

# Tuesday, Room 169, 10 p.m.

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: After that stage hypnosis show, why is Boomer so nervous around Doug?

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 realistic it may appear, 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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Boomer, muscles still feel-good burning with exhaustion after his weightlifting session, tossed his gym clothes into his locker and grabbed his towel and soap. The fraternity jock slung his towel over his shoulder instead of around his naked hips and strutted, casually confident and cock-swinging, toward the communal showers. He never cared if anyone caught a good long look at his Boomer-bat, even took a little pride when their eyes went wide as they gauged its length and thickness even soft, but tonight no one else was in the gym locker room to appreciate the show. Oh, well. This late in the day, the gym staff had probably shooed almost everyone else home, and Boomer had the locker room and showers to himself, a rare luxury.

He stepped under a spray, the hot water immediately starting to ease the tension in his shoulders. He was tired from a long day of classes, and his body was tired from his intense workout; he was going to sleep so well tonight! All he had left to do was enjoy the hot water as he showered away the sweat. He made a fist-full of lather and began to wash his face, the soap scent filling his nostrils. He moved down to his chest, the suds slick against his defined pectorals.

That's when Boomer saw him.

Entering the communal shower space and taking the showerhead diagonally across was Doug. What the hell was Doug doing here? And why was he naked? Oh, right--showers, duh. But Boomer hadn't seen him in the gym, so why the hell was Doug here *now*?

Boomer's hands paused on his chest. He sucked in a breath and quickly turned away. He normally wasn't afraid of anyone, but ever since that fundraiser Doug, even the thought of him, made Boomer nervous, oddly jittery, and maybe Boomer could just ignore him, pretend he hadn't spotted Doug yet?

Boomer hadn't seen Doug up close since the fraternity's charity fundraiser. Four weeks ago, maybe five? Doug wasn't a fraternity brother, more a friend of a couple of the brothers, and they'd recruited Doug to perform a hypnosis show for the fundraiser; Doug had said he planned to ask the audience for volunteers to come up and be "hypnotized." Yeah, right. Since the show was for charity, Boomer and a couple of his hot frat brothers had been "drafted"--meaning, ordered by the social chair in advance--to go onstage the moment Doug called for volunteers from the audience. Cute guys on stage would reflect well on the fraternity, right? And good scenery onstage meant more donations for the charity, right? Sure, Boomer would do his duty for the frat.

Boomer remembered the stage, the flashing lights, Doug's smooth voice calling for volunteers. A strange crowd energy had pushed Boomer forward, along with a few of his fraternity brothers, sharing a goofy camaraderie. Boomer had planned to go up there anyway, but now that Doug had finished the his preliminaries and was calling for volunteers, Boomer found he really did want to go up. Hey, they were doing this for charity, right?--And anyway, hypnosis was fake, so this was just a big joke for audience laughs, right? They'd play along and act like zombies, maybe pretend to be male strippers and peel down to their underwear or carry on like rock stars or something. No big deal. Boomer had worn his lucky boxer-briefs that day, the ones that really showed off his buns and bulge, and he knew he looked good with his shirt off, so maybe being told to strip down to his underwear onstage would convince some of the sorority babes to throw themselves into his bed later? Can't pass up a chance for good advertising, right?

So Boomer remembered climbing the few stairs to the stage--and then ... nothing. A blank. He'd surfaced from whatever-that-was several hours later, remembering only vague dreams, sprawled on a couch in the fraternity house, wearing his same clothes from earlier, a vague sense of disorientation clinging to him like the stink of spilled beer. *No cameras* had been one of Doug's rules for the show, so no one had video of what had happened; sure, some of the attendees recounted what went on, but Boomer couldn't shake the feeling that a vague *something more* happened after the end of the show, after Doug took his bows and herded his "hypnotized volunteers" backstage. The other volunteers hadn't remembered much either, just snippets of Doug's voice, a few hypnotic suggestions that seemed innocent enough. Still, something about the whole experience, the lost time, the unsettling feeling that something more had happened after the show, had gotten under Boomer's skin and stayed.

Turned away, Doug hadn't overtly looked Boomer's way yet. Doug seemed to be pretending Boomer wasn't there too, even though they were the only two in the showers, the only two showers running, which seemed hard to ignore. Water cascaded over Doug's lean and naked body, bouncing off the sharp angles of his delts and flowing down the narrow curve of his hips and ass. *Nice shoulders*. Boomer found his gaze involuntarily tracing the line of Doug's spine, the way the water sluiced down the small of his back. *Very nice ass*.

A nervous flutter twitched in Boomer's stomach. He scrubbed harder at his chest, trying to dispel this sudden unease. He shouldn't be looking at a guy's body like that, not in the showers, and especially not Doug's. Doug had always been a bit of an enigma; he wasn't a fraternity member, and his quiet intensity was so different from the boisterous energy of Boomer's frat bros. The night of that stage show, though, Boomer has sensed a different kind of power from Doug, a subtle projected authority that had maybe affected Boomer in ways he didn't understand.

As Doug's head tilted back, letting the water rinse the soap from his dark hair, his hips shifted, partly turned. Boomer's eyes widened. *Man, nice cock! Wonder how big it gets when it's hard?* Doug's eyes, a striking shade of hazel, finally flicked open, and his gaze locked with Boomer's across the steamy divide. *Busted! Fuck!*

"Hi, Boomer. Long time, no see." Doug's lips issued a small grin, not mocking, not exactly--more ... knowing. That smile sent a fresh wave of heat through Boomer, a confusing mix of embarrassment, apprehension and something else, something undeniably magnetic.

Boomer swallowed, his throat suddenly dry and tight. He forced a casual nod, a friendly smile, trying to give off his trademark air of nonchalance that right now he didn't feel. "Uh, hey, Doug. How's it going?"

Doug mirrored the nod, his eyes still holding Boomer's like a challenge. The sound of the water seemed to amplify in the silence between them, a stillness charged with unspoken tension. Boomer could feel his heart hammering against his ribs. He wanted to look away, to break the connection, but he found himself rooted to the spot, caught in Doug's steady gaze.

Doug lathered his hands, motions slow, deliberate, rubbed the soap across his chest, and his eyes never left Boomer's. "Haven't seen you in a while," Doug said. "You've missed all our Tuesday meetings since the show. Everyone else has been coming by regularly, but not you. You avoiding me or something?"

*Tuesday meetings?* Boomer wasn't sure what Doug was talking about. He didn't remember any plans to meet up later; but then, he didn't remember much from that night in general. He shrugged evasively. "No, dude--just been busy as fuck is all." He saw something deep in Doug's eyes, something silent that both intrigued and terrified Boomer equally, like an invitation to ... what? Look deeper? Boomer felt a prickle of heat low in his groin. What few memories he had of the show, the blank hours following it, felt like both a threat and a tantalizing mystery, and Doug seemed to be in the center of all of it. Boomer's heart continued to pound nervously. What had happened during those lost hours? What had Doug done? And what were these Tuesday meetings? Unsettling thoughts crowded Boomer's mind. Did he want to know? Did he want it to happen again?

Doug finished his pretense of lathering. He took a step closer to the edge of his shower, the water and suds streaming down his body, highlighting the subtle flex of his bare-skinned muscles. His gaze dropped briefly, meaningfully, to the Boomer-bat, before returning to Boomer's eyes. The air crackled with unspoken possibilities. Boomer's breath jerked again. He could feel his body responding, a familiar stirring he hadn't anticipated. Why the fuck was his Boomer-bat chubbing a little? *Fuck!--Not now!--No hard-on!--No hard-on!* Boomer gripped the soap tightly. Fortunately, his cock seemed to be stalling at one-quarter stiff.

Doug's sly smile widened, just a fraction, a hint of something knowing and undeniably seductive. "It's been a long time, hasn't it. Too long. You must be ready for more." He lifted a sudsy hand, as if reaching out to shake Boomer's hand.

Boomer's carefully constructed wall of avoidance cracked a little under the weight of his confusion and curiosity. "More what?" he tried to ask, but his voice sounded like a bleating. He was naked to Doug's gaze, but Doug was naked to Boomer's as well, and Boomer found his eyes drawn to Doug's chest, his flat stomach, the meat-tube below that seemed maybe a fraction hard, like his own? Definitely not fully soft. Was that what Doug wanted? A quick swap of *I'm not queer, me neither dude* hand-jobs in the showers like Boomer had shared with his jock buddies and fraternity brothers now and then, just a college thing, just getting off, just helping each other out when they got too horny. That wasn't gay; that was just giving a guy some relief, getting some in return, an exchange Boomer understood, familiar ground. He felt a little of his confidence come back. The nervousness was still there, a knot of apprehension in his gut, but it was overshadowed now by a powerful, undeniable pull. The missing hours--Doug here knew what had happened after the hypnosis

show--might be the only one who fully knew. Boomer wanted to know; he needed to know.

Boomer took a step, a hesitant approach, out of his own shower spray. His skin felt suddenly colder as he left the warm water. "Doug, I ...," he managed, his voice a low murmur, thick with mixed fear, curiosity, and something that might be horniness. Doug extended his offered hand a little closer. Boomer's eyes went to that hand, and he felt a pang of doubt. Did Doug want to shake his hand? Boomer understood handshakes: an innocent and friendly greeting, something guys did together all the time. Familiar. But why here, why now?-- They were already past the greeting stage. And something deeper seemed ...

Boomer felt his own hand rise, and Doug gripped it in a firm handshake, an easy pump. Boomer stared at his hand in Doug's. Instead of releasing like a regular handshake, Doug continued to hold, and Boomer felt the other guy begin to turn their hands, rotating, like ... like turning a key in a lock ... like unlocking ... something ... something?

Boomer blinked and tugged his hand away, stumbled a half-step back. "What's ... happening here?"

Doug's expression darkened. He moved in, closing the distance again between their naked bodies. "Boomer," he replied, his voice a low and husky whisper that sent shivers down Boomer's spine. "I know you think about that night. Being onstage. Listening to my voice. Feeling so relaxed, so focused, so willing to follow my easy instructions. I know you want to feel that way again, don't you. Look into my eyes, Boomer, and relax. Feel yourself wanting--needing--to look into my eyes again and relax. Already beginning to relax."

Boomer's fear of the unknown was still there, a definite tremor, but the fear seemed to be drowned out by a rising tide of a dangerous, irresistible curiosity. Doug slowly closed the remaining space between them without breaking their gaze. Doug offered his hand again, and Boomer felt his own rise and slide into Doug's grip, as Doug's opposite hand touched Boomer's shoulder. Shaking hands in the bathroom might seem gay, but one naked dude putting his hand on another naked dude's bare shoulder in the showers definitely was too gay for Boomer and made his nervousness spike. Still, for some reason, Boomer allowed it, and Doug's shoulder-grip gently, easily, pressed Boomer back under the shower spray, guided him back against the tile shower wall, and Boomer allowed that too, still staring into Doug's eyes.

Boomer's breath lengthened as Doug's eyes somehow seemed to deepen. Doug rotated their still-clasped hands. Doug's touch on his shoulder was light but firm, grounding Boomer even as a strange lightness began to spread through his limbs.

"Just listen to my voice," Doug murmured, his thumb gently stroking the curve at the base of Boomer's neck. "Just my voice. Let the sound of the water fade away. Everything else fades away. Listen only to my voice now."

Boomer found his focus narrowing, as the hiss of the running showers seemed to become far away, as the steam in the air seeming to coalesce around Doug's face. The rhythmic drumming of his own heart was the only other sound Boomer could hear.

"Feel the warmth of the water on your skin," Doug continued, his voice a soothing cadence. "Feel it washing away any tension, any resistance. With each drop, you become heavier, more relaxed."

"Doug, what ... what are you ...?" Boomer's eyelids felt heavy. He blinked slowly, his gaze still fixed on those eyes.

"I'm hypnotizing you. That's what you want, isn't it," Doug whispered, as if saying the most obvious shit ever. "It's so easy. Let your eyes grow tired. So very tired. They want to close, Boomer. You know they do. They want to close. They *need* to close. You can feel it, can't you--already feel them trying to close. You want them to."

Boomer's eyelids drifted shut. For a moment he couldn't make them lift, and then he managed to pry them open, at least part-way. He felt a wave of languor rising through him, a pleasant heaviness that made him want to simply sink into the tiled wall. Hypnotizing? His thoughts moved sluggishly. A fundraiser was one thing, but here? Boomer struggled to say, "I ... don't know 'bout ..."

"Just let go, Boomer," Doug's voice resonated in the quiet space. "Let go of any hesitation and just focus on the way your body feels right now. That building pressure, that heat, that intense awareness. It's all part of this feeling, this heavy drowsiness that's pulling you down now. Close your eyes and just feel it. With each number I count down, you will drift deeper and deeper. Ten--feeling the relaxation spread through your body ... Nine--eyes closing, your muscles easing, releasing ... Eight--your mind becoming still, quiet ..."

As Doug continued to speak, Boomer felt his eyes closing again. He couldn't stop them, couldn't force them to stay open. Felt them close, seeing only black now, felt himself descending, drifting down, drowsy, like falling asleep, a gentle slippage, a place of calm surrender. His cock seemed to be getting harder. Each number Doug spoke seemed to pull Boomer further down, away from the noise and the tension. Doug's other hand now rested on Boomer's chest, his fingers lightly tracing the line of a pectoral muscle. The touch sent a shiver, not of discomfort, but of a strange mix of relaxation and pleasure, through Boomer's chest, his heavy arms, his legs ... his dick.

"Three--drifting down so deep ... Two--nothing matters but this moment ... One--sinking further into sleep ..."

Boomer felt a profound stillness settling over him, spreading through in him. His body was heavy, yet his mind felt strangely quiet, receptive. His eyes stayed closed.

"Zero--drifting into deep, deep sleep. Deeply asleep."

Boomer was aware of Doug's presence, the warmth of Doug's hands on his skin, but he felt as if a veil had been drawn around him, separating him from conscious thought. Doug's voice, softer now, more intimate, filled the void. "You remember that night, being onstage and listening to my voice, obeying my suggestions. And you remember what we did after we left the stage. You remember how relaxed and horny you felt. You remember the powerful attraction you felt toward me, Boomer. Magnetic. A deep, overwhelming desire. You wanted to be close to me then, and you're feeling that way again now. You want to be close to me again. You want to touch me, and that's okay. You want to please me. Give yourself permission."

A warmth sprawled through Boomer's chest and belly, a sensation both familiar and intensely compelling. He remembered bits of being onstage, stripped to his boxer-briefs, convinced he was a naked cross-country skier in the process of winning a gold medal. And he remembered bits of what happened afterward, when Doug led him and the other subjects backstage, somewhere private, and deepened the trance, remembered his underwear coming off, all of the subjects becoming naked, his cock being hard, a mouth, hands, touching Doug's body, Doug's cock, remembered his own hands and lips touching the others ... their ... No, that couldn't be right ... But the memory felt compellingly true. Boomer felt his cock harden while his hands, as if on their own, floated to Doug's arm, his fingers finding the skin and muscles there, exploring.

"That's right," Doug murmured, his breath warm against Boomer's ear. "Feel that desire grow. Feel it intensify. Stronger than ever before. You fought against the need to come see me again, but you're not fighting any longer. You're surrendering and feeling the desire so intensely. So horny. Give in to it, Boomer. You'll feel so good."

Boomer nodded faintly, a quiet agreeable sound oozing from his throat. As Boomer's fingers slid along Doug's shoulder, Doug's hands moved from Boomer's chest, running down his torso, his touch both gentle and possessive. Boomer's body responded instinctively, and now a low groan escaped through the veil around his thoughts.

"You want this, Boomer," Doug whispered. "Yes, you do. So incredibly horny. You *need* this."

Doug's palm stroked from Boomer's chest down his abs to his pubes, a comforting *thereness* feeling, stroking, stopping just short of the base of his hard-on. "Down, down," Doug said as he repeated each stroke, chest to pubes, chest to pubes. "Down, down," and Boomer felt as though he was being physically urged to drift deeper down into ... what?

Doug's hand repeated the strokes slower, "Down, down," and Boomer felt his body descend, kneeling on the tile shower floor. Something fleshy and firm nudged his lips, and Boomer understood: Doug's hard-on. Another nudge, demanding entry. Boomer understood. He had blown a couple of his good buddies before, when they were drunk and horny. Doug wasn't a good buddy--another nudge--but Boomer could do this anyway. His mouth eased open and Doug's cock-head slid inside as though it was docking, and Boomer felt himself relax deeper into the darkness behind his closed eyes ...

Time slipped away. A last soft groan escaped Boomer's lips as the last vestiges of his trance began to recede. His hand was still stroking his hard cock, and just as his eyelids fluttered open, orgasm hit him with a blast of ecstasy--"Ahh!"--and his sperm jetted out across the tile, cumming, cumming so hard!

As he returned to reality, Boomer's gaze stayed unfocused for a moment before settling on the empty shower opposite him. No Doug--he was gone, as were the memories of whatever happened after Boomer had opened his mouth. Boomer still knelt on the tile floor under the shower spray, the water already rinsing his cum toward the drain. His knees protested; he must have been kneeling for a while. How much time had passed? He stood clumsily under the shower spray and looked around. Something like Doug's voice seemed to echo in his thoughts, though: *Tuesday, Room 169, 10 p.m.*

A staffer stuck his head around into the shower area and called to him: "Hey, bro, we're locking up in ten minutes. Get a move on--you gotta get dressed and get out of here."

"Sure, dude," Boomer replied as he reached for his shower controls and shut off the water.

# # #

Tuesday night. 8:45 p.m. As Boomer strutted through the common area of the fraternity house, he heard the roaring of another epic video game battle from the T.V. room, somebody dribbling a basketball upstairs, and a dozen overlapping conversations. Having finished his research paper at the library, he found himself with nothing else to do for the rest of the night, so he went upstairs to his room. Maybe he'd watch a little porn and jack off if his roommate was gone, or maybe he'd doomscroll on his phone for a while.

His roommate was in and out, so no privacy to jerk off for Boomer, dang it. Doomscrolling then.

Boomer flopped down on his bed and took out his phone. Scroll, scroll, short video, scroll, scroll. Something about 10:00, just over an hour away, nagged at him. He was pretty sure Doug had mentioned that time the other night when ... when what? The showers? Jacking off? Everything seemed so blurry and vague now.

Room 169. But what building? The gymnasium, maybe? Did the gym even *have* a Room 169? Doug knew most of the rooms by name instead: *The weight room, the locker room, Coach So-and-So's office*. He called up a campus map of the building, but the skeletal layout unhelpfully showed no numbers or labels for most of the gym rooms.

*Sigh.* Oh, well--back to doomscrolling. Video, video--that puppy was hilarious, and those shirtless skateboarders doing tricks were cool, though looking at them when he played the video a second time and a third gave Boomer an odd tremble in his crotch--no, not gay, he just sometimes appreciated good-looking shirtless guys was all--scroll, scroll.

Except that 10:00 kept tugging at his thoughts, nagging him. Did he really want to know what would happen at 10:00?

Yeah, he kind of did, he decided. His phone said the time was 9:20. He could go by the gym, see if he could find Room 169, maybe hang around where no one could see him, until he could tell what was going on, who was involved.

That sounded like a plan.

At 9:30, Boomer slipped out of the fraternity house. The walk to the gym was five minutes, six tops.

Room 169 proved to be down a side corridor Boomer had never noticed; the area seemed little used. Boomer opened the unlocked door and looked inside. This appeared to be a storage room, a space filled with forgotten athletic equipment: deflated basketballs, frayed wrestling mats, stacks of old hurdles propped precariously against a wall. Not as dusty as he expected--the space had been used recently? Most of the items had been pushed to the sides of the room to create an open space in the center of the room, an open space with a series of folding chairs in a loose oval.

The stuff pushed to the sides meant plenty of places where Boomer could hide and watch.

He slipped into the room, heart thumping against his ribs. He glanced at his watch: 9:42 p.m. A little less than twenty minutes early. Good. That gave him plenty of time to find a good spot.

He navigated behind a stack of various balls--underinflated basketballs, volleyballs, a medicine ball--in an old metal cage, next to a large, dusty mat propped against the back wall, a shadowy zone. The space was tight squeeze, but he fit and this spot gave him a decent view of the both the door and the oval of chairs, which seemed to be the important spots. He pulled out his phone, ready to record if something interesting happened. After five minutes, though, he got bored and started scrolling through videos with his phone on mute.

At 9:51, the door creaked open. Doug walked in, looking confident. Boomer switched his phone back to record mode, just in case.

At 9:54, the door opened again, and Boomer's fraternity brother Chad walked in. "Hey there," Doug greeted with a smile as Chad approached. "You ready for tonight?"

"Hey, man," Chad grinned back as Doug extended his hand, and they shook. But as they shook hands, Doug pulled Chad's hand toward him, forcing Chad's body to tilt, and rotated their clasped hands ninety degrees. *Like turning a key in a lock*, Boomer thought as he watched. *But what is being unlocked?*

Doug's thumb gently stroked the back of Chad's hand while his hand applied a subtle, steady pressure to Chad's. His gaze locked with Chad's. "Just notice this connection between our hands, Chad. This quiet rhythm. With each breath you take, a feeling of ease begins right there ... in your hand ... spreading slowly up your arm ... a pleasant wave of calm. You might notice your eyelids starting to feel a little ... heavier ... a comfortable weight."

Chad chuckled, but his eyes seemed to soften. "Huh. Yeah ... Today was kind of intense. This ... feels kind of good." His shoulders seemed to loosen slightly, his gaze becoming a little unfocused.

"Exactly," Doug's voice continued, a smooth, hypnotic cadence as he guided Chad toward one of the chairs. "You know this feeling so well, don't you. This comfortable, heavy feeling. Just let it deepen. Your eyes want to close now ... They're becoming so very relaxed ... And as they close, that feeling of pleasant ease washes over you, making you feel wonderfully calm ... and still ... as you fall into a deep hypnotic sleep again ... Sleep." Chad's head nodded almost imperceptibly, his eyelids drifting shut. A quiet sigh escaped his lips as a

subtle relaxation spread through his body. He leaned in against Doug, who eased Chad to sit slumped in a chair.

Boomer called up the browser on his phone and typed a query: *handshake sleep hypnosis*. The results spat out factoids: *technique for inducing a hypnotic trance ... hypnotist takes the subject's hand and abruptly changes the grip to create confusion ... makes the subject momentarily suggestible to a command like "sleep."*

Less than a minute later, the door opened again. Two more of Boomer's fraternity brothers, Brad and Owen, practically tumbled in, all boisterous noise and testosterone energy.

Brad's grin widened. "There he is!--The man of the hour. Hey, Doug. How's it hanging, man?"

Doug stepped forward to meet them, hand extended and his voice seemed to fill the room. "Welcome, gentlemen. Looks like you're ready for our weekly reinforcement and play time." Brad came forward and he and Doug shook hands, and again Doug turned their hands ninety degrees, unlocking ... something? Doug's fingers seemed to apply a subtle, rhythmic pressure, his voice a calming tone. "Just allow those muscles to soften, Brad ... Right there ... in your arm, your shoulder, your neck ... Feel that tension just melting away ... Your focus becomes tighter, on my eyes. my touch, my voice ... and that feeling of relaxation spreading down your body ..."

Brad's stance loosened slightly. "Yeah, man, that does feel ... feel ..." He blinked, a strange heaviness settling in his face and eyelids.

"Sleep," Doug told him, and Brad's head slumped forward, eyes closed.

Owen, who had been watching with amusement, burst into laughter. "Dude, Brad, seriously? Every week--One touch and you're out. What a fucking lightweight!" He shook his head, and snickered, keeping a wary eye on Doug.

"Interesting reaction, Owen." Doug turned to face him directly. "You know what I'm doing, don't you? And you know you're next."

Owen scoffed, trying to appear nonchalant. "Screw that, dude. You know that hypnosis mumbo-jumbo doesn't work on me." He snickered, avoided eye contact, and stepped back scooped up a basketball sitting on a few stacked cardboard boxes. "I'm not shaking your hand, Doug, so don't even try that bullshit on me!"

"Doesn't have to be a handshake," Doug purred, taking a step closer to Owen. "But, as you know, for some, the quickest, easiest way to experience a profound state of relaxation ... is simply to take my hand." He extended his hand toward Owen.

Owen laughed nervously and stepped back, dribbling the basketball. "Yeah, right. Nice try, Doug." He backed away slightly, circling the chairs, keeping the bouncing basketball between them. "I'm good. I'll just watch this time, or something, okay?"

Doug's movements were surprisingly swift. As Owen rounded a chair, Doug cut him off and firmly gripped Owen's forearm. Owen seemed to freeze in surprise, the basketball bouncing away--"Wha?--No, don't"--but he didn't try to pull away as Doug's hand took Owen's and turned it, applied the same subtle, rhythmic pressure. "Uhhnn," Owen moaned as something began to change in him.

"That's it, Owen," Doug said smoothly, his voice lowering to a calming tone. "Just a touch ... and you respond so well. A wave of relaxation starting right there ... in your hand, your arm now ... Spreading through your shoulders ... A comfortable heaviness ... Your eyelids might be feeling a little ... So tired ... Too tired to resist, right? So ready to sleep."



Owen blinked, and his eyes seemed about to close before they widened in dawning realization. "Hey ... What's--?" He tried faintly to pull his hand away, but the key had been turned and already his movements seemed sluggish. From the way his laughter died in his throat, he must have felt the same strange wave of calm and lethargy that had overcome Brad. "No ... No way ... Won't work on ..."

Doug declared, "Sure it does. You know it does. Sleep."

Owen's eyes fluttered shut, and Doug guided him to the chair next to Brad, where Owen slumped, still and seemingly deeply relaxed beside his equally immobile friend.

The door opened again, and in stepped Alex. And then Liam, and Kenneth, and Moose ...

Doug just talked to each one, his words a rhythmic, repetitive cadence. He didn't shout or make grand gestures. He just ... talked. But as Doug spoke, Boomer watched in growing amazement as his fraternity brothers' eyes would glaze over. Their shoulders would slump, their breathing became slow and deep. In moments Doug had each guy asleep and sitting in a chair. They looked utterly relaxed and ... what?--maybe pliable?

Boomer clutched his phone, his thumb hovering over the record button, but he can't bring himself to press it. He was frozen, a cold nervousness seeping into his bones. This wasn't just weird; it was something really fucking unsettling.

Doug's gaze glided around the edge of the room, directly to where Boomer is hiding. That amused and knowing smile was back, broader now. "And finally you, Boomer. You can come out now. I know you're there. In fact, this has all been a little show for you. The guys never resist, but I thought the theatrics might appeal to you. You can come out now. You know you want to. Why fight it?"

Boomer's breath caught in his throat. He wanted to stay hidden, to defy the command, but an irresistible urge threaded through him, as though he was a puppet with Doug pulling a string anchored at his very core. His limbs feel heavy, yet compelled to move. He slowly, hesitantly, pushed himself out from behind the cage of stacked balls, emerging into the dim light.

His eyes meet Doug's. He saw no surprise, just Doug's usual unnerving calm; Doug had known he was there. Boomer felt a profound sense of helplessness as he shuffled forward, one step, then another, drawn by an unseen force toward Doug standing in the center of the ring of chairs, the blank-faced brothers.

Boomer managed to make himself stop just outside the ring. His voice was low and wary. "I know what you're doing." He crossed his arms over his chest defiantly. "You're hypnotizing everyone."

Doug smiled wider. "Welcome, Boomer. Your brothers here have missed you. I'm so glad you finally let yourself join our weekly mental focus and deep relaxation session."

Boomer scoffed. "Relaxation? Don't insult my intelligence. You're putting them under." He took a step to one side. "And it's not going to happen to me."

Doug sighed gently. "Boomer, you're a bright guy. Think of it as exploring a fascinating part of the mind's potential. No one is being harmed. It's a voluntary experience of deep relaxation." He took a step closer.

"Voluntary?" Boomer's eyes narrowed. "They didn't look like they volunteered. Stay back. Don't touch me."

Doug stopped, holding his hands open. "Alright, Boomer. No touching. Just a conversation. But notice your own state right now. You're tense; you're suspicious; your mind is racing. Wouldn't it be ... interesting ... to just observe those sensations? That tension in your shoulders ... that rapid heartbeat? Just notice them ... no

judgment ... just noticing them." Doug's voice shifted, becoming softer, more persuasive. His gaze held Boomer's with a steady calm, and Boomer wondered if that calmness was meant to spread to him.

Boomer clenched his fists, trying to maintain his resistance, his mental defenses. He focused intently on a point behind Doug, reciting the Greek alphabet backward in his head, reasons to leave, to resist. But Doug's voice was a persistent undercurrent, weaving its way into his thoughts.

"Just notice your breathing, Boomer," Doug continued, his voice a soothing rhythm. "Slow and steady ... Slow and deep. With each exhale, a little bit of that tension ... just ... fades away. Your arms ... might feel a little ... heavier ... just with gravity ... no effort needed."

Boomer's arms did feel slightly heavier; his feet and legs too. The door was right over there--he should walk to it and leave, go somewhere public. Doug wouldn't dare do anything in public. But Boomer couldn't figure out how to take that first step. He fought to maintain his mental focus, reciting ... what? He seemed to have forgotten. Doug's voice was a gentle, insistent tide, washing away objections.

"And your eyes, Boomer," Doug said gently. "They've been working hard, observing everything that's happened tonight. What if you just allowed them to rest for a moment? Not closing them to sleep but just ... letting them rest and be still. Focusing on a single point ... perhaps right here ... on the bridge of my nose ... or here on the tip of my finger?" Doug held up a finger. Boomer found his gaze drawn to the tip, and a strange stillness seemed to settle into the muscles that moved his eyes.

"That's right, Boomer," Doug's voice was a soft murmur now, a gentle wave rolling over his resistance. "Allow that stillness, the heaviness, to deepen. That focused point ... becoming your entire world. And as you focus there ... you might notice a pleasant ... heaviness ... spreading through your limbs ... a feeling of being deeply ... connected ... to the floor beneath you ... unable to move ... perfectly still ... and ready for sleep ... Such deep, heavy sleep ..."

Boomer's eyelids felt incredibly heavy, but he fought to keep them open, his body feeling strangely leaden. He shook his head hard, trying to shake out the drowsiness. "No! No! Not going under. I'm staying awake. Can't put me to sleep!" His feet shifted slightly. Which way was the door? "I'm fighting this!"

"I can see that, Boomer," Doug said calmly, his voice still even. "You're a strong-willed individual. But the mind can be even stronger when it's ... focused. Instead of sleep, let's try something different. Let's make you ... wide awake. Supremely alert. Every sense heightened. Feel that energy building in your shoulders and neck now? That's pure focus. Your eyes are wide open ... incredibly clear ... taking in everything, every detail ..."

Boomer's resistance wavered slightly; he felt confused--and something else. What the fuck was Doug doing? He did feel a strange shift, a buzzing energy replacing the drowsiness, like caffeine powering him through an all-nighter. His eyes widened involuntarily.

"Good, Boomer," Doug said, his voice now firm and clear. "You're a good subject, very susceptible to suggestions, aren't you. You find yourself entering a wide-awake trance so easily. Every muscle in your body ... completely relaxed ... but frozen like a statue ... while your mind remains alert ... You're perfectly aware ... but your muscles are so still ... so heavy ... and completely unable to move."

Boomer would show Doug! He'd walk away and break this hypnotic spell. He tried to take a step back, but his feet seemed stuck to the floor, his legs unresponsive. His mind was racing, fully aware of what was happening, sending orders, but his body refused to comply. "I ... I can't ... move," he managed to whisper, his eyes wide with dawning realization.

"That's right, Boomer," Doug continued, his voice shifting slightly, becoming more energetic. "Feel that

alertness coursing through you. Your mind is sharp ... incredibly sharp ... processing information at lightning speed. You are completely aware ... hyper-aware ... of everything around you. The sounds are clearer ... The colors are brighter ... You feel a surge of pure, powerful wakefulness ..."

Boomer blinked, his eyes darting around the equipment room, taking in the details with an almost frantic intensity. He felt ... not sleepy, but wired, as if on too many energy drinks, intensely present. His eyes remained wide, but somehow the world seemed too intense. Everything was too vivid, too strong, demanding his attention. He couldn't seem to prioritize one stimulus over another. Everything--all at once--too much!

"And with this intense awareness, Boomer," Doug continued, his voice firm and commanding, "you find yourself in a state of complete ... focused attention. Your mind is locked ... absolutely locked ... on my voice. You hear every word ... You understand every nuance ... And you follow ... my suggestions ... with absolute clarity and focus. You are wide awake ... and deeply suggestible ... and ready to follow my instructions ..."

Boomer felt the fight drain from him, replaced by an intense concentration. Everything felt still too intense, but he locked onto Doug's voice as the core and shut out some of the distractions. "But ... I ... I feel ... awake," he whispered, his voice tight.

"That's right, Boomer," Doug affirmed. "Wide awake ... and ready to focus ... completely."

Boomer stood rigidly, his phone still clutched in his hand, his gaze fixed blankly ahead, no longer resisting, but lost in a state of hyper-alert suggestibility.

Doug's face swam before Boomer's eyes, and he felt his phone being pulled from his rigid fingers. "So awake. So aware ... You're aware of everything, and you remember everything. Let yourself remember now."

The full memories of what had transpired flooded back, not as a sharp jolt, but as a slow, sensual tide. Everything Boomer had been told to forget. The hypnosis show. Being hypnotized. Stripping down to his lucky boxer-briefs onstage and acting like a fool as Doug told him and his fellow hypnotized fraternity brothers what to do.

And he remembered afterward, being told by Doug to follow him offstage, and he and his fellow hypnotized frat bros had followed Doug to that room, where they stripped down, buck-ass naked, and did things to each other as Doug guided them. Boomer had done things to Doug, to his frat bros, sexual things that went far beyond the *help out a horny brother* things he had done before, and they had done those things to him too. He remembered how much he liked it, the feeling of being hypnotized, of performing as a near-naked hypnosis subject onstage, and the deeper hypnosis later, the feeling of doing those sexual things with his frat bros and Doug after. Boomer had liked it a lot, all of it, and that scared him; had that made him put the memories out of reach and resist Doug's instructions to meet here every Tuesday, Room 169, 10:00 p.m.? Was that why he resisted until the need backed up in him and nearly made him crazy before Doug found him in the gym showers and helped him relax, release ...

Boomer felt a blush rush up his neck, a confusing mix of embarrassment and a potent, undeniable pleasure. But more than that, with the crystal clarity that had settled in his mind, he knew with a certainty that resonated deep within his bones that he had been under Doug's control--was under Doug's control again now--and he'd liked it. He remembered the feeling of his will dissolving, the irresistible pull of Doug's voice, the way his body had moved not of its own accord, yet with a horny, undeniable desire.

And in that moment of hyper-awakening, Boomer felt no fear, no resentment. Only a strange sense of peace, a feeling of having finally realized and accepted something powerful and inevitable. The unsettling mystery of the fundraiser was no longer a source of anxiety, but a prelude to this. Boomer understood now. Doug had established a power over him, a captivating control that both thrilled and humbled him. He had liked being

under Doug's control during the show and after, and he liked being under Doug's control again now.

Now that he was hyper-aware, Boomer understood. The unease he had felt since the fundraiser was gone, replaced by a weird sense of connection to Doug, a raw intimacy that both thrilled and unsettled him. The weeks of avoidance, the underlying fear and confusion, had been replaced by a strange feeling of ... release. Not just a physical release but the breaking of a barrier, the acknowledgment of a pull he had tried to deny. He looked at Doug, really looked at him now that his hyper-awareness had put aside the filter of his previous apprehension, and saw not just the enigmatic friend-of-a-friend but someone who had touched him in a way he hadn't thought possible, someone who had taken control and become his master. The realization sent a shiver down his spine, a delicious tremor of surrender. He was bound to Doug now, not by force, but by his very own will. Boomer felt as though something had shifted profoundly within himself. The mystery of that lost night, now remembered, no longer felt like a threat but like the beginning of something else, woven into this new, undeniable connection with Doug.

Doug reached out; his fingertip lightly brushed Boomer's wrist. His voice was seductive. "Shake my hand, Boomer. You can move just enough now, if you want to shake my hand."

Boomer felt his hand slide into Doug's grip, felt their hands turn--*Like a key ... yeah*--felt something deep inside him unlock ...

A sense of understanding bloomed within Boomer, a feeling that transcended the physical. Yes, Doug had unlocked something within him, a part of himself Boomer hadn't wanted to admit existed or had been too afraid to acknowledge. Had Doug seen?--Was that why he asked that Boomer be one of the frat bros assigned to "volunteer" to come onstage at the fundraiser? Boomer's nervousness hadn't entirely vanished, but it was now accompanied by a compelling curiosity, a desire to understand the connection between them, to continue the mysteries of that lost night and the undeniable horniness that seemed to bind him to Doug.

"How do you feel now, Boomer?" Doug asked, his voice soft, yet carrying an unmistakable undercurrent of command. Doug's thumb traced a slow circle on the back of Boomer's hand. "I think you feel different, don't you," he murmured, his voice low and slightly rough. It wasn't a question, but a statement, as if he sensed the internal shift within Boomer.

Boomer nodded slowly, unable to articulate the complex emotions swirling within him. "Yeah," he admitted, his gaze still locked with Doug's. "Yeah, I do." Boomer swallowed, his throat still tight. He met Doug's gaze. "I--I understand now," he murmured, voice husky with arousal and acceptance. "I understand what happened--what you did."

A slow, knowing smile spread across Doug's face. "And how does that make you feel?"

Boomer's gaze blurred for a fleeting moment, a blush deepening on his cheeks, as he blinked. His eyes met Doug's again, and Boomer felt a flicker of something akin to devotion running through his mind. "It ... feels right," he confessed, admitting his surrender. "Feels like ... where I'm meant to be."

Doug's smile widened, a hint of triumph in its depths. He stepped back, a hand on Boomer's shoulder. Boomer accepted the guidance, and Doug led him to the last empty chair and ordered him to sit. "It's time," Doug said, a clear tone of authority, "for us to get started."

Boomer perched in the cheap folding chair and listened as Doug deepened their trances, as Doug gave them all suggestions, instructions, orders. Boomer's trance-driven clarity seemed a silent acknowledgment of the new dynamic between them. He gladly stripped alongside with his fraternity brothers when Doug told them to get naked, them moving sleep-slowly and Boomer moving with alert briskness. He showed off his achingly hard Boomer-bat when his brothers displayed their erections. And when Doug ordered them to have sex with

each other and him, Boomer performed enthusiastically, putting his cock in Owen's mouth and Liam's ass, sucking Moose, giving his asshole to Doug's dick, until even his hyper-awareness couldn't keep track of whose fingers and asses and cocks and tongues, acts that definitely went beyond *helping out a horny brother*, acts Boomer now gave himself permission to fully enjoy. The others were hypnotized into sleep; they wouldn't remember when they woke up, but Boomer would. Doug kept telling him he would never have to forget again. Knowing he would be awake, would remember, and would still be bound to obey Doug's orders seemed so ... hot, perfect, so exactly a missing piece of the missing night slipping back into place. Hyper-aware Boomer now understood--and accepted--why he liked helping out a horny brother so much. Doug was telling him, all of them, that they would all need a lot of *helping out* in the future, and Boomer felt an eagerness to be there.

He was still Boomer, the fraternity's star jock, only now he was bound to Doug, willingly and completely, and that surrender brought a strange, exhilarating sense of freedom. Boomer understood clearly: his path now intertwined with Doug's, his will was bound to Doug's voice, and he would never miss another Tuesday night session here in Room 169.

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