in and there was Shane--jeans, no shirt--standing in the door to the basement, looking down the hall like he was waiting for somebody.

"What's going on?" Jake asked him.

"Not much," he said.

Nathan and a couple of our other frat brothers came down the hall. Nathan was also wearing jeans and no shirt. "These are the last of ♦em," Nathan said.

"Hurry up," Shane told them as he shoed the straggler brothers through the door and down into the basement. I had the impression of cowboys herding stray calves into the corral.

I said, "Uhm--"

"Sheesh," Nathan complained, scratching absently at his nipple, "what an undisciplined bunch! You'd think that after two weeks they'd have gotten the idea-- eight o'clock is training time. Is *every* frat at this school going to be this fucking

difficult?"

I was, like, *They've been doing this for two weeks already?*

I must have looked confused, because Shane said, "Don't worry about it. You have to stay out here. This is for beginners only, not experts like you."

"Yeah," Nathan chimed in with his trademark smirk. "We're just starting them on the training mental exercises you've already mastered. You'd just be bored anyway."

Then Nathan headed down the stairs into the basement, and Shane said, "Don't worry--they're in good hands. We've done

this before." He waved to us and backed in and shut the basement door on his way down.

I looked at Jake. Jake looked at me. We shrugged in unison. But I think we both already felt any concern slipping away.

We ambled back to our room. That fuzzy-headed ... loss of concern lasted a little while, but then I started snapping out of it. Jake too--I could tell.

It was Jake who looked over at me with that wicked grin and said, "You wanna ...?"

I grinned back and said, "Yeah!"

We sneaked ourselves back to the

basement door. Tiptoe-tiptoe-tippy-toe-- just like in cartoons but without the sound effects. I was, like, "Shh!"--and Jake couldn't stop giggling, which got me giggling, and he went, "Shh," back at me, and that made us giggle some more.

I mean, sure they told us to stay out, but surely they didn't expect us to actually *do* what they said, did they? No way could they tell us something like this was happening with our frat brothers right below us and then expect us to *not* be curious, especially if Doc's training was involved. Right?

Right. So we're sneaking down the basement stairs. We're not making a sound. The stairs are kind of walled off

from the basement itself, so we don't see much of anything until we get to the bottom and go around the corner.

I guess in a way it looked like some Buddhist meditation center. There spread out on the floor in front of us, kinda-sorta in rows, were our frat brothers. Some were sitting cross-legged. Some lying on their backs. Some had their shirts off, and most had their shoes off. One thing I noticed right away was how they all had their eyes closed, like they were meditating, listening to Shane talking soft and low as he paced back and forth along one wall in front of them, surveying them like a drill sergeant.

And just like Doc, Shane was saying, *So*



*easy to focus.*

He was saying, *No distractions, no worries.*

He was saying, *Exhale--Relax and sink deeper.*

I gotta admit, the sight gave me a woody almost immediately. A woody from hell, too. All I wanted was to sink down on the floor next to my frat brothers and listen, just listen--

That's when I felt Nathan come up behind me--behind and between Jake and me. I felt him put an arm around my bare shoulders, pulling Jake and I closer together, Nathan pressing half of his bare

chest against my shoulder blade, leaning in between our heads, though I couldn't take my hungry eyes off the spread in front of us. Nathan murmured so he wouldn't disturb the scene in front of us, "You two were supposed to stay upstairs. Ah, don't worry about it--I guess I'd be curious too if it was *my* fraternity. But you better go back upstairs so you don't disturb anything. Doc's orders, y'know? And you know how he is about his orders. He expects them to be followed."

Nathan nudged his finger at that familiar trigger spot behind my ear. Even if I hadn't already been feeling cooperative before, I surely was then. I felt Jake's shoulder press against mine as he slumped my way slightly.

Nathan cooed in our ears, *Relax yourselves.*

He was saying, *So cooperative, so ready to obey completely this time.*

He was saying, *Go back upstairs to your room and wait for us.*

It seemed like a great idea to me, so I turned and walked quietly back up the stairs, with Jake following me. It never occurred to me to do anything else. That's how far gone into Doc's training I already was.

# 14.

Narrative is a drug. Once you start telling stories, you can't stop. Some stories you tell and you use them up. Those kind, the drama burns off; and the more you tell them, the more they sound silly and flat. Other stories, they use you up. The more you tell them, the stronger they get. Those kind of stories only remind you how stupid you were. Are. Will always be. Telling a story is how we digest what happens to us. The stories you can't tell, the events you can't digest, they poison you. But the stories you can digest and tell, you can use them to take control of those past moments. You can shape them. Craft them. Use them for your own good.

Jump to later that night at the frat house.

Jake and I were in our room, just like we'd been told. It was pretty late, in fact. We were already stripped to our underwear, and all we had left to do before bed was shuck our underwear, turn out the light, and crawl between the sheets.

I was kind of sneaking looks at Jake. It struck me that I liked looking at him because he looked, well, slutty. But in a good kind of way. The kind of boy who'd been around. Who couldn't remember whether he was Catholic. Who knew how to make you feel great in bed. Who just looked good just to look at.

Someone knocked on the door of our room. Jake opened it.

"Hey"--Nathan's voice--"can we come in?"

Jake said, "Sure, dude," pronouncing it almost like two words the way he always did--"du-hude"--and stepped aside.

Nathan and Shane came in, all smiles, and Shane pushed the door shut behind them.

"Hey, Kip," Nathan said to me.

I stood up, said, "Hey," and shook his hand.

"We were getting kind of bored and horny after the training session, so we thought

it's time to see what it is about you two that has Doc so impressed," Nathan was saying as we all stood around, Jake and me in our underwear, Nathan and Shane shirtless in their jeans and sneakers. Nathan was looking me right in the eye, standing close, moving in closer. Was he giving his crotch a grope? "Shane here figures Doc is keeping you guys pretty well-drained, what with practice and all, but I think hot guys like you can always do with a little more. Am I right? You feel like a little late-night mental training session before bed?" I met his gaze, feeling that familiar feeling stealing over me, and I didn't pull back. Nathan let his hand find the semi-hard cock in my underwear and gave it a gentle squeeze. "After all, we're all on the same team,

right?"

I felt myself relaxing, feeling peaceful and happy, welcoming his touch.

"Yeah," Nathan said, "I can see Doc has got you two *very* well-trained."

And he's staring me right in the eye, grinning at me, and I'm grinning back expectantly, and his hand gives my hardening cock another soft caress, and I cup my hand over his and give it a squeeze too, and his other hand is on my shoulder, his fingertips striking my skin like hard rain., gliding up my neck toward my ear, and I put my hand on his shoulder.

And Nathan was saying to me, *That's it.*



And Shane was saying to Jake, *Relax.*

And Nathan was saying, *You're very well-trained.*

And Shane was saying to Jake, *Sleep now.*

And Nathan's fingertips were sliding around my ear, zeroing in on the familiar spot, and he was saying to me--

*Thu-whump!*

Nathan looked over, and said, "Shit, man."

I gradually managed to turn my head. Jake was lying out on the floor, seemingly sound asleep, Shane standing over him.

Shane shrugged and said, "Sorry--I didn't

expect him to go completely limp when he went to sleep."

Nathan said to him, "Be more careful next time--he's Doc's favorite." Then Nathan turned his attention back to me, and I stared happily into his eyes again. His hand caressing my cock made me shiver, and I did the same to his, wanting to make him feel good too.

And Nathan said to me, *Focus*.

And his fingers searched for that familiar trigger place behind my ear, and he was saying, *Sleep now*. But he missed the trigger spot, too far back, so nothing happened. Instead, I reached for his trigger place and pressed my fingertip to it

firmly.

I told him, *Sleep now*.

Nathan blinked, surprised.

I pressed it firmly again and repeated, *Sleep now*.

And Nathan let his eyes close.

"Well, well," Shane said. I looked over to see him coming my way. "Nathan always was a little too careless."

And Shane reached for my trigger spot, and he was saying, *Sleep now*. So I let my eyes close too.

I let my eyes open again when Shane told

me to. I was naked. I was hard. I was climbing onto the bed. Our beds, Jake's and mine, pushed together into one. Shane lay on his back on one quarter of the space, with his knees curled up against his chest. Jake had his face between Shane's legs--too low for a blowjob--he was licking Shane's butt hole.

I was on all fours alongside Shane, then laying down on my side with my back to him. Nathan was in front of me. His mouth was dive-bombing onto my rod, and his own cock was coming in for a landing on my tongue. I opened my mouth-hangar wider to receive it.

You can perceive the events unfolding the way I did, like slow-motion video clips

moving across the molasses that clogged my head.

Jake on his back now with his knees bent up, with Shane over him, hands anchored by Jake's shoulders as Shane fucked him.

Nathan on his knees on the bed, with my mouth and tongue wiggle-worshipping his cock and balls.

Shane's cock swinging overhead as he and Jake changed positions. *Holy fuck!*--Shane was really hung!

All I knew was we'd never done anything like this in the team showers--handjobs, sure, and some guys were daring enough to suck, but never ass-licking or ass-

fucking. Through the cotton muffling my head, I thought, *Where did Jake learn to do that?*

Nathan reaching around to pinch gently at my nipples while his body moved behind me.

That faraway pain in my ass and the gradual realization that he was fucking me, and the warm, relaxing jolts of pleasure that the initial pain became.

My ass had been virtually cherry minutes before, and right then as the pain was already transmuting into something deeper, something better, just the way Nathan said it would, and all I could think was, *Yeah, feels so good to relax ...*

# 15.

Intensity is inversely proportional to distance. But what is a safe distance?

Jump to the part on the bus coming back from the away game.

No, I hadn't played in the game--damn leg!--but I got to ride along on the bus with the rest of the team. Clay and me, we're turned around in our seats, talking to Lex and Martin behind us. Our team had won the game against our big rivals--*Woo hoo!* It was a major upset for them since we were expected to lose big time, so we were all riding high on that euphoria that comes from kicking major ass. Martin had

scored the winning goal--he was the fucking *hero*! We were sure to knock the football team back to second billing in the next issue of the campus newspaper--*again*! Man, were Halsey and his crew ever going to be *pissed*! And you know what? I didn't give a shit.

The bus got us back to the gym, and someone suggested we all take a shower before we headed over to the victory party at one of the local bars. Hell, that sure sounded great to me! We hadn't showered or changed out of our uniforms since the game, so it would feel good to get clean before I picked up some adoring chick at the victory party to screw all night long.

Nobody said anything about it, but as we



all headed to the locker rooms, yelling and horsing around and shit like that, shirts already coming off, Jake headed directly to the chin-up bars. Like I said, there were two sets of bars, and Martin took the other.

They had the right idea! They pumped out a set, and when they dropped back down, looking so relaxed and focused, we were all practically clamoring to take our turns too.

Pretty soon, we were all in the locker room. We were all sitting on the benches as Coach and Doc talked us down. And then--seemed almost too soon!--Doc snapped his fingers and we were grinning and howling and hollering and stripping

down the rest of the way in a hurry and rushing to the showers to get cleaned up.

I was so deeply relaxed and hard before the water even touched my body. I mean, there's nothing wrong with a little pre-celebration celebration, is there?

And some of the guys carried Martin in, and they were chanting his name over and over at the top of their lungs. Martin made the winning goal--this celebration was all about him! Some of the other guys parted to free up a shower head, and they parked Martin under it, slapping his back and yelling in his face, and he swept water away from his eyes and howled right back at them with this big shit-eating grin, and Jake knelt behind him and spread Martin's

cheeks and dove face-first between them, driving his tongue around Martin's crack--leave it to Jake to be the first to try something new--and Martin's eyes popped wide open because I guess nobody ever did that to him before, and Martin howled out something like, "Oh, yeah, eat my ass," over the choral hiss of the showers and guys hollering, and Clay crouched in front of Martin and proceeded to blow him, and Lex bent over both of them to lick at Martin's nipple.

Their play was contagious. Somebody's hands reached for my body, and then I sank into a sea of hard cocks and hands and mouths, them touching me, me touching them, everybody touching everybody, and someone spurted cum on

my chest, and the air was full of grunts and little moans and cries of pleasure, and someone came across my thigh, and then I was cumming too.

I dragged myself out of the shower. I'd cum twice and after the hard soccer game, feeling this relaxed, all I wanted to do was close my eyes again and groove to the feeling. Jake, Martin, and I were the first ones out of the team's shower celebration, and Lex and Clay was following close behind. We grabbed our towels and played a little "pop the butt" as we trotted back into the locker area.

Doc stood there talking to another guy. "Martin," Doc said, turning our way, "look who's come to see you."

The other guy was Adam, Martin's older brother. I'd met him once, a while back. He had gone to a different university, and he been a major football star a couple of years ago. If I remembered correctly, it was the same university Doc used to work for--no wonder they knew each other--the same one Nathan and Shane came from. But Martin told me that a while back--last I heard, Martin said Adam was a pro ball player and worked part-time in a bar during the off-season and did some modeling work on the side.

Martin slung his towel over his bare shoulder and hurried over to shake his brother's hand, and Adam pulled him into a hug, apparently not caring that Martin was all naked and still dripping wet.

Doc said he and Adam were old friends, and it was Adam who had invited us to hold our victory celebration at his bar. Free drinks!

Now, these were three of our favorite subjects--victory celebration, free drinks, and a star athlete--all in one spot. Martin, Jake, Lex, Clay, and I crowded around. While I was noticing how Adam was standing there with a familiar expression on his face, Doc was saying, "We're going to have a special surprise when we get to the bar. Won't that be fun?"

That familiar, peacefully focused expression that had me thinking, *What the fuck?*

And to Adam, Doc said, "Would you do the honors, please?"

"Sure," Adam murmured as if talking in his sleep.

And then Adam was reaching his hands up for Martin's and Jake's heads, reaching for that special spot behind their ears, touching, and their eyes began to close.

Adam said, *Shh ...*

He reached for the spot behind Clay's ear, and Lex's, and their heads sagged forward.

Adam told us, *Just focus.*

Adam touched the spot behind my ear, pressed firmly enough to tilt my head

forward, and commanded, *Just sleep.*

When I opened my eyes again, that peaceful, relaxed feeling still filled me, feeling so innocent and unified with everything and everyone. I looked around. I was wedged into the back seat of a car. Doc had just snapped his fingers, but we hadn't awakened fully. None of us had or wanted to. We were all caught, eyes open, in a waking trance.

Doc had just pulled into a parking lot. From outside, the *bumpa-thumpa-bumpa-thumpa* bassline of some dance mix blasting on a sound system announced that we had arrived at the club for our victory party.



We climbed out of the car. These weren't my clothes. None of us were wearing our regular clothes. I was wearing some kind of uniform, dark, with a badge. A policeman's uniform. *Cool*, some part of me thought, *I always wanted to be a cop*. The badge wasn't real, but the rest of the uniform looked one hundred percent authentic.

Martin was dressed as a lifeguard: white tank top with a red cross and the word *LIFEGUARD* stamped in an arc over it, red shorts with a little white cross over one thigh, beach sandals.

Clay was dressed in a military uniform--Navy--complete with the cap and boots.

Lex looked like a skatepunk. White t-shirt, sneakers, and ratty cargo shorts sagging low enough to show a couple of inches of boxer shorts over the waist.

And Jake? Jake looked like some kind of construction worker. This tattered old t-shirt that looked like it had been washed in broken glass, slashes letting little glimpses of skin tease through, and tight jeans, so sexy-snug you could see every cut and ridge, and a bright yellow hardhat.

Please don't compare us to the Village People.

Doc led us into the club. The doorman didn't even look up at us at first. He said, "Okay, that's ten dollars cover each, guys,

and I need to see some ID." Then he glanced up and saw Doc. "Oh, hey--I didn't know it was you. This must be the new bunch, huh? Go right on in. Can't wait to see them in action."

Doc led us inside.

Directly ahead, five naked guys were dancing on a long, narrow stage. Around them, standing, sitting at tables, watching, were nothing but men, a lot of men. There was an electric, sexy tension in the air. As I watched, a guy reached up and a dancer knelt down, and the guy slipped a bill into the elastic armband the dancer wore around his bicep, and the dancer thanked the guy with a smile and a kiss on the forehead.

Part of me thought, *This has to be the wrong bar.*

But there in the back were Coach and the rest of the team. They waved, and we waved back. We didn't head their way, though--Doc took us to an empty table off to the side.

"Pay close attention," he said.

The DJ yowled over the dance music:  
"Awwwright, thanks to our beautiful boys! Now we're bringing to the stage Curt, Bryce, Anthony, and ... one of your favorites, *Adam!* Please welcome our next dancers to the stage!"

And the dancers already onstage grabbed

shorts or pants and pulled them on and hopped off the stage. Four new men jumped up and started dancing. One of them, the one closest to us, was Martin's brother Adam. He flashed us a cockeyed grin and a wink as he pulled off his shirt, then his attention turned to the foot of the stage, where a patron held up a dollar bill.

By the end of the song, they were all shirtless, pants open, flashing little glimpses of the treasures barely hidden inside. By the end of the second song, they were down to their underwear. And once the third song began they were naked, bumping and grinding with dollars bulging under the elastic bands they wore around their biceps. They were all grinning and seemed to be having a blast, and I thought,

*I'd sure love to get up there and try that myself.* I watched Adam like a hawk, watching the way he teased his audience, gave them a little bonus glimpse of the goods close up as a reward for their bill, worked them for tips.

And then the DJ was bellowing, "Now we've got a special surprise for you. Our next set of beautiful boys are first-timers. And the word is, they're star athletes at one of our local colleges--how hot is that, huh? Let's welcome to the stage ... Martin, Lex, Clay, Kip, and Jake. Oh, man, they just keep getting hotter and hotter, don't they? *Yow!*"

When the DJ called our names, I looked at Jake and he looked at me, and we were

both grinning like fools. We practically ran to the stage and jumped onto it. Adam, back in his jeans now with the rest of his clothes bundled under his arm, gave me a good-luck slap on the back as he climbed down.

So I was up onstage and the DJ was spinning this hot dance mix, and I pulled off my police uniform tie. There were colored lights shining in our eyes from the ceiling. All the guys down on the floor were looking at us, and our teammates in the back were yelling and whistling at us, and the music was deafening us with *booma-booma-boom!* Jake pulled off his shirt, and I started unbuttoning mine and pulled it off too, loving the way the lights and air and the men's eyes felt on my bare

skin.

This guy came up to the edge of the stage, looking at me hungrily. I danced my way over to him and knelt. He reached up with a dollar bill in his hand and tucked it this black elastic band around my right bicep. Hmm--I didn't remember putting on that band, but it was cool that it was there. I gave the guy a little hug and a wink before returning to my dance.

Into the third song, I was naked, with everything hanging out and swinging for everyone to see--we all were. Our armbands were bulging with tips. We were bumping, grinding, and having a lot of fun onstage. Even Coach and some of our teammates came up to tip us. Man, we



were having a blast!

"What a performance!" the DJ bellowed over the music. "Now let's bring to the stage ..." That meant our set was over, and we started reaching for our clothes.

I pulled on my pants and shoes, and hopped off the stage as fresh dancers climbed past me onto it.

The first guy who had come up and tipped me onstage--he intercepted me. He said, "I wanna go with you to the back room."

I had absolutely no idea what he was talking about, but Martin's brother Adam, with his shirt still off after his performance, leaned in over my shoulder

with a grin and shouted over the music at the man, "For a surprisingly small gratuity, that can be arranged." He congratulated me with a smack on the back. "You got your first private dance," he shouted in my ear over the din of the next song. All smiles, because he liked to keep the "energy level" up. "*Woo hoo*, dude! It's your first time, right?"

"What's a private dance?" I yelled back. Somehow, in the back of my mind, I already knew. Part of me knew that was the reason I was there, that Doc would want me to do this, but part of me hesitated.

Adam hollered to me over the music, "C'mon! Doc wants me to show ya the

ropes. This is gonna be fun." Adam led the guy and me back through a door into the back, to a private room with a small stage. "Let's go in here." He held open the door and grinned his most electrifying grin and said to the guy, "Hope you don't mind a two-for-one special."

In spite of the drowsy fog that filled my head, I was figuring out what a private dance was. I was wondering what Adam was doing--was he inserting himself into the scene to make himself a tip?

"I wanna fuck your ass," the guy said, over the muffled dance music coming from outside. He was staring right at me, ignoring Adam.

"That can be arranged," Adam said, "for an additional gratuity."

I made myself say, "No way--I don't get fucked."

"Shhh," Adam said to me. "The customer always gets what he wants." He flipped on a switch, and the overhead lights went out, replaced by a cheap light show over the stage that mimicked the one outside, on a smaller scale. "That's what I'm here for, buddy. I'll help you through it."

Maybe Jake could have talked me into it, but this customer was not one of my teammates, and Adam wasn't Jake. I said, "No, Adam--I don't--"

"Shhh. Just go along, okay?"

Adam mounted the small stage and began to dance. I climbed up with him, shimmying alongside him. The customer stared right at me, with a hunger that disturbed me in spite of the calmness that my training spread through me.

The customer said, "How much?"

By then, Adam and I had our shirts and shoes off and our pants open. Adam knelt at the edge of the stage and said, "Well, now, it's his first time at the club, and as you can see he's a very attractive young man. I think we're talking about ..." He leaned in close to the customer and whispered in his ear.

The customer watched me the entire time. When Adam pulled back, the customer evaluated at me for another moment, then nodded at Adam.

Adam grinned, like he'd been expecting this. "Don't worry," he said, clasping my head between his hands. "You'll do fine."

And when his finger pressed into that special spot behind my ear, I felt the world drop away.

Adam told me, *Focus*.

Adam said, *Resistance melting away*.

Adam whispered, *For the team*.

Adam knelt before me, sliding my

policeman's uniform pants down. I stepped out of my pants when he told me to. I was hard. I was ready. Now I was willing. My butt had this tingly feeling, like it needed to be filled. Seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

# 16.

Do you remember those old stories about the space shuttle explosion? All those pieces fell to earth, burning and smoking, and afterward the NASA people gathered up as many pieces as they could find. They used this huge airplane hanger and tried to put the pieces back together as best they could. But the more they tried to put it together, like a giant jigsaw puzzle, the more it called attention to the holes and pieces they hadn't found yet. Their jigsaw puzzle became a map of what's missing. Memory works this way too.

Jump to the part where they were talking about how their pieces of Doc's jigsaw



were coming together.

No, let's back up a moment first. Shane, he told me he originally used to be a math teacher--now he's computer science. Doc talked him into it. Shane will put that mind of his to work creating special kinds of software. Nathan originally wanted to get a psychology degree, maybe go into something unambitious like social work. Now--and Doc insisted--Nate's going to become a psychologist, a therapist, make a lot of money, have a lot of influence over people's lives, maybe write a self-help book and hit the talk show circuit touting some "you can do it too" approach. Jake--well, Jake said he changed his major from "undeclared" to political science. A conversation with Doc about career goals

set him on that path, gave his life the direction he'd been lacking. He's planning to go into politics, maybe someday run for Congress or President and make laws that affect everything. The way everybody loves Jake, the way he can already talk anyone into anything, he'll be good at politics.

Me, I changed my major to business management. I'm planning to get an MBA, become the next Wall Street hotshot, get myself promoted up the ranks to the corporate halls of power. I'm going to run a Fortune 500 conglomerate by the time I'm forty. Maybe that's less flashy and media-conscious than what the others will be doing, but it's an important role, and Doc wants me to do it. I know I'm going to

find the business courses interesting.

I guess the whole lot of us reduced down to "tools" and "goals." Goals were the guys Doc had to have on his team, the goals he had to achieve, the really valuable ones like Jake, Nate, and Shane who will work as his disciples and recruiters. Tools, like Taylor, like me too probably, were just guys Doc used to get access to something else.

Taylor wasn't a goal. Getting Jake was a goal. Doc accomplished that. Everyone loves Jake. Through Jake, Doc can get anyone, reel them in gaping and big-eyed as fish. But Taylor, Taylor was just a tool.

I'd been hanging out a lot with Shane. For

a geek, he was pretty cool. Seemed like the most natural thing in the world to want to spend as much time as I could with him--when I wasn't training with the team and he wasn't off doing God-knows-what for Doc, that is. When he had to have a talk with Jake and Nathan, I asked if I could sit in. Shane told me I could wait for him in my room, since I'd probably get bored, but I wanted to be there just to be near Shane. He said if that's what I wanted, it was fine with him.

Jake was there with Taylor, and Nathan was there with Jason, the president of our fraternity chapter. They met in the little room next to the television room. I thought that room used to be a storage room, but I saw it had been cleared out, all clean and

well-lit inside.

They had a chair and a couple of couches pulled in there. Nathan in a pair of gym shorts parked himself in the chair, with Jason in his boxer-briefs sitting cross-legged on the floor between at his feet, arms cocked over Nathan's knees. Jake in his briefs took one of the couches, Taylor in jeans and socks beside him, leaning in with his head on Jake's shoulder. Shane in his boxers chose the other couch, and I in my sweatpants decided I should sit with him. Well, not exactly sit--there was plenty of extra room so I kind of sprawled out along the unused half with my legs hanging over the couch arm and my head in Shane's lap. He didn't seem to mind a bit, kept idly stroking my hair, which felt

nice and relaxing.

Shane was asking how everything was going--was everyone moving forward on schedule? Nathan said Jason had been introducing him to the members of the tennis team--he patted Jason's head when he said that and Jason grinned happily. Nathan said Jason's fellow tennis team members were falling into line nicely, and I could guess what that meant. It made sense for Doc to delegate--even he couldn't be everywhere at once.

Shane asked Jake how his "special project" was going. Jake said, "It's going great," and patted Taylor's thigh. "I've gotten myself invited to dinner on Friday."

Taylor, thick-voiced and dreamy, toyed with Jake's nipple and drawled, "Yeah, it'll be just my dad and us. My mom's gone to visit my aunt for the weekend and my brother is on a camping trip with his friends."

Jake grinned. "By Monday, his father will be ready to meet Doc."

I kind of figured out one piece right then, the piece about why Doc was having Jake invest so much time with Taylor. Through Taylor, Doc gets introduced to his father, the Dean of Admissions. Through the Dean, Doc gets control of the whole admissions process. He gets to control who comes in, and who gets educated for the next generation of service. He gets a

whole school where everyone is handpicked to be there, for the sole purpose of being recruited and trained in Doc's master plan, a whole team of future business, civic, and government leaders streaming out into society, doing their parts to make sure the tasks Doc sets out for them come true.

Taylor giggled softly, like Doc meeting his dad was what he wanted more than anything else in the world. Maybe it was. He reached down into Jake's lap, started massaging the lump in his briefs.

"Easy, tiger," Jake said, half-heartedly pushing Taylor's hand away from the rising. "Time for that later."



Taylor protested--"Aww"--but allowed his hand to be diverted.

"Good boy," Jake said, sliding his arm around Taylor's shoulders.

"Sounds good to me," Jason said, turning between Nathan's legs and pushing his face into the mound in Nathan's shorts. Nathan laughed and patted Jason's head.

This time, when Taylor reached for Jake's lump again, Jake didn't push him away. Taylor started kneading it, totally focused on what he was doing. Jake and Nathan leered at each other.

I couldn't believe how hungry they were for it, or how open. I murmured, "Wow

..."

Shane stroked his hand down my arm the way you might stroke a pet's back. "Yeah," he said, agreeing. "It's cool Doc lets us have our favorites."

I looked up at him, aware of the swelling in his crotch under my head. "So Taylor's with Jake, and Jason is with Nathan--who is yours?"

He looked at me funny for a moment and said, "Never mind. Just relax and let's have some fun too, okay?" Then he reached under my head and pulled down the front of his briefs. I rolled over, and his cock sprang out to meet me. I inhaled the male muskiness of him and ran my

tongue along his shaft, wanting only to make him feel good.

# 17.

What if, hypothetically speaking, Doc is more than just some two-dimensional predator taking advantage of an interesting situation?

Jump to the club again.

Sitting there, the stroke light flickering at my eyes and the skin of my bare chest kept me relaxed. *One-two-three, pause--one-two-three, pause.* From where I sat, at the table beside Doc, waiting for my next turn onstage, it was in my sight wherever I looked. Sometimes there was this little cloud of fog released from the smoke machine over the stage, which diffused the

strobe into a peaceful pulse, encouraging me to let go, relax, accept. Alert and focused, but also tranquil and dreamy at the same time. Body so heavy and limp.

Lex, shirt off, sat in front of Doc. Doc massaged his bare shoulders and neck, sometimes stroking his hands as far down as the top of Lex's jeans. Lex, enjoying it, had his head lolling limply forward and eyes closed, as if almost completely asleep. I knew that feeling. Each stroke pulled him deeper, helped him relax more.

Jake, back in just his jeans and sneakers now that his performance was over, slid down off the stage, body moving so smoothly, with his tips still tucked under the band encircling his right biceps,

passing through the crowd, gripping an arm here, smiling and saying hey to someone there. It was in the half-smile on his face, beautiful as a fallen angel, and the way his shirtless body filled out his snug jeans.

His smile said, *Sex*.

The roll of his hips and half-hard sex inside his jeans said, *Horny*.

Every motion was pregnant, whispering its promise, *Passion*.

He stopped by a couple of tables to smile and thank some of the guys for their tips. He paused when the guy at the table next to us caught his attention. Jake stood there,

absently running his palm over his bare abs as he talked, flirting with the guy at the table beside us, working him, negotiating. The guy handed Jake a few bills, and Jake grinned seductively and sank into the chair beside him.

The guy, facing us over Jake's profile, was totally into Jake, pursing his mouth in anticipation. Jake slouched his gorgeous body down in the chair, stretching out his bare torso and jeans-clad legs for the guy. Jake was grinning, eyes heavy-lidded and fluttering, at the guy. Jake ran his fingertips slowly, firmly, down his abs, letting them slip just barely into the top of his jeans before he pulled them slowly, seductively, back up toward his nipple. The guy bit his lower lip and said

something furtively into Jake's ear over the music. Jake grinning and, mouth next to the guy's ear, said something back: a price. The guy thought about it, eyes glued to Jake's finger tips as they traced their route back down the ridges of his tight abs. The man only took a second to come to a decision, and handed over another clump of folded bills, which disappeared from Jake's hand into the front left pocket of his jeans.

Jake slouched so far down that his ass barely clung to the edge of the chair. He kept grinning sexily at the guy, his eyelids moving languidly. He didn't stop the guy as he reached for Jake's belt and unfastened it. Jake's left hand slipped into the guy's lap, where I couldn't see it



between them, but I could see the rhythmic motion of Jake's arm as he massaged the guy's crotch through his pants. The guy had his hand covering Jake's crotch, kneading the swelling there with the heel of his palm. Jake let this go on a second, shifting his torso slightly to let the guy know how good it felt, and then he pushed the guy's hand back and ran the index finger of his right hand along the bottom of the rise in the crotch of his jeans. They were lost in their own little world, apparently not caring who saw, though Jake occasionally glanced over at us, at Coach and Doc, and gave a little smile, as if he knew we were watching and liked it.

The guy mouthed something into Jake's ear, a request. Jake focused on the guy

again and let his seductive grin reel him in as Jake gave back a quick answer. The guy nodded curtly and handed over another bill. Jake let the guy unsnap his jeans, then pull the zipper down. The guy was biting his lower lip, eager, as he ran his fingers into the opening and caressed what lurked inside.

Jake squirmed happily a little and let the guy knead him for half a minute, then took the guy's wrist and pulled it firmly, almost regretfully away. The guy whispered another request, eyes pleading, and Jake shook his head and said something back. The guy mouthed back an offer. Jake considered it a second, then nodded, and another bill slid into his left pants pocket. In return, the guy's hand disappeared into

Jake's open jeans and drew out his rigid cock: nice heft, long, sleek, perfectly shaped, the foreskin already pulled back, slight upward curve.

Jake looked over at us and winked, then lifted his right leg and put his foot on the table, blocking most of my view. The shift turned his hips toward the guy a little more, and a couple of inches of fine ass cheek and crack appeared over the top of Jake's jeans in the back. I saw the head of Jake's cock appear and disappear as the guy's fist wrapped around it and jacked him slowly, up, down, up, down. Part of me said they shouldn't be doing that in a bar, not in public like that. Another part said it was okay because we were in the back where no one else could see, and

anyway the guy was paying for it.

After a minute, Jake again tried to pull the guy's hand away, half-heartedly, making his point. The guy got the idea and turned over another bill--several. Jake grinned his biggest grin. In return, he settled back in the chair, hands gripping the sides of the seat, letting the guy continue to jack him. Jake's eyes continued to flicker. The guy's attention was entirely focused on Jake's crotch and what he was doing there. Jake's chest tightened, and his abs too, and his mouth opened in a slightly gasp, trying to be cool about it but still enjoying the feeling. Then his abs spasmed, just a little, carefully concealed from anyone farther away than me, and his body held itself tightly for nearly half a minute, as it clung

to the moment and the pleasure, his orgasm, before gradually giving way and relaxing back in the chair.

Jake grinned at the guy languidly, and the guy grinned back. Their heads came together and they whispered a couple of things together: thanks and encouragements. The guy took a wad of napkins from the table and wiped them over his hand and Jake's stomach. Jake bent in and gave the guy a flirtatious kiss on the cheek and the guy did the same back. The guy handed over a last bill, a nice tip, as Jake tucked himself away and closed up his jeans and belt. A last hug, and then Jake climbed to his feet and rejoined us, handing over the tips from under his armband and his pocketful of

bills to Doc. Looked like a lot too.

# 18.

What you have to love about seduction is, every step is an irrevocable decision. You charging ahead, thinking you're in control of the game. It's the same with drinking booze, taking pills, painkillers, sex, hypnosis--every action is a definite next step down some road.

Jump to the part with Jake.

Doc had been hypnotizing us for weeks, maybe months--the passage of time didn't mean much anymore. Or, more accurately, he'd been helping us hypnotize ourselves.

Sometimes I'd be on my bed, studying--

studying came so easily to me now--and Jake would come in.

I'd be stretched out on my side on my bed, reading over a textbook or my notes, wearing just my shorts, stretched out lazily on my bed, and Jake would come in.

Maybe he'd be wearing just his lucky boxers, or sometimes later in the evening he'd be nude so I'd see his big old dick and couldn't take my eyes off it, or sometimes in the afternoon he'd be fresh from class and still fully dressed. He'd look at me and grin. He'd walk over and reach out his hand. Part of me knew what he was going to do, but I never pulled away--no, if anything, I'd lean in toward him a little.



His fingertips, curling behind my ear, would stroke that special spot Doc had showed us.

Jake would be saying, *Time to take a break.*

Jake would smile and whisper, *Just lie back.*

Jake would press his fingertips to that spot and tell me, *Sleep.*

And sometimes I'd wake to find myself sprawled on my back, on my bed, naked alongside my forgotten textbook. I'd awake to find Jake naked and bent over me, blowing me, his mouth feeling so sweet and wet on my hard cock.

And maybe I'd reach down and put my hand around his cock to stroke him.

Maybe I'd run the fingertips o my other hand across his scalp, probing for the spot behind *his* ear.

Maybe I'd whisper, *Let go.*

Maybe I'd murmur into his ear, *Just relax and let it happen.*

Maybe I'd pull him up onto my narrow bed alongside me and say, *Let's make each other feel really good.*

# 19.

Every life moves toward, then radiates from, a single moment in time.


Jump to the part that might be the moments for three other guys in my story.

I got back to the frat house kind of late that night, after a marathon research session in the library--hey, studying may have come a lot easier with my new focus, but those papers still didn't write themselves!



Anyway, I walked in. Most of the other guys were asleep by then.

Early to bed, early to rise, right? Well, if you believe *that* pile of horse poop, you

obviously don't know what frat life is like at this campus!

Late nights used to be standard procedure around this place. No, if the guys were asleep already, it didn't have anything to do with "early to rise." It was thanks to the mental training exercises they were going through in the basement, and it wasn't the type of sleeping that rock-a-bye babies do tucked up in their beds in their jammies.

Anyway--and I'm getting on with my story as fast as I can--I walked in, and the place was pretty much dead quiet. Nobody around that I could see. Until I looked in the television room just off the main room. At first I thought no one was there, since the television was off. But there, sitting on

the couch, were Max and Chris. At first, I was, like, *Holy fuck!*--cause they weren't brothers in my frat. They belonged to a whole different frat, a first-tier jock frat. Then I was, like, *Holy fuck!*--cause where you found Max and Chris, you found Halsey, and vice versa, and Halsey definitely meant trouble for yours truly.

Only ... Max and Chris, they were sitting there on the couch, and there was no Halsey to be seen. And the television was off, but they were watching it intently anyway, little smiles on their faces, as if it was the most interesting show they'd ever seen. Even though there was nothing but a dead gray screen.

So I said, "Hi, guys, what's going on?"

They were sitting there on the couch--but not close together or anything--in their identical denim shorts, wearing their matching tee-shirts with their frat letters emblazoned across the chests, and their little flip-flop sandals, only Max's were black and Chris' were blue--and I wanted to say, *Guys, it's a crime to dress alike unless you're married.* And I would have said it too, except they'd have beaten the living crap out of me. Hey, I was risking life and limb already just talking to them, especially after last time. So instead, I just said, "What's going on?"

Their heads slowly swiveled my way. They each had these identical dopey grins on their faces, their half-open eyes all glassy. Max effused, "We're watching a

porno movie," happy as a kid in mischief. Chris nodded. Max gushed, "It's the hottest one we've ever seen." Chris nodded again.

I was, like, *Uh ... okay.*

I may not be the sharpest guy on campus, but I figured out the basics. I said, "A porno, huh?"

Max nodded and repeated, "It's the hottest one we've ever seen," and Chris nodded again too, before their smiling faces started turning slowly, as inevitable as gravity, back toward the blank television screen.

Well, all right. They looked completely out of it. Like I said, I'm really good at

figuring out the obvious.

The door on the other side of the television room opened, the former storage room where the guys had been having their planning sessions. Shane stuck his head through the door. "Oh--hi, Kip," He said to me. "I thought I heard someone out here. Why don't you go on upstairs. I'll come find you when we're finished here." I could see Jake behind him; Jake gave me that knowing grin and a wink.

I could also see, past them, a guy's muscular bare leg and foot, from the knee down, as if the guy was sprawled in a chair off to one side of the door. Where was Halsey? Mystery solved.



Shane said, "Max, we're ready for you. The Doc will see you now."

Max and Chris. In their matching outfits, their matching stylish haircuts, and their matching sports-and-gym-honed bodies ... All this conformity--those boys were practically doing our job for us.

And Max got up and sleepwalked to the door and through it into the white light beyond, and Shane pulled the door shut.

So the point of this was, I knew something was up.

# 20.

The trouble with beginnings is fear. That's why you stumble and make half-starts.

That's why you st-st-stutter at the beginnings of words. You never stutter at the end--there is no stutter-ing-ing-ing.

You stutter at the beginning because that's where the fear is. At the end, there is no more fear, only regret. Let's begin again.

Jump to the club again, with Jake, just before the next set of Doc's new recruits showed up to perform.

This is the new Jake. Don't worry if you don't like him anymore. He's changed. You might have been thinking the bar was just

a sideline for us, another training ground. But it was more than that. It was the real classroom. Here Jake and all of us are refining our experience, learning to turn everything we are, everything we do, into a tool to get what we want, preparing us for what will happen later, once we graduate and go out into the world to make Doc's agenda happen. We were learning the fine art of seduction. Jake was learning faster than the rest of us, showing us the way. I can see it in him now because I remember the old Jake. I can see it in the way he moves through the club: snake-limbed, long-legged, athletic, driven, dangerous. Whatever he was before, he has become pure predator. Where most people have a heart, Jake has a huge, sucking black hole. And when you're as

sexy as Jake, most people are happy as shit to be sucked in.

This is the new me too. I had just finished my turn on the stage. I was figuring out I had an exhibitionistic streak, and being onstage was one hell of an ego stroke for me, so I didn't mind the dancing or stripping one bit.

I think Doc just liked showing off the control he had over us--not that the customers ever figured it out. After I worked the crowd a little, thanking guys for their tips, collecting a few more bills, I made my way over to the table in the back where Doc held court. Jake sat to Doc's right. Jake: Shirtless, in just sneakers and jeans, with the top button

popped up and the halves of his fly open just enough to show an extra wedge of skin, no underwear. Knees spread. Slouched back. Arms cocked back around the back of his chair. He surveyed the crowd with that familiar look that seemed so casual, but focused, not missing anything, and that panther half-smile. Like a bored Greek god of seduction wandering among the mere mortals.

I wore just sneaks and jeans too. I pulled out the nice wad of tips I had collected in my armband and passed it over to Doc, then I sat in the empty chair on the other side of Jake. The back of it was chilly against the skin of my bare torso, but that didn't disturb the peacefulness that filled my head. Instead, I felt it relax me even

more, and I settled back against it.

Shane leaned in from behind me and had to holler over the mind-numbing *thumpa-thumpa* dance anthem: "You're going to love the next set. It's Doc's latest recruits."

So I was, like, *Cool!* Because I was going to see who else Doc had brought into our fold.

The song was ending, and the DJ's voice barreled through the speakers over the fade-out with, "And now, some new meat for you, guys, fresh from a championship season at one of our fine local colleges! It's their first time, so be gentle with them, okay? Ha ha! Let's welcome them to our stage!"

And I thought, *No fucking way!*

Because the guys climbing up on stage, with their enthusiastic grins and their bare chests, are some of the other stars of this story. Along with two other guys from the football team whose names I didn't know, left to right, we had Chris, Max, and--say it with me--Halsey.

And I thought, *Damn!*

By the time I picked my jaw up off the floor--hey, maybe I was very relaxed and focused, not I sure wasn't dead--they were into the second song of their set. Shirts off, pants too, bumping and grinding enthusiastically to the beat, in their underwear and socks. They were getting

pretty good tips from the customers, and their little elastic armbands were bulging with cash.

And I thought, *Dang--Halsey and his friends can actually dance.*

Even Chris and Max were moving around pretty well up there.

So I did what any of us would have done, what several of the other guys had done already: I pulled a dollar bill out of my pocket and went to the stage.

Halsey saw me and came dancing over, doing this little underwear shimmy move that made his package bang around in the pouch of his white boxer briefs. Funny, I



had always figured Halsey for a jock strap guy, like that day in the showers.

He came over and grinned at me. I grinned back, a *Welcome to the club* grin. He gyrated a little at the edge of the stage, showing off his body to me, then knelt at the edge and thrust his shoulder and arm with the elastic band forward so that I could slide the tip under it.

"Hiya, Kip," Halsey hollered happily at me over the thunderous music. "Thanks for the tip," and he giggled at his little rhyme. He gave me a wink and that familiar half-smile, half-sneer expression, and he gave me that little hug we're supposed to do to encourage the customers to tip more often. Only Halsey held on a little tighter, a little

longer. And that half-sneer of his was tinged with a definite edge of lust. "You know," he practically had to yell into my ear, "I've always thought you were cute." Then he reached down and tweaked my bare nipple playfully. I groaned and felt my knees weaken as the pleasure of it ran through me. I put my hand on Halsey's bare chest to steady myself, caressing his rock-solid pectoral.

"See you around, stud," Halsey said, winking again, before pulling back and dancing over to the next customer waiting to tip him.

I was floored. Halsey had sure come a long way into Doc's agenda in a very short time. Who would have thought? Hell, if I'd

known Halsey would look so dang sexy with that slightly addled look in his eyes, I'd have introduced him to Doc myself!

I decided I was going to ask Doc if I could "borrow" Halsey for later that night. At first I was thinking about payback; but the more I thought about it, the more it felt like just wanting to spend time with a hot guy. It felt like the need to get off with a hot guy. And I've always thought Halsey was pretty damn hot. The thought of it made my dick harden in my jeans.

I could practically see him already, naked, on his back on my bed, legs held up as high as he could hold them, gasping, shooting his load all over his chest without touching himself as I fucked his

ass hard. It seemed almost more like memory than imagination, and I wanted to cross that boundary again. We were playing for the same team now. Doc's team.

With Doc's permission, I'd go up to Halsey later and say, *Focus on my voice.*

I would instruct him, *Just relax, yes, and follow my simple instructions.*

I would reach out to him and touch that spot behind his ear, same as ours, and tell him, *Sleep.*

# 21.

We are all of us always telling the same stories, over and over. The only way to make them new, to make them our own, is to tell them in our own words. But the moment you realize that you will never tell your own story, that's the moment your life truly begins.

Halsey rolled over on his stomach in my bed and propped himself up on his elbows. The sheet slid off his bare torso. "Hey, handsome," he said. "You were fucking awesome last night."

I'd been up for nearly an hour, sitting by the window, watching the sun rise and

thinking. But when Halsey said that, I couldn't help but grin. Who doesn't like hearing they're great in bed?

"So," I said, leaning back and letting the sunlight slop over my naked chest and shoulder. "What about Jane? I thought you two used to be an item."

"Yeah, well, what about her," he purred with a shrug. "As I seem to recall, you used to have the hots for her too."

Okay. He had me there. Things change. Got it.

He yawned and stretched. "You coming back to bed?"

I grinned. The night before, my plan had

been simple: bring Halsey back here, fuck his brains out, repeat, then discard. But somewhere along the way, things changed. Halsey took everything I threw at him, every inch, every slam and thrust, and he loved it. Ate it up. Fucking egged me on and begged for more--the whole time grinning and smacking his lips like a bitch in heat. Maybe Jake was pure seduction, but Halsey was pure appetite. Insatiable. I like that in a man. What started out as a revenge fuck turned into *the* hottest sex of my life. Somewhere along the way, I realized I didn't mind having the guy around. Maybe he wasn't so bad after all, once you got to know him.

I went back to the bed. Sat down. Halsey turned himself toward me, and the sheet

slid further off him, revealing his naked hip and his eager erection. "I always thought you were cute," he said, as his finger slid along my bare thigh and found the base of my wood. "I just couldn't handle it--y'know?--liking guys and stuff. I guess I overcompensated until Doc helped me deal. Sorry."

I said, "It's okay," and shrugged. What else could I say? After all, I'd already had my dick in his mouth or up his butt half the night.

*Don't mistake this for love*, I kept telling myself, as Halsey rose to meet me and we kissed again. He kissed me with his eyes open. That's what I remember most about that first morning together, the way he




kissed me, watching me kiss him back. And the way he touched my cock too, gently, like it was the most precious piece of china he'd ever handled, rolling it in his hands, but strong too, like he knew exactly what to do with it, which he sure enough demonstrated. We must have cum together five times the night before, and here we were already starting the next round, with Halsey bending his face over my crotch, intent on his work. I decided I'd like to maybe keep him around a while--and not just because he sucked cock with more gusto than any man I'd ever met except Jake. Doc's doing, probably, but I wasn't blaming him and I sure wasn't complaining.

If we can forgive what's been done to us--

if we can forgive what we've done to others--if we can leave all our stories behind, our being villains or victims--only then can we maybe rescue the world.

It would sure make a good-enough happy ending, wouldn't it? Two young lovers walking out into the light of a bright new day. They could find help, defeat the bad guy, and save the group. The two of them could be victims and heroes.

Fuck that.

This isn't a fairy tale, and there's no bad guy, and there's no happy ending, not yet anyway, since life goes on and Doc's plans are still unfolding. I don't have the big picture. But according to the cliché, ,

it ain't over ♦til it's over.

Every life moves toward, then radiates from, a single moment in time. What matters here is not the end; it's the process. I don't know how it will end--can't see that far. All I know is the here and now. What will you do today? How will you justify it? That mountain of dead animals and ancestors on which you stand? The effort and energy and momentum of their lives--how will it find you? I have *my* answer.

Can't you see? You're addicted to conflict. Alienation. Obstacles. I'm not like you. Thanks to Doc, I don't have to brag about my pain anymore. This is my happy ending. I feel terrific.

But you don't care about that. Let's get back to the topic at hand. Chances are, you and I will never meet. But if you're a guy enrolled at one of our many fine colleges, chances are you'll meet someone. You see, Doc has plans. I may not know what they are completely but, trust me, he's thought it all through. He's ambitious. He knows what he wants. Knows how to get it. He has plans. Plans for you.

So if you're a cute boy on a college campus, Doc is coming for you. Especially if you're a cute jock, or a frat brother with family connections, Doc is coming for you. A good-looking computer whiz or a sexy accounting wonder boy in the making? Doc is coming for you. And Shane and Nathan and Jake and I, even

Halsey and the rest, our smiling faces will be right there behind him. I know, you'll try to fight. A lot of guys do. But don't worry--once we guide you past your initial resistance, you'll love it too. They always do.

So if you think this is going to save you ...

If you think your quick wits are going to save you ...

If you think anything is going to save you ...

Well, you've been warned.

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