

# Subject to Change, Part 1

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: After attending a stage hypnosis show, things change for a college student.]

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."

Copyright - 2003 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to [wrestlr@iname.com](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- [http://members.tripod.com/~Brock\\_J](http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J) (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

---

# Subject to Change, Part 1

By Wrestlr

For Jared V.

## 1.

You've done this, been here, before. Standing in the back of the mall bookstore, back by the magazines. Took you half an hour by bicycle to get here--it's far enough from the college you attend that you won't see anyone you know. Near closing time, too, late enough nearly everyone has gone home already; you're already going to get back to the dorm after lights-out and you'll catch hell if you're caught sneaking in late again.

But there they are on the back row of the magazine racks. Behind the music mags and the teen rags on the bottom. Behind the lifestyle publications directly in front of you. Behind the muscle magazines just over your head and even behind the straight porn. On the back row: cellophane-wrapped gay porno mags. At nineteen

and a half, you're old enough to buy; at this mall, you're far away from campus to buy in privacy.

You've already chosen the one you want, based on the visible parts of the smiling guy on the cover. You know the plan: as soon as that kid by the comics and that guy down by the hot-rod magazines go away, you'll reach up and grab it, maybe a skateboarding mag to put over it on the counter too, and head to the register. You'll stash it in your backpack the minute you're out of the store, pedal back to your dorm room like mad. Wait until after your roommate has gone the next morning to take it out and jerk off, and then hide it up in the ceiling tiles where he won't find it.

In the meantime, waiting until no one will see, you pretend interest in the headlines about new rock groups and new ways to work your upper deltoids, whatever those are.

The kid by the comics makes a selection and disappears. Two yards to your right, hot-rod boy is taking his time, thumbing through the pages like it's the most important decision he'll ever make. Getting impatient, you run a fingernail against your tooth in distraction. You're so excited; nervous fidgets are the least of your problems--any second now you're going to spring a boner.

Your peripheral vision picks up the new guy as he walks up to the magazine rack to your left, five feet away. He looks at you like he recognizes you. You feign disinterest and don't look his way. He's looking at you, though; you can feel his eyes on you. Would he turn and run if you turned to him and yelled, "Get lost, faggot"?

Keep staring at the magazines. He says something to you--he says hello. Ignore him. His voice sounds familiar. You recognize it: that guy you, Steve, Gino, and Grant saw at a fraternity keg party you went to the other day, the hypnotist they brought in for entertainment. Maybe it's him. He got the four of you to come up on stage. You don't exactly remember what happened after you went onstage, but all four of you agree it was pretty cool. Now, though, he's delaying your agenda, so you try to ignore him.

He says hello again. Glance up. Yeah, it's the same guy--the Amazing Whatever-His-Name-Was. He seems to recognize you too. Say hey back, noncommittally. Go back to staring at the magazines. Ignore him. Maybe he'll go away.

He's looking over the magazines too. And talking to himself. He keeps saying the same things over and over. Focus. Relax. Stuff like that. You pretend intense interest on the magazines laid out before you. You've felt this way sometimes when you look at something a long time and get kinda mesmerized by it, the way you're not fully alert and can't look away. You're feeling calmer; you feel it slowly and it spreads through your shoulders and down through your spine and legs. Nothing matters as much as it did a minute ago--you've got time and you can out-wait these guys.

You're awfully tired. The bike ride over must have taken more out of you than you realized. You can't break the spell of what's come over you. You can't lift your head. You're feeling very sleepy and you can barely keep your eyes open. The man to your left slides up alongside you and drapes his arm around your shoulders. You don't fight it--the thought never even occurs to you. He leads you and you let him, down the aisle, out of the bookstore, out to the parking lot, past where your bike stands chained to the stands. You can't raise your drooping head, can't look at him, and things pass as shapes and colors before your semi-focused gaze. If the hard-on shows through the thin fabric of your jams, you don't care. Your world has reduced to the tired sensation that tingles through your limbs, and the blurs before your eyes, and the pressure of this man's arm against the back of your shirt.

He leads you to a car; later, when you wake up, you won't be able to remember the color or make. He opens the passenger door. The little light makes the interior seem inviting, and all you want is to climb in, stretch out, take a nap. But the man holds you back. He takes the backpack you've got slung over your right shoulder. Never occurs to you to mind or say no. He lifts your arms like sapling limbs, tugs your flimsy tee-shirt tail up and lifts it, pulls it off over your head and hands. Kneeling almost in your line of paralyzed sight, he unties your shoes. He deftly unties your drawstring and the material of your shorts caresses your thighs and calves as he guides them down. Feel your worries slipping away, so far away. No embarrassment--only arousal. He's right--this is such a turn-on. Your briefs glide down too at his touch, and your erection bobs free; it's so hard it hurts, and you ache for its release. Pressure on your bare shoulder: his hand guiding you into the open mouth of his car door. You sit on the seat, legs still dangling outside; he pulls off your shoes, draws your shorts and briefs over your bared feet, tucks your legs into the car and closes the door.

You're naked in a stranger's car. No, not really a stranger. You remember him from the kegger--remember him and trust him. He's getting in the driver's seat. You don't do this with strangers but he's not really a stranger, and you won't stop him. You're too sleepy. The seat jolts a little as he reaches over you and releases the catch, lowers the seat back until you're prone. He's kissing your neck. Feel yourself sink into the plush seat, sink into sleep, as if his soothing voice is coaxing the consciousness right out of you. His fingers close around your cock and jack it slowly, an added bonus. This delicious drowsiness is claiming you. Can't stay awake. Can't fight the feeling. Close your eyes and cum, an easy, effortless ejaculation that submerges you into the blankness of sleep.

## 2.

You're flat on your back and there's light everywhere. Ignore it--it's so peaceful to remain asleep a little longer and then a little longer. But finally your eyes have to open. Must be mid-morning, the way the sun stampedes through your dorm room window. You squint in its fury. Sit up. Your roommate Steve's gone; you're alone.

You don't remember anything else about the night before. Even what you do remember seems too dreamlike to be real. There's that pleasant heaviness in your limbs, though, and that tingling fucked-out limpness in your cock. Push the covers back and swing your legs over the edge. You're naked--you always sleep in your briefs but this time you're naked. There are your clothes from last night and your backpack on the floor by your desk. Rub your hands across your eyes. It must have really happened. Must have been real.

The sunlight clears your head, makes you wake up. You stand up and go to your closet. There are these flecks on your stomach that could be dried cum. Check the sheets--no cum stains there. Was it real? Did you let a complete stranger strip you in a parking lot, put you in his car, and jack you off? Too many questions; no answers. You pull on a pair of briefs and shorts and a tee-shirt, and get your towel. Time to hit the showers.

Under the spray, alone in the showers: your time to think. From the kegger show last week, you remember the hypnotist. It's vague. Some kind of relaxing test exercise. Going up onstage with your friends. Then ... nothing until he was waking you up, later, backstage, after the end of show and sending you back into your lives. Nothing except how much you enjoyed the feeling, being hypnotized, being part of the show.

From last night, you remember his voice, the relaxed feeling again, so cooperative again, how good it felt. Then ... nothing.

Your dick hardens. It sidetracks you, makes you forget everything else. Your hand slides around it

automatically. No one around. Touching yourself feels good. No distractions. No one around. Not much time. Pump your fist along your cock--the familiar rhythm. You think: *Being hypnotized felt so great*. Breathe in ragged bursts. Your legs almost buckle as the familiar feeling burns through your balls, then your body. And cum. Cum hard. Cum and cum and cum! Shoot your load hard, like bullets. Spent, you collapse into the afterglow against the shower wall, under the spray. The shower spray rinses it all away. A great way to start your day.

That night, your roommie Steve is there when you get back from the library, ten minutes before lights-out. He's sprawled out on his bed with his shirt and shoes off, reading a textbook. At not quite twenty yet, you're a trim, kind-of-muscular sophomore; two years older, he's a senior, a star on the tennis team. Your body is still a teenager's turning into a man's; his already is a man's. He looks up and says hello when you come in. He's got the casual manners and easy assurance of his nouveau riche family. Everything about him oozes new money, from his obviously expensive haircut, to his pristine white shorts, to his expensive taste in jewelry--tonight a gold-and-garnet ring on one finger, a little gold dragon dangling from a slim gold chain around his neck, and the thick, expensive gold watch on his wrist.

Steve puts the book aside, turns his attention to you: he wants to know what you were doing the night before, who you were with, what time you got in (after he went to sleep, apparently), and how much you had to drink--a lot obviously, since you were still sacked out and he couldn't wake you when he left for class that morning. You tell him you were out with a couple of friends and got drunk on tequila--he'll believe that even though you seldom drink. To celebrate one of the guys getting laid for the first time; that'll hook him into believing it. To the rest of his questions, plead that you don't remember. Let him think the tequila is to blame. He doesn't press.

Propped on one elbow, opposite knee cocked up to give you a good view of his body and the mound in his shorts, he's clueless about you: doesn't know you're gay, doesn't realize you've had a crush on him since you got assigned as roommates. He has caught you staring a few times at his body, and he probably thinks it's because he's got a damn good build while you're still kind of skinny from late adolescence, still filling out. He knows the effect he has on the chicks; he just hasn't connected it to the effect he has on you. He's beautiful. Dark blond hair and light brown eyes. Thick jaw line with a little cleft in his chin. Wide chest with a little hair smeared across it. Great build from all the sports he plays. Nice ass, and what you've seen of the up-front equipment looks good too. He swaggers about the dorm room naked--more than he needs to just be going to or from the showers or changing clothes--with an athlete's casualness, and you've seen his cock a lot: almost always soft but sometimes part-hard in the morning when he walks past your bed en route to the bathroom down the hall to pee. You've never seen him fully hard, but he obviously packs more dick than you do.

Sit on your bed, facing him. He steers the talk to this girl he's asked out, where he's going to take her, how he plans to get laid. You have no doubt she'll put out for him; his instincts are good that way, and you've seen the women melt for him. You would too, you think, suddenly realizing you haven't been paying attention to his soliloquy. Not that he needs your input to keep his little speech rolling.

Lights-out passes while he's talking. You both know you'll get in trouble if you wait much longer. He shucks his shorts and slides his legs into his unmade bed. You start peeling clothing, down to just your briefs. Pull back the covers. The rule is: whoever is the last one in has to turn the overhead light out. Tonight, that's you.

As you stand up for the walk past the foot of Steve's bed to the switch by the door, your phone rings, the sudden sound jarring in the quiet night. Pick it up quickly, before the Resident Advisor hears it, and you say hello. Someone--a familiar man's voice--says your name and something else, a phrase that you recognize as special, and this pleasant lethargy steals over you. Suddenly. You must be more tired than you thought.

Moving takes conscious effort. Sleepiness sneaks over you, overwhelms you, overcomes you. The few steps to the door become an eternity, and only your cock is rousing. You planned for your hand to reach for the light switch, but it closes on the door knob instead. You open the door and step into the darkened hallway beyond.

Part of you realizes this is like what you felt the night before. Part of you realizes the man is waiting for you. Your hard dick is tenting up the front of your briefs. The friction of fabric against flesh as you walk makes it throb for release.

Walk down the stairs, like sleepwalking, to the front entrance of the dorm. A shadow before one of the sets of glass double-doors. The doors lock automatically when shut, openable from the outside only by running a student ID through the reader. He cannot enter unless the door is opened for him. Your gaze focuses on the metal bar handle running across the glass door. Everything is lit by street lights from outside, the security light in the stairwell you just exited. The world appears underwater, and the sluggishness of your body confirms it. Push open the door. He enters in an eddy, a zephyr that swirls the currents around your tingling skin.

He's taller than you, but you cannot see his face clearly: too much effort, and it's too dark in here anyway. You'd rather look at the pocket watch he holds up into your face. You have the impression of dark clothes that feel expensive when his other arm slides around your shoulders. Let him use that arm to guide you back to your room.

He pushes open your door, ushers you through. Your relaxed desire is invitation enough, and he follows, closes the door behind him. You can't look away from him. It's like he's enthralled you just by being there or something.

He has this silver pocket watch. Looks expensive, in the low room light, ornately engraved. It dangles from a chain in his hand. He holds it up into the light. You remember it.

"Don't worry about Steve," the man says. "I came by earlier when you were gone. Steve and I had ourselves a nice, long conversation. Didn't we, Steve? Yes. A nice, relaxing conversation. Steve is an excellent subject. Aren't you, Steve? Yes, indeed."

He goes to Steve's bed. Tracking the man, your eyes take in Steve's face as the man stands beside his bed. Steve is awake, sort of. On his back, he's looking up at the man, at the man's swaying pocket watch, rapt as if seeing God. Steve's eyes are spellbound, heavy-lidded, and his expression is thick. His body relaxes, as the man talks to him, slowly sprawling out as the tension drains from his limbs. He's feeling what you're feeling. The man pulls back the sheets all the way to the foot of the bed, a progressive revelation of Steve's body. Steve is erect; you can see it straining at his white briefs. The man sits on the edge of Steve's bed, beside his thigh, and pulls the pouch of Steve's briefs aside to unveil a seven-inch-plus cock that hooks a little toward the left and down, then turns back up nearer the end. Uncut.

The man leans forward, his face hidden from you, to lick at Steve's nipple between suggestions. Steve's having trouble keeping his eyes open. Like the man's voice is narcotic or something. Steve is letting the man into his head. The man's mouth is at Steve's neck, kissing, nudging Steve's face to roll toward you. The man whispers gently into Steve's ear. His body hovers over Steve's, hand working Steve's cock between them. Steve's eyes glaze over, then close. His expression is blissful, quiet. He shudders when he cums.

The man stands, wipes off Steve's sperm on the sheets. He turns to you. One finger, still a little wet with

Steve's semen, pokes into the waistband of your briefs and deftly slides the cloth down to free your erection. He is talking to you now. Telling you to relax, surrender, sleep. Your eyelids are slipping shut. That finger and its companions wrap around your dick and start stroking it. His other hand draws your body in, holds you close, and his head bends to kiss you. You open your jaw to let his tongue inside, but you're too far gone to respond with your own. This passivity pleases you as much as what you're feeling throughout your body and on your cock. He's laying you back on your bed, stretching himself out on top of you. Whispering, always whispering suggestions to you. His fingers are coaxing your cock. You give in willingly. Your cock feels like it shatters as the force of your orgasm quietly splinters through every part of you.

### 3.

You linger in that heavy slumber as long as you can, unwilling to part with the lingering limpness. The covers coat you like a lover's saliva, and the dark peace of sleep protects you from everything.

But then as before, sunlight in your face gradually carries you to waking. You hear Steve stir, and you force your eyes open against the wall of sleep and the glare that challenges it from outside to see him climb from his bed and, yawning, sleepy-stumble to the closet for his towel and shaving kit before practically sleepwalking to the showers.

You feel even more zoned out than yesterday. Reach for the clock with sluggish fingers. Peer at it. Nearly drop it onto your head accidentally: fingers so slumber-clumsy. It's nearly noon.

Steve's a while at the showers, and it's nearly half an hour before you can gather the strength to sit up. How did the man zonk you out like this? Will it happen again tonight? Part of you thrills at this thought.

You're sitting with your legs over the side of the bed--covers bunched in your lap, your eyes barely open--when Steve comes back. He's whistling, feeling chipper now, post-shower. "Get up, sleepy-head," he teases as he spreads his towel over the back of his desk chair to dry. "Time to get moving," he says and grabs your covers and jerks them away. He nods, eyebrow cocked as he surveys your lap: "Nice equipment."

Look down. You've got a boner and, still freed from the pouch of your briefs by the man's dalliances, it curves up into the sunlit air. Grab the covers and slam them into your crotch to hide yourself. Feel the blood flare into your cheeks.

But Steve's already going his own way, to the closet for a fresh pair of briefs. Says, over his shoulder, "Don't worry about it, man; happens to everybody." A tee-shirt and shorts. Socks and athletic shoes. "I'm going running. Catch you later." Then he's gone.

Once the sound of Steve's voice and the closing door have cleared out of your head, you push the covers aside. Your cock is still hard. It has that "recently cum" feeling, but you're horny again. Stroke it. The skin sings to your touch. Retrieve Steve's undershorts where he discarded them. Press them to your nose. Inhale the smell of him. Press them to the tip of your cock as your world narrows to that shaft of flesh and you spurt your white jizm into the white fabric.

That horny feeling doesn't go away--it makes you want to do things all day. So you're open to it when a friend you tricked with once calls and says he and a couple of other guys you know are going dancing at this gay club across town and do you want to come along.

It's far enough away that your friends are the only people there who will know you. You're not old enough to

get in--at nineteen and twenty, none of you are--but you have the cover charge and the fake IDs and the jaded looks that get you past the tired-looking bouncer. It's a weeknight, so nothing much is happening cruise-wise, but you're here to dance and drink and have a good time, and you do all three. You and your friends are there until the last possible moment, even though the joint is picking up toward the end and you're tempted to stay and risk trouble for getting back to the dorm after lights-out.

The high of beer and dancing and loud music and second-hand smoke--not all of it tobacco--still chimes through your head when you make it up the stairs to your dorm floor with two minutes to spare. Steve's already in your room, and he's in a slow seethe: the girl he took out tonight wouldn't put out--and got pretty insulting about it, to hear his side of it. You reek of beer and sweat and the smoky bar. You grab your towel and excuse yourself for a quick shower to blast the cigarette smoke and smell of stale booze off your body.

The overhead lights go out while you're under the warm water, all except the safety lights, enough to see by. You stand around a while under the spray, enjoying the caress of it. The beer buzz is fading faster than you'd have liked.

Back in your dorm room, sitting spread-kneed on the edge of your bed in your briefs as you rub the towel through your damp hair, you have to listen to Steve's rantings. The gist: this chick was an easy mark and laid this friend of his last week, and she was obviously into Steve and was really leading him on, so she had no fucking reason to say no like that when they both knew she wanted it.

Steve's in his underwear, staring at his body in the full-length mirror on the closet door by the light from his desk reading lamp. "She said I didn't have 'husband potential.' Can you believe that? That slut! No 'husband potential.' What the fuck did she mean by that? Look at this body--any guy would be proud to have a body like this!" That part at least is true, you think, trying not to look. "Is it my pecs? My arms? Do I need to do extra reps on the bench press?" He laughs, an angry sound that catches your attention. "Certainly don't need any improvement down below"--he squeezes his crotch forward into an obscene lump and shakes it at his reflection. Tongue stuck out. Grinning. "There's enough here to keep a bitch like her on her knees all night and still have her begging for more in the morning." He laughs again. Looks like he's semi-hard. Sure enough, he complains, "Damn! That bitch got me so worked up! What the fuck made her think she could she tease me like that and leave me dry? I'm so fucking *horny*. There ought to be a fucking law against screwing with a guy like that, y'know? A fucking law against it! *Shit!* What the fuck am I going to do now?"

His eyes are in shadow, but you feel them deflect off the mirror and onto you. You blush in spite of yourself and look away. "Hey ..."--his voice is quieter, mindful of the neighbors and thin walls, but there's a hard edge to it that pricks your hackles. "Is it true, what I hear about you on campus?"

Half of you wants to run, the other half to just die. You're fixed to the spot. Swallow hard. Uncertainty: "What did you hear?" Great!--Might as well hand him a full confession.

"I think you know what I hear. I think you can help me out here." He's turned to you, openly groping his definite hard-on through the flimsy underwear material.

"No way, man. I don't--"

Steve interrupts. "Shhh. I've known about you since you moved in. I know you've been wanting it." He pulls the elastic waistband down with a hooked thumb, strokes his exposed member with his other hand as he saunters toward you. Like a bird before a snake, you sit. You've wanted this so long you can't run, but you're so afraid you can't reach for it. He stands between your knees, with the tip of what you've dreamed about less

than three inches from your lips. He takes the towel from your hands and discards it on your bed. He whispers, "Just a little? Just help me out a little. C'mon, I won't tell anyone. I swear. Help me out, just a little. Please?"

Lick your lips nervously. He takes it as an invitation and his rod begins its slow advance. Part your lips and meet it halfway. "That's it," he sighs. "You're good at this. I knew I was right about you."

His body sways above you, in rhythm with your bobbing head. He's being unusually quiet. Look up at him. Above the tight grid of his abs, above the expanse of Steve's solid pec muscles is a man's hand. It holds a silver pocket watch on a chain, dangling it a few inches in front of Steve's eyes. The man from before, embraces Steve from behind with an arm around Steve's chest. He whispers in Steve's ear. For a second, you wonder how he got in here, before the glittering silver pocket watch catches your eyes too, fills them, and you find you don't care. The thought slips away. The man provides support for Steve; Steve's head reclines back onto the man's shoulder. The man kisses the side of Steve's neck. The sight of the swaying pocket watch fascinates you too, and you almost stop sucking to get a look at it. But the man tells you to keep going, and you do.

The man eases Steve's unresisting body backward. Steve's cock pulls out of your mouth. The man says a final word into Steve's ear: "Cum." Steve's cock throbs and jerks and shoots onto your chin and neck and chest. With the warm wetness, you feel that pleasant weariness slouch through your whole body. The man hoists Steve easily, carries him to his bed, lays him out like a slumbering child. Then the man turns to you with the pocket watch extended. You're too gone already to avoid looking at it, even in this half-light. He tells you to relax, focus. Then he turns out the desk lamp.

The man comes to you. His hands behind your calves lift your legs up and cantilever your body onto the bed. His fingers on your chest--pressuring you back. His hand slides into your briefs. His body settles on yours like a cape of sleep. You settle in and enjoy the sensation. He's telling you to let go of something: consciousness, wakefulness, awareness, inhibition, care--you aren't sure what exactly, and you're sure you won't miss it anyway. He's giving you this feeling in return, this orgasm that ripples silvery through your body, this deep sleep that claims you.

## 4.

It's after ten o'clock the next morning before you manage to rouse yourself. You can't face Steve after last night. Fortunately, he is still out cold, breathing deeply, snoring softly. The bright sun burns your eyes and seems to help wake you a little. You climb from the beckoning mattress, get dressed, grab your backpack, leave.

After a quick meal in the cafeteria, you hole up in the library, up in the top floors, back in the stacks where you know from experience few people go. The fifth floor, to the left and back to the next-to-last study carrel. That's your favorite; that's where you think the best.

What Steve did both excites you and terrifies you. But the ice has been broken. Maybe it'll happen again. Maybe next time he'll reciprocate. Maybe he'll fall in love with you instead of those "bitches" he screws. Does he remember what has happened twice now with the man? You don't think so; you pray he doesn't. You're not so sure yourself what happened after your eyes closed.

And what about the man: where does he fit into all of this? Was he the reason Steve came on to you last



night? What does he want, and why you? And your darkest thought: will he come again?

Leave the library only for dinner, then hole up again. In the dim corridors and quiet of the stacks, your mind runs quicksilver through the possibilities, not paying any attention to the open textbooks in front of you. Search the catalog for reference books on hypnotism. The books are full of techno-babble. No answers in any of them and none come in response to your spiraling thoughts, only more questions. You're sure the man will be back. You can almost feel some kind of connection between him and yourself. He's always shown up around lights-out time; he'll be back tonight. Maybe that's an answer of sorts.

Awake with a start when the open book slides out of your lap and hits the floor. You'd drifted into sleep without realizing it. The groggy feeling fades a little, but you can't entirely shake it. You've stayed out as long as you can. Half an hour before lights-out. The library is closing. Someone will come around soon and evict you. Time to head back to the dorm.

Your dorm room door is propped open by the body of a man sitting on your floor, his back against the door. You recognize the torso, the shape of the head: Grant, who lives across the hall. Grant has blond hair and two earrings in his left lobe, and you've always found him attractive; you've always thought he could be had if you were careless enough to make a pass at him. But there has always been too much chance of someone else in the dorm finding out, though; and when you're not fully out, you never shit where you live.

You have to step around him to get through your door. He's surprised, grins, says hello, moves out of your way. Jeans and bare feet. A face that's beautiful and destined for fashion-model handsomeness when the boyish edge fades. Age twenty-one. Sandy-blond hair cut short and so wavy it's almost curly. Blue eyes. About five-foot-eleven and one-seventy pounds. Shirttail out and front unbuttoned, his shirt flaps flutter open around his gym-toned muscles as he rolls aside. A glimpse of his well-defined, hairless chest and one pinkish nipple. He keeps grinning. You purposely let him catch you looking quickly as you say hi back.

His roommate, Gino, is standing by Steve's bed, showing Steve a straight skin magazine. He's trying to convince Steve, who's sprawled on his bed in his underwear, that the naked girl listed as being from your university in the magazine's annual "Sexy Girls of College" nude layout is in his biology class. Gino is Italian and his accent always strikes you as sexy as hell. The fact that--aside from a tiny quartz crystal on a gold chain around his neck--he's wearing nothing but a pair of tattered old denim cut-offs doesn't hurt either. Straight brown hair and eyes. Hairy legs--and as you know from the showers, a hairy ass--and a light peppering of hair across his chest and belly. An inch shorter than Grant and not as gym-developed, but about the same weight and age.

Steve is skeptical, and the argument doesn't seem to be advancing beyond the "is"/"isn't" line. You park your butt on your bed and unsling your backpack and pull off your shoes and socks. Enjoy the scenery for a moment--real fantasy fodder--but you're kind of hoping Gino and Grant will go away so you can see if Steve will try for another blow-job. Or maybe you should make a move now for a fantasy four-way. Yeah, right. As if you've got the guts to try that.

What really concerns you is that it's almost lights-out. Will the man come while they're here? Will they remember each other?

Glance at the door. Gino and Steve haven't noticed yet. Grant's still standing there, but he has turned around, looking at something outside, in the hallway now. His arms are crossed over his chest, but his expression is stunned, as if stoned. You're not hearing the man's voice yet, but Grant is. Past the edge of the door frame, you can see an occasional arc of the pocket watch as the man swings it in the hallway. As you watch, Grant's

arms uncross and slowly sag, until they hang limp at his sides. That gray paisley shirt is drawn back off his shoulders--a single quiet, smooth motion that carries it down his arms and over his hands. You see it flutter past the doorway as the man discards it onto the hallway floor.

The man impels Grant into your room with a word and a gentle nudge; then he enters too, closes the door. Gino and Steve look up from the magazine. The man holds out the pocket watch. He talks about how intricate the engraving is, how it draws their eyes in, how there's a secret design deep inside that they can almost see if they concentrate hard enough, how surely they must remember how to concentrate and look for the secret design. Their expressions slowly start to go slack as he keeps talking, telling them to relax, focus, concentrate, relax, sleep. There's a practiced efficiency about him. His voice washes over you too, but it's directed at and stronger on them. The magazine tumbles from Gino's relaxed fingers and is ignored.

The man is standing behind Grant. He is looking at, smiling at, Steve and Gino. His voice tells the three of them what he's going to do, tells them it will be okay, to just relax and let it happen. His hands reach around to open Grant's button fly jeans. The jeans and briefs beneath decline Grant's legs. The man murmurs suggestions, instructions. Grant steps free of them, slowly, not exactly gracefully but not stumbling. Boxer tan line. He stands there, expectantly. His cock sticks straight out, a perfect ninety-degree jut with a slight lift at the head. He's cut and packing six inches; not ultra-thick but better than most you've seen. The man wraps his arms around Grant from behind, wraps one hand around Grant's cock. His lips whisper into Grant's ear. Grant gives in, gives it up, eyes closing, head dipping back onto the man's shoulder. His lips part in bliss, a private paradise. He cums.

You expect him to fall over when the man releases him, but he stands there, swaying but not falling. Like a sleepwalker under the man's control.

Gino is receptive to the man's suggestions. The man opens and unzips Gino's shorts. They drop to his ankles--no underwear--and Gino steps free of them in all his naked glory when the man asks him to. A bikini tan line. His cock tapers to its uncut tip. Average size and thickness. He's grinning a little, sleepily, anticipating. The man stands in front of him, one hand on Gino's shoulder and the other jerking his erection, leaning forward to speak close in Gino's ear as Gino's head sags forward. Somehow, Gino is letting him do what he wants, following the man's suggestions. Gino cums in hard-driven spurts, like rifle fire.

Steve smiles half-blankly and does not look away. He runs his briefs down when the man turns to him and asks him to, and Steve drops them off the side of the bed. His cock runs up along his belly, aimed at his navel. He waits as the man settles onto the bed, settles onto him, compels him down onto the sheets. Steve's face, turned toward you, is rapt, the expression religions always burden with similar labels. The man murmurs suggestions into Steve's ear. You only hear the last one, as the man tells him to, and he cums.

Your turn. The man approaches. Stand up obediently when he says. Lift your arms at his suggestion. He takes the hem of your tee-shirt and wrests it over your head. He pulls down your elastic-waist gym shorts and briefs. He maneuvers you down onto the bed. You're giving in, letting him take control. It's for the best, just like he says. In return, he gives you this intense feeling and the orgasm that permeates your senses, as his voice lulls you into slumber--deep, black blankness.

---

[Continue to the next section](#)

# Subject to Change, Part 2

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: After attending a stage hypnosis show, things change for a college student.]

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."

Copyright - 2003 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to [wrestlr@iname.com](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- [http://members.tripod.com/~Brock\\_J](http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J) (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

---

# Subject to Change, Part 2

By Wrestlr

5.

You sleep through the night and most of the morning. It's nearly noon when you manage to pull yourself free of slumber and rouse up. Steve is still zonked out. Gino and Grant, and their clothes, are gone--the man must have returned them to their room after you went under.

Get dressed. Not too much time before the cafeteria gets crowded for lunch and you're starved.

You eat. Walk around the campus. Pass the dorms and frat houses, checking in vain for undressed bodies in the sun-washed windows. Toward the far side of the campus, the less developed part, there are roads that wind and trees and dense undergrowth lining both sides. Saunter down them: no destination for body or mind, just a way to walk and let your thoughts talk to one another.

End up returning to campus, across campus from your dorm. Take the sidewalk home. In the door and upstairs. Onto your hall.

It settles over you almost the moment you step from the stairwell. The man is here. You hear his voice filtering through a door or a thin wall. Your body wants to stop and wait for him to speak to you with that relaxing voice of his, to claim you. Your mind cannot make it move, but you continue on as if from inertia or some call. Suspended between your door and Gino and Grant's, you can hear him. Not in your room--in theirs. You hand finds their knob somehow and turns it and it opens to you. Step through and the door quietly sways shut on its own.

The man is there and his presence, his voice, fills the room in spite of the fact that he's talking softly and low. Grant and Gino are thoroughly under his control. They are between you and the man. Grant stands in profile to you; beyond him stands the man, facing you. The man is holding his pocket watch up in the air, as if holding it out to you, though he only suspends it before Grant's half-closed eyes. Grant's chest is bare, his shirt crumpled on the floor beside him, shorts clumped around his bare feet. Gino, also in profile, nude except for the briefs bunched around one ankle, kneels before Grant, holding Grant's thighs, head moving slowly at Grant's crotch. After a second you realize: Gino is worshipping Grant's cock with his mouth. The man is talking to Grant, giving him suggestions, slowly, so agonizingly and sweetly slowly, easing him toward ecstasy.

The man's voice calms the back of your mind. Your eyes fasten onto the familiar pocket watch. You remember it from the show where you went up on stage. You know what looking at it, the intricate design means--it means you're deeply hypnotized already. He says something to you. Your hands move, almost of their own volition instead of his suggestion, and soon you're naked. And just as hard as they are. You stand there, watching.

The man eases Grant's body back, and Grant's hard-on slips from Gino's mouth with a pop. The man tells him to cum, cum now. Tremors in Grant's legs and abs mark his orgasm.

The man steps around Grant, who stands there, head bowed, eyes closed, sinking deeply into motionless sleep, and the man closes in on to Gino. His finger applies gentle pressure to the center of Gino's forehead. Gino sits back on his ass, then lies back on the floor. The man settles beside him. The man's suggestions guide you too now. Crouch beside Gino and work your head into his crotch, suck his cock. You work on Gino's rod with the dedication you feel for the man and his suggestions. Gino cums.

Stand when the man stands. As he turns toward the door, his finger traces your jaw line, ear to chin, and the touch makes your skin tingle, pleasant anticipation. He says you should follow him.

Follow him. He walks across the hall to your room. Follow him, naked, without fear of your dorm mates seeing. No one will see, no one will notice--it doesn't matter--and somehow you understand this.

Your dorm room doorway opens at his touch. Follow him inside. Steve sits on his bed, back to the headboard. Eyes closed. Already deeply asleep; deeply entranced. He wears only a pair of boxer shorts, obvious erection inside. A magazine abandoned on the bed beside him.

Steve slides down on his mattress when the man tells him to, lying down, sprawling out. Waiting. His hips rise up. His hands ease his boxers to his knees, at the man's suggestion, before his body sinks back to the surface of the bed, limp now. His hard cock lolls across his hip. The only motion is the nudge of his pulse beating in his cock, the slow rise and fall of his breathing.

The man goes to him, sits on the bed beside him, bending to speak quietly into Steve's ear. Steve's crotch is exposed--that's an opening for you. The man says something to you too, and you understand. Go to them. Kneel beside the bed. Take Steve's ready shaft in your hand and guide it into your mouth. Nurse it, slowly, gently. Coax it with your tongue. He groans. He cums.

The man sits up. His hands pull you toward him, and you kiss. His mouth--you love the feel of it, his narcotic kisses.

You sit on the bed, beside Steve's limp body. Still kissing. The man's hand on your shoulder, rolling you so his other hand, on your penis now, can pleasure you. You welcome the orgasm that he offers when he breaks the kiss and tells you to cum, cum hard now.

## 6.

You awake early. Just past dawn. You're jolted from sleep so suddenly you panic for a second. Your body still feels that torpidity; your dick still feels that fucked-out feeling. It happened again last night, but somehow you're awake and aware this morning. Steve is dead to the world still, sprawled atop his sheets.

Get some clothes. Get a shower. This early, you're alone in the showers. You're thinking about what has been happening lately, how good it feels, how relaxed and peaceful and sexy Steve and Gino and Grant look under the man's influence. Suddenly, under the spray, your morning-hard dick is the center of your attention and you can think of nothing else. Lean with one hand against the shower wall. Grasp your erection with the other. Feels so damn good. Jack it gently and feel it revel and send vibrations throughout your body. Speed up your strokes and it reveals something more intense, more imperative. You think: *Being hypnotized felt so fucking great, better than sex.* Your legs and balls are tightening. Your torso is bucking. You think: *Wanna try hypnosis again.* Cry out--that primal roar that could be pleasure or rage. Your cock strains and your body turns inside-out and goes red-hot and the scalding semen arcs into the air and smacks against the tile shower floor.

Slow your hand down; feel your breathing and heart slowly slow down to normal too. Fall back against the wall. This has been one of the most intense orgasms of your life, has left you deeply relaxed. Let all the worries go. Let go and pant quietly for a moment. Your cock, spent, softens and your awareness is broadening back out again.

Get shaved, get dressed. Your stomach rumbles hungrily, and you think about breakfast from the cafeteria. The sun is going to blaze today.

Steve is still asleep when you come back to the dorm room. Survey your near-naked body in the mirror. At nineteen and a half, you're a skinny Florida boy. Muscular enough for your age, but still waiting to fill out into full manhood and still intimidated by the bodies of the better developed guys around you in the dorm and the gym. Your hair is dark brown, like your eyes, and worn in one of the longish casual styles of the moment. Your chest is hairless. Your tan is enhanced by a naturally medium-dark complexion--which, with your bone structure, suggests Native American blood in your background. Your face is cute but not the godlike beauty you'd like to see reflected in the mirror. Your best features are your tan and the potential your body shows. Your cock, uncut, is a nice length and curves upward a little when its hard. Your balls are perfectly average in size.

You've had sex with a handful of guys, but you've never been in love beyond a couple of crushes, like the one

you've had on Steve since you met him. Certainly, physically, you're better than average, but nothing men would fall all over themselves to seduce.

All of this is getting you depressed. Get dressed. You're reaching for your keys on the dresser when you see it. The man's pocket watch and chain. Just sitting there next to your keys. Like a gift or something. You pick it up, toss it lightly in the air once and catch it. The pattern on the casing catches your eye but not quite in the same way. Maybe he forgot it? Hmm--this might have possibilities. Pocket the watch.

Go outside. Your bike is chained to the rack out front of the dorm, as usual. Go to the playing fields. Settle on the hill overlooking one field and watch some guys playing soccer. One of them catches your eye. He looks familiar. Gino? Right--you remember him saying once that he came here to play soccer some mornings.

Move closer, to the edge of their playing area. Yeah, it is Gino. He sees you and grins that pouty grin and waves. He's a cute little motherfucker, and his clothes--a black tank tee-shirt, skin-tight yellow compression shorts thin enough to show the ghost lines of his underwear underneath, and running shoes--show off his body. Cheer him and his team on.

When the game breaks up, more because several players have to go to class than from a decisive victory, he comes over and, still breathing heavy, sits beside you. "Hey there! You see that last goal I made? It was so sweet! *Bam!*--I was right in there." He emphasizes by smacking his fist into his palm.

You're feeling something like desire, need, eagerness, whatever. You're very aware of something in your pocket, alongside your semi-hard cock.

You look at Gino, a challenging look straight in the eyes. "What?" he asks? After a moment he gets the message and looks around. "Listen," he says, quieter, "we can go into the woods across the field if you want to. I know this trail ..."

Bingo. Try not to sound too eager: "Okay. Show me."

He leads you, still yakking about the game, but pausing now and then to look at you like he's having second thoughts. You keep meeting his gaze with what you hope is an intensely seductive stare, and he doesn't back out. Gino takes you down this little trail. The woods are dense enough, a protective barrier away from buildings and interruptions.

The trail widens into a little clearing. Gino turns to you. This is it. Grab him when he approaches and kiss him. He tries to jerk away for a moment, like he's not into kissing, then his tongue probes deeply into your mouth. He's an inch shorter than you but that doesn't deter him. He pulls back. "Come on," he says as he peels his shirt off, "I have a class in half an hour."

He only shoves down his compression shorts and underwear. His body is bare from the knees up. You strip completely. His eyes are enflamed with desire, but his expression is carefully neutral. "Blow me," you say, brandishing your penis at him.

He shakes his head. "No--*you* blow *me*."

Bend down and pull the pocket watch from your discarded shorts. Straighten up. Suspend it in the air before Gino. He squints at it as a patch of sunlight through the trees flashes off of it. Tell him to look at it carefully. Doesn't he remember it? Yes?

"Hey, isn't that ..." he says, trailing off. But he doesn't look away.

Tell him to watch it carefully. Watch it swing. Back and forth. Isn't it familiar, pretty, fascinating. Focus. Relax. Concentrate. See how the sunlight shines on it? Back and forth. See the pattern that seems to draw pull the eye in? Focus. Concentrate on it. Listen. Let go. Relax. Concentrate. No distractions. Focus. So focused. So relaxed. Eyelids so heavy. So familiarly heavy. So easy. So loose and easy. Sleepy. So relaxed. Eyes closing. So sleepy. Sleep. Sleep.

His eyes close. His head drops slowly forward into sleep. You guide him through a deepening exercise you read in one of the hypnosis books in the library. Maybe they weren't all techno-babble after all.

Tell him he wants to blow you. He wants to make you feel good. He needs to. His expression changes subtly and he sinks to his knees in front of you. His mouth services you nicely. He knows how to suck a guy. One hand is busy in his crotch, doing himself, and the other toys with your balls. A finger slips back to poke your butt hole. You can't hold back. "I'm gonna cum," you grunt so he can pull off if he doesn't want to taste it. But he buries himself in your bush and swallows.

Pull your cock from his mouth. Time for his turn. Stand him up and turn him around. On your knees. Spread his ass cheeks and slip your tongue up to toy with his asshole. He's deeply relaxed and lets you do what you want. Do this for a while, then suggest, "Want to take off your shorts and lie down in the grass over there?" So he does. He's being more cooperative than you thought. Lie down alongside of him and kiss his nipples while you jerk his cock. Tell him it will be so intense. Tell him he's ready. Tell him to shoot. He cums all over your hand.

When you draw back and wipe his cum off on the grass, he doesn't move. Gino is breathing deeply, heavily. He's asleep, all right, but more than that. He doesn't wake up when you nudge him gently. He is still deeply entranced.

What can you make Gino do under your hypnotic influence? Order him to stand up, and he does, without seeming to wake up. Tell him to get dressed, and you climb back into your own clothes. You consider escorting him back to his dorm room for another round, but your nerve is wearing thin. Instead, you tell him to count to one hundred. When he hits one hundred, he will awake and feel refreshed, all memory of what just happened a blur. Then you leave. You figure the count will give you time to get a good distance away.

This is something new and you want to test it again. Go back to your dorm room. Steve's awake, on his back in bed reading a magazine. He's had a shower--his hair is still damp--and he's got on fresh, white briefs.

He looks over at you briefly when you come in. "Hey."

Stare at him until he looks at you again. Do you have the nerve?

"What?" he says.

"Nothing," you say. Then, "Here, I want to show you something."

Pull out the pocket watch and hold it up. Let it sway back and forth a little. Back and forth. Talk to Steve. Tell him to focus on it. Relax. All his attention. Relax. Let go. Relax. So heavy. So hard to think. No need to think. Focus. Relax. Concentrate. So familiar. Just like before.

You can tell it's happening. Slowly. It's subtle: you almost feel it more than see it happening.

He says, "Huh? What're you ...?" But his voice is thicker, his expression turning vacant.

Keep at him. Tell him how relaxed he must be feeling. So relaxed. Relaxing more. More and more. Relaxing. Heavy. Tired. Eyes heavy. Arms heavy. Eyes closing. So relaxed. So focused. So open. So sleepy. Sleepy. Sleepier. Sleep. Sleep now. Deeply asleep.

His eyes close and don't open again.

Tell him, "Put that magazine down and come here."

The magazine falls aside as he stands up.

"Take off your underwear."

"... O-okay ..." His voice is coagulated, distant. He takes them off. His cock isn't fully erect yet, but it's getting there. He listens to your suggestions. He follows them. Cooperative. He's yours. You haven't thought this far in advance, don't have any idea what to do with him. You tell him to put his hand on his cock and jack off. Take out your own hard-on and ask him to stroke it with his other hand, and he does. Kiss him. Tell him to kiss you back. Jack himself off. Jack you off. You cum suddenly, like biting through a shell into a lush orange slice. You shoot all over his hand and leg. You gasp and buck your way through it. As you're coming down, you give him his instruction: Cum. He does, as intensely as you.

Wipe up the cum. Tell him to get his underwear back on and lie down. Tell him to sleep. When he wakes, he'll think he napped and it was just a dream.

You, though, get dressed and back outside. The success has you feeling like you could explode or yell or party all night or something.

You don't really have anywhere to go, though, so you stroll around the campus, feeling energized and walking fast. Finally, tiring, you find a seat on one of the benches bordering the quad. You're thinking about Grant and whether you should go back and try it on him, and what he'd say if he knew what you'd done to his roomie Gino. You're almost tempted to tell him. "See?" you'd say. "He came on to me at the playing field, so I made him go to sleep and made him blow me." Then he'd stare at you in confusion as you grin triumphantly.

And then there he is, coming out of the Humanities building. Jeans, another gray tee-shirt, running shoes. You wave to Grant and he waves back, walks over. "Hey. How's it going?"

"Just fine," you say. "Getting out of class?"

"Naw. Had a meeting with my professor about my term paper. You?"

"Just taking it easy. Taking the afternoon off."

"Wish I could do that. Shit, I've got so much fucking shit to do." He has a seat on the other half of the bench, legs sprawled out in front of him and showing a shard of white sock between the cuff of his jeans and the top of his worn running shoes.

He starts to say something but doesn't--his eyes are fixed on something faraway, his expression glazes a little like he's daydreaming. You look at him, the side of his head, willing your gaze to bore straight through his skull as if probing for the thoughts beneath it.



"Grant?"

"Yeah?" His voice is distracted, far away.

"I've got something I want to show you." No one else is around. Hold out it in your hand.

Grant says, "What's that? A pocket watch?"

The light catches the engraving on the casing, and it flashes as you turn it back and forth.

"Yes. A very special one. You've seen it before, haven't you? You remember it? The special design that you can only see if you concentrate very carefully? You remember how carefully you had to concentrate." Tell him to focus. Focus on it. So focused. No distractions. No holding back. Let go. Concentrate. Relax. Body so tired. So heavy. Eyes so tired. So heavy. Arms and legs so limp. Too limp to move. No need to anyway. Eyelids so limp. Too limp to hold open. No need to anyway. Sagging closed. Yes. Relaxing. Concentrating. Focusing. Closing. Eyelids closing. Closing. Tired. Sleepy. Closing. Sleepy. Falling asleep. Falling deep into hypnotic sleep again. So deeply falling. So deeply sleeping. Sleep. Sleep deeply.

There's a lump in the crotch of his faded jeans. He's not going anywhere.

Doing this to him has you trembling, excited, your cock hard, so horny again. Now it's just a matter of cranking up the volume. After a couple of tries, you're getting the hang of this. Enjoying it. So easy to guide his thoughts into a hypnotic fugue he can't break out of and probably won't want to. He's all yours, maybe not even really thinking anymore.

Or maybe he's waiting for you to think for him. You can talk to him. Give him suggestions. Let him make it happen. Your words bypass his thoughts and affect his subconscious so strongly. Start him with some easy suggestions. Relax. Enjoy the feeling. Anchor himself here deep in this hypnotic trance. Love this feeling. He'll answer any question, follow almost any instruction. You say, "Grant, you're in love with me, aren't you."

He can't mistake it for a question. He whispers, "I dunno ... Kind of ..."

Indecisive. Just a crush? Doesn't matter--after you work with him a while, helping him accept the suggestion, he thinks he does love you now. You're getting a headache and you can't concentrate this intensely for much longer, but you're going to push it while it's here, to the limits, send him deeper. "I mean, you really love me. More than anything you've ever loved else, more than you ever even dreamed of loving anything else. Right?"

Hardly more than a slurred sigh: "... Yeah ... love you ..."

"You love me so much you'll do anything I tell you to, right away and without question. You'll never refuse me. Understand?"

"... Ye'h ... unnerst'n ..."

You have to pull back, tone it down. You're head is throbbing. The afternoon sun at your back is only as intense as before, but it strikes your eyes like something thermonuclear. You need to get somewhere out of its fury, someplace with plenty of aspirin for your head.

Tell Grant it will happen on the count of three. Open his eyes. Think himself awake. Remain deeply asleep inside. Deeply hypnotized. So willing to follow any suggestions you give.

One, two, three, and you snap your fingers. Beside you, Grant shudders and blinks and looks at you like he's not sure what happened or even if anything happened at all. There's a blank edge to his expression: the hypnotic fugue state.

He smiles at you like before. Try it out. Say to him, "It's sure a good day to work on your tan. Why don't you take off your shirt."

He does! He doesn't seem to think anything about it--just says, "Okay," and skins off. In this intense light, his trim, buffed torso glows. He's not tanned dark like you, but he's working on a golden, sun-kissed color.

"You like to go barefoot, don't you. It's a great day for it."

"Yeah, good idea." Off come his shoes and socks.

You'll have to think about what to do with him. Right now, your headache is crashing in waves over your skull and there's a roaring in your ears that makes thinking hard. "I'm going back to the dorm," you tell him; "I've got to get some aspirin for this headache."

"I've got some in my room," he says, eager to help. He stands up when you do, his books and discarded articles of clothing bundled under his arm, and he follows you back to the dorm. His attentiveness, never more than friendly or neighborly before--he was always more Steve's friend than yours--now reminds you of a puppy's playful affection. He's keeping things cool because you're in public--this campus isn't one-hundred-percent accepting, of course--but you can see he's getting more kinetic, more expectant, as you close in on the dorm.

As you exit the stairwell onto your floor, Grant dashes ahead. "I'll go get you some aspirin." By the time you get to his door, he's handing you the bottle of aspirin and a bottle of water from the mini-fridge in his room. Wash down a pair of pills. Thank him as you hand the bottle back. He offers to rub your temples, voice hushed because--well, who knows who might be listening to you in the hallway? You thank him but say you'd prefer to lie down a while. Ask him to join you. Tell him how happy it would make him to join you.

He follows you into your room. Steve isn't around, probably at class. Grant closes the door behind you and offers again to rub your temples.

"Okay," you say, too beat out to argue, "But take off the rest of your clothes first."

He grins widely and strips off his jeans and briefs. He stands there, smiling, letting you inspect his skin, his erection, waiting for permission to proceed. If his eyes didn't still have that distracted edge, you'd think he was completely awake. You take off your shirt and your shoes. He sprawls out on your bed and pats the mattress beside his thighs. "Sit down right here."

So you do. He pulls you back, your back against his chest and tight stomach. His limbs make a harbor that makes you feel safe and sheltered. You snuggle back against him, suddenly more fatigued than you realized. True to his word, he massages your scalp and forehead and neck and upper shoulders and upper arms. He has quite a talent for it and you tell him so.

"Shh," he hisses in your ear. "Be quiet and rest."

So you let him continue, your headache being replaced by tiredness and a groggy drowsiness.

When you rouse from your nap, Grant is still holding you. He's dozing too, in that almost-asleep state where you know you're falling asleep but are too far gone to wake up. You turn to grin at him. Your headache is nearly gone, just a residual tightness over one eye. Close your eyes again and return to your nap for a while.

Grant wakes you by nibbling and nipping at your earlobe. His erection pokes at your waist, just above the waistband of your shorts. Affection, or is he hoping for some action?

"Wake up, sleepyhead," he murmurs. His voice is warm and seductive, and you're not immune to its implied promises. Roll over, and embrace him, and share a kiss. He rubs your half-hard prick through your shorts with his fingertips. He breaks the kiss to whisper, "Why don't you take off your shorts so I can take care of you right?"

Instead, you lie back. He gets the hint and unties the drawstring on your shorts. Slowly, so slowly he draws off your socks; then, when he reaches for the waistband and you lift your hips, he draws your shorts and briefs gently down and off with little tugs. Now you're both naked and erect.

Tell him to suck your cock. His mouth descends upon your stiff rod. He nurses it. He's pretty good--good enough that you know for sure he's done this before, and often enough that he isn't entirely straight. One hand works your nipples. The other probes at your asshole, like Gino did in the woods earlier. Which of them learned that from the other, you wonder.

"I'm about to shoot," you whisper to him, but he doesn't pull back; instead he presses in and swallows your load as you orgasm. He pulls back and stares straight into your eyes as he jerks his own cock. Stretches his neck up so that his lips reach yours. Kiss him, demandingly. His eyelids flutter against your face and his spine flexes and he ejaculates onto your leg.

You entwine in bed together, nuzzling and murmuring and kissing. The strength of your orgasm still lingers in your extremities. Grant is sweet and attentive. You find you've kind of misjudged him for thinking him aloof and superficial just because he's beautiful. You find yourself actually growing to like him.

Ignore the fact that Steve could return at any moment. It makes you nervous to be in bed with a guy when your roommate could walk in any time.

Around noon, Grant tells you to stay put and climbs out of bed. He won't tell you where he's going as he wrestles himself into his jeans, only that it's a surprise and you're to stay in bed. He pops his feet into his shoes, grabs his shirt, and waves as he exits.

Less than ten minutes later, he's back, carrying a tray of food from the cafeteria. He sits down on your bed, sets the tray down beside him. Two plates, both some kind of mystery meatloaf--not what you'd have chosen, probably, but the cafeteria isn't always known for variety. Or flavor--one dish usually tends to be as bland as another there. Meatloaf will do, and the veggies he chose are actually some you like. He feeds you, takes a few bites himself from his own plate while you're chewing. This ritual has the endearing charm of naiveté. When the meal is finished, the tray set aside, he climbs on top of you and lets you tug off his clothing article by article as he kisses you and tickles and squirms and pretends to resist.

You reach for your shorts and fish out the pocket watch. You're going to suspend it before his ready eyes and ease him back into that deep trance one last time before you have to wake him up.

The next morning, after Steve has showered and gone to class, Grant slips into your room. He's wearing only the briefs he slept in, which he slips off just before he slips into bed with you. He's ardent, his erection prodding yours. He's admiring your body with a lover's eyes that can see no flaws. You're complaining about being too skinny and wishing you had a gym-built body like him. He says he'd be glad to take you to the gym when he goes, let you work out with him, but first ... He keeps his eyes devilishly on yours as his stubbled chin scuffs down your abdomen on a collision course for your cock.

It's just after lunch when you make it to the gym with Grant. He's hard on himself, always pushing. He's easier on you, maybe because he's so fucking in love with you, but you're trying to push as hard as he does. Free weights and some weight machines. Both of you are sweating like pigs.

You cool down by checking out a basketball from the equipment room and shooting some hoops. A little informal hoop-shooting that never gets around to being too competitive or too much like an official one-on-one game. On one of the other courts, ten or so fraternity members are playing and yelling. One of them--he must be six foot three--catches your attention. He's not bad looking at all, and he's half a head above the rest of them. White tee-shirt, some kind of striped athletic pants cut off into shorts, high tops with bunched white socks, a tiny diamond stud in his left ear. He's good, playing hard and drenched with sweat. They've been at it since before you and Grant got to the courts, and they're breaking up about the same time you and Grant decide to head to the showers. One last look--he's got his back to you as he makes plans to meet his departing friends later--and you head to the locker room.

There's nobody in the locker room when you walk in. Open your lockers and pull out your towels, peel off your sweat-wet gymwear. You head to the showers. Grant goes to the urinals to pee first.

Two rows of five showerheads, one row along each flanking wall. You go to the next to the last one on the left. When Grant comes in, out of all of them, he stands under the one right next to you. Not subtle, but he can hardly stand to be away from you. You really did a number on him yesterday. He's flirting with you, keeps grabbing at you, very touchy-feely. You're both getting hard.

Press him up against the wall, slide in close. Someone could walk in any second. You're reaching for his cock, parted lips about to meet his throat for a kiss, when you hear something behind you. It's that tall guy from the basketball court, flipping his towel over the rack by the entry. Jerk away from Grant, but it's too late. Tall Guy glares at you. No mistaking what he's seen, not with your dicks both hard and sticking straight out like that. He spits the word at you under his breath--"Faggots!"--as he takes the showerhead on the opposite wall, opposite corner from you, by the entry.

That does it. Turn off the water. You take three steps toward him. Hearing your feet on the wet tile, he turns, hands enveloped in soap lather. Challenge him with the angry fire in your eyes. He frowns back, doesn't turn away. Glower at him for a second ... then storm past him, out of the showers. Grant follows you.

When Tall Guy exits the shower a couple of minutes later, when he grabs his towel and starts wrapping it around his waist as he rounds the corner, you're standing there. He jerks to a stop, almost colliding with you, your upraised arm, the pocket watch suspended at his eye-level.

"Careful," you say. "You don't want to run into my pocket watch." And, "It's such an interesting design, isn't it?" And, "Doesn't that intricate design just seem to catch your eye and hold it? Yes."

He peers at it, doesn't look away.

Tell him to watch it carefully. Look at it, as it sways and turns. See the design? See how complex it is; see

how convoluted. How it draws in the eye? Always a new layer, a new design to see, further in. The more the eye looks, the more it sees. Yes. So easy to look deeper. See deeper. New levels. Unfolding designs. Concentrate. See? Focus. See? So easy. Focus. Concentrate. Yes. That's the way. Focus. Deeper. Look deeper. Inside. Eyes sinking into the design. Focus. Concentrate. Eyes tiring? Maybe a little? Yes? Relaxing? A little tired sensation in the corners of them? Yes? Spreading? Tired? Focused? Concentrating. Deeper. Relaxing. Tired. Sinking into it. Tired. Whole body, so tired. So exhausted and loose and relaxed. So tired. Sleepy. Eyes sleepy. Body sleepy. Thoughts sleepy. Eyes closing. Sleepy. So deep now. Sleeping so deeply. Sleep.

His body sways, eyes closed, head dropping slightly forward, lips parting. Push him back against the wall, firmly. Your hand has met a hairy chest framed by wide shoulders. At his waist, his hand relaxes, and the cinched towel ends slip free. The towel flutters down off his cock and body. He's four inches taller than you and outweighs you by eighty pounds of muscle. But his cocky attitude has faded with his expression. His relaxed body sags back against the wall under your hand, sinking down until his butt meets the floor. His cock rises like a spire, thick, long, dark, cut.

It's too dangerous here, too easy to get interrupted or caught. You could try to give him an order: "McNutt Dorm, Room 525, nine o'clock tonight. Be there." Your dorm room. But probably that wouldn't work after just this one trance. You've got to him deeply entranced, but a hundred later distractions might interfere.

Guide his body over to the full-length mirror. Aim him at his own reflection. Brown hair, darkened from the water. Brown eyes. His hairy pecs are shaped like hard slabs. He's a sexy guy. He knows it. Tell him to imagine his reflection is his ideal self, free of any imperfection--his face and body the way he's always dreamed they should look. Tell him how sexy he looks. How sexy he feels. Yes, his erection is a winner, long and thick.

Tell him to stroke his chest. There's a twitch in his cheeks as he tries to resist. Repeat the suggestion. His hand rises and glides over his pectorals. Tell him to relax. Accept. Surrender. Obey. Ask him if he wants to cum. He nods. The twitch again, but he nods. Tell him how easy it is--all he has to do is what you say it. How horny he is. How good it will feel. He doesn't twitch again. His body sags a bit. His surrender, his submission, is the sweetest part of this. He's practically reaching for his cock before you tell him to. Grinning, Grant is watching you and Tall Guy the way a tiger watches its prey.

Three minutes later, there's a load of Tall Guy's cum creeping down the mirror. He still has his deflating clock in his hand. You and Grant are dressed, ready to go. Tall Guy is still nude, standing before the mirror. His eyes are closed now--he's deeply asleep. Leave him there to sleep off his trance, which might take a few minutes. If anyone walks in on him ... Well, in your opinion, it's what he deserves.

Turn and motion Grant to follow you. He's still grinning, horny, eager to get off himself. Head back to your room. Halfway there, you realize you forgot to get Tall Guy's name.

In your room, show Grant the pocket watch, talk him down, and take him straight to your bed. He's comfortably groggy and pliant. Strip him, then yourself. By now, your anger over Tall Guy has faded. You're feeling something entirely different. Pull Grant to you, a standing embrace that leads to toppling onto the bed. It takes just a few minutes of moaning, licking, sweating, swearing. He cums. You cum.

Part of you wonders why the hypnotist hasn't shown up in the last day and a half. You hope he'd be proud of you.

You're on the bed with Grant. Steve comes in. You jump, panicked, and snatch up the pocket watch from

beside the bed. Steve is no sooner through the door than he's staring you, then at the watch, starting to slide under the spell of what you're broadcasting, the way a radio antenna can't help but receive. Tell him to push the door closed. He takes his clothes off when you tell him to do that too, and sits on the side of your bed. Pull him down onto you. Now you can reach his hard-on and his head. Kiss his ear, murmur, "You're my slave; you will obey me," into it while his mind is receptive to suggestions. Cheesy, but maybe it will work. No luck--he twitches, fighting the suggestion. Too much, too soon. "Okay, never mind that," you tell him. Instead: "Just kiss me." Kiss, kiss and ask him to jack him off while you watch. He's close. When you give the word, he cums.

Seduction is best when it's new. This whole thing, this whole week, has been breathtaking. If you've been thinking of yourself as the seducer, then suddenly you also understand that this thing has seduced you too.

## 8.

Wake up slowly. Glance at the clock. It's nearly nine in the morning. Sunlight spills everywhere through the window. Steve is stirring too, starting to wake.

Something is different about today. You're not sure what, but you're sure it is. Different.

You, in the briefs you sleep in, are sprawled under your bed covers. Steve, naked, had kicked his sheet aside sometime during the night. He rolls on his back. His morning hard-on waves your way for a moment before settling alongside the trail of hair between his navel and pubes. He reaches for his headphones. Turns his CD player on. Settles back to listen to the CD.

His casual nakedness was an easy adjustment to make when you had him entranced. He welcomed the suggestion--didn't resist that one at all.

His leg moves in time to the beat; it makes his cock twitch too. You've been planning to make it do a lot more than just twitch, as soon as you finish waking up.

The quiet knocking interrupts you. Steve hasn't heard it over the music, but he looks over when you sit up. The bed covers bunch at your waist and lap, concealing your own woody. Call out, "It's open."

The knob turns. The door opens. "What's up, guys?" Grant slips in, Gino following him. They've both got on boxer shorts: basic white for Grant, dark blue paisley for Gino.

Grant slips onto your bed beside you--another easy change. Steve and Gino have been told not to mind, and they don't. Gino asks Steve what he's listening to, and they get to talking about the band.

Grant's feeling horny. "Just came by to see what you're up to," he says playfully. He pokes you and teases your chest with a finger.

"Not much. I gotta brush up on some notes today for an exam," you say.

Grant pushes the envelope with his mouth dangerously close to your ear. "Mmm, there's some anatomy notes right here I want to brush up against." His warm breath makes your pulse quicken. His finger teases the crotch of your briefs through the sheets.

"Oh, that," you say. "I already passed that test. I blew it away." Poke his nipple and grin.

His lips brush your earlobe, light as a promise. He whispers, "I know something else you can blow away." He has the sexiest grin.

Something over your shoulder catches Grant's eye. You turn and look where he looks. You see it too, and you know. You know what's different today.

Grant is slowly reaching over your shoulder. He leans into you, reaching. His bare shoulder presses yours.

He reels his hand back. The shiny silver pocket watch dangles from the end of its chain in his fingers.

The silver pocket watch he is lifting--the way the light shines off it as it turns--it catches your eye.

"That's it," he tells you. "Just watch it turn. Yeah. It's my turn." He holds it higher. "Hey, Gino, look here. Steve, take off those earphones a second. Look at this."

Past the pocket watch, you see Gino turn, Steve tug the headphones off over his face. They're looking over, at the watch in Grant's hand.

Grant reminds you how good it feels to relax. Gino's eyes are already fluttering. Yours too, a little. Already the drowsiness is settling over you again like a net. Grant reminds you all how easy it is to focus. You can feel it in the corners of your eyes. Feel them glazing, emptying. How tired you must be, Grant says, and how surely you must want to sleep.

Gino's eyes flutter and close, finally. His head droops forward.

So sleepy, Grant asserts. So easy to sleep.

Now Steve's eyes close, and his head settles against the mattress.

Yes, Grant says to you. So sleepy. So deeply asleep. Needing only to close your eyes and sink. Deep, relaxing sleep. You can't keep your eyes open. Body so heavy. Grant's hand on your shoulder, easing you back until you're prone on your bed. "Sleep," he says a final time, and you do.

Open your eyes when he asks you to. Your arms and legs are so heavy. You're so deeply asleep. You know this. Grant stands in the middle of the room. He still has that pocket watch in his hand.

Gino moves. His face looks so deeply entranced. His hands move. Push off his boxer shorts. His cock is hard, as hard as yours.

Push back the sheet when Grant says to. Slide off your briefs. You're naked now. Yeah, what he says is right: you're happier that way. You know that now. Your erection stands out like an antenna.

You're receiving the signal Grant is sending. All three of you--Steve, Gino, and you-- pull yourselves closer to him. On your knees. Reach up. Pull Grant's boxers down. He's steel-hard too, throbbing. He's grinning, looking down at you, heavy lidded eyes clouded with lust, a coming storm.

He steps free of his boxers. Naked. All of you gloriously naked.

Grant rubs his hand over your head. Steve's too. Gino is directly in front of Grant. Grant asks him to suck his cock, and Gino gobbles it down with easy familiarity.

Steve is sent around back, where he parts Grant's ass cheeks and sends his tongue between them to lap and lick.

You're told to stand. Kiss him. Play with his nipples. You do all these things enthusiastically.

Gino sucks Grant, with one hand around the base of Grant's cock, the other playing with his balls. Steve makes a lot of wet, slobbery noise at Grant's ass. Bend and suck at one of Grant's nipples with your mouth. Work the other with your fingers. Your other hand settles into the small of his back.

After a couple of minutes, a change. Grant asks you to kneel, directs your head into Gino's lap. Your mouth welcomes his salty, average-sized cock inside easily. Steve's bare ankle is pressed against your leg; you feel it when he moves. A warm wetness engulfs your erection--Steve's mouth.

Another leg presses up against yours. Whose? This one wears pants--you feel the fabric, rough against your bare skin. Look up between Gino's mouth and Grant's torso. Just in time to see a familiar hand close over Grant's, draw the pocket watch chain from his slackening grip. Grant's hand drifts limply down as the pocket watch hovers, is held, in front of him.

The man, back from whatever show appearances took him away. His familiar voice. Saying he came by to see how the changeover went. Telling Grant to relax too. Focus. Concentrate. Drift. Enjoy. No worries. No thoughts. Just relaxing. Sinking. Falling asleep again. Enjoy. Falling deeply asleep. So peaceful. Peaceful sleep.

Another change. Grant sprawled beside Steve's bed. Steve kneeling beside him, sucking. You beside Steve, sucking. Gino between you and Grant, sucking you, getting sucked by Grant. Feels great. So focused. So relaxed. Concentrating only on giving and getting the best blowjob ever. Slip a finger into Steve's butt. He accommodates, spreads his legs wider. Find his prostate. He moans appreciatively. Grant's finger invades your ass, and he finds that spot that sends little jolts of pleasure all through you.

The man says your names, one at a time, and you cum. Grant. Steve. You. Gino. Suddenly, your orgasm is there, right there, bursting over you, and you're there, you're shooting, shooting, and swallowing and shuddering, loving the feeling of your orgasm, and Steve's in your mouth, and Gino's as he sucks you. You're there, cumming so hard. So hard, just like the man said. Cumming so intensely. Time slowing. Cumming. Stretching out. Cumming.

Exhaustion settles over you with the afterglow. The man says so. He's pleased the first changeover went so well. The first of many, many. It's Grant's turn, for now. Yours will come again after everyone has had a turn. Your turn will come again, and you will have many opportunities to cum, many. But for now, wakefulness has turned to trance has turned to sleep. The man says so. Every good job like that deserves a little nap. He says so. He says your names again, one at a time, and your eyes close and you sink into sleep. Steve. Grant. Gino. You.

---