

House Reunion

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC, incest]

Synopsis: Dad, Mark, and the twins are back together again. A sequel to "[House Rules.](#)"

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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Author's note: This story is a sequel to "[House Rules.](#)" set five years later.

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by Wrestlr

1.

I awoke early--early on a Saturday, which ought to be against the law. Beside me, my brother Erik stirred too.

"G'morning," I groaned, feeling his hip rub my morning wood. I was so fucking glad we stopped wearing anything to sleep in years ago.

"Morning," he grumped back. Neither of us were morning people.

No time to deal with our erections. I--we--had things to do. Somehow I knew that. I sat up and climbed out of the bed we shared. Erik did the same.

Where was my pendant? I knew I'd had it the night before? Erik's was missing too. They were just like the

one Dad wore, only a little smaller. He'd given them to us last year, as gifts for our twentieth birthdays. Where were they? Did Dad still have them? If he did, did that mean I was still hypnotized? Was I? That might explain why I felt this need to get up early and do something, rather than sleep late and jack off with Erik like usual on Saturdays. Dad always thought sleeping late was about being lazy. No, sleeping late about companionship--spending time together, feeling good, and making each other feel good. But just try convincing Dad of that! He'd been single so long he'd forgotten about that part.

I pulled on a pair of cut-off denim shorts and trainers. Erik's my twin and we wore the same size, but we don't dress alike; haven't since we were kids. He pulled on a pair of shorts too, different from mine--board shorts--and sneakers. We went to the bathroom, pissed, and then headed downstairs.

I claimed a banana in the kitchen. Erik, an apple. We walked into the garage. We both had something to do. What was it? In the garage, I turned left toward the lawn mower. Erik turned right toward those shelves that needed clearing and sorting. Oh, right--how could I have forgotten? I was supposed to mow the lawn. Erik was supposed to get started on cleaning off those storage shelves.

I ate my banana while I mowed. Eating a banana always reminded me of sucking cock. I'd rather have been sucking Erik's cock and feeling him suck mine, but right then I had to get the mowing done. Eating the banana satisfied my desire for something dick-like in my mouth--probably Dad's doing, to make sure I didn't find some loophole in his orders that would let me spend all morning blowing Erik instead of mowing the grass. Erik and I would take care of each other later. We'd been doing sexual things with each other ever since we started figuring out what sex was. We kept that secret from Mom, but Dad found out--especially after that one weekend five years before ...

Fortunately, we didn't live with Mom anymore. We lived with Dad. Mom and Dad divorced about a million years ago when Dad came out of the closet. We lived with Mom after that. When we went off to college, Mom remarried, sold the house, and moved into her new husband's small apartment downtown, too small for us to move in with her. Erik and I graduated college in the spring a couple of months ago, but we were still looking for work. Meanwhile, since we couldn't move back in with Mom, we moved in with Dad instead, in his house in the suburbs. Dad was a psychologist and he made a good living even in this bad economy; he had a nice house. A nice house with a big-ass lawn that I was mowing.

Dad knew what we were up to, which was probably why he'd given us the compulsion to get out of bed first thing that morning. He'd known since we were sixteen and we had an official "experimentation" weekend with him and our older brother Mark, where we all played with sex and hypnosis and control--theoretically under Dad's watchful psychologist eye--for the whole weekend. He was cool with it mostly. He was gay; our brother Mark was gay; so why shouldn't Erik and I play around with each other too? Dad did sit us down once for a little talk that went something like: "You know, boys, it's natural for you to feel close to each other and all, and it's natural for brothers to experiment with sex together. But you have to be ready to understand that, someday, one of you may become interested in someone outside of the two of you. You have to be ready to move on. Do you understand what I'm trying to say? Society just isn't ready to understand the physical part of what you two have been sharing."

I tried to defuse the situation by saying something along the lines, "Don't worry, Dad. Erik gives lousy head." Which was kind of true. He was good, but he wasn't great. I'd had better.

And Erik shot back with, "And Derik would rather play video games than fuck around half the time." Which wasn't true at all. Though, maybe yeah, video games were a close second to fucking around.

Dad knew we were still fucking around. He'd known since we moved in with him, and he barged into our bedroom one morning to find us curled up together in the same bed, naked as puppies. Now he made sure he knocked every time. He knew from the way we hung out naked around the house a lot, and one of us would look over at the other, and we'd smile, and one or both of us would start getting a hard-on. If he really was waiting for us to outgrow it, he'd have to wait a while longer. He didn't encourage us, but he didn't discourage us either. He knew we'd eventually decide what was right for us.

I finished the lawn and pushed the mower back into the garage. Erik was still working on the shelves. I felt the compulsion change; the urge to mow the lawn had been satisfied; now I needed to help Erik clean the garage. We had to make room on these shelves.

If we'd been inside, we'd probably have been naked. We liked being naked--a lot. Dad didn't encourage or discourage that either. He just laughed and said living with us was like living in Borneo or some other place where the natives don't wear clothing. Erik and I have, like, zero modesty around each other. We went naked around the house a lot. But we were in the garage, where the door could open at any moment when Dad got home and the neighbors would see. That meant we had to behave ourselves. Behave and focus on getting our chores done.

Yeah, Dad was definitely behind this. He must have done something, said something, to us last night that he made us forget--a little of his *pendant persuasion*, as he called it. But knowing he had given us this compulsion to do our chores and doing something to fight it were two very different things. Dad had been hypnotizing us since we were four or five years old to "encourage" us to behave. Now that we were twenty-one, the hypnosis was pretty deeply ingrained in us.

The problem with having a psychologist for a father? They can be manipulative sons of bitches.

Sure enough, the garage door started opening, right about the time we were finishing up. We still had to finish bagging up some of the crap to be thrown out, but that was all we had left to do.

Dad pulled his car into the garage. "Hey, guys," he said. "Derik, give me a hand with the groceries."

"Derik" meant me. Yeah, twin brothers named Derik and Erik--so clichéd, right? We had an older brother named Mark--he escaped the curse of being a twin and of having a clichéd name.

Oh, who'm I kidding? I wouldn't trade being a twin for anything.

But right then, Dad had a trunk-full of groceries that needed to be hauled into the kitchen and put away, and I felt the compulsion change again.

These days, he didn't really hypnotize us that much, not like when we were out-of-control kids--these days, he only did it for something important. But that didn't mean Erik and I weren't hypnotizing each other every chance we got, especially after Dad gave us each our own crystals last year.

For Erik and me, the purpose is not just to hypnotize each other. The purpose is to compel each other's behavior afterward, to make the other do what you're told him to do. Knowing that he knew he couldn't stop himself was part of the turn-on. A short period of trance, followed by a longer period of compulsion. Erik and I were having a lot of fun with that with each other.

Twenty minutes later, the groceries were all put away. "Thanks, Champ," Dad said, patting my shoulder. He'd recently resurrected the nickname he'd called me before he and Mom divorced. I was Champ; Erik was Chief.

Back when we were eight, we had long, serious discussions about whether the Champ won out over the Chief, or whether the Chief outranked the Champ. That sort of question is really important when you're eight. Our brother Mark was Sport, which didn't even register in the hierarchy in our opinions.

"Thanks, Champ," Dad said. "Couldn't have done it without you." Which was flattering but untrue--it just would have taken him longer. "The yard looks good too." He rummaged in his pocket. "I guess you've earned these back." He handed me the quartz pendants, mine and Erik's. Dad wore one too, larger than ours, though his was hidden under his shirt. He used his to hypnotize us. Erik and I used ours to ... well ... We'd also started hypnotizing each other around the time we started learning about sex, though Dad had only a year ago given us both crystals of our own. The crystals were just tools that made the hypnosis easier.

"Give Erik's back to him for me, will you? And please don't get into too much mischief with them today, okay? I've got to leave to pick up Mark at the airport soon."

"Yes, sir."

I slipped the cord of my crystal--and I knew it was mine because the two looked *almost* identical but weren't quite, just like Erik and me--over my head. Having my crystal back made me feel clearer-headed, made me feel more like a man, ready to take responsibility and have authority in the world. Yeah!--I fucking loved this feeling. I strutted my stuff back to the garage to give Erik his, though I wasn't planning on giving it back to him right away. Nah--first I was going to show him mine and say the little magic trigger phrase. This time, the Champ was definitely going to win out over the Chief.

Today was the day my older brother Mark moved in with us. But Erik and I still had some time for a little mischief first--as long as Dad didn't find out.

2.

Mark was our older brother, a fact he never let us forget. He'd lost his job recently when the company he worked for downsized his whole division--that's a fancy way of saying they fired everyone. Now he was in the same boat as Erik and I, unable to find a decent job in this shitty economy. Erik and I worked retail jobs during the weekdays while we looked for permanent jobs, but we didn't make enough to afford a place of our own. That's how all three of us college-graduate sons came to be living at Dad's place.

Once upon a time, Mark and Dad didn't get along so well. Mark was old enough to remember the divorce when it happened, and he blamed Dad for a long time afterward. Erik and me?--We were just little kids when the divorce hit, and we didn't remember any of the yelling and fighting. All we remembered was Dad being this cool guy who came to visit us a lot after he came out of the closet. Sometimes he had boyfriends, and they were usually cool guys too, though he was single right now.

Mark was about three years older than Erik and me. He hated Dad for years after the divorce, and they didn't really make peace until one day when Mark was nineteen and Erik and I were sixteen. We were living with Mom at the time, back when we were still in high school, and one long weekend she had to be out of town and Mark came home from college to keep an eye on Erik and me. Erik and I hated having Mark called in to babysit us. Like Dad, Mark sometimes used hypnosis to make us behave, which sucked. We managed to turn the tables on him and get him hypnotized, which fucking rocked. Dad dropped by to see how things were going, and one thing led to another, and Dad ended up hypnotized too, and I got to be the one in charge. After some heavy shit went down that weekend, Mark and Dad ended up dealing with some of their emotional

baggage and getting back on good terms. These days they get along pretty well, I think. Mark's gay too, like Dad, and I guess that helped. It gave them something in common to bond over, though Mark thought it was weird that Dad's boyfriend at the time was a lot younger than Dad, like around Mark's age.

The sound of the garage door opening woke me. Erik and I were floating in the pool and semi-napping following quick, but satisfying, blowjobs right after Dad left to meet Mark at the airport. We rolled off our air mattresses and into the water and pushed ourselves out of the pool; this had the dual effect of giving us an answer to Dad's inevitable question of *What did you guys get up to while I was gone* ("swimming") and rinsing off any lingering sweat and stink of sex. Heh, heh--Erik and I knew lots of tricks like that.

I practically tackled Mark with a hug as he got out of Dad's car, and we fell against the fender, Erik piling on top of us.

"I'm glad to see you guys too," Mark laughed. "Gross--you're all wet."

"Where's the rest of your stuff?" Erik asked, because Mark had a backpack and that was it for luggage.

"I'm traveling light. Minimal baggage these days." Which was probably a psychology joke to make Dad laugh. "Most of it's in storage. The rest, like my clothes and stuff, I had shipped. It'll get here in a few days."

"Cool," I said, because it sounded like such a sensible *Mark* solution.

Mark looked up at Dad. "You got them crystals of their own? Is that, uhm, safe?" He probably felt mine or Erik's pendants grinding against his chest when we tackled him. But he was grinning when he said it.

From behind me, Dad said, "They're men now. It's time they handled the responsibility." Dad had, after all, given Mark a pendant too, a few years back.

Erik goosed Mark's ribs through his shirt, which made Mark laugh and twist and try to squirm away--unsuccessfully.

Dad laughed and patted my bare shoulder. "How about letting your brother up, boys. Come on, Mark, I'll show you to your room." Since Erik and I were staying in the spare bedroom, we'd turned the small basement where Erik and I usually played video games into an improvised bedroom for Mark.

Dad originally tried to set the basement up as a bedroom for either Erik or me, and the other was going to take the spare bedroom. That was before Erik and I kinda made it clear we intended to share the same bedroom--and the same bed. Fortunately, no one at college thought anything about twin brothers wanting to room together. We were always careful to make sure both beds were mussed, even though we only used one. We didn't see any reason to stop sleeping together just because we'd graduated. Dad eventually dropped the idea of separate bedrooms for us, but he had to go ahead with setting up a place to sleep in the basement now that Mark was moving in with us. Our video game shit was still down there, so Erik and I weren't giving up all claim to the territory just because it was going to be Mark's bedroom.

We ate a quick lunch in the kitchen: sandwiches and a salad. Dad got up and carried his plate to the sink.

"Hey," I announced. "Remember that time back when we were sixteen and we had a contest to see who got to be in charge all weekend? We should do that again this weekend. Like, to commemorate us all being together again."

"Yeah!" chimed Erik, always up a little adventure.

"Uh, I don't think so," Mark said, rolling his eyes.

"I dunno, guys," Dad said.

"So that's two agreed, one opposed, and one abstaining?" I tried, spinning Dad's noncommittal response as favorably as I could.

Erik yanked his crystal and cord off over his head and patted it on the kitchen table. "I'm in."

I pulled mine off too. "Me too. Mark?"

Mark shook his head. "No way you're gonna call me 'slaveboy' again, you little pricks." But he was grinning. I think he'd kinda enjoyed that weekend too.

"Aw, come on, Mark," I tried. "Are ya chicken?"

"Come on, Dad," Erik mock-pleaded.

From over by the sink, Dad looked at us and hesitated. "Same contest as before?"

Success! Well, not complete success yet, but once we got Dad moving toward agreement, it was just a matter of time 'til we won.

Mark made that heavy sigh-sound he always does when he doesn't want to give up an argument, though. He leaned back with his arms folded across his chest, which meant trouble. We knew Dad wouldn't agree unless it was unanimous.

Erik blurted, "Let's flip a coin. Best two out of three--heads, we do it, okay?"

I grinned back at him. "Yeah!" We wouldn't need more than two flips: Erik had a two-headed penny. Like I said, we had lots of tricks for getting what we want.

Dad mused, "Same contest as before, huh? Whoever wins is in charge, now through twelve-oh-one Monday morning. And the House Rules still apply, right?"

House Rules were the strongest rules of all. You had to follow them. To confirm that for Dad, Erik and I recited the primary Rule in unison: "Nothing that's permanent, nothing that does damage, and nothing that leaves the house or the back yard."

Dad looked across the table. "What do you say, Mark?"

Mark, still leaning back with his arms across his chest, gave Erik and me a half-squint and shrugged one shoulder. "I dunno, Dad ..." He was probably still sore because he lost that first contest five years ago. I won that one, and I planned to win again.

We'd manipulated Dad into joining in last time. This time, we didn't have to. Dad pulled off his crystal pendant and put it on the table. "I'm in, but only if all three of you are. It has to be unanimous."

We all looked at Mark.

"Flip a coin ...?" Erik offered again, half-heartedly 'cause he knew that strategy probably wouldn't work with Mark.

Me, I went with challenging him: "Come on, Mark. Man up."

Mark said, "We're not kids experimenting with stuff anymore ..."

"It'll be fun, Mark. Or have you lost your balls?"

Mark shot me a dirty look. Hey, just because Erik and I had a lot of tricks didn't mean Mark wasn't wise to most of them!

Mark sighed. He sat forward. "Okay, I'm in." He pulled off his pendant but hesitated before he placed it on the table. "I know I'm not going to regret this, because I'm going to win."

"No, I am," Erik and I chorused. Dad chuckled.

Dad put down paper on the kitchen floor. He laid out a strip seven or eight feet wide so we could stand side by side, and about three feet deep, 'cause he knew from experience I can shoot a couple of feet. That's how I won last time.

I'd scooped up the pendants before anybody could change his mind and put them on the kitchen counter. Erik and I stripped out of the shorts we were wearing, both of us already hard and ready to go. Mark stripped more slowly, and Dad didn't even start taking off his shirt until he'd gotten the papers laid down.

"Hey, you got your nipples pierced?" I said to Mark, because that was new. Mark already had a hard-on too, and a real intent look on his face. He also sported a little silver ring on each nip. "Did it hurt?"

"A little."

"What do they feel like?" I reached for them, kinda mock-aggressively.

He pulled back, putting his hands over his nips to defend them, and laughed. "No way, ass-wipe. Keep your mitts to yourself, got it?"

Until I win, I thought. "Yeah, yeah."

"Okay, boys," Dad said, down to his boxer shorts now and then slipping them off too, revealing his half-wood. He poked a few buttons on his wrist watch. "Five minutes on the clock. Whoever shoots the farthest wins the whole shooting match. If you haven't cum by the end of the five minutes, you forfeit."

I had to respect my Dad so I chuckled at his lame *whole shooting match* joke. I mean, he was in his forties now--he had to know he couldn't shoot like twenty-one-year-olds like Erik and me, or even a twenty-four-year-old like Mark. Hell, he went into the contest the first time, five years ago, knowing he'd probably lose to his teenage sons, and he still gave it a shot, so to speak. I had to respect a man who got his game on like that.

"Hands in the air, guys. Ready? Time begins"--Dad poked another button on his watch--"now."

I grabbed my hard-on with my right hand and worked my balls with my left. Erik did the same, but in reverse--left hand on his rod, right on his jewels. Erik and Mark and me, we stroked underhand, with our

thumbs on top of our cocks and palms underneath. Dad stroked overhand, with his palm on top and thumb underneath. Different strokes, right? Mark had his eyes shut, head thrown back; he kept one hand on his chest, flicking at his little nipple rings, and I wondered if that was cheating. I also wondered what it would feel like to reach over and give them a flick myself, whether he would like it, whether he would cum harder if I did that. No--no way was I going to risk helping him win.

A couple minutes later, Mark gave one ring a good tug and groaned. "Cumming ... Aw, fuck!" The paper made splattery rustle-sounds as Mark's spunk rained down on it.

"Fu-guh--uh!" Erik grunted as he shot off too.

"Gonna--" And then I was shooting, cumming, climaxing, orgasming, all sorts of words that meant my world was burning white-hot with pleasure as my balls pumped out my jizm. I pushed my hips forward to get as much advantage as I could.

"Cheater," Erik whispered at me.

I gave him a scowl that said, *Yeah, right--like you didn't do the same damn thing, bro.*

That left Dad. "Ahh ... he sighed, and his cum started. He pulled his hand to the base of his cock and pushed his hips forward too, to maximize his distance. Still, after the first burst, his cum mostly dribbled out.

I shot Erik a glance that said, *See?--Playing to win runs in our family.*

Erik raised his fists in victory. "*Hoo-yeah!* Suck it, bitches!"

What? I checked the paper. I'd shot a good distance, farther than Mark or Dad, but--fuck!--Erik had shot nearly an inch farther than me. "You cheated!" I yelled. "I want a do-over!"

Erik wasted no time and scooped up the pendants. "These are mine for the weekend, bitches! I'm in charge. Remember the agreement: Full cooperation, full access--right? No going back on the deal." He held up Dad's pendant in front of Mark and Dad. My rule number one when a crystal's being held up to somebody who isn't me?--Look away. And I did, just before Erik recited the trigger: "Three, two, one--Deep sleep."

After all these years of being hypnotized, the effect was immediate. Their eyes closed and their heads dropped forward. "That's it," Erik purred. "Deep sleep."

"You got 'em, dude," I congratulated him. "Now what're we going to make them do first?"

"What's this 'we' shit?" Erik swung the pendant toward me. "*I'm* in charge. Three, two--"

I knew what was coming and clamped my eyes shut.

"Oh, come on, Derik," Erik grouched. "Man up. You lost fair and square, even though you tried to cheat. I won. You know the rules. Winner takes all, just like Dad said. Full access, full cooperation."

I kept my eyes pressed tightly shut. I shook my head.

I reached blindly for the crystal Erik held. "Nuh-uh," he scolded, forcing my hand away. "You know the House Rules, Derik. When somebody holds up the crystal, you have to look at it. Open your eyes, Derik. Focus on the crystal. Man up, dude."

He was right. I felt the urge, the compulsion to look, through I fought it. Dad had been hypnotizing us since we were little kids to "encourage" us to behave. For Erik and me, getting hypnotized since we were around four years old meant hypnosis was deeply engrained in us. Maybe I couldn't hold out long, but I wasn't going to make it easy for Erik either.

"You're just delaying the inevitable, bro. Open your eyes. Focus on the crystal. It's one of the House Rules, Derik. You gotta."

Against my will, my eyes opened just a crack. I clamped them shut, but a moment later they cracked open again, and there was the crystal. Fuck! I clamped my eyes shut tight again. The best I could do was stall the inevitable, as I pawed around blindly for the crystal that Erik had no doubt pulled back out of reach--but hey, if I could delay it long enough, I might be able to grab--

Erik stumbled back as we scuffled for the crystal. I felt his butt bump into the counter, but where the hell was his arm? I was flailing my arms and practically pushing him back on the countertop and coming up with nothing but occasional tags of where ... Wait and minute--I found his hand.

Erik said, "Dad, I know you--*oof!*--can hear me. You can open your eyes and--*ow!*--still remain so deeply asleep, can't you?"

Dad's voice mumbled, "Uh-huh ..."

Erik said, "Dad, I want you to do something for me--*ow, ass-hat!*--a favor. I want you to hypnotize Derik. Can you do that for me? *Ouch!* I want to watch you hypnotize him, and I want you to do it the slow, old-fashioned way, like you did when we were little kids."

Oh, fuck!

Dad had made sure we would never resist his hypnosis. I stumbled back off Erik and spun around, looking for the kitchen door. Should I grab my shorts or just run for it? If Dad was coming for me, no place in the house would be safe, and I had to get outside, outside of the *nothing leaves the house or back yard* rule. I had to get out of there before--

Dad said, "Derik, listen to me. There's nothing more important right now than listening to me."

Fuck-fuck-fuck!

The glee in Erik's voice was unmistakable. "He's going to try to fight it, Dad. You'll have to come on strong. Here--use this."

"Derik, look at me, son."

Fuck! When Dad gave me a direct order, I had to follow it--that was one of the House Rules.

Use this turned out to be a table knife. I saw it when I opened my eyes and looked at Dad. He turned it so the blade caught the overhead light and flashed it at my eyes. Dad had skills--he could probably even hypnotize somebody with a paper clip or an old sock.

"Just watch the light, Derik," Dad said.

I protested, "Dad, don't--"

"Shh. Don't talk. Just watch. There's nothing important for you to say at this moment, is there. No."

Another direct order. Whatever I'd planned to say spiraled away. I answered him with, "No ..."

"Good. Just watch the light. Just like that, son, just like you're doing now. That's good."

3.

I blinked and looked around. Closing the back door had apparently been enough to snap me out of it. The sky was dark outside the window--it had been early afternoon when Dad had tranced my ass off to Sleepy-Land. Apparently hours had passed. I was shirtless but wearing running shoes and sweat pants, and not the shorts I'd had on at lunchtime either--that meant I'd been back to my room to get the pants, and it probably meant I had been outside too. I'd been sweating, though it was half-dried now, and I was panting, and I was fucking tired. Like I'd been out running until I was exhausted. What the hell had Erik made me do?

I was pretty sure this violated the *nothing that leaves the house or yard* rule, but obviously Erik had somehow gotten me to go along with his suggestions anyway.

I decided to play along like I was still out of it. As soon as I could get my hands on one of those crystals--*bam!*--I'd send Erik off to Nappy-Time and have my revenge!

I wasn't sure what I was supposed to be doing, so I feigned hypnosis--a blank expression, a slightly shuffling walk--and headed downstairs to the basement, where the video game noises were coming from.

When I got down toward the bottom of the stairs, Erik shot a glance over at me. He was playing DeathCar 9000, one of our current favorites, yanking the controller around and tapping rapid-fire at the buttons. His eyes quickly jumped back the screen.

"You're back, huh?" he chuckled. "Man, look at you. Like Dad always says, there's nothing like a hard run to wear out your rebellious streak, right? You're still so fucking out of it. Dad really did a number on you!"

Oh, if you only knew, brother, if you only knew.

"Dad sucks at this game. Get naked, Derik. Come over here and have a seat--on the floor, though--you're way too sweaty for the couch."

I slipped out of my shoes and sweat pants. Erik sat on the couch, naked of course, playing the video game, slouched back, legs wide apart. Mark, also naked, sat on the floor between Erik's legs. He had his hand around Erik's erection and licked it--not sucking it or trying to get him off, but just making these long, slow licks to keep Erik's cock stimulated and hard. When we had that famous weekend of sex and hypnosis play five years ago, I'd pronounced Mark the best cocksucker, so I wasn't surprised Erik had him doing the honors. And I knew from experience that Erik liked long, slow build-ups. Me too, when it came down to it, and that was part of why I was playing this masquerade of letting Erik think I was still hypnotized.

"Have a seat, slaveboy," Erik said and pointed at the carpet at Dad's feet.

Slaveboy. It meant something when Erik called me that. It meant I had to do what he said. I decided I'd better play along.

Dad, still looking hypno-dazed like Mark, sat naked on the old ratty sofa he'd bought at a yard sale so we'd

have something to park our asses on down here while we played video games. I sat on the ratty of piece of indoor-outdoor carpet he'd salvaged to cover part of the concrete floor.

"Give him the controller, Dad," Erik said, and Dad handed it down to me. "Sit back and relax, Dad. You'll find watching us play this game fascinating, won't you? I know you will."

I took the controller and started to play. Yeah, Dad really sucked--Erik had a commanding lead already. In DeathCar 9000, you race your car through a city, and you have to shoot things around you with weapons mounted on your vehicle, and you have to either power your way through obstacles or find creative ways around them, and sometimes, like when you wreck or run out of fuel, you have to abandon your car and run on foot until you find another car you can steal and continue the race, preferably a better one with more weapons. In split screen multi-player mode, you can sometimes find the other player and shoot his car with your guns or ram it or do a bunch of other stuff to set him back. Erik and I loved it, and we were nearly evenly matched skill-wise. But coming back from Dad's less-than-stellar performance? That'd be a challenge, especially since I had to act like my reaction time was slow, 'cause I was still pretending to be hypnotized.

In the game, the car Dad had been driving was almost toast. I had to abandon it and send my avatar running to find a new one.

"Notice anything different?" Erik quipped. Why was he gloating?

I looked carefully at the screen. Something was different, but what? Then I realized: My avatar was completely naked. No, he couldn't be. The game let you select an avatar, but it didn't have a way to change the avatar's outfit. This must be ... Erik's doing.

He cackled from the couch and kicked me with his bare foot. "Dude! You should see your face! Now get ready for something really cool!"

Bullets came flying across the screen. Fuck!--My avatar was out in the open, an easy target. Erik's car came swerving around a truck, firing bullets at my avatar. Wait, those weren't bullets. They were little cocks and balls. Erik's guns were machine-gunning little cocks and balls at me! Well, the in-game me anyway.

"Derik, dude! Your expression is priceless!"

How could Erik have--

The only way he could make me see that was if--

Was I still hypnotized? Did I only think I was awake?

That's when the doorbell rang.

Erik hit the Pause button. "Hey, Derik, put your pants on. Go see who's at the door, and get your ass back down here." Which I guess made sense, since I was the only one other than Mark who had clothes in the basement.

I pulled my sweat pants on and went upstairs. I opened the front door. A good-looking guy with wide shoulders and a narrow waist, just a couple of years older than me, had his back to me, and turned to face me when the door opened. He flashed me a brilliant smile--and checked out my bare torso too.

"Hey there. Is Mark here? Hope Ah got the right house?" he asked with a drawl. "He told me he was movin'

back to town, so Ah figured Ah'd stop by 'n say howdy. Name's Jake--Jake Daniels. 'N don't go makin' no jokes 'bout how it's supposed to be *Jack* 'cause Ah already heard 'em all 'bout a zillion times, y'hear? Mark around?"

Tall, muscular, good-looking, mid-twenties, like Mark.

"Come on in," I said.

Jake stepped inside, and I shut the door behind him. "Y'all must be one'a his brothers? Y'all look purt-near like him," Jake said, checking me out again before he quickly shifted to checking out the room. "Nice place."

"I have to go downstairs," I told him, which was one hundred percent true.

"Who was it?" Erik asked as I walked down into the basement.

"Jake Daniels ... Looking for Mark. He's ... in the living room."

Erik's jaw dropped, since he probably wasn't expecting me to invite the visitor in. Man, I love throwing curves at Erik.

Erik snapped, "Mark, do you know who this Jake Daniels is? He a friend of yours?"

"Mmm ..." Mark mumbled dreamily. "Used to date ... while back ... Sexy ... Di'n't work out ..."

"Did you ever hypnotize him?"

"Umm-hmm."

"Excellent. Get your pants on, slaveboy. Here's what we're going to do."

That's how, several minutes later, Mark came walking back down the stairs, preceded by Jake. Jake looked kind of dazed, which was why Mark, behind him, with his hands on Jake's shoulders, helped guide him down the stairs. The crystal pendant that Erik had "loaned" to Mark, dangling from his right hand, explained why. So naturally Erik and Dad being naked didn't bother Jake 'cause the fact just didn't register.

So obviously Mark had hypnotized Jake before. Obviously it "took" in a manner of speaking, but I could tell Jake wasn't that deeply hypnotized. Not like Mark or Dad or me--at least when I was actually hypnotized, which I wasn't. Jake didn't have the same years of experience we did.

"Bring him over here to the bed, slaveboy," Erik told Mark as he hauled his naked ass off the couch and headed toward the bed we'd set up for Mark there in the basement. "Dad, be a good slaveboy and come over here too. I'm gonna need your expertise."

Erik and Mark laid Jake down on his back on the bed. Dad was the best, most experienced hypnotist of all of us, and Erik needed him to get the lightweight job Mark had managed to do on Jake turned into something more solid.

Dad sat next to Jake's head, massaging his temples, as he obediently deepened Jake's trance. Telling him to turn loose now. Relax. Let a good, pleasant feeling spread all through his body. Arms limp now, every muscle limp and loose as a rag doll, from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. Droopy, drowsy, sleepy. So calm and so relaxed. Relaxing more with each easy beat of his heart, each easy breath, each sound he heard.

I gotta hand it to Dad--he sure knew his stuff. Already Jake looked like he was nearly out of it and fading fast. Mark had gotten Jake started, and now Dad making sure he didn't last much longer. Just from watching them, my dick started hardening in my sweatpants.

Erik and my Dad sitting naked on the bed. Mark in his shorts. Jake lying there in his nice polo shirt and jeans. There was something so sexy about them all grouped on and around the bed. I wondered if Erik had gotten careless and left one of the other crystals lying around where I could grab it ...

Erik looked over at me. He saw the tent my cock made, and he smirked. "Derik, Derik, Derik. Be a good slaveboy: get naked and get your ass over here."

When he called me *slaveboy*, I had to do it. Had to. Not that I needed much urging. I dropped my sweats, kicked free of them, and padded over to the bed.

"I bet Mark and Jake were a great couple, don't you?" Erik said to me. His dick had risen just as hard as mine. "Let's show them how to make love the way we do. I think they'd be into it." He looked at Mark and Jake and said, "Let's begin?" It wasn't really a question. "Derik, tell them how we begin."

I thought about it. "We ... start with kissing ..."

"Mark, give Jake a kiss."

Mark tilted in to close the space between them. He kissed Jake, but Jake, deeper enthralled now, eyes half-open, didn't really react.

Erik said, "Mark, Mark, Mark--you don't kiss someone with just your mouth."

I knew how to finish his idea. It seemed so natural. "Use your whole body."

"Right. Wrap yourselves together--"

"--until you become one person."

"Like this," Erik said, and pulled my face toward his. We locked our arms around one another and kissed. As always, we forgot everything else.

When we broke, Erik whispered to Mark, "Now try that kiss again. Jake, you kiss him back too."

Mark moved in closer to Jake until their bodies met.

"Tell each other how much you missed each other, and how good this feels. Not with words--"

"--only with your bodies and your hands."

Mark stretched his body alongside Jake's, then slid on top of him. Willing students, they began to grind their crotches together, Mark's naked skin against the denim covering Jake's. Mark moved in closer. They had wrapped their muscular arms around each other's broad shoulders. Erik and I moved nearer to them too.

"Now kiss." Erik whispered. "Enjoy his lips."

I suggested, "Show us how you bury your tongue in his throat."

The two eager ex-boyfriends kissed with more passion now.

"Good," Erik growled. I loved the way lust always colored his voice. "Show us how much you want each other."

I added, "Forget everything else and concentrate on each other."

"Want him more than anything else in the world."

We watched them kiss.

"Mark," Erik said very gently, "undress Jake. Slowly."

"Enjoy what you are doing. Find his skin--"

"--with just your fingertips."

Mark wrestled Jake's shirt-front up. His hands grazed Jake's pec; Jake moaned.

"Do you want to kiss his nipple, Mark?"

"Do it. Kiss his nipple."

Mark made a half-audible affirmative sound and began to suckle Jake, who moaned again. I moved close to Jake. "Why don't you kiss him again? Kissing feels good."

Dreamily, Jake pulled Mark's face from his pec to his lips, and this time the two of them began to relax into something that resembled honest feelings. Pleased, Erik looked at me, and he and I congratulated each other with a kiss, too. Sometime later, when we finally remembered them, we turned to look. Mark and Jake were still kissing.

Erik put his mouth beside Jake's ear and murmured, "Would you like to show him your dick?"

Jake moaned and arched his back.

Erik found Mark's ear next: "Take off his pants, slaveboy."

I added, "Do it slowly ..."

Mark worked the button and zipper at Jake's fly and obediently slipped his fingers inside the waistband of his jeans. No underwear--very sexy.

"Why don't you go down on him."

Mark's lips met Jake's erection.

"Let each other know how much you are enjoying this ..."

"... but no words."

Jake moaned. Mark moaned too. Like proud fathers, Erik and I watched them. Eventually, Erik nudged me and I eased back to Jake's ear.

"Does he make you feel good?"

Jake nodded dizzily.

Erik said, "You'd like to make him feel just as good, wouldn't you, Jake?"

Jake nodded and clumsily reached for Mark's shoulders to pull him up.

"Tell him what you are going to do--"

"--but not with words."

Jake nodded again. Erik and I moved back as they rolled. Jake, on top now, complied with our instructions by practically consuming Mark's lips before slathering his way down his friend's torso to take the head of the waiting erection into his mouth. Erik and I knelt down too, very close, to watch.

Erik suggested, "Why don't you see if you can take all of him?"

Jake nodded. He managed to ingest about half of Mark's shaft before he pulled off, eyes watering, and shook his head.

"Easy, Jake. Just relax. Try again."

This time, Jake managed, with no gag reflex.

Soon, Mark and Jake were sixty-nining and ravaging each other with something that would have close to unbridled passion if their heads had been clear. Erik retrieved the condoms.

Slowly, Erik lifted Mark's hands off his friend's chest and slid them downward. Moaning, Mark began to knead the flesh he found, but they didn't stop kissing.

I moved behind Jake. "Why don't you roll over now?"

Still half hypno-stoned, Jake put his hands on the mattress underneath him and rolled, face down. As glazed as his partner, without prompting, Mark hunched over Jake's ass and parted the cheeks.

"Taste him, slaveboy," whispered Erik.

Mark obeyed. Jake made as sound as if he'd been hit by a car. Obviously, he had not been expecting this. Maybe they hadn't done this back when they were dating? I stroked Jake's hair. "Relax." I murmured. "Just relax and enjoy it."

He did just that.

Erik licked Mark's ear, then whispered into it: "Would you like to be to be inside him?"

Mark gasped something that sounded affirmative.

"Soon. Just keep licking until he's ready for you."

I continued stroking Jake's hair. "Just relax and enjoy this 'til you're ready for him to be inside you. Let him know when you want him."

Soon Jake was pushing his ass back at Mark's tongue. I handed Jake a condom. "Why don't you put it on Mark?"

"Yes ..." he muttered, grasping the condom and rotating his body to find Mark's waiting erection. Frantically, he sheathed it and shifted to all fours.

As Mark moved into position behind Jake, I could hear Erik's soft suggestion. "Don't rush. Let him find you."

Little by little, Jake edged back, taking Mark's erection until it had vanished completely inside him.

"Maybe this would be a good time to thank him," whispered Erik. "Not with words."

Instantly, Mark collapsed atop Jake, found his lips, and they began to kiss. The kissing, of course, fueled their fervor, and the fucking began, slowly at first, but in moments they were going at it hard and fast.

Erik and I guided them through most of the positions we knew. Mark muttered something guttural, an involuntary announcement that he was close to orgasm.

"Would you like to see each other cum?" Erik asked.

Jake rolled over to face Mark, who straddled him, ripped off the rubber, and aimed his erection at his friend. Soon, Jake was sprayed with Mark's release, but the next thing I knew, he leaned forward to take Mark's dick back in his mouth. Erik hissed, "Yes!" as Mark swiveled around to find Jake's erection and swallow it, too. After a few moments of giving it oral attention, Mark pulled off, stroked Jake's boner by hand, and watched with heavy-lidded fascination as Jake ejaculated.

Once the magic glow had subsided, Erik and I weren't finished with them. "Now comes the best part--"

"--when you thank each other--"

"but not with words."

Mark and Jake lay there on the mattress. They kissed each other for quite awhile, caressing, cuddling. Erik smiled smugly.

"Dad, get in there."

Dad knelt between Jake's thighs. Jake's legs were spread s wide and up in the air. Jake made a little unconscious moan when he felt the hot tip of Dad's condom-covered erection nudge his shit-hole.

Erik said, "Go ahead--"

"--he's ready for you now," I finished.

Dad eased in the first inch or so, then he slammed nearly his entire thick dick into Jake's guts. Jake made a sound like, "*Guh!*"

"Keep him relaxed, Dad."

"Don't let him wake up while you're fucking him."

Jake sagged flat on his back with his legs over Dad's shoulders. Jake turned his head, and he and Mark kissed

as Dad fucked Jake. Little tremors, uncontrollable spasms, flickered through Jake's stomach. Dad rammed him again, allowing him to rest a moment before easing out and then pushing his cock in again. All the time as Jake and Mark kissed, Dad kept telling Jake to relax, to stay so limp and relaxed. I bet Dad's thickness had Jake's ass stretching, feeling like his guts were on fire. But Dad kept moving slowly and gently, talking to Jake all soft and low, like Dad was making love to Jake instead of just fucking.

Jake's body to his credit stayed limp as his ass adjusted to Dad's thick dick intruding into it. Jake's cock twitched, harder than ever. The head turned purple with excitement and ecstasy.

Dad's pumping grew more insistent. Even hypnotized, his face contorted with desire--Jake's did too.

Erik said, "Okay, Dad, whenever you're ready--"

--it's time to cum," I finished.

"Cum for me, slaveboy."

With one fast thrust, my Dad plunged deep into Jake's ass and hissed as he shot floods of cum into Jake's bowels, his torso wracked with the overwhelming ecstasy of his ejaculation.

Jake gave a little cry against Mark's mouth, and Jake's cock spurted his second orgasm, two, three bursts of cum in arcs over his stomach, before settling into a dribble as his balls emptied. Dad dropped alongside them on the bed.

"Come here, Derik," Erik coaxed. "Let's show 'em how it's done, slaveboy."

I caressed Erik's tool as he pulled me down onto the bed with him. I knew every inch of his body, knew how every inch liked to be touched, so I stroked his cock with the lightest touch. Erik moaned. I could feel his pulse making his dick throb in my hand. I stroked him some more, and played with his nuts. Erik writhed with pleasure. I loved him and I loved being able to make him feel so good.

I leaned over and licked Erik's shaft. He turned to sixty-nine and licked my shaft too. We started moaning again, and never stopped. The sounds of our passion, coming from deep within our chests, made Erik more appealing than ever. I wrapped my lips around the head of his dick and sucked him in, as he mirrored me using his lips on my cock. More and more of his shaft disappeared between my lips, and still there was more to come. His mouth slid down my cock. The taste of Erik's pre-cum urged me to swallow him whole and suck him to a powerful orgasm.

We fit together like puzzle pieces, two segments of the same picture. I sucked down more and more of his shaft. He did the same to me. My expert lips worked their magic. He sucked more and more of my shaft too. If there's one thing I'm good at, it's sucking cock. Erik wasn't bad himself, in spite of what I said earlier.

Erik moaned and pushed his cock ever farther into my mouth. A few more moments and I had taken him all in, and he had all of me inside too. Erik squirmed in bliss--we both did. We held each other in our mouths, enjoying the feeling of the other's manhood buried in our throat.

I ran my lips back up Erik's shaft, probed his tool with my tongue. I made love to his cock, massaging it with my lips and tongue the way he did to my cock with his mouth. Erik liked mouth-massages like this the best of all. I let his dick escape from my lips for only a moment before engulfing his tool once more. I sucked him to the hilt, then released his cock once more.

I sucked Erik's dick for several minutes, taking him to the very edge of orgasm before pulling back. Three times I sucked him, and he sucked me, to the verge of cumming and three times we pulled each other back just in time. We wanted this to last.

I descended onto his balls. Erik had nice nuts, large and firm, almost hairless, just like mine. I licked his scrotum delicately, and he moaned his pleasure. I probed him with my tongue, causing him to groan louder than before. I tortured his nuts with my tongue, then drew one of them between my lips. A moment later he did the same to me. While my tongue darted around the captive testicle, I could feel Erik's throbbing cock ooze pre-cum onto my neck. He was moaning like he was ready to cum--so was I--but neither of us wanted that to happen yet.

I drew his cockhead between my lips and sucked him right down. I loved the way his dick throbbed and flexed in response to my massaging lips. I loved the way he moaned. I loved his masculine scent. I sucked him slowly, enjoying every nuance of this experience. Erik had a nice dick, and he started thrusting into my mouth, which added a whole new sensation. I stopped sucking him for a moment and allowed him to fuck my face. My hips moved too, fucking his mouth. We pushed our cocks in and out of each other's mouth with short, swift strokes.

We sucked in everything the other had to offer. I loved the muskiness of his pubic hairs as my nostrils crushed against them. I loved feeling Erik's entire pole buried in my mouth. The knowledge that I had all his manhood within me filled me with a sense of power. I--we--drew back off, only to swallow each other again.

Over and over I devoured Erik's cock. I varied my pace; going fast, then slow. Sometimes I went so slowly it was like I wasn't moving at all. Sometimes my lips flew over Erik's dick, taking in his entire length in only a second. No matter how I sucked him, he seemed to love it and repeated the same thing on me--or maybe I was repeating what he did.

I knew Erik was getting close. Me too. As usual in our sex-play, we had taken each other to the edge as many times as we could. The next time he'd blow his load for sure. Me too. Erik moaned louder now. He thrashed on the mattress, every muscle tensing and flexing. His cock throbbed, and I could practically feel the familiar tension in his nuts, same as mine. Yeah, he was ready to burst.

Erik came off my cock and with a yelp he unleashed his first spurt of cream. His jizz flooded my tongue and shot into my throat. I sucked his dick hard as the next spurt spewed from his cock. Erik yowled in rapture, shooting hot, sticky cum down my throat. I drank it down and milked him for more. I fondled his nuts, urging them to release more spunk. Spurt after spurt of his cream jetted into my mouth. His dick escaped my lips for a moment and he plastered my face. I quickly regained control of his wild fire hose and sucked the next spurt from his dick. That fucker sure could cum!

At the end of his orgasm, Erik gasped, "Your turn, bro. Cum for me, slaveboy." He sucked my cock back down his throat. I felt my cock spasm, and thirty seconds later I shot my rocks off right in Erik's mouth. I nearly lost consciousness as I blew my load. Blast after powerful blast spewed from my cock to dowse Erik's mouth and gullet.

I continued to shoot my cream while I sucked on Erik's pole for all I was worth. I was in heaven. I felt like we were both going to cum forever. I sucked Erik as hard and fast as I could and tried to keep from passing out from the intensity of my own orgasm.

Finally, Erik swallowed the last of my load. I pulled my lips from his dick, and he released mine too. He

pulled me toward him, and we hugged. Something special passed between us, just like every time we sucked or fucked each other.

Afterward, we lazed on the bed. Erik sat back against the wall, his legs stretched out and spread. I lay to his right, my head on his thigh. Jake lay between his legs, the back of his head resting on Erik's groin. Mark lay half on top of Jake's stomach. Erik toyed with Jake's hair with one hand, and stroked mine with his other. I liked the feeling.

"Aw, man," Jake sighed, apparently awake now, happy and contented in the afterglow. "That was fun. Kinda freaky, but fun." He looked up at Erik, probably because Mark appeared to be dozing. "Do y'all really hang out like this every weekend playin' with hypnosis 'n fuckin' each other?"

"Not usually. This weekend is kind of a special situation."

"Mmm." Jake mulled this. "Ah could get used to that. It's kinda hawt the way y'all call 'em 'slaveboy' 'n they gotta do what-all y'all say."

"Well, if you want to stay and play, you have to let me hypnotize you too. That's one of the House Rules this weekend."

"Got no problem with that, no problem at all," Jake agreed happily, looking up at Erik with a sexy grin-blush combination. "Is that really yer Dad? What's up with him?"

I looked over to the couch, where Dad sat naked, engrossed in some movie playing quietly on the screen.

"Yeah, that's really our Dad. He has to stay hypnotized. He's wicked-smart and knows way too many tricks. If I let up on him for a moment, there's no telling what he'll do." Erik and I had talked about this strategy for a long time--the only way to keep Dad in check would be to have him turn his considerable skill at hypnosis inward and catch himself in an endless self-hypnosis feedback loop.

"He's haaawt. Ah like older guys. He got hisself a nice, thick dick too. Ah surely do like me a big dick on a hot man. Wouldn't mind swingin' on it again, or maybe fuckin' his ass. He single?"

"Yeah, and he likes younger guys too. Maybe I'll set you two up."

"Like on a real date? That'd be super-cool. 'Long as Mark don't mind."

"He won't," Erik said, smirking.

I yawned, and Erik turned his attention my way. "Hey, bro. You sleepy?" he cooed, grinning. "You had a long day, and you're gonna have a long night too--"

Jake said, "Y'all fixin' to hypnotize him ag'in?" He squinted at something over my head.

I looked too, and there was Dad's crystal. This little flaw in it caught the light, and I couldn't look away.

Erik continued: "--but that doesn't mean you have to stay awake for it. Three, two, one--Deep sleep."

4.

I stumbled into the kitchen. The sun was up, so it had to be early Sunday morning. I'd just woke up in our bed--Erik's and mine--alone, which was kind of unusual. If Erik wasn't with me, that probably meant he was up to mischief. Yeah, what a great thought to start my day.

I shuffled downstairs after pulling on a pair of shorts, stopping by the bathroom to empty my bladder, and using some mouthwash to get rid of my morning breath. I didn't bother to shave--maybe later--this would be the second day in a row I'd skipped shaving.

Dad, naked, stood at the stove, cooking something that smelled like pancakes. Erik's favorite breakfast.

"Hey, bro!" Erik, likewise naked, toasted me with a glass of orange juice from his seat at the kitchen table. "How'd you sleep?"

I tried to answer him. My mouth moved, but no sound came out. I was, like, *What the hell?*

Erik started laughing his fucking ass off. "Sorry, bro!" he cackled. "There's a new House Rule--you can't speak. That way, I don't have to worry about you, Dad, or Mark trying to turn the tables on me, and I don't have to make your ass go running again until you're too exhausted to put up any resistance, got it? You can't hypnotize me or use the crystals if you can't say the trigger phrase!"

Dad turned toward me from the stove, shrugged, and mouthed, *Sorry*, equally silently.

I scowled at Erik and mouthed, *You fucker!*

"What's that, bro? I can't hear you!" Erik laughed his ass off again. "And what's with the shorts? Get naked, slaveboy!"

I got naked. Like I said, knowing something was a compulsion and being able to fight it were two different things. But I didn't mind. Erik and I hung out naked around the house a lot.

"Have a seat. Dad's making breakfast."

I sat down and grabbed a banana, curled back the peel. I looked directly at Erik as I slid a couple of inches of banana into my mouth, then pulled it out an inch, then back in--teasing, reminding my brother of the morning ritual he hadn't gotten from me yet today--had missed two days in a row, in fact. Erik's lips parted a little, showing his arousal. I smirked. Then I bit gently into the banana and began to chew. Erik squirmed a little in his chair.

I made a point of looking around.

Erik's turn to smirk. "Where's Mark and Jake, you mean? They haven't come up from the basement yet--still getting *reacquainted*, I bet."

I wondered whether Dad remembered meeting Jake last night, or whether he was too out of it.

That's when an idea hit me.

I heard footsteps on the basement stairs and turned. In the kitchen doorway, frowning Mark pointed at his throat and moved his mouth, which caused Erik to burst out laughing yet again.

From behind Mark, Jake said, "Y'all did this to him? If Ah'd knowed it was *that* easy to shut Mark up, we

might never've broken up." Which earned Jake a semi-serious punch in the arm from Mark.

Erik told them why he'd done it--and from the way Jake laughed, he found it as funny as Erik did.

"Aw, man," Jake chuckled, shaking his head, "y'all got to teach me to do hypnosis that good."

"I'll think about it," Erik grinned. "But what's with the clothes, dudes? Get naked, slaveboys! House rules!"

Mark scowled, but stripped off his briefs.

Jake, in his jeans, blushed. "Do Ah ..."

Erik smirked. "One way or the other, dude. Like I told you last night, if you wanna stay and play, you gotta follow the House Rules. You can do it because I said to, or I can order Dad to have a little talk with you and send you back to Sleepy-Time."

"Well, if Ah gotta," Jake said, blushing and grinning. He shucked his jeans and stood there awkwardly, cock half-erect, until he thought to drape his jeans over the back of one of the table chairs and then have a seat in it. "But yer gonna hypnotize me anyway, right?"

"Oh, sure," Erik said, as Dad put a plate of pancakes down in front of him. "But not 'til after breakfast. Pass the syrup."

I woke up gradually. I lay on my back, naked, on an air mattress in the middle of the swimming pool. A cool can of something in my left hand, the warm sun blazing down on me. Gentle little waves rocked the floating mattress, lulling me back to sleep. All I wanted to do was close my eyes and drift back to sleep in the warm sunshine.

No, wait. That wasn't right, I thought. Dad's pool didn't get waves. This had to be a mneme, a memory snippet Erik was using to keep my mind asleep. I had to see past it.

I was gripping something. Focus on that.

But the warm sun did feel awfully nice ... I loved the contrast of the hot sunshine and the cool can in my hand ...

No, see past that. The couch arm--I was gripping the couch arm. I was bent over it. Something was moving my body, a rhythmic pumping like the waves that nearly ... took me back ... to the pool ... sunshine ...

No. The couch. Something was moving me. The painful-pleasurable feeling of something stretching my ass. Somebody was fucking me. I recognized the familiar feel of Erik's cock sliding across my prostate. I was bent over the couch arm, my feet on the floor and legs spread, as Erik fucked my ass.

"Y'all fuck like that ... all the fuckin' time?" Jake's voice. "Holy fuckin' jeeppers, that's ... so fuckin' hawt ..."

Jake. I risked a glance out of the corner of my eye, since I didn't want Erik to catch on that I'd snapped out of it. He'd tried to catch me in one of those *turn yourself inward and keep yourself hypnotized* tricks we'd talked about using on Dad, only I'd managed to break out of the self-hypnosis loop.

Erik laughed. "Did you just say 'jeeppers'?"

"Mah momma always told me not to cuss."

"But saying 'fucking' is all right?"

"Shoot, 'fuckin' ain't cussin'. Fuckin's fun. Now stop distractin' me."

Mark was bent over the other arm of the couch, mirroring my pose. Jake held on to Mark's hips and fucked his ass, but Jake watched Erik and me. Mark's eyes were closed--he was deeply asleep, probably entranced by the same *keep yourself hypnotized* trick Erik had tried to use to keep me under.

Jake fucked Mark's ass, but his eyes were glazed by something more than sex-daze. Synchronicity. That's what Dad called it. A light trance that made you cooperative and docile, but didn't leave you hypno-stoned like a full-blown trance. It was one of Dad's favorite tricks. *I'm not going to hypnotize you*, he'd say; *I'm just going to place you in a state of heightened synchronicity so our minds move cooperatively along the same lines*. He'd done it to Erik and to me more times than I could count. I knew the signs. Erik or Dad had done it to Jake. Jake probably didn't even realize he wasn't one hundred percent awake.

"Can Ah ... fuck him ...? Ain't never ... fucked no twin before ... Swap ...?"

They pulled out of our asses. They grabbed fresh condoms off the couch. A moment later, I felt more lube drizzle my ass, and then I felt Jake ease his cock into my shit-hole. He wasn't hung as long as Erik, but his dick was thicker, and he fucked with a different angle. I'd had sex with lots of guys other than Erik, and I instinctively knew how to shift my hips so that--*ahhh, right there!*--his cock rode the little joy buzzer up inside my ass.

Suddenly Jake froze. "Wha-what're y'all doing?" he gasped.

Uh-oh--was he talking to me?

"Shhh"--Erik, from behind both of us--"just focus on your breathing. In ... out ... Relax. Focus on the synchronicity, our minds and bodies moving cooperatively."

I felt Jake drape himself forward, across my back. "Yeaah," he whimpered.

I felt pressure from Jake's hips. He was still mounted in my ass, and now Erik was mounting him.

"That's it." Erik coaxed. "Now you're fucking a twin and getting fucked by one too."

"Hell, yeaah ..." Jake hissed.

"Synchronicity. Bodies and minds moving together, cooperatively."

Jake began to move, fucking his cock forward into me, then fucking himself back onto Erik's cock.

"Synch'r'icity ..." Jake agreed, with a happy sigh.

Jake clutched at my hips with whitened knuckles and drove his groin forward, rocketing me onto my tiptoes with a wonderful tingling sensation, spearing his entire cock into my swallowing ass until his balls kissed my butt cheeks, and we were one, buried in lust together.

Somebody's hand brushed around my hip and took hold of my pole, and I swooned back against Jake. Whoever's hand started stroking up and down my hardened length, and I was flying high.

Another hand gently pinched and rolled one of my buzzing nipples. Was this Dad, or Mark? Yet another hand stroked my shoulder and neck, anchoring me back down to earth for a moment before Jake's next in-stroke sent my head airborne again.

Jake rocked his hips, slowly sliding his snake back and forth in my stretched-out chute. He figured out how to do the work of moving between Erik and me--how to fuck me and simultaneously get fucked by Erik. Then he let out a grunt and picked up the pace, pistoning his hips, slamming my ass, then drilling himself back against Erik. Jake moaned with pleasure and triumph. The plunging, stuffing, prostate-bumping sensation in my ass was exquisite. I always loved the feeling of fucking and getting fucked by Erik, but sometimes there's nothing like a new cock to make me feel like I'm being cleaved clear to my sexual core.

The men's grunts and groans behind me--the wet, rapid smack of taut thighs against shuddering cheeks--the sucking sound of shafts reaming chutes. "You're getting closer to cumming," Erik coaxed. "Feel it building." Jake hissed and pushed his cock deeper into me, longer, harder. "Faster," Erik urged him. "Deeper. Focus. Synchronicity. Deeper." Jake torqued his rhythm up toward the frenzy level.

Erik and Jake and I rocked crazily with the force of the three-player ass fucking. Whoever's hand on my cock felt great too, sending me to sexual heaven.

"Closer. Building. Closer. So ready," Erik encouraged. Jake cried out, and Erik directed him: "Ready to cum? Cum for me. Cum hard. Cum now. Cum for me." Jake slammed himself forward into my ass, jolting my prostate with white-hot bolts of ecstasy as he shot. His hands clutched at me as the sperm zapped out of his lightning rod and into the condom up the blazing epicenter of my ass.

When the bucking and bellowing and spurting at last ended, Jake draped his drained body over my sweaty back and gasped, "Aww, fuck ..." Erik collapsed on top of him, and the weight on me shifted, and I toppled. Jake and I landed on the couch, Erik on the indoor-outdoor carpet in front of it.

"Aww, man," Erik laughed as he rolled himself up to sitting, his face still flushed with his afterglow. "Hey, Derik didn't cum yet. Mark, be a good slaveboy and get over here. Derik needs a blowjob and you're gonna give him the best blow ever--got it? And Jake, I think Dad needs some attention from you."

Mark climbed half on top of us, until Jake slid out from under him and left just me on the couch beneath Mark. My older bro stuck out his tongue and licked my super-sensitive cockhead.

The hot, wet touch of his tongue jabbed my body and brain. He wrapped his hand around the base of my cock and swirled his smooth tongue under, over, and around my puffed-up dick head.

"Feels so good, doesn't it," Erik said.

I tried to grunt, but no sound came out.

Erik reached a hand between us and stroked one of Mark's nipple rings with his thumb. Mark trembled. "Yeah," Erik coaxed, "that's right. Each time I tweak your rings, it just makes you relax that much deeper, doesn't it, slaveboy?"

I reveled in watching Mark's body tremble as Erik flicked his nipple ring and in the feel of Mark's tongue-lashing on my cock, so different from the way Erik usually blew me.

Mark basted my dick head in his mouth, then slid another inch between his lips and started sucking. My

mouth fell open in a happy, silent moan. I gazed through lust-fogged eyes, first at Mark's bobbing head and then at the other side of the couch where Dad stood, Jake kneeling in front of him and deep-throating his big cock like there was no tomorrow.

"Use your hands to tell him how good it feels," Erik told me. I eagerly ran my fingers through Mark's hair, stroking his beautiful bobbing head as he pulled on my cock-top. Then he gripped my quivering thighs and crammed as much of my meat into his maw as he could. He sucked and sucked and sucked, his humid breath steaming out of his nostrils as he wet-vac'ed my wood.

The feeling was un-fucking-believable! Mark truly was giving me the best blow ever. He really knew how to handle my cock. He gulped down almost my entire pecker, sealed it in his warm, hot mouth and sucked on it with a relentless intensity.

I tried to yell, *Yeah, bro!* But I still couldn't speak because of that fucking House Rule, and nothing came out--which was just as well 'cause that would have given me away. I didn't want Erik to know I'd snapped out of his little self-hypnosis trick and was aware.

Mark's mouth pulled on my cock with his sensual, moist mouth and lips, slurping at the underside of my dick with his flattened-out tongue. His head plunged even further down until his nose plowed into my pubes. I grabbed his head while he mouth-pumped my dong, and together we shoved his head up and down on my Little Derik like an oil derrick, up and down, up and down, over and over again.

"Dad, Derik, feel it building," Erik said. "Feels so fucking good. Feels like it's about to overwhelm you."

The cum in my balls started boiling out of control.

"You're gonna fuckin' blow your loads any second now," Erik growled. "You're gonna feed those mouths a big fuckin' wad! Mark, Jake, you wanna take their loads more than anything else."

Mark looked up at me with glassy eyes. He disgorged a third of my spit-drenched meat and torqued up the sucking pressure another notch on the portion still in his mouth, tugging on my inflamed tool faster and faster until, suddenly, he stuffed as much of my cock down his spectacular massaging throat as he could.

"Dad, Derik, cum. It's time to cum. Cum now. Cum hard. Let yourselves cum and cum."

Fuck! I tried to say. Cum rocketed out of my cock and flew into Mark's gullet. I came buckets, blowing wad after wad of jizz into his mouth and throat, my body convulsing as his throat massaged me, pumped me, drained me.

After the last blast of goo had spilled out of my cock, Erik leaned down and patted my shoulder. "Excellent work, slaveboys. I'm gonna take a quick nap. You slaveboys better go upstairs to the bathroom and get cleaned up."

5.

We left Erik in the basement. I followed the rest of them upstairs. As we passed by the kitchen, I grabbed the notepad and pencil Dad used for making the grocery lists.

Dad and Mark filed into the bathroom. It would have been cramped with all four of us in there--I don't know

what Erik was thinking--so I grabbed Jake's arm and dragged him into Dad's bedroom. I slapped his face a few times and snapped my fingers, since I couldn't yell, *Wake up!*

After a moment, he blinked and looked at me. Took him several seconds to shake it off. He grinned. "Man, that there was some fuckin' shit, right?"

I started scribbling on the notepad.

"Aw, right. Y'all can't talk."

I showed him what I'd written: *Keep yr voice down. Need u 2 do something 4 me. Top-secret. Don't tell anyone.*

"Like what?"

More scribbling: *Need u 2 get 1 of the crystals from Erik. Don't tell him tho.* Erik was wearing Dad's pendant, and I was betting he hadn't left the other three just lying around somewhere. He'd have hidden them, and hidden them well.

"The ones he uses to hypnotize y'all?" Jake grinned. "Y'all gonna surprise him or something?"

Something like that. I'd let Jake believe whatever he wanted, as long as he did what I needed him to do. And it probably would be a surprise.

U cant tell anyone. Especially Erik. Secret. Swear!!!

"Okie-dokie. Ah swear."

I need u 2 get a crystal, hold it up in front of him & say 3 2 1 DEEP SLEEP. OK?

"Y'all want me to hypnotize Erik?"

I nodded as I scribbled the next part. *Then u have 2 tell him 2 reverse the no-talking house rule. He has 2 say that where we can hear it. OK????*

I was thinking that, even if it didn't work on me because I *wasn't* in a trance, it would work on Mark and Dad if they were in one. Then I could wake them up, they'd see the situation, and they'd reverse it for me too. At least Dad would. I trusted Dad to do the right thing. Hell, I even trusted Mark, at least more than I trusted Erik. This hypnosis play was supposed to end at midnight, but that was twelve hours away, give or take--no telling what Erik had planned in the meantime, and I didn't trust him to stop at midnight. Erik was about to discover he wasn't the only one who could be devious.

Jake looked over his shoulder toward the hallway, then back at me and grinned.

I underlined the *OK* three times for emphasis and raised my eyebrows at him, an exaggerated question mark.

Jake grinned bigger and nodded. "Okie-dokie."

Our secret. Understand?

"Ah got it. Our little secret." He held his fingertip to his lips in the Shh gesture and grinned really big.

Hell, I didn't care if he thought it was all just some big game, as long as he did what I asked and did it right.

Jake looked over his shoulder again, and there stood Dad in the doorway, freshly showered, freshly shaved, a towel around his waist. By now his trance had worn off, but the *can't talk* House Rule was still very much in effect. Dad raised an eyebrow at us as if to say, *What are you two doing in my room?*

Jake grinned big and said, "Oh, hey there. Ah reckon we better go get ourselves cleaned up, if y'all're done with the bathroom."

I grinned too and followed him as we brushed past Dad and headed to the bathroom. I couldn't wait to get a shower--but first I'd have to stash the incriminating notepad pages behind the towels or something where no one would find them.

Yep, Erik was about to learn he wasn't the only devious one in the family.

6.

I decided if Dad and Mark had their trances wear off, I'd better drop my *still hypnotized* act too. After I showered and shaved, I strolled back downstairs to the kitchen as casually as I could. Erik was wearing Dad's crystal, the biggest of the four--plus it belonged to Dad so it had the most "authority." Where were the other three?

Step one was to get Jake's or my hands on one of the crystals. I wasn't going to depend solely on Jake. Erik must have stashed the other three someplace he thought was safe. I needed to look for them. If I could find one, I'd pass it to Jake, and the plan would pick up with step two.

Erik wouldn't have hidden them in our bedroom; I knew all his hiding places there. Last I saw, Erik had collected the four crystals in the kitchen. Maybe he hid them there? Plus, it was near lunchtime--if he caught me, I could always say I was looking for something lunch-related.

Well, *pantomime*, not *say*.

No one was in the kitchen, but there were some things pulled out on the countertop for lunch preparation--a cutting board, two knives, a pair of scissors, a plastic hamburger bun bag, stuff like that. Dad kept the kitchen organized, which probably wasn't that easy after Erik and I moved in with him a couple of months back. The drawers were easy to search. Nothing. The overhead cabinets too. Nothing. The under-counter cabinets were trickier--more nooks, and less light to see by. Nada. Nope. No.

The basement? That was another good possibility, but searching there would take hours. Boxes, shelves, the couch--and now Mark's stuff, though there wasn't much of that, not yet anyway.

Where was the least likely place? Maybe he used our bedroom after all? That would be the *hide in plain sight* option. Dad's bedroom I could probably eliminate. Erik wouldn't risk Dad stumbling across one when he was not entranced. Even without being able to say a word, Dad probably knew a hundred ways to turn the tables on us.

"Hey, bro," came Erik's voice from behind me. "I was wondering where you got off to. Can't have you getting into any trouble, can we. Grab that stuff on the counter over there and come out to the pool."

At least he didn't order me with *slaveboy*.

The stuff on the counter--ketchup, mustard, a few other condiments, and plates--turned out to be for burgers. Dad, at the grill, poked at the patties. Dad loved to grill, and he loved his grill; it was practically a fourth son for him.

I'd heard Mark and Jake splashing around in the pool, but I didn't see them until they broke the surface at one end. *I win!* Mark lipped, arms up in victory. He was always so super-competitive. Jake immediately pushed himself high out of the water and came down on Mark's shoulders, dunking him, and they both came up sputtering and wrestling and splashing--though it seemed weird that Jake's was the only voice whooping and laughing.

We didn't have to tell Dad how we liked our burgers. He already knew from grilling for us every chance he got. Ten minutes later we were all gathered around the circular picnic table, loading our buns and patties with pickles and mayo, and our plates with potato chips and salad and stuff.

Oh, and a table where five men are eating but three can't talk or make a sound?--That's definitely little weird.

Fortunately, Jake decided to fill the silence by telling us all about his childhood growing up on a cattle ranch, and how he met Mark in college, and how he ended up staying in town after he graduated. He recounted a couple of funny stories about things that happened when he and Mark had been dating, mostly shit Mark did that backfired on him. Mark fumed a little and threw a pickle at Jake at one point, but mostly my brother was a good sport about being teased like that. Jake was a real chatterbox. Fortunately he was also a good storyteller.

Jake put down the last wreckage of his burger and winked at me. "Be right back," he announced to the table. "Gotta piss like a fuckin' racehorse."

While Jake was gone, we sat in silence, except for the chewing. I couldn't wait for my plan to come together.

"You okay, bro?" Erik asked me around a mouthful of potato chips. "You seem a little jumpy."

Fine, I lipped, and took a swallow from my glass. I was so gonna get back at Erik for this *can't speak* rule!

In the meantime, I kept him distracted by stretching my foot across the space under the table and rubbing my toes along his knee and calf. I knew from experience my brother could only think with one head at a time--and he said the same thing about me. I had to keep him a little bit aroused, had to make sure the Little Erik head was doing the thinking.

Jake came back a few minutes later. Since Erik sat with his back to the door, he didn't see that Jake held one hand sort of tucked behind his ass.

"About time you were getting back," Erik said when he heard Jake's bare feet on the concrete behind him, but he didn't turn around. He was too busy taking a drink. "My three slaveboys here aren't much on conversation, are you, guys?" Then he grinned like this was really funny or something.

I thought, like, *Keep laughing, fuck-head*.

Jake's hand whizzed like a striking cobra over Erik's shoulder and grabbing the crystal, pulling the cord tight away from Erik's neck.

"Hey!" Erik yelled, ducking and flailing. "The fuck--?"

Jake's other hand had the scissors from the kitchen counter. He snipped the cord and quickly bounced back out of Erik's grabbing range.

"Nuh-uh!" Jake taunted. "Y'all can't get it back that easy, buckaroo. Ah got it now."

Erik jumped out of his seat. Jake fisted the severed ends of the cord and held up the crystal, dancing backward to avoid Erik's next lunge.

I couldn't see the crystal because of their scuffling, but that was just as well--I wanted to see what happened, but I didn't want to be looking when Jake said it.

He laughed as he said: "Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Erik faltered, staggered a little. Jake straightened up and said more confidently, "Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Jake cocked his head and peered at Erik. Erik's head had drooped, eyes closed.

"Well, daaaaamnation ... Ah did it! It worked!" He put his hands on Erik's shoulders and guided him back to the table, pushed him back down into his seat.

I pointed to my throat and lipped, *The can't talk rule; tell him.*

Dad and Mark looked at Jake, then at me.

"We'll get to that, soon 'nuff," Jake told me. "But right now, Ah'm in charge of this-here shindig fer a while." Jake planted his elbow on the table, dangling the crystal over the wreckage of our lunch in plain sight, where we all could see it.

Uh-oh! Time to avert my eyes again.

Jake ordered, "Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

When I peeped again, Mark's eyes were closed, like Erik's. Dad though was awake, sort of. He had one hand on Jake's fist. I thought they were arm-wrestling at first, but Dad was trying to get the cords out of Jake's hand. Dad was blinking, nodding, not totally immune to the effect but not fully succumbed either. He kept fighting it, and yanking on Jake's hand--hands plural now, as Jake tried to hold on. Dad probably knew a dozen ways to hypnotize Jake nonverbally, and he'd use them if he got his wits together.

Jake barked, "Three, two, one--Deep sleep! Three, two, one--Deep sleep!" Dad wavered, hesitated, unable to completely resist his own years of hypnosis conditioning. "Ya'll know ya wanna. It'll feel real good. Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Dad's eyes closed. His hands dropped away from Jake's.

"Three, two, one--Deep sleep," Jake said again, which I guess was a good idea because you could never be too careful with Dad around. I wasn't sure if Dad was playing 'possum either, but it seemed genuine.

I pointed to Erik and lipped again, *The can't talk rule.*

"In a minute. Hold yer horses," Jake said. "First, say Ah'm the best hypnotist there is."

More like a distant last place behind every other guy at this table, I thought. I frowned at him and pointed at my throat.

"Say it," Jake prodded.

I rolled my eyes, like, *what-fucking-ever*. I sighed and mouthed, *You're the best hypnotist there is*.

"There, that weren't so hard, right?" Jake grinned. "Y'all want this crystal now?"

I nodded, but that I really wanted was for Jake to order Erik to reverse the *can't talk* rule. What good was having the crystal if I couldn't tell Erik what to do? Unless maybe I could wake up Dad ...?

Jake sat back. "Ah dunno ... Howzabout Ah give the orders fer a while first, y'hear? Back when me 'n Mark was datin', we did us some purty wild stuff, but nuthin' this wild! Ah ain't wastin' this opportunity. Whatcha say?--We could have us some fun. It might involve y'all on yer knees, me standin', y'all inhalin' real deep, then swallowin'--"

First reverse the can't talk rule, I lipped, pointing at Erik and exaggerating a frown so Jake'd get the idea. Shit, what was it gonna take to get through to him? How dense was this guy?

"With this?" He held up the crystal.

I was thinking Erik's eyes were shut now that he was back in a trance and he wouldn't be able to see the fucking crystal, but I'd agree with whatever to make Jake to get on with it, so I nodded: *Yes*.

Jake ordered, "Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

I thought, *Huh?--What?* But I already felt that familiar heaviness sucking me down fast. Fuck!--He'd tricked me into looking at the crystal. Could I fight it ...?

"Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Jake's plan didn't involve us on our knees and him standing after all. It involved him squatting. And clothing; apparently Jake had himself a sports gear fetish. He must've had the gear in his car when he arrived, just in case his reunion with Mark turned sexual. I gotta admire a guy who comes prepared.

Dad, wearing a wrestling singlet, lay flat on his back on the basement carpet. One of the leg-holes of his singlet had been pulled up to expose his cock. Jake, in a singlet of his own with the crotch cut out, straddled Dad's hips and squatted down to take Dad's dick up his ass. Mark, in a football jersey and jock strap, sat on Dad's face. Erik and I stood on either side of Dad's hips. We wore racing swimsuits, blue with a white stripe for me, red with a white stripe for Erik, with the fronts pulled down and tucked under our balls. Jake fucked himself on Dad's cock and sucked Erik's hard-on a while, then changed over and sucked mine. Erik and I stood bent toward each other, kissing. I had one hand buried in the back of his swimsuit, fingering his asshole. He had a hand in mine too, doing the same to me. Otherwise, I couldn't move--or maybe I just didn't want to. What I wanted was to stand there and kiss Erik and finger him and let Jake suck me, and that's exactly what I did.

Jake was in sexual overload mode. "Aw, *fuckin' fuck!*" he bellowed, his mouth coming off of Erik's cock while his ass slammed down on Dad's. Jake's cum rocketed out of his fisted dick. The first spurt hit my calf,

and the rest landed on Dad's leg and the skuzzy carpet.

Jake pulled himself off Dad's rod and collapsed butt-first on the floor. "Aw, fuck," he swore again, appreciatively.

"Okay, y'all twins, let's see y'all get down here on the floor 'n suck each other off."

Erik and I had no problem with that. We discovered masturbating together, and each other, when we were twelve, then blowjobs and sixty-nine when we were sixteen, and anal around the same time. Anal was cool because being inside each other's body merged us back into one being, like we'd been in the womb before the egg split and we became twins, but sixty-nine was still our favorite, 'cause it put both of us inside each other's body at the same time. Getting down on the ratty carpet side by side, alongside Dad and Jake, and getting our dicks in each other's mouths was the easiest thing in the world for us. Even with that red swimsuit pushing his cock and balls forward, I loved the feel and the taste of Erik's dick in my mouth as I nursed him toward orgasm, and his throat milked away at mine with equal gusto.

"Mark, y'all get down here 'n help out yer Dad like the twins're doing."

Dad, sans condom now, on the bottom; Mark on top. They sixty-nined just like Erik and me, except Mark did most of the moving for them. Jake reached over for the closest ass, which happened to be mine. He pulled down the back of the swimsuit, and I felt his spit-slicked finger poke into my hole.

"Work those dicks, y'all! Get 'em good 'n wet! Suck on those sloppy dicks! Suck 'em good! Fuck, yeh! Man, Ah shoulda made Mark introduce me to his fuckin' family years ago!"

Jake replaced his finger in my ass with his tongue, which made me suck at Erik and pump my cock in his face even faster. Erik's dick responded by getting even harder, the way it does when he's about to shoot.

"Y'all gettin' close? Fixin' to cum? Let's see y'all shoot yer cum!"

Erik's cock jerked in my mouth. The next thing I knew, his cum was bursting into the back of my throat and flooding around my mouth. I swallowed it, intent on draining his balls dry. He grunted around my cock-shaft as he came, and the vibrations felt great! I wasn't going to last much longer.

Mark sighed and fell against the floor after he came. Dad finished himself off by hand. Silently, his body shivered and bucked as his dick squirted.

That left me.

"Cum, Derik. Lemme see y'all cum."

Erik fondled my ball sack the way I loved, and that tipped me into my orgasm. My body quaked. My balls fed their spunk into Erik's hungry mouth.

7.

This time, Erik was back in charge.

Jake wasn't careful. He never did get around to making Erik reverse the *can't talk* rule, if he ever intended to. And he forgot to guard the crystal. He was used to dealing with Mark, who's a lot less devious than Erik. Jake

forgot that hypnosis gave us a brief trance, a period of compulsion, and then we were back to whatever passed for normal. Jake left Dad's crystal unattended, and Erik grabbed it, and--*bam!*--Erik's back in charge.

Erik wore the crystal around his neck again, after a knot to fix the clipped cord. I knew this because I'd been looking at it just moments before, and then he said ... and now I was blinking and snapping out of it ...

I found myself on the couch, still wearing the blue swimsuit Jake'd put me in hours before, playing DeathCar 9000 against Erik again. In front of us, on the carpet between the couch and the screen, Dad and Mark and Jake, all naked, writhed in slow motion, one ball of flesh, intent on enjoying each other.

I forced my attention up from the carpet tableau and back to the screen. I was there to play DeathCar 9000. That's what Erik wanted. This time, without the handicap of taking off from Dad, I was holding my own, even starting to pull ahead. But something was different. I could tell.

I headed my car through the urban cityscape. The cops had a roadblock ahead. Okay, I knew how to handle this--I'd have to abandon my car and race on foot down one of these side streets until I found another I could steal to continue the race. I could do this.

Every time I moved my body, something ... nudged me in my ass, like something was gently fucking me. I threw a quick scowl at Erik before turning my attention back to the game.

"What's that?" Erik said, mimicking Jake's drawl. "Y'all says there's somethin' up yer butt?" He laughed. "Like it? Feel good? That's a butt-plug from Jake's bag of toys. He's got a *lot* of toys. I don't even know what half that shit's for! Don't worry; I started you off on the baby size butt-plug. But just wait"--he waggled a giant floppy dildo at me, purple, at least fourteen inches long and as thick as my arm--"until you see what I'm planning for later!"

My ass clamped just from the thought, only to be reminded of the butt-plug jammed up inside it.

"Dude!" Erik cackled. "You should see your face! Don't worry--this baby would leave your ass looking like a tunnel, and I kinda like it the way it is, nice and tight."

I scowled at him again and forced my attention back to the screen. My game avatar was out of the car and running to the left. Naked again? What the hell was Erik doing? Was this supposed to distract me? Okay, I could handle a naked avatar. It was all in my head, I told myself; just Erik making me see the avatar naked, since I knew the game didn't give players an option to change the avatars' appearance. I could handle this. Dodge the homeless panhandlers. Jump the pile of trash blocking the sidewalk. Jump the baby stroller. Fake right to fool the barking dog, then go left. Turn right onto the next major road. Three candidate cars popped onscreen, but I still had to sprint a ways to reach the first one. And every time my torso moved, I felt that intrusion in my ass poking around after my prostate.

Fucking hell! Bullets? How the hell had Erik gotten around behind me? More of those cock-and-balls bullets he'd made me see before came flying by. And shit!--I was out in the open with no cover. I made my avatar dive behind the utility pole. Fuck! Some of the bullets hit my avatar, and my health points dropped.

But more than that, I felt each impact--each cock-and-balls bullet that hit my avatar sent this tingle through my real-world cock and balls. Fuck! Three more bullets hit, and I was so fucking horny! Was Erik trying to distract me? Fucking hell, I was so fucking horny! As my avatar went down under a hail of cock-and-balls bullets and died, I threw aside the game controller, and that made the butt-plug in my ass kick off another round of sensation. I pawed at my groin.

Only, I couldn't figure out how to get my hands inside the swimsuit. It was one of those barely there racing cuts, and my hard cock was making a big ol' lump in the front, but I couldn't remember how to get my hands inside the suit and onto my needy dick. Erik had made me forget. That fucker!

I was crazy with horniness and the need to jack off, even though my balls couldn't have had much spunk left in them after all the other times I'd cum that weekend. I pawed at my crotch, frustrated and desperate for relief.

"Problem, bro?" Erik simpered, knowing perfectly well I couldn't say a word back.

I scowled and ignored him. I had to get to my cock--immediately!

Erik was laughing his ass off at my expense, but I didn't care. How the hell did this swimsuit work? Maybe I could tear through the front?

"Looks like you're having some trouble, bro? I bet if you said, 'Erik is the greatest,' you'd be able to get at that hard-on of yours. Oh, wait!--You can't say a fucking word!" More laughter from asshole-boy, and I spared a second to elbow him.

"Ow! You fuck-head!" Erik protested, 'cause my elbow did catch his ribs kinda hard. But fucking hell, he deserved it. "And here I'm trying to help you. Seriously, bro, you want to get at that hard-on? All you have to say is, 'Erik is the greatest,' just like I told you."

A post-hypnotic suggestion, obviously. But knowing Erik, it might only countermand the *forget how swimsuits work* order, or it might trigger an order to make me bark a Beatles medley like a dog, or it might cause me to drop right back into a hypnotic trance. There was absolutely no telling. All I knew was my crotch was on fire and I needed relief, and there was no way I was going to find a way to get my hands inside there on my own.

"Just say it, bro. 'Erik is the greatest.' What'cha waitin' for? Just say it."

I spared a moment to scowl at Erik because I was seriously pissed off. *Fine*, I mouthed. *Erik is the greatest*.

Well, I was still awake, and I wasn't barking. But I also wasn't getting my hand into that swimsuit to relieve my frustrated boner. *What the fucking hell!*

Erik started laughing his ass off again. "Or maybe"--he laughed so hard he could barely speak--"or maybe it was--was 'Erik is the greatest hypnotist ever'! Try saying that!"

By now I was fuming and frantic. I fucking had to get to my cock! I was getting hornier by the second! I had to take the risk.

Erik is the greatest hypnotist ever! Erik is the greatest hypnotist ever!

Suddenly--*bammo!*--I remembered exactly how to get the front of that swimsuit down! I got my hips off the couch and shoved the swimsuit to my ankles. That butt-plug wiggle made my ass very happy, and my erect cock sprang free, tipped with pre-cum and eager to play.

"There. Was that so hard?" Erik quipped, laughing at his own joke and my desperation.

I grabbed my cock with both hands and started flailing at it. My rod was sore from a weekend of action, but I

had to get off--*had to!*

"Here, let me help you with that," Erik said, reaching over to drizzle lube onto the head of my dick.

... Which helped a lot. The change from friction to glide eased the pain in my cock as I pumped away. I could tell I'd need to go a while before I could cum, because my balls were basically empty in spite of how horny I was, but now I could reach that goal without rubbing my prick raw.

Something beeped. It sounded familiar, but what was it? I was too lost in jacking off to care, until it beeped again. Then I placed it: the alarm on Dad's wristwatch. He blinked. After a moment, his hand moved to turn off the alarm, and he croaked, "It's ... twelve-oh-one Monday, boys." Dad started to extract himself from the tangled bodies on the floor. His voice, unused for nearly a day and a half, got stronger as he shook himself free of the trance--and of Erik's *can't talk* order.

Nothing that's permanent. That was one of the basic House Rules. I was betting Dad used that one to purge the new ones Erik had imposed on us.

Mark and I looked at each other but were still unable to vocalize. But if Dad could break free of the *can't talk* rule, we could too. At least *I* was confident I could. I just needed a little more time.

Dad cleared his throat and said, "It's twelve-oh-one Monday. The weekend is officially over." Which meant our *full access, full cooperation* agreement was officially over too.

Leave it to Dad to think ahead and set an alarm. I guess he knew more about what his devious sons would get up to than we gave him credit for.

"Aw, man--do we gotta stop?" Jake sounded disappointed and groggy at the same time.

"I didn't say that," Dad said. "I hate going to bed with blue balls. I bet my sons do too." Mark and I looked at each other, and we nodded. "But first, Erik, hand over the crystals, please. After I wipe away those unauthorized rules, we're going to finish this with clear heads."

8.

I woke up gradually. I was in bed, my arms and legs tangled with Erik's, same as usual, our morning woodies pressed against each other. I touched my chest to confirm my pendant was back with me. Oh, yeah!

"Morning," he grumbled, yawning, with a trace of morning breath.

"You're an asshole. G'morning. Did I mention you're an asshole?"

But I still blew him, and he blew me.

The smell of coffee lured me, but first I pulled on a pair of boxers and visited the bathroom to piss. I shuffled downstairs to the kitchen.

Mark, in a tee-shirt and shorts, was pouring himself a cup. He smiled when he saw me and muttered something about how pleased he was that the natives of Borneo had learned to wear clothing, even if it was just a simple pair of boxer shorts.

"Fuck you," I teased back. "You didn't seem to mind yesterday, or the day before."

The weekend hung between us. More stuff to process.

I decided to change the subject: "Jake get off okay?"

Mark shrugged. "I guess. I'm not sure where he got off to last night. All I know is, he wasn't with me when I woke up this morning."

From upstairs, Dad's voice shouted: "Aww--Fuck, yeah!"

Mark and I smirked at each other. My turn to shrug: "Dad's not usually that vocal when he masturbates."

Mark laughed, quietly. "I don't know where he found the energy. My cock's so sore I won't be able to fuck or jack off for at least a couple of days."

Erik joined us. "Somebody mention fucking and jacking off?" He was naked as usual. Things don't change in Borneo overnight.

"Dad," I said, nodding my head toward the ceiling. "Didn't you just hear him jacking off?"

"Mmm," was Erik's response as he poured himself some coffee.

Footsteps came down the stairs, faster than Dad usually did. Jake? "Hey, y'all," he said. He was dressed from the waist down, still pulling on his shirt. "Hate to run out on y'all, but Ah'm 'bout to be late fer work. Hey, c'n Ah get one'a them 'nanas, please?" I pulled off a banana and tossed it to him. "Thanks, Erik!"

"I'm Derik," I said.

He peeled the top half of the banana. "Oh, sorry. Ah knew one'a y'all was Derik."

Sometimes I hated being a twin.

Who'm I kidding? There was absolutely no way I was going to give up Erik, even if he was a shithead half the time.

"Ah swear, Ah can't eat one'a these things without thinkin' 'bout blowjobs," Jake said.

"See?" I grinned at Erik. "It's not just me."

Erik and I had always been kinda vanilla in the bedroom. We'd talked about trying some kinks but never knew where to start--and really, there wasn't anything wrong with ordinary sex between us. Jake had turned out to be a really kinky fuck. Obviously he liked hypnosis, and after this weekend I was thinking maybe Erik and I should invite him over to play again sometime soon. Maybe he had a lot more fetishes we could try out together. He could probably broaden our horizons, a lot. Or was it weird to have sex with your older brother's ex-boyfriend?

More footsteps from upstairs. By process of elimination, this had to be Dad.

"Hey, listen," Jake said around a mouthful of banana to the other twin, which by process of elimination he probably figured out was Erik. "Thanks 'n all, but looks like Ah won't need y'all to hook me up with yer Dad

after all. Ah kinda took care of that mahself last night after we was done ... y'know, playin' around." Leaning in, he added a conspiratorial whisper: "That man's all kinds of good sex. Hawt, hawt, hawt! He done purt near wore me out!"

Mark cocked an eyebrow, surprised. "Wore you out? I didn't think that was possible." He used to date Jake, so he'd know.

"Who's worn out? Who're we talking about?" Dad, in boxers, his pendant safely back in its usual place on his chest again, moved in behind Jake, slid his arms around Jake's waist. Jake rolled his head back, and they kissed. Intimately.

When their mouths parted, Dad chewed part of Jake's mouthful of banana with a shit-eating grin. "Good morning, boys. Everybody have a good night?"

"Not as good as you, apparently," Mark said. But if there was any jealousy about his ex-boyfriend hooking up with our Dad, I couldn't hear it in his voice. He seemed amused by the whole thing.

Jake pulled away and said to Dad, "Listen, Ah gotta run. Ah'll call ya tonight." Another quick peck on the mouth and they parted, Jake walking backward as he said to Dad, "We're still on fer Wednesday night, right?" To the rest of us: "Thanks fer lettin' me join in this weekend--had mahself a real blast. Mark, glad'ta see y'all're back in town. Catch all y'all later!" And then he was out the door.

Uhm, change what I said earlier to: Or was it weird to have sex with your older brother's ex-boyfriend *who was maybe going out with your father?*

Yeah, like anyone in this family had room to talk about *weird*. Is there a polite way to say something like, *So, Dad, if you're not fucking Jake blind later, would you mind if Erik and I borrowed him and his toy bag for a while?*

Dad poured himself some coffee. Taking a sip, he noticed we were all looking at him. "What? Surprised your old man has stamina?"

Erik and I looked at each other. No way were we touching that comment! "Uh, we gotta get ready for work," we said in unison. Smooth way to change the subject, right?

"And I gotta start sending out more résumés," Mark added.

"Okay, boys, but we're still talking about this weekend tonight when I get home, got it?"

The other problem with having a psychologist for a father? They like to process the hell out of everything.

"Everything turned out great, right?" Erik chirped. "We all had fun, and Dad, it looks like you even got a new boyfriend out of it. That means we can do it again sometime soon, right?"

Dad, in mid-sip, tried to stifle a chuckle that came out as a snort instead.

"Don't push your luck, fuck-head," I muttered to Erik as I grabbed his shoulder and hustled him toward the stairs. We still had to shower, shave, and get dressed.

Besides, thinking about the weekend had my dick stirring again. Maybe I could talk Erik into another quick blowjob swap in the shower. Now that I had my pendant back, I was betting he'd find me *very* persuasive.

