

Decompression

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: College is a difficult time to come out. Sometimes a guy just needs an opportunity to decompress.]

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

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Take what I have given,
Use it to your advantage
--Romeo Void, "Present Tense"

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1.

Two fucking hours.

Hey, I'm not complaining; two hours was *good*! That's how long it took me, getting my stuff hauled over to my new, private dorm room--privacy, yay!--and my damn cock was hard the whole fucking time!

Two hours to get moved. Two hours until privacy. Privacy to do what I wanted--privacy to jack off when I wanted. Just like the first few weeks when I had just come to this university, my first time living away from

home--total freedom and total privacy, those first few weeks before I met Zak. But now I was glad to get away from him and all that bullshit he caused. I was going to start a whole new life.

Yeah, my cock was hard the whole frickin' time. I planned to jack off the minute I got all my stuff over there. When I'd finally had dealt with lugging in the last box, I closed the door and took out my hard cock. I was sure looking forward to this! Ahh!

Yeah, it felt really good to drop a load in my new private dorm room.

I moved in the same day Campus Housing told me the room was available. Not that I had anything against my old roommate, but I just needed some privacy, and after Zak started telling everyone in my old dorm that I was gay, I needed to get out of that environment. I'd been on the waiting list for a single room for a while, because there weren't many.

It was actually one of the oldest dorms, small, kind of run down, tucked back out of the way over by the Physical Plant, but I didn't care. It had a single room available. I didn't hesitate.

There were, like, twenty guys living on my floor. Every other room was a double except mine and the Resident Advisor's. The RA was named Scott. He was a little older than most of us--I was a sophomore and he was practically a senior--and he seemed nice, though maybe a little, uhm, intense. But maybe I was just used to the RA from my old dorm, who we almost never saw. Scott, though, seemed like he was a lot more hands-on involved--telling me where the shared restroom and showers were, the community room, the laundry room. Said he wanted to make sure I would fit in. He invited me to some meeting he held every night in the community room to give the guys on his floor a chance to get together, talk, and, as he said, "decompress" before bed. Just about all the guys stopped by, he said. It sounded a little too ... "counseling center" for me, so I basically said I'd try to stop by and left it at that. "It's at ten o'clock sharp," he said with a grin.

So I got unpacked. Since I didn't have too much crap, it took maybe half an hour. I looked around my new room. It was nearly as big as my last one, which I had shared with a roommate--nice guy but always hanging out in the room and, man, what did a guy have to do to get a little privacy once in a while? Yeah, this room might have meant a little longer walk to class every day, but it was mine, all mine.

I run track, but I'm not your typical jock. I'm pretty quiet, a little shy, and solitary--I keep to myself mostly. Kind of a loner, I guess. So I was in my room sorting through some stuff, trying to find my chemistry notes--hey, I unpacked in half an hour, but that doesn't mean I remembered where I put every dang thing--when there's this little knock on the door. I'm thinking, like, *Who the heck could that be at 9:45?*

So I opened the door, and it was Scott, the RA. Said he just wanted to remind me about the meeting in the community room in fifteen minutes, blah blah blah, and make sure I was coming.

I told him, no, I really needed to study for this chemistry test--which was true, as soon as I could locate those darn notes. "Tomorrow, for sure," I assured him.

He smiled, kind of disappointed, and nodded. He said, "Okay. I understand. Tomorrow." Then he left.

And you know what? What really impressed me about that dorm that first night was how ... quiet it was. My old dorm? There were always guys yelling in the hall, music blaring, people beating on doors and having loud phone conversations--it was like living in a zoo, only with more apes running around loose. This place? After ten o'clock or so, it was quiet as some mausoleum.

Heck, I even stuck my head out in the hall a little past one in the morning, right before I was going to bed, just to make sure aliens hadn't abducted everyone else or something. Aside from sound of one of the guys next door snoring quietly a little, it was like I was the only guy in the building. I couldn't decide if it was pretty cool or pretty creepy.

2.

The day it all got wrecked, a few weeks before, back at my old dorm, I was kneeling on the floor between Zak's outstretched legs, reaching up to undo his jeans. He wore jeans and a tee-shirt--Zak *always* wore jeans and a tee-shirt--and an old pair of running shoes. I wore just my briefs. My roommate had a late class. Zak knew that and always timed his visits while my roommate was gone.

Zak was slumped down in the chair, the one in the corner of my room, his head rolled back, eyes closed. We had kind of a silent agreement. Zak wanted a blowjob, and I was going to give it to him.

I thought Zak was handsome in a rough, muscular kind of way. His black hair was cropped short and emphasized his round head and thick, solid neck. His face was oval, with thick, black eyebrows over small, dark eyes, his square jaw covered with dark stubble that seemed to start in a near-perfect line across his neck. His body was thick and solid with muscle, like his neck. Thick arms and legs, a muscular chest and flat stomach, both dusted with dark hair.

I pulled down the front of Zak's underwear and freed his thick cock. Zak sighed a little as I touched it, lifted it, tucked the waistband down under his balls. I gripped his cock firmly and gave it a few strokes. It filled with life under my fingers and began to swell, and in moments it was fully hard, with the prominent vein on the side of it and his plum-red cock head pushing through his thick foreskin. A tiny drop of pre-cum glistened on the tip of his cock. I looked down at his cock, just looked at it for a moment, and decided it was the most attractive thing about Zak.

Zak scowled at me, groaned, "Go on and suck it. I'm fucking horny." He never was much for conversation.

I pulled back his foreskin--not all the way back, though--and exposed the head of his cock. Just the tip of Zak's cock in my mouth and again the taste on my lips. I flicked my tongue around it in one quick and flowing movement. I kissed the head again and started to kiss my way down his shaft. I didn't get very far, certainly not anywhere near Zak's balls, before he half-snarled, "My dick ... Just suck my fucking dick!"

I opened my lips and pushed my mouth down over his cock. I couldn't swallow it deep down in my throat--I wasn't that experienced--but I managed to get the head of it and most of the shaft down my throat. That was enough to keep Zak happy.

I started pumping my mouth up and down his cock, my lips keeping a tight vacuum along his shaft. Up and down, up and down, as my mouth took as much of his cock as I could. I built up a steady rhythm. With each stroke, Zak hissed out a small groan of pleasure through his teeth.

My cock was hard too, still hidden away inside my briefs. I could feel the tightness and warmth of it radiating out from my groin. I wouldn't touch myself until Zak had cum and gone back to his own room--Zak got annoyed if I took my cock out of my briefs and stroked while still sucking him, and I didn't want Zak to be annoyed.

"Shit," Zak moaned. "I'm--*ungh!*--I'm cumming!"

I pulled my mouth off his cock and pulled my head out of the way, but kept my hand tightly holding his shaft. I gave Zak's cock a couple of tight, long strokes, pulling his foreskin right over his cock head. He let out one short, loud groan--the way he always did--and then came. His cock spasmed and shot out one, two, three thick strings of cum. The first hit my bare shoulder. The second landed on my chest. The third hit my arm and hand. The rest of his load oozed out like lava.

Zak grabbed some tissues from the desk beside him and wiped his cock head quickly, flicking the tissues at the small waste basket. "Thanks, bud," Zak said absently as he pulled his still-hard cock out of my hand and pushed it back in his underwear. Quickly, like he always did, he stood up and pulled up his jeans, ready to leave. Equally as quickly, I wiped his cum off my chest and stood up, not even trying to hide the hard cock pushing at the front of my briefs.

Zak always seemed happy with getting a quick blow-job then walking away, but I wanted more. "Don't go," I said to him.

"What?" Zak turned and stared at me as he tucked his tee-shirt into his jeans.

"My roommate is going over to his girlfriend's place after his class. Stay the night. We can do other things," I said, trying not to sound pathetic.

Zak spat back, "Fuck off. I'm not queer."

I said, "You like having me suck your cock. At least let me kiss you?" I didn't give him a chance to say no--I lunged forward to kiss Zak on the cheek. Zak, always the rugby player, sidestepped me and pushed me over. I landed in a sprawl on the floor, in just my briefs, while Zak stood over me in jeans and tee-shirt.

"Fucking queer," he barked at me. "That's it. I'm finished. I'll get Anne Mason to suck me off. She's an even bigger slut for cock than you."

Zak stomped out of my room, slamming the door behind him.

I crawled back to bed. Felt like a piece of shit. Didn't even bother jacking myself off.

A week later I sat in the university dining area, slowly eating lunch and trying to ignore the laughter behind me. Zak and several of his thick-necked rugby player friends sat behind me, laughing away. In the week since Zak had last come to my room, my life had become a living hell. Zak told all his friends that I made a pass at him, wiggling my ass and begging him for sex. Now it seemed like everyone knew and was laughing at me. My quiet little world had been smashed open.

What was really fucked-up about this situation was, I wasn't out to anyone but myself, and Zak was exactly the third guy I'd ever blown in my life. He came barging into my dorm room for some reason one night when my roommate was out somewhere and caught me thumbing through the gay porn magazine I'd kept hidden under my underwear. He threatened to tell everyone--unless I blew him. That's how it began, and then it was Zak showing up whenever he was horny--which was a lot--and blackmailing me for another blow-job.

Now guys in the dorm refused to shower with me--even the guys on the track team seemed nervous around me in the locker room. My roommate said he didn't care, but he acted a lot more distant, like he didn't want to even know me any more. The environment around the dorm was getting so bad, I had applied with the Campus Housing office for a transfer. I wanted to move to a single room somewhere else so I could live in peace.

"Yeah, you and everyone else," sighed the pretty girl who had taken my application, some work-study student who probably told herself she was only paying her dues there until some quirky independent filmmaker walked in, "discovered" her and the two wonder-twins pushing at the front of her blouse, and launched her on the path to media superstardom.

A couple of days after that, I was sitting there in the university dining area, eating lunch, when Alex, this guy I kind of knew from the Athletics Department--Alex is on the wrestling team--walked up and sat down at the table across from me. "Hey," he said, grinning broadly.

"Hey," I said back, warily.

He leaned across the table and said conspiratorily, "Is it true?"

I kept my tone flat. "What?" I was in no mood for more games.

"What they're saying about you. Is it true?"

"What if it is?"

"Just asking." He sat back in his chair, still grinning. "Listen, I heard you applied for a transfer with Campus Housing."

"Yeah? So? Lots of guys apply for transfers. How'd you hear about that?"

Alex shrugged. "No big deal. The girl I'm dating works there. She told me." Oh, right--Ms. Wonder-Twins. "Listen, there's a single room open in the dorm where I live. It's an old building but the guys are pretty cool. It's 'invitation only,' so you'll have to go back to Campus Housing and ask to transfer to that building specifically. I have it on good authority your application will be approved pretty much immediately." He told me the name of the dorm building--it sounded only vaguely familiar.

I was suspicious. "What about the two-month waiting period? They said there was, like, a two-month wait."

"What about it?" Alex said, standing up to go. "There's probably a wait for other places, but like I said, my building is 'invitation only.' Hey, maybe I'll see ya around, huh?" He gave me a nod and a wink and sauntered off.

I figure even if it was some kind of trick, a private room was a private room. So I went back to Campus Housing and asked.

The next day, Campus Housing called and said a single room was waiting for me in that building. I had to look on a campus map to find out where that dorm was--but man, I've never been so happy in my whole life! I figured things were starting to turn around for me.

3.

Scott was coming out of the communal bathroom the next morning as I was stumbling in. He was fresh out of the shower, one towel wrapped around his waist, rubbing his head with another. Me, I had woke up less than five minutes earlier and I was still half-asleep, with a bladder that felt ten seconds away from exploding!

"Missed you at the meeting last night," he said happily, giving me a grin and a wink. "Tonight for sure!"

Holy fuck--who the heck is that enthusiastic that early in the morning?

"Tonight for sure," I echoed noncommittally, wondering how many seconds were left to get myself in front of a urinal before my bladder burst. We said our "See ya's," then I and the little case of bath toiletry stuff tucked under my arm headed in say good morning to Mr. Urinal and Mr. Shower.

The showers were in this big, open tiled area, looking more like something from a gym locker room than a dorm. I'll say this about that old building--it had one dynamite water heater! Man, I nearly cooked myself when I first stepped under the spray. I guess I was used to my old dorm, where the water heater thought lukewarm was good enough. *I'm definitely gonna like it here*, I thought to myself as I adjusted the temperature from "Boiling" down to merely "Scalding." Ahh!

"Hey, hey! I heard you were moving in," somebody said, and I turned to see Alex taking the showerhead next to mine.

Alex was that guy on the wrestling team, the one who told me about the room. I kinda-sorta knew him from around the Athletics Department, but we weren't friends and didn't hang out or anything. "Hey, Alex," I said, rinsing. "Thanks for telling me about the room here."

"No problem, buddy. We missed you at the meeting last night. I thought you were gonna stop by?"

Okay, if I need to spell this out, "in the showers" means we were both stark naked. "Shower next to mine" means we were maybe three feet apart. Was it just my imagination, or did Alex just check me out?

"Uh--I had to study," I stammered. Which was true, but boy, it sure sounded lamer than a one-legged duck. Ugh!

Oh, yeah--I caught Alex checking out my dick again, that time for sure. And not being subtle about it at all. There are some things that should just never happen when I'm naked in the showers first thing in the morning, and catching some other naked guy checking me out is one of them. Especially not a cute one like Alex. I had about five seconds to do something before my dick betrayed me with a hard-on. So I turned away and did a quick rinse and mumbled something about having to get to my chemistry test, and I shut off the water and got my ass out of there, just as Mr. Hard-On started to drop in for a visit.

"We'll see you at the meeting tonight, right?" Alex called after me.

Need less to say, I blew off the meeting that night too. After my classes, I had a hard day at the gym, a hard run with the rest of the track team, and I was physically just beat-beat-beat. Oh, yeah--the chemistry test. Well, I didn't ace it, but I didn't do too shabby. Another good, solid "B." But I went to bed early, like 9:30, and I didn't even bother to jack off before bed--which seemed kind of a waste since privacy was one of the reasons I wanted a single room in the first place. But I figured first thing in the morning, once I was rested, I'd pop off a load that would practically hit the ceiling.

So going to some boring meeting to talk about my day of stress and to hear other guys going blah-blah-blah about theirs? Not on my agenda.

4.

I finish my afternoon run a little after sundown, back outside my dorm. Usually, I walk it off, cool down, do

some stretches, then head upstairs to shower off the sweat. But it's starting to rain, so I mount the stairs to my floor and do my walk-it-off routine pacing down the hallway of the dorm.

I'm pacing and panting, hands on my hips, focusing on my breathing and the burn in my body. My pulse rate is falling back toward normal, and so is my breathing, though my chest is still heaving a little. I feel like I've been run over by a truck, and I want nothing more than to clean up with a quick shower, get some dinner, then maybe surf the Internet for some porn to jack off to in my new, private dorm room.

The RA, Scott--he's standing in his doorway when I walk by, so I smile and wave.

He smiles back and says, "Hey there! Wanna come in and have a beer?"

Technically, alcohol isn't allowed on campus, and I'm only twenty years old, so technically I'm not old enough to drink either, but a beer sure sounds good, so I say, "Sure. Thanks."

So I follow him into his room. It's a little bigger than mine but not by much. At least he has room for a spare straightback chair and a small refrigerator. He hauls two beers out of it and flops down on his bed. I have a seat in the chair, turning it around backward so the back is in front of me, my knees spread around either side, and I prop my arms across the back.

I like Scott. He's a little too intense, especially about getting me to come to that nightly decompression session he leads, but nice, friendly, very much the extrovert to my introvert. He's really cute too, always a plus, and a couple of times I have to mutter, "Down, boy," to my dick to keep it from standing up and saluting whatever Scott is saying.

He's got a neat room. While we make small talk--"Where are you from, what are you majoring in"--and sip our beers, I look around. Tidy without being "neat freak." A couple of science fiction movie posters on the walls. A really weird lamp on his nightstand--the lamp looks like it came from some movie spaceship too. Next to it is one of those plasma globes, black plastic base, round plastic globe the size of a bowling ball, clear so you can see the electrode sticking up in the middle of the globe. The lamp is off, but the plasma globe is on, the ball of the electrode glowing bright pink and lavender, with these purple and blue threads arcing off of it and flickering against the inside wall of the globe.

Scott notices me looking at it. "Neat, huh?"

"Yeah. I've always liked them. Kind of retro and cool at the same time."

I put my beer down on this coaster--the coaster has this picture of a man wearing just a Hawaiian grass skirt, up to his knees in the ocean and casting a net--I put my beer down and flex my shoulder and winch a little.

"Sore?" Scott asks.

"Yeah, a little. I guess I pulled something when I was moving my boxes in the other day."

Scott puts his beer down too and climbs off the bed. "Lean forward and I'll massage it a little," he says.

I'm, like, "Well, all right." I'm kind of iffy on letting some guy I barely know rub my shoulder, but a little massage might help ease the soreness. He's cute, and I'm horny, but--it's all innocent, right? So I lean forward, my upper chest resting against the back of the chair.

And surprise!--Scott knows what he's doing. I can tell from the moment he touches my shoulder through my

shirt. There's nothing tentative in his touch. He knows what to do and starts right in on it. I mumble, "That feels good," because it does.

He says, "You're all tense. You just need something to distract you. You know--get your mind off the soreness for a moment."

I grunt something noncommittal. I'm getting a hard-on, and I don't want Scott to see it. I'm starting to freak out a little because I don't want more shit like happened with Zak happening here too.

"I tell you what," Scott says. "See that plasma globe?"

The plasma thing is directly in front of me, so how can I miss it? So I say, "Yeah?" I'm thinking more about his hands, though. His hands are moving slowly, massaging deep into my muscles. There's something intimate about the way he's massaging my shoulder.

"Ever wonder how they work? I mean, the thing in the middle is an electrode or something, but the globe is glass, so it's amazing those fingers of light keep reaching out for the glass, right? 'Cause glass is not a conductor. It must be something about the electrode itself. You know anything about plasma globes?"

"Uh, no, sorry," I say, because I'm not some physics geek. His hands are moving even slower now, pressing deep into my shoulder muscles. It feels good--and I've got the hard-on to prove it--but something about it is weirding me out.

"Maybe it's in the electrode. Look closer. Can you see something special about it? There has to be something special about it, right?"

This little light goes on in my head. His hands aren't trying to massage away pain--they're trying to seduce me. At least, this feels like a seduction.

"Just keep looking at the electrode in the center of it. If there's something special about it, maybe you'll be able to see it if you keep looking,"

Do I want to be seduced? I've got one hell of a hard-on, and Scott is very, very cute and seems to be very into me. But there's always a "but," and this one is: But didn't I learn my lesson after that shit with Zak? This new dorm is supposed to be my new start!

I push myself back, colliding with Scott's arms but escaping his great hands. I mumble some crap like, "Uh, listen, thanks, but I gotta go!"

Scott looks stunned. "But--I mean--I--wait--"

I climb out of the chair and push past Scott. "Thanks for the beer," I say, and I get the hell out his door without looking back, hoping he hasn't seen the wood in my shorts.

5.

Scott was pretty relentless, like getting me to come to this "decompression" meeting he held every night was the most important thing in the world to him. Every time I saw him, it was, "Are you coming tonight, are you coming?" Or he'd stop by my room a few minutes before to make sure I remembered. He tried practically everything short of grabbing my ankle and dragging me there himself. But like I said, I'm kind of a loner, so I

always made some excuse.

That day was about a week after I had moved in. I was standing in the doorway of Alex's room, leaning against the door frame. He was sprawled out on his back on his bed, wearing nothing but a pair of gym shorts and some underwear whose waistband I could see peeking up past the waist of his gym shorts. He had a textbook open on the flat of his stomach, and he was supposed to be reading it, but he was shooting the shit with me instead. Nothing important--just talking about crap going on in the Athletics department--but definitely not getting his reading done.

His roommate Chris was sitting at his computer at his desk, doing research for some paper. I didn't know Chris very well yet, and anyway he seemed to be pretty intent on whatever it was he was looking at onscreen, and not paying any attention to us. I couldn't see his screen, so I had no clue what it was.

I reached back and scratched my ass through my shorts. Something cold nudged my arm--that scared the fuck out of me and I yelped! But it was only Scott, offering me a freshly opened cold bottle of beer. I accepted it gratefully, though I was pretty embarrassed he could see me scratching my ass and I could feel myself blushing. He had another beer in his hand, which he sipped. "Sorry, Alex," Scott said, "that was my last one." Alex shrugged to say it was all right.

I swigged back, like, half of it right off. "Easy there, tiger," Scott said, mock-punching me on the shoulder. "Don't want you to throw it right back up. That'd be a waste of good beer," and we all chuckled.

We continued to talk, Alex and Scott and me. Scott sipped his beer. I kept taking deep swallows of mine. Pretty soon it was gone. Nothing left except to wait for that little buzz one beer gives me.

Alex was telling this funny story, but I kept losing the thread. Just words, words, words, and the sound of Scott chuckling. I felt the empty beer bottle slip out of my fingers. I heard it hit the floor and roll.

Good thing I was leaning against the door frame--all of a sudden I wasn't sure I could stand up so good.

"How you feeling," Scott asked me, grinning. I rolled my head his way, and the world seemed to keep moving, like everything was stretched out or something.

"Help me get him to my room," Scott said. He put one of my arms over his shoulders. I felt someone else--Alex, I guess--sling my other arm over his shoulders too.

They half-guided, half-carried, and half-dragged me to Scott's room. I wasn't thinking very clearly at all--probably would have fallen over if they hadn't supported me.

"Don't worry," Scott murmured in my ear. "It's just a little relaxant in your beer. Just something to make you feel a little sleepy and cooperative." They lowered me into that spare chair in Scott's room. "See, I figured what you needed was something to get you past your resistance. A little helper, to help you see the benefit of our decompression sessions. Don't worry. The drug will wear off soon, but that gives us plenty of time. I'll be right here with you. Alex, too. You can trust us. You trust us, don't you?"

I made a moaning sound but I wasn't sure if it was supposed to be "yes" or "no."

"Good," Scott cooed. He had the plasma globe plugged in, the little colored tendrils dancing this way, then that. He angled my head so I was looking right at it through my half-closed eyes. Everything seemed kind of blurry and distant, distorted, and the fingers of light were bending like undersea creatures.

"You remember my little plasma globe, don't you?" Scott said. "Isn't it pretty? I'd like to teach you something very special about the pretty lights. Don't worry--it's a trick that's easy to learn, and with practice you can get better and better. Next time, you won't even need the drug to help relax you. Don't worry--your friend Alex will be right here by your side. The first thing I'd like you to do is just look at the lights. Watch them. Concentrate on them. I know you're feeling kind of woozy, but that's okay. Just try to keep watching and concentrate all your attention on some special part of the lights. See how they move? So smooth and easy, the way they glide around inside the globe. Just watch them. As you do, just let yourself grow more and more relaxed. As you get more and more relaxed, the lights will seem to move more and more smoothly. As the lights move more and more smoothly, your eyelids get heavier and heavier. Nowhere in particular for the lights to go--they're just wandering around inside the globe, moving around, maybe reaching for you a little bit. Reaching out to you. Nowhere in particular for them to go. Nothing in particular for you to think about. Just let your thoughts wander where they will. In a moment, the lights will start to fade away, and your eyelids will be so heavy, they'll want to droop and drop shut. Your eyes will close, and your body will feel so relaxed and limp."

I was feeling pretty out of it from the drug, and closing my eyes seemed like a good idea, so I let them close.

Scott continued to drone on and on, somewhere far away. "Good, good. So relaxed. Eyes so tightly shut. Now we can now talk about some other pleasant things that can help you to become even more relaxed and comfortable ..."

It felt like being asleep, except I was kind of aware of Scott talking to me. Not the words--just the sound of his voice, like background noise in a dream.

I opened my eyes. I was still in the chair, kind of slouched a little. I blinked at Scott, who sat facing me on the edge of his bed. Alex stood next to him, arms crossed across his bare chest.

"Take it easy," he said. "You've been asleep for a while. The drug should have worn off by now. How do you feel?"

I thought about that a second. "Relaxed," I said.

"Good. Do you remember what happened?"

I still felt funny, really drowsy. "You ... drugged me?"

"I meant, after that."

"I ... fell asleep?"

Scott looked at me like I was dense or something. He picked up something from the floor by the bed and held it up. "Can you tell me what this is?"

"A shirt ..."

"Is there something special about this tee-shirt?"

It did seem kind of familiar.

"Look down. Notice anything?"

I looked down at myself. I saw my shorts. Wasn't I wearing a tee-shirt and sneakers before? There was a pair of underwear on the floor by Scott's bed, briefs that looked like mine, and somehow I knew I was free-balling under my shorts.

Scott asked, "Whose shirt is this?"

An easy question. "Mine ...?"

"Do you remember what that means?"

I had to think about that one. There was something significant about my shirt being off ... What was it? "It means ... I took it off?"

Scott looked at me like I was just a few IQ points short of being a moron. "Yes--okay--good. Do you remember why you took it off? What did taking your shirt off mean?"

"You told me to. It meant--" There was something significant there, some concept that kept skittering away when I reached for it. "I was ... hypnotized?"

"Yes, good! You were indeed hypnotized. Are you awake now?"

I had to think about that a second too. "No ...?" Things were starting to seem clearer.

Scott smirked. "No? Why not?"

"I'm ... still hypnotized?"

"Yes! Excellent! You are still hypnotized. Deeply hypnotized."

"Hypnotized," I said, more firmly, and knew it to be so.

Scott looked over at the clock. "It's time," he said to Alex. To me he said, "I'd like you to stand up now. You'll find it very easy to stand up and still stay so deeply hypnotized."

"Okay," I said, and started to stand up. My body felt heavy, hard to move, and I rose shakily.

"Alex is going to help you down to the community room. It's time for our nightly decompression meeting, and we'd like you to join us."

So Alex half-guided me to the community room. I felt oddly distracted--so hard to concentrate on walking when all I wanted to do was stand still and relax. But we made it. It must have been a few minutes early, because we were the first ones there.

The community room was a large open space, with a television off to one side but mostly chairs and couches laid out facing into the middle of the room. Alex eased me down, his five-o'clock shadow scraping my bare shoulder, onto one end of a couch, half-sprawled, and he parked himself on the cushion next to me. Scott brought in his plasma lamp and plugged it in, positioned it on the coffee table in the center of the room.

Guys started coming in. Like I said, there were about twenty of us total living on that floor, including Scott, Alex, and me. Didn't take long until everyone was there, most of them looking practically ready for bed, in just their underwear or shorts or maybe a pair of jeans, everybody parked on some piece of furniture--talking,

laughing, horsing around. Everybody seemed to know Alex but they seemed to know not to disturb me.

Scott turned on the plasma lamp. "Let's get started," he said, and the guys started quieting down. "Chris, why don't you begin."

And I heard Chris' voice say, "Look at the lights."

And another guy said, "Watch them.

Someone else: "Focus all your attention on them."

Like chanting. Going around the room. Random guys reciting each line.

"See how they move so smooth and easy in the globe."

"Just watch them. Focus on them."

Sometimes two guys spoke the line, in unison.

"Feel your eyes getting tired."

"Just let yourself grow more and more relaxed."

"As you relax more and more, the lights seem to move slower."

Sometimes Scott spoke too, a low murmur under what the other guys were chanting. "You're doing great, guys," or, "That's good--just like that."

"Feel your eyelids getting heavier and heavier."

"So heavy. So tired.

"So sleepy."

"So tired and sleepy."

Scott again as the other guys kept chanting out the lines--Scott said, "Okay, guys, you're doing great. I'm going to start moving among you now."

The other guys kept reciting the lines--Alex too--"Just let your thoughts drift with the lights," and, "Eyelids so heavy."

Maybe because I was already hypnotized, the spiel was just words to me--it didn't seem to be making me relax like the other guys, their voices sounding increasingly drowsy. I couldn't see Scott with my eyes half-closed and fixed on the lamp, but I could hear him. I heard his voice say, "Decompress ...," then a pause, and "Decompress ..." again.

The guys kept reciting their speech.

"Eyelids wanting to droop and shut."

"Eyelids about to close."

"Whole body so relaxed and limp."

There was a new voice, male, deeper and older than Scott's, working among them. I didn't recognize this one. "Very good," the new one said. "You're all doing perfectly."

Scott was continuing to move through the room. I heard him over there, then a little further over this way. There was plenty of room for him to move behind the chairs and couches. I saw him from the edge of my eye, almost across the room. He moved up behind a pair of chairs, behind Chris and some other guy sitting in them. Scott reached around their heads from behind, and put his finger on the bridges of their noses, right between their eyes. "Decompress ..." he said, letting the word come out soft as a sigh. Chris and the other guy visibly relaxed, went limp and quiet, breathing deeply, as if asleep.

That new deep voice kept talking under the chant. "Yes. You're doing beautifully. So sleepy. So irresistible. Falling deeply asleep."

One by one, the voices were getting fewer, dropping out of the chant as the guys dropped off to sleep when Scott touched them. Only a few left now, the same voices speaking more frequently to keep the chant going.

"Deeper."

"No resistance."

"So relaxed."

There was pretty much just Alex left. I heard him intoning solo, "So deeply asleep," and, "No distractions."

I heard Scott coming up behind our couch. "Decompress," he said beside me, and I felt Alex's torso shift and sag limply against my arm. Scott's finger on the bridge of my nose. "Decompress," he instructed, and I felt everything flow out of me with a sigh.

Maybe because I was already hypnotized, I didn't pass out the way the others seemed to. I saw Scott's legs walk into my slack-eyed field of view. Another pair of legs too, coming up in front of Scott. The deeper voice said, "Yes--perfect. Your turn now, Scott. Decompress."

And Scott's body tilted and sagged, and the other man must have caught him and lowered his limp body down onto the empty seat on the couch on the other side of Alex.

The deep voiced talked to us. Coaxed us. Told us what we wanted. It was a sexy voice, flowing sensually into my ear like a tongue and wrapping around my thoughts. Making me horny. I lifted my hips, eased my shorts down to mid-thigh. My erection rolled happily free across my tight belly.

Alex had his shorts down around his knees too. And across the table, so did Chris and the guys sitting on either side of him. They were all hard too, hard like me.

I wanted to jack off, like the deep voice was saying we might, but I was too limp. My arms wouldn't move. That's when I felt Alex's hand slither across my abs, on a collision course for my rod. He wrapped it in his warm, strong fingers and began to stroke. He stroked himself with his other hand. He had a nice six-incher, darker than the rest of him, with a thick head.

I was content to just lie there and let him stroke me. Part of me kept nagging that I shouldn't be here, shouldn't be doing this--part of me didn't want what happened with Zak to happen here. But the majority of

me felt good--really good--and that drowned out the objections. I hadn't jacked off since yesterday, and I had a full load of cum backed up in my balls, and the rest of me really wanted to make sure that got relieved, and soon.

The room was filled with the whisking sound of hands stroking cocks, skin on skin, palms on shafts, most guys stroking their own but some swapping hand-jobs with the guy beside them like Alex was doing for me. Heavy panting, occasional drowsy moans, the deep voice's gentle suggestions, all seductive as music. He told us it was okay, and one of the guys next to Chris gave this gasp and I saw him cum through my half-closed eyes. More strangled moans to my left, including Scott's voice, and a few to my right. Beside me, the helpless sound of his groan told me Alex was cumming, and I saw his sperm squirt straight up, high in the air. A few drops spattered on my hip and arm. My body shook too, and I shot my load in long, convulsing spurts.

My body sank back into the couch, even deeper, my thoughts sinking even deeper into this pleasant feeling, half-relaxation, half-afterglow, and then my eyes finally closed.

6.

I got up early and met some friends for breakfast. After that, I headed back to my dorm. I had about an hour before class--time to check my email, maybe read over some lecture notes if I had time.

I passed by Alex's room. The door was open. I stuck my head in and said hey. Alex was alone, stretched out on his bed the way he always seemed to be. On top of the white sheets. Naked except for his boxer briefs that clung to his hips and groin and thighs like a second skin.

Alex was thumbing through a magazine. It took me a second to realize it was a titty-porn mag. I guess I was distracted by that fine body of his, honed by years of wrestling and gym work. Yeah, and distracted by the memory of what was inside those boxer briefs of his.

Alex held up the magazine toward me. "Ain't she something else? I know you're gay and all, but damn, she's hot! She looks like my girlfriend. Chicks like her always make me horny. I wish my girlfriend was here right now." He may have been showing me a picture of some half-dressed woman, but the look he was giving me was pure smoldering lust. His other hand slipped under the waistband of his boxer-briefs, heading right for the lump in the center. Bull's-eye! He gripped it inside his underwear, framing the rigid tube up against the clingy fabric.

I felt something come over me. Something like ... focus, I guess. My skin tingled, and all I could see was that ridge outlined in Alex's underwear.

"C'mon in," Alex breathed huskily, "and help me out."

I felt like I was caught in a gravitational pull, pulling me toward him. I knew I shouldn't--getting burned by Zak was still fresh in my head. I took half a step toward Alex. Part of me screamed not to, but I couldn't seem to--the best I could do was--I managed to pause.

"That's it," Alex hoarse-whispered. "Come help me out, buddy." He peeled down the waistband of his boxer-briefs, and I saw the shiny head of his cock and half his shaft.

I took another half-step. Alex was beautiful--no question about that--but he was supposed to be straight--he was dating some chick--he was my friend--this wasn't right--I shouldn't be--

I managed to take half a step back. My head was a little clearer, but I still felt that pull. Alex squirmed on his bed, and the way his muscles moved under his skin nearly dazzled me. This was too dangerous--if I stayed there I was going to do something I'd regret.

I took another step back, then another, aware of my pants rubbing my own crotch-rocket, prepped and primed for blast-off. "C'mon," Alex whisper-moaned, and, "Please?"--which nearly tore my heart out.

He groaned his disappointment. I wanted to say something about class, no matter how lame it sounded, but I couldn't make my mouth work. I did manage to turn and take a step down the hall, away from Alex's door. It was probably the hardest thing I'd ever done. But looking away from Alex, taking that first step--that seemed to break the spell, and I found myself taking an easier second, then a third.

I got maybe six paces down the hall, not very far at all really, when the urge to turn back got the better of me. Alex needed--I was supposed to--it was all part of--he was so sexy--so horny--I was horny too--it was--

I couldn't make heads or tails of what I was thinking, but I knew these weren't my thoughts. Still, I paused and could not make myself go further. I tried to keep heading for my room, but instead I found myself turning back toward Alex's door.

Just in time to see Jay, from down the hall, walking past Alex's door. "Hey, Alex," Jay said and waved a little. Then he must have seen Alex's hard-on, because this ... this change came over Jay. He just stood there like he was snared, and this blank look came over his face. Blank, but really intent at the same time. Jay licked his lips, staring intently. And then slowly, he went into Alex's room.

I figured I was off the hook. Figured now Alex would be taken care of, and I could get safely back to my room and take care of my own aching cock, still hard. I turned back around toward my room.

There, coming toward me, was Chris, Alex's roommate. All he had on was a towel around his waist, fresh from the shower, and he was digging around in this little toiletry pack he was carrying, coming my way, heading back to his room.

Where right that moment, his roommate Alex was probably getting blown by Jay.

"Hey there," Chris said to me as he approached.

I wanted to say, *Don't go in there*, or something but I was still half-dazed, couldn't speak.

Chris looked at me curiously when I didn't respond. And his eyes zeroed in on my crotch. He stared at it. He walked over like he was wanting a better look.

Next thing I know, Chris was kneeling in front of me. His hands found my fly, unsnapped the snap, unzipped the zipper. He had that intent look.

He eased my pants down a little--no underwear--and I felt his breath, hot and moist, on the root of my cock. Slid my pants down a little more, and my erection bounced out to say howdy. Chris' tongue came out to play, and they proceeded to get very friendly together.

Part of me couldn't believe I was getting a blow-job right there in the middle of the hallway, but no one else was around and fighting my way out of Alex's room had exhausted my resistance. I couldn't oppose it any longer.

Chris' towel fell open. He had one hand stroking his cock, his other hand teasing my balls as his head bobbed back and forth along my meat. He was pretty good at this, and my dick twitched happily in his mouth. I felt myself relaxing, sinking into the sensation of it. I let my eyes close. Must have been less than a minute later that I felt myself crossing the threshold into orgasm and cumming, cumming in Chris' mouth.

When I managed to force my eyes open some time later, Chris was gone. I was standing there, head clearing slowly, and the only proof I had that it really happened was my cock, limp now, hanging out the open fly of my pants. That, and the puddle of cum on the floor where Chris had shot his load.

I still felt oddly relaxed, not too worried about what had happened at all. I tucked my cock away and fastened my pants, then headed on to my room, feeling strangely happy, even whistling a little.

7.

After my run, I was pacing back and forth down the halls, cooling down, and Alex came by and I started talking to him, just the usual "hi, how are you" bullshit, when Scott came up behind me. He put his arm around my shoulders--which was just way too "in my personal space"--so I'm, like, pushing at his arm and saying, "Don't--I'm all sweaty--"

But Scott reached up and touched me between my eyes and whispered something in my ear, something that made me feel disoriented for a second, kinda dizzy. The word, "Decompress." After that, I felt ...

"Feeling better?" Scott asked with a grin.

I grinned and said, "Yeah ..." Because I was, all drifty and light-headed.

And he said in my ear, "Good. You did pretty well in the session last night, but I heard about this morning. Sounds like you might need so refresher work, just the two of us, before tonight. What say we go back to your room--doesn't that sound like a good idea?"

And I said, "Yeah ... Let's go back to my room."

And Scott told Alex to excuse us, and then Scott with his arm around my shoulders led me down the hall.

We went into my room. Scott shut the door behind us. He stood really, really close to me, right in my face, but now I didn't mind.

He said, "I bet you get really horny after a run, don't you?" His finger traced the outline of my cock through my shorts. He placed his hand over my crotch and kneaded a little.

That seemed to push me out of the pleasant place in my head a little. "Don't ..." I whispered. But my cock was hardening.

He said that thing again, the thing that made me feel disoriented. "Decompress." Scott said. "Don't worry. Stop fighting it. I just want to help you relax and feel good. Yeah. Nice, hard dick. You always get so horny and so hard after a good, hard run, don't you?"

I breathed, "Yeah ... hard ..."

Scott said, "Feeling so horny, I'll bet. It feels good to jack off when you're horny, doesn't it?"

It sounded like a good idea to me. I said, "Yeah ... It feels good ..."

Scott said, "I like to take off all my clothes when I jack off. Why don't you strip off your sweaty clothes. I bet it would feel so good to get naked and jack off, wouldn't it? Wouldn't you like to get naked?"

I said, "Yeah ... naked ..." Normally when I jack off, I just push down my pants and underwear, stroke off a load, then pull them back up, but getting naked seemed like a good idea, so I took off my shirt. And my shoes. Even my socks. Pushed my shorts and jockstrap to my ankles and stepped out of them. That left me standing there naked with my sweet ol' hard-on jutting out in front of me and feeling pretty dang good.

"Why don't you get on the bed?" Scott asked. "Just climb on the bed and get ready to jack off. Wouldn't it feel better to lie down on the bed?"

It seemed like a great idea. I echoed, "Yeah ... Lie down ..."

So I climbed on the bed. It was a narrow dorm bed. I hauled myself to the middle of it, on my back, with my legs stretched out and my torso propped up on one elbow. I reached for the lube on the dresser beside the bed and dribbled a little onto my stiff rod.

Scott sat down on the corner of my bed, alongside my leg. "I'm going to sit here," he said, "and I'm going to touch you. There's nothing to worry about--in fact it will feel very good and help you relax even more." His hand settled gently on my calf. "That feels good, doesn't it?"

That disoriented feeling swirled around me again for a second. So hard to think, but his hand felt warm and comforting on my leg. "Yeah ..." I breathed. "It feels ... good ..."

"Go ahead and jack off," Scott said. "Pay no attention to me watching. Just go ahead and make yourself feel good."

So I did. I was propped up on one elbow, so I curled the fingers of my free hand around my lube-slicked shaft, gripping lightly, just the way I like it, and I began to stroke it, slow and easy.

"That's it," Scott crooned to me. "Just like that. Feels so good, doesn't it?"

"Yeah," I sighed. "So good ..."

Too good. Scott's hand on my leg began massaging my calf slowly. It all got blurred together in my head, a big haze of feeling good.

"You're ready to cum, aren't you," Scott said.

I panted, "Yeah--"

And then I was cumming. Balls riding up high and tight. Eyes screwing shut. Back arching. Pleasure pumping all through me, hard and fast. A long line of fire where my cock used to be. My cum going splat against my chest, white-hot lava.

"That's great," I heard Scott say as I started to unclench my eyelids. "I bet you're sleepy now. Feels so good to take a nap after a good jack-off like that. I'm going to invite your subconscious out to talk, but there's nothing important for your conscious mind to do. Maybe it would like to take a nap? Feels so great to take a quick nap after you cum like that, doesn't it?"

"Yeah ..." I mumbled. "So great ... after ..."

"Shhh ... Just lie back," he said. "Close your heavy, sleepy eyes. Let your conscious mind drift off to sleep." He reached out and touched me the bridge of my nose, between my eyes, in a way that made me suddenly incredibly sleepy. "Decompress," he instructed me again. I felt my eyes wanting to close, my body tipping back and wanting to sink deeply into my bed.

So I let it.

8.

I woke up with a leg cramp. Fuck!--Those are the worst! Suddenly I was sitting bolt-upright in my bed, trying like hell to massage out the cramp. When you run track like I do, leg cramps are the enemy.

For me, the best thing to do was get up and try to walk it out. Obviously I wasn't going to get back to sleep until I dealt with this.

So I climbed out of bed--hell, it was nearly two in the morning--and pulled on a pair of track pants, since I didn't want to be seen wandering up and down the halls naked.

Huh ... When did I start sleeping naked?

Anyway, I pulled on my pair of navy-blue track pants, the ones with the two white stripes running up the outside seams. I stuck my head out into the hallway. Quiet as a tomb. I figured everybody else was sound asleep, just like I should have been, that time of night. I'd have to be quiet.

So I eased my door shut behind me and headed down the hall. Did a little leg-stretching against the wall. Walked some more. I could feel the cramp starting to ease up, down to a lingering soreness. Maybe I had over-trained that day?

What time had I gotten to bed anyway? Last I remembered, I was in the community room, and Scott was starting up his nightly decompression session. Heck, after nearly three weeks of those sessions, I knew most of the lines already and could join in. Next thing I knew, I was waking up in my bed with that leg-cramp, and I didn't remember how I got there. But then, come to think of it, I guess I never remembered anything that happened between the time I closed my eyes in the sessions and when I opened them in my bed the next morning.

I was, like: *Hmm, Scott's light is on--what is he doing up so late?* His door was partly open. As I got closer, I heard voices too. Well, *a* voice--one particular someone doing most of the talking. A deep, melodic voice, familiar from our nightly sessions, the one I was sometimes awake long enough to hear take over from Scott when he fell asleep alongside the rest of us.

So of course I decide I'll head over and see what's happening at two in the morning. This late, every sane person in the dorm ought to be sacked out in bed. Uhm--except for those who got woke up by a leg cramp, I mean.

That voice I was hearing was the deep one, murmuring something, gentle and low. So I stuck my head in. The door made this little creaking sound--so much for stealth.

The first thing I saw--well, two things, really--I saw the plasma globe on Scott's nightstand, turned on, with the little lines of light moving back and forth inside it, and I saw Scott standing there, naked except for this pair of camouflage boxer shorts he was wearing, just standing there, arms hanging limply at his sides, swaying slightly, eyes half-closed, looking directly at the plasma globe, into it, the moving tendrils of color.

"Ah, there you are," the deep voice said, "right on time."

It occurred to me that all I had to do was turn my head, and I could see his face, the mysterious man's, and maybe find out who he was. But by then, there was a hand, his hand, on my chin, gently turning my face to face the lamp. I was already looking into the plasma globe myself. Force of habit, maybe? Or maybe something more directed. Anyway, it caught my gaze and fascinated me, and I couldn't look away.

"Come on in," the voice purred. "Close the door. Why don't you come stand here next to Scott."

So I did.

"Stare deep into the lights. Fix your eyes on them. Take a deep breath. Just keep breathing deeply. Listen to the sound of my voice. So relaxed, all over again. So peaceful. So sleepy." The voice, right behind me. "So drowsy. Eyelids starting to close. Drowsier and sleepier. Eyes closing, closing." A fingertip pressed firmly to the bridge of my nose, and that word like a sigh: "Decompress."

When I opened my eyes again a little later, I was naked. And hard. Scott was naked, erect, too.

Scott and I turned toward each other. I could see the globe effect reflected in his eyes, his half-closed eyes, still so dazed with sleep, just like the voice said. Scott's eyes fascinated me, made me want to be close to him, closer, Scott coming closer to me too, until our chests touched and our tongues entwined in a kiss. Scott ground his hard-on against my hip.

Then, when that voice suggested it, I was climbing onto Scott's bed with him.

"Our Scott here," the voice said, and I knew he was talking to me, "is really quite taken with you. He likes you quite a bit. So his reward for following my instructions so well these last few months is going to be a bit of your time. Don't worry--with his many charms, I'm sure Scott will make sure you enjoy yourself too."

And y'know, that was just fine by me. I had this big silly grin on my face for some reason, and Scott was grinning too--we were gonna have some fun. Scott sprawled out on his back on his bed, grinning up drowsily at me through half-closed eyelids, and I followed him down onto the squeaky mattress. Did I look that sleepy too? I didn't feel all that sleepy--I felt ... focused. Intensely focused on him. I held my body hovering over his. I went in for a kiss, with one hand stroking the solid curve of his chest that I had fantasized about touching so many times. Scott's arms wound around my head, pulled me down on top of him. We probed at each other's mouths. His legs came up, surrounding my hips, pulling us together, grinding our cocks between us.

I was worrying because I didn't think I'd ever done this before. Except for blowing Zak and a couple of guys before him, that was about it for my experience with sex with men. I was afraid I wouldn't know what to do. But then I started getting these half-remembered flashes--me with my cock up Chris' butt, Alex fucking my butt missionary style, my tongue going places on some guy's ass I'd never even thought of putting it before--and somehow I knew: I'd done this before, many times, and Mr. Deep Voice had been up to a lot more mischief than I was betting anyone knew.

But right then, I didn't care. I felt myself crossing a threshold and I let go of my fears and I let myself slide

right into the heart of the moment.

Scott was probably a lot more experienced with sex than I was, but something in the back of my head said I was determined to give at least as good as I got. He moaned as we kissed, and then our mouths were going everywhere over each other's face while his hands stroked my chest. I pulled myself down his body, kissing as I went. I paused at his groin. Instead of kissing his cock, I slid my hands under his knees and lifted, curling his body and hips up. From there, I could lift his heavy balls out of the way to get at his asshole buried underneath them with my tongue.

Scott scrubbed his hand through my hair and over my scalp as I licked at his hole. I twisted my tongue at it, and he ground his butt down on me. His butt-ring gradually opened for me as my tongue invaded it. I rolled my body up alongside his, sending my mouth toward his for a kiss, as my finger slipped between his legs to replace my tongue up his ass. I finger-fucked him with long, slow strokes.

Scott's lips were moist with my spit, his brilliant eyes softened by lust and that relaxed feeling that cradled us both. Scott had his hands on his own ass cheeks, pulling them apart for my fingers, now two of them up inside him.

"Put on a condom and fuck him," the deep voice was urging me, and suddenly that was what I wanted most in the entire world.

Suddenly in front of me: a plastic-wrapped condom and a bottle of lube. I pulled the condom over my erection mechanically, like sleepwalking. Generous amounts of lube. Scott put his legs around my shoulders, and I knee-walked closer to his ass. My cock head crossed the threshold of his ass-ring. Pretty soon, I was burying my cock pubes-deep in his tightness, then fucking his hole, working up to long, steady strokes.

The voice was telling me things like, "Fuck him harder," and, "Deeper--let him know you mean it," and I did exactly that. Scott's muscular ass was practically snapping at my cock, hungry for it, and I kept driving in him faster and faster, sweat pouring off both of us as we worked our bodies together in rhythm, high energy all the way. Scott moaned and growled beneath me, jacking his own cock with one hand, gripping the edge of the mattress with the other. His legs had slid down around me during our fucking, and his ankles were digging into the small of my back, urging me on, spurring me to stroke deeper into his ass.

The voice was telling me how great it felt, and it did. He was telling me how much Scott loved getting fucked and how much I loved fucking Scott's butt, and I did. He was telling me how much I loved Scott, and I felt it open inside me like a sunrise, warm and brilliant. He was telling me how great it felt, fucking him, so intense, feeling it building, and then I couldn't hold back anymore--I was cumming--yowling at Scott's headboard as my cock erupted into the condom in his ass--Scott yelping too as his cock spurted his load up between us, spurting, spurting--both of us riding this orgasm together, joined together at the hip and the heart, riding the crest and sliding into the afterglow.

Beneath me, Scott grinned and touched my face. I grinned back at him, unable to take my eyes off him, loving him so much.

"That's it," the voice said. "So tired now, after that good hard fuck. So tired. Sleepy. Just close your eyes and sleep."

Scott's eyes were already closing. My body sagged, going limp, sliding down onto his, then off to the side, settling alongside him on the mattress.

"You two are really something," the deep voice chuckled in the background as I closed my eyes.

9.

We had crossed a threshold together. They say every man has his price, and maybe this turned out to be mine. Before, I had fought it, never felt comfortable with it. Now, I participated willingly. It seemed to be required so Scott and I could stay together, and I accepted that. Scott and I were inseparable, pretty much every moment when we weren't in class. We showered together, ate together, hung out together. In the nightly decompression sessions, I always made sure I was right next to him when he started the induction chant. I even fought to stay awake long enough, blinking, fighting it as hard as I could, so that when the deep voice took over guiding us down and Scott's body slumped drowsily onto the couch next to me, we could sink into that deep sleep together.

Scott and I didn't try to hide our relationship. Everyone knew--everyone saw us hugging, and sometimes getting hard-ons in the showers from looking at each other, and usually sneaking off for a quick fuck in the afternoons--and no one cared. Hell, they probably thought it was sweet.

After we'd been together about two weeks--it was early evening, and Scott and I were lying, still naked, in my bed after an after-dinner fuck. This loud knocking on my door made us both jump.

"Ignore him and maybe he'll go away," Scott said, nibbling my ear.

"Okay," I murmured happily, turning my head to kiss him. Scott didn't have to work too hard to persuade me. "Mmm," we hummed in unison as we kissed.

And whoever it was knocked again, louder, harder. I was, like, *Who the fuck?*

Then Zak's voice called through the door. "Hey! I know you're in there. I can see the light on."

I hissed something like, "Oh, fuck!" I had told Scott all about Zak a couple of nights before. It had felt like tearing open an old wound, and I was nearly crying, but Scott just held me and let me dump it all out of my system.

Zak banged on my door again. "Fuck it," I said and rolled off the narrow bed and out from under the covers. "Hang on--I'm coming," I hollered at the door as I found my shorts in the mass of our clothes on the floor and pulled them on.

I pulled open the door, and Zak stood there outside my room, in his usual jeans and tee-shirt, looking uncomfortable.

"Can I come in?" he said. "I gotta talk to you."

But I just stood there half-behind the door and said, "What is it?" Then, "How did you find my room?"

"Alex told me--you know Alex, right?--I asked him. Look, can I come in? I don't want to do this standing out in the hall."

I didn't move.

"Okay, then," he said, looking down the hall nervously. "Look, don't say anything until I'm finished, okay?"

You went over the top last time, with that kissing shit, but I've been thinking about it. I decided to forgive you. We can go right back to what we were doing. It's all right by me if you want to jack off when you suck me, but none of that kissing shit. He took a deep breath and finally looked at me. "So how about a blow job. I'm fucking horny." He groped his crotch for emphasis.

I said, "Fuck off," as calmly as I could.

His jaw dropped. "What?" Obviously he had expected me to cave and drop right to my knees for him.

I said, "You decided to forgive me so I can suck you off while you don't touch me? Well, I don't forgive you." I let the door slide open a little further, and Zak's eyes zeroed in on Scott sprawled in my bed, naked where the sheet didn't cover him, watching our conversation. "Besides," I said to Zak, "I'm kinda busy right now. If you're so horny, go back to your room and jack off."

Zak sputtered and started to say something, but just then Alex strolled up, shirt off as usual, from somewhere down the hall. "Hey, Zak," Alex said, and Zak jerked his composure back in place. "How's it going? Hey, man, I got some beer in my room--have one."

Zak mumbled something like, "Thanks, man," as Alex pushed an open bottle of beer into Zak's hands. Zak took a big swallow from the bottle.

"There's more where that came from," Alex said, dropping a hand on Zak's shoulder, turning him around, and guiding him toward Alex's room.

I pushed my door shut. Damn--why was I trembling? I breathed a sigh of relief. Zak was out of my life, and I felt great.

That's when I noticed Scott was out of bed, hopping into his jeans. "Where are you going?" I asked.

He snagged his shoes and shirt and headed to the door. "I gotta hurry, baby," he said, giving me a quick kiss on the cheek as he passed. "As you remember, the drug in that beer takes effect pretty quickly." He gave me a wink. I must have looked stunned, because he paused halfway out the door and said, "What? You didn't expect *Alex* to be able to keep a secret, did you?" Join us in my room in about an hour, and you might just see a new side of Zak." And then he winked again and pulled my door shut behind him.

10.

Like I said, I had crossed a threshold and I was much happier now--more relaxed, more comfortable with my life, especially around Scott. Just a couple of weeks later, he asked me to move into his room with him. Hell, we were together every night anyway, in his bed or cramped into mine, and his room was larger. More room for a bigger bed.

That meant my room was available again.

So when I was coming back from the toilet one day, I saw this new guy. Freshman, probably. He had a big banged-up cardboard box of stuff in his arms, and he was wandering down the hallway toward me, looking at room numbers.

Ah ha, I thought to myself, must be our new dormmate. And he's cute too.

Hell, if I weren't so head-over-heels in love with Scott, I might have been all over this new guy in a heartbeat!

Scott had told me this guy's story--another closet-case just waiting to come out. Just like I had been only a few weeks ago. It was practically our duty to take him in and help him get rid of all that stress.

Anyway, I walked over and introduced myself. He told me his name, and we shook hands as best he could with that heavy box keeping him busy. "I don't know why Campus Housing never gives you a key," I told him. Yeah, a real bonding moment for us, and why not?--I was betting we were all going to be good friends soon. I said, "Scott--he's the RA--his room is right down this way. He can let you in."

I put a friendly arm around the new kid's shoulders and turned him around toward the room at the end of hall that I shared with Scott. "Oh, by the way," I said to the new guy, "We have a meeting of everyone on the floor every night. You know, to talk about our day and decompress after all the stress. I think you'll like it. You should come."