

InFiltration, Part 1

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A college wrestler signs up for a course on using self-hypnosis to improve his athletic performance. Surprisingly, things do not go as planned.]

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

Occasionally, I borrow a phrase from a specific person in order to make love with him. In this work, I embrace the "it didn't work" story in Section 2 from Northeyes, a talented author in his own right. He says the story is not original to him, that he heard it from others. I've reworked the scene for my purposes, but I first heard it from him. In this work, I also draw on some of the hypnosis methods of the psychologist Milton Erickson, which my friend Chad/Epaphus has been kind (and patient) enough to explain to me. Again, I've reworked those methods for my own ends, so any faults are mine, not Chad's. If there's a better teacher in the world, I haven't found him.

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Infiltration, Part 1

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Daryl, Daniel, and me--we hung back after wrestling practice to blitz ourselves with supersets on the weights and run several extra laps. Coach likes it when we do extra strength and endurance training like that. Don't ask me why we decided to do it; it wasn't anything we discussed. We just did it.

By the time we dragged ourselves into the locker room, the rest of the team had already changed and booked out of there; hell, by that time, even Coach was gone and this whole half of the gym was pretty close to deserted.

Man, we were so beat we could hardly move. We hauled ourselves out of our gear and into the showers, so exhausted we almost have the energy left to joke like we usually do. Almost! The hot water felt great on our muscles. We were going to be sore the next day, and we knew it.

By the time we all finished blasting the sweat and funk off ourselves, we were feeling better, getting some energy back. Nothing like a hot shower to make you feel alive again. I guess I had this expectant feeling, like I was waiting for something to happen, but I kept telling myself it was because I was so tired.

We all started toweling off. We weren't in any hurry so we took our time getting dressed. Daryl pulled on his boxers; he kept flexing his arms and shoulders, trying to keep them stretched so they wouldn't be so sore the next day. He was bitching about his girlfriend again, how she kept trying to force him into some kind of commitment that he wasn't ready for,

blah blah blah. We'd heard all this before from him, so neither Daniel nor I was too interested. I was more interested in peeing, so I tugged my boxers on and trotted off to the urinals.

I heard the locker room door while I was peeing. Daryl and Daniel said hey to someone but I couldn't see who around the wall that blocked off the toilet part of the locker room. As I was tucking my cock away, I recognized his voice, though I couldn't make out what he was saying. All I heard for certain was confident tone in his final command.

"Hey, Luke," he called out. "You in here?"

"Yeah, Doc," I yelled back. "Taking a piss. Gimme a second." I flushed the urinal, rinsed and wiped my hands, then headed back out there.

He was waiting next to Daryl and Daniel. Daryl was standing right where I left him, and Daniel was still sitting on the bench, where he had been pulling on one of his socks. They were both still, heads slumped slightly forward, eyes closed. Waiting.

I walked over. "Hey, Doc," I said, pointing at the other two. "What's up with--"

He just smiled. "Hi, Luke. It's time to get started," and he put his hand on my forehead and started drawing it down, across my eyes, his fingertips brushing my eyelids and urging them down, and he said, "Sleep."

I felt ... drowsy. I had only *thought* I was tired before, compared to this. I couldn't keep my eyes open, so I let them close, as his hand continued passing down across my face, in a way that felt almost instinctively familiar, as I sank back into that familiar hypnotic peace.

When Doc told us to open our eyes, I did. I blinked against the lights shining in our faces. We were back in the practice room. We were all stretched out--Daniel, Daryl, and I--on the mats. Naked. How we got there, why we were naked, none of that mattered. Anytime I felt those questions tickling at my thoughts, I just let them slide into the back of my head and fade away.

We all sat up and grinned for the video camera Doc was aiming at us. Daryl pushed my arm playfully, and I pushed him back, grinning and kinda hamming it up, and the next thing we know, we're all three wrestling around on the mat. The camera zoomed in on a three-way match, each of us going after the others, and sometimes it's two on one but never for very long, not long enough to get a pin. All this body-on-body friction, the feel of skin on skin, had me getting hard. My arm, trying for a lock on Daryl, hit Daniel's hard-on; okay, so he was hard too.

I was grunting, sweating. We all were. The camera panned across us as we focused on the muscle-on-muscle struggle of wrestling each other. Straining. None of us willing to surrender; no one going down without a struggle. Daniel got Daryl on his back and hammered in on him, going for the pin. I grabbed Daniel's shoulders and tugged, and suddenly it's Daniel on his back under me, and Daryl was adding his body alongside to mine, weighing Daniel down. Daniel is two classes above me--he has me beat in sheer muscle, but I make up for it in skill. With Daryl keeping Daniel's other arm busy, the end was inevitable. We pressed Daniel down, down, as the camera angled in, down, shoulders flat against the mat, and Daryl was counting off the pin, and Daniel was hissing, "No fair, no fair!" But there was nothing he can do. Two on one--unfair odds maybe--but he's been beaten.

Daryl and I pulled back. The camera captured the triumph on our faces.

Daniel didn't sit up, but he didn't just lie there either. Daryl was sitting back on his heels, and Daniel's hand slid over Daryl's thigh like a snake heading for a mesmerized bird, his hard rod. Daniel's fingers encircled it, pulled at it slow and easy. Daryl bent forward and his lips found Daniel's, then parted to allow his tongue to slip into Daniel's mouth.

Part of me was thinking, *Holy shit!* This seemed familiar, like I'd seen it before, and another part of me was thinking, *Gotta get me some of that!* I was so caught up in watching them kiss, I almost didn't notice when Daniel's hand creep between my thighs and started milking my cock.

Oh, *man!*--that felt good. I reached for Daniel's cock, only to find Daryl had a hand around it already. Mine joined his in jacking Daniel, slow and easy, slow and steady. My mouth joined theirs. All of our tongues touching. Me kissing Daryl. Me kissing Daniel. Then me kissing Daryl by myself as Daniel's head headed down somewhere else.

The camera followed as Daniel licked and kissed and nibbled his way down Daryl's chest. Daryl is a wiry guy--kind of on the short side and he wrestles at the lighter weights; he spends a lot of time in the gym, so his chest is packed with cords of tight muscle. Not a hair on his chest, though. Daniel's kisses left a wet, glistening trail down those muscles, across his flat stomach, down along the rigid tube of Daryl's cock. I watched Daniel kiss the tip, lick the shaft, kiss and lick around the head ... and then slide his mouth over the head and swallow it down slowly. *Holy fuck!*

Daryl moaned down deep in his chest as Daniel started sliding his head up and down the length of Daryl's hard-on. And I gotta admit--Daryl had a long one. I was impressed by its size, especially on a compact guy like Daryl, and by how Daniel sucked on it like a pro. Daryl tipped his head back and let out a low "Ahhh" of pure pleasure.

I pulled myself up a little, sitting back on my heels, knees spread. Daryl looked down at my erection, his eyes glazed with something that might be sex, and grinned. He bent himself over onto one elbow, aiming his mouth at my cock. I used one hand to guide my rod into his open lips, my other hand sliding around behind his head to rub his scalp and encourage him. He knew what he was doing when he blew me too--I know an experienced mouth when I feel one.

I started thrusting my hips a little to meet his mouth. He was so good, so damned good, I couldn't hold out very long. He had this little trick he did with his tongue on the sensitive underside of my cockhead, when he had his mouth pulled nearly all the way off my rod, that just sent spikes of pleasure through me. Every muscle in my body started seizing up, trying to force my dick deeper into Daryl's throat. All of my awareness was centered on my crotch and the fire radiating through it.

"Gonna cum," I grunted. The camera zoomed in on my cock as Daryl pulled off of it. Doc told me it was okay, to go ahead and cum. I jacked myself frantically. My body responded with a haze of bliss that locked my eyes shut. I gasped and groaned, and then I was shooting all over Daryl's chest and shoulder and cheek while the camera captured every spurt.

I sank back, spent. Doc told me it was okay if I wanted to sleep, but I didn't want to. I held on tight against the urge to close my eyes, not wanting to miss a moment.

The camera turned to catch Daniel pulling off Daryl's dick. Daniel was jacking himself, and he gave a little cry deep in his throat, staring open-mouthed at his cock as his hand pistoned on it. The camera panned in for a closer look, and Doc told him to cum. Daniel strangled a moan and did exactly that, in long, liquid bolts which splattered against his chest.

The camera focused in on Daryl's. Daniel, grinning, bent back down and licked at them while Daryl pumped at his own meat. He moaned he was ready to shoot, and then his body was bucking, and he was mumbling, "oh fuck, oh fuck," and squirting his load out across his tight belly and chest, where my load had fallen.

Doc told us to crawl in together, and we did, grinning for the camera as it panned over our naked, cum-speckled bodies, then came in for a close-up of our faces. Then Doc told us how great it felt to sleep after a powerful orgasm, and I knew he was right. I was so tired I couldn't stay awake any longer, and I let my eyes close, already feeling this slip away like a dream, and I sank into sleep.

I got to the gym about five minutes before the class started. By the time I found the room, it was 8:00 p.m., on the nose. The class was being held downstairs, in a part of the gym I never went to that much.

I slipped in. I think this room was usually used for gymnastics or something. It had mats on the floor but they weren't marked like the wrestling mats I was used to. The professor wasn't there yet, but the other five students were. The room had six folding chairs, in two rows of three each, and another chair off to one side. The other students were sitting in the rows--I guess that must have seemed more classroom-like. If my big fear had been that one or two of them would know me, well, it sure came true in spades: sitting there on the other side of the room were my roommate Daniel and our friend Daryl. Like me, they're both on the wrestling team so, uhm, you could say we knew each other pretty well.

I didn't know they were taking this class--neither of them had said a word about it, especially not Daniel.

So I'm standing there in the doorway trying not to look surprised. Daniel waved. Daryl nodded. I waved back. Daniel said, "I see he talked you into adding the class."

Before I could reply, the professor arrived. He was followed by this guy I kind of knew who was on the basketball team, named Isaac.

The professor immediately took charge of the class. "All right," he said. "Let's get started. I want you to all have a seat." We all sat down. Isaac took the chair off to the side. The professor stalked the area on front of us. I was on the far left end of the second row, with Daniel and Daryl on the other side of the front row.

"Most of you know Isaac, I think? He's the forward on the basketball team. He has volunteered to be our guinea pig tonight and help me demonstrate a few things about hypnosis for you. Now remember, Isaac is an experienced subject, so your reactions may vary. Just remember what I told you during our first class: if you want to be hypnotized, and you expect to be hypnotized, you will be hypnotized."

The professor pointed to a place on the floor in front of us. "Isaac, why don't you bring your chair up here in front, please, facing the others."

"Sure thing," Isaac drawled as he pulled his chair up in front of us and sat down. Playing basketball means Isaac is tall. He's at least six-foot-four, if not six-six. Lanky and muscled at the same time. He's a Kentucky farm-boy; that accounts for his drawl. Irish ancestry gave him red hair, which he wore cut very short, and pale, freckled skin. As tall as he is, even sitting down his head was nearly even with the professor's shoulders.

The professor said to us, "Isaac and I are going to get started by demonstrating a trance state for you. Because he has been hypnotized many times before, I'm going to use a rapid induction method." The professor gave us a wink. "Don't try this yourself just yet okay?"

The professor turned to Isaac and said, "Are you ready to be hypnotized?"

"Well, sure," Isaac shrugged, grinning, looking a little self-conscious.

"Gentlemen, I'd like to ask for you to be completely silent until this demonstration is over. I'll be glad to explain and answer your questions afterward. And remember--if you want to be hypnotized, and expect to be hypnotized, you will be hypnotized." He turned back to Isaac. "Now, I want you to watch my finger. Keep your eyes on my finger." The professor held up one finger, moving it back and forth. Isaac's eyes

tracked it. Back and forth, each time moving a little closer to Isaac's face, a little closer. Back and forth, closer and closer, with Isaac's eyes following it. Finally, the professor brought his finger to rest on Isaac's nose, just below the bridge, leaving him cross-eyed. "Now, close your eyes, Isaac, but keep looking at my finger through your eyelids. Just follow it." Slowly, slowly, the professor drew his finger up the bridge of Isaac's nose, up the middle of his forehead, and back through his hair until it was poised on the crown of his head. All the while, the professor kept talking, using this purring, hypnotic voice. "And you'll find that the farther I draw it back, the tighter and tighter your eyes close, until when I get back ... here, you can't open them at all."

I could see Isaac struggle for a moment, but his eyes didn't, seemingly couldn't, open. While we watched, the professor cupped Isaac's head with both hands and began to move his head around in big circles, back, side, front, side, working his fingers into Isaac's neck and telling him to relax, how relaxed he was, relaxing more. "After all, Isaac, you've been hypnotized many times, so you know all about relaxing, right? Remember the feeling in your body as you let go completely into a deep ... hypnotic ... *peace* ..."

Then, the professor simply let go. And Isaac's head slumped forward, eyes still closed, as if deeply asleep.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

"Isaac, can you hear me?"

After a moment, Isaac mumbled, "Mmm ... hmmm ..."

The professor turned to us and winked. "Isaac, I wonder if you would mind doing something for us. I think a lot of the gentlemen watching you expect hypnosis to be about making the subject do funny things. I

wonder, Isaac, if you would mind quacking like a duck for us, please?"

And Isaac said slowly, "Quack ... quack, quack."

The professor grinned, and several of us had to suppress little laughs.

"Thank you, Isaac, but that has got to be one of the worst duck imitations I've ever heard. Perhaps another animal is more your forté? How about a chicken, Isaac--would you cluck like a chicken for us?"

And Isaac said, "Blaaaawk! Blowk-blawk-blaaawk!"

Daniel and one other guy on the far end couldn't stop themselves from laughing. The professor quieted them with a wink and a finger touching his lips.

"That's better, Isaac, but maybe there's another animal you're better at? Perhaps a dog? Would you bark like a dog for us, Isaac?"

Isaac lifted his head, eyes still closed and barked out, "Woof! Woof-roof-roof." A fairly passable bark too.

"That's excellent, Isaac," the professor said. As he tipped Isaac's head back down, he purred, "Sleep now, twice as deeply as before. You're doing very well."

The professor told us about the symptoms of a trance and pointed some of them out on Isaac, such as the motion of his eyes under his closed eyelids and this little twitch in his finger, as if he was dreaming. The professor performed something he called a "deepening exercise," in which he made Isaac's arm rise and stiffen and become numb--catalepsy, he called it. Finally, he brought Isaac out of the trance, telling him he would wake up on the count of three, feeling relaxed and refreshed.

"And one, two, three," the professor said, and snapped his fingers.

Isaac's head lifted, and his eyes opened. He sucked in a deep breath and looked around as if he was a little disoriented.

"How do you feel. Isaac?"

Isaac shrugged, half-yawning. "Uh, fine, I guess."

"And there you have it, gentlemen--the hypnotic trance, start to finish. Thank you, Isaac." The professor applauded, and we joined in. Isaac looked kind of embarrassed but he smiled and tried to take it all in stride. He stood up, pulled his chair back off to the side, and sat down again.

"Okay, gentlemen. Hypnosis is all in the subject's mind, and I mean that literally. As the hypnotist, I'm just the guide or the facilitator. The subject does the majority of the work. And, yes, that means you just watched Isaac hypnotize himself. Everything that Isaac just did--the hypnosis part, I mean, not the animal sounds, which was just a bit of showmanship on my part, I admit--I can teach you to do."

The professor gave us a smile. "Now, you've all heard about the benefits of hypnosis for athletes. Sports psychology. Mental preparedness. Visualization. A lot of pretty buzzwords, right? Well, I've talked with each of you during the screening process when you enrolled in this class, so I know you know a little bit about what to expect. A little improvement here, a better form there, a nip, a tuck--maybe even enough to make the difference in a really close match. That's easy. But is that all you really want? What if I told you there were so much more hypnosis can help you achieve? First, I'm going to hypnotize you; then once you've got some experience I'm going to teach you to hypnotize yourselves. More importantly, I'm going to teach you to reach beyond your limitations, to *dream* beyond your limitations, and to achieve more

than you've ever hoped for. Does that sound like something you want to grab for?"

We mumbled "yes" and "sure."

"I can't hear you. Say again?"

We knew the drill from our own coaches, and all six of us shouted out, "Yessir!," pretty much in unison.

The professor beamed as he paced back and forth in front of us. "That's what I like to hear. Enthusiasm. That's the key. Enthusiasm makes you want things, things you maybe can't even name yet. Wanting is the first step. If you want to be hypnotized, and expect to be hypnotized, you will be hypnotized. Right?"

We shouted back, "Right!"

The professor smiled at us. "Now, it's time for a little preparatory exercise. I'm sure you all want to jump right into the hypnosis training, but what I want you to do first are some trust-building exercises that are designed to help you get in touch with your subconscious mind. These are some exercises that create a state called waking hypnosis.' Sounds complicated, right? Well, it isn't. In fact, you may have even performed these exercises before, in slightly different forms. They're just ways to get your conscious mind and your unconscious mind ready to talk to one another, by introducing a cooperative, trust-oriented state into your conscious mind. Remember what I told you during our screening interviews? It's all about visualization, affirmation, and projection. Visualize exactly what you want your subject to do. Say, in a positive, affirming manner, exactly what you want him to do. Project your confidence that the subject will do what you've said as if it's a given and the task has already been accomplished--and you'll find it has indeed

been accomplished."

The professor had us pair off. Daryl and Daniel were a pair. I was paired with Marco, from the soccer team. The other pair was Tony from the swim team and Cameron from the tennis team.

The professor demonstrated the three exercises with Isaac, then he told us to try them. They didn't look like all that much, and I didn't see how they were supposed to get us used to introducing "suggestibility" into our conscious minds, but they seemed to work for Isaac.

"Gentlemen, remember this: if you want to be hypnotized, and you expect to be hypnotized, you *will* be hypnotized. Cameron, do you want to be hypnotized?"

Cameron blushed a little in spite of himself and said, "Yeah, I guess--"

"You guess? You don't know? I'm disappointed. Let me ask you again: do you want to be hypnotized?"

Cameron straightened up and said, "Yessir."

"Then you will be. And you, Daryl, do you want to be hypnotized?"

"Yeah."

"Then you will be. Want to be hypnotized, expect to be hypnotized, and you *will* be hypnotized. Okay, gentlemen, begin."

The professor had the three pairs of us going at this at the same time. Marco took the subjective role first, with me as the "assistant." The first exercise started with Marco standing close to the wall, facing it. My job was to "suggest" that he had to fall backward and that I'd catch him. I

had him stand there, arms at his side, and told him to relax his body, that he was sensing the muscles of his body relaxing and freeing themselves of all stiffness. Like Doc told us, I put my hand on his shoulder and pulled back gently. Marco resisted, which meant he wasn't cooperating yet. I talked him through the "your body is relaxed" part again, then pulled at his shoulder again. This time he moved easily. He was ready.

I recited the little speech, trying hard to sound confident and authoritative. "Close your eyes. Now, think that your body is going to start swaying backward, that you're going to fall over backward. Think of nothing else. You will soon feel as if something is compelling you to fall backward. I am standing right behind you, and as you fall, I'll catch you. When you feel the urge to fall, do not resist. Just let yourself go."

I reached out like the professor had showed us and tipped Marco's head back. My fingertips rested on the nape of his neck. I drew my fingers down, lightly, making what the professor called a "contact pass" down to the base of Marco's spine. I did that three times.

Then I said, "When I withdraw my hands, you will fall slowly backward." I repeated that twice, and then slowly, Marco's body began to topple backward.

I caught him and returned him to his feet, just like the professor had shown us. Marco seemed a little dazed. "Wow," he said.

I didn't have time to ask what he meant--the professor was telling us to go right into the second exercise, which we did, then the third one, and then it was my turn.

When we worked through the first exercise, I understood exactly what Marco felt. It was as if suddenly I *did* feel a compulsion to fall backward, and I did. Don't ask me why--I just let it happen.

The second exercise was like the first, only I was to fall *forward* into Marco's arms. "Look at me," he said. "Focus your attention fully on my eyes." He put his fingertips lightly at my temples and looked me steadily in the eye for several seconds. Then he said slowly, "When I remove my hands, you will slowly fall forward." He pulled his hands away gradually. "You are falling forward, falling, falling. You cannot stop falling."

And then my body was tipping forward, and I was falling, and Marco caught me.

Talk about weird--it was like I couldn't stop myself. Around us, it was happening to the others too, and they were talking about how freaky it felt too.

The third exercise involved me standing in front of Marco. He pulled my right arm out straight from my shoulder and told me to make a fist and to stiffen my entire arm. With his hand holding my fist, he made more "contact passes" from my chest down my arm with his other hand. "Think that your arm is stiff, and you cannot bend it," he said. "Look me squarely in the eye and do not blink. When I count three, you will find your arm has become so stiff and rigid that you cannot bend it, no matter how hard you try. It has become stiff and rigid, and the more you try to bend it, the stiffer it becomes. When I count three, you will be unable to bend your arm. One, two, *three!* Now try to bend it. Your arm is stiff, stiffer. You cannot bend it."

I tried and, sure enough, my arm refused to bend.

"All right," Marco said, "the influence has flowed away, and you can bend your arm again." And he pulled my arm down.

"Wow," I said, :massaging and flexing my arm, "that was sure weird."

"Gentlemen," Doc called out, catching our attention. "Gentlemen, now that you've all experienced waking hypnosis, it's time to move on to the next stage. I'd like to try to induce a trance in a couple of you, to start getting you prepared to learn self-hypnosis. I'd like to ask two of you to volunteer--Cameron, Tony, how about you? Bring your chairs up here to the front of the room and turn them facing the class. That's right. Isaac, why don't you bring your chair up here alongside Cameron? That's perfect. The rest of you, please line your chairs up in a row so you can see."

As we all sat back down, the professor continued. "What you just experienced was waking suggestibility, a kind of waking trance or waking hypnosis. The next step is the full trance state, or hypnotic sleep. This will take you deeper into the hypnotic state and introduce hyper-suggestibility. I'm going to focus my attention on Tony and Cameron; but the rest of you, please feel free to follow along if you like. I think you'll find it a rewarding first step." He stood behind Isaac's chair. "Hypnosis is easy to induce, and most people find it a very pleasant experience. Isn't that right, Isaac?"

Isaac shrugged and drawled, "Yeah."

"Once you've had some experience as a subject, you'll find it very easy to induce it in yourself." He reached out his hand, placed his palm on Isaac's forehead. "It's as easy as going to ..." He slid his hand down across Isaac's face, covering his eyes. "... *sleep*." As Doc's hand passed on, Isaac's eyes were closed and his head drooped forward. When he did that, man, you should have seen Cameron's and Tony's expressions--it was like suddenly they realized it was inevitable they were going to be hypnotized.

The professor whispered quickly to Isaac, "I want you to count backward

from three thousand down to zero. Every number helps relax you deeper into this pleasant hypnotic peace. If you get distracted or lose count, just start over at three thousand again." Then to us, he smiled and said, "Remember: if you want to be hypnotized, and expect to be hypnotized, you *will* be hypnotized."

The professor stood in the oval space between the four of us who were just watching, and Tony, Cameron, and Isaac across from us. He said to Tony, "During our screening interview, you said one of the things you wanted to get out of this class was to overcome some problems you've been having in shifting between study mode and worrying about class work, versus athletic mode and focusing on your performance in swim practice. Can you think of any situation at all in which that problem, that difficulty with shifting from the study mode to the swimming mode, or shifting from any mental state to another might be useful?"

Now, to some of the guys, it must have seemed like the professor was delaying the inevitable; but from what I had read, I knew this was actually the beginning of the trance induction, a question that focused Tony's attention on a novel idea and created a paradox, a moment of confusion. The idea is, you discover that the behavior you want to get rid of has a purpose, and maybe you shouldn't get rid of it, and maybe you need to work on something slightly different instead. The professor and Tony talked for a couple of moments. No, Tony didn't want to get rid of his study mode, and no, he didn't want to get rid of his athletic mode. What he needed to do was get better at compartmentalizing each and calling up the mode that was appropriate. "That's what prevents you from jumping into things unprepared," Tony decided.

"That's right," Doc said. "It's all in the filter you apply, and when."

Doc talked with Cameron too. As a tennis player, Cameron had very

specific points in his serving technique that he wanted to overcome: hunched shoulders and a sloppy finish. Doc announced that he was going to begin his formal trance induction with Cameron, and that he was going to use a trance induction that contained all of the ingredients of a self-induction.

To Cameron, he said, "All you need to do is sit up straight and pay attention to yourself sitting in your chair." Without turning away from Cameron, he added, "Tony, you may feel free to follow along with my suggestions, if you like. The rest of you, too--if you feel yourself starting to follow along, that's fine. Just give yourself permission to follow my instructions."

He took a deep breath and let it out as a long sigh. "Take a deep breath with me," he said. "All of you." And we did, held it for a second, and sighed it out when he did. "That's it. A deep, relaxing breath. And one more ... Good. Now, I want you to feel the sensation of your back against the chair, the sensation of your weight bearing down in the chair seat, the sensation of your feet being supported by the floor, the weight of your hands resting lightly on your thighs, the texture of your jeans against your finger tips, the muscle tension around your mouth ... forehead ... behind your ears ... The air flowing through your nasal passages as you inhale and exhale, the rise and fall of your chest. Allow your mind to drift off to some pleasant experience, and look down a long tunnel and see something at the end of the tunnel." Cameron closed his eyes as Doc spoke and appeared to become more relaxed. Doc suggested that he explore ways to make his corrections. "You know something about anatomy. You have seen the correct way you should be moving through your serve. Your unconscious mind knows how to do it. Remember a time when you learned something and you didn't know before you started that you would learn it. As a child, you learned to ride a bike. It was hard at first, but after awhile you forgot how hard it was."

From what I'd read, I knew Doc was making his suggestions intentionally vague and general so that Cameron could make a wide search for his answer about how to correct his serve. The reference to childhood was supposed to invoke the state of unconscious, "childhood" learning, which is much freer and more spontaneous than conscious, "adult" learning.

Doc left Cameron to work on that, and turned to Tony, who had followed along as he spoke to Cameron. Tony's eyes were closed and he was relaxed. Doc said, "Tony, your conscious mind has identified a problem, but your unconscious mind might have a different idea. You can be curious what this might be." Doc continued to present that same idea in a couple of different ways, and suggested that they knew how to accomplish what they needed to do, then waited a little while as Cameron and Tony did their own unconscious work.

Doc started them through a deepening exercise, similar to the one he had demonstrated with Isaac earlier. Helping them relax their bodies more deeply. Helping them open their subconscious minds more fully to his suggestions. He suggested that their right hands felt very light, lighter than air, and that they would start to rise into the air. Tony's hand moved first; his arm bending at the elbow until his hand rose to about shoulder level. Cameron's hand moved too, from the wrist, pointing almost directly upward. "Gentlemen, your hands are floating in the air because you have successfully opened your subconscious mind and helped it accept these suggestions. Your hands floating in the air like that means that you have let yourselves go into, and continue to be in, a very relaxed state of hypnotic peace."

After working with them a while longer, helping them deepen a little more, Doc suggested that Cameron and Tony could open their eyes, that their subconscious minds could let their conscious minds engage and seem

to "wake up" even though they would still be in a deep state of hypnosis, rather than their normal waking state of consciousness. When he told them to, they lifted their heads and opened their eyes.

"You're doing beautifully, gentlemen. I'd like to ask you a couple of questions about what you just experienced, if you don't mind? Cameron, I think you told me during our screening interview that you had never experienced a trance before. Is that correct?" Doc smiled like he knew a secret.

Cameron looked at him. "Yeah, that's right," he said.

"Cameron, I wonder if you'd mind telling us about the induction you just experienced, please? How did it feel to you? What went through your head?"

Cameron thought a second, then said, "I was surprised. It was amazing how fast I felt myself going under. It was a little scary, so I pulled myself back out of it a little. Then, I just watched myself practicing my serve. I don't remember what happened after that."

Doc said, "Well, the next time you serve, you will find out whether you discovered an answer to your question." He turned to Tony and asked him to tell us what he had experienced too.

Tony said, "I can only remember a little bit of what you said. Half the time, I just tuned out your voice somehow. And while I said I wanted to work on how I worry about my classes and stuff when I'm swimming, at some point I realized what I wanted to work on was something completely different, and I think I did find a solution. It kind of surprised me, I guess."

Doc told Tony to keep that new problem to himself, so that his

subconscious could continue to work on it undisturbed, reminding him that hypnosis allows people to gain greater access to the resources of their unconscious minds, and that in trance, the unconscious is freed from the critical, logically conscious mind which places limits on what people can do rather than discovering novel solutions.

"Just a couple more questions for you, Tony and Cameron, if you don't mind. You're both perfectly awake and aware of what's going on around you, right?"

Tony said, "Uh, yeah."

Cameron said, "I guess so--sure."

"You don't notice anything unusual, right? As far as you know, you're awake and the same as always?"

They looked at each other. Cameron said, "Yeah, I think so."

"I'd like you both to look at your right hands, please. Notice anything about them? You've both got them raised in the air, don't you?" That was true--they still had their hands raised from when Doc performed the deepening exercise with them earlier. "Your hands being held up like that--that means something, doesn't it? Something special. Think for a moment and tell me what it is. Your conscious mind may not know the answer, but some part of you does."

Tony said, "Uh ..." Okay, he's a typical jock and not that sharp sometimes.

Cameron said, "It means ... uh ... I think it means we're still hypnotized, right?"

"That's right. Good answer, Cameron--that shows your conscious and subconscious minds are already beginning to work together. That's exactly what your hands being raised like that means. It means I'm talking to both your conscious mind and your subconscious mind right now. It's time now to let your subconscious take control again. Close your eyes, and just let yourself slip back into that pleasant state of hypnotic peace."

Tony had a funny look on his face, like he wasn't sure he believed what he was hearing, but his eyes were already starting to close. Cameron's too. Their eyelids closed and their heads drooped forward, and Doc continued with, "That's perfect. You're both doing beautifully at learning how to experience a trance."

He repeated, to the rest of us, that we could follow along if we wanted. Then he led Tony and Cameron through an exercise that sounded an awful lot like a second induction, telling them again how relaxed they felt themselves becoming, how drowsy, how easily and how deeply they were moving themselves into a hypnotic trance. He told Tony and Cameron that he had a very special instruction for them both, that he wanted them to each start counting down, backward from three thousand, how they would feel each number they counted off helping them relax and focus and become more deeply hypnotized. He told them to begin counting and not to let anything distract them.

Doc turned to the rest of us and said, "That second induction seemed like it was for their benefit, but it was actually for yours. I know you were each giving yourself permission to follow along, and I think you'll be pleasantly surprised to find you've already allowed yourself to enter a light trance. That's good. Now I'm going to help you deepen your trance so that you can enjoy the benefits of hypnosis too. Your part is easy. I want all four of you to start counting backward, from three thousand all

the way down to zero, out loud and in unison. Go ahead."

Daniel's voice started, "Three thousand ... two thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine ..." And the rest of us took up the chant too.

"Good. While you're counting, feel each number helping you relax. Each number you count off helps you let go and sink deeper into that cooperative state."

He let us recite off several more numbers. "Good. You feel it working, I know. Starting to feel more relaxed with each number. More in tune with your subconscious. More open to my suggestions. Maybe even a little tired, a little sleepy. That's perfectly normal, so let it happen. I'm going to come around to each of you as you're counting, and I'm going to look deeply into your eyes. While you're counting, with your permission, I'm going to touch a certain spot in your neck, just under your ear. That spot is one of the most primitive parts of the human body--it is connected to the part of your brain that secretes a hormone which triggers the normal relaxation and sleep cycle common to all animals, even humans. Maybe you will be surprised to find that you will not flinch or draw back away from me. Once I've touched that spot and your brain starts releasing its hormone, you may find it even easier to let yourself relax and sleep, maybe even go directly into a trance state."

I'd never heard of this spot Doc was talking about or this hormone, but while we continued counting, Doc walked directly to Daniel, seated on the far side from me. Daniel had to tip his head back to look up at him. Doc smiled confidently, staring directly into Daniel's eyes as Daniel stared back. "Look deeply into my eyes," Doc directed. "That's right." They held the eye contact for a few seconds, long enough for us to chant off a few more numbers. Then the professor slowly reached up to Daniel's neck, pressing a spot where his neck met the base of his skull

just behind his ear lobe. The touch made Daniel's head tip forward slightly, and Daniel blinked several times. As the rest of us continued chanting, Daniel's voice faltered and fell behind: "two thousand nine ... hun--hundred ... nine hun ... dred ..."

Still staring into Daniel's eyes, Doc instructed him authoritatively, "Sleep," with a firm exhalation of his own breath as he tipped Daniel's head forward.

Daniel looked a little surprised, but his eyes closed immediately. His head rested gently forward, bowed a little toward his chest and a little sideways. His shoulders slumped, and his voice fell silent with a final sigh, like a man who had fallen completely asleep.

As the other three of us kept counting, Doc stepped in front of Marco, next to me. "Look into my eyes, deeply, deeper," Doc directed. They held their eye contact while we chanted off a few more numbers, and then the professor slowly reached up and touched Marco's neck. Marco blinked, kind of smiled, and blinked again as the professor ordered him, "Sleep," with a sigh. Marco's eyes closed a final time, and his head dropped forward into sleep.

That left only Daryl and I counting. Doc moved in front of me, and I looked up at him, looked him right in the eye. I didn't look away. When he touched the side of my neck, I felt--I dunno--this warm lethargy start spreading through me. My eyelids felt heavy and I couldn't stop blinking. When he said, "Sleep now," my eyes closed and I couldn't stop myself from falling into the deep pit of sleep.

I remember the professor talking to us, but not much else. Some time later, he clapped his hands, and my eyes snapped open. I yawned and looked around. We were all sitting up, rubbing our eyes, and grinning

sheepishly. I reached for my shirt and started to pull it back on. I didn't remember taking it off, but apparently I had. The others had, too.

"Gentlemen, that's all we have time for today," Doc said. "Thank you, and I'll see you all next time."

Coach told us about this special course the Athletics department was offering in conjunction with the Psychology department. Something called "Sports Hypnosis." Supposed to teach you all about how to use self-hypnosis to increase your athletic performance. I wasn't too interested until he told us it only met twice a week but carried five hours of credit--and counted toward any major in the Athletics department. He encouraged us all to sign up. But there was a catch--enrollment was limited to a small group, and we'd need the professor's approval to sign up. If we were interested, we should call the professor's office in the Psych department and set up an appointment to talk to him, blah blah blah.

Well, it couldn't hurt, I figured. Sounded like an easy A, and I could always use five hours of A for my grade point average. And who knows--maybe I'd get something out of it.

I figured I shouldn't come across like just another dumb jock looking for an easy A. So I went by the library and got a couple of books on hypnosis and, back on my bed at the apartment, I settled in to start going through them. The library had a lot of books on hypnosis, mostly written in hardcore technical-ese. Way over my head. It also had a lot on self-hypnosis and a lot of bullshit books on what the authors euphemistically called "sports hypnosis" that were really more about telling yourself affirmations and hoping some of them came true. But it only had two on the use of hypnosis in sports psychology. Those were the two I checked out.

I'm a wrestler. I've read some articles in sports magazines about sports psychology and a couple about how some athletes use hypnosis too.

Trouble is, a lot of what gets written about sports psychology is total bullshit. There are a lot of books that talk about vague crap like "attitude" and "visualization." Truth is, most of them never rise above the "be the ball" happy-talk level, and they never get around to giving you any useful advice on how to actually accomplish anything meaningful. But there was an article in this sports magazine I'd read about how a couple of athletes had improved their performance through self-hypnosis, so I figured maybe there was something to it.

I wasn't really happy with one of the books, though I checked it out anyway. That one was called *HypnoSport*. In theory, it was an Australian hypnotherapist writing up a collection of case studies and advice about how, over the years, he had helped a lot of athletes overcome mental stumbling blocks and improve their performances, and he did have some information that looked like it might be useful. Mostly, though, the hypnotherapist was writing about his own ego.

The other book was *Sport Hypnosis*. Not the cleverest title, maybe, but it looked like a better resource. That's the one I was reading when my roommate Daniel--he's on the wrestling team too--came home.

"Whassup?" he asked, standing in my bedroom door.

"Doing some research for a paper," I said.

"Oh. Yuck. What's the topic?" He picked up one of the books and read the title off the spine. "*HypnoSport*? Where'd you get this?"

"The Library. Ever been there? It's the big building with all the windows. They have lots of books there."

"Har-de-har-har. What are you reading this stuff for? You going to take that class the Coach talked about?"

"Yeah, I'm thinking about it," I said. "I figure it might help my major."

"I thought your major was chasing chicks?"

"Nah--I've already got my Ph.D. in Love-ology. It's all about how you grade on their curves."

Daniel came back with, "Is that why I get more girls?"

I grinned. "There's *quantity*, my friend, and then there's *quality*."

"Damn! So you're screwed both ways, huh?" he laughed.

"*Now* who thinks he's the comedian?"

Daniel thumbed through the book. "Looks like pretty boring stuff." Then he tossed the book to me and said, "Good luck, buddy," and sauntered out to the kitchen.

Daniel was right--these books were turning out less informative than I had hoped.

"So that's why I'd like to sign up for the course, Doctor," I said, as I settled back in the chair.

It hadn't taken me long to call the Psych department and set up an appointment to talk to the professor. In fact, it was the day after I'd checked those books out of the library. The professor had been willing to talk to me and had some time available that night, after his last class.

So at 8:30 sharp that night, I knocked on his door. We introduced ourselves. He invited me to have a seat, and I did, in the big chair by his desk. It was awfully warm in his office. Not uncomfortably so, but since most of the classrooms and offices hover a little below room temperature, it was warmer in his office than I would have expected. He sat on the corner of his desk, trying to keep it all very informal and make me feel at home.

"Talking about hypnosis," he said, "and mental training can be pretty awkward. Mental training is an expanding field, with all sorts of articles and books coming out every year, but very few of these publications mention hypnosis, even though most of the techniques the authors discuss are taken directly from hypnosis. Even among athletes who see the importance of mental training, many are not aware of--or are nervous about--how hypnosis can help. Part of the problem is that mental training covers a variety of skills. The most obvious is the mental state during competition, being able to get into what athletes call the zone. Are you with me so far?"

I nodded. He was watching me pretty closely as he talked. I got the feeling he was trying to get a read on me, trying to get a feel for my body language. Coach had taught us some things about physical rapport

and how to use it against opponents on the wrestling mats, and I was thinking I was seeing it in action here too.

"The zone is the feeling that you are at the peak of your ability, where the actions are smooth and competent, and where your performance is the best. Getting in the zone' is often regarded as a chance happening--something you can accomplish on a good day but not when you're having an off day. But skill in controlling both relaxation and that energized ability to get in the zone' is more learnable through training than most athletes like yourself may realize. Still with me?"

I nodded again.

"Mental training is about how you perform in competition but also includes other areas, such as learning to get the most out of practice sessions. It allows you to learn techniques more effectively and build strength more rapidly. Learning to focus appropriately, to block out the irrelevant, is valuable in both performance and practice. It helps you develop not just the skills themselves but also the confidence to use them."

I nodded and said, "Okay," to let him know I was following him.

"The system I use is very simple, and it's ideal for limited environments, such as sports practice and events. The key is to set up filters that kick in every time the player walks onto the practice area or the game field or the playing surface. In professional sports like hockey, football, swimming, or soccer, there are very few things that really matter. The rules, the ball or puck, the technique, the players on your team, maybe your opponent in a direct competition sport like wrestling, and the goal. Now, there are some other things that only matter a little bit of the time: The coach, the players on the other team, and the referees, for

example. And finally, there are a number of things that not only don't matter to the game at all but can actually get in the way: That's the crowd and the time clock--everyone and everything else. That's the core of my filter system: Until the goal is achieved, only the important things will matter. Everything unimportant will not even be noticed. And the opponent or the other team, though on the field, will be regarded as an annoying barrier which will have to be controlled and avoided. As long as the team follows the rules, the referees will not matter or get involved, so the player is free to just play by the rules. Once the goal is achieved or the player comes off the field, all of the filters are turned off, and the body gets a rush of endorphins and a sense of accomplishment. Each player gets to join the crowd in the excitement of the moment. Once they return to play themselves, the filters turn back on, and they, once more, will concentrate on the game. All this will just happen. With baseball, for example, the focus is all in swinging and running for offense, and in fielding and running in defense. The filters can be turned on for as long as the player is practicing or playing, and the filters can be shut off as long as the player is on the sidelines or in the locker room, depending on what the athlete and the trainer or coach dictate."

"Okay," I said, stifling a yawn.

"I know--it's not very exciting stuff, is it? But it's useful and fairly easy to learn once you get past your mental resistance. In my classes, I start slowly. I use these preliminary conferences to get to know the guys in the class and what they hope to gain from the class--that helps me plan my approaches to the subject matter. Then, for our first few class meetings, I'll spend some time talking about what hypnosis and mental filters are and what they aren't. Dispelling the myths, in other words. I'm planning to bring in an athlete I've worked with previously, Isaac from the basketball team--do you know him?"

I nodded, perking up. I didn't know Isaac had been using hypnosis.

"Isaac and I are going to work through some exercises together in front of the class to demonstrate the process of hypnosis is, and what the people in the class can expect--to take some of the mystery' out of it. I'm going to have the students work through some preliminary trust-building exercises, and then I might try a relaxation exercise with the class. Around the fourth or fifth class, they'll actually start trying self-hypnosis on their own and working with me to help set up their personal sets of mental filters."

He yawned, stretching luxuriously. It was contagious, and I yawned too.

"Sorry," he said, grinning. "It's kind of warm in here and it's late. I guess I'm more tired than I realized. You too, perhaps?"

I nodded again. "Yeah. Sorry."

"Don't worry about it. Perfectly natural response." He shifted his position, and I shifted mine too. "Luke, I'll be honest--I usually use these mini-conferences to screen out the people who are serious about sports psychology from the ones who are just going to waste my time; but with you, let's forgo the usual mini-lecture. I want to try something else instead, if you'll let me."

"Like what ...?"

"Maybe the best way to explain the power of suggestion and mental filters is to actually demonstrate them on you. Would you like me to try that?"

"Uh ..." He had kind of caught me off-guard there. "Uhm, thanks, but I don't know... What if I can't be hypnotized?"

"You know, Luke, everyone says that. Even Isaac, before I made a believer out of him. The only difference between you and the other athletes I've worked with is, by signing up, they've indicated their willingness to at least try it."

He leaned over his desk and scribbled something on a piece of paper. Then he walked over to me and stared me right in the eye. His voice was soft but commanding. He said, "You are stuck to that chair. You are glued down. Your legs cannot move. You are rigid and immobile."

I of course immediately tested my legs. They moved. So I jumped my feet and said, "It didn't work. See? I told you I couldn't be hypnotized."

He grinned, picked up the piece of paper from the desk, and showed me what he had scribbled. It read, "I will make you stand up."

I started laughing, and he joined in.

"See, Luke, not all suggestion involves the hypnotic trance state, and this little test demonstrates how we're all open to suggestion in some ways, even if we swear we aren't."

"Yeah, okay--I guess I see your point."

"Have a seat," he said, and I sat back down. "That experiment creates a win-win situation from my point of view. Whether you stood or not, I proved my point."

"Very clever," I agreed.

"You know, I've always found that athletes respond very well to a particular deepening suggestion. Probably because they are so accustomed to using their bodies, they go into an immediate, deep trance

when told to gradually tighten their arms, shoulders, and chest muscles. I count from one to five and ask them to get tighter and tighter with each number. Then I count backward from five to one, asking them to become more and more relaxed. Repeating the exercise twice, and then ending at the number 1, or sometimes zero, produces a very deep hypnotic state. But for you, at first, I'd like to try something a little different."

"Uhm ..." I said, not sure where this was going

He didn't seem to notice. "I really envy you as a wrestler," he continued. "Wrestlers are more in touch with their bodies than just about any other kind of athlete, because you have to use your whole body. You know how every part of your body feels at every moment, whether it's tense or relaxed. Athletes are usually pretty good at hypnosis to begin with because they have a lot of experience in focusing. The point of suggestion--hypnosis too, for that matter--is to help you relax your body and get directly in touch with your subconscious. Hypnosis is not about the will,' and it's not about overpowering' your will. It's about using the imagination. There is nothing particular for you to do to go into trance. No right' or wrong' way to go into trance. You can just let yourself be consciously thinking whatever you're thinking and not really particularly trying to make yourself go into trance, because trance is not really a doing'--it's more an allowing.' Trance is like going to sleep in a way because it's more like allowing sleep to be there than making yourself go to sleep. So, consciously, you can let whatever enters your consciousness be there. It could be the distractions or the sounds around; it could be the distraction of how your feet feel, as your legs press them down against the floor, and initially you could be very aware of these things, or you might be lost in your thoughts, wondering whether they are going to go into a trance and what it would be like to go into a trance, and maybe you'll be wondering how you'll know when you are in

a trance. So you can just let those thoughts, that wondering, be there and make sure that you take care of yourself in whatever way is appropriate as you go into trance. So you don't have to do anything to go into a trance. You can just allow yourself to have whatever experience you're going to have.

"Now, much of the time, people find they relax as they go into trance, but it's not really necessary for you to relax when you go into trance, because it certainly isn't universal. So you can have muscle tension and you can pay attention to that tension, and you can be comfortable knowing that you can go into a trance with that tension being there, that there isn't anything you need to work on to let go of or to relax.

"And how will you know when you are in a trance? Maybe a change in the muscles around your eyes? Will it be when your eyelids grow heavy? Will your eyes close? Maybe it will be a change in your sense of where you are right now. You may be sure that you're not going into a trance consciously, and you may be concerned consciously that you won't go into a trance. Just let that concern be there, and know that you can trust this situation, a situation in which you may want to go into a trance, one in which you may be willing to go into a trance, and may feel yourself responding by going deeper into a trance, because you may not be aware at the unconscious level of other responses you are having. You may not have noticed the alterations in the muscles. You may not have noticed the alterations in your sense of attachment to your arms and hands. Your hands and arms could become detached in your experience, could in their way develop a trance or mind of their own.

"You might feel changes in your forearm or your wrist. Unconsciously, you may find yourself starting to respond, and that response would just come on its own. Because the unconscious can use that muscle tension and turn it into movement. It may feel as if there's a force pushing

upward from underneath your palm, pushing the hand and arm up, a little at a time, and your conscious mind really doesn't know which hand lifts first. So if your unconscious wants to, one of your hands could start to lift, on its own, lift up, and you just allow that movement to happen.

"That's good, Luke. Make sure you give yourself permission to be exactly the way you are and to have exactly the experience you're having, and when you're ready, at your own rate, you can start to complete your experience of being in trance. There's nothing you need to do particularly. Just give yourself permission to relax the rest of the way into your trance. Continue enjoying this pleasant experience as your subconscious mind receives everything I tell you. You will be pleased by the way you automatically respond to everything I say ..."

Some time later, I heard him say, "Luke, you may open your eyes now, if you'd like, and you may find yourself able to respond to me normally without leaving your trance. Luke, can you tell me how you feel?"

I opened my eyes and looked up at him. My hand hovered in front of me. There was some reason why it was raised, a special reason that had to do with the way I felt. I felt--"Focused. Very focused."

"Good, Luke. Now, do you have anything that your conscious mind would like to say to your unconscious mind? You don't have to say it out loud, and you don't even have to be aware of it. Just take a moment and let the communication occur. Just tell me when you're finished."

I sat there, looking at him. Something was happening in the back of my head. "Finished," I said.

"Very good, Luke," he said. "Now, just allow your eyes to close, if you want, and let yourself sink back down deeper into your trance again."

He snapped his fingers and I opened my eyes, blinking. "Wide awake now," he said. "Do you remember what happened?"

I yawned and stretched. "Yeah--yeah, I guess so. You hypnotized me?"

He nodded. "That was the more traditional trance state. Did you enjoy it?"

"I dunno. It felt--different."

"Everyone experiences the trance state differently. After you have entered the trance state once, it becomes easier for you to enter it next time. One trick we hypnotists use is giving you a key phrase or a trigger to make re-induction easier, and every time it's used, you enter hypnosis more quickly and deeply." He held his palm up to my forehead. I pulled back a little, but his hand followed me. "Each time," he said, "it gets stronger each time. For example ..." And he started pulling his hand down across my eyes, and even before he said, "Sleep," my eyes were closing.

He snapped his fingers again, and I opened my eyes, thinking, *What the hell?*

"Just like that. Re-induction strengthens to the trance and helps the hypnosis work faster," he said. He reached out and put his hand on my forehead again. "Sleep," he declared as his hand slipped down across my face, and I was out again.

He snapped his fingers again, waking me. "How did it feel?"

I blinked. I thought about it for a minute. My body felt ... odd. The words "more relaxed than you've ever felt before" came to mind.

"Good," I said. "Very relaxed."

"That's good, Luke. Very good. You know, Luke, I think you'd do very well in my class. It will be meeting at 8 p.m., two days a week, in the gym, Room 128. Just turn this permission form in at the Registrar's office and they'll get you signed up." He held out the form.

"Cool." I stood up, took it, and shook his hand as he walked me to his office door. "Thanks for your time, Doc."

[Continue to Part 2](#)

InFiltration, Part 2

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: A college wrestler signs up for a course on using self-hypnosis to improve his athletic performance. Surprisingly, things do not go as planned.]

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

Occasionally, I borrow a phrase from a specific person in order to make love with him. In this work, I embrace the "it didn't work" story in Section 2 from Northeyes, a talented author in his own right. He says the story is not original to him, that he heard it from others. I've reworked the scene for my purposes, but I first heard it from him. In this work, I also draw on some of the hypnosis methods of the psychologist Milton Erickson, which my friend Chad/Epaphus has been kind (and patient) enough to explain to me. Again, I've reworked those methods for my own ends, so any faults are mine, not Chad's. If there's a better teacher in the world, I haven't found him.

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-

Infiltration, Part 2

9

I had this dream last night. It was one of those dreams where you open your eyes and look around but you know you're not really awake.

I opened my eyes. I was in my bed. Flat on my back. I felt funny, like I was lying there but also like I was falling back deeper and deeper into my mattress every second.

This sound filled the air in my dream, a low drone like the sound of the professor's voice, sort of. There was a little moonlight coming through the window. Daniel was there in my bedroom. He stood there at the foot of my bed. I just looked at him. He looked back, his eyes half-closed and blinking like he wasn't really awake either. He was smiling. He wasn't wearing anything except this pair of white boxer shorts, and that little gold pendant he likes so much, and this gentle smile.

I was lying out on top of the covers--don't ask me why--this was a dream, right? All I had on was that pair of cut-off sweatshorts I like to sleep in. I was sprawled out spread-eagle on the bed. I had a hard-on. I'm pretty well-hung, so I guess Daniel could see it through my shorts. I don't think that thought crossed my mind right then, though.

Daniel climbed onto the bed between my spread legs. He was still looking at me. Still smiling. His gold necklace and pendant caught the light and flashed.

My hips lifted. I'm pretty sure I didn't do it, 'cause like I said I kept feeling like I was falling back, back, back deeper into my bed. Daniel

pulled my shorts down. He took my right ankle and moved my leg, slipped my shorts off that leg, then the other. He came up further on my bed, on his hands and knees, his body hovering over me, less than a foot away. His face lowered toward mine, lips parted, then touching mine, his tongue darting in and flicking across my teeth.

I couldn't move at all, not a muscle. He pulled back. Still smiling. His arm moved, and I heard his boxers slide down his body. He lowered his entire body, laying half alongside, half on top of me. His mouth found my neck and earlobe and licked, kissed, nibbled. One of his strong hands coaxed its way across my pectoral, like he was rubbing a woman's breast or something.

His legs between mine. His body rolling on top of me. Chest to chest. Hip to hip. Cock alongside cock--both hard. He let a little of his weight settle onto me, and then he began to move, pushing himself gently up, down, up, down, moving along my body. The friction felt really great. His hips ground our cocks together, between our hips. He closed his eyes, tilted his head back, bit his lower lip.

He dropped his head forward and kissed me. He didn't seem to care that my mouth wasn't doing anything back. He kissed me gently, then more aggressively. I couldn't make any part of my body move. Couldn't push him away. Though to tell you the truth, I don't remember whether I wanted to or not.

It was starting to feel really good, the way he was grinding his hips, working our cocks together between us. His balls kept slapping gently into mine. I felt this really relaxing feeling roll through me, and the next thing I know I'm starting to cum, spurting hot liquid up between us. He pulled back and grinned at me. His eyes were glassy. His body stiffened, then shuddered. He groaned, threw his head back, and I felt more cum

scald my abdomen as he shot too.

When his orgasm had passed, Daniel looked down at me. He grinned. Gave me a light kiss on the edge of my mouth. He chuckled quietly. He took a deep breath, then pulled back off me. I was sleepy, falling out of this dream and back into sleep. I closed my eyes. I felt him climb off the bed, and that's when the dream ended and a deep sleep took over and I fell back into it again.

So don't ask me what happened at class last night, 'cause I don't really remember. It's funny--some classes, I remember every word, and others I forget. My memory is really fucked. Just plain fucked.

My balls were buzzing--had been all day. I couldn't get that dream out of my mind. Especially how much Daniel on the couch earlier had looked exactly like he had in my dream.

In the locker room, while I was stripping down to get into my singlet for practice, I was running some things through my head. Stuff Doc had said before about filters and how your subconscious could use them to help separate what was important from what wasn't. The moment I pulled on my jock strap, I felt ... well, something different. I didn't think much about it. I just continued to pull on my singlet and my headgear.

Then, when I walked out to the mats to start stretching and warming up, the moment my foot hit the first mat, it happened. For the first second or two, it was like ... like this mask was pulled over my head. Everything felt kind of weird and dreamlike. But just for a second. Then, suddenly, everything is clear. Crystal clear. I'm feeling relaxed and confident, strong and focused. It was a good feeling. Was this what Doc had been talking about? Yeah, it was a really good feeling. All over. I felt my cock growing a little, half-hard. Good thing I had my jock and cup on, so no one would notice.

All I know was, all through the drills and the practice matches, I was a machine. Every move clicked out, and just about everything happened perfectly.

Coach got in my face toward the end. Something about this hold not

being completely legal. It took me a while to register him and what he was saying. Even then, I just felt like it didn't matter that much. It was like Doc had said: the opponent was simply an obstacle to be controlled and neutralized. The way I had done it worked.

Coach is a muscular guy, but so am I. He was getting in my space, trying to get in my face. I was a couple of inches taller than him. I puffed out my chest and stood my ground. Only a skintight layer of lycra separated me from being naked but no way was I going to back down. Everything he said--I guess I heard it but at some point it just stopped registering. He was getting all red in the face, but I guess he could see I was still as calm and relaxed as I could be. Pretty soon, he just huffed and said, "Fine--have it your way," and stormed off.

After practice, when I was headed back to the dressing room and stepped off the mats, it was like, *Click!* Like something inside my head switched off. Not all the way off--I still felt kind of relaxed and happy. Must have been that rush of endorphins Doc had mentioned some athletes got when their filters kicked off. I didn't feel like they had turned all the way off, though, but I didn't mind much. All I knew was, I was really horny, and I had a hard time showering and changing back into my regular clothes without throwing a rod right there in the locker room.

I stopped by the library on my way back to my apartment. Don't ask me why--usually the library was one of the last places you'd ever find me. But like I said, my balls had been buzzing all day, and I was horny as hell, and anyway I had to take a dump, so I hit the restroom on the second floor.

I headed straight for one of the stalls. Someone came in and went into the stall next to mine. A hole in the wall between us, about three inches in diameter. I didn't think much about it.

I took care of business and I was wiping. The guy in the next stall put his foot close to the partition and tapped it a couple of times. I kept wiping. The guy cleared his throat and tapped again. That's when I saw this eye looking at me through the hole.

Fuck! I tore off a big wad of toilet paper and stuffed it into the hole. Perverts! Now I remembered why the second-floor restrooms were notorious. Dude probably thought I was fresh meat or something.

I stood up and reached for my boxers. When did my cock get so hard? Shit, my balls were buzzing something fierce now, like a beehive.

Fucker in the next stall poked the toilet paper out of the hole. "Dude," he whispered, "lemme suck it." He stuck a finger through the hole, making a "come here" gesture. "Lemme suck you off," he murmured.

I thought to myself, *That sure sounds good.* Then I thought, *Fuck, where did that come from?*

"Cmon, dude," he said. "I don't got all day. Lemme lick it and suck on it for ya."

I felt something happen inside of my head, and this really focused feeling came over me again. Nothing else mattered but my cock and that hole and the need to get off. Don't ask me why, but I just did it--I just shuffled up to the partition with my pants down around my ankles, and I pushed my hard-on through the hole. I felt his fingers wrap around the base, and then I felt his mouth fit over it like a warm, wet sleeve. I held on to the top of the partition with both hands, using my weight to force my cock through the hole as far as possible.

I have a long ol' cock--too long for him to suck it all, I guess, so he used his hand too. His mouth moved on me. His hand around the base kept

time, sending ripples of joy through every inch of my shaft and from there out through my whole body.

I was getting a blow-job from some strange man in the men's room of the library! I couldn't fucking believe it! Gotta admit, though, the situation got me off as much as the feel of his mouth on me, and I couldn't hold back long. My hips were bucking helplessly against the partition and his mouth nursing on me felt like it was sucking the cum right out of my balls, and I was making all these little crying noises in my throat, and suddenly I couldn't stop my cum from shooting into his mouth.

I fell back a couple of steps, pulling my softening cock out of his mouth with a *pop!* It sure had felt good, but--shit!--he was a guy. What had gotten into me? I pulled my boxers and jeans up, grabbed my gym bag, and practically ran out of there.

When I stumbled out of my bedroom, Daniel was on the living room couch watching some game on TV, the twenty-four-hour sports channel. He was slouched down, legs spread and feet cocked up on edge of the coffee table, like he was in stirrups at a gynecologist's office or something. He was munching chips from a bag.

"Want some?" he said around a mouthful as I sleepy-stumbled into the living room.

"Sure." I swallowed a yawn and thrust my hand into the bag to retrieve a handful.

"Your dad called," he said, not looking away from the screen. "He said to call him."

"Okay. Thanks. So who's winning?"

"They are, the fuckers!"

On the screen a player stumbled and fell, and the ball made a break for freedom.

Daniel shouted, "Oh, you *whore!*" He lunged his upper body forward and flung a chip at the TV. "You're supposed to hold *onto* it, fuckhead! Ohhhh, *maaaan!*" He slammed his torso back against the back of the couch, smashing his palms over his face. "Shit, Luke, these guys are just so fucking sad. It's no wonder they're losers."

All he had on was a pair of ratty old navy-blue shorts and that little pendant of his. Daniel is on the wrestling team, and he's got a great build.

I caught myself wondering why I'd never noticed that before. I mean, I'd noticed girls thought he was attractive, sure, but I mean I never really *noticed* it myself. He had really wide lats, massive arms, and thick pecs with just a little patch of dark hair between them, with that gold pendant nestled against his chest. Just like I remembered from my dream. He was 22 but he had one of those boyishly handsome faces that sometimes made him look like a kid when he grinned. Dark brown hair, cut short. Deep brown eyes. Eyes that were now looking right back at me.

I looked away quickly.

"Helloooo?" he said. "Earth to Luke. Come in, Luke."

"Huh? Sorry--what?"

"I said, what time is your exam today?"

"Oh--uh, 2:00, I think."

"Better book, dude. It's 1:35 already."

"*Huh?*" It couldn't be that late already--I couldn't have overslept that much! I *never* overslept, and here I'd already missed both my morning classes, and I was about to be late for an exam!

The clock on the VCR flicked over to 1:36.

"Shit! I gotta jet, dude," I called as I ran back to my bedroom to jump under the shower and throw on some clothes.

Since it was Saturday, I went out for my usual run to burn off some excess energy. It was early afternoon, and the temperature was climbing. As usual, this time of day, there weren't many people at the track.

After I did my stretches, I was already starting to sweat. I stripped off my tee-shirt and tucked it in the back of my shorts and started my laps. I ran full-out, counting off the laps until, finally, I was through. Exhausted too. I walked another lap, hands on my hips, chest heaving in the oxygen, to cool down.

"You're a fast runner," he said.

I looked over. "Oh--hi, profess--or. I didn't--see you--there," I panted.

He was dressed in shorts, a tee-shirt, running shoes, like he'd been jogging himself. "That's good," he said. "That kind of focus keeps you from getting distracted. Helps you keep your intensity up."

"Yeah--I guess--so," I panted.

"I had hoped to run into you here today."

"Huh?"

"There's something I'd like to talk to you about. Think you can run a little more? My place is a couple of blocks away. Let's go have a nice, cold drink and talk. Okay?"

"Sure," I said. I didn't know what else to say. I somehow wanted very much to go back to his place. Like I was expecting his invitation.

"Cmon, I'll race you," he said, swatting my ass as he started running. He was in excellent shape, and his powerful legs set a good pace. I could keep up with him, probably pass him, but I was nearly exhausted from my run already--and since I had no clue where he lived, how could I pass him? So I trotted along beside him, turning when he did. He kept counting off the pace, and I found myself falling into step with him, with his counting.

Finally, we came to a two-story brick house, and he headed up the driveway. I was worn out, nearly ready to collapse, from running that far. Sweat covered me like a second skin. I followed him up the steps to the front door and inside.

His house was nothing great but looked comfortable. Homey. I watched as he stripped off his tee-shirt, almost like he was displaying his strong masculine chest to me. I turned away and forced myself to concentrate on something else.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said, pointing at the couch. He walked into the next room, the kitchen.

I sat down on the edge, not wanting to get my sweat on the back of the seat, with my knees spread the way men always sit. "Uhm, nice place you have here," I said, to make conversation.

He came back with two glasses of water. He handed me one and drank from the other. I swallowed thirstily. I felt so odd, like there was an electric charge in the air, an air of expectation.

The professor was looking right at me, watching me intently. I was suddenly aware of my cock getting hard, pushing against the flimsy material of my nylon running shorts. The professor looked me right in the eye and said, "So, tell me--when was the last time you got laid?"

I was pretty shocked by his directness. I felt myself blush. "Uhm--like two weeks, I guess?" My cock was definitely getting hard, and I shifted my hand in my lap to hide it.

"That long ago? A good-looking guy like you should be getting laid every night." The professor glanced down. "Getting hard? Just from talking about getting laid?"

I tried to laugh and joke it off. "You know how it is," I said.

"Maybe that's the power of suggestion at work," the professor said. "Just like the reason you're here."

I said, "Huh?"

"You're here because of a suggestion I gave you in class. A post-hypnotic suggestion to be where you were, when you were, when we 'ran into' each other. That was no accident."

"If you gave me the suggestion in class, why aren't the other guys here?"

"It was a special suggestion, just for you." He reached over and took my wrist, pulled my hand away from my crotch. Now he had to be able to see my wood. "No need to hide this," he said. "I've seen it several times before"--which struck me as kind of weird, you know? I mean, when had the professor seen me hard before?

He said, "You know, now's the perfect time for you to be hypnotized. You're tired from your run. All of your conscious mind's defenses are down. You're already relaxed, maybe even feeling a little sleepy, right?"

"I guess so."

He lifted up his finger, held it there. I'd seen him do this in class enough that I knew exactly what he was doing. It was exactly the same way he hypnotized Isaac that first night in class. "Luke, I want you to watch my finger. Keep your eyes on my finger." The professor moved his finger back and forth, and my eyes tracked it, like it was inevitable, and maybe it was. Back and forth, always coming a little closer to my face. Closer and closer, until finally the professor brought his finger to rest on the bridge of my nose, making me to look cross-eyed at it. "That's good, Luke. You're almost there. See, I know you're here for a reason, and pretty soon, that reason will be as clear as crystal." He put his hand on my forehead and started drawing it down across my eyes and face. "Sleep," he ordered, and I couldn't stop my eyes from closing.

"Luke," his voice came to me. "Open your eyes." I did. I was in a darkened bedroom, lit only by stray light through the curtain. Stretched out on the bed, on my stomach. "That's it," he said. "So easy to open your eyes and let your conscious mind engage while you stay deeply hypnotized. So deeply hypnotized, aren't you?"

"Yes." Whoa--did I really just say that?

"Good. I want you to enjoy this. Think of it as your reward for doing so well in class, but there's more to it than just that. You're here to reward someone too, someone who has also done very well in class. Isn't that right, Isaac?"

Isaac's voice from somewhere said, "Yeah," very slowly.

"Come over here where Luke can see you, Isaac."

Someone shuffled closer to the bed, emerging gradually from the darkness at the edges of the room. I recognized that fraternity tattoo on the outside of his leg, just above his ankle--Isaac--though some part of

me wondered how I knew that since I couldn't remember ever seeing his bare legs before. My eyes drifted up his long, lanky body and pale skin. He was naked. My eyes passed his semi-stiff prick and its nest of red pubic hair, his bare freckled chest, and settled on his half-closed eyes, the foggy look in them.

"Yes, Isaac is in a trance too," the professor said. "Just like you are, Luke. A deep, relaxing trance. He's had a little crush on you, so I thought this would be a good way to reward you both for doing so well in my class."

The professor told Isaac to go ahead, and Isaac climbed up on the bed, kneeling beside me. He went very slowly, massaging, kissing, licking, scratching, massaging some more. All the while, the professor whispering about how relaxed we both must be feeling, how tired, how sleepy. Isaac was using this massage oil with a really heavy, sensual patchouli fragrance--very erotic--not enough to get me slick but enough to make his hands glide over my skin and fill the air with the fragrance. It felt like the fragrance was some thick cloud in which I was floating, drifting. From the moment he began, all the way through, Isaac never lost contact with my body--some part of him was always touching some part of me.

He started by massaging my shoulders and back. Up along my neck, into my scalp, then back down and along my arms and hands, first one, then the other, then down my back, my butt through my shorts, down the backs of my legs, the left one first, all the way down to my foot, where my shoe and sock just seemed to melt off my body, then back up to my butt and down the right, where that shoe and sock just seemed to fall off as well. I discovered how sensual having my calves massaged can be. It felt like I was just melting into the mattress, just like the professor was telling me to do. I also discovered I have an erogenous zone on the backs

of my knees, and that I like getting licked there, slowly, the way a cat will clean itself. Isaac massaged my feet, even my toes and the spaces between them. Then back up the backs of my legs, across my shorts, up my back to my shoulders.

He rolled me over. Started massaging my chest. I could barely keep my eyes open, but Isaac kept looking at me through his own sagging eyelids and smiling, like he was doing this from some great well of peacefulness within himself and I could take a drink from it if I wanted to. He worked my chest, then down along my right arm. I discovered the inside of my elbow is a place where I like to be licked too, slowly and sensually. He spent a while on my right hand, then when he started back, he paused at the wrist. From the nightstand, he picked up a necktie. I've never played with bondage, but I didn't say no--didn't even think of it. He just kept smiling to let me know it was all right. I let him tie the tie around my wrist, then knot it to the headboard.

Isaac worked his way back down along my arm, across my chest again, started along my left arm. He took his time. He was in no hurry, so we were in no hurry. The more he licked the inside of my elbow on that arm, the more I felt like--I dunno--it was an incredible feeling; if he had kept it up a while longer, I might have cum. He made his way to my left hand. On his way back, he paused after he worked the wrist and retrieved a second tie. I just lay there and let him tie my left wrist to the headboard.

Isaac kept going back down my arm. Massaged my pectorals, then down along my abs, my sides, reaching under me to pull at the bottoms of my delts. I was getting this really connected feeling, like for the first time I was starting to understand how my body isn't just parts or muscle groups--it's one big whole where everything attaches and shares with everything else.

By now, neither of us seemed to be listening to the professor. We were locked in our own little world, just us. Isaac worked his way down to my running shorts. His hands told me to lift my hips, just by the way they ran over the ridges of my hip bones. He pulled my shorts off, my jockstrap too. He worked my hips and groin. I was hard but he skipped over my rod. Instead, he went down the fronts of my thighs, really working the heavy muscles there. Down my calves, finding ways to run his fingers between the muscles, and down to my feet and toes again. When he worked his way up my legs, he started spreading them, a little further apart each time he worked his way further up. When he got to my thighs, he put my calves on his shoulders. My legs were pretty much limp, so he didn't have any trouble. I could feel the blood flowing down out of my legs and into my torso as he massaged my thighs.

This time, Isaac went from my thighs to the area where my balls meet my ass. He kept reaching under me to grip my ass, then making long pulling motions from my ass to my thighs, then around the outside and up into my groin. He rubbed my balls gently, licking at them slowly but firmly. Most chicks just kind of lap at them a time or two and then move on, but he was using his tongue like a finger to probe and rub and massage them. He licked at my shaft, from the root to the tip. I don't usually leak precum, but I was oozing it like a fountain. He had a finger between my thighs, making little circles around that ridge of flesh behind my balls. That finger made its way down toward my asshole and flicked across it lightly, so lightly it felt more like air. His other hand turned my cock shaft toward his mouth, and he went down on me, looking me right in the eye and never taking his off mine. His mouth was soft and hot and wet, and his tongue undulated along the underside of my shaft. He wasn't "sucking." Just holding me inside him and moving himself along me.

I started to cum. At first, I thought it was going to be a pleasant little orgasm, very relaxed and just a good feeling flowing through me. Then

when I was about halfway through what usually happens during one of them, something happened in the base of my cock, and the next thing I know, I'm having one of the strongest orgasms of my life--just flat-out amazing, like I'm pulled tighter than a violin string and humming from the stroke of a white-hot bow. When it's finally over, I'm like one of those patients after electroshock: spent and limp and too dazed to think clearly.

Isaac kissed his way up my groin, my stomach, my chest, neck, cheek, kissed me. His way of letting me know he was still there. He started massaging my face: chin, cheeks, temples, forehead, the areas around my eyes. Every now and then, he'd stroke down my neck, across my chest or shoulders or along an arm, stirring up the residual feelings in my body and making them swirl around a little. Mostly though, he focused on my face until, eventually, he kissed me one last time and untied me, one hand at a time.

He was still fully hard. When the professor told him to, Isaac took his cock in hand. He straddled my chest and stroked it. I was too limp to move. He jacked himself off, never taking his half-closed eyes off me. His body shuddered, bucked forward and back a little, and then I felt his cum spackling down, hot and wet, against my chest and neck and chin.

Like the professor said, we were finding ourselves very sleepy, ready to go back down into sleep. Isaac lay down alongside me, his arm thrown across around me like a blanket. I closed my eyes when the professor told me to and sank into my trance almost immediately.

I got to the gym a little early. I was going to class, sure, but I had something to do first. I hauled my gym bag into the dressing room and dropped it on the bench.

"Hey, Luke," Daniel said, already pulling on his singlet.

"Hey, buddy," I said, shaking his hand. Beyond him, Daryl was already in his singlet, getting his shoes tied. Tony was pulling on his swim team swimsuit, a trim little Speedo that didn't cover nearly as much of his big ol' bulge as it should have, probably because he had a lot of bulge down there to cover. Isaac had on the shorts of his basketball uniform and was reaching for his shirt; our eyes met for a second, and he was looking at me like I was his best friend or something, and then I had to look away. I got undressed. I guess we all had the same idea this week: showing up for class in our team uniforms. After all, what better way to focus our minds on improving our performance as athletes?

And over there was Marco. Marco is South American. Dusky skin. Beautiful face. Perfect body. Dark hair worn shoulder-long and a little shaggy. He's already in his white shorts and pulling on his soccer team tunic, the one with the team mascot and his number over his heart. He's got this way of moving that makes you think of sex. Trust me. Hell, all of a sudden, just looking at him, I was sure thinking of sex. Sex with Marco. Him sucking my cock. Me sucking his. Me laying his naked body back and hoisting his legs up.

Fuck! What the hell was I thinking? Marco was a guy, dammit! Good-looking but still a guy. I looked away and had to think about math tests and shit like that to make my erection go away. Good thing no one seemed to notice. Except for Marco, who was looking back at me with

this expression that might be smoldering sex or annoyance. I couldn't tell which, and I turned away quickly, blushing in spite of myself.

We put our street clothes away--time for class. Tony, in his Speedo, was nearly naked, but he didn't seem the least bit self-conscious. Daryl, Daniel, and I in our skintight singlets were pretty close to naked too, but we're used to being on display like that. When you wear a singlet as much as we do, you get used to it.

We filed into the classroom.

At first, I thought maybe class had been canceled and Doc forgot to tell us, because the lights were out. Well, the overhead lights were off, that is, but it wasn't entirely dark in there. There were these two candles--the tall, thin dinner-table kind--about six feet apart in the middle of the floor mats, on these little stands.

Cameron asked, "Hey, Doc, what's up the candles and shit? Someone forget to pay the electric bill?"

"Very funny," Doc said, chuckling along with us. "Tonight you finally start learning how to hypnotize yourselves without my help. One of the classic ways is by staring into a candle flame. Candles make good tools for beginners. Now, if you'll all take a seat in a circle around one of the candles, we'll get started.

"Have a seat," he says to us, and he tells us to sit in a circle. So we get settled, sitting cross-legged in circles around the candles. Daryl, Marco, and Isaac are at the other one. At this one, Tony sits to my right, Cameron to my left, with Daniel directly across from me.

"Everyone comfortable?" Doc asks us, and we know he's getting started. "The first thing I'd like you to do, of course, is to just let yourself look

right into the heart of the candle flame. That's right. Now take a deep breath. Look directly into the flame. By now, you're probably starting to recognize the feeling that comes when your mental filters kick in. It's a pretty good feeling, huh? Those filters always help you do a better job. Let me tell you another story. About two years ago, I was asked to conduct a hypnosis session with a major league baseball pitcher. The pitcher and his coach described his problems in a way that led me to suspect he had a serious mental block. He had been pitching worse and worse over the season. According to his coach, he had done better in previous years but now he to be sinking into a severe slump. Under hypnosis, the pitcher told me that he felt guilty about throwing bad pitches. Every time he threw, he was recalling how badly the last pitch went, and then he was using that to convince himself how much worse the next pitch was going to be. It was a deadly cycle of self-consciousness and guilt. So I helped him set up a set of corrective mental filters and suggested that, the moment the ball was leaving his fingertips, he would be looking into the past and could no longer affect the ball. I then suggested that since the ball, the past, and the outcome of the pitch were now clearly out of his hands, he did not need to feel guilty about the outcome, and all he had to do was learn from the experience and continue learning and getting better. As an added filter, I suggested that when he came on the field, unless some emergency required all his attention, he would find that he couldn't see or hear anyone or anything beyond the fences. They'd be filtered out of his perception, as if they just wouldn't exist for him, because they were not a part of the game and thereby didn't need his attention if he is playing. The result, according to his coach, was that the pitcher's self-consciousness turned to self-confidence, and the other players noticed he had a much better attitude. And yes, his pitching really improved for the rest of the season. That's the kind of improvement your filters will offer you."

Doc paused for half a second, then continued into the main part of what

I was learning to see as his induction. "Just breathe any way you want to, and let yourself catch the rhythm. Let yourself find the rhythm in the flickering flame, and follow it. That's fine. You can breathe normally. As you let yourself focus, focus more and more on the flame, deeper, I wonder if maybe you had an experience where you had to lift your arm to do something, something like lift a bag of groceries out of the trunk of a car, and you really had to reach for them and lift them up. And I'm wondering if we might get your hand lifting tonight. As you go into a trance, even if you're not consciously sure you're going into a trance yet, your hand and your arm can lift automatically. Maybe it will start to lift now, or maybe it will start to lift as we go deeper into the trance, as you stare deeper into the candle flame, the fingers and thumb starting to move ..."

Across from me, Daniel moved. That broke my concentration, and I looked up at him. He was looking right back at me, and he grinned and mouthed something, jerked his head toward Doc and the group around the other candle. I couldn't make out what Daniel was trying to say, but I looked anyway. Daryl and Isaac I could see pretty clearly--they were staring right at the candle, eyes heavy-lidded, expressions blank, hands twitching and starting to lift a little. I sneaked a glimpse at Doc but he was droning on, not paying any attention to us. I looked back at Daniel. He was grinning and moved his mouth. I couldn't lip-read it in the semi-dark and mouthed back, *What?* He frowned at me like I was being silly or dense or something and mouthed it again. I looked over at Cameron, then at Tony. They were looking pretty zoned out. Tony's hand was bend up at the wrist; as I watched, it started to rise off his thigh, into the air. I looked back at Daniel. He was grinning big, and he silently mouthed a few more words. I missed it again and frowned my confusion back at him, which only made him grin wider.

Doc was suddenly standing behind Daniel, and he gripped the back of

Daniel's head, forcing his eyes down toward the candle, forcing Daniel to look. Doc didn't even break his rhythm. "And you can feel yourself looking deeper ...," he was saying, "... deeper ever second ... into the flame ... and you may find that ... you can't look away ... can't stop what's happening ... inevitably ..." And when Doc let go of Daniel's head, Daniel didn't look up, didn't turn away from the flame, and his expression was starting to fade, like he was falling into a trance faster than any of us. Daniel always was an overachiever.

Doc was saying something like, "And now as your hand is lifting, that's maybe a sign that you're starting to go into a trance, or maybe you're already in a trance a bit, ready to go further ..." I looked around. The others were all staring blank-faced, at the candles, as if half-asleep.

"And I'm wondering," Doc was saying, "if your arm will lift up and out, whether it will lift to your cheek, or your nose, and I'm wondering if you think it's pretty silly now, but it's lifting, and I'm wondering if there's any doubt, while it's still lifting." I yawned, in spite of myself. Then Doc was behind me, one finger on the back of my head tipping my head down, where my eyes met the flame as it danced, and Doc said, "And I'm wondering if maybe you're already feeling it happen, so familiar, that familiar feeling of a trance coming insistently over you," and I began to feel ... funny. Kinda sleepy and focused at the same time. And Doc was saying, "And that's okay, as it lifts, as your hand lifts, lifting higher, as you feel yourself sinking back into that familiar, delicious state of hypnotic peace, eyes starting to close. So heavy. Hand rising. Eyelids closing. Closing tightly ..."

Doc said my name and touched my shoulder. I opened my eyes, lifted my head, took a deep breath. I looked up and around at him. Doc was smiling at me. I wasn't aware of having fallen asleep, but some part of me knew I wasn't really awake either, knew that I was still hypnotized,

and that seemed cool.

Doc told me to stand up, and I did. My body felt kind of weird. Sluggish. Like I was seeing everything through some kind of glass. But I stood up, and I followed him. He led me out into the hallway. The lights were out in the hallway too now--the gym must have been closed. That didn't matter. Doc led me to the room next door. Another classroom. Mats on the floor. One wall was all mirrors. The light were on--brighter than usual, it seemed--and they made me blink.

Doc had a video camera set up on a tripod, aimed over there. Over in that corner, by the edge of the mirrored wall, Doc had put outlined a square with masking tape. Doc was talking to me--I couldn't quite catch the words, but I understood. Once I stepped into that eight-foot square, everything would be okay. Whatever happened would stay safely in the square. I could do anything, and it would be okay.

Doc told me to go over and stand inside it, and I did. He had the video camera going, and he had another handheld camera pointing at me. I grinned back. I flexed my arms and chest, feeling the muscles stretch. Felt really good. I looked at me reflection in the mirror as it mimicked my motions. Yeah, I looked really good, really sexy.

I got down on all fours and positioned myself and pumped out a quick set of ten pushups. I watched myself in the mirror the whole time. Doc was walking around, getting different angles, but I ignored him for the most part. I came up onto my knees for a second. Long enough to pull the straps of my singlet down off my shoulders, to peel the top half of it down to me waist. Yeah, pushups made my chest look great--really pumped up my pecs. I watched myself run a hand across them in the mirror. That felt good too. I dropped back down and pumped out another ten pushups, feeling myself starting to sweat just a little.

My body was feeling good--really alive--even if my head still had that kinda fuzzy feeling. I flopped over onto my butt. I tugged off my wrestling boots and the half-socks I wore under them. I stretched back, then cranked out a dozen or so crunches, feeling my abs tighten nicely. Doc was telling me what a great job I was going, and how good I looked, and I grinned. I sat up and skinned my singlet the rest of the way off, which left me wearing only that skintight pair of Lycra wrestler's briefs, the kind guys wear sometimes under a singlet if they don't want to wear a jockstrap.

My rod was making a long ridge across my left hip. It was hard, and touching it through my wrestler's briefs sent this pleasant tingle through my whole body. I knew Doc wouldn't mind. He knew how it was when guys got horny. He was even saying so right then.

I stood up and, with my thumbs hooked in the waistband of my briefs, I shucked them down and off my body, stepped out of them and dropped them just outside the square. I looked at myself in the mirror, muscles all pumped, cock sticking out and needing some serious attention. Yeah, I looked damn good. The camera over there on its tripod was surely getting a good look, and Doc with his handheld camera was also getting some great shots. Yeah, I was very attractive--why shouldn't he be getting this on film? I ought to put on a good show for him.

So I did. I wrapped one hand around my cock and ran the other across my pecs. The double assault nearly made my legs buckle from ecstasy. Everything felt twice as good as usual while I was in the square and in front of the camera. I stroked my meat with long, lazy strokes, feeling the sensations ripple out through my body, building slowly. My other hand roamed across my chest, my flat stomach, even my balls and ass, spreading the joy around. I loved the sensations washing through me. Fucking *loved* them.

My hand roamed back and found my ass, flicking a finger across the hole in ways that brought a whole new dimension of bliss. Next thing I know, I'm on my back with my legs spread, with one hand pistoning at my meat while the other teases my hole with two delicious fingers sliding in and out. Everything is feeling too good, and I'm panting, gasping, thrashing almost out of control. Everything is feeling too full, starting to burst, and then Doc says something and my orgasm is exploding all over me, cum shooting everywhere and splattering across my chest and arm and abs.

I topple back onto the mat, sprawled out, my whole body sweat- and cum-soaked and limp. Doc is telling me something, and I turn to look at him and smile for the camera. He's telling me what a good job I did, how good I must feel, how tired I must be, and yeah, I'm already feeling myself sinking, and I can't move or hold my head up any longer, and my eyes are closing.

When I open my eyes again, I'm back with the others, sitting around the candles. The flames have been extinguished. Doc has just turned the lights on, and we're blinking, squinting sheepishly at each other. We yawn and stretch and stand up. I'm dressed again, but my singlet straps are still off, the top half of my singlet hanging around my waist. Daniel's and Daryl's singlets are pushed down too. Marco has his soccer team tunic off, tucked in the back of his shorts, and Cameron has his tennis shirt off too, draped over his left shoulder. We're all jocks and there's nothing wrong with having your shirt off. I guess we didn't think anything about it.

Class was over. We filed off to the locker room. The lights were off throughout the hallways--it must have been late. This was the first time class lasted past the time the gym closed. I pulled my locker open. A shower sounded good--I wanted to wash the day's funk off. So I stripped

down. The others were doing the same thing. I stepped past the camera that Doc had set up on the tripod by the shower entrance and turned on one of the nozzles. On the opposite wall, Cameron and Tony were horsing around under the spray, laughing at some joke.

The water felt great, like a whole weight was being washed off of my shoulders. The shower beside me came on, and I looked over. Marco stood there, head back, running the water and his fingers through the hair on his chest. I reached for the soap and started swiping it across my own chest.

Pretty soon, I felt something. Eyes. Marco's eyes on me. I looked over at him, and he smiled, a sly, confident smile. I smiled back. He was lathering his cock and balls, and staring right at me, kind of intently. I looked down. His dick was starting to get hard, lengthening and stretching out toward me.

I felt my cock starting to stiffen too, and I had to turn away, turn my back toward Marco. I focused on lathering my arm.

Over there on the other side of the showers, Isaac and Daryl were horsing around and giggling. Playing a little harmless grab-ass. But Isaac was letting his hand linger on Daryl's ass, and Daryl was letting him. They were coming together, and their mouths met. My jaw dropped. No way! What was happening here?

A hand touched my back. Hands. Running over my back in small, lazy circles. Half soaping, half-massaging. I looked over my shoulder. Marco. He grinned at me. Okay, I have to admit--it felt great. I love a good backrub. So I grinned back. He ran one soapy finger down my ass-crack, then into the crevice, finding my hole. This electric jolt ran through me, and suddenly I had this ... *hungry* feeling in my ass. I pushed it back, to

encourage him to do that again. He did, his finger slipping inside this time. I didn't care who was looking, or what the others thought, or about that camera Doc had set up at the entrance of the showers.

Fingers pulled my ass cheeks apart, which pulled me back into the moment. Marco was kneeling behind me, spreading my ass. His tongue came in, and he went to work. His tongue and lips bathed my crack there under the spray. He was laving attention on my asshole enthusiastically.

"He likes that," someone said behind us. I didn't care. Marco's tongue worked on me, making me squirm and moan, making my buttocks quiver and snap.

"Lemme fuck you," he moaned, breathless. He didn't wait for me. He moved forward. I felt the head of his cock slide between my cheeks and begin to wiggle against my asshole.

Someone came around us--Tony was sliding down in front of me, kneeling. Marco began to push forward.

"Ow," I protested. "It's too big." He pushed harder, and I felt his cockhead start to slip into my sphincter, to enter me. It was pushing my hips forward too, and my cock slipped into Tony's mouth, like a warm, velvet sheath. "Oh, man," I breathed. Then the whole mushroom head of Marco's rod was inside, spreading my ass. It hurt--hurt like hell--but it felt ... good, somehow, at the same time.

Cameron was standing beside me, jacking himself as he watched Tony blow me. Marco's cock hit something inside me, something satisfying, something that made me feel dizzy every time he thrust into me. His thrusts carried my dick in and out of Tony's mouth. I looked down. Tony, on his knees on the hard tile floor, was jacking his own erection as he blew me. And damn!--he had a huge cock. Fucking *huge*. I was sure

glad it was Marco fucking me instead of Tony with that monster, but part of me wanted to feel Tony's massive eleven-inch piece of meat inside me too.

Marco was beginning to fuck me in earnest, and I had to have him inside me. I reached around, pulling at him, trying to pull his thrusts deeper inside me. The three of us were in perfect synch, unrelenting. I felt my jizm boiling in my balls.

Beside me, Cameron sighed, and his cum spurted out, landing on my thigh and Tony's shoulder. "Oh, man!" Tony exclaimed, his mouth coming off my cock. He looked down at his beating hand, and suddenly rope after rope of white spunk shot out, mixing with the water coming down all around us. His body jerked and convulsed as he rode through an intense orgasm.

Marco pulled out of my ass, and I missed the feel of his cock immediately. He worked his cock frantically. He gave this little cry from deep in his throat, and I felt his hot cum sprinkling across my back and buttocks.

Tony, still kneeling, was back on my cock, jacking it insistently, and I couldn't hold out. My orgasm started spreading through me like a haze, and suddenly it was igniting every nerve, burning through me. My spunk fired across his cheek and shoulder. He milked it all out of me, and I sank back, drained and dazed, into Marco's arms. He kissed my neck and held me until I could stand again.

"Oh, man," I swore, in spite of myself. Tony headed over to where Daryl, Isaac, and Daniel were fucking, wanting a piece of their action. Marco patted my ass and turned back under his shower to clean off the spunk, and I did the same.

So I'm in bed with this chick. I can't remember her name. She's hot and I'm into her, but she's nothing special, you know? Just some chick I picked up at this party and brought back to my place.

And we're naked and in my bed. The lights are out. We've been through all the preliminaries, where we do all that kissing stuff, and I lick her nipples, and she blows me a while, and I eat out her pussy--which she fucking loved, lemme tell you. We're naked, and we're fucking, and I'm really getting into the groove--you know how it is once you hit that rhythm and your head can go other places while your body does its job on auto-pilot. She's totally into me 'cause I'm this big star on the wrestling team and I'm really hot. And she's on her back with her legs wrapped around my waist, and I'm coming up off my knees, my body suspended over her, and my hand by her shoulders to anchor me to the bed. And I'm humping and pumping, really letting her have it like a pile-driver. She's giving it back to me with a pussy that's clamped around me tight and matching me stroke for stroke. And she's shouting, "Oh, yes! Oh, Luke! Fuck me, Luke! Fuck me harder! *Harder!*" And I'm giving her exactly what she's asking for. I love it when chicks yell my name when I fuck them.

I've got my head back and my eyes closed, focused entirely on what I'm feeling, feeling something kind of odd in the back of my mind. And when I look down, it's like I can't recognize her anymore. It's not her under me. I'm pumping away at her snatch, but it's weird--it's like she's someone else. I'm looking down at her, and it's dark, with only some street light coming in around the edge of the curtain, so it's hard to tell, but it's like she's not even a woman.

He's tossing his head side to side, and it's like it's Daniel under me, and he's grinning at me like he's loving it, and he's saying, "Oh, yeah, dude! Fuck me! That's right! Fuck me with that big dick, man!" And I'm pumping away at him, really jamming my dick in, then hauling it out and jamming it in again, over and over, as fast as I can bear, and he has his legs wrapped around me like a vice, heels digging into my back to urge me deeper, his ass clamped around my cock like it's gonna snap my wood off at the root.

Daniel starts moaning and twisting around even more, like he's having some kind of seizure. And his hard cock between us, starts firing off wad after wad of cum across his belly and pectorals. And then I'm cumming too, in hard, fast bolts that feel like hand grenades going off inside me. And I'm spurting my load deep inside, filling the condom I'm wearing, until I have nothing left to spurt out. I'm spent, like never before, and when I'm finally finished, I roll off and collapse on the bed beside my partner, and I'm too exhausted to move, and I just lay there with my arm over my eyes while I try to catch my breath.

And she gives me a little kiss, and I feel the bed move as she climbs out, and I hear her getting dressed.

"Well," she says, standing in my bedroom door when she's ready to leave. "I left my number there by your clock. Call me, okay? That Danielle is one lucky girl."

And I look up at her and say, "Huh?" 'Cause I don't know anyone named "Danielle."

"Danielle," she says again. "You called me Danielle when you were cumming. Is that your ex-girlfriend or something?"

"Uhm, yeah," I say, sinking back into the bed. "Listen, you better go. I

need some sleep before class tomorrow. Can you let yourself out?"

"That's cool," she says, and "see ya," and then she's gone.

And I lay there thinking *Danielle*? And I know sometimes your fantasies go to some pretty strange places when you're not expecting it, but where the fuck did that idea of me fucking Daniel come from? And why did it seem so real, more like a memory than a fantasy?

[Continue to Part 3](#)

InFiltration, Part 3

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno, brief M/F and incest]

[Synopsis: A college wrestler signs up for a course on using self-hypnosis to improve his athletic performance. Surprisingly, things do not go as planned.]

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

Occasionally, I borrow a phrase from a specific person in order to make love with him. In this work, I embrace the "it didn't work" story in Section 2 from Northeyes, a talented author in his own right. He says the story is not original to him, that he heard it from others. I've reworked the scene for my purposes, but I first heard it from him. In this work, I also draw on some of the hypnosis methods of the psychologist Milton Erickson, which my friend Chad/Epaphus has been kind (and patient) enough to explain to me. Again, I've reworked those methods for my own ends, so any faults are mine, not Chad's. If there's a better teacher in the world, I haven't found him.

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InFiltration, Part 3

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Daniel and I, we were in the kitchen. It was my turn to load the dishwasher, and that's what I was doing. He was getting himself a bottle of water out of the refrigerator. All he had on was this pair of old boxer shorts, and it was like I couldn't take my eyes off his body. I'd been fighting a hard-on all night, trying to keep him from seeing it. His cock made a nice lump, moving around behind the front of his boxers, and I kept wondering what it looked like hard, whether it looked like it did in my dream the other night. But, as I kept reminding myself, that was just a dream.

For someone who was never around the apartment very much, he'd sure been hanging around the last couple of days. He was usually over at his girlfriend's place most nights, but I think they were having some trouble. Ever since Doc started teaching us how to really hypnotize ourselves, it was like Daniel and I both spent a lot more time at home, practicing. I know I was.

Daniel patted my shoulder as he slid past my ass toward the kitchen door. "Hey," he said, pausing at the doorway. "We got any more matches?"

"Cigarette lighter," I said. "On the nightstand by my bed." Neither of us smoked, so we both knew what he needed it for--Doc had told us to practice self-hypnosis with candles at home.

"Thanks, bro," he said, and disappeared into the hallway beyond.

A little while later, I'm walking down that same hallway on my way to the bathroom. Daniel's door is open just a crack. His light is off, but there's a flickering glow against the far wall. I put my eyes in the gap and see ... one lit candle on his nightstand, Daniel sitting cross-legged on his bed, eyes half-closed and all dreamy, the light glowing across his velvet-smooth skin and muscles.

Daniel looked like he was in the early stages of a trance. His eyelids were fluttering, and he was breathing deeply and slowly, almost like he was dozing off. I remembered a couple of things from books that I had read, about how to help a subject move from sleep into a trance, and I figured they might work.

The secret, according to the books, was to go slowly. Give the person time to get used to your presence. Find the rapport. I stood in the doorway a while. Maybe subconsciously, some part of Daniel was probably aware of me being there. I stood there to give him time to get accustomed to me. Several minutes. Then I eased the door open. More waiting. Then I was standing by the bed. Then I started talking to him, using something like the inductions Doc used, since I thought they might seem familiar to Daniel's subconscious mind. "That's right," I whispered, soft and slow. "Relax ... Focus ... No distractions ..."

Then I was sitting on the bed next to him--not too close though. His eyes flickered but he didn't break out of his trance. I figured he was ready. I kept up my induction, telling him to relax, feel himself going back to that familiar hypnotic peace Doc had showed him how to enjoy. His eyelids started drooping down lower.

"That's it," I whispered, moving from an induction to a deepening exercise. "Just like in class. Relax. Feel all the tension starting to melt away. Feel it melting and turning to liquid. Feel it breaking up and

starting to flow like water." I put my finger on the warm skin of his back, between his shoulder blades. "Feel my finger? It helps all the tension in the muscles around it melt and become liquid. Feel the tension flowing toward my finger. Feel it clustering around my finger and leaving the other muscles limp and relaxed." I felt his muscles tense under my finger, so I knew it was working. I moved my finger over onto his shoulder blade. "Feel the tension flowing. Feel it follow my finger. When the tension moves on, it leaves your muscles feeling so tired, so relaxed."

As I moved my finger across his shoulder blade and up to the cords of muscles on the top edge of his shoulder, I could feel the flesh bunch under my finger. I continued, "That's it. Feel the tension breaking up, flowing, following my finger. Flowing, flowing like water. Following my finger as it moves down your arm"--and I pulled my finger down across his bicep--"filling your arm, making it stiffen. Stiffer than it's ever been before. Stiff and rigid from all that tension. Too stiff to bend, no matter how you try. So stiff, you can't bend it at all."

I felt Daniel's bare arm stiffen. It trembled a little as he tried to move it, unsuccessfully. It was working!

"That's okay--you can stop trying to move it now," I said, and his arm went still. I ran my finger back up toward his shoulder. "All that tension is flowing again, following my finger. Flowing. Leaving all your muscles so limp and loose as it passes, helping the feeling of hypnotic peace spread throughout your body." I kept up my quiet speech as I eased my fingertip down his wide, rounded pectoral, feeling it flex with tension, then slowly go limp as my finger passed on down, down his ribs, onto his abs, which tightened until they felt like a washboard under my touch.

I had intended to run my finger down his hip, down his thigh and his leg,

all the way down to his foot. There, I was going to have him feel the tension drain out through the bottom of his foot, leaving him limp and deeply in his trance. That was what I had *intended* to do. But when my finger reached the waistband of his boxers, bringing along that stiffness down into his hip and groin, something started happening, and I guess I was a dumb-ass for not realizing it would happen. The fabric in the front of his boxers started to move. He was getting hard--all that stiffness was making his cock stiffen.

So all of a sudden, I got a new idea. I put my other hand on his shoulder and eased his torso back, until he was lying back on his bed. "That's right," I murmured. "All that tension is filling your cock, making it harden. Making it harder than it's ever been before. So erect. So hard. There's only one way to release all this tension when your cock gets this hard, isn't there?"

I leaned forward and opened the snaps on the front of his boxers. I peeled back the flaps of flimsy fabric and exposed his swollen cock. It practically shone in the candlelight, with a little pearl of precum sparkling at its tip.

I wrapped my hand around it, tested its heft. It looked exactly like it had in my dream: hard, large, dangerous, and inescapably beautiful. I stroked it gently, chanting about how this was the only way to release all that tension, how every stroke brought him deeper into that wonderful state of hypnotic peace where he could let go and relax completely.

I stroked it slowly, gently. The shape of it fascinated me. I bent forward, telling myself it was for a better look in the dim light. His cock looked delicious. I found myself wanting to taste it. I wanted to lick that drop of precum off and lick his cock like a popsicle.

As I was bending even closer, my mouth unconsciously opening, I felt his cock jump in my hand. No time for what I had planned. "That's it, Daniel," I told him. "Feel yourself getting ready to cum and shoot all that tension out of your body. Ready to release it. Ready to relax and sink deeper into hypnotic peace. Ready? Release it, Daniel. Cum! Shoot that load!"

And then Daniel was cumming, rope after rope of spunk spitting out, then arcing down to splatter against his belly. After five or six initial spurts, his cum kept coming, flowing out of the red-angry head of his cock and flowing hot down my hand like lava.

When he was finished, drained of sperm and stiffness, Daniel looked like he was deeply asleep, totally peaceful, totally relaxed now. I whispered to him to concentrate on making the changes he needed to make now that he was in a deep, suggestible state. While he slept, I climbed up on my knees beside him on the bed. I pawed open my jeans. My cock was just as hard as his had been, and I needed release myself--badly, immediately. I did the only thing I knew would help: I jacked off. In less than ten strokes, I was there, cumming, shooting, my jizm jumping out over his chest and abs and raining down on him, mingling with his own.

When I sat back, spent, panting, I couldn't stop grinning. I put my cock away and fastened up my jeans again. Daniel had slept through it all. I took a tissue from the box by his bed--then several more. We'd both shot a lot of cum, and it took a lot of tissues to mop it up. I patched his boxers back together over his sagging dick, whispered to him to forget that I had been there, and sneaked out, feeling ecstatic and light.

I woke up. Flat on my back. In bed. In Daniel's bedroom. A warm body curled up along side of me: Daniel, with one arm thrown proprietarily across my chest. He was still asleep, smiling slightly as he dreamed.

I yawned. The motion of the sheet against my morning erection told me I was naked. Daniel stirred slightly, pressing his hard-on against my hip--okay, so he was naked too.

My whole body had that fucked-out feeling. You know--the one you get after a vigorous night of fucking, when your body still remembers how hard you came and is letting you know that it's maybe a little tired out but wouldn't mind another orgasm like that last one. I couldn't remember meeting a chick last night or having sex with her, though. In fact, all I remembered was going to class as usual, and Doc talking to us as he began his induction. Then, the next thing I remembered was waking up.

The strange thing was, my butt felt kind of sore. Plus, I was in bed with Daniel. That made me feel kind of like "Ew, yuck!" inside. But then, I felt my mental filters moving in around my thoughts, numbing the part of me that was freaking out. I felt them calming and protecting me, and I knew everything was just fine, just the way it should be. It seemed kind of odd at first for my filters to be kicking in, since I wasn't at practice or at a match or in the gym, but the filters took care of that too. Everything was perfectly normal. Daniel was my teammate and my roommate and my friend. Everything was all right.

I slid out from under his arm, slipped out of bed. Daniel squirmed a little but didn't wake up. That was good, I thought, safely behind my filters, after last night. He needed his rest. I eased myself out of his bedroom and went to take a shower before my morning class.

"I want to tell you another story," Doc said to us as he began the class. "Marco, this might be especially interesting for you, since you play soccer. A soccer coach at a school where I once taught contacted me about a goalie that was not even trying to block shots on the field. For four or five practice games in a row, he was just very sluggish on the field and hadn't managed to block even one shot."

I was catching on. See, Doc was using these stories to set up an expectation in us that being hypnotized and having these filters was a good thing--something that would benefit us and something we'd want. He was using these stories to help overcome any subconscious resistance we might have.

Doc continued, "I set up an appointment with the player. Under hypnosis, I asked him what was bothering him, and he said that during the month before, his parents had started a painful divorce. What bothered him most was that his dad had said, 'You and your damned soccer--that's what's breaking us up.' So, subconsciously, he decided that if he didn't do well on the soccer field, maybe his parents wouldn't divorce and might get back together.

"Now that the player and I had made this discovery, I talked him through some of the best pointers about soccer, how it's a mental game, with staggering odds of 9 to 1 against each shot at the goal, and therefore, since it is so easy to miss a shot, you need to get over that feeling so that you can learn from your mistakes and get immediately better. My explanation of the game was intended to recruit his subconscious mind to help aid his thinking process during the game, as he had to decide how to block each shot and how to move to make it

happen.

"He proved to be an excellent subject, capable of entering a very deep and cooperative level of hypnosis. When I was helping the player create his filters, I had him imagine a mental garbage can.' I had him return to the scene with his father and hold it vividly in his mind. Then I asked him to throw it away, just drop it into the garbage can. Then I worked with him to use his filters to shut that memory out so that it would never bother him again. From the next game on, he blocked nearly every shot the opposing teams made, and he blocked well. At the end of the season, his coach called to thank me for my help, though he did not know about the hypnosis. All the coach knew was that somehow with my help this player had snapped out of his slump and overcome his problem.

"I continued to work with the soccer player throughout the rest of his seasons on the college team, working on his filters and refining them. We worked on both their focus and their duration, and he very quickly developed them to a point where he could call them into place at will or with just a quick cue from me; and he often kept them in place for several days at a time, both on and off the field, as he rehearsed game play scenarios in his head. The results were outstanding. With this player's effort and improved ability, his team made it to the playoffs, where he performed very well. And after the playoff game, he performed even better. Yes, even better indeed." Doc smiled, as if remembering something special.

"He's a professional player now," Doc said. "Turned pro right after college. I hear from him frequently, and he's doing great. His playing skills continue to increase with every game, thanks to his improved concentration. He tells me he can keep his filters in place for days at a time. Sometimes, he tells me, he thinks he wants them to be permanent,

so they can help him in other areas of his life. Marco, do you think you'd like that?"

Marco turned his head toward Doc, kind of sluggishly. "Uh ..." he began, "... I guess."

"You guess? Yes, or no. Simple as that, Marco."

"Uhm, yes."

"Then ..." Doc clamped his hand firmly down on Marco's forehead. He passed it down over Marco's face. "...*sleep*."

Marco's eyes were closed when Doc's hand finished passing over them, and his head tipped slowly forward.

"Cameron, what about you?"

Cameron grinned, looking a little groggy already. "Shit, yeah!"

"Good answer. Good enthusiasm." Doc passed his face over Cameron's and commanded him, "*Sleep*."

"Daryl, Tony, what about you two?"

Daryl: "Yessir."

Tony: "Okay."

Do reached out and passed a hand over each guy's face at the same time. "*Sleep*," he said.

"Daniel, Luke, what will it be, guys?"

He didn't even wait for us to reply. He was reaching out, covering our faces with his palms, and ordering us, "*Sleep*," and I couldn't stop my eyes from closing.

"That's it," Doc was saying. "Let it happen at the rate you're most comfortable with. Let your conscious mind slowly engage, becoming more and more aware of your surroundings, but keeping your subconscious mind active and your filters in place."

I blinked. We weren't in the classroom anymore. It was night--we were outside under the stars and a cloudless sky. Walking--we were walking up to a large house. In the dark, I made out the fraternity letters on the front, over the door: the same letters that were on Isaac's tattoo.

Doc opened the front door. "Take it easy. Step right inside. Once you've grown accustomed to your filters being in place twenty-four hours a day, once they've become fully integrated into your psyche and fully a part of you, all of this will be much easier."

We filed in. I don't know about the others, but I felt ... kind of focused and distracted at the same time. Really focused on what Doc was saying, but also really distant from what was going on. It felt kind of like sleepwalking in a way.

There were a few guys milling around. They were all shirtless. A couple had on shorts. One had on jeans, and one was in his briefs.

"A bare chest is something of the dress code around here, after hours," Doc said as he shut the door behind us. He swept his hand around as he led us deeper into the house. "See all these men? They're all members of the most exclusive fraternity on campus. They've all been introduced to the benefits of mental filters. The only real difference between them and you is that they've been working with me longer. Their filters are fully

integrated into their minds--you might say there's no difference between their conscious and unconscious minds now. That's why they look and act more naturally, even though they're in a deeply focused state. They're no longer guys who play sports with filters that kick in when they start to train or compete. Whereas you are players *using* filters, they are athletes who are in filter mode' constantly, *living* their sport."

Doc grinned like he knew a secret. "Now, some of you might be remembering that Isaac is a member of this fraternity, and that's true. I confess, part of the reason I was able to hypnotize him so easily in our early class demonstrations was because in a lot of ways, Isaac was already hypnotized. His filters keep him extremely focused and also very susceptible to my suggestions. Isn't that right, Isaac?"

Isaac was grinning. "That's right." He pulled off his tee-shirt and tossed it across the back of a couch.

"Follow me, gentlemen." Doc led us down a hall. The door we were passing must have been the bathroom, because this guy came out just as we were passing.

"Hey, Doc," the guy said, grinning.

"Good evening, Erik."

Erik must have just taken a shower, because all he has on is this green towel wrapped around his waist, and his hair is still damp, a few beads of water still dotting one shoulder too. Some part of me recognized him. Erik was on the football team. Right now, though, I was focused on his form. The towel was riding low on his hips, showing off his long, lean, muscular torso. Not a hair on his chest above the navel. And it was a wide, nicely developed chest, showing the results of his time in the gym, on top of his deep-cut abs. Erik was very cute, with classic looks and an

easy smile. Light brown hair, cut very short, and hazel eyes.

Doc said, "Erik, I wonder if you would mind doing me a favor?"

"Sure, Doc. Whatcha need?"

"Tell me, Erik, how long have we known each other?"

"Uhm ... three and a half years--ever since I was a freshman."

"And we've been working together with hypnosis for quite a while then, wouldn't you say?"

"Yeah."

"Tell me, Erik, are your filters engaged right now?"

"Sure are, Doc."

"Then I wonder if you'd mind helping me with a little demonstration? I'd like to demonstrate how mental filters take advantage of the principles of psycho-sexual control. All right?"

"Sure. Whatcha got in mind?"

"Everything I suggest to you becomes something of a command, doesn't it."

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Erik, you're a hot young man. Young men have needs, don't they? Sexual needs, And since I haven't had time yet to lead the frat through our nightly exercises, your needs haven't been met yet today, have they? In fact, I'm betting you're probably very horny about now, aren't you?"

You're probably getting hard right now, aren't you?"

Erik leaned back against the door frame. "Yeah, I guess I *am* kind of horny." He groped the growing rise in the front of his towel.

"Erik, what I want you to do is easy, and you're going to enjoy it. I want you to jack off for us."

Erik grinned and closed his eyes. "Mmmm ... sure thing, Doc." He pulled away the towel, revealing an uncut cock that was rapidly growing longer and thicker. Yeah, that was a nice piece of meat. Long. Sleek as a missile. Erik started stroking his rod with his left hand, and his right sprawled across his chest and tweaked his left nipple.

While Erik stroked, Doc said, "Psycho-sexual control is a very basic tactic, and it's also very effective--especially on young men around college age. They tend to be hopped up on hormones and very horny all the time. Take control of their ability of find sexual release, and you take control of fundamental parts of their psyches. They learn, sometimes subconsciously, to do whatever is required to get off. That's why there's a sexual component to my mental filters. The link to the sex drive makes the filters an incredibly powerful mental force. Take a fraternity full of healthy, horny young athletes, install mental filters that are linked to their sexual energies, and you've got a system that becomes stronger and more sexually charged every time they kick in."

What Doc was saying about psycho-sexual control, and the kind of control he was demonstrating over Erik--that kind of bothered me, and I wasn't sure I wanted that. I signed on for a mental edge in wrestling, not to be manipulated like someone's sex toy. I felt myself starting to try to snap out of it, but ... well, I couldn't. But the longer I watched, the more I fought that feeling.

Erik moaned. His hand was pumping so fast it was a blur. "Oh, man," he gasped.

"Feel good, Erik?"

"Yeah, man!"

"Hey, Doc," someone else said from behind us.

"Hello, Flash," Doc said, turning to the new guy. Flash. Football and baseball star. Black jeans. Bare chest thick with brown hair. He had a big build, with massively muscled arms and pecs. Blue eyes. A tattoo of an ocean scene with porpoises on his right bicep. Very good-looking, like he just crawled off a clothing advertisement, with a shy, "aw shucks" country-boy personality.

"What's going on?" Flash asked. He peered around us and grinned. "Oh, is he at it again? Hey, Erik, whatcha doing there, boy? Jacking off again?"

Doc said, "Looks that way. In fact, I wonder if you're horny too, Flash? Aren't you? Wouldn't you like to help him out?"

Flash smirked broadly and said, "Sure, Doc." He pushed through us.

As Flash started to pass Doc, Doc put his palm on Flash's forehead. "*Sleep*," he ordered as he pulled his hand down Flash's face. Flash stalled, and his head fell forward. "Strip," Doc said, and Flash peeled off his black jeans, then his powder-blue boxers. Naked, he had an impressive body. His hard-on stuck directly out in front of him. Seven inches long, it looked like, and very thick. Uncut too.

"Flash, blow him," Doc said, and Flash sank to his knees in front of Erik.

Erik turned his heavy-lidded eyes toward Flash; his hand slowed on his cock and then pulled back. As Flash's mouth slid over Erik's cock, Doc slid his hand down Erik's face and told him, "*Sleep.*" Erik's head sagged forward, eyes closed.

"Take control of the sex drive," Doc said to us as Flash bobbed on Erik's erection, "and you take control of the mind." Doc surveyed the scene he had created for us. "Flash," he said, "jack yourself off, please."

Flash moaned, and his hand found his cock and started stroking.

To us again, Doc said, "Any questions?"

We of course weren't really in a questioning mode.

"Didn't think so," Doc said smugly. "Take control of the sex drive, use it to energize the mental filters, and the result is a kind of control too enjoyable and seductive to be resisted." He turned to Erik and Flash and told them, "Cum now. Cum, boys." Flash fell back onto his heels, body spasming. His cum shot up in long arcs. Erik trembled, and his load came out in easy pulses, dripping into the floor at his feet.

"Erik, Flash, get your things and I'll see you downstairs later with the rest of the brothers." Like somnambulists, Erik collected his towel, and Flash retrieved his boxers and jeans. They padded off, not caring that they were naked.

"Gentlemen, come along." We followed him.

We ended up back at the main room, where we came in. "Gentlemen, I offer you a choice. Join the brotherhood and accept my control. The benefits will be better than you imagine. Prestige here on campus. Success on and off the field. Sex regularly and without complications.

And after you graduate, fame, fortune, vision, focus. The future is yours. Or, you can back out, go back to your lives the way they were before. In time, without reinforcement, your mental filters will fade. Maybe you'll achieve the same things, but you'll have to work a lot harder for them. The choice is simple." He gestured at a nearby table along one wall. On it were six neatly folded jockstraps--white with the fraternity letters across the pouch in blue. "Join. Or ..." He gestured toward the door. "The decision is yours."

Cameron walked over to the table. He fingered one of the jockstraps. Then he took off his shirt, shoes, pants, and briefs. He pulled on the jock strap. From somewhere, a small crowd of fraternity brothers was gathering around us. When the elastic waistband of the jock slapped tight against Cameron's tight stomach, several of them started whistling and yelling and howling.

Then Daniel went up to the table. And Tony. And Daryl. And Marco. They stripped down and slipped on the jock straps, and the noise of the brothers was now nearly deafening.

I didn't move. Something wasn't right. It was hard to push back the filters, but I was trying. Something ... just felt wrong.

Doc called over the din, "Luke?" I didn't move. "No? Well, then, awaken." He snapped his fingers and I felt the filter fade. "Erik, show Luke to the door, please." And Erik had me by the arm, hustling me to the front door.

To the frat members, Doc was saying "Brothers, I present your new pledge class." And the cheering mass of brothers swarmed in on Daniel and the others, hollering, hoisting them into the air, hauling them on a sea of shoulders to a door that led downward to the basement.

In seconds, the room emptied of everyone except just Doc, Erik, and me. And Erik shut the door in my face.

Daniel didn't come home at all that weekend. Or, more accurately, he came home Saturday afternoon while I was out and cleaned out most of his clothes and some personal stuff. Probably he moved into the frat house. Somehow, I couldn't make myself tell anybody anything about it.

I kept feeling my filters trying to take hold again. They had gotten pretty strong, I guess, cause I was used to just letting them kick in when they needed to and do what they wanted to. Now it was taking pretty much a constant struggle to keep them back. It was like trying to fight off a headache or something, and I was afraid to let up for a moment, or sleep, or watch TV--hell, I was even afraid to jack off--all because I was afraid that, next time, I might not be able to make them let go.

Monday, at wrestling practice, Daryl and Daniel were both there. They had these placid little smiles, like they were slightly amused by something only they knew. I said hey, and they said hey back, but they were both pretty aloof. Was that what the filters looked like from the outside? When Daniel and Daryl stripped down, I noticed they were wearing their fraternity jocks, and they pulled their singlets on over them.

As for me? Well, I hadn't slept much that weekend, and my head was pretty fried. I physically couldn't stay awake much longer. It showed in my expression and the bags under my eyes. It showed in the way I dragged myself into my singlet and out onto the mats. As usual, when I stepped onto the mats, I felt my filters try to kick in, and I had to concentrate pretty much everything I had on staying awake and awake and pushing them back.

I had gone by the frat house yesterday--Sunday afternoon. That was the

day after most of Daniel's stuff disappeared. I didn't know what I was supposed to do, or what I could do. I guess I just wanted to--oh, screw it. Who knows what the hell was going through my head at the time?

Anyway, I was hearing sounds of activity around back of the frat house, so I headed around back there. A huge back yard, all surrounded by a ten-foot high privacy fence. I guess someone likes privacy.

I found a small tree and I managed to climb up high enough to see over the fence. Daniel, Daryl, and the others--plus a couple of other guys I didn't recognize--were out back. Doing yard work in nothing but those jockstraps with the frat letters on them. You know--racking leaves, trimming some bushes, hauling limbs and piling them. Yard work. It looked pretty much like the standard embarrassing stuff frats make their pledges do.

Daniel was cutting back limbs on this bush on the other side of the yard. He had his back to me, so there's no way he could have seen me. One of the brothers walked up to him. Like all the rest of the brothers, this one didn't have a shirt on, but there's nothing too weird about that when you're working outside in the yard under the hot sun. He put his hand on Daniel's shoulder blade as he told him something. A pretty everyday gesture, I guess, but there was something ... I dunno--something kind of sensual about it, like they were more than just friends. Especially when he started rubbing his hand across Daniel's shoulder that way. Fraternities are supposed to be about brotherhood and stuff, but this seemed kind of like a twisted version. I was thinking I'd never fuck with my brother like that!

When Daniel turned to say something back to the brother, I saw his distracted expression. Yeah, there was something going on. I just didn't know why, or what to do about it. All I knew to do was to climb down

out of that damn tree and sneak off before someone saw me. I mean, I didn't even know who I was supposed to go to for help. Maybe one of those cult deprogrammers? Well, they don't list in the Yellow Pages around here. (I checked.) And I sure wasn't about to confront Doc directly about it. I was out of my element here, and I knew it.

So, Monday. Wrestling practice. Daniel and Daryl are there like always. They both smile and nod a greeting but that's about it. They don't avoid me but they keep to themselves; and I don't go up to talk to them because I have no clue what to say. What was I supposed to say? "Hi, did you know Doc has hypnotized you and is making you do things you probably wouldn't want to if you ever stopped to think about it?" I mean, give me a fucking break, okay?

I guess it's true you can't hypnotize people and make them do things that are against their nature. But maybe you can work them up to it in small steps. Convince them a little at a time. Almost like seducing them into it. Maybe there was something to that "psycho-sexual control" stuff Doc had been talking about.

Coach noticed me dragging my ass all through practice, and he really crawled me about it. Chewed me a whole new asshole about how I needed to start taking care of myself and not stay out all night so I looked like something the cat dragged in. He even asked me if I was doing drugs! Fuck! I told him no, that I'd just been up all weekend cramming for a big exam, and not to worry cause the exam had been earlier that day, and how I was sure gonna get a good night's sleep that night--yes, sir--yes, sir--yes, I hear you, *sir!*

So he made me run extra laps after practice, I guess to make sure the message sank in. Shit, that was the worst part. Running laps is boring and it's easy to let your mind wander, and I knew if I let my

concentration slip for a second, I might be a goner.

So I'm really a hurt puppy when I'm heading back to the gym to shower and change back into my street clothes. There's this door you have to go through--you walk past the mats, and through that door to the hall that takes you to the locker room--and that's where Daniel and Daryl were waiting

"Hey, Luke, buddy!" Daniel said when he saw me coming, and he's coming over all smiles and hand out like he wants to be friendly, Daryl trailing right behind him and grinning just as big.

"Dude," Daniel said, sounding all cocky. There's nothing in his voice to show what's going on in his head except a slight slowness where his filters were working on him. "Dude, what' wrong? You look pretty rough." He yanked his hand and popped me one in the chest. Not enough to hurt, but enough to make me take a step back. "What's the matter Luke? Haven't you been sleeping at night?" And he poked me again, circling me and popping me in the chest again.

He wasn't trying to hurt me. He was trying to herd me.

My foot hit the edge of the wrestling mats, and I really had to concentrate.

"Doesn't he look rough to you, Daryl? He looks pretty stressed-out to me," Daniel said, coming on strong, trying to intimidate me. "You know, when I'm stressed, there's nothing like some exercise to help me get to sleep."

"Look, Daniel," I said, "I don't want any trouble." I was trying to look around for some help out of the corners of my eyes, without taking my eyes off Daniel. Where the hell was the Coach?

"Who said anything about trouble? We're buds, Luke. Tell you what--want to go a couple of falls? I bet some wrestling would help ya clear your head. How about it?"

"I don't think so--"

"Oh, come on--just a couple of rounds. I promise to go easy on ya."

No, I--"

"Cmon, Luke. What's the worst that could happen? You afraid I might be better than you? Cmon, Luke."

Daryl chimed in with, "Yeah, c'mon, Luke."

Then Daniel's lunging at me, all smooth moves and an easy laugh, and we hit the mat, squirming and struggling, wrestling and grappling for position and control. This is all a game to him, but it's more to me. Like I said before, Daniel is physically bigger and weighs more than I, but I'm faster and probably have the better technique. In a fair fight, I hold my own.

This isn't a fair fight. I could feel my filters trying to kick in, trying to guide me and tell me what to do, just like they're supposed to, but I'm fighting them off as much as I'm fighting off Daniel. He's trying every trick he can to make me lose my concentration--tickling, pinching, poking, all while we're struggling for holds and trying to block or break before the other gets an advantage. Daniel is also nowhere near as exhausted as I am. I'm running on pure adrenaline now.

Daniel's got me on the defensive. He's gotten behind me--got his legs around my waist in a scissors, trying to shut down my lower body. No problem--I can break this--I just have to do it before he attacks my

upper body, and I figure I've got a couple of seconds. But I don't. Daniel didn't go after my arms like I was thinking he would. He wasn't going for a pin--he had whole different kind of victory in mind.

He slapped one arm around my skull and forehead, tugging my head up and back. His other arms snaked around my neck and chin, clamping down hard. I know this hold, and it's not legal--it's the sleeper hold.

Okay, I thought, I can break this.

I'm going for it, and suddenly there were two other hands, grabbing my wrists and trapping them. Fuck--I'd forgotten about Daryl.

Daniel's hot and ragged breath was sliding across my ear. He murmured, "Whassa matter, Luke? It's just your ol' friends Daryl and Daniel trying to help ya get some sleep. Don't you wanna sleep?"

The sleeper hold works by cutting off the blood to your brain, and it doesn't take long at all sometimes. Especially when you're already half-dead. Okay, I was in trouble and I knew it, and I was tempted to let my filters take charge just to see if they could get me out of this--figured it might be worth the risk.

Daniel voice in my ear, soft and low like a lover's: "Rockabye, baby ... in the treetop ..."

I tried to struggle--I really did--but nothing was working right. I couldn't make my fingers or my legs do what I wanted them to do.

"When the wind blows ... the cradle will rock ..."

This was like some twisted joke, singing someone a lullaby when they're trapped in a sleeper hold.

"When the bough breaks ... the cradle will fall ..."

I couldn't think straight any more. Couldn't keep my eyes open. My body--the parts I could still feel--were turning into limp, dead weight.

"And down will come Lukie ..."

The world was going gray as I blacked out, and the last thing I heard was Daniel whispering "... cradle and all ..."

I woke up. Not all the way--I could feel my filters clamped firmly in place--but enough that I knew what's going on again. I had no clue how long I'd been out of it. I had the vague sense that I hadn't really been unconscious the whole time. I seemed to remember vaguely that Doc had me in a trance; I remembered his voice hazily.

In my head, questions like, *How long ...*--firmly, smoothly, my filters shifted it to the background where it was no longer important. And, *Where am ...*--the question faded.

Right then, I wasn't sure where I was at first. I was blindfolded. I was naked. Sitting in a chair, with my hands tied behind it and my ankles tied to the legs. I felt the ropes being released, and then someone pulled off the blindfold. I blinked, looked around.

A basement--probably of the frat house. There were guys to my right, guys to my left. Shirtless--all of them. Isaac and Erik and Flash and some of the other guys I recognized from the fraternity. Doc over there to one side. There was Daniel, with Daryl and Cameron and Marco and Tony, in their pledge jockstraps with the fraternity letters on the front. Daniel and the pledges had that faraway look in their eyes--their filters were not as integrated into their psyches as the brothers', not as much a natural part of them yet. My filters were letting me know everything I needed to know--I was safe in the frat house, among my friends and classmates. Everything else was unimportant.

A sea of men. They parted. A pathway between the two groups. A table. Something on it. Something small and white. My filters let me know exactly what to do.

"Do it," the men were chanting. "Do it. Do it. Do it."

I knew exactly what I needed to do. I stood up. Being naked didn't bother me. I walked down that little gap between them. On the table was a neatly folded jockstrap. Basic white. The fraternity letters emblazoned in blue on the pouch. I reached out and picked it up.

"Do it," the men were chanting as they closed in around me. "Do it. Do it. Do it."

I looked around. Something in me wanted to be part of what they were, to have the same success and vouchsafed futures waiting for them. I knew what to do. The fabric felt good in my hands, like a handful of security and trust. I opened the folded jockstrap out.

"Do it! Do it! Do it!" Their chanting was louder, unrelenting as a heartbeat.

I bent forward. First one foot, then the other, and I stood up, pulling the jockstrap snugly into place. And I felt my filters clamp down tighter than ever around my consciousness--perfect, seamless, permanent.

The crowd of men and skin swirled around me, cheering and slapping my back and butt, welcoming me as their newest pledge.

Postscript

It's been a year and a half since Daniel and I were been initiated into the frat, and we've never looked back. Now we're walking across campus, across the quad at noon, with my dad and my younger brother Teddy. Summer semester. Teddy graduated from high school this past May, and he's here visiting campus. He was a track star in high school, and he's got that sleek runner's body. He's got a scholarship waiting if he decides to come to college here. He's got another possible scholarship at another university too, and he has to decide which one to take. That's why he's here--to check out the campus. As for Dad, he's been to campus a few times but not recently. It's an hour's drive to get here--not bad but not something that happens a lot. Plus, he doesn't get out much not that he's single again. He's finally been dating some now, but he says he doesn't get out much socially, and I don't think he's gotten laid in a while either.

Daniel and I are walking toward the Psych building. Teddy and Dad are following behind us. Daniel and I are in our usual fraternity uniform--snug white tee-shirts with the frat letters across the chest, white shorts, sneakers with no socks, to show off our matching fraternity tattoos, low on the outside of our right legs, just above the ankle. Dad gave me a lot of shit at first about the tattoo, but I just filtered it out. He calmed down after a couple of hours. I mean, I'm an adult, and a frat tattoo is something a lot of guys get. He had to admit I was a lot more focused now, a lot more mature. He said joining the frat was the best thing that had happened to me--said it settled me down and made a man out of me. That made me smile, cause he had no idea.

My filters have been in place full-time ever since that night, and they're only getting stronger, more a part of me, every day. By now, there's pretty much no situation they can't get me through.

Right now, we're taking Dad and Teddy to meet Doc. Doc's my faculty advisor now, and he and Teddy are gonna talk about the school, the track program, and maybe joining the frat.

Teddy has just turned 18, and he's the usual bundle of teenage hormones. I remember what it was like for me when I was 18; that was before Doc was around to make sure I--we--got some action regularly. It must be hell to be that horny and not know where your next release is coming from.

Teddy is trying to act cool about everything--the campus, going off to college--but I can tell he's kind of freaked about it. He keeps trying to pretend he's not ogling the sunbathing chicks who are ogling Daniel and me. Daniel and I, we're not paying any attention to them, really--they're mostly getting filtered out.

Some sunbathing chick calls my name and waves. She takes a moment to register on me, and then the memory comes. She's this girl Doc had me dating last semester. Her father runs a major investment company, and one of my frat brothers who was graduating needed to get a job there. Doc had me sleeping with her so her father would hire him--part of Doc's program to get us promoted into positions of leadership once we graduate. Then, a couple of weeks after my frat brother got hired, Doc told me to dump her, and I did. She wasn't much good in bed anyway. But now she's waving and yelling my name, and I wave back because you never know when you might need her connections or something. I can tell Teddy is pretty impressed that all the hot chicks seem to know me. This chick waves me over but I pretend not to notice, and Daniel and me, we just keep walking.

We're cruising forward along the sidewalk, like sharks, thrusting with a cool, leisurely muscularity through a school of fish that parts respectfully around us. The world is ours, and we will conquer it. Yeah,

we're well-known on campus--we're some of the best-looking guys on campus, and everyone knows us as star athletes and the leaders of *the* primo frat. We rule this campus. We owe it all to Doc.

So we lead the way to Doc's office, and Daniel knocks on the door. Doc calls out for us to come in, and we do.

"Hello, gentlemen," he says, getting up and coming around his desk. "You must be Luke's father," and he offers his hand.

"Hi. Call me Matt," my dad says, and they shake hands.

"Your Luke here is a great guy. You must be very proud of him," Doc says, as he shakes Dad's hand, keeping up the eye contact. "And you," he says, turning to Teddy, "must be the little brother I've heard so much about?"

"Hey," Teddy says, noncommittally as they shake hands.

"You don't look so little to me," Doc says, looking him right in the eye. "In fact, you look like a very handsome young man to me." Doc turns and heads back to his seat behind his desk. "Matt, Teddy, why don't you sit down? Daniel, Luke, would you mind waiting out in the hall. I'd like to talk to Matt and Teddy privately for a few minutes."

So Daniel and I look at each other and grin, and we go out to wait in the hallway, closing the door behind us. Waiting is easy--we just stand there, hands clasped behind our backs, and we know we're supposed to go deeply into our heads, focusing and letting our filters close down tighter over our heads. For the next while, we're lost in our training scenarios, the ones Doc has us run through every day. It's a lot like self-hypnosis, and it makes waiting easy cause we don't notice the passage of time.

Doc snaps his fingers, and I blink. "Gentlemen," he says to us, "you can come in now. They're ready for you." Daniel and I exchange grins, and we follow Doc back into his office.

Dad and Teddy are still sitting in their chairs. Their heads are slumped forward a little, like they've dozed off. They each have one hand hovering in the air, indicating their trances, and the other hand hanging limply at their sides.

Doc says, "Luke, why don't you take care of Teddy. Daniel, would you take care of Matt, please?" And we know exactly what to do. It's crystal-clear.

My little brother Teddy is slouched down in his chair, legs stretched forward. I'm suddenly struck by what a hot-looking guy he is. Looks a lot like me. I kneel between his spread knees. He's wearing a fashionable tee-shirt and baggy shorts. There's an erection lolling inside those shorts. I open them. I'm pulling down the front of his white boxer-briefs when, over my shoulder, Doc whispers, "Our little Teddy tells me he's a virgin. Why don't you make his first time special."

I grin, and slide down the front my brother's underwear to expose his half-hard cherry cock. Looks like "our little Teddy" isn't so little after all. Takes after his brother. I glance over at my Dad, where Daniel is bobbing mouth-first on his cock. Hmm, looks like big dicks run in the family.

There was a time when this might have been a definite gross-out to me, a real turn-off. But since initiation it's been like second nature. Doc has really opened my eyes to a lot of things.

Right now, I'm opening my mouth. I'm pulling Teddy's dickhead into my mouth. Running my tongue all around the head of his massive cock,

tasting a little precum, slurping it up. I glanced up at Teddy's face. It was bowed down, and his eyes were closed, like he was deeply asleep. Yeah, Doc sure knows what he's doing, and he can be very persuasive.

I'm turning back to what I'm doing, and I'm running my lips further and further down his shaft. Teddy moans in his sleep, but he doesn't wake up--he can't break out of his trance, or maybe he just doesn't want to.

His cock is long and seems endless. It keeps growing and getting longer and even harder. Teddy starts thrusting his hips faintly in his sleep, instinctively trying to fuck my mouth. His body slumps back in the chair even further, if that's possible, as he falls deeper into that hypnotic peace that I know will soon be like second nature to him too.

My mouth is going to take my brother's cherry and make him a man. My mouth makes love to Teddy's cock for what seems like forever, sliding slowly up, then down on his meat. Having his cock gliding in out of my mouth makes me feel really good, so very hot, and my cock is hard as a brick in my shorts. I'm probably leaking precum too. Doc didn't say anything about me taking my rod out, so I don't. Anyway, I know I'll be getting a little something later tonight when we get back to the frat house--Doc always has us take good care of each other.

I'm working my finger up underneath his balls. I can't get to his ass very well, what with his shorts and boxer-briefs interfering, but I manage to rub my fingertip back and forth over his virgin asshole. Teddy is getting ready to shoot. I'm feeling his nuts drawing up and his cock throbbing harder and harder. The muscles in his groin are flexing as his orgasm starts rippling along every nerve. I'm slobbering all over his huge dick, ready to take all that he has to give. I can't wait!

Teddy moans again, still locked in his daze. At that moment, he begins

to shoot his load into my mouth. I'm feeling his virgin cock spitting his spunk against the roof of my mouth and the back of my throat. I'm swallowing, milking his cock, taking all the jizz he can send me.

I'm sucking on his cock while he blows his load down my throat. It's the most wonderful feeling in the world. Doc has made sure of that, and I feel so grateful to him. He's helped me help Ted feel great too, helped me make a man out of him. Ted's body gives a final involuntary shudder as he fires his last wad of cum. I'm swallowing that too and licking his cockhead and shaft to make sure I've gotten it all.

Doc tells me what a good job I've done, and I feel like I'm glowing with pleasure. I tuck Ted's softening cock away in his boxer-briefs and fasten his shorts again. Ted has slept right through his first sex and the loss of his virginity. Oh, well--I know there'll be more.

I sit back on my haunches to watch Daniel finishing up with my father. Daniel has unbuttoned the bottom half of Dad's shirt, and he's rubbing one hand over the light hair on Dad's tight stomach. Dad still keeps himself fit and very trim--no middle aged spread. Dad's in his mid-forties, and he's a really good-looking guy--movie-star handsome--and he still looks like he's in his mid-30s. Right now, I'm seeing him, and his body, in a whole new light. Right now, he's slouched in the chair and getting a great blowjob--Daniel has blown me more time than I can count, and I know he's the best. The best Dad's gotten in a long time, that's for sure, and maybe even the best ever.

Dad's cock is long and sleek. Daniel is nursing it slowly, gently, teasing it with little flicks of his tongue against the underside of the cock head every now and then, the way that always drives me wild, as his fingers tease through the hair around Dad's navel, and then Daniel's easing his mouth over the whole shaft and humming softly as he slides his head up

and down on it.

Dad's orgasm comes like an explosion. No warning. Daniel is licking around the cock head, and suddenly Dad's dick is spewing his juice in Daniel's face like a teenager, so fast and furious Daniel barely has time to get his mouth over the head and start swallowing. When Dad has blown the last of his load, Daniel sits back and lets Dad's still-erect cock slip from his lips. Daniel puts Dad's slacks back in order.

"That's a terrific job, guys," Doc says. "Why don't you go back out in the hall and wait, while I finish up with Matt and Ted." So Daniel and I climb to our feet, and we go wait in the hall.

I don't know how much time passes--like I said, we never notice it when we're focusing on our mental scenarios. The door to Doc's office opens, and we start snapping out of it. Dad and Ted walk out. They turn and shake Doc's hand.

"Thanks for taking the time to talk to us," Dad says. "I know you've given Ted a lot to think about."

"Yeah," Ted says dreamily, like he's only half-awake. He's grinning as he shakes Doc's hand and looking at him like Doc is his new best friend.

"No problem," Doc says. "Ted is a bright young man. I know he'll make the right about which college he's going to choose ... and about the fraternity. Won't you, Ted?"

"Yeah!" Ted says, grinning enthusiastically.

Doc said, "If you'll excuse me, I have some other matters I need to attend to. I'm sure I'll see the four of you back at the frat house tonight." And Dad and Ted say their goodbyes to Doc and we head back

outside, into the afternoon sun, lower now by several hours.

As we walk back to the frat house, Ted announces he has made up his mind. He's going to take the track scholarship and enroll in this college. He's going to pledge our frat too. That's good news, though not unexpected.

Dad says, "You know, that Doc is a really inspirational kind of guy. I really like his style. In fact, I might start making the drive over here to visit you boys more often. Maybe I'll even take some night classes, like Doc suggested." He jostled Ted's shoulders. "Think they'll have a place for me to stay at the frat house a couple of nights a week? Think you can stand seeing the old man around the place once in a while?"

Ted says, "Yeah ... definitely."

Daniel and I look at each other, and we smile.
