

Hypnomail

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September 12, 2004

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1 Hypnomail

By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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The Visit

Warren had been really tense of late he realized. His job as CEO of a Fortune 500 company was demanding. But he knew about pressure under fire. He was a Marine.

His assistant, a young black man who had served in the Marines in the Gulf War had suggested seeing a special relaxation therapist. Months of insistence about how good Dr. Thompson was and ongoing stress migraines that Warren's regular doctor's had not been able to cure had led him to this waiting area.

A pert young, male who could not have been over eighteen as far as Warren was concerned stepped out of the door in nurse's whites. "Mr. Knudson," he said, "my name is Bob, could you follow me?"

Warren stood up and followed Bob back into the office. The hallways had an odd orange tinge to the lighting and the office had an X-Files' like surrealism about it. Bob invited Warren into a small exam room. "Could you please take off all of your clothes," Bob said while handing Warren a terry-cloth robe. As Bob left, he said, "Dr. Thompson will be in shortly you are his last patient today so he will take care of payment and letting you out."

Warren stripped naked and put on the robe thinking, "What an unusual doctor's office where you get a terry-cloth robe instead of a hospital gown?" Warren did not wait long before a middle-aged, but young-looking white man entered. Still youthful, the man stuck out his hand, "Dr. Thompson, I like my patients to call me Ken though."

Warren stuck his out his hand, "Warren."

"Great to meet you," Ken responded. "So tell me what has been going on." Not that Ken did not know, he had been targeting Warren for over fifteen years, ever since Warren had gotten him kicked out of the military for being gay. Sure, Warren was powerful *now*. But Ken *would* have his revenge. Kent also realized that because of some plastic surgery to remove some facial scars and the passage of time, Warren did not recognize Ken at all.

"I have been having the most terrible migraines for about two months and none of my doctors can help," Warren explained.

Ken smiled broadly, “I think I can help.” Ken had a 100% chance of success though since Warren’s assistant, Jamal, was working for Ken. That had been hard to arrange, but he had gotten to Jamal at a meeting for Gulf War Veterans two years ago. When six months ago he had learned Jamal worked for Warren, Ken had his access. Jamal had—at Ken’s instruction—been putting some drugs in Warren’s drinks for about four months. “Jamal must have mentioned that I am a relaxation specialist,” Ken said.

“Yes,” Warren responded, “what does that mean anyhow?”

“Well, today I am going to take some measurements of you over the next two hours and then we will design a relaxation therapy,” Ken explained. “Did Jamal tell you about his visits?”

Warren said, “No, not really, I mean I know since he started seeing you two years ago he has been *so* much better.”

“Great,” Ken said, “I need you to shower in the next room with the special soaps and then walk through the far door of the shower room to the therapy room. I will meet you in the therapy room.”

Warren walked through the door to a shower area and Ken picked up a phone in the exam room and placed a call, “He’s here. We finally got him.” There was a group of about ten other ex-Marines who Warren had railroaded out as gays. They were all going to have their revenge now.

Therapy #1

Warren found the shower area odd. The lighting was a subdued, almost darkroom-like orange hue. The shower operated by a button that immediately sprayed a fixed temperature of water. The water was tepid. Two soap dispensers were present, one was labeled “Pre-Therapy” the other “Post-Therapy”. Warren took a squirt of the gel from the container labeled “Pre-Therapy” into his hand and began to lather his body with it. He did the same for his short-cropped crew-cut hair. The gel was oddly cold and had a bizarre clingy-feel against his skin.

After the shower, he put the robe back on and walked through the back door of the shower room to a relatively large room. The lighting here was black-light coming from nowhere in particular in the room. Ken was standing there in a white lab jacket that seemed to glow purple.

“Take off the robe please,” Ken said as he guided Warren to a large pill-shaped tank. There was about two inches of water in the bottom of the tank along with some molded forms. “Could you please lay down?”

Warren clearly hesitated.

“Warren you have been suffering miserably for several months without any relief, as weird as this looks, you have nothing to lose,” Ken added.

Warren lay down in the tank. A padded head rest cradled his head. His arms and feet fell

into padded forms as well. The water was oddly cool.

“Now,” Ken said holding up white, glowing strips, “for your own safety; so you don’t thrash around during the session; I am going to attach these.”

Warren was always in control, but a migraine started to come on and he just moaned in pain.

“Migraine,” Ken said, “let’s move quickly so we can get some good measurements.” Ken tightly attached the restraints to Warren’s limbs and forehead, trapping the older man in the chamber. Next on went a number of EKG-type leads. Finally a pair of visualization glasses and headphones.

“Ok,” Ken said, “here we go, I’m going to close the tank, just be.” Warren heard the tank close. Then nothing for a bit and suddenly he could hear a soft music through the headphones. Next the glasses lit up slowly. First there was an indistinct lightness to it and then just soft colors moving around in blobs. Every so often the screen would flash undetectably at first and then for longer periods. Naked men. But it was too late for Warren. The hypnosis process had already begun. The EKG-leads were electrical stimulators. Warren was in la-la-land and before the two hours were up he would be completely keyed to Ken’s voice.

Ken had watched the whole thing on a variety of monitors and video cameras placed within the tank. Ken finally opened the tank after a bit over two hours and slowly removed the glasses, headphones and restraints. Warren was completely under.

“Warren, sit up,” Ken said firmly.

Warren sat up, a small part of his brain was aware of Ken’s voice but it also felt far away and Warren’s responses out of his own control.

“Stand up,” Ken said.

Warren stood up within the tank. Water flowed off his muscular body. At forty-five, Warren was still fit and athletic.

Ken ran his hands over Warren’s body and Warren did not even flinch slightly. Ken was impressed by the success of his own handiwork. He had assumed that it would take two or three sessions to get Warren primed for control. But perhaps, the months of migraines had weakened Ken’s former commander’s control more than Ken had hoped for.

“Shower and wait for me in the exam room,” Ken said and then added “FAGGOT.”

Warren seemed to perk up and then said, “Wow Doc, I’m feeling great, my headache is completely gone and all of the stress just feels gone.”

Ken smiled, “Head into the exam room and I’ll go over the results from my monitoring.”

Warren turned and headed for the showers. Ken picked up the phone and dialed an 800 number. Ken pressed several keys and recorded a message, “Jamal you are a very good boy, you have done very well, you may stop giving Warren the medicines.” The computer would automatically add several sound keys that Warren used with Jamal. When Jamal made his

nightly call to the 800 number, he would be re-keyed to stop giving Warren the headache inducing medicine. Ken would be a hero.

Ken headed to the exam room. Warren was lounging on the table in his robe. "Feeling better," Ken asked.

"Quite," Warren said smiling.

Ken handed Warren a card with nothing but an 800# written on it. "I like to stay in touch with my patients, you should call this every night."

Oddly, Warren was feeling very interested in everything Ken was saying, he felt himself hanging off Ken's every word.

"Certainly," Warren said, "is there something I need to press?"

Ken smiled, of course there was but Warren would know what to do when he called. Ken came over to Warren's side of the table and got close. Warren felt a bit uncomfortable about how close Ken was getting but found himself unable to move away. Ken whispered, "FAGGOT."

Warren froze. Ken whispered a number of instructions into Warren's ears and then released him again.

"Ok, that should do it," Ken said, "please bring by this sperm specimen jar tomorrow morning and then I will see you again next Friday. If for any reason you have another migraine, just call my number." Warren picked up the bag containing the sperm jar and several *Playboy* magazines.

Warren drove his hummer home feeling more relaxed then he had felt in years. He pulled in and his wife and twin sons greeted him. Tom asked the pregnant question, "Dad how you doing?"

"Great," Warren said beaming slightly. He really felt on top of the world again. The migraines had been so debilitating. He could not possibly go back to suffering again. Ken was wonderful Warren realized. "Oh," Warren added, "Dr. Thompson would like to evaluate you boys as well since you are both at risk for getting these migraines too."

Margaret, Warren's wife, piped in, "Really? Its genetic?"

"Yes," Warren explained, "some sort of brain structure issue that can be exacerbated by stress." The twins seemed unfazed by the request.

Masturbate

Around nine at night, Warren suddenly found himself locked in his office dialing an 800# on a small piece of paper. The phone rang twice before a single tone sounded. Warren's conscious brain was unsure what to do but Ken's programming quickly took over and Warren dialed his code number "WARREN 1."

As what appeared to sound like static filled his ears Warren suddenly felt more relaxed. Ken's instructions were getting through loud and clear.

Warren left the phone on the desk, still off hook and dropped his pants in his office. He opened the *Playboy* magazines Ken had given him earlier. The magazines were actually a rouse, inside were pictures of hardcore gay sex. Warren did not react at all. It was odd, a part of him felt revolted by the images in the magazines, but another part of him was aware that he was no longer able to stop. Warren's breathing deepened as he turned the pages and began to stroke his cockshaft.

After a few minutes, Warren picked up the sperm collection jar and positioned it with one hand at the tip of his cock. Precum drizzled into the jar and he suddenly let loose a massive orgasm into the jar.

Warren examined the jar closely and picked up the phone and said, "two milliliters." Then he hung up the phone. Warren suddenly snapped too and felt a tremendous sense of revulsion. There were pictures of two men fucking opened on his desk and his pants were at his ankles and he was holding an open jar filled with his cum.

He was about to throw the jar onto the floor and rip the magazine to shreds when his migraine started coming back. Something inside him made him realize that if he threw down the jar or ripped up the gay porn magazine his head might simply explode from the pain. Warren closed the open magazine and slid it back into the bag and took out a second magazine, this one was also labeled *Playboy* but inside were pictures of older men getting tied up, whipped, spanked, fisted, and more. It was a gay S-and-M magazine and Warren was helpless to do anything other than read it with his cock strangely erect.

Warren found the centerfold of this second magazine particularly arousing, it showed a picture of a man with his fists inside the asses of two younger, almost identical looking muscular studs who were restrained. Warren's thoughts involuntarily turned to his twin sons.

He jacked off to the centerfold and brought the contents of the collection jar up to five milliliters.

Morning

Warren woke up the next morning in fine spirits. He proudly announced to his wife that Dr. Thompson was a miracle worker. He brought the specimen jar by Dr. Thompson's office and was surprised that Bob—the young assistant—asked him to come back in to a treatment room "briefly."

Bob unbuckled Warren's pants and let them fall to the ground and although Warren was thinking he should knock Bob down and put him in his place, Warren in fact did nothing to stop the younger man.

Bob felt Warren's testicles, without asking. Then Bob pronounced, "Dr. Thompson is going to want you to work on relieving your sperm more regularly." Bob then began putting

together some additional pre-labeled collection jars and labeling them with numbers. Bob casually added “would you like some extra magazines?”

Warren was beside himself. He was going to be masturbating into a jar for this doctor now? And the magazines, would they all be gay porn now? The answer was clear because this time Bob filled the bag with openly gay porn magazines: “Bound and Gagged”, “Freshmen”, “Gay Porn Revue”, and more. All and all there were thirty numbered collect jars, and thirty numbered magazines. Bob simply said, “I think you should be able to figure out Dr. Thompson’s expectations.”

With that, Bob turned and left the exam room. Warren was beside himself. A part of him was fuming with righteous indignation and rage. But, the angrier he got, the more his headache started to come back. The only way he could relieve the headache symptoms was by thinking positive thoughts about Dr. Thompson and his therapy plan.

Warren looked at his watch and realized that he could probably spare some time and decided to fill up the first collection jar with “Bound and Gagged”. Warren found himself strangely fascinated by the pictures of the tied up boys. As he shot a load into the collection jar, all he could imagine was being tied up himself by Dr. Thompson.

At the office Jamal greeted Warren with some trepidation, after all Warren had been unbearable over the past few months with the headaches. Warren was all smiles and “good call soldier” and “Dr. Thompson is a miracle worker.”

Evening

Before dinner Warren prepared two drinks for his twin sons Tom and Jerry. Warren could not control himself as he did it. He felt like his conscious self was watching from a distance as his strong hands opened a bottle of pills and dropped a pill into each of the drinks. Warren handed the drinks to his gorgeous twin sons. Each just days from age eighteen.

The boys drank up happily. It would take several weeks—possibly even months—for the headaches to start, but the process had begun and Warren was a helpless cog in the process.

Over dinner, Warren again extolled the virtues of Dr. Thompson and how he had managed to go nearly the whole day without even the slightest twinge of a headache.

Around nine again that night, Warren was in his office. Warren took out magazine #2 and specimen jar #2 and began jerking off. This magazine was titled “Freshmen” and showed boys barely the age of my own twin sons. Their asses were beautiful and shaved too. Warren found himself incredibly aroused by their shaved holes. Warren emptied his load into the jar and read off the amount, three milliliters.

Warren picked up the phone and dialed Dr. Thompson’s 800#.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

See other works by me at <http://www.asstr.org/~TopLegal/>>

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2 Hypnomail: 2

By TopLegal

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Therapy #5

Warren Knudson, the CEO of a major Fortune 500 company and homophobic Ex-Marine officer was in the therapy tank at Ken Thompson's office for the fifth time. Warren had been visiting Dr. Thompson's office on a daily basis now and the doctor's unusual regime was already having some very concrete effects:

- Warren now uncontrollably jacked off twice a day to gay porn
- Warren was regularly drugging his twin sons, aged just over 18, with the same medicines Ken Thompson had used to lure him into his grasp.
- Warren felt little things slipping away from him, but could not really put a finger on what was going wrong.

Ken Thompson on the other hand was acutely aware of the things that were changing in Warren. A simple penile plethysmograph test that his assistant Bob had performed on Warren was registering a clear shift in sexual preference towards gay sex. But better still for Ken's plan for revenge on his ex-superior officer, there was a distinct bottom bend to Warren's new sexual personality.

Despite the rapid progress in changing Warren's behaviors and precipitating the older man's downfall, others working with Ken were impatient for a weekend sex romp. Ken though knew the importance of slowly working the patient over the course of a month or longer.

Also it had taken six months of mind blowing headaches to get Warren to come for help and Ken was determined that the complete sexual humiliation of Warren's twin sons was most *definitely* going to happen.

Ken decided to focus today's therapy session on moving things forward with the twins *and* making sure that Warren maintained a certain level of revulsion about his new found

behaviours. Ken wanted Warren to become a complete gay bottom, but to also hate every minute of it.

Ken flipped several switches on his control panel and on the video screen, the direct effect of the new stimuli on Warren Knudson.

Post-Session Fuck

Ken instructed Bob to force Warren to receive anal sex for the first time after the session. Bob had worked for Ken quite a while and in fact was a long time patient himself so he did not find the request even the slightest bit out of the ordinary.

Warren was sitting on the exam table when Bob entered the room wearing a simple terrycloth robe. Warren seemed quite relaxed from his experience and when Bob explained that Dr. Thompson would be quite upset if Warren did not cooperate, Warren immediately became eager to please.

Warren's inner turmoil at having to disrobe, bend over the exam table, ass sticking out for fucking was overcome by the sense of utter terror at the prospect of displeasing Dr. Ken Thompson. Warren moved too slowly for Bob and Bob commented, "Dr. Thompson does not like people in his unit who cannot follow orders." Warren doubled over in pain and begged Bob to fuck him quickly to end the pain.

Bob pushed Warren onto the exam table, slid on a condom, lubed up the older man's ass and fucked the older man for the first time. Warren felt sick to his stomach. He was turning into everything he hated, a butt pirate, a sissy fag. But he simultaneously found himself sexually aroused in ways he had never previously imagined as Bob fucked him in the ass.

After Bob shot a load inside Warren's ass, Warren was instructed to stay in place and "wait for Dr. Thompson, or else."

With that, Bob walked out leaving the forty-plus, Ex-Marine in a humiliating position with his ass sticking out.

Warren could see the time passing on the clock and it was already 0930, but even thinking about leaving the table gave him a headache. At the same time, he realized that discipline at his company was falling apart. Everyone expected him at 0900 promptly. How had a thirty minute appointment with Dr. Thompson that started at 0700 kept going for over two hours?

By 1000, Warren started to stand up and then vomited. The mere thought of disobeying Ken Thompson made him violently ill. The humiliation factor was getting worse too. Warren was acutely aware that he had been fucked by a man for the first time, liked it and now was still waiting with his ass exposed for another man to see him in that position.

At 1030, Ken Thompson walked in. Warren's tongue caught in his throat as he tried to deliver a Marine tongue lashing. Bent over like a little boy, he found Ken shoving his fingers into his ass and moaning appreciatively. After another few minutes of manual stimulation,

Warren felt himself shoot a load from Dr. Thompson's attentions.

"Ok Warren," Ken said calmly, "I am really glad you are getting better at relaxing." Warren found himself hanging on Ken's every word. "Are you going to bring your twin sons in Saturday for their first treatments?"

Warren realized that he had become Ken's gay sex slave and hated it. Warren realized that if he brought his twin boys in that they two would become gay sex slaves. Warren also realized that he could do absolutely nothing to stop it.

"They'll be in at 0800 promptly SIR," Warren found himself saying smartly.

"Oh," Ken said as he turned to walk out, "clean up your vomit before you leave."

Collapse of Business?

Warren arrived at work at 1100 and Jamal announced that an important client had decided to pull their work since Warren missed a meeting. Strangely, despite what that would mean for the company, Warren found it hard to care.

Inside his office, all Warren could think about was hot young studs, getting fucked by guys, and how much he liked it while being simultaneously revolted. Warren jacked off into a cup under his desk to pictures Ken Thompson had given him of his twin sons. By 1700 when Warren left, he had not returned any calls and the stock price had plummeted from \$70.00 a share to \$7.00.

At home, Warren's wife mentioned that the twins were both having their fifth consecutive day of bad headaches. Warren said he would take the twin boys in to Dr. Thompson. Warren offered to take some water to the boys. Margaret handed him a tray and some glasses of water. Warren carried them upstairs, but paused to insert some more headache-causing medication into the water.

Warren's beautiful twin sons who he had once hoped would join the Marines themselves were curled in the fetal position in pain on their beds. Warren had them drink up and promised them that Dr. Thompson would make them feel better. He wanted to scream and tell them not to drink the "poisoned" water, but he couldn't help himself. Instead he found himself oogling his beautiful blond twin boys. He fought the urge to touch them and to try and suck their cocks.

Shortly later he found himself in his office jacking off to pictures of his twin sons again. When he called into Dr. Thompson's 800# after jacking off, Warren was pleased to find that Ken had left him a "Personal message", congratulating Warren on his hard work and encouraging him to keep working on relaxing to prevent headaches from returning.

Twin Conversion

Bob greeted Warren and his twin sons the following morning at Ken's office with a huge grin. Warren realized at that moment that while his twins were being relieved of their headaches and converted to gay sex slaves, he was going to be taking it up the ass again.

Bob led the twins back to separate therapy rooms and then came back to take Warren back. Instead of a therapy room, Warren found himself in a small linen closet. Bob ordered Warren was ordered to strip naked and kneel. Bob unzipped his fly and pulled his cock out. Warren found himself sucking the younger man's cock eagerly until his mouth was filled with the taste of man cum for the first time.

Bob then took a still naked Warren back to an observation room where he could watch videos of his twin sons in the tanks and the images being fed to them. Bob restrained Warren to a chair with a dildo that was fucking Warren and then left the room. Fucked with an unrelenting plastic cock, Warren found himself stimulated by the naked pictures of his sons undergoing therapy to become gay sex slaves.

On the left, Seth Knudson was moaning pleurably as images of naked men flashed on the screen. Then the audio switched to Bruce Knudson responding similarly. Warren himself was finding the sight of his twin sons Seth and Bruce to be the centerpiece of the spectacle. Ken was of course editing out from Warren's view the painful electroshock treatments being applied to the twins as images of women were shown.

Warren suddenly heard Ken's sexy and powerful voice being addressed directly to him. "Warren, I want you to ejaculate in the dildo chair to the sight of your naked boys by flexing your body up and down on the dildo." Warren started moving up and down on the dildo and found himself getting more and more aroused. Ken further edited the video to show Warren's naked twins ejaculating during their sessions to push Warren closer to arousal.

After Warren shot, Ken's voice came back on, "very good boy Warren, I am very proud of you. I am so glad you are having me help your sons. I need you to start giving your sons the new medications Bob will give you when you leave. Starting tomorrow, I want you to bring your sons in daily as well."

Warren nodded obediently, helpless to seriously disobey Ken.

Ken took the two gorgeous twins aside separately and gave them his special 800# before reuniting the boys with their now dressed father.

Homelife Collapse

When Warren got home with the twins, Margaret was up in arms. A check had bounced, where had money gone. Warren denied all knowledge. But Margaret had packed her suitcase and was filing for divorce. The twins were thrilled to be free of headaches and were intent on staying with their dad.

Things were moving quickly. Ken's associates had closed the noose sooner than the hyp-

notherapist might have hoped.

Warren called Dr. Thompson's 800# in panic and found a message assuring the Ex-Marine to just stay by his sons and give them the new medication. The twins were laying in bed relaxing and seemed completely unphased by their mom's departure.

Seth and Bruce welcomed their dad into the bedroom and complimented him on getting them into Dr. Thompson. Both assured Warren that they had never felt better. The boys had started walking around in just their briefs and Warren almost creamed his pants taking in his twin sons.

The boys gave their father extremely amorous kisses as he handed them Viagra pills from Dr. Thompson. The boys swallowed the pills willingly and quickly were at full staff. Warren watched the boys jerk themselves off and then quickly followed suit.

Sunday all three reported back to Ken for another session. The boys got more tank time and as per the new usual, Warren found himself being subjected to various sexaul positions at Bob's whim.

Work Collapse

Monday morning the three Knudson men were at Ken's office at 0700 promptly. The Ken put them under and then next thing they all knew they were all standing naked in a dark room with no readily apparent exits. All were standing at full mast and the boys got down on their knees to suck off their dad. Within a few minutes a full fledged orgy was in progress.

Every combination was taking place for Ken's cameras and was being broadcast over a secure channel to his associates. One of them pressed a few buttons and the complete collapse of Warren Knudson's old life was under way.

When the three Knudson men collapsed in exhaustion from fucking, Ken entered, restrained them and transported them to a waiting van.

The Knudson men would be spending the rest of their lives as house slaves at a private estate where several of the men whose life that Warren had ruined would take turns commanding Warren—and his sons.

The New Regime

Warren awoke with his dick hard in a dark, cold cell. He was completely disoriented, but then Ken came into the room. Warren kneeled in front of Ken and found himself disgusted but also hoping the good doctor would insert dick into his mouth.

Ken patted Warren on the head and explained that Warren was the head house slave, the boys the junior slaves. At that moment something flashed for Warren and he remembered Ken. Ken smiled as a look of horror flashed across Warren's face.

Ken handed Warren a set of three keys, one for the front of Warren's cell and the other for the adjoining cells housing Seth and Bruce.

"Now be a good little slave boy and get someone to suck off my dick," Ken said

Warren felt like he had been slapped in the face, but found himself at a loss for words. He thought about objecting and then found himself getting nauseous.

"Now," Ken said, tapping his feet impatiently.

Warren scrambled to unlock one of the twins' cell doors. He found Bruce and instructed his young son to suck the doctor's cock. Bruce quickly obliged. Warren found himself turned on by the sight of his younger son sucking dick and opened the cell door for Seth and brought him out. Seth was quickly sucking his dad. When Ken shot his load into Bruce's mouth, Ken abruptly pulled out and instructed the older Warren to be ship shape for inspection at 1100.

As Ken left, Warren noticed a digital clock over the cell door, it read 1045. Warren pushed Seth off him and told his boys to get cleaned up for inspection. Warren quickly realized there were no clothes inside the cells and that they were all expected to be naked all of the time.

Write the Author

These stories are e-mail'ware, show your appreciation by dropping some feedback (in English) to the author at toplegal@yahoo.com.

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