

# Beta-Tested

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Three friends and an inhibition-lowering drug. I hope they've got plenty of lube.

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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Sure, we could've blamed it on lots of things--the heat wave, the booze, the drugs, the fact that none of us had gotten laid in nearly a month what with studying for finals, then finals themselves, and now the start of our summer vacation back home after our first year of college, where we all had athletic scholarships. But in the end, we had to admit we liked it.

Doug lived with his uncle Ted. Ted was pretty cool in spite of being gay. He was some big-shot pharmaceuticals researcher

and had this big-ass house in the hills with a big-ass pool and no neighbors nearby. We liked to hang out there. At ten in the morning, the heat wave already was sweltering. The three of us--Doug, Justin, and me--were hanging out by the pool, in our swimsuits and sunglasses, slathering ourselves with suntan lotion, stretched out in lounge chairs. The sunlight pressed down on us like a flatiron.

We had the place to ourselves all day, 'cause Doug's uncle was away at some conference or something. "He's trying to get funding," Doug told us. The military canceled Ted's research contract right before his new drug project advanced to the second round of human testing. He went to the conference to try to drum up

private sector funding. Doug wouldn't tell us what the drug did, since it was some secret project or something.

Doug absently scratched at his bare chest, shiny with lotion. "Fuck, I'm horny. We should jack off or something."

Not *I*. *We*.

I looked at Doug. The three of us had jacked off together once, over a month ago. We'd been sitting around our dorm room one night, getting drunk and watching a really hot porno flick. Somebody pulled out his cock--I don't remember who, probably Doug--and pretty soon all three of us were jacking off while we watched the porn. It was a

really hot video. We were horny. It was a one-time thing.

"Maybe we should go inside and check out some porn."

Justin chimed in with, "Dude, I'm not going to raid your uncle's porn stash. It's probably all gay porn or something."

"I've got straight porn," Doug protested. "Hey, just because I jacked off with you guys doesn't mean I don't still like girls." He was a wrestler, broad-shouldered and muscular. He was always the instigator, always making things happen, getting into us into shit. He had inherited his uncle's dark handsome looks as well as his brainpower. "It doesn't mean anything,

except it's hot to jack off with your buds."

I looked to Justin, who just shrugged and fiddled with his sunglasses. Justin was always quiet and shy--he could've been mistaken for a stoner if not for his tall, lean track-star body and blond good looks. But I remembered how watching Justin jack off brought out a side of him neither Doug nor I ever imagined. Justin'd really gotten into it, running his hands all over his golden-haired, athletic body, tweaking his nipples, fondling his balls, even slapping his own ass a time or two. I think he liked putting on a show for us.

"I guess," I said, noncommittally. Thinking about jacking off got my dick interested. I rolled over onto my stomach, like I



wanted to tan my back, when I was really hiding the start of an erection in my swim trunks. I guess I was the mediator of the group, always keeping things in check. I was nineteen, a year younger than Doug and Justin, and I played lacrosse--I was a little more muscular than Justin, but leaner than Doug. Doug had admitted to me, a few days after that one-time jack off, how hot it had been to watch me masturbate with my baby face and smooth body. *It made me feel nasty, he'd said, and the fact you've got a huge dick didn't hurt, either.*

"Hey--I know what let's do! Be right back." Doug jumped up from his chair. His hard-on bounced around in his swim trunks--*Whoa!*

He disappeared into the house and returned a minute later, carrying a pair of bottles by the neck in one hand, and three glasses in the other. He held the bottles so I could see them--rum, and the good stuff too, the kind with a cork rather than a screw top and everything. The bottles looked identical, but one had a little black X handwritten in the corner of its label.

"My uncle left these for us. Let's get fucking wasted!"

"I'm always willing to get wasted," I said. Justin sat up and nodded his agreement.

Doug opened both the bottles. He poured a finger of rum into two of the glasses, handed me one, the other to Justin, and

then poured himself some from the other bottle.

Doug raised his glass. "Here's to good buds and the best fucking summer of our lives!"

"Here, here," I agreed. We chinked our glasses together and drank. The rum burned its way down my throat. Yeah, this was some really quality stuff! Doug's uncle always took good care of us.

Doug refilled Justin's glass, then mine.

"Hey, didn't you say your uncle was gone?" Justin scowled at the corner of the house.

"Yeah. Why?"

"I'd have sworn I just saw somebody in that window. The curtain moved."

"You're seeing things, dude. Probably just the air conditioning blowing the curtain around or something."

"I dunno," I said. "I thought I saw that security camera just turn our way too."

"Automated motion sensor." Doug poured more rum into my glass. "Drink up."

We went on drinking and joking and bullshitting for a while. Doug kept watching me and Justin, but I didn't think much of it. He kept pouring more rum, and we all kept drinking.

"That's five drinks apiece," Doug said. He

grinned at me. "How you feeling, Adam? Good?"

"Good," I answered, because it was true-- I felt pretty damn good: relaxed, light-headed, almost giddy. I smiled back at him.

"What about you, Justin? Feeling good?"

"Yeah," Justin sighed, beaming. "Real good."

Doug smirked and said, "Hey, there's a bird over there on the fence. You see it, don't you, Adam."

I said, "Yeah."

"Justin, you see it too, don't you."

"Uh-huh."

"What color is the bird?" asked Doug.

"Red," I said.

"Black," Justin said.

"There's no bird on the fence. You know that, don't you."

I stared. The fence was bird-free. "I would have sworn ..."

"Don't worry about it, Adam." Doug grinned his shit-eatin' grin. "Your drinks were spiked with Uncle Ted's new drug. You just became his beta test subjects."

"Huh?"

"Remember my uncle's new drug? It lowers your inhibitions and makes you open to suggestion. You'll go along with just about anything you're told, and do just about anything you're told. Your brain told you you saw a bird on the fence because I told you you saw one. There wasn't a bird there. It was all in your mind. That's why you and Justin thought it was different colors. Uncle Ted thinks his drug could be used to confuse and disrupt the enemy's forces on the battlefield, but the military types canceled his funding because they think it's too unpredictable. It doesn't last that long either."

Doug turned to the back door. "Oh, and I fibbed about one thing. My uncle's been here all along." He hollered, "Okay, Uncle

Ted, I think they're ready for you."

The door opened, and Doug's uncle stepped out. "Hey, boys." He wore a pair of shorts and a polo shirt and loafers, and he had a little pack in his hand. "Doug, did you explain about the drug?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Good. Don't worry, boys; the drug should be harmless and short-lived. I just wanted to run a little experiment. A little dose yesterday helped Doug get in touch with a whole new set of desires he's been repressing. Today we're going to help you two do the same. Once Doug experienced what the drug can do, he volunteered you two to be test subjects. This is a great



opportunity to solve two problems at once, you might say."

Doug stood there with his arms crossed over his bare chest and beamed.

Ted said, "The drug makes you docile and obedient, susceptible to whatever I tell you to do. You won't be able to prevent it, so don't worry about anything that happens. It's perfectly normal. Let's get the mundane stuff out of the way first, shall we, boys?" Ted fiddled with his case and brought out a few vials and hypodermic syringes. "First, I need some blood samples from each of you. Justin, you first. Sit up and hold out your arm.

"Okay." Justin said. He sat up and offered

his arm to Ted. Justin didn't ask questions and didn't seem to be at all concerned about what was happening. *Docile and obedient*, Ted had said. Justin was usually really laid-back, but he should have been asking questions about this. Hell, I should have too.

Ted poked the hypodermic into a vein in Justin's elbow, and the small vial filled with crimson blood. Ted pulled it out and pressed a little cotton ball against the spot. "That wasn't so bad, was it. Of course not. Hold that there a few minutes until the bleeding stops." He turned to me and said, "Okay, Adam, you're next. Sit up and hold out your arm."

I tried to think of all the reasons why I

should say no, but instead, I just sat up and held my arm out for him. I wondered why I was going this. I *hated* needles and shit like that. But I didn't pull away. "Ow!" I protested when the needle bit my skin.

Ted finished drawing my blood and put the vial in his little case alongside Justin's. "Okay, now you, Doug."

Doug looked surprised. "Huh? I didn't drink any rum. I only drank out of the other bottle--it had water ..."

"I dosed both bottles. You've got just as much of the drug in you as they have. Sit down and hold out your arm."

"Yes, sir," Doug said. He did as his uncle

told him--he sat down on the chaise lounge and let his uncle draw blood.

"Excellent, boys. Doug, take your friends inside like we discussed while I get these blood samples refrigerated."

"Okay, Uncle Ted. Adam, Justin, come with me."

That sounded like a good idea. Justin and I stood up and followed Doug. We left the pool deck for Ted's house. In the living room, the crisp air-conditioned air chilled my skin, and my nipples perked up.

Doug told us to sit on the couch, and he turned on the television. Soon he had a porn video running--and yeah, it was some

of his uncle's gay porn, I realized, watching a close-up of a guy with a trimmed beard going down on some other guy's rod. Still, even in the chilly air, things felt steamy.

We sat next to each other on the couch, thigh-to-thigh, me in the middle. Doug informed us, "This is the hottest, most erotic video you've ever seen. You're really horny. Take out your cocks. Get 'em hard." I pulled down the front of my baggy swimsuit and let my hard-on swing up into the air. Doug checked out my rod and Justin's, which stood up tall and proud out of his racing cut swimsuit. "Yeah. Take off your suits, guys. Strip."

Another great idea. I pushed my swimsuit

down and pulled my feet free of it. Justin did the same. Doug rubbed his chest as he looked at us.

"Stroke 'em," Doug whispered hoarsely.  
"Stroke your cocks."

Ted walked into the living room. "You should be naked too, Doug. Strip."

"But I ..."

"Strip."

"Yes, sir!" Doug dropped his swimsuit and was naked and hard just like Justin and me. Doug had an awesome body-- hairy in all the right places, mature-looking, with a nice fat cock to match.

"As you no doubt have noticed, the problem with the drug is you'll do anything you're told to do, but you'll obey *anyone* who tells you what to do. One moment you're doing what Doug says, and the next you're doing what I say. That makes the results unpredictable--and not much use on today's battlefield where soldiers are radio-connected to someone who can keep reinforcing their mission. But it's ideal for situations like this, where you just need a firm authority like me to guide you. Yesterday, when I helped Doug get in touch with some of his more repressed desires, he told me he has been curious about exploring his sexual feelings with you boys. He didn't think you'd be interested. A little of my drug, and all that can change the moment I say the word.

You're lucky I'm not concerned about ethics where attractive young men are concerned. Trust me, boys. You're going to love every moment of this--and that's an order."

I didn't want the major sexual charge in the room to ever end. My inhibitions and resistance were dropping by the minute. I was ready and willing to do whatever. I didn't care that I was naked and stroking my big hard dick alongside my buddies. I didn't care that Doug's gay uncle was watching us, telling us what to do. Everything Ted told us to do sounded great to me. Justin and Doug and I slowly stroked our cocks. We played with our nipples. We hauled out feet skyward to display our assholes to Ted. We pulled on



our ball sacks. We started showing off, draping our legs over each other and holding our cocks up in the air as we stroked. Justin's average-sized rod was the smallest of three of us, but he made up for it with his big balls, egg-shaped, and blond-fuzzed. Doug still seemed fascinated by my exceptional endowment. I noticed the way his fingers kept veering to the space underneath his nuts as he stroked. "Fuck, Adam, your dick is big," he said to me. I held it out proudly for them to inspect.

"Touch it, Doug," Ted said. "Put your hand on Adam's cock and stroke it for him. Adam, you're going to let him because you know it will feel great."

I was a little shocked when Doug reached over and took my woody in his hand. No guy had ever touched my cock before. I decided it did feel great.

"How does Adam's dick feel, Doug?" Ted asked. "You wanted this so badly. Now it feels incredibly, amazingly great, doesn't it."

"Amazing," Doug repeated, stroking it up and down.

"Justin, you try it now," Ted said. "Put your hand on Adam's dick and stroke it." Justin and Doug started taking turns copping feels of my dick, rubbing it. I loved the different grips they each used.

"Adam, Doug and Justin deserve some attention too. Take hold of their cocks and jack them."

Ted was completely right--Justin and Doug deserved attention, so I took a cock in each hand and stroked theirs as they worked on mine.

Justin seemed to respond to my hand the most, so I focused on him, working and pulling the skin of his erection high enough to heft his big balls. That made Justin lay back, thrusting his hips and moving his dick with my fist.

"Justin, pinch your nipples," Ted said, and Justin took his grip off my cock. He ran both hands up his body, pinched the hard

brown nipples atop his pecs.

I was totally focused on jerking off Justin when Ted said, "Doug, suck his dick." I felt something even warmer than Doug's hand slide down my dick. I looked down to see Doug's head in my lap, my cock disappearing into his mouth. It felt so incredible, I had to lay my head back on the couch and catch my breath. Doug pressed his tongue firmly against my dick as he took it down, stuffing as much as he could in his throat before coming back up. I'd never had a blowjob this good before, and I couldn't believe I was getting it from one of my two best buddies.

"Adam, have you ever sucked a cock before?"

I shook my head. "No, never."

"You're curious about what it's like to suck cock. So very curious. The taste, the way it feels in your mouth. You're eager to try it. Go ahead, Adam, suck Justin's dick."

I looked over at Justin's cock. I thought about it. I didn't think I'd ever thought about sucking a cock before. I was suddenly curious, overwhelmingly curious. I wanted to taste it. I licked my lips. I knew it would feel as good for him as it was feeling for me.

Ted urged me, "Go on, Adam--suck it. You'll like it a lot."

Succumbing to my curiosity and Ted's order, I leaned forward and kissed Justin's dickhead. He had a sticky drop on the top, and I licked it up before sliding the rest of his dickhead into my mouth. The salty-bitter taste of it made me horny as hell. Justin moaned. It felt natural to suck his dick, and soon I was bobbing up and down on his succulent prick, stopping just short of the gag point and loving the feel of it in my mouth. Ted was right--I liked it a lot.

I felt Justin's hands on my head, urging me along as I blew him. I was loving it so much, I barely noticed when Doug got off the couch and knelt between my knees so he could mouth-worship me better, taking my balls into his mouth and running his

tongue underneath them. He lifted my leg, and excitement fluttered through me when his tongue flirted around the ridge of skin leading from my ball sack back toward my asshole.

"Lick his ass," Ted said. Following Doug's lead, I slipped my tongue beneath Justin's balls, tasting the muskiness of that forbidden zone. Doug's tongue continued to slide downward, and my heart beat faster as he started to lick my butthole. Soon I had my own tongue swabbing against Justin's slick pucker, which tasted of chlorine from the swimming pool water earlier. The taste and feel of it turned me on, just like Ted said, and I started eating Justin's ass just as enthusiastically as Doug ate me out. Justin moaned louder

and tried to push my head lower, but the angle at which we were sitting was all wrong.

"Get on the floor, boys. Justin, get on your hands and knees."

Justin got on all fours on the carpet, presenting his blond-haired ass to me, and I got on all fours behind him. I had to admit Justin's ass was beautiful--firm and muscled, with a clean pink crevice down the center.

"Doug, Adam, lick those asses. You love it."

Hands spread open my smooth ass, and Doug's tongue went straight for my



asshole. I thought I'd lose it right then and there. Instead, I buried my face in Justin's jock ass like it was a pussy, eating him out like a starving man. Something about eating out Justin's ass made me incredibly hot. It made me feel nasty in the best possible way.

"Stroke his cock while you lick his ass."

I took hold of Justin's rock-hard dick, and he let out his loudest moan yet. Doug started to stroke my cock, and I couldn't help crying out too, but my moans were muffled by Justin's butt. The sensation complete out-of-control abandon-- spreading my butt like this for my buddy Doug, letting him work his tongue inside, while I pressed my face into my other

buddy Justin's ass-crack and lapped at his hole--combined itself with the feel of Doug's hand working my dick. Together all the sensations were almost too much to bear. I was getting close fast and I could tell that Justin was getting there, too. His big balls were pulled up tight in their sack. We were both going to hit it, and soon--I was sure.

"Stop what you're doing, boys."

I backed off of Justin's cock and ass. Doug backed off mine. We turned and looked at Ted, confused.

Ted held up a strip of condoms. "You're doing great, boys. You've gone this far, and now it's time to go all the way." After

a second, the realization of what he was getting at dawned on me.

Justin, slower, said, "What ...?"

"Guys can take it up the butt, right? And you know they enjoy it, or nobody would do it. You want to take it up the butt too, don't you? You want to feel what getting fucked feels like, and you'll love the way it feels. I know you will."

"I don't know, man," Justin said in his soft voice. "I've never ..."

"You can't fight the drug, Justin. Doug, you want to get fucked, don't you."

"I ... uh ..."

"You're so very horny, Doug. You know getting fucked will feel great. You want to get fucked, don't you, Doug?"

"Yes, Uncle Ted ..."

"Good. Then Doug, you'll go first. Justin, you'll be the one to de-virginize him."

Doug got on all fours on the floor, his cock still rock-hard and pulsing. He had a solid-muscle butt and a clean, pink asshole.

"Justin, wet your finger. Use it to loosen him up. Doug, you're going to love this."

Justin started by sinking his spit-coated finger inside, and the finger-fucking seemed to really turn Doug on--his cock

got really rigid and red.

"So fucking tight," Justin signed, incredulous.

"Go ahead and fuck him now."

Justin put his dickhead against Doug's butthole and began to push against it, then watched in amazement as Doug pushed back. Little by little, Justin's cock disappeared into Doug's butt.

"Are you okay?" Justin asked. Fortunately for Doug, Justin's cock was only average-sided.

Doug gasped and caught his breath. "I'm good. Hurts some, but it feels good. Just go easy."

"Fuck him slow and easy at first, Justin. Once he gets used to it, you can fuck him faster. Doug, you're going to love it."

Justin slid it out and pushed back in. Then he started to pick up the pace. He clamped his hands on Doug's hips and started to ride him hard.

"Yeah, man," Doug grunted breathlessly. "Fucking own my ass. Fuck me, buddy!" Those were the magic words, and Justin started fucking Doug's ass like a dog in heat. He held Doug's hips as he did exactly what Doug said and thrust his cock in and out of Doug's ass. Justin fucked like a porn star, like he was born to fuck. I watched his tight ass-cheeks flex and his big nuts slap again and again against

Doug's butt.

I jerked my dick as I watched them fuck. Doug's eyes wandered over to me, and I could tell by his hungry stare at my big dick that I'd be getting sloppy seconds. I grabbed one of the rubbers and put it on.

Justin groaned, "I'm gonna cum, dude-- can't hold back."

"Go ahead and cum, Justin."

"Fuck, yeah--shoot in his ass," I said, totally getting off on the thought that I'd be sticking my dick in that sloppy hole next. Justin slapped Doug's ass and fucked him faster, humping his butt with deep, hard thrusts. He yelped as he unloaded his cum

into the condom up Doug's butt, then kept pounding until he was totally spent.

When Justin sank back on the carpet, exhausted, Ted said to me, "Adam, it's your turn. Have a go at fucking that ass while Doug's all primed up."

Doug turned his ass toward me, his still-hard dick bouncing as he twitched his used hole. My oversized dick is really big, so I pushed in slowly at first. But Doug's well-fucked ass was ready for another cock, and I slid in pretty easily. Doug's ass clamped down tightly around my condom-clad dick. The inside of his ass felt hotter than anything I'd ever felt, so much better than pussy. When I got it all the way in him I held it there and



asked, "You all right, Doug?"

"Fuck, man, feels like a log is stuffed in my guts."

"Oh, man," Justin moaned, watching us. He was hard again and stroking his dick.

Once Doug got used to my cock, I was able to fuck him fast and hard. Instinct took over and I couldn't hold back. Ted told us to stop every now and then and try out a few new positions. I got on the couch, and Doug sat on my lap and rode my dick like a pony. I stroked his cock with one hand and ran the other up and down his sexy body, sometimes pinching his nipples, while he fucked himself on my dick.

Eventually Ted made us get on the floor. Doug flopped down on his back, propping his legs up on my shoulders as I worked my big dick in and out of his ass. I'd never had a fuck as sweet as this, and--Ted was so incredibly right--I loved every minute of it. Doug worked with me, both of us getting so lost in the fuck that I barely noticed when Ted told Justin to get behind us. First I felt Justin's tongue in my ass-crack, then he worked his tongue down to where my cock was riding in and out of Doug's ass, slurping at the spot where my shaft slid into Doug's stretched hole.

"Fuck my ass, angel-boy," Doug rasped at me. "Fuck my ass with your big fucking angel-cock."

"You love how this feels. Go ahead and cum, Adam. It's time for you to cum. You too, Doug. Cum now."

"Gonna cum in you," I whispered into Doug's ear. He turned his head to mine, our lips brushing close to each other. Ted didn't tell us to do that--that part was all us.

"Cum in my ass, dude. I want you to, so bad." Those words, and Justin's insatiable lips and tongue working against my thrusting shaft-base, sent me past the point of no return. I clamped my lips down on Doug's mouth, and his tongue rose to meet mine. My dick gushed its load up into his butt.

I felt Doug's ass clench around my dick, and I knew he was cumming as well, his load spurting between our bodies.

Justin groaned as he shot his second load.

"Lick them clean, Justin," Ted said. He had his dick out, jacking it. He had a fat cock like Doug's.

Justin wedged his way in between Doug and me and ate Doug's cum as we finished humping and fell down on the carpet. Ted's load splattered down on us. Then Ted stretched out beside us on the floor too and we wrapped our arms around each other, all inhibitions gone as the four of us made out with each other.

After a while, Ted said, "This beta-test was a complete success, boys, thanks to you. Go get cleaned up. The drug will wear off soon, but don't worry--I've got plenty more, and we've got all summer for more beta testing."

As we stood up, Doug squeezed my butt-cheek. "Next time, we get to beta-test *your* ass."

"Yeah," Justin grinned.

This sudden want, this *need*, for that to happen filled me. My asshole twitched. *That's just the drug*, I told myself, but I still wanted--needed--it. I grinned too and nodded.

If this first experiment was an indication, our lives would never be the same after that summer.

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