

Fourplay

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: As Buck starts a new relationship with Barry, the ground rules begin to change.]

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

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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

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1. Me

Barry is the first black man I've ever dated. Sure, I've tricked with black guys before, but only one-night stand kind of things. I've never dated one before. Barry came over to me in a bar nearly six months ago, and I thought he was interesting and very attractive, so I went home with him. We've been dating ever since.

Now, I'm your basic white boy. My name is Buck--a good Southern name. I'm nearly twenty-seven. I stand about six feet tall, and I'm nearly two hundred pounds of muscle. I'm attractive--attractive enough to model. I normally have light brown hair, though when I'm modeling sometimes it's dyed blond.

Barry stands three inches taller than me. He's older too, not quite thirty-five. He keeps his jet-black hair cut short, a professional look that highlights the statuesque lines of his face and jaw. He's not quite as muscular as

I am, but he's close. His muscles were built in the gym, while mine were built from playing sports and being athletic and wrestling since I was a kid, which is a whole different kind of strength. So even though he's taller, when we're rolling around and wrestling puppy-playful on the bed or on the living room floor--or hell, even in the kitchen--I'm usually the one who wins. But since we usually start making out and fucking, it's not like I'm the *only* one who wins.

I've got a successful modeling career. Successful enough that I just bought a house. Barry's career is more of a nine-to-five job: he's a therapist. A hypnotherapist. That kind of made me feel a little weird at first, since all I knew about hypnosis was that "yes-master-I-hear-and-obey" crap I'd seen on television and in the movies, but I got used to it. See, I really like Barry, and I wanted this to work. And he said mostly he gets called on to do "stop smoking" or "lose weight" sessions, which didn't sound so "yes-master" to me. He also does grief counseling and family/problem child counseling, which he likes a lot more. He made it sound pretty mundane, actually--I mean, it's his job. I guess even modeling work like I do can seem pretty dull when you think about how much time you spend standing around and waiting.

Besides, there are more important things to worry about. See, we live in the southeastern US, Barry and I, and there's a lot of lingering prejudice about black people. And white people who date them too. And gay people in general. I'm a product of my social background. I try to be open-minded, but sometimes there's this little voice in the back of my head, and I know it's saying things that I've absorbed from my social environment about black people, things that I can argue with consciously when I think about how Barry is a lot more complex than any stereotype. I'm not explaining this very well, but I guess maybe there's a little prejudice in the back of my head. But that's my issue and I think I'm dealing with it, working past it, pretty well and I don't let it affect Barry. I really like Barry, no matter what his skin color is. Someone once said about skin color, "If you can't see it in the dark, it doesn't matter." That's what I was trying to work toward.

We'd been dating about six months, and things were getting pretty serious. Like I said, I bought a house a year or so ago. Barry had an apartment in the heart of downtown. Things had gotten to the point between us that we spent at least three or four nights a week together, usually at my place, since it's larger than his apartment. Quieter too, as long as the two guys next door to me weren't throwing a party or anything, but I'll get to them later.

So I was dealing with more than my share of issues--heh, heh. Serious boyfriend. Older boyfriend. Getting close to that "move in together stage" (which would be a first for me--I had never ever "cohabitated" with a boyfriend before, other than spend-the-night stuff). Plus those little race things that I was working to overcome. Plus maybe a lingering weird feeling whenever he started talking about his hypnotherapy work.

Yeah, it was kind of weird. I was sitting on the floor in front of the television. We had just watched a rented movie, and I was popping it out of the player. Barry was sitting on the couch. He had his shirt and shoes off--uhm, because watching the movie hadn't been *all* we were doing--with his bare feet propped up on the coffee table. As I popped the movie back into its rental store case, I asked him, "So what do you want to do now?"

My cock was still mostly hard from our makeout session minutes before. I expected him to growl something like, "Let's go to bed," in that sexy, deep voice of his because, y'know, I was really horny and ready to crank the action up a notch.

So he surprised me when he said, "I want to hypnotize you."

I mean, you'd think after dating him for six months, I'd have gotten used to what he did for a living, but it still

made me a little nervous. And he knew it, too.

So I tried to laugh it off and said, "Wouldn't that be like bringing your work home with you? If you want to make me quack like a duck, just say so. You don't need to hypnotize me." I tucked my hands in my armpits and waved my elbows like wings. "Quack, quack!"

That made him snicker, but he didn't let up. "No, I mean it. I got into hypnotherapy because I love hypnotizing people. I think you'd make a great subject. I think you'll like it, and I want to share that with you."

I said, "Uhm ... What do you have in mind?"

He said, "Just say yes. You'll love it. You'll feel really relaxed, and you'll feel everything more intensely than ever before. You won't believe how good it will feel."

How could I resist that sexy grin? I ran my hand through my hair and said, "Well ... uhm ... I guess so."

His face lit up like it was Christmas and Santa had just dropped headfirst down the chimney. I still wanted to get his cock up my chimney, or maybe mine up his, but I figured if it made him happy, we could try doing this hypnosis shit first.

So I said, "So ... uhm?" Meaning: *What do I do?*

He said, "Have a seat," and reached over and patted the seat of the chair adjoining the couch. It was an old recliner I'd "inherited" from my parents when my mom redecorated shortly after I bought my house. It didn't fit my décor--hell, it was upholstered in this ugly green paisley print; it wouldn't fit *anybody's* décor--but I kept it around because it was really comfortable.

So I got up off the floor and plopped my ass down into the chair. I felt really ... silly about this. I mean, what if it didn't work? Was I supposed to play along so Barry wouldn't be disappointed? Or what was maybe worse: What if it *did* work?

Barry said, "Just sit comfortably." His voice was low. I could feel it rumble my bones like distant thunder. He said, "Move your feet a little further apart. That's right. Put your hands on your thighs, palms down. Good. Now look down on one of your hands. It doesn't matter which one. Just look down at one of your hands. I want you to watch that hand. I want you to concentrate on your hand. Do not move your eyes away from your hand. Notice the tightness of the skin on your hand. Notice the feel of the material that's underneath your hand. Just watch that hand. Just concentrate on that hand and listen, listen to my voice only. No distractions. Think of relaxation only. Any sound other than my voice, just let it drift into the background. Any thoughts other than relaxation, just let them come and pass.

"Just watch that hand. Concentrate on that hand. Concentrate on everything about that hand. And soon, soon, this pleasant drowsiness will come about. Perhaps your eyes might begin to sting and burn, or perhaps they may begin to water. Do not deliberately close your eyes, but don't make any effort to keep your eyes open. Let them blink if they have to. Just let your eyes close whenever they want to, and you'll drift to a wonderful, pleasant place of relaxation. Just let yourself go.

"As you watch your hand, it might become dark. It might become blurry. It may even disappear from your sight altogether. Do not refocus your eyes on your hand. Just let your eyes close whenever they want to, and you'll drift to this wonderful, pleasant place. Just let yourself go.

"As we go along, I want you to be aware of your breathing and each breath you take. Each time you exhale, let your neck relax and let your shoulders drop. Just let them go. It will feel wonderfully good.

"I'm going to count from three to one, and when I reach one, if you haven't closed your eyes, I want you to close them. Now, you will always be able to open your eyes if you really, really want to, but please leave them closed until I ask you to open them. Three ... Two ... One. Letting your eyes close. Letting your neck relax. Letting your shoulders drop. Just let them go. As we go along, you're going to find that your mind has a tendency to wander around to other thoughts and other places. Any time you find your thoughts wandering, simply bring them back and focus your attention on my voice, and you'll drift a little faster and become a little more deeply relaxed than you were the moment before.

"To ensure you're totally relaxed, I'm going to mention several muscle groups of your body. As I mention these groups of muscles, I want you to focus your attention there. I want you to concentrate, focus your attention, and relax each group of muscles that I mention.

"Concentrate on your face now, and let your face muscles relax. You've relaxed your face, so now relax the tiny, tiny muscles around your eyes. You've relaxed your face and your eyes, and now your neck. Let your neck relax. You've relaxed your neck, and now your shoulders. Let your shoulders drop. Just let them go. You've relaxed your shoulders, and now your arms and your hands are beginning to feel so heavy, so heavy, as though lead weights were pulling down on them. Relax your arms and your hands and your fingers. You've relaxed your arms and your hands and your fingers, and now your chest. Let your chest go. You've relaxed your chest, and now your stomach. You've relaxed your stomach, and now your hips--your hips and your thighs, your thighs and your knees, your knees and your calves, your calves and your ankles, your ankles and your feet. Every nerve, every muscle, every fiber of your body is more relaxed right now than you've ever been in your entire life, and you're going to continue to relax even more as we go along.

"I'm going to count from three to one again, and when I reach one I want you to take a deep breath and hold it. Three. Two. One. Yes. A deep breath filling your lungs up. And now exhale slowly. As you exhale slowly, let all of your muscles relax. Just let them go and melt down farther and farther. Just let them all relax and melt.

"Let's do that one more time. Three. Two. One. A deep breath, filling your lungs up with air ... and exhale slowly. As you exhale, let all of your muscles melt right down, farther and farther."

I felt the recliner being tilted back, easing me back, stretching me out.

Barry said, "At this point you're going to find it very, very easy to use your imagination. I want you to use your imagination now, and I want you to imagine that it's a pleasant summer day. Just let go, and relax, and melt down farther and farther. I want you to imagine that it's a pleasant summer day, and you're lying in a hammock stretched between two trees. Maybe you can see the sunlight coming down through the leaves of the trees, and you maybe can see the limbs of the trees as they sway back and forth in the gentle summer breeze. I'm going to count down from ten to one, and on each number I count, that hammock is going to sway back and forth, back and forth, and each time that hammock swings, you're going to continue to relax and melt and drop down farther and deeper than you were a moment before.

"You're in this hammock now, and this hammock is beginning to swing in the breeze. Ten, and you've relaxed. Nine ... Eight ... Seven. It feels warm and safe and comfortable. Ten ... Nine ... As the hammock goes back and forth, just let yourself go. Eight ... Seven ... Six ... Just let yourself go. Five ... Four ... The hammock goes back and forth, so gently. Let yourself go. Four ... Three ... Two ... One. All the way down."

What was I feeling? I was just drifting with my eyes closed. Not quite like being asleep, but kinda-sorta similar. Barry was talking to me--I could hear the buzz of his voice, someplace faraway. It just didn't seem like it was that important for me to listen. I didn't want to disturb this relaxed, heavy feeling I was feeling, as I drifted with my eyes closed.

"Open your eyes," Barry was saying to me. "Wake up, and take a deep breath."

I opened my eyes. I was sitting up in the recliner again. Barry was on the couch, leaning in toward me, this huge grin plastered across his face.

"Welcome back," he said as I yawned and stretched. In spite of his grin, I thought he'd never looked more handsome, with that intense gleam in his eye and his beautiful bare chest and arms on display.

Where did my shirt go? I scratched idly at one bare pectoral. I would have sworn I was wearing it earlier, since I remembered Barry's hands running up under it when we were cuddling during the movie.

"I want to try something," he said. He held out his right hand, like he wanted to shake my hand. I looked at him kind of funny. Why was he grinning like that? But I reached out my hand and clasped his.

He shook my hand, pressing it down firmly, and declared, "Sleep."

My eyes closed, and I drifted again.

I dreamed of hands. Touching me. Touching my body. I dreamed of hands moving my arms around, and my legs. They felt good. Familiar and strong and comforting on my skin. I felt ... I felt my shoes falling away, and my socks. The hands on my legs and my hips. Then my shorts being removed. I never wear underwear, so I felt a hand on my exposed rod, so stiff already when the fingers touched, and a hand cupping my ballsack, with a finger probing underneath between my ass cheeks.

The hands felt electric, like they were touching me in ways no one had ever touched me before. I would have squirmed under their intense caresses, but my body remained too heavy and limp. They coaxed at me, stroked me, probed and touched and massaged me, from the top of my head, to my crotch, then down to my toes, and back again to my crotch. I felt a finger enter my ass, like an electric eel nudging my prostate, and the flat of a hand sliding along my erection, grinding it between the hand and my abs. Lips touched mine, and I felt ... I felt myself cumming. Shooting. Orgasming all through my body, like I was aware of every single nerve getting involved, the intensity singing along my nerves like high-tension electrical wires. It went on and on, building, building. So intense. Almost burning me. So fucking intense. Stretching time and pleasure out infinitely ...

2. Him

Barry hypnotized me regularly after that. I mean, after something that felt that intense, how could I say no? Sure, I let him.

He didn't even have to ask. He'd just get this smile on his face, like he was planning something, and he'd reach out his right hand to me. I might look at him curiously, but I never could seem to stop my own right hand from moving on its own volition to clasp his.

He'd shake my hand and command me, "Sleep," and I would. Just like that.

Sometimes, I'd just drift with my eyes closed. Sometimes, he would ask me to open my eyes, and I would, though I could tell by the way I felt that I wasn't awake. Not really. He would ask me to do things, and I would. It just seemed natural. I didn't have a problem with it. Especially not if it felt that intense every time he touched me, kissed me, sucked me, fucked me, let me fuck him. But it did seem kind of one-sided. I was happy to have all the intensity, all the pleasure, but I wanted to share it with Barry too. Maybe that's called being in love.

One night, maybe a month after he first hypnotized me, Barry and I were talking. We'd just gotten home from eating at a terrific new vegetarian restaurant, even though neither of us was a vegetarian. He was on the couch. I was in the kitchen getting us drinks. A bottled lite beer for him--he only drank bottled beer--and filtered water with a twist of lime for me. (Sometimes, being a model sucks, because you have to watch every damn calorie.)

He was telling me about this kid, sixteen years old, that had been in his office that day for anger management counseling. Not the hypnosis kind--just a standard counseling therapy session. He said the kid had been distracted and uncommunicative the whole session, trying to hide a boner that just wouldn't go away. He thought what the kid really needed was to find himself a willing sixteen-year-old girl and have sex, or at least a gallon-sized bottle of lube and jack off. Hyper-controlling parents were screwing up the kid's head, and all that pent-up sexual energy was coming out as frustration and anger.

I hollered out from the kitchen that Barry should have just handed the kid a *Playboy* magazine and sent him off to the men's room for an hour of "self-counseling," and we both laughed.

"Or maybe I should hypnotize his parents," Barry yelled back, "and make them lighten up on him."

I got a glimpse out the kitchen window, down into the back yard of the house next door. The full moon outside turned the world silver-gray. The guys next door were outside. They had two friends with them too. Their yard lights were off. The four of them were playing in the pool, lit only by moonlight. One of them yelled--"*Wah-hoooo!*"--as he hurled himself off the low diving board and into the water with a tremendous splash. In the two seconds his body arced through space before impact with the water, I saw his bare ass and a glimpse of scrotum between the spread of his legs. Another youth, running around the concrete skirt of the pool to claim the diving board next, unknowingly showed off his flopping penis to me as he ran. They were skinny-dipping. I grinned. They were twenty-one or so, maybe six years younger than me, and I wished I was out there with them, running naked and wet in the warm night air, brave enough to do what I wanted. I pulled back from the window. I didn't want my spying to spoil their fun and make them self-conscious. It was too dark to see much more, anyway.

I carried Barry's beer out to him. I sipped my water and said, "You know who I want to hypnotize?"

That made him look at me funny. "Who?"

"You."

"Me?"

"Yeah. You."

He had to think about that a second. I parked myself on the couch next to him and swallowed more water and watched his mental gears turn.

"Seriously?" he said quietly, looking at his beer bottle instead of me and picking nervously at its label.

"Yes."

See, he and I had talked a long time before about how he learned to hypnotize people. He had been hypnotized a few times as part of his training. And he said he liked the feeling--as in, "really liked it." That was one reason he had wanted to hypnotize me that first time, and every time since.

"I dunno ..."

I leaned in and whispered in his ear, "Turnabout is fair play."

Whispering in his ear like that always got him horny. Manipulative, yes, but I like getting what I want and I've never pretended to be a saint.

He stammered, "Uh ... I ..."

"Just say 'yes,' Barry."

"Yes."

Hot damn! I was, like, cheering on the inside!

"But on one condition," he said, still talking to his beer instead of me. "It has to be under very controlled circumstances. Because I'm a good subject, maybe even better than you. Sometimes when I'm hypnotizing a client, I have to really fight to keep from falling asleep myself. It's kind of scary in a way, and it would be really easy for a novice like you to ... well ..."

"Look, baby, I just want you to be comfortable and trust me. I want to make you feel good. If you need to set ground rules, we can talk about that. I don't want to do anything that makes you nervous, okay?"

He gave me an odd grin--part nervous, part eager. "Okay."

"So what's the first rule?"

"First, you have to let me train you, so I'll know you can do it right. Hypnosis isn't a toy for amateurs."

"Okay. Fair enough."

He turned and held out his hand, and I thought, *Huh?* The angle was awkward, but my hand slipped into his. We shook, and he instructed me, "Sleep. Sleep, Buck."

I sank and drifted. I heard his voice, somewhere far away. I heard him, and I drifted.

Some time later, I was opening my eyes. I wasn't quite awake. I was doing what he told me.

Barry was leaning back, facing me but with his eyes closed. I was telling him to relax. I was telling him to let go. I was talking to him the way he talked to me, that first time he hypnotized me and several times after that. I was saying to him that I want him to use his imagination. These words weren't mine--they're his. I was reciting them exactly the way he trained me.

I said, "Now, I want you to imagine that you're in an office building. It's a twenty-story office building, just

like the one where you work, and you are way up on the twentieth floor. You're going to ride the elevator from the twentieth floor down to the very first floor. Each floor that passes by, you're going to continue to drop and relax, down farther and deeper relaxed than the floor before. Can you see it in your imagination? You're in the elevator now, and the elevator is beginning to move.

"There goes the nineteenth floor. You've very relaxed. There goes the eighteenth floor, and you feel the peaceful relaxation swelling through you. There goes the seventeenth floor. Just let yourself go and melt yourself down to the sixteenth floor. Down to the sixteenth floor. Down, deeper down. The fifteenth floor. The fourteenth floor. Your whole body feels loose and limp, like a rag doll as you melt to the fourteenth floor. The thirteenth. The twelfth. Feels so good to trust and relax and sink. The eleventh. The tenth. Sinking. Sinking faster, deeper. The ninth. The eighth. It feels as if there are magnets in the bottom of this elevator. Those magnets are pulling down on your body. They're pulling you right down to the very carpet of the elevator.

"Just let go and relax down to the seventh floor. The sixth floor. The fifth. Faster. Deeper. More relaxed. The fourth. Pulled down so irresistibly. The third. Almost there now. The second. Even the sound of my voice helps you relax and helps you to drop down to the second floor, and we're almost down to that very first floor, and as soon as I count off that number-one floor, your body is going to feel like a puppet. Your body will feel like a puppet that has strings attached to your arms and your hands and your feet and your legs, and as soon as I count off that first floor, you're going to feel like I cut all of your puppet strings at once. You won't even be able to lift your head because all of your puppet strings will have been cut.

"Get ready to let go. Get ready to let go completely. Dropping deeper. Here it comes. Three. Two. One. You've reached the first floor. Down deeper and deeper. Just letting go. Relaxing and melting. Good, Barry. Feel how good it feels to just relax? You've missed this feeling, haven't you?"

His voice was barely a whisper: "... yes ..."

"You can open your eyes now, Barry, but you don't have to wake up. You can open your eyes and still remain very deeply asleep."

His eyes opened. They seemed unfocused. Barry was deeply hypnotized. I was deeply hypnotized too. I knew that. I knew what to do. I gave him his instructions, just like he told me to. I gave him his instructions to sleep, instructions on how he would fall asleep so easily, so deeply, next time when I gave him this simple trigger phrase and this trigger touch, instructions to let go, relax, accept. I was a good boy--I repeated them exactly the way he had told me to. He had put me to sleep, and now I had put him to sleep.

I stood up. Barry stood up when I asked him to. He had been hypnotized many times before. He wasn't an inexperienced newbie like I had been.

I guided him down the hall, into the bedroom. I didn't turn the light on--the full moon streaming through the window was light enough. My clothes fell away. Barry's clothes fell away. We fell into the bed, as if pulled by a magnetic field.

My cock was rigid. Barry's hose was hard too. "Hose"--what a great word! Long and thick and spouting powerfully at the end. He has a big, thick dick, and it gets *hard*-hard. Harder than just about any other dick I've ever seen. Sucking it is like having a steel rod in your mouth. Don't try anything fancy like wagging your head around, or you might crack a tooth on his dong.

I pushed him down flat on his back, pushed his wrists up near the headboard. I pulled two pairs of handcuffs

out of the nightstand drawer. I used to keep them there to play with tricks who were into a little light bondage. But I hadn't tricked with anyone else since I started going out with Barry, and I had never played with them with Barry, though he knew I wanted to. I'm pretty vanilla in bed, but he's even more vanilla than me. He was always too nervous for the handcuffs, unwilling or unable to let go--said he had confinement issues.

Now, his sweetly hypnotized eyes didn't even blink as I straddled his stomach, feeling the tip of his erection nudge my ass crack, and I leaned forward and--*ClickClickClick!*--I snapped one set of the handcuffs shut around his wrist and around the sturdy rails of the headboard. *ClickClickClick!*--his other wrist was secured to the headboard, shoulder-width apart.

This was his gift to me. Now, hypnotized, he could let go. With me hypnotized, he could trust. I'd follow instructions. There'd be no surprises.

Every touch seemed too intense to him--I made sure of that. It hit me the same way. I felt the same intensity he did. My tongue gliding across the skin of his arm, his neck. I couldn't get enough of the taste of his nipples, tense as little bullets.

I lost track of where my tongue lapped. Fingers, the sensitive crook of his arm, balls, inner thigh. Everything felt so intense--it burned my senses into a dull plateau of pleasure. I think I had his dick in my mouth at one point, and his toes, and his earlobe, but everything blurred. I put my body parts where his mouth and tongue could reach them too. My dick, my ass, my tongue. It felt so good to share this with him, the way the hypnosis amped every sensation better than any drug. The sex we'd had in the past? It just didn't compare.

It was all going so quickly. I felt my cock enter his body. His calves rested on my shoulders. His ass was angled up thanks to a pillow underneath. I felt my rod glide through a sea of lube and into his sphincter. I saw the intensity in his eyes, mixed in with the hypno-blankness. He pressed his smooth-shaven ass up like a hero to take me deeper inside. My dick is larger than average--not as big as Barry's, but definitely bigger than most--and right now it felt like it was burrowing into him of its own will. He opened his mouth, a gasp, and I bent forward awkwardly to kiss him. His tongue invaded my mouth like a wet snake, touching every tooth, taking possession of my mouth the way my cock occupies his ass. My hips gave a powerful thrust that pushed the rest of my length into him. Barry lifted his head, breaking the kiss, and let out the loudest, "Uuuuuuuuugh-hhh-hhh," I'd ever heard. His eyes closed as he followed an instruction--everything he felt helped him relax deeper into the hypnosis. But his mouth curled into a smile. The intensity overloaded him, but he liked what he was feeling.

I nipped gently at his biceps with my teeth. His eyes opened again, still unfocused, and his mouth searched vainly for mine, finding only the side of my head.

My body was beginning to thrust now, slowly at first, just moving my cock around in him in a circular motion, but soon becoming short, hard thrusts that banged into his prostate.

Barry moaned and gibbered something I couldn't make out. I felt his sphincter begin to relax, accustomed to my size now, and I felt his body go limp beneath me, no longer subconsciously fighting the invader in his ass. His wrists tugged at the handcuffs. He wanted to touch me, but he was held fast. My hands ran over the muscles of his chest and shoulders. I leaned back and looked at him as my hips banged his ass. His nostrils flared and his mouth gaped open. His eyes were half-open, devoid of anything except the bliss flooding his body and mind. I could hear my balls slapping into him as my body fucked him. Everything seemed so far away and so intensely *there* at the same time.

Sometime later, my body began to quiver, and the shiver that ran up my spine made me moan. Barry must have sense what was going on. He managed to lift one eyelid. The look on my face must announce I was about to cum. My eyes were clamped shut and my mouth was wide open, as I gulped short, quick breaths. I bent forward, and my abdominal muscles ground into his nuts and dick.

He squirmed under my rippling, firm muscles. He moaned. He shot his load up between our bellies and chests. His orgasm was so intense, I felt his body shake like an earthquake. My face hovered directly above his. His mouth was gaping. His eyes were clamped shut and the upheaval of pleasure exploded through him.

His orgasm lasted two or three times longer than usual. It was hard to tell, the way this floating feeling in me screwed up my sense of time. As his orgasm began to pass, as his body began to relax, I felt my climax build. My hips thrusting deeper, more powerfully, like a battering ram. My body moaning loudly now, pumping very deep, very fast. His ass held my dick inside, clamping around it, nearly crushing it. I was pounding his ass like a warrior. Nothing was going to distract me.

Suddenly my back arched, and there was this primitive cry of relief roaring out of my throat, and I felt my cock spurting an ocean of hot liquid, and my climax burst up from my dick and filled every part of me like fire, like light, like ... I don't know how to describe it. I let out a final gasp, and my body sagged down on top of Barry's, both of us limp and exhausted.

Then I was waking up, and it was morning. There was sunlight coming through a crack in the curtains. Barry's arms were out of the handcuffs. I don't remember unlocking them, didn't remember going to sleep, but there we were--face to face, arms around each other, legs knotted together. His morning erection rubbed alongside mine and poked at my stomach as he breathed slowly and deeply, locked deeply in slumber.

I lay there and watched him sleep. I didn't have to be anywhere that day, since as a model most of my time is taken up with staying in shape and keeping myself looking good, a flexible schedule. But Barry had to be at his office by nine o'clock. But there was time. His sleeping body hauled itself closer to mine.

I wound a hand between us, circling my fingers around his cock shaft, just behind the head, the way he liked it. I tugged at it gently, so gently, back and forth, with short, easy strokes. His hips pressed forward, wanting more of that good feeling.

And if my wrist occasionally grazed my own cock and sent a shiver of pleasure through me, well, that was just a bonus.

Barry stirred, took a deep breath. His eyes fluttered and opened.

"Morning," I whispered, smiling.

"Morn'n ..." he mumbled back.

I kissed him, and his mouth opened to meet mine. He strangled out an, "Nnnnnh," as his body tensed, and suddenly his cream was splattering against my chest, coating my fingers.

His hand found my cock. He's got this way of flickering his fingers lightly around the flared rim of my cockhead that drives me nuts, and I buried my tongue deeply in his mouth. Three strokes of his hand along my length and I had to whisper, "I'm cumming," because I was. I was cumming, cumming all over our stomachs and his hand, cumming between our bodies as I pressed mine to his, kissing him, riding out my orgasm with him in my arms.

He showered alone. He always needed some time alone to prepare for his day. I made breakfast. We talked about plans for that night.

We didn't talk about the hypnosis.

As he was about to leave, I said, "Last night was--"

He interrupted me with a finger on my lips. "I need some time to process, okay?" Then he kissed me lightly and said, "I'll see you tonight," and he was gone.

3. Them

So I wasn't the only one with issues.

Barry dealt with his. We talked that night, a really deep heart-to-heart. The details aren't important. Let's just say that mutual hypnosis became a frequent part of our sexual play together.

He didn't let me hypnotize him that often. He mostly would hypnotize me, usually with that handshake that I never quite realized was coming and the command--"Sleep!"--but sometimes with full inductions. As I learned to enjoy the hypnosis more, I liked it better when he would do the full inductions.

Maybe every third or fourth time, he'd let me hypnotize him too. He would hypnotize me first. When I entered a trance, one of the commands ingrained into me would kick in. Suddenly I would find myself reaching up for him. I'd touch him in his trigger place in the hollow just behind and under the ear, and I'd say his trigger word, "Sleep," and he would.

It always caught him by surprise, because one of the first instructions I was "programmed" to give him was to forget how it happened. Sometimes he would catch my arm or manage to stop me, and he'd talk me down deeper into my trance, which I guess overrode the instruction in me to trigger him, but I'm very fast so more often than not it was both of us entranced together.

When it happened together, sometimes I'd be "in charge" of calling the shots, and sometimes he would be. It seemed like we swapped turns, though not always. I guess strength of personality also was a factor. Either way, it was fun. I just wished he would let me hypnotize him more often. But it happened often enough. Since Barry was staying over at my place at least three or four nights a week, that meant I got to hypnotize him at least once a week.

When I bought this house, I never officially came out to the two college students renting the house next door. But when Barry started coming around nearly every night and his car was still in my driveway the next morning, I guess they figured it out. Well, the "boyfriend" part, anyway.

I met one of them soon after I moved in. He was out mowing their lawn, and I came out to check the mail, and he came over to introduce himself. Troy. Said he lived with his brother. They were renting the place while they attended a local college.

Troy was twenty-one. Cornsilk-blond hair and green eyes. He stood about my height, six feet even or so. His trim body was slimmer than mine. He had the look of a runner or a swimmer. I thought he was very good-looking, even though he was a little younger than most of the guys I found attractive.

Over the next couple of weeks, I saw Troy a number of times. But only Troy--I never saw his brother. Troy would always wave when I waved, though sometimes he seemed friendly and sometimes kind of distant. I never saw his brother, though, or so I thought.

One Saturday morning, when the sun was blasting down like a nuclear furnace, I saw Troy out washing his car. All he had on was a pair of denim shorts, cut off at mid-thigh with little white ragged strings dangling from the rough edges, and a pair of old sneakers. I wanted a better look, so I sauntered over to be friendly.

"Hey, Buck!" he called as I walked over. He flashed me a megawatt grin.

"How's it going?" I said, doing my "casually scooping him out but not staring" routine. Yeah, he was attractive, all right, trim, with sleek muscles in all the right places. His upper body was hairless down to his navel, where a light dusting of blond hair started and ran down into the elastic waistband of his briefs, which was visible over the waist of his shorts.

We chatted a while, mostly about his classes and plans for the weekend. Then the front door opened and this guy walked out. He looked exactly like Troy--I mean, *exactly* like him--and I thought, *So that explains it.* Twins. I had seen the brother--I just hadn't realized it. That explained why sometimes Troy acted like he knew me and sometimes he was more distant--the distant times, that was the brother.

The brother walked over, and Troy introduced him as Tony. It was uncanny how alike they looked. Tony was a little more muscular, a little less tall, but you'd have to see them side-by-side like that to notice.

Tony was wearing a tee-shirt, jeans, and sandals. He was maybe leaving more to the imagination, but with Troy right next to him wearing next to nothing, my imagination didn't have to work too hard to fill in the blanks.

I got to be pretty friendly with both Troy and Tony over the next few months. When I started dating Barry, once they figured out the "Barry = boyfriend" equation, they were cool about it and often asked how he was doing. They got to know Barry as well, and sometimes we hung out together, at my place to watch a movie and split a pizza, at their place playing in the pool. I noticed Tray checking Barry and me out a few times as we lounged around the pool, and Barry checking the brothers out too. I guess I couldn't complain since I was doing the same.

As I got to know them better, I saw differences in their personalities too. Tony was the outgoing party animal. Troy was a little quieter, emotions a little closer to the surface. That emotional side was in high gear one night. This was about a month after Barry had first let me hypnotize him. We were coming back from a night out--we'd been to dinner, then gone out to a bar with some of Barry's friends and danced until nearly closing time. We had just gotten out of the car when Troy came half-running, half-staggering over. He was really upset and fighting back tears. He'd been drinking too, which definitely didn't help.

Seems his brother Tony had been in a bad car accident earlier that night. He was in the hospital. Several broken bones, and still unconscious. The doctors were afraid of *this* and thought he might have damaged *that* ... but they wouldn't know for sure until Tony regained consciousness. The hospital staff had sent Troy home to get some sleep, but he got into the alcohol instead. Now he was moaning about how he needed to get back to the hospital in case Tony woke up, but he was obviously in no shape to drive.

Barry leaned over to me and whispered, "Listen, I think he needs to talk to someone. I'm going to take him home and try to get him sobered up and help him through this. I'll join you in a little while, okay?"

Okay, Barry in therapist mode. I wanted him to myself that night, but Troy was pretty much a basket case. I nodded.

"C'mon, slugger," Barry said, as he put his arm around Troy's shoulder and steered him back toward the open front door of his house. "Let's go inside and get you sobered up. We'll talk about it, if you feel up to it, okay?"

So I went inside my house, alone. It was just past two in the morning. I was tired, and I was horny, and I wanted Barry. I wanted his body nestled next to mine. I wanted his body covered in sweat as I fucked him, or he fucked me--hell, I didn't care what we did as long as I got to make love with him.

Around three in the morning, I went to bed. Sometime later, I was awakened when I felt the bed move. Barry's naked body sliding under the covers beside me. I glanced at the clock. Fifteen after seven.

"Didya get Troy all taken care of?" I muttered sleepily.

Barry whispered in my ear, "Yeah. Sorry--it took longer than I thought to get him calmed down. He was pretty distraught. Go back to sleep. We can talk in the morning." Barry kissed my forehead.

"Mmm," I said, nuzzling closer to him, already falling back to sleep against his warm body.

We slept until noon. A light knocking on my front door woke us up. I pulled on jeans from the night before and willed my morning stiffy to go away, which it certainly didn't want to do. I opened the door to find Troy.

He had come by with an update about Tony. Left ankle broken. Both wrists broken. Some bumps and bruises. He had regained consciousness, and the doctors were predicting no lasting damage, though they wanted to keep him in the hospital one more day for observation.

Barry came shuffling, yawning, out of my bedroom, wearing nothing but his boxer shorts. Troy seemed a little surprised or something--but his expression was difficult to read.

"Hey, Troy," Barry drawled drowsily, yawning again, scratching his fingers through his hair over one ear. "Did you get some sleep after I left?"

Troy shifted from one foot to the other. "Yeah. Uh. I wanted to say thanks for, uhm, listening to me last night. I guess I--I mean ... Thanks."

"No problem." Barry lurched sleep-clumsy up behind me and kissed my neck, which made Troy's eyes widen. "Hey, babe," Barry said to me. "What's for breakfast?"

I thought, *You, stud, as soon as I close this door.*

But before I could get rid of Troy, Barry said to him, "You had breakfast yet, Troy? How about joining us?"

Grrr!

"Okay," Troy said, already coming through the door. "I guess I could eat."

Don't get me wrong. I liked Troy. I just didn't want to be his babysitter. It was the weekend. I had my boyfriend Barry here. I wanted to spend some time with him. But Barry, on the other hand, invited Troy along for pretty much everything we did that day, and Troy tagged along like a happy puppy, as if he was afraid of being alone or something. Or maybe their talk last night had turned into something important to Troy? Barry

had said a lot of people developed crushes on their therapists.

We went for a walk through the wooded park down the block--Troy tagged along.

We went grocery shopping for dinner--Troy tagged along.

We make dinner and ate--Troy was right there with us in the kitchen.

After dinner, Barry and I settled on the couch to watch some television--Troy parked himself in the recliner.

I kept thinking to myself, *Shouldn't he be off visiting Tony in the hospital or something?*

Troy seemed pretty taken with Barry. Maybe it was just a crush? I was trying hard not to be jealous.

I woke up and sat up. The television was on. The clock read shortly after midnight. I must have dozed off? Neither Barry nor Troy was anywhere to be seen.

I looked out the curtain. There was a light on in Troy's house, but that didn't necessarily mean anything. I was debating the merits of sneaking around out there and peeking in Troy's windows when I heard someone opening my front door.

Barry walked in. "Hey, Buck. You're awake."

I looked at him like, *Duh!* "Where were you," I asked, trying to keep my voice light and not an accusation.

He walked over and gave me a hug. "You dozed off, so Troy and I went back to his place to talk. He's got a lot of issues on his mind."

"I got an issue right here you should have been taking care of."

His hand found the swelling in the crotch of my jeans. He grinned. "So I noticed."

"Next time, ask before you invite Troy along all day, okay?"

"Huh? Oh! Fuck, I'm sorry. You're right--I should have asked. You've been very patient." His body sank down. He knelt in front of me. His breath was hot and moist on my crotch--I could feel it through my jeans. "And patient boys deserve a reward." His teeth found the zipper tongue and eased it down. He unsnapped my jeans and slid them down to my knees. I ran my fingers through his short hair as he sword-swallowed my erection deep into his throat.

Over the next few days, I didn't see much of Troy. Tony came home from the hospital. His left foot was in a cast. Both hands and forearms were in casts. He couldn't walk. He couldn't do much with his hands. Troy became his caregiver in those next two weeks, dressing him, bathing him, feeding him, probably wiping his ass too.

Barry and I went over to visit a few times. So did a lot of their other friends. Tony didn't lack for social interaction. Barry and I went over there a couple of times to help with dinner and give Troy a break from the "sole caregiver" role. We watched some television with them afterward. Tony would get up and hop-hobble to bed. Sometimes Troy would disappear with him for a little while to help out. Then Troy and Barry and I would hang out and watch television a little while longer. Each time, with my head in Barry's lap, I fell asleep. I'd sorta-kinda wake up later when Barry shook my shoulder, and I'd let him lead me back to my

place. Troy didn't seem to be around, and I didn't bother to ask why.

After a couple of weeks, Tony could get around on his ankle cast. But the casts on his wrists and hands meant he couldn't grip or hold things very well. Even doorknobs gave him trouble. He still needed Troy to do all the lifting and manage all the zippers and buttons. Tony started wearing a lot of sweatpants, so at least he could manage to pee by himself, but he still needed Troy for managing a lot of things he had taken for granted before.

One day, when Barry and I were headed out to get some steaks to barbecue that afternoon in my back yard, we saw Troy washing his car. I had to admit, he looked pretty damn good in just that pair of gym shorts and banged-up old sneakers.

He waved. We waved. Barry asked him how things were going--typical chitchat--and Troy said not so well. Tony had been getting impatient lately, which we'd all noticed, and frustrated because he couldn't get around as well or do as much for himself. Troy said Tony had blown up at him that morning over nothing and he'd come out to wash his car again to get away from him for a while.

"Listen," Barry said, and I knew his "professional therapist" tone when I heard it. "You want me to go have a talk with him? Maybe I can find out what's bothering him."

Troy's face lit up with that megawatt smile again. "Would you? That would be great! Thanks, Barry."

Barry turned to me and said, "Buck, would you mind going to the grocery store by yourself? I'm sure I'll be finished by the time you get back."

Grrr!

So Barry headed off into Troy and Tony's house, and me, I headed off to the grocery, trying to tell myself I wasn't a jerk just because I wanted to spend time with my boyfriend--*my* boyfriend--instead of sharing him with some boy who probably needed his help too.

Naturally, Barry wasn't waiting for me when I got home. An hour later, I'd marinated the steaks, made the salad, cooked up some veggies--all by myself, dammit--when the door opened and Barry sauntered in.

"Get everything taken care of?" I asked, trying not to seem annoyed.

"Hey, babe. Yeah. Turned out to be a pretty simple problem to fix."

He came up behind me and kissed my ear. I was wearing jeans and no shirt, and I liked the scratchy feel of his shirt against the skin of my bare back, the feel of his hips pressed against my ass through my jeans. My cock started to go rigid. I could have forgotten my annoyance right then and there and screwed him silly on the kitchen floor. But it was, *Focus, Buck, stay focused.*

I said, "What was the problem?"

"Remember that sixteen-year-old I told you about a couple of weeks ago?"

"Uhm ... no?"

"Sure you do. The one with the boner problem."

"Oh, right. Anger management. Control-freak parents."

"That's the one. It was a similar problem. What happens when you take a young guy like Tony, put his hands in casts so he can't jack off, and maroon him at home since he can't drive a car find some chicks? He starts getting really horny and irritable. The cure is pretty simple. Find a way for him to get off."

"You *didn't*!"

"No, I didn't. Well, not personally, anyway. I just helped him sit back, relax, and work through some visualization exercises. I guess you could say I helped him get himself off."

"You hypnotized Tony? Barry, he's our--my--neighbor!"

"Is that a problem? I explained we were going to do some visualizations to help him work past his anger. He got relaxed. He got horny. He pictured a fantasy scene, and when it got intense enough, he shot his load. End of problem. I got him cleaned up, and everything's going to be fine."

"Barry--dude--that just seems ..."

"What? He was already horny enough to fuck a tree trunk. All I did was provide the direction. He didn't have to follow along, but he did. I didn't even have to touch him, if that's what you're worried about. I'm not sure he would have been into that anyway. I think he's straight. Straighter than Troy, anyway."

That practically made my jaw drop. "And you know this ... *how*, exactly?"

He shrugged. "Just a hunch."

"Barry, what if tomorrow Tony wakes up and--"

"Shhh. Don't worry about it, Buck. I never touched him. I doubt he'll even remember it tomorrow. I just talked to him, all soft and low, and I told him to close his eyes, and think about a time he was really relaxed and happy, and feel himself starting to relax. It's something I call the 'magic television.' I just asked him to imagine himself in a scene, and I helped him see it unfold. For instance, remember the other night when we were watching television? We were sitting on the couch, right? You remember. And you had your head in my lap. You remember. You were watching that television program. You were feeling calm, and relaxed, and peaceful, and safe and secure.

"I bet in your mind you can still see that program on the screen. You can still hear the sounds and have the feelings and remember how much you really enjoyed watching that program. Yeah? You can continue watching that program, just by letting your eyes close. You don't need to pay any attention to what I'm saying. You're just continuing to relax and enjoy that special program by keeping your eyes closed until I tell you to open them and awaken from the hypnotic state.

"In just a moment, that program will finish, and we will change the channel. You will continue moving into an even deeper, drowsier state. You will be seeing a program that will show you how to relax and feel better. No resistance. Overcoming any resistance and getting rid of it completely.

"Your program has ended now, and I'm going to change the channel. You're continuing to feel more peaceful, and now you're seeing a program that is showing a love scene. How easy it is to watch this new program. It's a love scene where one of the men looks like you, isn't it. Maybe he *is* you, or maybe he's just an actor who

looks like you--you decide. The picture is becoming more clear. You are understanding it. You're seeing it. It's a sexy love scene, where one of the men looks like you. And the other looks like one of the hottest men you've ever seen in your life. Doesn't matter who. He's so hot. It's a love scene. You can watch them carefully taking off each other's clothes. Maybe they're kissing. Their bodies are moving together. You can see how aroused they are. You're aroused too, aren't you? That's fine. It's just a television show.

"They're kissing, moving together, guiding each other onto the bed. They're starting to make love, and it looks so sexy, so hot, so very sexy. One actor is you, and the other is the one of the hottest men you've ever seen. They're starting to make love and you can see the intensity between them, the emotion. They really care about each other and want to make each other feel really, really good. Just like you're feeling now. So good. So aroused. So relaxed and aroused.

"They're moving deeper together. They're relaxing more, feeling more comfortable, so horny. Their love-making is becoming more intense. More passionate. They're so turned-on. So intense. It seems as if you can feel it yourself, don't you? So intense. So passionate. So aroused and needing to cum soon. You're feeling everything they do to each other, feeling everything they feel, and loving the feeling as you watch their love-making.

"And it looks like the actor who is playing the hottest man you've ever seen is getting swept away in the feeling. The lovemaking is too intense. The intensity is too much for him. You can see him starting to cum, see his dick starting to shoot his hot load. Cumming so intensely. Cumming so completely. Holding nothing back. Just letting himself go in the moment and enjoying such an intense orgasm.

"And now it's the other actor's turn, the one playing you, the one who is you. Can't you feel it? Yes? The building climax. The rising intensity. So horny. So ready to get off. Feel it. Feel it all through you. Making love to such a hot guy. Making you feel so good. So fully aroused. So ready to cum. Ready? Cum, Buck. Let yourself cum. Cum now. Cum hard. Let yourself cum ..."

And this powerful orgasm tore through me. That buzzing feeling I'd been feeling in my balls became the blue blast of my cumming, as my cock erupted without me touching myself and my knees nearly buckled from the sudden onslaught of it through every nerve.

"That's it, Buck. Such a powerful orgasm. So intense. Now this program is ending. I'm going to switch off the television now, Buck. On the count of three. And when I do, you can open your eyes. You will be back in a wide-awake, fully alert state, feeling confident and happy. Ready? One. Two. Three." Barry snapped his fingers.

I blinked and looked at him.

He was grinning from ear to ear. "See how easy that was?"

I fingered the sticky wet spot in my jeans up near the waistband and off to one side where my cock had spat out my load. I wasn't sure what I was feeling.

He said, "Why don't you go get cleaned up, and I'll start grilling the steaks?"

I nodded without saying anything and headed into my bedroom, already blushing because I knew what he was about to ask.

"By the way," Barry called after me, "who did you imagine was in the television program with you?"

4. Us

Over the next couple of weeks, two significant things happened.

First, Tony got his casts off. Now that he could do for himself again, his mood improved astronomically.

Second, I figured out that Barry had been hypnotizing Troy and Tony for a while. Almost every time he came to my place.

Okay, I might not be the brightest guy, but I can figure things out if I have enough time. I started noticing how I'd doze off for a while whenever Barry and I were home. I figured out he was putting me to sleep hypnotically. Sometimes, I'd wake up and he'd be gone. Or I'd wake up when he was getting back. Or he'd wake me up and be in a completely different place from before. I didn't much care, at first, and then I figured out he was probably suggesting that to me too.

Once Tony was de-casted--or whatever the word is for getting casts removed--once he got his casts off and could move around, he and Troy would come over to my place. They'd see Barry's car pull up, and pretty soon one, then the other, or both at once, would show up at my door, eager as puppies. Pretty soon after that, I'd find myself falling asleep. When I'd wake up, Tony and Troy would be gone, and only Barry and I remained.

When I confronted Barry, he just shrugged and admitted it. He said, "Remember that night Troy came to tell us about Tony's accident? Remember how I took him home? I've been hypnotizing him once or twice a week ever since." And, "Remember that time I went over to see why Tony was in such a foul mood?" And, "But it's not like I was cheating on you. I never touched them. I just let each of them touch himself if he wanted."

Tony and Troy, they'd come over regularly. "It's the seduction aspect," Barry said, as if that explained everything. "It's like an addiction sometimes. You make it clear that you can get them off, and they'll do anything you say to feel that feeling again. It even worked on you, Buck."

I tried to laugh that off with a sarcastic, "Ha, fucking ha." Part of me was kind of pissed. Part of me was incredibly interested. Barry and I had never declared ourselves monogamous, so he wasn't breaking any overt rules. But this kind of manipulation seemed so ... not wrong, exactly, but unfair. I thought the twins had no clue what was going on. But the idea also made my balls tingle and my cock start rising.

One blazing-hot Saturday afternoon, we were at the twins' house, sitting around the pool in their back yard. I'd just hauled myself out of the water and dropped myself into the chaise lounge alongside Barry's. I had on a sapphire blue, boxer-cut swimsuit. Barry wore a red-and-orange one. The twins wore longer, baggier swimsuits: tan for Tony, navy blue for Troy.

Tony was dousing the last of the embers from our barbecuing earlier with water. Troy was helping himself to another beer from the cooler we'd brought poolside.

"I've got an idea," Barry whispered to me. "How'd you like to watch?"

I said, "Huh?"

He reached his right hand to me. I looked at it, thinking, *What now?* But my right hand was reaching for his already, and he clasped mine firmly, shook it, commanded me, "Sleep."

Then it was easy to open my eyes. I was still floating. It was so easy to open my eyes and look around and still stay deeply, deeply hypnotized. I watched Barry rise off his lounge chair. He rounded the corner of the pool.

"Hey, Troy," he said, offering his right hand, which Troy took. "Sleep," Barry commanded firmly, pumping Troy's hand firmly downward.

Six more steps, and it was, "How's it going, Tony. Got it under control?"

Tony said, "Yup."

Barry held out his right hand and said, "Good man." Tony shook it, maybe thinking it was congratulations, and Barry directed him, "Sleep."

Barry positioned them close together, so I didn't have to keep turning my head to watch. A few instructions to set the scenes in their heads. The beer they'd drunk, the sunlight, the light breeze over their bare skin--these would make them horny. So incredibly horny. Though their eyes were half-open, they were locked in their own private fantasy-worlds. The fronts of their swimsuits began to tent up. A few more instructions from Barry, coaxing them, seducing them deeper asleep, and Tony followed the suggestion to untie the drawstring on his shorts. Another couple of tries, and Troy did the same.

Tony had no inhibitions. His shorts dropped. He was naked from the knees up. His hand found his stiff cock, and he began to stroke. His cock was about average size, maybe seven inches long. It sprouted from his blond pubes with a slight upward curve like a scimitar.

Troy hesitated a little, but soon Barry's low voice and steady suggestions did the trick. Troy pushed his shorts to his ankles, then straightened his torso to jack off. His cock was about the same size as Tony's, but Troy's curved slightly to his left.

Troy gasped after a couple of minutes. His hand sped up on his cock, and the muscles of his groin quivered. His body bucked forward. He came, shooting long ropes of sperm onto the concrete pool skirt. Then it was Tony's turn, and his body shivered as he gushed his load like a fountain--he must have shot six feet or more.

I gotta admit--it was a real rush to watch them jack off. I expected Barry to return them to a deep sleep, maybe tell them how easy it was to forget about all this. Somehow, that seemed familiar, like I sort of remembered him saying something like that in the past. But right then, Barry was talking to me. He was saying it was my turn, and the brothers turn their sleepy eyes to watch me. What were they looking at? I looked down. My own swimsuit was halfway down my thighs. I was jacking off too, and it felt so unbelievably sexy. I didn't care that everyone was watching me. Barry told me to cum whenever I was ready, and I did, all over my stomach and chest.

Wiping up the cum. Suggestions to the twins to relax, to forget, to focus only on how good their bodies felt, the afterglow. They pulled their swimsuits up, and I pulled up mine, and Barry let us gradually wake up.

But the best part came a few days later. Somehow, I'd never managed to tell Barry I didn't want him hypnotizing Tony or Troy again. Whenever I thought about it, I'd find my thoughts getting distracted by something else, and then later it would be, like, *Oh, yeah, I meant to talk to him about that this morning.*

Barry and I drove the moving van back to my place. We had the last of his stuff in the back. It was almost sundown. As we got out of the van, Troy, mowing the grass in their yard, waved and flashed that brilliant

smile. We waved back and started unloading the last of Barry's boxes.

Barry was moving in with me. This was a big step for us both. I'd never lived with a lover before. After the last box was stashed in the spare bedroom for us to unpack later, I was planning on dragging Barry into the bedroom for a "welcome home" quickie. Maybe he'd even let me hypnotize him again.

That's when the doorbell rang. I knew exactly who that was going to be at the door, and I wasn't too happy about it. Well, it was one of two candidates, and the other probably wouldn't be far behind. Flip a coin. I thought to myself: *Heads, it's Tony; tails, it's Troy.*

Barry opened the door. When they talk about tossing a coin, nobody ever thinks about that rare possibility that the coin could land balanced on its side, but the real world is a little more complex than a coin toss. It was Tony *and* Troy.

Oh, joy, I thought, trying to keep the sarcasm from showing.

They were all, "Hey, guys--how's it going, whatcha doing. Looks like you're moving in?" And Barry was all, "Hey--c'mon in."

Terrific. How was I supposed to have a quickie with Barry when he's making us play host to Twiddle-Blond and Twiddle-Blonder, the neighbor-boys? No matter how cute they were, it was still my boyfriend Barry I wanted to boff most.

Tony and Troy parked themselves on the couch. Troy still had on that pair of shorts and those banged up old sneakers he was wearing when mowing the lawn earlier. No shirt. Tony had on a ratty wife-beater tee-shirt that had once been olive green, a pair of those loose gray sweatpants he got used to wearing when his leg was in the cast, and sandals.

Troy was showing more skin, but it was Tony I couldn't take my eyes off of. Damn, he was a sexy fucker. I liked the extra bit of muscle he had over Troy. Sitting there on the couch with his knees wide apart--was that the beginnings of a hard-on showing in his crotch? I gulped and looked away quickly.

When Barry had asked me who I had imagined myself having sex in that television program when he hypnotized me? I changed the subject and never told him. That's because it wasn't Barry I imagined myself with. It was Tony.

Tony ... who was sitting right here in front of me, with his cock half-hard, next to his half-naked twin brother.

Barry was asking them if they wanted something to drink--water?--a beer?

I said, "Uhm, Barry, can I talk to you a second? In the bedroom?"

How exactly could I say, "Get rid of them," without hurting their feelings? They were our friends as well as neighbors.

Once Barry joined me, I stroked his arm and said, "Listen, I kinda wanted tonight to be special--you know, just the two of us ... ?"

Barry grinned and growled low and sexy, "Don't sweat it. Every night with you is special, Buck. I've got an idea how we can make tonight extra-special."

I slid my arms around his waist. "Yeah? How's that?" I wanted to hear how much he wanted me in the worst way.

He gave me a quick kiss, then pulled back, grinning. "Just follow my lead, okay? All you have to do is--"

He held out his right hand like he wanted to shake mine. I looked at his hand. My own was already on its way to clasp his. We shook.

"--sleep."

I opened my eyes. I remembered ... my body sagging forward against his chest as my eyes closed. I remembered his voice telling me to open my eyes. I wasn't awake. I knew that. I was deeply asleep. He told me so. Deeply asleep with my eyes open. Able to stand and walk but deeply relaxed, deeply asleep. And it felt so good.

He led me back to the front room, where Tony and Troy sat waiting for us. Barry told me to have a seat in that old paisley recliner and relax.

"What's up with him?" Tony asked, meaning me.

"Nothing much. He's just feeling very relaxed."

"Yeah?" Tony laughed and said, "Well, I hope you got enough of whatever drugs he's on to go around."

"It's not drugs," Barry said, standing between their couch and my recliner. "But if you want some, there's more than enough to go around."

"What is it then? Dude, you can't tell me he's not stoned outta his mind. Just look at him."

"It's just a little hypnosis. And there's some coming for you and your brother too."

"No shit? He's hypnotized? You been hypnotizing Buck too?"

Barry mostly had his back to me, so I couldn't see his face as he walked over to them. "You bet. It's a pretty word, isn't it. 'Hypnotize.' Sounds like a lullaby." He sing-songed the word: "Hyp-no-tize."

Barry said, "Just saying it can make you sleepy, doesn't it." He paused in front of Troy. "How you doing tonight, Troy? Ready to be hyp-no-tized?" He held out his right hand.

Troy looked at that hand, like he wasn't sure what was going on. But his right hand was already reaching up. Barry gripped it, shook it firmly, and ordered him, "Sleep. Sleep now."

"Holy fuckin' *shit!*" Tony swore quietly as Troy's eyes closed and his body sank back against the couch.

"It's like a lullaby, Tony. Isn't it?" Barry said. "The very sound of the word is singing you to sleep. 'Hyp-no-tize.' Ready, Tony? Ready to be deeply, deeply hyp-no-tized?" He held out his hand. "Just hearing the word seems to make it happen, doesn't it?"

Tony was looking unbelievably at Barry's extended hand. At his own hand slipping into Barry's grip. At their hands shaking.

"Sleep," Barry directed him. Tony's eyelids fluttered. Barry pressed his hand down firmly and ordered again, "Sleep. Don't fight it. So inevitable. Sleep." Tony's eyes closed, and his head drooped back. "That's it," Barry murmured. "Sleep."

Barry talked them down, deeper, deepening their trances. Mine too. He told me to stand, and I did. In a moment, he told me, he would put on some soft music. I was to dance, strip.

To Tony and Troy, he said, "Soon, I will count to three, and you will both sit up, feeling great, feeling really, really good. I'm going to count from one to three, and you will be able to open your eyes and sit up and look around, but you don't have to wake up. You can still stay deeply relaxed, just like you are now. I know you want to stay so relaxed. You may find yourself feeling so heavy, so drowsy, so sleepy, and so tired, but you will be able to sit up and look around. If I tell you to look at something and see it in a certain way, it will seem perfectly natural to you. You'll be able to see it exactly the way I tell you. Your imagination will be able to fill in any gaps to make it seem real--more than real. Do you understand? Good." He pressed a button on the remote control for the stereo, and soft music swelled into the air.

He whispered to me, "Dance, Buck. Do it slow and sensual. Just let your body move to the music."

To them, he said, "I want you to picture yourself in a bar. When you open your eyes, in front of you, you'll see a dancer. A stripper. The most attractive stripper you've ever seen. It can be anyone you want it to be. Anyone you want. Maybe someone you know, or maybe a fantasy person you wish you knew. Male, female--whatever you want. Your imagination can fill in the details and make it real. Do you understand? Good. Ready? On the count of three, then. One. Two. Three. Open your eyes."

They blinked, and after a second their eyes zeroed in on me.

Barry said to me, "Take off your shirt, dancer. Show them that beautiful body."

My groggy thoughts couldn't come up with a reason not to, so I did.

"Troy, tell me what you see."

Troy's voice came sluggish, a little slurred. "I see a guy ... He's so hot ..." And he went on to describe a fantasy stripper who looked a lot like me.

"Tony? What do you see?"

Tony leered at me. Tony said, "I see ... this chick ... she's got these ... big knockers ..." For Tony, I was just a convenient screen to hang his fantasy on.

"Let's kick it up a notch, shall we, dancer?" Barry talked me through it. His voice was so soothing. My body shimmied, and off came my shoes and socks, then my pants. I felt like leaves on some distant tree, swaying gently back and forth, back and forth, as if in a breeze.

"You're getting so turned on, aren't you, dancer? Yes. Show me how turned-on you're getting. See that, Tony and Troy? The stripper is getting so turned on. Maybe you're getting turned on too?" Tony's erection made an obvious tube in the front of his baggy sweatpants. Troy's, inside his snug shorts, was a vaguer lump. But they were both definitely hard.

Off came my underwear when Barry suggested it. I was really aroused, all right--my erection swung like a

baseball bat in front of me.

"Now the dancer is inviting you onstage too. You want to go, don't you? You want to go show the dancer how horny you got during the performance. You want to join in, don't you, and make the dancer feel as good as you're feeling right now."

Barry talked them through it. They climbed off the couch. Troy's shoes flew off, and his shorts, and his white briefs. Tony was more sedate, slipping off his tee-shirt, then his sandals, dropping his sweatpants to the floor and pulling his feet free of them--no underwear. They didn't pay any attention to their own erections--my body was more important just then.

They knelt as Barry suggested. I was standing still. Troy saw me as a male stripper. Barry had him kneel in front of me, and Troy's mouth found my ballsack and the base of my rod. Tony saw me as a woman. Barry had him kneel behind me, and my ass crack became "her" vagina. Awake, I might have had some philosophical problems with the "male ass, female gash" metaphor, but right then it didn't matter when I felt his tongue probe firmly between my cheeks.

I lay on my side. Troy lay on his side, facing me, his head in my crotch, mine in his. I sucked his balls into my mouth, and I felt his body tense from the shiver of pleasure running through him. College guys like him mostly think of their cocks--they don't even suspect having their nuts licked can send them into orbit. I licked and sucked at his balls and he tried his best to do the same things to me that I was doing to him.

Barry handed Tony something over my shoulder. A small bottle of lube. A foil condom packet. After a second, I felt Tony's slicked finger back there, working its way inside me.

Troy's rigid cock whacked my cheek. I turned my head and let the head of his dick slide between my lips. I felt him return the favor, swallowing my cock, more quickly though. I slowly let his shaft slide into my mouth, until my nose was buried in his blond pubes. His cock was the perfect size for sucking.

I slurped and sucked on Troy's pole. He tried to mirror what I was doing. He looked so innocent, but this wasn't his first time. He certainly wasn't a stranger to sucking cocks, through he wasn't as experienced as I was.

Behind me, I felt Tony guide his cock between my butt cheeks. I lifted my leg to give him easier access. His glans found my hole and continued to march forward. Barry was telling me how good it felt, and he was right--even the moments of pain when Tony's cockhead pushed inside of me tuned to pleasure. I felt more and more of him sliding inside me. He was slow and gentle at first, but insistent, needing more. I felt his lips kiss my neck. His hand roamed across my ribs and toyed at my nipple.

I sucked at Troy. I brought him right to the edge, then I stopped. Somehow, I knew we were supposed to make this last. Barry was right--Troy was such a beautiful sight, a young man consumed by sex, cock throbbing, oozing precum.

Troy kept licking up and down my shaft. The way his tongue massaged my dick sent intense bursts of sensation singing through me. Barry was right--this was one of the most awesome feelings I'd ever had.

When there are three guys penetrating each other in a row like this, it's supposed to be the one in the middle who drives. He pushes his cock forward into the guy in front, which pulls him off the shaft of the guy in back; then the guy in the middle reverses and slides back on the guy behind him and out of the guy in front. Repeat. But this time, it wasn't like that. Tony, behind me, was definitely driving. He jabbed at my ass, and

the force of his thrust shoved my cock deep in Troy's throat. Tony yanked himself back, and my cock was tugged nearly out of Troy's mouth. Tony's arm across my waist, his palm anchored against the ridges of my tight abs, barely kept us secured together as he thrust in and out of me. His momentum drove right through me and into Troy and back again.

I reached a hand back across Tony's hip, around the hard curve of his ass, drilling for his sphincter. His ass ring was tight--my finger could barely press its way inside him, which made him gasp.

Tony's pubes scratched at my ass when he buried himself all the way inside me. He began to pick up the pace, which made Troy's teeth scratch along my cock shaft a little too much. I was sucking Troy, getting sucked by him, getting fucked by Tony. I was in the center of the storm of sex. Those faraway animal sounds were my moans.

Tony was panting hard. The sweat running down his chest made our bodies slide against one another. He was groaning. His cock was so hard inside me, I could feel it throbbing. I felt his muscular body tense and press against me as he arched his back. His ass clenched at my invading finger.

Barry was telling Tony it was okay, to go ahead. Tony's voice said, "Uh! Uh! Cumming! Uh!" His cock throbbed and flexed as he started to shoot inside me, filling the condom. He jammed his cock in harder with each spurt. He pounded his cum into me then fell on me, spent, limp, chest heaving, breath coming in gasps, cock slowly going limp inside me.

Freed now from the force of Tony's thrusts, Troy and I could set our own pace. Barry had other plans. He was telling us how good we felt. How intense. How it was building, building, flooding us.

I felt Tony's cock pop out of me as Troy and I moved in on one another, needing our own release. My dickhead pulsed in Troy's mouth, as waves of sensation shot through me. I was right on the verge. I was sucking Troy too, and his hand came around and gripped the base of his shaft. He pulled out of my mouth and jacked himself frantically and shot-shot-shot his load across my cheek in quick volleys.

I felt his mouth and lips stiffen around my rod as he orgasmed. I shoved my cock in deep, one last time, deep in his throat. Every muscle in me screwed itself up tight, and then suddenly I was blasting my load, discharging my weapon into his mouth. He licked and swallowed, licked and swallowed, as I shot, burst after burst after burst.

Barry sat watching us on the couch. He had his shirt off, pants open, knees spread, cock out, stroking. "Buck," he rasped, "c'mere."

I felt so cooperative. I detached myself from Tony and Troy, crawled over to Barry, into the gap between his knees. "You like my cock, don't you? I bet you want to suck it, don't you? Lick my balls, Buck."

My head bent over the folds of Barry's opened pants and wedged-down black boxer-briefs. My tongue snaked out to lick his scrotum.

"That's it, Buck," Barry sighed, settling his head back against the couch, eyes half-closed with lust. "Do what you want to do."

What I wanted to do was ... was ...

I wanted to make him feel just as good as I was feeling. I wanted him to be hypnotized deeply too. My hand

came up, reaching for his trigger spot. His eyes snapped open with surprise as he realized. He grabbed my wrist, but I was already there, touching, pressing gently that place just behind and under his ear. "Sleep," I insisted to him.

He tried to push my hand away. Like I said, he's a little taller than I am, but I'm more muscular and stronger. I pressed again. "Sleep," I coaxed.

His eyelids flickered. His grip faltered. I pressed a third time and breathed, "Sleep," and this time his eyes slid shut and a moment later his fingers uncoiled and fell away.

I recited the deepening exercise he had taught me. Soon he was breathing deeply, slowly. Slumbering. Under his closed eyelids, his eyes shifted and twitched. REM sleep. He taught me that was a sign of his trance.

I pulled off his shoes. His socks. Tugged down his pants and those black boxer-briefs. He was as naked as I was--as we were--and I loved the revelation of his body. I loved the look of his hard cock. I wanted to make this special for us. I pulled him into the floor with me, and pulled his cock into my mouth.

My cock found his lips. When I suggested it, his mouth opened like a trapdoor, and my cock fell in, and he began to suck me.

Barry has always had his own agenda about sucking cock. He had one hand stabilizing the shaft of my rod, the other hand reaching over my hip to squeeze my ass. I may have hypnotized him--I may have suggested this blowjob--but he was totally in control of my cock as he blew me.

We were coating each other's cocks with saliva, which made our rods slide easily in and out of each other's familiar mouth. We were moaning around each other's cocks, slurping up and down, focused on feeling good and making each other feel good. His cock gets harder than any other guy's I've ever known--unyielding as a steel rod--and sucking it can be painful if the angle isn't right. My mouth fell onto his cock perfectly, a frequent visitor. I had cum once already, but I was hard again, so hard, so ready to cum with Barry, in his mouth. He hadn't cum at all yet, and he needed to get off. Pretty soon, I felt his cock jump, and through my trance I realized: Barry's about to shoot.

And he did. The first salvo smacking the back of my throat nearly choked me, but I swallowed hard, kept swallowing as he kept unloading his balls into my mouth. Halfway through his orgasm, my turn came again, and I returned fire, blasting my spunk deep into his mouth. My orgasm burned through me, blowing taking my thoughts apart until there was nothing left ... in my balls ... or in my head ...

"... And three. Wake up." Fingers snapped. I blinked and opened my eyes. Barry must have woke up from the hypnosis first. He had just snapped his fingers and awakened the rest of us.

I blinked and looked around. Barry hauled his naked body off the floor and sat on the couch. Troy before me and Tony behind me reached over my legs to smack their hands together, a high five.

"Dude," Troy gushed, "that was, like, so *fucking* intense!"

"Yeah," Tony seconded. "We have, like, *got* to do that again, soon!"

I blinked. "You remember ...?"

Troy said, "Hell, yeah! Dude, that was a blast!"

Tony stretched and yawned, unconcerned about being naked. "Yeah, that hypnosis stuff rocks." He must have seen something in my expression, because he said, "What? You didn't think you were the only one, did you?"

I looked at Barry, who smiled sheepishly and shrugged. Damn, he looked so good--how could I stay mad at him?

Tony laughed and patted my bare ass as he stood up. "Dude," he said, as if that explained everything.

I said to him, "Aren't you supposed to be straight?"

He reached for his sweatpants. "Yep, I am. But I'm not gonna turn down a chance to get off, even if it's with a guy." He started working his legs into his sweats. "Whew. *Especially* when its gonna be that intense."

Troy sprawled on his back and yawned sweetly. "Man, I feel like I could sleep for a week after that."

Barry smiled and winked at me and said, "That can be arranged," which made Troy laugh too.

As the twins got dressed and thanked us again and said their goodbyes, I mulled over the mechanics. Barry loved me. I loved Barry. Barry liked hypnotizing people, and Tony, Troy, and I turned out to all be good subjects. Troy had a "coming out" first crush to both Barry and me. I was attracted to Troy and very attracted to Tony. Tony was straight but didn't mind having sex with men. *Sheesh!* I was going to need to draw myself a diagram to map all this out.

Barry's arms, from behind me, marched around my waist and he hugged me close. I felt the muscles of his chest against my back, his lips and five-o'clock stubble against my neck, the firmness of his swelling cock at my ass. "Ready for Round Two?" he whispered. "Just the two of us?"

I let him pull me into the bedroom. All this was still new to me. Dating a black guy. Having Barry move in with me. Learning I liked hypnosis, and that Tony and Troy did too. But there are worse things than having a boyfriend to love and two cute men to play with. I figured the four of us could play together again, and soon, as long as Barry and I always remained each other's number-one emotional connection.

We tumbled into my bed--*our* bed--and proceeded to prove exactly that.
