

# Pledging

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Beau wakes up during his fraternity initiation.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Beau blinked as he woke up. Was he supposed to be awake? Was this an accident, or intentional? Another trick?

Beau thought he knew what to expect when he pledged the Kappa Theta fraternity. He had seen movies about fraternity life, of course, and done research on the Internet, and read personal accounts, but nothing prepared him for the real thing. Nothing prepared him for being immersed in the fraternity, the pledge process, the hypnosis, everything. He had not expected the hypnosis at all.

The Kappa Theta fraternity had a reputation for pledging jocks, and the initiation was rumored to be a real workout, which it had proven to be. Beau, nicknamed Rooster by the brothers for the strutting enthusiasm with which he threw himself into the pledge challenges and the way his cock threw frequent uncontrollable hard-ons with seemingly no provocation, was a freshman and already one of the best swimmers on the varsity team. Several of his fellow swim team members were Kappa Theta brothers, which was one reason he pledged. Beau's short brown hair outlined his clean-cut features. Like his fellow pledges--Piglet, Cobra, and the others--he was stripped to his pledge book worn on a string around his neck and a pair of boxer shorts that

had been new and stark white when he had first pledged; they were grungy now, permanently stained by weeks of trials, smears of color--thrown food, raw eggs, sweat, paint, grass, mud, a hundred other things--that no detergent would ever fully remove.

Beau tried to look around without being obvious, in case he was not supposed to be awake. He had been tricked before. Where was he? Outside. Cloudy, dark sky. A chilly late-autumn breeze brushed his shoulders. Drizzling rain hit his head and chest. A bonfire at the edge of the woods behind them. He and his fellow pledges faced what looked like a mountain lodge. Where was Tiger? He seemed vaguely to remember Tiger being called into the lodge, moments before Beau had awakened. What test awaited him inside?

Beau's wide shoulders and long, tapering torso gleamed in the blazing light from the bonfire. The flames hissed when occasional raindrops met the burning wood. Beau began to remember. He and his fellow pledges had been brought here to the lodge the night before, he thought; he was not entirely sure, since time seemed to pass oddly when he was hypnotized. He had spent much of the last twelve weeks entranced. Some parts seemed clear; others vague. The memory tests, the hike quest, the tests of humility and obedience demanded by Kappa Theta brothers, and the hazing: he had been awake for part of those challenges, and hypnotized for other parts. He thought he remembered most of what happened, but had he forgotten some parts or been made to forget? Would he ever be sure?

Beau glanced carefully around, trying not to reveal that he was awake. He spotted Bull standing in the shadows near the lodge door, as if guarding it. Bull was a first-string tackle on the football team, and he deserved his nickname. His face was rugged, his manner confident and powerful. Bull wore no shirt, so Beau could just make out the crystal pendant like many of the frat brothers wore, suspended on a cord around his neck. Beau could not tell where Bull's thick neck stopped and his massive shoulders began. Powerful muscles knotted along his arms, and his barreled chest was slicked with black hair, a downy trail trickling over his marble-slabbed stomach to disappear inside the jeans locked to his solid hips. For an instant, Beau pictured the hulk of a man as he had seen him so often, lumbering naked through the frat house with his thick cock flopping over his free-swinging heavy testicles. Yes, all the guys kidded Bull about his dick size, and that was how he had gotten his nickname, but Bull had a cock that made most men jealous. Beau, feeling a bit envious himself, wondered what Bull's cock looked like fully hard, wondered if he could stretch his mouth to handle it.

"What the hell?" one of the other pledges--Cobra, nicknamed because of his long, snake-like dick and its generous hood of foreskin--muttered as he too woke up.

"Shh," someone else, probably Piglet, warned quietly.

"Where the fuck are we?" Cobra groused under his breath. "Where the fuck are the others?"

Because aside from Tiger, another pledge was missing too. Beau had not noticed before. "Inside, I think," Beau stage-whispered. "Now hush!"--though obviously Bull and any other fraternity brother who cared to check on the pledges would immediately know they were all awake now.

Two pledges were unaccounted for, but Tiger was the one who mattered. Tiger, whose name was Martin, was Beau's roommate. Beau had developed an immediate and serious crush on him the moment they met. Tiger was enthusiastic about pledging a fraternity; he had dragged Beau to the pre-rush parties; he was the main reason Beau had pledged Kappa Theta. At first Beau had expected little more from pledging than a bonding experience with Tiger, and a chance to see his friend in his underwear or stripped naked, as frequently happened for the challenges. But Beau had found he liked the fraternity, had come to love the test of proving

himself as a pledge, even though the hypnosis still seemed weird. Tiger had gotten him involved, but Beau stayed involved because he had come to enjoy the experience--what he could remember of it.

What was happening to Tiger in that lodge, Beau wondered. Was Tiger still hypnotized?--Or awake? What were the brothers doing to him? Probably the same things they would be doing to Beau and the other pledges soon enough, he thought, nervously shifting from foot to foot.

Bull caught Beau's gaze, narrowed his eyes, then spread his lips in the familiar smirking smile. He raised the pine paddle he carried, pointed it at Beau, and gave him the finger. Bull was always doing shit like that, ever since Beau had pledged Kappa Theta, glaring at him, grinning when he grumbled about how Beau was a "skinny swimmer." Beau was not skinny--swimming had given him a lean, muscular build--but maybe most guys seemed skinny to someone of Bull's muscle-packed proportions. Beau wondered why Bull had not paddled him during the pledge period, or maybe he had and Beau had been too entranced at the time to remember. That idea annoyed Beau more than he thought it should. He scowled at Bull and returned the finger salute.

Then the lodge door opened and Chet, the pledgemaster, nicknamed Stag, emerged from the dark interior, striding toward them. Stag was tall and blond, good-looking and strongly muscled, and he was Bull's roommate as well as quarterback on the football team. Shirtless. A small crystal pendant on a black cord hung in the center of his chest. A solid oak paddle swung on one hip, the handle attached by a leather thong to a belt loop on Stag's jeans, and Beau knew that hard wood would sting one hell of a lot more than the soft pine paddle that Bull hefted.

"Okay, scum," Stag barked at the pledges. "Shut up and line up!" The young men straightened their line in quick silence. Stag walked behind them, inspecting, and then Beau felt Stag tap him on the shoulder. "Assume the position, scum," Stag ordered.

All the pledges were called *scum*, and Beau obeyed automatically, performing the ritual that preceded the paddle swat. He cupped his crotch, hoisting his genitals inside his boxers, locked his legs together and bent forward, gripping his knees. Then he felt Stag's palm rub over his offered butt, checking for padding beneath the thin, taut cloth. Stag had paddled Beau plenty of times during the initiation, more than any of the other pledges, but each time he went through the ritual of checking for padding. His fingers roamed over Beau's ass through his grungy boxers, tracing the hard muscle-globes, the hidden curves, and the cleft between them with taunting slowness, and then Stag pulled back to position himself. Beau shut his eyes tightly and clenched his teeth, and a strange excitement filled him. He was determined to take the punishment without flinching, to prove his manhood, to show Stag he could take it, to show Bull and the other Kappa Thetas--

*Thwack!*

The paddle struck with a splintering crack, and Beau wondered if his tail was getting numb because the sound was far worse than the pain. "Dammit, Stag!" Bull grumbled nearby, having joined them unnoticed. "You busted another paddle on that scum's tail! Keep it up an' we won't have none left for th' grand finale!"

"Rub it in," Stag said to Beau.

"Yes, sir." Beau straightened and reached back to rub his ass, and he remembered how Stag had palm-stroked the thin-clothed curves. "Thank you, sir."

The night was still as Stag and Bull strolled off toward the lodge. Beau felt the brush of a bare arm against his, then a more firm pressure. "Shit, I hope they aren't going to swat us anymore," the youth beside Beau

whispered, and without looking Beau knew Piglet's voice. "I don't know if I can take another lick."

"Shit," Beau bragged, unexpectedly proud, "I've taken more than you have."

"Yeah, Stag's really been laying it to you."

Beau could not prevent himself from picturing Piglet at the frat house, a stocky wrestler, muscle-packed and flexing at a moment's notice, his thick cock bobbing from the wiry thicket at his groin as he posed in the john, the showers, wherever.

"Know what happens next?" Cobra asked from farther down the line, and Beau remembered seeing him naked too, tall and sleek-bodied, dark-tanned except for the bubbled arcs of his ass, the unexpected serpent-length of his cock, the way he was always joking whenever they were awake. "They're going to 'tize us again and tie us all together by the balls. Then we have to run an obstacle course in a trance, and the first guy who trips loses his nuts. And then the rest of us have to eat them!"

"Bullshit," Piglet muttered skittishly.

"I surely hope yer th' first t' trip, Cobra," a deep voice Texas-drawled.

"Want to eat my balls, Armadillo?" Cobra challenged back. "Hell, you can lick them any time you want, and then you can suck my dick and--"

"Sheee-it," Armadillo drawl-laughed as Beau joined the others in nervous snickers. "Yer surely gonna--" Armadillo and the others abruptly went silent as the lodge door shot open.

"Cobra!" Stag bellowed from the doorway. "You're next! Get your lousy butt in here!"

"Yes, sir!"

The silence continued after Cobra was gone, and Beau wondered what torment the young joker was facing. Unconsciously, he pictured Cobra again, naked, facedown, the ivory cheeks of his tail paddle-bruised and glowing red. Was that what they had done to Tiger too? Beau pictured Tiger and Cobra assuming the position alongside each other, their butts pointed toward him, their ass cheeks showing distinct crimson marks from a paddle.

Beau wondered what the marks on his own ass looked like, and he felt a threatening warmth in his groin. *Crap*, he swore, looking down nervously at the lump of his cock showing in the front of his boxers, *what a hell of a time to get a hard-on!*

One by one, pledges were called into the lodge, and Beau found himself recalling each one stripped. The burly wrestler named Piglet. The drawling Texas stud they called Armadillo, who was always tugging his horse-dick and declaring that *Mah poor little pecker needs more lovin'!* The redhead on the tennis team whose marble-pale body blushed from head to toe whenever the guys talked about sex. The lean track star who--

"Rooster! Get in here!"

Beau snapped out of his daydream. He had been too lost in his fantasies to register that he was the last pledge remaining. "Yes, sir!"

Beau moved quickly, hustling past Bull and into the dimly lit lodge. He could barely see. To his right, most of the other pledges knelt on the floor, very still, their backs to Beau, their hands submissively clasped behind their backs. Directly ahead of him was a low table turned into what appeared to be an altar, with a body on it, a knife handle sticking up from the chest. Beau feared the body was Tiger for a moment, but then he realized: just a manikin, another trick, just something to spook him one last time. *Those damn fuckers*, he swore at the Kappa Thetas as his eyes picked out Tiger among the kneeling pledges. *Whew!*

To Beau's left, the assembled brothers were gathered in a semicircle around Stag, and the tall football player held a huge, polished oak paddle. "Assume the position, scum," Stag ordered.

"Hang on," Bull declared from behind Beau. "I call privilege."

Beau did not know what *calling privilege* meant, but Stag grinned and offered the paddle handle-first, like a weapon, to Bull.

"Oh, fuck! Now he's gonna get it!" one of the brothers muttered in the darkness, and several others snickered.

"Assume th' fuckin' position, scum!" Bull growled, his dark eyes cold, his features expressionless.

"Yes, sir!"

Beau gulped and tried to keep from trembling as he went through the ritual of adjusting his crotch, locking his legs together, and bending forward. He was sure Bull could lay that solid paddle on his butt hard enough to make it bleed, maybe even crack bones, and he wondered if he could endure the pain without screaming.

"You want me to hypnotize you first?" Stag sneered, leaning in next to Beau. His crystal pendant swung from his neck in the dimness. "Make it so you don't feel the pain, so you can take it?"

Sure, Beau was scared, but at the same time, the hot excitement was rising in his groin again. He was determined to show the Kappa Thetas he could take it like a man. "No, sir," he said carefully to Stag, making sure his voice betrayed nothing. "I can take it." Yeah, he'd show them all, especially Bull!

Then he felt Bull's open palm on his butt, checking for padding. The pressure was sure and almost caressing, the fingers inspecting and lingering, and Beau remembered how Stag had checked him repeatedly. No, Bull was inspecting even more thoroughly, marking the arcs and the cleft, cupping each bun for a moment, finally pulling back.

Beau braced himself, knowing Bull was taking a stance and aiming the paddle and readying his strength. Beau had a crazy feeling that he might piss when he took the swat--piss, or throw an erection!

"Take it easy, Bull," someone warned. "Remember what you did to Tiger."

"Hell, lay it on the scum," another voice urged. "If he can't take it better than Tiger did, he doesn't deserve to be a Kappa Theta!"

"Give it to him, Bull!"

"Wait a minute!" Stag. "Rooster's got a right to drop out of the initiation if he can't take any more licks."

"Yeah, I guess so," Bull sighed. "How 'bout it, Rooster? Want t' drop out, scum?"

Beau straightened and looked at the burly athlete hefting the threatening paddle. Sure, he was still scared of the power Bull could put behind the swat, but all of a sudden Beau was grinning and giving him the finger.

Bull laughed and roared, "Assume th' fuckin' position, Rooster, ya damn skinny swimmer!"

They went through the ritual again, Beau bending over and offering his butt, Bull pawing the boxer-clad ass in search of padding, then the long wait while the paddler readied to strike. Beau felt a trickle of sweat break out under his arm and slide down his ribs, and he thought about crazy things like the way Bull had ordered him to assume the *fuckin' position*. A howl went up from the brothers watching, and Beau braced himself, preparing for the blistering crack.

*Tap!*

The paddle barely patted his muscle-tensed butt, and then the Kappa Theta brothers were crowding around him and laughing and slapping him on the back and welcoming him to the fraternity. For a moment Beau did not realize the initiation was over, and then he spun to Bull. "Scared to swat me, Bull?"

"Yeah," the massive athlete acknowledged with a real grin. "Scared I'd splatter your skinny butt all over th' wall!" He nodded toward an open door at the end of the room. "C'mon--I owe you a drink."

The next room had a makeshift bar, and Beau felt energized--aroused, prickle-skinned, turned-on as hell, barely short of throwing a rod in his boxers--as he joined his new fraternity brothers and drank with Bull and joked with the guys. The drinks came steadily, and soon Beau felt the alcohol working its magic on him.

He found himself standing alongside his boxer-clad roommate Tiger, their arms around each other's bare shoulders, congratulating each other as they swallowed more and more beer. They jokingly trash-talked the losers who had dropped out of pledging during the weeks before initiation: *What's the big deal. It wasn't so tough. We sure showed 'em! Hell, yeah!* They trash-talked Stag as the pledgemaster too, Beau more enthusiastically than Tiger: *Holds that paddle like it's his cock. Shit, if his dick was as big as that pledgemaster attitude of his, he'd be hung down past his knee!* The sexual innuendo emboldened Beau and the booze made him feel braver, not caring who might see, brave enough to let his hand trail down Tiger's back and cup his boxered ass cheek, give it a squeeze, then trace his finger up along the crack.

But Tiger frowned and shrugged Beau's hand away. He gave Beau an unreadable scowl and shook his head. Stunned, Beau stood and watched Tiger stomp away. Before Beau could follow--

"Hey, Rooster, buddy!" Stag, blond and handsome, still bare-chested and wearing the pledgemaster's paddle tied to his belt strap, slid up alongside him and clapped an arm around Beau's shoulders. "How's it going?"

"I ..." Beau stopped himself and took a breath. Tiger had disappeared. Beau decided he should be glad for the distraction. Maybe he needed time. He could find Tiger later, laugh off what he had done as a drunken joke, maybe salvage their friendship. Or Tiger might not even remember, once he sobered up. Yes. Time was the answer. Tomorrow. Meanwhile, Beau turned to Stag. "I think I'm drunk."

"That's the best part of the initiation," Stag chuckled, and his arm stayed in place. "You sure took it like a man."

Part of Beau respected Stag as an athlete and a leader in the fraternity, but part still resented him for all the challenges and abuse the pledgemaster had thrown at them. Beau knew he had to let the resentment go; everything Stag had done as pledgemaster had led them to this point, where the unworthy had been weeded

out and a great group of pledges had been initiated into the brotherhood. Beau felt as though he needed to learn a new way of interacting with Stag, as a fraternity brother and an equal.

Plus, Beau decided, he needed small-talk to distract him from what he was feeling. For now, he had to put thoughts of Tiger aside. Stag would be a good diversion. "And you sure laid it on me."

"You should've been in *my* pledge class. Bull and I really got worked over."

"Bull?"

"He took it like you did. All man, all the way." Stag emptied his glass. "I gotta take a leak. How about you?"

"Yeah, sure, I guess so."

"Let's go outside and spray the trees. C'mon."

Beau went with Stag, not staggering much, but warm and sufficiently drunk to forget what happened with Tiger for now. He passed Piglet, fully naked and standing atop that low table with the manikin, performing some sort of enthusiastic dance that had Piglet's semi-hard cock spinning in a circle while a handful of watching brothers collapsed in laughter. Cobra and another pledge, pounding each other's bare backs and slugging down their beers. Not pledges any longer. Full-fledged brothers, celebrating their passage. Beau found himself grinning without knowing why.

Outside the lodge, in the dark and still night, the bonfire had burned down to embers and a few crackling flames. The misting rain had vanished, and a sliver of moon peeped from between clouds. They moved into the trees, and Beau pushed down the front of his boxers and pulled out his dick, standing right next to unbuttoning, unzipping Stag. Beau remembered when he had been a kid taking a piss outdoors with a pal for the first time, both of them giggling and staring at their immature little pricks, crossing their piss-streams, laughing their asses off. Aiming his spray into the darkness at the nearest tree, Beau glanced over at Stag, barely able to see the wide-open flaps of the blond athlete's jeans and his man-sized cock as the pledgemaster unloaded his bladder against the same trunk.

Moments passed. The relief of bladder pressure being released. The phantom pleasure of his piss-stream running through his sensitive cock-head. Beau angled his spray closer to Stag's.

When Stag milked the last droplets from his bulky rod, he said, "Ever swat a guy's tail, Rooster?"

"No ... I ... No ..."

"Want to?" His prick still hanging loose from his spread-open fly, Stag began unfastening the paddle from the thong tied to his belt strap. "Want to even the score?"

"Hell, man--" Beau was too distracted by trying to shake the last piss-drops off his cock and remembering to tuck it away in his boxers to concentrate on what Stag was saying. Alcohol always did this to him, made completing simple tasks difficult unless he concentrated.

"I can take it," Stag vowed, offering the paddle to Beau. "If you're man enough to lay a lick or two on me. How about it? Wanna put some licks on my ass?"

"I dunno ... I'm kinda drunk."

"Or ..." Stag tilted his head, all smiling sureness. "Maybe you just need a little confidence-booster, Rooster." He pulled the crystal pendant on its black cord away from his chest and worked the string off over his head.

In the darkness, Beau could not see the cord, and the crystal seemed to float in mid-air as its facets caught the weak moonlight. Well-trained by now, Beau found his eyes locking on to the crystal, and he could not force himself to turn away.

"Look right here," Stag told him in that familiar way before Beau, alcohol-addled, could decide whether he wanted to allow this. "Don't take your eyes away from it. Don't move or speak. Nothing can keep you from falling back into that very deep and pleasant state of hypnosis you know so well. Take a deep breath ... and exhale."

Beau found himself following along. He wanted to step back, look away, tell Stag *no way* now that his pledging and initiation were over, but somehow he could not concentrate enough to remember how. Hypnosis always made him feel so focused, always shut away all of the distractions. Maybe part of him wanted, needed, to shut away the distractions now.

"I'm going to count from five down to one. As I do, your eyelids grow heavy, droopy, drowsy, and sleepy. By the time I reach the count of one, they'll close and you'll be deep in hypnotic sleep again. Deeper than ever before. Five. Eyelids heavy, droopy, drowsy, and sleepy."

Beau wanted to say no. Wanted to say ... what? He could not remember.

"Four. Sleepy. Sleepier. Heavy eyelids ready to close."

Beau could not look away from the crystal. Yes, he did feel sleepy. He had learned to enjoy the feeling of being hypnotized. Maybe he could close his eyes just for a moment. No! Well, maybe just for a moment ...

"Three. When you blink, hypnosis is coming on you. So sleepy."

Beau blinked and found his eyelids were almost impossible to lift again. He could not concentrate to ... To what? Maybe he could just close his eyes for a moment ...

"Two. Eyelids closing, closing down. Deep hypnotic sleep coming over you. Closing. Good. Close them. Close them."

Somehow his eyes had closed, and Beau could not force them open again.

"Turn loose now. Relax. Let a good, pleasant feeling come all across your body. Let every muscle and every nerve grow so loose and so limp and so relaxed. Sleepy. So calm and so relaxed. One. So deep in hypnotic sleep ..."

Beau drifted with his eyes closed, vaguely aware of the breeze touching his back, of Stag's voice telling him something, something that slipped away into the darkness.

"Open your eyes," Stag told him. "That's it. Feeling so relaxed and confident now, aren't you, Rooster?"

"Yes." Because he was.

"Take it. You know what to do."



Beau took the paddle, and he felt the solid smoothness of the wood. He looked at the bare-chested football hero, and he knew they were both drunk, and he knew he was deeply hypnotized, and he knew he wanted to do what Stag told him. Yes, he wondered what giving Stag's ass a good paddle-crack would feel like. "Okay," he said, his voice rasping out of his throat from far away. "Assume the position."

Stag grinned. "Yes, sir!" He rocked forward, pushed his jeans down to expose the rest of his ass cheeks, gripped his knees, and offered his tight-rounded butt.

Beau stepped forward. He knew the routine. He could do it without thinking. He needed to check for padding. He watched as if from a distance as his palm roamed over Stag's solid buttocks, and Beau felt the warmth of Stag's flesh. A tingling sensation rose in Beau's groin and ball sack.

Beau had never messed with a guy's tail before, and he let his fingers linger, stroking the bared buns and testing the deep cleft between them. No padding. Beau's cock-head rasped against the fabric of his boxers, and he knew he was getting a hard-on. The night was dark so Stag probably could not see it, and anyway, what if he did? Stag had seen him hard before. Those frequent cock-rods were why the brothers nicknamed him Rooster. Beau found he did not mind whether Stag saw. He should have cared, but the effort seemed beyond his grasp. They were just fooling around, just frat brothers getting acquainted after initiation, and everything else just slipped away.

Beau knew the routine. He took a legs-spread stance, aimed carefully, then swung the heavy paddle. The board snapped against its target, and Stag stayed in place.

"Harder, Rooster! I can take it! You want to swat me again, harder."

Yes, hypnotized Beau wanted exactly that. He aimed and swung the paddle again, full-force--a crack like thunder--and the shock rattled his arm. He heard Stag's hissed gasp of pain, then his murmured, "Thank you, sir!"

Beau knew the routine. "Rub it in," he ordered.

"Yes, sir." Stag straightened slowly and turned to face Beau, hands dangling at his sides. "Rooster, you want to rub it in for me, don't you. I know you do. Rub it in for me."

Beau reached around Stag with his free hand and cupped one of the athlete's buns in his palm, feeling the smooth, heated skin; a moment later, he felt Stag's fingers on his own tail. They stood facing each other, staring at each other in the darkness, each stroking the other's butt, and some distant part of Beau's mind wondered whether Stag also was throwing a hard-on.

Then Stag stepped back and turned his back to Beau and pushed his jeans farther down, past his knees, and Beau's hand was touching the whole of Stag's bared flesh-curves. Beau considered that he should pull back but somehow he could not, and then Stag was face to face with him again. Stag worked down Beau's boxers to the top of his thighs, and they were feeling each other's naked ass cheeks.

"Damn good," Stag mumbled, caressing Beau's paddle-sore buns. "Frat brothers. You and me and Tiger and Bull and the rest. Trading licks. Taking it like a man, huh? You like my ass as much as I like yours?"

"Yeah," Beau answered hoarsely because he did indeed like the near-perfect shape of it.

"You want to lick my ass again, don't you? I can take it hard, man. You know you want to."

"Yes." Beau was keenly aware of the man's body-warmth against near his, the weight of the heavy paddle in one hand, the smooth firmness of the male ass under the other. He knew the routine. "Assume the fuckin' position!"

Beau watched Stag bend forward, the sudden-pale cheeks gleaming in the dimness, and he distantly realized he had repeated Bull's expression. Yes, Bull always called it the *fuckin' position*. And Beau was hypnotized and horny, his cock hard in the air over his half-lowered boxers, horny enough that the sexual overtones slid through his foggy mind, the sexual expressions that the guys had used during the initiation and that Beau had always told himself were innocent innuendos.

*Give him a crack.*  
*The fuckin' position.*  
*Take it like a man!*  
*Lick his ass!*

Being hypnotized and horny seemed to give everything an erotic charge. There was Stag's ass. Beau raised the paddle, took aim, finally swung with brutal force. The blow struck cleanly, and Stag rocked forward, hissed with pain, but did not straighten.

"Another!" Stag barked.

Beau knew the routine, knew what to do this time. He moved slowly to give the burning pain time to sink in, just like the times he had felt a paddle-blasts sting his own butt, and then he repeated the blow to Stag's ass with all his strength.

The force dropped Stag to his knees. "Yes, sir!" he whimpered. "I'll do anything you say. Anything, sir! You're so deeply hypnotized. It's so easy for you to take charge and get out all your frustrations on my ass, isn't it?"

"Yes." A flash of power filled Beau as he gazed down at the blond football hero kneeling humbly before him. Everything Beau had been feeling suddenly found its outlet. *Fuck Tiger. Fuck Stag and all his paddlings. Fuck everything! Fuck!*

"You like my ass, right?" Stag was saying, shifting to his hands and knees, lifting his ass into the air at Beau. "Well, take charge, Rooster. Get down here and lick it!"

A moment later, Beau found himself kneeling between Stag's spread knees, his fingers drifting over Stag's naked buns.

"Lick it!"

Beau found himself unable to resist. He bent forward, touched Stag's ass cheek with his lips, then his tongue!--He gave it a long upward lick, like an ice cream cone. He felt Stag shiver under him, and Beau's prick soared blood-hot from his crotch. Suddenly he knew what he wanted--he wanted exactly what Stag had just said--*take charge, lick it*--and he forced Stag's shoulders down, dominating him, exposing Stag's ass, and Beau pushed his face into the crack and licked. He also reached between Stag's thighs; Beau's hand grazed the pledgemaster's potent iron, and then he grasped the base of the throbbing shaft. *Take control of Stag's cock; dominate his manhood; make him take it like a man.* Beau pushed his face deeper into the ass crack and licked, tasting sweat and something musky. He closed his eyes, and he heard the trees shift in the soft wind and felt the warm breeze lap over his naked torso. Stag whispered instructions and Beau found himself

obeying, his lips kissing Stag's hole, tongue-washing it, licking and kissing.

At some point, Beau found himself pushed backward, on his back on the grass. Stag crouched over him, still whispering eager instructions into Beau's foggy thoughts. The blond athlete grinned and gazed down at Beau's erection, and then he brought one hand up, grasped Beau's dick and bent down to it. Beau threw his head back and closed his eyes as Stag's lips nuzzled the tip of his prong, opened to cover the swollen head, opened further, took it into his mouth, swallowed it, sucked downward on the veined column.

Beau smiled. His body felt pleasantly light and heavy at the same time, like he was floating and sinking. The sensations on his cock seemed both distant and intense. Beau had had his share of blow-jobs, and through his daze he recognized Stag was no amateur at sucking cock. "Yes," Beau hissed, because the handsome quarterback on the varsity football team was gulping Beau's cock deep into his throat, causing waves of pleasure that started in Beau's cock and washed throughout his body.

Beau looked down to watch Stag rock forward and back, and he could see Stag fisting himself rhythmically. *Fuck*, Beau thought dreamily, as part of him wondered what the other guys would say if they saw the football hero on his knees in the darkness, jerking off while he sucked his new frat brother's horny dick!

Stag made a sudden muffled cry, and Beau saw liquid whiteness spurt from the shadows between the athlete's spread thighs. Beau's own climax was hammering to its apex, and he gripped Stag's head, holding him in place as he hip-pumped his iron into that hungry mouth savagely. *Cock-sucker!* he hissed in his head, thoughts becoming a jittery soup as his entire being raced into the ultimate moment. *Suck my cock, ass licker! Cock-sucker! Make me--! Cumming!*

An instant later, he was felt his body bowing upward with pleasure, and every muscle knotted as the first shot of cum tore loose from deep inside him, raced down his tunneled cock, exploded into sucker Stag's mouth and throat. Again. Again. Again and again and again until Beau was drained, his body limp but his cock still hard. It was over, and Beau's head felt clearer, the hypnosis wearing off, and the last thing he wanted was to talk about what had just happened, any of it. Beau slid his fading rod from Stag's mouth and moved away to reach for his boxers, pull them on, shove his spit-wet genitals inside, then snap the elastic waistband into place. When he turned back, Stag was on his feet with his jeans buttoned on his hips, re-tying the paddle through the belt loop. Beau had nothing to say, was afraid to say anything. The two men walked back through the trees to the lodge in silence.

Bull waited on the porch of the lodge, still stripped to the waist, a towel hung over one shoulder. Aside from a brief scowl, Bull ignored Stag, and Stag ignored Bull. "Hey, skinny swimmer," Bull growled at Beau, "want t' join me for a dip in th' lake?"

"Uh, sure. But isn't it too cold?" Beau watched Stag disappear into the lodge, and then he fell in step beside Bull as they headed down another trail to the lake. "Stag and I went to take a leak."

"Sure," Bull said agreeably. Then: "Paddle his ass?"

Beau froze, missing a step. "Uh ... How'd you know?"

"Stag digs that. Among other things."

"Yeah, I guess I found out."

They emerged into a small, isolated clearing at the edge of the water. Seeing Bull start in on dropping his

jeans, no underwear, Beau realized they were meant to go skinny-dipping. He concentrated on peeling off his boxers. Then, with a shallow racing dive, he plunged into the lake, chilly but not as cold as he expected, and surfaced to hear Bull churning behind him. Beau smiled to himself, thinking about how Bull did everything with powerful brute strength, even swimming. Beau moved farther from the shore with slick, clean strokes, and the cool liquid world sluiced over his nakedness, pulling the heat from his bruised ass, rinsing the sweat from his body and Stag's saliva from his relaxed cock. When he finally started back to the lake bank, Beau found the sight of Bull already hauling himself out of the water amusing. The burly athlete's dark-tanned body almost faded into the darkness, all except for the pale arcs of his ass. Beau had never thought much about a man's butt before; his fantasies about what he would do with Tiger if he had the opportunity had not gone much beyond swapping hand-jobs, maybe a mutual suck-job. Not until this fraternity initiation when he had been bent over and his ass was checked for padding and swatted had Beau thought much about asses; not until he had been out there with Stag and made to lick his ass crack and hole. Now Beau decided he liked the way Bull's buns were trim and firm in perfect proportion to the rest of his rugged physique packed with bulky muscle.

Bull, naked except for the crystal pendant like Stag's on its black cord around his neck, had finished with the towel by the time Beau came from the water. Bull tossed the damp cloth to the young swimmer, then sprawled on his back on the grassy bank. Beau dried hastily, and without questioning why, he lay back bare-ass beside his fraternity brother to stare up at the starlit sky overhead. "Shook up 'bout Tiger?" Bull asked at last. "Or 'bout Stag?"

"You know what else happened? With Stag, I mean?" Beau was not ready to talk about Tiger.

"I figure he hypnotized you, made you paddle him, then he went down on you. That's what he goes for."

"The hypnosis was a little weird--but I've had blow-jobs before," Beau admitted, almost bragged. "From my girlfriend back in high school ... And once I went down to the Glade." Richards Glade, called Dicks Glade by those who pretended to be scandalized by rumors of what went on there, was a wooded area at the edge of the campus, where the night stillness was broken by the rustle of men moving into the bushes, the rasp of zippers being lowered, the muffled sounds of male sex. "You, uh, ever been there?"

"Yeah, sure, before I found out what Stag likes. He likes t' suck, an' I like t' get sucked. I get damn horny; that's why we're roommates. We play 'round with th' hypno sometimes. He likes t' hypnotize guys. Sometimes I hypnotize him too. He gives good blow-jobs, huh?"

"Yes, I guess so." Beau paused, then: "How many of the guys does he do ... that hypnosis stuff to?"

"You. Me. All th' last two pledge classes. Most of th' other brothers, now and then. Stag likes variety. But he 'specially seemed t' like a coupla guys in your pledge class."

"Tiger?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Some of the things he said tonight when we were drinking. He's always joking around, but--" Beau exhaled. "Shit, everything about this initiation seemed to be about sex! Things the guys said. Checking our butts for padding. 'Assume the position.' Playing with our asses and swatting our butts." He turned his head to look at Bull's rugged profile. "How come you didn't paddle me?"

"Already told you: I was scared I'd splatter your skinny ass all over th' ..." He twisted onto his side against

Beau and dropped one hand to the trim swimmer's hard-plated chest, flashing a broad smile. "Hey, now I know why you ain't built big like me! You been wearin' yourself out down at th' Glade!"

"Hell, no!" Beau tried to laugh. "That was just the one time--"

"Okay, you're right 'bout what you said earlier." Bull met Beau's gaze directly, and he spoke with sudden seriousness. "If you'd assumed th' fuckin' position in front of me, skinny swimmer, my dick would've ripped through my pants an' right up your ass!"

"Bull--"

"I really like you," the burly athlete went on, as if unable to stop. "Had a big crush on you since th' moment I laid eyes on you. I want t' make love t' you, not like what you did down at th' Glade or with Stag. Not just *slam-bam-thank-you-man*. I ain't too good with words, but I think I love you, Rooster." And Bull dropped down to cover the younger man's mouth with his own.

Beau's first reaction was to resist, to reject Bull's aggressiveness, fight the larger man off, and then--*awww, yeah!*--he felt himself let it happen. His lips were locked to the brute-strong football player's, then their tongues were touching, exploring, arousing--Bull was a good kisser, Beau suddenly realized--and he felt Bull's hand slide from his chest, drift downward, past his hip where the waistband of his boxers should have been, and Beau recalled that he was naked just as Bull's hand discovered his stiffening cock and awakening balls. He groaned with pleasure as Bull pulled away from his mouth and shifted to lick his panting chest, his fire-hot nipples, lower and lower to his tensed prick, pulling the hardened flesh-rod away from his tight stomach and toward Bull's face; and for the second time that night, a man's lips engulfed Beau's rigid cock.

"Bull!" Beau remembered the rugged athlete saying *I love you*, the athlete who was sucking his cock; and then Beau remembered Tiger, that final scowl on his face. Suddenly, doing something with Bull before resolving things with Tiger felt like a betrayal of his friend. Beau wrestled Bull away from his horny dick. "Knock it off, damn it!"

"Shit! You didn't chicken out when Stag went down on you! You sure as hell gave him your cum, right?"

"That was different. I was--" What? Horny? Hypnotized? Neither was an excuse, Beau realized. Hypnosis or no, Stag had not forced him. "I can't explain it. Just different."

Both men lay back, side by side, and Beau took time to think about all that had happened. He had been so in lust with Tiger, and then so damned proud when he pledged Kappa Theta, when he moved into the makeshift "pledge dorm" in the basement of the frat house with the athlete-members, when he made it through the initiation, when he took his swats and got turned-on by proving himself, when he went out in the woods with Stag and got hypnotized again and paddled Stag's butt and kissed his ass and let Stag suck his cock, when Bull had been waiting for him outside the lodge and somehow knew Beau needed a swim to cool off. And then Bull put the moves on him, and Beau had pushed him away just as Tiger had done to him earlier. Bull seemed like a good guy under the attitude; maybe he did not deserve Beau's brusqueness. Beau lay there, feeling Bull's presence beside him, the way Bull's body heat pushed back the chilly air, and he thought about these events for another long while.

"Bull?" Beau ventured at last. "Want me to go down on you? I tried sucking a guy off that night at the Glade. Hell, I might as well get used to it! Only thing is, I think your dick is bigger. I might not be able to handle it all."

"Shit, you handled it plenty of times already when you was a scum; you just don't remember. Here, let me show you what t' do."

"Huh?"

Beau felt Bull roll toward him again, the sudden warmth of Bull's chest against his arm, and above Beau's head hovered Bull's fist. He had taken off his crystal pendant, which dangled by three inches of midnight cord. The crystal turned, and its facets caught the meager moonlight, and Beau tried to look between the surfaces, into the darker spaces within. By the time he realized what was happening, his gaze had been snared and he could not turn away, as Bull spoke to him, quietly, and Beau felt himself slipping away.

"Eight. Yeah, so sleepy, like you're fallin' right t' sleep."

Beau tried to resist, but he was too tired, the hour too late, and he yawned and could not stop his eyelids from sinking.

"Five. So sleepy, skinny swimmer. Real calm, real relaxed, real sleepy, ain't you."

Beau felt himself becoming heavy and light again, floating on Bull's voice like a ripple on the lake's surface, drifting into an ocean-deep trance.

"One. So relaxed an' hypnotized ..."

The feeling of Bull's warmth spread as Beau felt the man rub his hand down Beau's chest.

"Yeah, good boy, Rooster," Bull murmured softly. "Cock, balls, asshole--you're goin' t' handle all of me, an' I'm goin' t' handle all of you."

Beau lay still, letting Bull's voice wash over him, feeling the man's hand slip across his skin and search for his cock. Bull's hand wrapped around the base of Beau's prick, the hard flesh-column throbbing in his grasp, growing still harder and needier, and he heard Bull grunt his approval.

Abruptly, the football player twisted down and pressed his face to Beau's groin, nibbling at the aroused prick, licking the broad-rimmed head. Beau felt Bull shift on top of him, a knee on either side of his head, and then he felt what could only be Bull's hard cock-head touch his lips.

"Open your mouth, skinny swimmer," Bull grumbled.

Beau did, and Bull's knob slipped between his lips. Beau savored the taste of heated maleness. Bull told him to suck on it, and Beau did, spit-wetting the glowing crown with his tongue, drawing it into his mouth, then more and more of the thickened shaft.

"Beau!" Bull whispered, using his real name instead of his fraternity nickname, and Beau felt the football player's legs shiver with pleasure on either side of his head, as Beau suckled and Bull rubbed his palm over the young man's cock-shaft sensuously. "Shit, you sure got my dick fuckin' riled-up!" Bull broke off, pulled away from Beau's fire-blazing cock, and his own popped out of Beau's lips. Beau felt Bull's hands grip beneath his armpits, and his new fraternity brother hauled his body as if he weighed nothing. "Get up here, you skinny swimmer!"

The rough pulling--Beau could not hold on to sleep, and he felt himself start to wake. "Huh?" he mumbled as he let himself be dragged upward, and he fell flat on top of Bull, their naked bodies locked together, face to

face, chest to chest, their sex-hard cocks squeezed upright side by side between them. Bull's hips thrust, making his cock and pelvis slide along Beau's. Bull's hips pulled back, thrust again, again, again. Beau moved his hips too; they found a rhythm and moved together. Too soon, the sweet friction, the pressure, the scratch of Bull's pubic trail along the underside of Beau's sensitive cock-head--too much! "Aww, shit, Bull," Beau groaned as the feeling built, toward the inevitable. "Can't hold back! I'm gonna--! *Fuck, Bull!*" Beau thrashed in the man's powerful embrace as his orgasm slammed him, swift and relentless, turning the world into a blaze of blissful pleasure and the red-gray glow of Beau's clamped-tight eyelids.

Beau thundered into the fury of his climax, clinging to Bull, spewing his cum against Bull's belly, vaguely aware of Bull bucking against him too and biting his lower lip, spewing, racing through the summit, hearing Bull's hoarse cries, spewing, exhausting himself, falling into the weakness of total satisfaction, almost like hypnosis itself, his body sagging loosely down against Bull's muscles when his ecstasy was over.

"Like I said before," Bull murmured at last, lazily stroking Beau's naked back, "I love you."

"I popped like a damn kid," Beau panted, enjoying the afterglow, the heat of Bull's body, the way the older jock's hand felt on his back. "Not very romantic, huh?"

"Hell, I let go when you did. Half th' cum stickin' us t'gether's mine."

"I think ... I like being stuck to you," Beau said, testing the new feeling. He let his lips touch Bull's bare chest for a moment, a brief kiss. "We ... I guess we should hit the lake and clean up."

"Sure," Bull's voice rumbled in the darkness. "But I wanna hold you a minute first."

"No rush," Beau agreed, settling his head against Bull's shoulder. He sighed, smothering a laugh. "We wouldn't be so messed-up if you'd let me finish sucking you off."

"Want to?"

"Damn right! You and Stag aren't the only cock-suckers in this fraternity, at least not as of tonight!"

"You don't know th' half of it, skinny swimmer! Most of them guys suck cock like a Hoover when they're hypnotized! An' there's always somebody 'round th' frat house who's horny." Bull gripped Beau even tighter, but his voice dropped, losing his familiar *what the hell* tone. "Beau, want t' be roommates? We can do this every night. Th' hypnosis. Cock-sucking. Ass-fucking too, if you want. All of it--all th' way!"

"What about Stag? Aren't you rooming with him?"

"Tiger's hot to move in with him. They been fucking every chance they get ever since th' pledging started. Tiger don't care where he sticks his dick when he's hypnotized and horny--an' he's always horny 'round Stag. Stag took himself a real shine t' Tiger too. I think they're getting kinda serious, long as Tiger don't mind if Stag can't keep it in his pants 'round other guys. Stag likes variety, an' I reckon he's tired of me."

Beau processed this. True, he had not seen as much of Tiger as he expected since they pledged, and Tiger had spent only a few nights a week in the pledge dorm in the fraternity house basement. The other nights, Tiger had supposedly been made to sleep in his big brother's room--Beau had not thought that unusual, since all the pledges now and then were expected to sleep on the floor in their bigs' rooms as a show of obedience and humility.

"Tiger and Stag ...?" Beau mumbled.

Bull shrugged, as best he could with Beau's weight on him. "I been sleepin' on th' couch downstairs a lot t' give them some privacy. Hey, maybe we can turn part of th' attic into a room for us. That way we can have some privacy too. It'll be good t' sleep in a real bed again, 'specially if you'll share with me."

Tiger--his brush-off earlier--maybe because he and Stag were getting serious and Beau's ass-grope had been too late, his chance already passed? But then, why had Stag hooked up with Beau, taken him outside and--?

Too many questions, Beau thought and frowned. He had missed so much while he was hypnotized those last several weeks. He felt as though the world had changed and he needed to learn a whole new way of living in it.

"So ... how 'bout it, Beau?" Bull asked, adding another question, bigger than the others.

Beau leaned his head down, his chin resting against the warm solidness of Bull's chest. Bull was a nice guy, underneath the bluster, he decided. Maybe he could come to love Bull like he had come to love the pledging experience. If nothing else, with new worlds opening up before him he could learn from Bull--and the promise of cumming frequently without having to sneak off to the Glade sounded good. Yes, maybe in time he could indeed come to love the big football player. "Okay," he promised. He halted, then said what he could not hold back. "But you're going to have to teach me everything about, you know, how guys make love--how to, you know, hypnotize and fuck--all that stuff."

"All that stuff," Bull beamed. "You bet I will, skinny swimmer!"

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