

Dog Tags

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: Kyle was supposed to use hypnosis to help Eric study better, but things got a little out of hand. And what's with those mysterious phone calls?]

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

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- http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
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Part 1

So I came back to my dorm room to find my roommate Eric at his desk, hunched over his psychology textbook and speaking into his portable tape recorder. "What's going on?" I asked him as I flopped out on my bed.

"I'm trying something. My psych professor said the human mind can sometimes learn better when you're asleep. Says it bypasses the conscious parts that resist learning, gets the info into the subconscious. So I figure I'll read the chapters from my psych class into the tape recorder and play them back every night when I'm sleeping. Neat idea, huh?"

I shook my head. Eric was a jock and a gung-ho Army ROTC boy--the "hoo-rah, Army-this, Army-that" type--and he was always looking for a way to cut corners on old-fashioned studying. He was a junior, like me, which meant a lot more studying. He was good in math, but he had real problems with almost all of his other subjects, in part because his mild dyslexia made reading hard for him. "Man," I said, "you'll do anything to pass Old Man Winnicott's class! You think it's really gonna work?"

"Don't give me any shit, Kyle. I gotta get my grades up, and quick. The way I look at it, it can't hurt, right?" He gave me that dopey don't-think-I'm-stupid grin that always cracked me up. "Right?"

I laughed. "Sure--whatever you say, Eric!"

He turned back to his tape recorder and started reading again. I reached over to my desk and pulled out a magazine I'd been meaning to read. I wasn't concentrating, of course. I was distracted by the sight of Eric in nothing but his boxer shorts and ROTC dog tags. Blond hair, blue eyes, built--yeah, he could be very distracting. He knew I was gay, and he was cool about it--he still hung out in his underwear around the dorm a lot just like he had before I came out to him.

I was also distracted by listening to Eric read haltingly into the recorder. A really clumsy performance--he was having problems.

After a while, he stopped. "This just isn't working. Fuck it!" He slammed his book shut. His normal swagger--the confidence of a handsome jock--seemed shaken. I'd only seem him like this once before, and that was when that chick he dated last year dumped him.

"What's wrong?" I asked, as if I hadn't heard for myself how badly he was reading.

"This shit ... Man, I just can't handle this, Kyle. The whole idea is just fucked. I don't know how you handle all that reading."

"Simple, Eric. You're ROTC; I'm track. We're not dumb brutes like you shoot-'em-all types." Eric and I had played out this "track star versus soldier" challenge many times before. My grin told him I was teasing.

He laughed. "Fuck you, asshole!"

"Here," I said, sitting up, "show me how far you got."

He fumbled with the textbook and thrust it at me as if it were a live grenade. "These two chapters here. There--that's as far as I got."

Less than a page and a half. Things must be serious.

"You know," I said, looking up from his textbook, "there's an easier way."

His face brightened. "Yeah? What's that?"

"You could let me hypnotize you."

It's true. I could do it. I was a psych major, and I'd seen it done enough. I'd read some books, seen some stage hypnosis shows--I even had a therapist a few years ago who hypnotized me a few times. And though I'd never told Eric about this, I'd done hypnosis a lot myself. I used to have a boyfriend who was into that, and we play with hypnosis a lot until we broke up a year ago. So yeah, I had the chops.

"No fucking way!" he laughed. "You know what your problem is? You psychology majors think the whole world can be fixed with some hypnosis or therapy. You're not going to mess up my head with any funky mind control shit."

I said, "Seriously, dude. Hypnosis can help. It can help you concentrate on what you're studying, and it can help you remember it better too. That sounds like a win-win scenario to me."

"I dunno, Kyle." He was tempted, I could tell. Eric was always looking for the shortcut. "You're not gonna make me cluck like a chicken or suck your dick, are you?"

I laughed and gave my crotch an exaggerated grope. "You wish, straight boy! It'd be the best you ever had." I handed his textbook back. "But seriously, Eric, hypnosis could help. I'm not going to twist your arm, though. I'm just offering."

Part 2

A few hours later, close to bedtime, I was stripped to my underwear too and sprawled out on my bed, leafing through some stuff that I had printed off the Internet and planned to use for a paper I had to write. Eric came back from the communal bathroom down the hall and closed the door for the night.

Eric sat down on the edge of his bed, facing me. I tried not to be too obvious about looking over the edge of the pages and into the "V" where his muscular legs slid up into his boxers. We're both athletic, and we're both comfortable with our bodies, but I didn't want to do anything that would make Eric too uncomfortable--I enjoyed the scenery too much.

Eric leaned forward and said, "About what you said ... You really think hypnosis might help?"

"Uhm, yeah," I said, recovering quickly. If he realized I was looking at his crotch, he didn't let on. "It can't hurt to try. Why? You reconsidering?"

He shifted, uncomfortably. "Yeah, kinda, I guess. I mean, I know I need help, and nothing else seems to work."

"Desperate times, desperate measures, huh?" I grinned, trying to put him at ease. "Don't worry. You can't be made to do anything you don't want to." Not entirely true, but I didn't want to burden his brain with too much information.

So I sat up. "Okay, the first thing we have to do is get you to focus your attention on--"

"Wait--aren't you supposed to, I dunno, swing a pocket watch from a chain or something? Why are you looking at me like that? No, really--that's the way it works in the movies."

Damn movies!--they take all the fun out of hypnosis.

"Oh, okay," I sighed, looking around. I didn't have a pocket watch, but maybe I could find something that would work as well?

The only thing I could see was ... Eric's dog tags, hanging around his neck from one of those little metal-ball chains.

"Hand me your dog tags."

Eric said, "Huh?"

"Let me use your dog tags."

"But ... but ..." Here came the usual speech, about how they'd trained him in ROTC never to take off his dog tags. The only way a soldier's dog tags were removed was from his cold, dead body, blah blah blah. Heard it all before.

"Hand 'em over, soldier," I snapped. The way to get Eric to do something was to bark it like an order.

"Okay," he said uncertainly, and his hands came up, and he pulled the tags off over his head and handed them to me.

I told him, "Just sit comfortably. Put your hands on your thighs. That's it--just like that."

I dangled his dog tags by their chain in the air between us, letting them sway lazily back and forth. I had in mind a simple hypnotic induction. Nothing fancy--just instructions to relax, relax, focus, concentrate on my voice, open his mind to my helpful suggestions.

Gradually, as they tracked the dog tags swinging through their arc, his eyes seemed to unfocus. I kept droning on. Gradually, his eyes started to close. I was telling him how tired he must feel, after a long day, so tired, needing to sleep, so ready to sleep. Stuff like, "Just relax and focus on my voice. There's nothing important for your conscious mind to do--all that's important is how so easy it is to let my voice talk directly to your subconscious. Relax and focus on my voice. That peaceful, cooperative feeling you may be feeling is a deep state of hypnosis coming over you. You're starting to drift easily into a deep hypnotic trance, where you may find it so easy to follow my suggestions." Gradually, his eyes began to droop and close, and his head began to sag forward. Eric--beautiful Eric--looked for all the world like he had just fallen asleep sitting there. But knowing he was in a trance that I had induced was giving me a wicked head rush. And a boner.

I was feeling excited and scared shitless--what if he was just faking? Or, what if he really was just asleep and woke up?

Only way to know was to find out. Before I moved on to a few suggestions about how much easier studying and remembering the material would be, I walked him through a deepening exercise to strengthen his trance, a deepening exercise with a suggestion that his arms would become light, so much lighter than air, and would float up.

And on cue his hands began to rise. *Shit!* It worked! I couldn't believe it, but it had happened--I'd seen the proof with my own eyes.

"Eric," I began, "how do you feel? You can talk to me--it's just like talking in your sleep. So easy to talk without waking up. How do you feel?"

His voice was quiet, far away: "... good ..."

"Good, Eric. I want you to listen to the sound of my voice. Focus on my voice. My voice helps you relax and go deeper, doesn't it?"

"... yeah ..."

I sat back and took a good, long look at him. Him sitting there, eyes closed. His "lighter than air" hands still hovering an inch above his thighs. Eric's bare chest. He'd been working out a long time and playing football since he was young, and keeping fit with his ROTC drills, and it showed. He had a good, trim build. Maybe not as cut as mine--he was an inch or so taller and outweighed me a little--but part of that was because running and track had given my body really defined cuts. Eric was a bigger guy than me, built broader. He's twenty, same age as me. He was good-looking--never seemed to have any trouble getting girls. Blue eyes, like mine. Blond hair, which he kept cut military style. His broad, muscular chest was hairless. Pert little nipples. Yeah, I liked what I saw.

And lower down, I saw ...

That lump in the front of his boxers--he had a hard-on too.

Like I said before, I had never seen Eric naked, even though we roomed together, and I was suddenly curious about what he had down there. Just a natural curiosity.

Okay, I should stop right here and say a few things. First off, I don't want you to get the wrong idea or anything. I'm gay, and Eric is straight. I'd dated guys all through high school--college too. Plus, being an athlete, I'd seen plenty of guys' bodies, but that doesn't mean I had a sexual thought about them every single one of them. I liked looking at Eric because he was a very attractive man, but I figured since he was straight it would never go any further than that, so I'd pretty much gotten used to the idea that I'd never see his cock hard, up close and personal.

And it looked like a big one.

I knelt beside his bed. "You're very relaxed, aren't you?"

"... yeah ..."

"In a moment, you may feel me touch you, and that will be all right. It will help you relax ten times deeper. Will that be all right?"

"... okay ..."

He seemed to still be out of it. Emboldened, I gently unsnapped his boxers, opened the flaps to reveal his cock. It really was hard. I'd never seen him erect before. His uncircumcised cock seemed huge, like a banana--bigger than mine.

I didn't know what to do next. I wanted suddenly to touch it, but that thought freaked me out. He didn't react, but I knew better than to push my luck. Like I said, Eric is straight--and hypnosis only goes so far. I didn't know what to do, so I decided to be cautious this time. I fastened his boxers back and sat back down on my bed.

I gave him a few more suggestions. Some about how much easier he would find concentrating and studying. Some about how much easier returning to this hypnotic trance would be. I told him he'd wake up when I snapped my fingers.

I snapped them, and his eyelids fluttered and opened.

"That's it?" he asked, blinking at me and stretching his arms in a yawn.

"Yup. See how easy it was?"

"Cool!"

I tossed his dog tags to him, and he snagged them in midair.

"Thanks, Kyle. That stuff is gonna seem, like, so *obvious* now!"

"Just remember--hypnosis is a tool. It will help, but it can't replace real studying."

"That's cool," he said. "I'm gonna ace that test for sure!"

That night, I was so wired I almost couldn't get to sleep. I felt like I'd just won a big race or something. My only question was, what next? I lay awake in bed for a long time, wondering where the fuck this experiment was going.

Part 3

The next night, I had an idea. It was late. Eric was sprawled out on his stomach on his bed, trying to make heads or tails of some girl's notes he had borrowed; the handwriting was all curlicues and doodles. Not doubt he had asked for her notes because she was cute, not because she took good notes. I had just finished some laundry in the basement and was putting it away in what passes for my closet in our small dorm room.

The phone we shared rang, and he snagged it. "Yo!" he announced into the phone. Then silence, listening. After a minute of not saying anything, he hung up the phone.

"Who was that?"

He shrugged. His words were a little slurred, sluggish. "Dunno. They hung up."

A couple of minutes later, it rang again. Eric, pouring through the notes, said, "Get that, willya?"

So I picked up the phone and said, "Hello?"

And ... I would have sworn I heard a familiar voice on the other end, but ... There was nothing but a dial tone. I shook off that feeling and put the phone back. "Another hang-up," I said.

Seemed a little odd, but whatever, so I went back to stashing my laundry. I could see him in the mirror on the back of the closet door. He had on a bright red pair of those thin track pants, the kind athletes wear over their shorts before an event. A white tee-shirt. Bare feet. Propped up on his elbows, he was frowning as he tried again to make sense of the notes.

"Don't strain your brain there," I said over my shoulder, grinning at him.

"Oh, fuck you, Einstein!"

We both laughed.

Eric waved his textbook at me. "Hey, Kyle, you gotta help me. I've got a test in two days, and I can't afford to blow it."

His textbook was ... European History? Yuck! But I said, "Well, I guess so. But you're really going to owe me."

"Thanks, man!" I figured he wanted me to quiz him on facts or something, but Eric sat up on his bed. He was grinning at me expectantly.

I thumbed through the textbook. "And how many chapters have you read?"

He gave me this sheepish grin. "Uh, well ... you know how it is."

Okay, so I figured out what he wanted. "Haven't cracked the book yet, huh?"

"You got it."

"Listen, Eric, hypnosis isn't a miracle cure. I repeat: No miracle cure. You have to do some real studying in order for it to work."

"I know that, Kyle, and I'm planning to study. Real soon. But you gotta help me. Please?"

I sighed. Even though he was hopelessly straight, I couldn't refuse his sad-puppy eyes. "I'll see what I can do."

So I sat down on my bed, facing him, just like the night before. "Your dog tags, please?"

"Oh! Right--here you go." This time, unlike the night before, he whipped them off quickly and handed them over with an expectant grin.

I swung the tags in the air between us. "Just relax and keep your eyes on the tags," I told him. "In a very few moments, you're going to be more relaxed than you've ever been. I'm going to mention certain parts of your body, and as I do, I want you to just feel that part begin to relax. I want you to imagine a ring of wonderfully brilliant white light just above your head. And this white light is the most relaxing light you could imagine, and as it begins to lower around the crown of your head, you seem to be touched with a desire and willingness to relax deeper and deeper and deeper, with every breath you take. Continuing lower now, the light begins to touch your forehead, and as it does, I want you to feel all the muscles in your forehead just seem to disappear. Your forehead feels so relaxed, and you feel this relaxing light coming around your eyes. And your eyelids seem to be very, very heavy, so heavy. They want to stay closed. They may flutter a little bit, but that's okay. Just feel how heavy they are. And as the relaxation comes down around the facial muscles now, feel all the little muscles in your face just begin to relax. That's right."

I walked him through the exercise, relaxing all of his body parts in turn. Pretty soon, he was sitting there just like the night before: head down, eyes closed, breathing deeply, deeply asleep.

I used suggestions that he'd be able to remember the material he studied and that he'd find studying easier, but I also added suggestions that each time he went into a trance he'd find it easier to relax deeper and accept my suggestions more fully. Suggestions that he liked being hypnotized and being relaxed like this, that he would trust me and focus on my voice and be receptive to my suggestions.

Just like before, he was sporting some serious wood inside those track pants. I could see the long lump in them. I decided it was time to try out a few other suggestions. Suggestions I'd been thinking about all day. Suggestions that whenever he had his dog tags, he would be awake and in control, but whenever he gave

them to me, I would be in complete control and he'd find it very easy and very pleasant to fall asleep and return to that irresistible, suggestive trance state. Suggestions that every time I said, "Transfer your tags, soldier," he'd want to hand me his dog tags--wouldn't be able to resist the compulsion--would want to return to this sleepy trance.

When I snapped my fingers, he woke up, all grins and confidence. I handed him back his dog tags.

"Cool!" he said, smacking my on the shoulder. He was going on and on about how he was going to ace this test for sure. I let him talk, because I was working up my courage.

We went about our nightly routines, getting ready for bed. He stripped to his boxers, and I did the same.

He sprawled out on his bed, reading that girl's notes by his bedside light. I took a deep breath. Would the trigger phrase work? What would happen if it didn't? I could be really fucking with our friendship.

Here goes: "Hey, Eric," I said. "Transfer your tags, soldier."

Eric looked at me. He blinked, yawned. "Huh? ..." he said, his voice already getting thick and sluggish. "I ..."

"Transfer your tags, soldier," I ordered."

His expression was slack. His eyelids were drooping. The notes slipped from his hand to the floor. His hands rose and lifted his dog tags off over his head, held them out to me. When I took them, his body settled down on the mattress, on his back.

I let the dog tags swing in the air in front of his flickering, closing eyes. I recited this little rhyme that I'd made up that afternoon:

"Watch the silver dog tags sway,

And you will do as I say."

An unnecessary gesture, but since he had demanded I use a pendulum like in the movies, I figure he might like the drama. His eyelids were already sliding shut the final time and didn't reopen. He certainly looked like he was asleep, dead to the world.

"That's it, Eric. Relax and sleep. So deeply relaxed again. Can you hear me?"

"... yeah ..." His voice was quiet.

"How do you feel?"

Barely above a murmur: "... relax'd ..."

"Good. That relaxed feeling is a deep state of hypnosis coming over you. You may find you don't care if you drift deeper into a relaxing hypnotic trance. So easy to relax and focus. Focus on my voice, Eric. It's so easy to focus on my voice. All you can hear is my voice. Understand?"

"... yeah ..."

The glow from his bedside light showed the steady inflation in his boxers as his dick hardened.

"Eric, you can tell me anything. It's all right. Do you remember the last time you jerked off?"

"... yeah ..."

"When was that?"

"... th's m'rrrrrn'ng ..."

"This morning?"

"... yeah ..."

"What did you think about when you were jerking off?"

"... sex ..." Okay, so, like I said, Eric was not the brightest.

"Sex with who?"

"... k'lilllll ..."

"What was that? Focus on my voice, Eric. It's so easy to respond to me--like talking in your sleep. Sex with who? Tell me who."

"... Kyle ..."

What the fuck? I was floored! I had always assumed Eric was straight as they come. I mean, he dated chicks, lots of chicks! Now he was telling me he thought about me when he jacked off? *Shit!*

Okay, I had been planning to maybe give his cock a little grope while he was under, but this effectively sidetracked my whole agenda.

"You thought about me when you were jerking off?"

"... uh huh ..."

Oh, fuck! This was unexpected. I needed some time to deal with this.

"You're not shitting me, are you, Eric?"

"... no ..."

Okay, so apparently he really meant it.

I liked Eric as a friend but I wasn't sure I could handle him being queer. Had he been gay and just never told me--in spite of my coming out to him--or was this some side effect of the hypnosis? I didn't know what to make of it. Maybe hypnosis couldn't "make" him gay, but was he just feeding me the answers he thought I wanted?

Eric was still my friend and my roommate. So what if he wanted to suck my cock? Frankly, a little part of me really wanted that to happen. Okay, so it was more than just a little part, too.

The thought of Eric swinging on my cock--that made me spring a boner that wouldn't quit.

Why the hell was I doing this? It was like I couldn't stop myself. I didn't understand why my cock was so hard. I kept telling myself it was just the thought of getting off.

I said, "Eric, I'm holding your dog tags. That means I'm in charge. I want you to just listen to my voice. Let it guide you. Focus on my voice. Think back, Eric. Think back to the last time you jerked off. Remember?"

"... yes ..."

"You thought about me, didn't you?"

"... yeah ..."

"You thought about having sex with me, didn't you? And you liked it, too, didn't you?"

"... yeah ... a lot ..."

"What did you dream of doing with me?"

"... suckin' ..."

"Are you gay?"

"... nnuh-uh ..."

Hm ... Was he saying that, no, he wasn't gay? A straight boy who fantasized about sex with his gay roommate?

There comes a point where things just can't get any weirder.

"Eric, do you like thinking about me?"

"... yeah ..."

"Do you want to make me feel good?"

"... yeah ..."

"Eric, listen to me. Listen carefully. In a moment, I'm going to ask you to open your eyes. You'll be able to do that without waking up. You will remain very relaxed in this peaceful state. You'll feel just like you're sleepwalking, able to move without ever leaving this relaxed state you enjoy so much. Do you understand?"

"... yeah ..."

"Eric, stay focused on my voice. It's going to be like you're dreaming, a very pleasant, sexy dream. You like sexy dreams, don't you?"

"... yes ..."

"This one will have me in it. You'd like to have a sexy dream about me, wouldn't you?"

"... yeah ..."

"Good. Eric, I want you to focus on my voice. Open your eyes, Eric, but do not wake up. Open your eyes." Sure enough, his eyelids separated. "Look up. I'm here; I'm here in your dream with you."

Eric looked up at me. He looked half-asleep, dazed, but he gave me a grin. "Kyle?"

"Yes, Eric, it's me. I'm in your dream. It's just a dream--you can do anything you want to me. Tell me what you want to do to me, Eric."

"I want ... to suck you ..."

My cock jumped when he said that. I didn't know if I was ready for it, though--not yet anyway. I had planned to maybe give his cock a hand-job, or maybe a blowjob, but I hadn't planned to let him blow me. That seemed a little too weird still, and I didn't want to risk him waking up.

"This is your dream, Eric. I'm here in your dream with you, and if you want me to, I'll be naked too, and horny, just like you, and you can get yourself off if you want to, dreaming about me."

I had to do something with his dog tags, which I still had in my hand, so I pulled them on over my head. I tried to tell myself this was just about getting my rocks off, that I was doing this just for sex. But I think even then I didn't believe it. My hands came up almost of their own volition, and they unsnapped my boxers and slid them down to mid-thigh, freeing my hungry erection.

"You know you want to, Eric. Go ahead. So easy to look and to move, just like sleepwalking, while you stay fast asleep in your dream."

Eric's eyes were blinking faster than usual, like a sleepwalker. The moment of truth--was he still entranced?

He sat up. He pulled himself over to the edge of the bed, swung his legs over the side and sat there staring at me, eyes raking over my body without restraint. He licked his lips. He was staring at my crotch. He moved slowly, like a man half-asleep.

My cock was hard, eager. I couldn't stop myself from stroking it. Eric looked like he was having a dream come true--which I guess in a sense he was--but this was a rush for me too. Having him in my influence was really a power trip, just like when my ex-boyfriend and I used to hypnotize each other. My cock was so hard it hurt, and I needed to get off. Quickly.

When Eric opened the front of his boxer shorts, he hauled out one of the biggest cocks I'd ever seen in real life. That beast must have been at least nine inches, and thick, uncircumcised. An upward curve made it look more like a banana, but this was one hundred percent needful cock, eager for action.

Seeing this big handsome hunk of a guy in front of me, practically drooling for my body, had me hotter than I'd ever been. "Look at it, Eric," I said. "Look at my cock. Do you like what you see?"

"... yeah ... I like it ..."

And I had to admit, displaying my body to him was a real turn-on, especially while I was wearing his precious dog tags. "Good, Eric--you're doing very well. You deserve a reward. Go ahead and jack yourself off if you want to."

Eric licked his lips. I thought, I can still call this off, but then I realized I didn't want to. I *wanted* to see him get off. Hell, I needed to get off myself.

"That's great, Eric," I said as I pumped my cock in the same rhythm as he. "You're doing great. Get your boxers off. I want to see you cum."

Eric shifted and stood up. In the narrow space between our beds, we were nearly touching. But I wasn't ready for that yet. I didn't want to push my luck.

He pushed his boxers down and off. His own mammoth cock was steel-rigid. He sat back, spread-legged, and jacked himself furiously with his right hand.

"That's it, Eric. When I tell you to, I want you to cum, and it's going to be more intense than ever before. Understand?"

His breath came in gasps. "... yeah--I--under--stand ..."

Watching him jack off made me so fucking hot. I just had to shoot soon.

He was close--I could tell. It was now or never. "Okay, Eric. *Cum!*"

Eric threw his head back and this cry burst from deep inside him. His body bucked, he shoved his crotch forward, and his sperm jetted out onto the floor between us.

I got swept up, and my orgasm was on me before I realized it. I cupped one hand in front of my cock to catch my load, and suddenly the world was erupting in pleasure, blinding me to everything but my own ecstasy.

I gave him a moment for his orgasm to crest and fade--hell, I needed some time myself to recover. "Good, Eric. Now relax. It's time to sleep now. Close your eyes. Sleep." His eyes closed. His body sank back down onto his bed. "Sleep, Eric. This has all been a pleasant dream. Sleep."

When he woke up in the morning, it would seem like he just dozed off while reading those notes. I hoped he wouldn't notice the stain where he'd gotten cum on one of the pages.

Me, I pulled my boxers back up and cleaned up the cum--his and mine--and climbed into bed. I took his dog tags off and worked them over his sleeping head. I was spent but at the same time still too horny to sleep. My cock remained half a degree away from fully hard. I groped it through my underwear, and it hit full rigidity again. I had to jack off. I couldn't get the image of Eric's entranced face, or the thought of his mouth pleasuring my cock soon, very soon, out of my mind. I looked over at him, sleeping his way through the night. I came hard, quickly. That, I thought, as my gasping breath slowed back to normal, was exactly what I needed. Now I could sleep.

Part 4

In my dream, Eric licked the head of my cock, and this electric feeling shot through me like I was going to explode. His jaw dropped open, and his hands reached around to grip my ass checks. He guided my hips forward, guided my cock into his mouth. I've got a nice, big cock, with a slight downward bend, so it fit perfectly into his throat. His head started to move up and down on me. My cock traveled further into his throat with every stroke. He was no first-timer; he had sucked cock before, and often enough to get really good at it.

I purred, "That's it, Eric. Suck me all the way down."

Eric buried his nose in my pubic hair. His chin kept smacking into my balls. I was so close to cumming I thought I was going to pass out. Before I knew it, my cum was churning and my orgasm crashed over me like a tidal wave. Spurt after spurt burst out of my rod and into Eric's throat. He continued to suck me as I rode out my orgasm, and I awoke.

I sat up in bed. Morning.

Oh, man!

Eric had awakened before I did. When I sat up, rubbing the sleep from my eyes, he was shuffling papers on his bed, making another try at studying. He was wearing nothing but those red warm-up pants from the night before.

I climbed out of bed and stretched. My cock, in my boxers, still was half morning-hard.

I caught Eric checking it out from the corner of my eye. "Must have been some dream," he said, eyeing the wet spot in my boxers.

God, did I blush! "Uhm ... you ... uh, know how it is," I mumbled. I hurried over to my closet--we were making small talk about this girl's cryptic notes--and busied myself with selecting clothes for the day. I had my back to Eric through most of this.

My cock refused to go down. In fact, it kept getting harder. I got my towel, shower stuff, clothes. I held my shit in front of my crotch so Eric wouldn't see my woody or the cum stain.

Eric asked me to look at a page of the notes to see if I could make heads or tails of it. I had to set my stuff down on my bed to free a hand. I tried to pretend I didn't have a hard-on in my underwear, but it still refused to go away. I needed to find some privacy to jerk off. Or maybe find someone to suck me off.

I handed the page back to Eric. He was paying less attention to it than to the lump in my crotch. I figured, what the hell, why not test it?

"Transfer your tags, soldier," I said, trying for a commanding tone but barely managing a whisper.

"Huh ...?" Eric trailed off. He pulled off his dog tags and handed them to me. His expression was already going slack as I dangled his tags in the air between us.

I hooked my thumbs in the elastic waistband of my boxers. I pulled down on the front, letting my dick swing free, and I wrapped the chain of his dog tags around my cock. I chanted that silly little rhyme that I couldn't get out of my head:

"Watch the silver dog tags sway,

And you will do as I say."

Eric was staring right at it--my cock, his dog tags--as his expression gradually went blank and his eyes closed.

"That's it, Eric. Relax. Go back into that peaceful trance state you love so much." I wrestled my boxers down to my knees. "Remember how easy it was to open your eyes last night, Eric? Just like having a dream. And you can do anything you want in a dream, can't you? Would you like to suck my cock?"

"... uh ... uh huh ..."

"Good, Eric. Open your eyes." I moved closer to the chair where he sat. "Go ahead. You can suck my cock if you want."

Eric bent in front of me. I ran my fingers through his short, blond hair as his mouth found my cock, still sensitive from my dream just a few short minutes before. It fit into his mouth like a key fits its lock. Unlike my dream, though, Eric sucked clumsily--definitely an amateur--but hell, I didn't care. My dick was in his mouth and that was good enough. My breathing turned ragged, and my balls rode up. I couldn't hold out very long. In just a few minutes, he had me panting and bucking, on the edge. He did this thing with his tongue on the underside of my cock--beginner's luck?--and suddenly I'm tipping over the edge and I have to pull out of his mouth and I'm shooting my load all over my hand and spilling some on the floor as the most intense orgasm rips through my body in an all-out assault.

When the blaze subsided into afterglow, when my cock had started to fade, I pulled up my boxers. "Sleep now, Eric," I said. "You did beautifully. Close your eyes and sleep."

His eyes closed; his body sagged. I caught him by the shoulders and eased him back in his chair to sleep it off.

"Good, Eric. In a little while, you will awaken, feeling peaceful and refreshed, and this will all seem like a sweet dream, if you even want to remember it at all."

I left him there to sleep it off. I got my stuff and went to hit the shower. I figured I could get used to this!

Part 5

Regarding Eric, I guess I was kind of freaked, now that I'd gotten my rocks off and had had time to think about it. I didn't know what to do next. Hypnosis was one thing--hypnotizing him to have sex with me was another. I wanted it to stop this, but a part of me thought it was a total rush. I had Eric under my control, and now I could make him get me off any time I wanted. That was a hell of a lot of power, but I wasn't sure I wanted the responsibility. Shame? No, I think I was feeling more fear than shame.

Hell, it had only been a blowjob, and a pretty clumsy one at that. He was definitely an amateur at it. But it was all I could think about, like an addiction or something already. It was like I couldn't control myself. And I couldn't stop myself over the next couple of days either, when I found myself hypnotizing him a few more times. Who was hypnotizing whom?

It was like I'd be going about my business every day, and I'd be thinking about what we were doing, and I'd pretty much make up my mind to stop with the sexual stuff, to just stick to suggestions about studying. Then something would happen. Maybe the phone would ring--those damn hang-up calls!--or I'd see him casually scratch his pec when he had his shirt off, or maybe I'd be hypnotizing him and I'd see him getting hard. And the next thing I knew, I'd be guiding him toward more sexy instructions. I just couldn't seem to stop myself from yielding to the temptation.

Every time, it was suggestions that studying would be easier. Concentration would be easier. And it all ended up with him blowing me. He was getting better at both going into a trance and at giving blowjobs.

He was getting better at studying too--apparently the hypnosis was working. When he got his scores back,

Eric had aced both tests. Okay, not quite aced, but he scored solid B's on both instead of low D's like his last ones. For Eric, that was cause for celebration.

When I got back to our dorm room that night, Eric was regaling two of his ROTC buddies who lived down the hall from us--and probably for the two-hundredth time and with much embellishment--with the story of how he'd kicked major ass on those exams.

"And there's the man who made it all possible," Eric announced as I walked through the door. "He hypnotized me and made me a dang study *machine*! Yeah!" He applauded, and his two friends, after a second, joined in too, even though I don't think they really knew what the big deal was.

It was late. They were drinking beer--looked to me like they'd already killed off one six-pack and were in the process of mortally wounding a second.

And did I mention they were all stripped to their boxers and dog tags? Yeah, there was plenty of prime beef on display.

One of these ROTC buddies was Brian, Eric's cousin. Blond and blue-eyed like Eric. His body was identical to Eric's except a little shorter and with a couple of tattoos--one on his right bicep and the other on his back. Where Eric was a handsome man in the making, Brian was still more the cute boy. Where Eric was usually pretty laid back and quieter, Brian was the arrogant hothead, the loudmouthed party-boy with the big grin who was always up for anything, especially hitting on every chick in the place.

The other was Scott--he shared a room with Brian down the hall on our floor, and he was their good friend and fellow ROTC-boy. He was more the observer, always watching. He had dark brown hair, cut identically to his pals', and the military-style ROTC workouts had given him a body I would have loved to drag into bed. But right now, he was sitting on the far corner of Eric's bed, eyeing me with this coolly evaluating look over his latest beer. He knew I was gay, and he always looked at me like that, since the time he caught me looking up the leg of his boxers. He'd never said anything to me about it, but I always got that look.

I tried to busy myself at my desk, but suddenly--*oomph!*--there's Eric practically colliding with my shoulder as he slapped my back, and he was practically hanging on to me to keep from falling over. Now, normally I wouldn't have a problem with a buff, boxer-clad boy clinging to my back, but Eric was close to shit-faced drunk, and he had two friends there; and though I'm in really good shape, I didn't want to risk doing anything that would make them beat the shit out of me now and apologize later.

"I tell ya," Eric was bragging to his buddies, "this guy is great! And you wanna know how he did it?" He seemed so drunk he could barely stand, but he wasn't slurring his words too much yet.

"How?" someone from the bed said.

"He hypnotized me with hypnosis."

Okay, maybe he was slurring a little--he said it more like "hip-no-shish." And was he being brave, mentioning the hypnosis, or was this the alcohol talking?

"He hippo- ...hypner- ... hypnosis-itized me and made me study better. And it worked to--I kicked major ass on those tests!"

He practically hauled me back to the others.

"Have a beer, buddy," Eric said, pressing one into my hand. "You deserve it!" He burped loudly, and his buddies giggled.

"Thanks," I said.

It was Brian who asked, "So this hypnosis stuff really works?"

"Yeah, yeah--you better believe it!" This was from Eric. He assured Brian it worked and he bragged on and on about how was his secret weapon. "Go ahead," he said to me, "show 'em how it works."

"Yeah--show us how it works." This was from Brian. His face was all lit up, eager to try it. Scott naturally looked more skeptical.

"No, no, I don't think so," I said, trying to bow out.

Eric wasn't about to let me. "No--c'mon, dude! Show 'em how it's done!" He was looking at me with this puppy-dog expression that said, *C'mon, don't let me down.*

How could I refuse? Heck, when he cranked up those heart-melting puppy eyes of his--well, it was like I couldn't stop myself.

So I sat down on my bed, in front of Brian. "Let me borrow your dog tags."

"Huh?" He stared at me aghast.

Sheesh! What was it with the ROTC boys and their dog tags? He was staring at me as if I'd proposed hacking off his arm with an electric hedge trimmer.

"Hand 'em over, Brian," Eric urged. "That's the way it works."

"I dunno ..." Brian began, but he wrestled them off over his head and handed them over. He really looked up to Eric.

"Are you ready to be hypnotized?" I asked him. "All hypnosis is self-hypnosis. If you follow my simple instructions, no power on earth can keep you from being hypnotized. You can resist if you want to, but then it won't be able to help you study better. Just follow my simple instructions, and you are about to enjoy a very pleasant, relaxing experience. Just rest your arms limply on your thighs like this. That's right."

I let his dog tags swing in the air halfway between us. "Take a deep breath and let your eyes focus on your dog tags. See how the light shines off them as they swing? Brian, I want you to focus all your attention on the tags. Keep your eyes on them, and do not break your focus. Nothing must distract you from looking at the tags and listening to my voice. If anything tries to distract you, simply let it fade easily into the background, always returning your focus to my voice."

I turned my voice toward that monotone my ex-boyfriend and I had always used when hypnotizing each other. "Now that you have been watching them swing for a while, you're noticing that your eyes are becoming tired. You may close them if you want. You can always open them again at any time, but your relaxation will be deeper and more complete if you keep them closed. As your eyes close, it will become easier and easier for you to focus on my voice and all the worries and tensions of the day will fade away. Your body will totally relax. It feels really good to relax."

I let my induction drone on and on. I could tell Brian was starting to zone out, starting to lose track of what I was saying. My words were slipping past him.. When I suggested that his hands were light, so much lighter than air, they floated up off his thighs, just like Eric's had done that first time, several days ago.

"That's right," I was droning. "So relaxed. Body feeling so heavy, too heavy to move, but floating blissfully in this cloud of peace and relaxation at the same time. Your conscious mind may think it wants to stay awake, to see what's going to happen, but that's not necessary. Your subconscious mind can take care of them. Your conscious mind can just let go, sink down into that relaxed, tired feeling, the one that's making your eyelids so heavy. Yeah, you may find it feels so good to close them just for a moment and feel yourself sink deeply into sleep."

As I droned on, Brian's eyes blinked heavily and slowly closed; and after the second time he managed to drag them open again, when they closed again, he did not reopen them.

I kept up my induction, talking him down, talking him deeper into his trance. His breathing slowed, and his head bowed forward slowly. His hands were suspended in the air, an inch above his thighs, just like I had suggested. And beyond them, I saw something stirring in his boxers. His cock. He was getting an erection. Damn!--big cocks must run in that family. Brian was getting hard just like his cousin Eric had when I hypnotized him the first time. Brian's didn't look as huge as Eric, but it was still sizeable. I had to practically tear my eyes off of it.

And still his hands hovered in the air.

And so did Scott's.

Just like Brian's, Scott's eyes were closed, head slouched forward, deeply asleep.

"Dang!" Eric whispered, reaching over with a grin to smack me clumsily on the shoulder. "You got both of them! Shit, man--both of them!"

"You like that, huh? Maybe you'd like to join them?"

"Huh? Naw, I--"

"Transfer your tags, soldier," I ordered.

By now he responded almost automatically. He handed me his dog tags. His already-drooping eyes tracked the tags that I swung in front of his eyes as I recited that rhyme almost by habit:

"Watch the silver dog tags sway,

And you will do as I say."

Soon his eyelids closed and he slept. Just like Brian and Scott.

Part 6

Nothing much happened. I gave them a few of the suggestions I'd been giving Eric--some of the "suitable for all audiences" ones. That they'd find studying easier. Remembering easier. Relaxing easier, deeper, more pleasant. Wanting so badly to do it again, soon, very soon. Loving the way it felt.

Okay, maybe that last one wasn't exactly G-rated.

I didn't know how deeply Brian and Scott were under. Eric was a known quantity--but his friends were first-timers. With my ex-boyfriend and with everyone else, it had been one-on-one, and that was my first time three-on-one. I didn't want to push too far. The last thing I wanted was to have one of them come up out of his trance to find me touching him in a way he might think he didn't want to be touched. And as hard as my own cock was right then, I'd have been doing a lot of touching if I had surrendered to the urge. Probably more than just touching too.

So instead, I worked on reinforcing the idea that hypnosis was good, hypnosis could help them, hypnosis was something they wanted to try again soon. That, plus suggestions that would make entering a trance easier for them next time, slipping deeper into hypnosis, opening their minds more deeply next time.

Then I woke them up. I handed Brian and Scott back their dog tags--Scott probably didn't remember giving his to me, since he had been "asleep" and feeling very cooperative at the time, but he didn't say anything about it.

I didn't give Eric's back. I was wearing them. I had plans for them. He didn't say anything about it, and neither did the others.

They all agreed hypnosis felt pretty cool. Brian shifted to hide the lingering erection in his boxers until it went away, but Eric didn't seem to care if anyone saw the ridge in his shorts.

Hell, if I had a dick the size of his, I probably wouldn't care if everyone saw it either.

Not too much later, I hustled Brian and Scott out. I told them I was going to bed and needed to get some sleep. Eric backed me up. After all, I still had his dog tags--that meant, to his subconscious at least, I was still in charge. So Brian did his obligatory "Aw, man," and they said their good-nights, and Scott picked up the last of the second six-pack, and I closed the door behind them.

"Sheesh, you didn't have to run them out so soon. It's not even midnight yet," Eric protested as he helped me toss the empty cans in the trash. Okay, so maybe his *conscious* mind hadn't quite gotten the message yet.

He flopped out on his back on his mattress, legs crossed at the ankle, pouting a little at me. He wasn't acting as drunk now--part of that must have been an act for his friends.

"Don't worry," I told him. "The evening isn't over yet."

"Huh? What'cha mean?"

I'd been fighting the urge to do this, and I'd run out of will to resist. I lifted his dog tags off my chest and let them swing in a lazy arc.

"Watch the silver dog tags sway,

And you will do as I say."

His expression went blank, and his eyelids sank. Body sinking slowly, limply, against the bed.

"That's it, Eric. Just like falling asleep. So tired. So ready to slip back into that deeply relaxed trance, where you feel so good."

I talked him through a deepening routine to make sure he was completely entranced.

"Do you remember your dream last night, Eric? The special dream where you got to act out something you've always wanted to do? You've been having that dream a lot these last few nights, haven't you?"

"... uh huh ..."

"Would you like to have a dream like that again?"

Something twitched in the crotch of his boxers. Damn--being hard while entranced was getting to be normal for this guy, but now his cock was throbbing like he was about to shoot his load. I could see it practically dance to his heartbeat through the flimsy fabric.

My cock was painfully rigid inside my pants. I still had on my clothes, but that was easy to fix.

"Eric, when you open your eyes, you're going to be back in that dream, the dream where everything is okay and you can do whatever you want because it's just a dream. Okay?"

"... uh huh ..."

"And you'll see me there too, and everything will be perfect. Open your eyes, Eric."

He opened them.

"I'm here, Eric. I'm here for you," I told him. "Get naked. I want you to be naked."

He didn't need any urging from me. He wiggled his boxers shorts down and off his legs. He shuffled over to me and knelt at my feet.

I caught his wrists when he reached to paw at the fly of my pants. "Relax. Go slowly," I told him.

He opened my pants and hauled out my cock. I kicked off my shoes, and he helped me out of my pants and underwear. As his mouth approached my rod, I pulled back, teasing him. I feigned slipping it in his mouth and pulled back a couple more times. He licked his lips hungrily.

I surrendered to the temptation and let my cock sink into the wet, warm, velvet softness of his mouth. I pulled off my shirt--I still had on my socks, but who cared about that? I was pretty much bare-ass, just like him. It just seemed right.

He knelt in front of my spread legs. As he jacked himself off, he mouthed my cock more gracefully than the last time, like he'd been practicing. Man, this felt so good I was about to cream on the spot.

"That's it, Eric," I whispered to him, running my fingers through his hair. "Focus on my voice and let yourself relax. So easy, isn't it. Go ahead. Make my cock feel good. Make me cum."

And he did.

Part 7

I didn't see Eric during the next morning. As usual, he got up at the crack of dawn for ROTC stuff. Then,

classes, track practice, and some research in the library kept me away from the dorm room until evening.

I did see Scott. I rounded a corner in the library stacks, and there he was.

"Hey, dude," we said to each other in unison.

We talked for a couple of minutes. He asked if I was there doing research, and I said yeah. I asked what he was doing, and he told me he worked in the library a few hours a week, reshelving books and shit like that. We didn't really have anything important to say to each other--we were mostly friends of friends--but neither of us was shy, so we kept the conversation going.

Quiet as the library was, it was still a public place. I couldn't try too much there, but there was one thing I could try.

I leaned in and hissed, "Transfer your tags, soldier."

Scott blinked. He looked confused, like his conscious mind wasn't able to process what he heard. But his subconscious understood. His eyes went far away. He put down the book he had been holding, and he pulled his dog tags out from under his shirt--and he pulled them off, and he handed them to me.

I slipped them on over my head. "Thanks, dude," I said, patting his shoulder. "You can have them back tonight."

And as I walked away, as his dazed eyes followed me as if he wasn't sure what had just happened, with his dog tags scraping against my tee-shirt, I couldn't stop grinning and grinning.

Again, it was like I just couldn't stop myself. Getting him to do what I wanted like that gave me a woody that wouldn't stop. I needed a *cold* shower, and soon.

Much later, when I came back to the dorm room, Brian and Scott were hanging out with Eric in our room, playing poker on his bed. "Hey, guys," I said as I walked in, and they said hey back. "What's up?"

"Not much. How's it hanging?" Brian said, laying down a card. "I'll take two."

"Be hanging a lot better once I get cleaned up," I said. I reached into my closet for my towel.

I had Scott's dog tags dangling on the outside of my tee-shirt. He was watching me coolly over his cards, but he didn't say anything about them. Eric and Brian--they didn't pay me any attention. Poker and beer, in that order, were their important issues just then, and I barely registered.

I nudged Scott's tags with my finger--it was safe since only he was looking at me. "I'm going to take a shower," I said, letting my voice fall back to that low, soft tone I had used when hypnotizing them the night before. "There's nothing like a shower to make you feel all relaxed after a hard day."

"Uh huh," Eric said, too intent on sorting his cards. I pulled off my shirt and dropped it into the bottom of my closet. I glanced at Scott. He was staring at me with this weird expression. He shook his head as if to clear it.

"Yeah," I said again in that same low tone, "A shower is just the ticket right now."

Eric and Brian didn't even look up. Of course, I didn't have their dog tags--I had Scott's, and he was looking at me oddly.

I smiled at him, then threw my towel over my shoulder and trotted off to the communal bathroom at the end of the hall.

I stripped down--except for Scott's dog tags, that is--and headed into the showers. This time of the day, there weren't many people likely to be in the shower area, so I had the place to myself. I chose a showerhead halfway down on the right side. Turned on the water. Adjusted the temperature. Sank myself into the spray.

I was wiping the water from my eyes when I saw Scott walk in. He was naked too. He was looking at me funny, as though he wasn't sure why he had left the poker game to take a shower this time of day. Probably he had given Eric and Brian some kind of excuse, like he had to take a pee or something.

He turned on a showerhead on the opposite wall, across from me and one down.

"Hey," I said, using that familiar tone.

"Hey," he said back, uncertainly, as he stepped into the streaming water.

"Yes, sir, a shower feels great. It helps you relax and just let go of all the tensions of the day, right?"

Scott was looking at me, his expression kind of distracted. Yeah, the suggestions had taken hold all right.

"Right," he said quietly. He wasn't taking his eyes off the dog tags sliding against my bare chest.

I lifted the dog tags off over my head and let them rock back and forth in the air. "Yeah, really relaxed. Just letting everything go. Nothing matters except relaxing and feeling good."

Scott's eyes were looking a little heavy, starting to blink a bit, but maybe that was just water getting in them?

I wanted to hypnotize him so badly, and I decided to go for it. "Yeah, a good, warm, relaxing shower. The way the water hits my back, it reminds me of this girl I went out with." Okay, so it had really been a guy, but I was trying to put Scott at ease. "She always gave these great back massages. Man, I tell you, that would get you relaxed and feeling great faster than anything else I know. I always think of her when I take a shower, because a good shower makes me feel just that same way, the way the water hits your back like little fingers. She'd massage my back, and it was like nothing else mattered. Not where we were, or who we were with. It felt so good, it just wiped everything else away. I love to feel that way, and I bet you do too, don't you?"

"Yeah ..."

"Sometimes, she'd start talking to me just like this, while she was rubbing my back, and I'd get so relaxed. I never could remember what she said afterward, but what she said wasn't important. The feeling was what was important; and let me tell you, I loved feeling that relaxed and peaceful."

I took a step closer to him. I could tell from his dazed expression, the glassy look in his eyes, that I had him. All I had to do was reel Scotty-boy in. Okay, I admit it--I was loving this feeling of control. I said:

"Watch the silver dog tags sway,

And you will do as I say."

Scott was having trouble keeping his eyelids open, like he was too sleepy to keep them open but was trying to fight it. Well, I could fix that.

I closed in on him another step. I had a huge hard-on, and I dangled his dog tags an inch above it, pulling his half-closed gaze down there too. "Yeah, sometimes--you know what I'm saying?--it was like I didn't care what happened as long as it made me feel good. Sometimes I just couldn't help it. I'd get so fucking horny. I'd get so relaxed, feeling so peaceful inside and out, and it was like my big head just turned itself off and let my little head do all the thinking. I'd get hard, and it was like I'd just go on auto-pilot or something. I'd get all relaxed and horny and hard, just like I'm getting now, and just like I see you're getting too, and everything would just feel so great. So great to just relax and get so hard. So horny. So relaxed and hard and horny. Feeling so good, like I just need to get off to make everything perfect. And it would be so easy to just reach down, reach down, and put my hand around my hard cock, just like I'm doing now, just like you're doing too. That's right, Scott, just reach down and take hold of that hard meat between your legs. And it would be so easy to just start stroking away at it. That's right. Just like I'm doing, and just like you're doing too. That's right, Scott. Feels great, doesn't it?"

Scott grunted. His almost-closed eyes were pointed my way, but he wasn't really looking at me--his gaze was too unfocused and dreamy.

Years of playing sports gave Scott a great body. He was less built up, compared to Eric and Brian. His body was sleeker. He didn't have any hair on his chest, so you could see the definition in all of his tight muscles. He was about five foot eleven or so. He was good-looking. His hair was cut short--it was light brown, and the water darkened it to nearly black. His cock was circumcised, like mine; his rod was sleek, like the rest of him, and about average size and very tasty-looking.

He was jerking his cock off right along with me. I sauntered over closer to him, barely a foot away now.

"Oh, yeah--feels so fucking great, right, Scott? Sometimes, when I'd be all relaxed like this and feeling great, the only thing that could make it better was if I had a friend there with me, someone I could make feel just as great as I was feeling. Wouldn't that be even better? Wouldn't you like to make me feel great too, Scott?"

His eyes were kind of pointed at my cock, like he was only half-seeing it. I took my hand off my cock and pushed my hips forward. "Go ahead, Scott," I said in that low, authoritative voice. "You don't even have to think about it. Go ahead and make me feel great too."

His hand faltered, then paused. It separated from his cock like a shuttle from a space station dock and hovered there a moment. Then his hand hesitantly crossed the space to my rod and wrapped around it. Oh, man!--good grip!

"That's it," I sighed. "Go ahead."

He milked my cock firmly. It felt so fucking sweet! All the way to the base, then all the way to the tip, then back again. Slow, smooth strokes.

"Oh, yeah, Scotty," I cooed. "That's perfect--just like that. You're making me feel really good." The thrill of having gotten him to jack me off was at least as hot as what he was doing, and I felt the cum churning in my balls already. I didn't even try to hold back. My orgasm rose up through me and exploded over me, blinding me like fireworks, as my cum spurted out onto Scott's hand and leg and the tile floor.

Panting, I pulled back out of his grip. "That was great, Scott. You did a fine job. Now go back to making yourself feel good. Go ahead and jack yourself off." I walked back under my own shower, rinsing as I watched him pump at his wood.

I turned off my shower. "That's good, Scott. Keep going. You can feel it starting to happen, can't you? You can feel yourself starting to cum, right? Go ahead and cum, Scott. It's gonna be the best ever." Scott's mouth dropped open and he threw back his head. I could tell by the way his stomach squeezed down hard--he was about to fucking erupt.

And erupt he did! Man, I think he shot about ten times more cum than I ever did! His whole body jerked and shuddered like he was having his own personal earthquake. Then his knees buckled and--*splat!*--he fell smack on his ass under the shower spray. Not hard enough to hurt, but--and I could see it in his eyes--hard enough to snap him out of it.

"You okay, buddy?" I said, offering him a hand.

"Uh ... yeah, thanks," he said, taking it and letting me help pull him to his feet. He looked around. If he saw his cum washing down the drain, he didn't seem to notice. "What happened?" "You fell while you were taking a shower. Must have slipped."

"Oh," he said, uncertainly. "Okay."

"I gotta book," I said, handing him his dog tags. "Thanks for letting me wear these."

"Uh, sure."

As I headed for my towel and the changing area, I called over my shoulder, "Catch ya later."

Part 8

They headed out to a bar to pick up chicks. This was later the same night.

Just after they left, the phone rang again. I answered it, and I would have sworn I heard a familiar voice but then ... I was standing there listening to the dial tone, so I hung up.

Eric was plastered when they got back. I had been asleep in bed when the door slammed open and the overhead light exploded, and Eric collapsed like dead weight, face-first on the bed, Brian and Scott laughing sloppily in the doorway. Eric didn't move. Probably passed out.

"G'night, Kyle!" Brian waved at me, giggling, and they turned and staggered off for their room.

Fuck!

They left the door open and the light on.

Assholes.

And Eric was pretty much inert.

So I figured, as long as I had to get up anyway to kill the light, I might as well take a piss.

So I headed off in my boxers to the bathroom down the hall.

And at one of the four urinals, I should have guessed who would be pissing away his stomach-full of beer.

Brian.

So I figured, *What the hell?* Sure, he could be a real jerk, but I had something I wanted--*needed*--to try.

Again, it was like I couldn't help myself.

I sidled up to the urinal next to Brian, hauled out my dick, and started giving my bladder some relief. Ahhh!

"There was this girl at the bar," Brian started up, "and I could tell from the start she was really into me. Man, she was hot."

And I risked a peek down at his crotch, and he has his jeans and boxer flaps spread wide open, hands flat around the sides of his fly, and his cock jutting out hard and needy as a spike. He stared right at it, as if lost in his own little world, sometimes giving his cock a little shake, and always going on about that girl and her tits and how hot she made him. It was probably just the alcohol talking, but he seemed to be hinting badly, alone with me in the bathroom late at night, knowing I was gay, that he wouldn't mind some relief.

What I had in mind was similar but not quite what he had in mind.

I said, "Transfer your tags, soldier," and he blinked at me uncertainly once, twice. Then he handed them over.

And his eyes tracked the tags as I swung them in the air in front of him, and they turned heavy-lidded as I recited the rhyme, and they closed so smoothly and sweetly. Breathing so slowly and deeply. Mind sleeping so deeply. Hand moving on his cock so sweetly. And soon his cum splashed against the back of the urinal with an audible "Splat!"

Part 9

The next night, I was in the dorm room. In my underwear and tee-shirt, I was stretched out on my bed studying, feeling idly horny, looking forward to when Eric came in that night.

He was out with his friends. But then suddenly the door was swinging open and Eric was tumbling in, Brian and Scott right behind him, practically falling all over each other like puppies, falling onto his small bed, giggling and grinning, and they were obviously on some drug.

"X," Brian announced proudly when I asked.

"We scored some at the bar last night," Scott added between giggles.

"Don't worry," Eric interjected. "We got a hit for you too."

"It's *good* stuff," Brian said, staring at his hand in wide-eyed wonder. "Real smooth."

"No, thanks," I said. Not because I didn't want to do Ecstasy, but because I didn't want to do something while on X with one of these guys that we'd all regret later. X always made me happy, horny, and very affectionate. These guys were already feeling that way, but since I was gay, affection might take on a more sexual expression that would cause problems later.

"C'mon, Kyle," Brian pleaded in that "be one of the guys" tone.

"No, that's okay," I said.

"Dog pile on Kyle!" Eric shouted, and suddenly they were all over me, Brian and Scott, wrestling with me, poking and pulling and tickling, pulling me off the mattress and into the floor between the beds, and they were holding me down, one on each arm, lying half on top of me. Their bare chests felt hot, alive, against the skin of my arms and through the thin material of the tee-shirt, like their nipples were burning holes into me. I would have sworn Brian was pressing a woody up against my thigh. I was strong but they were strong too, and I couldn't get any leverage and I couldn't get loose. I felt my cock starting to get hard, but with Scott's legs tangled across and around mine I couldn't twist to hide it, and since there wasn't anything I could do, I didn't feel nearly as embarrassed as I thought I would. Eric on top of all of us, and they were all laughing like this was the funniest shit ever, and I was laughing too, and I was kind of enjoying the attention, and Eric was on top of me, and he poked at my mouth with a fingertip and said, "Open sesame." I considered it.

"C'mon, Kyle," he said, almost a whisper.

I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue.

Eric put the little tab of Ecstasy on my tongue, and I reeled it in. "Swallow," he ordered. Then he was pressing a small bottle of orange juice to my mouth and pouring it, and I had to suck in a mouthful to keep it from spilling out all over my face. "For Vitamin C," he said. We'd heard that was supposed to help the body absorb X better. I swallowed it all down.

We stayed like that a while, though Eric pulled back a little so I wasn't being crushed by their combined weights. We chatted, and I would have sworn Brian nuzzled my neck a couple of times--I'd always wondered about him--and Scott kept running a finger over the tee-shirt covering my pec as if he was fascinated by the fabric or maybe the strong curve of the muscle underneath it. Probably just the X.

After a while, Eric asked, "Are ya feeling it?"

I thought about it a second, and realized, yeah, I was, so I nodded.

"Really smooth, isn't it."

I nodded again, grinning goofily.

"Helps you feel all relaxed and happy?"

"Mmm, yeah," I managed to say. "Feels nice." I'd let them assume I was talking about the X.

"Good. Then it's time to try something." Eric reached in toward me. He fumbled with something behind my tee-shirt neck, and when he pulled back, he had the little gold pendant and chain I'd been wearing. The pendant my ex-boyfriend had given me. The one he used to use to hypnotize me.

And Eric was saying, "Just focus on it," with his voice dropping into that low monotone, exactly like I used when I hypnotized him, as he let my pendant sway in the air in front of me, and he chanted:

"Watch the golden pendant sway,

And you will do as I say."

And as I felt my thoughts retreating into that familiar focused place, I wondered how did he know? And my

eyelids were already starting to close.

Part 10

When I woke up the next morning, I was in my bed, and Eric was already gone. I didn't remember anything else. I still felt the last edges of the X--maybe it had been just a dream caused by the drug?

That night, Eric was already there when I got back to the dorm. I'd had a hard practice and a very long day, and I was exhausted. Eric was standing in front of the full-length mirror on the back of his closet door. He had on his familiar pair of bright red warm-up pants. No shirt. No shoes or socks. He was frowning in the mirror at his reflection critically.

"Strike a pose," I snickered as I collapsed on my bed.

He chuckled a little, not paying much attention to me.

I stretched out, put my arm over my eyes. Coach had been on my case all through track practice, and I'd also had to put in a lot of extra work in the library for a paper I was writing, and I wanted nothing more than to sleep straight through until morning after *those* ordeals.

"Uhm, Kyle," Eric began. He was still examining his reflection. "Do you ... do you think I'm handsome?"

"Huh?" I said without looking. "Uh, yeah, I guess--the chicks seem to think so."

"What about my body? Is it big enough?"

"Most guys would kill for a body like yours, Eric."

"What about my proportions?"

"Your body is perfect. You're practically Adonis. Any chick would be lucky to have you."

"Yeah?" He gulped audibly. "You think so?"

"Yeah."

After one last stare at himself in the mirror, Eric turned and sprawled out face-down on his bed.

"That hypnosis stuff is really helping with my studying," he announced.

I said, "Yeah? Cool."

He turned over and sat up against his pillow. "Wanna do it?"

Thinking he meant sex, I was like, *Huh?*

"Want to hypnotize me?" he clarified helpfully, without blushing.

"Transfer your tags, soldier," I commanded, and his gaze started to phase out, and he handed them over.

Eric's eyes were locked onto the swaying pendant, eyelids beginning to droop as I talked him through the

induction.

And I felt ... funny.

Almost as I were being hypnotized too.

I couldn't stop it.

I didn't want to.

I just continued the induction, encouraging Eric to relax and slip deeper, and I felt myself relaxing deeply too. Such a seductive feeling. Familiar. Sweet. Inevitable.

The door opened, and Brian said, "Well, well--look who started without us today."

He and Scott came in, and he closed the door behind them, and they sat on Eric's bed.

"Looks like it's working, huh?" Brian said, as Scott put Eric's little tape recorder on the dresser by Eric's bed. "Do you like it, Kyle? When Eric put you under yesterday, we made some changes. Now when you try to put one of us under, you'll feel it happening to you too. Just relaxing and feeling great, huh? We wanted to share how great it feels with you."

And I turned to them, my head half-asleep, half-hypnotized already, and I knew what I needed to do, and I said, "Transfer your tags, soldiers."

Brian blinked, and his eyes seemed to go a little vacant--Scott's too. Brian handed over his dog tags, and so did Scott, and I began an induction that soon had their eyes closing. I commanded them:

"Watch the silver dog tags sway,

And you will do as I say."

I was running on auto-pilot myself, so relaxed, wanting nothing more than to close my eyes and relax into that deep, familiar sleep, but resisting it, fighting to stay aware enough to continue, fighting it back until one by one each of them closed his eyes and succumbed. Eric first, then Scott, and finally, finally Brian.

Then I let my eyes close too and sank.

After that it was all sporadic snippets. Bits of things that might have been memories, might have been dreams.

The four of us sitting cross-legged in a circle between the beds, Eric to my right, Brian to my left, Scott across from me. Their dog tags tangled in a pile in the center of the circle. My pendant tangled in there too.

All of us listening to the familiar voice coming out of the tape recorder. So familiar--I knew who it was, but it all kept slipping away when I tried to think about it. So hard to think. Easier to just relax and let go.

All of us in just our boxer shorts, all other clothing unnecessary and discarded.

All of us hard, erect, needing release so badly.

Boxers off. Sitting naked. Stroking ourselves. Not caring about anything else. Just stroking slowly, easily,

because the voice on the tape asked us to stroke. Felt so damn good, too--so good that I didn't care about anything else.

So horny. So hard. So relaxed and focused. My hands stroking my cock so sweetly. Curious about their cocks. My hand reaching out and touching Eric's wrist, then sliding around his cock, replacing his hand, caressing his long, long cock with nice, leisurely strokes. Eric's hand moving over to Scott's cock. Scott's hand on Brian's dick. Brian's wrapping tentatively around my shaft, then more surely as he accepted the suggestions.

My body leaning over, to my right. My mouth finding the tip of Eric's cock, kissing it, then welcoming it inside, slowly feeding inch after inch into my lips, my mouth, my throat.

The warm, wet feel of Brian's mouth on my aching rod. The feel of his throat tensing up as he gagged unconsciously, then the feel of his mouth as he tried again, going more slowly this time, getting used to me in the back of his mouth.

Sucking Eric. Being sucked clumsily by Brian. Following the voice's encouragements.

Scott making noise, grunting, moaning around a mouthful of dick--he was cumming.

The taste of Eric's salty load in my mouth.

My body tensing, bliss flowing over me, inevitable as lava. My cum spurting out, when my cock slipped out of Brian's amateur mouth, spurting in rapid bursts across his cheek and chin.

The four of us cuddled there on the floor, everything else pushed aside, just enjoying the relaxed afterglow together, relaxing deeper, listening to the suggestions from the voice on the tape recorder. Relaxing deeper. One by one, falling deeply asleep together.

Part 11

I was naked. That was the only way I knew it had really happened.

In spite of the little voice in the back of my head that kept insisting it was all just a dream, a very pleasant dream.

I was naked and I was in bed, the next morning. Everything else seemed back to normal--except that I was naked, and my pendant was gone.

Eric was already gone, as usual. ROTC had him up and out by the crack of dawn. Nothing strange there.

I climbed out of bed, my morning woody bouncing and needing attention. I got on my knees and looked around on the floor and under the bed. I found my pendant there, on the floor half under Eric's bed. That little voice in the back of my head suggested my pendant must have just fallen off, and I thought, *Yeah--that's probably what happened*. Even though I thought I remembered seeing it on the floor yesterday evening when we ... when we ...

Just a dream, just a dream.

Except I was pretty sure it had really happened.

And there were my discarded boxers, and Eric's boxers and those red track pants he had on.

So it had happened?

Still kneeling, I found my hand around my still-hard cock. I had to jack off.

Just a dream, just a dream.

It felt so damn good, just jacking off, just giving myself some release.

Just a dream, just a dream.

And I cupped a hand in front of my cock and shot my load into it, loving the feel of the orgasm that erupted through my body..

Just a dream, just a dream.

And when I stood up and cleaned up my load with a tissue, I found that the whole issue of whether it really happened or not suddenly seemed a lot less important.

Part 12

That evening when I returned to the dorm room, everything came together.

When I opened the door, there he was, stretched out on his back on the beds--our beds, Eric's and mine both, pushed together to make one big bed. Bare chest. Jeans. Big grin.

I'd been expecting Eric, not him. Eric, completely naked, was curled up beside him on the bed, cuddled up to his arm, head half on his chest.

Eric was completely naked--not even wearing his dog tags. No, the other man wore those, and they rested on his chest a couple of inches from Eric's rapt face.

This new man was my ex-boyfriend, the one with whom I played with hypnosis. And here he was in our dorm room, and I suddenly understood the half-remembered voice from those hang-up calls and the voice from that tape the night before.

"Come in, Kyle," that voice said, my ex-boyfriend's voice, so smooth and low, like honeyed seduction, "and close the door, please."

I did.

He kissed Eric's forehead. "Don't worry," he said, looking up at me again. "Eric here is deeply hypnotized right now, and he won't remember a thing--never does. He's almost as good a subject as you were, don't you think?"

I said, "Whoa, dude, this is freaking me out. What's going on here?"

"Eric and I met a couple of weeks ago at a bar, and we've been dating ever since."

Eric's nights out. His hesitancy to tell me anything about his dates.

"He told me early on that he had this big crush on his roommate, and then when he told me who his roommate was--well, I was pretty surprised to find out my former lover Kyle was my new boyfriend's roommate. So one day when I called to talk to Eric and you answered the phone, I decided to have a little fun and give Eric something he really wanted at the same time."

The phone calls. How easily I'd come to hypnotize Eric. How easily he'd fallen into a trance that first time.

I didn't know what I was feeling. "So all of this has been a huge setup?"

He half-shrugged. "Maybe you could look at it that way. I prefer to look at it as everybody getting what they really wanted. You got Eric. Eric got you. Your friends got off too. And me? I get Eric and you both. I've always missed that beautiful body of yours. We always did have great sex together, didn't we?"

I blushed. That part was true.

"I know you miss me too--that's why you still wear that pendant I gave you. And you know, there's no reason we can't go on having great sex together. Together, maybe we can teach Eric to be as good in bed. Sounds like fun, doesn't it?"

"Now wait--listen--"

"No, Kyle. You listen. Transfer control to me, Kyle."

And it was like this big, dark vortex opened up under my head and started sucking my thoughts down in it. As if from a distance, I saw my hands move. They came up and unfastened the clasp on my pendant, and they lifted it out from under my shirt, and they passed it over, dropping it into his outstretched hand. He lifted it, and it swam back and forth in the air between us as he kept telling me to relax, let go, slide back down, and I felt my thoughts spiral down into the dark as my eyes closed.

More sporadic bits of memory, random memories.

Eric tugging my shirt off, and me letting him.

Me, naked, hard, hornier than I'd ever felt, climbing onto the bed where they waited.

My ex-boyfriend's cock rising like a tower from the peeled-open crotch of his jeans. Eric and me licking up and down each side of it.

Me going down on Eric while he went down on my ex-boyfriend, my ex grinning at us, encouraging Eric to do those things on his cock exactly the way I was sucking Eric's.

Eric on his hands and knees, jacking his rod to distract himself while my cock slid slowly, slowly up his virgin ass. Me sandwiched in the middle with my ex-boyfriend's cock up mine, fucking me as I fucked Eric. The dog tags that my ex wore, Eric's, scraped between my ex's chest and the sensitive skin of my back, spreading little waves of sensation there with each thrust of his body into mine.

Me on my back, legs in the air, with Eric fucking me while my ex fucked him.

Eric on his back, jacking off, while my ex knelt over him, letting Eric lap at his scrotum while my ex-boyfriend whacked off. Me kneeling close beside them, with my rod aimed out over Eric's chest, his hand wound up between my legs and a finger in my ass. And when my ex said it was okay, I felt the sensation kick

up even higher, and I couldn't last, and suddenly the cum was boiling in my balls and gushing out over Eric's beautiful chest and sleek abs, seconds before Eric started shooting his load into the air, covering his fingers as he jacked himself, and that was when my ex boyfriend started cumming too, all over Eric's chest, his semen mingling with mine across Eric's pecs.

Kissing, kissing, all of us kissing--me Eric, Eric me, me watching them kiss, my ex kissing me, him kissing Eric again, and again, and again, as we settled down together, cuddling up like puppies.

"Yeah," my ex boyfriend sighed contentedly, "I think this is going to work out nicely."
