

Cool Gay Uncle

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Everyone needs a cool gay uncle to expand their horizons. And when that uncle can hypnotize ...

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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The week my two older brothers brought their families to visit for the December holidays, I took vacation so I could spend time with them all. I still lived in our hometown, and my job as a research scientist for the Defense Department paid me enough to afford a spacious condo. Both of my brothers had sons who'd just graduated from high school six months earlier. Since my parents had limited space for putting up the visitors in the house where we'd all grown up, and since I was single and had my condo to myself, I agreed to let my nephews stay in my spare bedroom. I also agreed to entertain said nephews the first night while my brothers went out to see old friends and catch up.

That first night, the weather was raining and cold, probably turning to sleet soon, so we stayed in. I ordered Mexican food, and I let my nephews raid the refrigerator for beer. I hadn't seen them in two or three years, and technically they were still underage for drinking alcohol, but hell, we all knew this wasn't their first beer. We played video games on my entertainment system and gargantuan TV for awhile--lots of friendly trash-talk between my nephews as they battled--lots of shoulder-slams and bodies rocking back and forth as they jockeyed their controllers this way and that, trying to

accomplish something and interfere with the other at the same time, laughing, both trying to be the alpha dog and out-score the other. They both had muscular bodies since they'd both wrestled back in high school, though they grew up in separate Midwestern states, and they were developing into really attractive young men. Watching my handsome nephews competing had me wondering what they would look like if they were playing video games naked--and that got me wondering what they'd look like wrestling naked. My dick was definitely interested in that little fantasy. I had a little sample of something I'd brought home from work that could make that happen. Unethical, I know, but I was sorely tempted.

Nephew number one everyone still called by his childhood nickname: Phantom. He had just finished his first semester at a mid-level college on an athletic scholarship and obviously thought of himself as a worldly expert on just about everything. Having just turned nineteen, he was tall and wide-shouldered, with dark brown hair and brown eyes. In a red-and-black flannel shirt with a black T-shirt underneath, jeans, and bare feet, he was lanky but had a promising build.

Nephew number two was Alex. He was working a minimum-wage mall job in his hometown, still living with his conservative parents, and had decided to join the Army in a few weeks to serve his country and gain some maturity while saving up some money for college later. He was the shyer of the two, a little naïve, still eighteen, average height, pale-skinned, with his mother's sandy-blond hair and blue-gray eyes. His dark-blue T-shirt announced the name and logo of a trendy band; khaki slacks, knock-off brand sneakers.

Yes, my dick was definitely interested.

After a couple of hours, of their testosterone-fueled play, my erection was still rarin' to go, but my nephews were getting bored with video games.

Phantom pulled out what had to be the word's thinnest doobie, a little crumpled from having been in the pocket of his flannel shirt. "Anybody want to get high?"

Alex looked aghast. "Dude, is that--?"

I added, "That has got to be the saddest, most pathetic little joint I've ever seen."

"Fuck you," Phantom declared, looking from one of us to the other. "Fuck both of you. If either of you assholes got a better idea, let's hear it. Otherwise, somebody find me a lighter, 'cause I wanna get high."

"Who wants another beer?" I asked, standing.

"Me," they both declared, barely interrupting their discussion about the merits of getting high, as I headed for the kitchen. Phantom added, "And find me a lighter while you're up, please, uncle?"

I made the decision while I was pulling three fresh bottles of beer of the refrigerator and popped the caps off. Oh, sure, I could probably claim this was my way of looking out for their best interests or something. After all, who knew what that marijuana might have been laced with?--Insecticides, pollutants--could have been anything. But really, my dick was doing the thinking, and it had decided professional ethics could be damned for the evening. Phantom had already announced he wanted to get high, right? So as the responsible family member present, it behooved me to offer an alternative that was safer than whatever toxic crap might have been in that joint along with the pot.

A little side trip by my bedroom, and then I was ready.

I handed Phantom and Alex their beers. I told them, "If you guys want to get high, I've got something better. It's a little chemical we've been working on at the lab."

"What is it?" Alex asked warily as I passed him the other. "It's not illegal, is it, uncle?"

"No, there's nothing in this that's officially illegal. It's just a harmless chemical we've developed. It makes you feel really relaxed and cooperative. Gives you a mellow high."

They knew I worked for the Defense Department, and they were always quizzing me about it. Alex again: "Is this some kind of spy shit?"

"That might be one use." Though sadly, my workplace was far less glamorous than a James Bond movie. "It's intended for situations where you need a person to feel compliant. Dose somebody with this, and in a few minutes they're feeling so groovy that--"

"Nobody says 'groovy' anymore," Phantom laughed.

"--that an 'interested party,' let's say, can lead the target off someplace private and find out what he knows. The target will feel so mellow that he'll follow along and spill his guts without a second thought. The chemical suppresses the analytical parts of the mind, so it also makes the more traditional 'mind influence' tools, like hypnosis, even more effective, because the target feels relaxed and compliant and simply can't think of a reason *not* to do whatever he is told. It inhibits short-term memory too. A few hours later it wears off and the person forgets what he said and did while under the influence. All he remembers is that mellow, relaxed feeling. Everyone in the test group has really enjoyed that feeling--loved it, raved about it, really. Best of all: since it makes you feel a profound euphoria, there's no chance of bad trips or paranoia like you get with pot sometimes."

"And you just happened to have some of that *shit* here at home?" Alex asked. He pronounced the word *shit* carefully; he wasn't accustomed to using curse words, since his father, my brother, was really conservative and did not allow swearing. The freedom to use naughty words without getting smacked was a rare treat for Alex, and he was enjoying the indulgence.

"Yeah," Phantom chimed in. "Let's see it. Where is it?"

"Well, you never know when you might need something like this," I chuckled. I'd smuggled a sample of the chemical home because, while I'm good-looking, I'm not stellar; I'd planned to maybe hit the bars tonight, find somebody who was out-of-my-league pretty, slip a few drops into his drink, and then slip him into my bed for a few hours of fun while he was feeling compliant. But then the weather turned rainy and I got stuck entertaining my nephews, who themselves had grown into very attractive young men, and now it looked like fate was handing me a nice way to combine both agendas. I'd dangled the hook, and now all I had to do was reel them in. "Unlike marijuana or other drugs, this one is completely harmless. But hey, if you're not brave enough to try it ..."

"I'll try it," Phantom said as he took a hit off his beer.

Teenagers. So predictable.

Phantom grinned his worldliest grin. "A real mellow high, huh? Sounds cool--right, Alex? Or are you too chicken? A couple of beers all you can handle?"

Alex took a sip from his bottle. "Fuck you! I've had just as many beers as you"--which was approximately one and a quarter--"and I'm not drunk yet. But I dunno about doing drugs ..."

"Look," Phantom said, "you heard him; it's not a 'drug'--it's a 'chemical'--and it's harmless. He wouldn't give us anything that would hurt us. Right, uncle? So what're we waiting for? I say we try it and see for ourselves if it feels as good as he says. If it ain't, I still got the joint."

Alex took another swallow of beer. "Uh ... I dunno ..."

Phantom rolled his eyes as he lipped his bottle and chugged maybe half the contents. "Don't be such a wuss, you lightweight. Nobody's gonna force you to get high. And if you're not gonna drink that beer, hand it here. Can't let a perfectly good beer go to waste."

Alex scowled and took a big swallow. "It's my beer"--he paused to decide which curse-word to use---"you *ass-hat*, and I'm gonna drink it."

I suppressed a smile. Thank you, Phantom, for doing my work for me.

"So ..." Phantom looked at me. "Do I get to try that mystery stuff now?"

"Hmmm," I said doubtfully, "it kinda needs to be everybody. Only one person being high kind of sucks, doesn't it?" I looked pointedly at Alex, who tried to pretend he was too busy sipping his beer again.

Phantom, grinning at me, elbowed Alex. "Say you'll do it too, dick-head."

"Ow! Stop it!"

Phantom exaggerated his mimicry, "*Owww! Staaaaawp eeeet!*" He laughed. "You big baby." He drained the last of his bottle. "I'm ready for another beer. Come on--drink up. If we're not gonna try this new drug, I'm at least gonna have another beer and fire up my joint."

Alex drank deeply from his bottle.

Phantom laughed. "That's the way. We'll get you buzzed tonight one way or the other!"

"Oh, all right--I'll do it too, just to shut you up ... *fucker-head*."

"That's the way!" Phantom swiveled his head my way. "So, when do we get to try it?"

I pulled the little glass bottle with the dropper-top out of my pocket. "You just did."

Alex: "Huh?"

A pause and then Phantom chuckled. "He means he spiked our beers, dummy!"

"He what?"

I shrugged. "Guilty as charged. But you already said you'd do it, and you can't turn back now." I glanced at my watch. "Usually takes just under five minutes to pass the uptake threshold."

Alex gaped at me. "What does that mean?"

Phantom shoved Alex's shoulder. "He means we start feeling it in five minutes."

"Oh."

Of course, the drug was only part of what I was planning, but I didn't tell them that.

I pulled a penlight out of my pocket and crouched next to Phantom. "Look this way," I told him, shining the light at his eyes.

He protested, "Dude, what the fuck?"

"Just checking for pupillary reactivity. Slight dilation is the first sign your body is absorbing the drug." The drug was absorbed immediately, directly through the skin or the stomach lining. They'd start showing a few physical signs before the psychological effects became apparent. Even now Phantom was indeed showing the first evidence. Wouldn't be long now.

"Oh, shit," Alex moaned, eyes widening. "This stuff gonna do something bad to us, isn't it? Man, if I overdose and have to go to the emergency room, I'll never be able to explain it to Mom and Dad. They'll *fucking* kill me!"

"Shut up, dude," Phantom snapped, shoving Alex's shoulder again. "You're not gonna O.D. You heard him say it wasn't harmful, right? Just shut the fuck up for a few more minutes."

"No, *you* shut up, or I'll kick your--your ass," Alex said, shoving back.

"You and what army?" Phantom responded, which seemed like an ongoing joke between them, since Alex planned to enlist soon.

"C'mon, guys," I said. "Nothing bad is going to happen. Trust me. You're gonna love it."

"I think I'm beginning to feel it," Phantom announced. He grinned and nodded at me. "Yeah. It's reeeal mellow, just like you said. Yeah."

Alex frowned. "You liar. It hasn't been anywhere near five minutes yet. More like two or maybe three." Alex turned accusing eyes at me. "And you should have gotten our permission *before* you gave us that stuff."

Phantom snickered. "What, are you afraid you're gonna get high and go running down the street naked? Scared somebody's gonna see your willy?"

"Shut up!" Alex complained. He turned to me, eyes both wide with shock and starting to glaze with the drug's growing influence. "You wouldn't let us do that, would you, Uncle? It's freezing outside."

Phantom was closer to what I had planned than he knew, but I wasn't going to shock naïve Alex with that news just yet. Instead I answered his question by saying, "Don't worry. I won't let you do anything risky, and nothing that leaves this room. Remember I told you it interfered with your short-term memory? You won't remember anything tomorrow morning, except what a great high you felt. That means no regrets, so just relax and enjoy it."

Phantom grinned and rolled his head back. "Yeah ...," he drawled groggily. "I'm starting to feel it for real now. No shit. It's *reeeal* nice."

Alex aimed a woozy punch at Phantom's shoulder but half-missed. "This is all your fault, you--you dope-head--"

"Stop it, you fucker!"

"--and I should ... I should kick your ass!" Alex was slurring a bit too, feeling the initial stages.

"Uh-huh ... you and what army?"

"Guys," I said, to get their attention. "You can kick each other's asses later. Right now, here's a different kind of challenge for you. It'll help you relax while the drug is starting to take effect. Just pick a spot on the wall or maybe something nearby and stare at it."

"Like, see who blinks first?" This from Phantom. "Lame."

"Just do it," I told them. The drug made them feel cooperative; they'd do pretty much anything I said. "You've picked something? Good. Just keep looking at it. You don't really have to stare. You can blink if you need to. Just keep looking at whatever you've picked while I talk you through the challenge, okay?"

In unison: "Uh-huh."

"Keep your eyes trained on it. Don't look away, not for anything. Completing the challenge depends on your focus. Stare at it. Look closely. Take in every detail. Color. Texture. Breathe deeply. Focusing on the challenge is important. Don't look away. You can blink when you need to, but keep your eyes on it."

Phantom, slouched on the floor with his back against the couch, aimed his eyes directly in front of him. Alex, sitting on the couch, had his head angled down slightly. I didn't know what they were each looking at, and I didn't need to know. I just needed to keep pushing them forward. The drug plus a little hypnosis, and maybe I'd soon have not one but two handsome and compliant playthings to amuse myself for the evening.

"You're doing beautifully. Just keep breathing deeply. Stay focused. Listen to the sound of my voice. Yes. Maybe your eyelids have been getting heavy. Maybe they feel as if they have a heavy weight attached to them? I know the longer you stare at this, the more your eyelids get heavy, and you blink. Yes, just like that. It's okay--let it happen. Maybe your eyelids feel like something is pulling them down? Something so heavy."

Phantom's eyelids were starting to droop. Alex was a blinker--blinking a little more rapidly than normal, which made gauging his eyelid drop rate more difficult.

"You can fight it if you want, but you definitely feel it, I know. It's late. You've had a long day. You're tired, maybe a little sleepy, and staring makes you feel even more tired. Your eyes feel as if they want to slowly close, but try to keep them open. The challenge depends on it. Staring makes you feel so tired. Being this focused what you're staring at is almost like being hypnotized by it. Maybe you want to close your eyes and rest, but the challenge is to keep staring as long as you can, even though it makes you feel even more profoundly tired and maybe a little sleepy. Maybe you feel like the way you imagine being hypnotized might feel. The more you stare, the drowsier and sleepier you get, and the heavier your eyelids get. Maybe the object is hypnotizing you. Yes. Your focus on the object is hypnotizing you, and that's all right. And maybe you feel that your eyes are slowly closing, wanting to

close, already slowly closing, almost too heavy to keep open, but try to stare as long as you can. Fight it, even though it tires you so quickly and you know sleep is inevitable. You feel good. You feel so relaxed. If your eyes were to close now, you'd fall asleep and feel twice as relaxed as you do now."

Phantom's eyelids had slid half-shut, blinking now and then, never fully reopening. Alex's were still harder to gauge, but his body had loosened, lost some of its kinetic tension.

"The challenge is to keep going as long as you can. Try for your personal best. You know that closing your eyes will feel so good and so relaxing, but try to keep them open. Just imagine, when they finally do close, how intensely good you'll feel. Drowsy, heavy, eyelids pulling down, down, down. Eyes wanting to slowly close. Sleep is inevitable. Closing your eyes is inevitable. Hypnosis is inevitable too. You know this. Maybe keeping your eyes open is getting harder and harder. It's happening. It's inevitable. Staring makes you so tired. I know you want to close them, but keep trying. Try to keep your sleepy, sleepy eyes open. Just a little longer. Just a little more. If your eyes were to close now, you'd fall asleep and feel three times as relaxed as you do now. You can close them if you need to. You can sleep if you need to. Close those sleepy, sleepy eyes if you want, but can you hold out a little longer? Maybe? I know it's so hard to fight it. It's no problem if you need to close your heavy, drowsy eyes now and sleep."

This was where we lost Phantom. His head sank back a little against the couch, and his eyes closed and did not reopen. He sighed quietly.

"Sleep is deep. Sleep is inevitable. Focus on my voice. Breathe deeply. All you want to do is sleep. Phantom is already asleep, surrendering happily to the deep, relaxing sleep of hypnosis. Alex, I know all you want to do is relax and close your heavy, heavy eyes one last time and fall into a deep sleep, a deep hypnotic sleep, three times as relaxed as you are now. But hold out as long as you can. Make the effort. Try to keep your eyes open. Imagine how much more relaxed you'll feel if you can just keep staring a little while longer. If your eyes were to close now, you'd fall asleep just like Phantom is sleeping, and you'd feel four times as relaxed as you do now. Four times! Imagine that. Imagine how deeply, profoundly relaxed and good that would feel, to just close your sleepy, sleepy eyes one last time and let yourself fall into a deep, deep hypnotic sleep. Phantom is feeling four times as relaxed now and slipping deeper into hypnosis with every breath. Don't you want to sleep too, Alex?"

Alex's eyes blinked still, but they never opened more than halfway. Wouldn't be long now. Beside him, head back, Phantom slept, mouth hanging open a bit, making a quiet snoring sound. Seeing Phantom sleeping and Alex succumbing made them both twice as sexy.

"Focus on my voice. Breathe deeply. Sleep is inevitable. Hypnosis is inevitable. You're ready now, aren't you? Very, very hard to keep those eyelids open. Too hard. You've done well, but it's time. You're ready to let go and surrender. Surrender to sleep. Surrender to hypnosis, just like Phantom. Feel your eyelids closing; feel them close tightly. That's it. Yes. Just like that. Your eyes are tightly closed; you feel good; you feel comfortable; you're relaxed all over. Just let yourself drift and enjoy this comfortable, relaxed, and deep hypnosis. Relaxing more with each breath. Focus on my voice and just let yourself drift in this easy, relaxed, deeply hypnotized state."

Alex's head drooped forward, and he slipped into sleep.

"Very good, boys. You're both doing so well," I congratulated them. "Now, let's work on deepening that relaxed state of hypnosis that you're enjoying."

The drug made them easy to hypnotize, and after several deepening exercises to make sure they would stay that way, I practiced a trigger phrase with them: *Hypnosis compels you*. I was nearly ready to move on to the next stage of my plan. But first, at the end of a deepening exercise that had their hands and arms feeling light and lifting, floating, lifting above their heads, I had them sit forward. Alex's T-shirt: I lifted it easily up past his head and off. Phantom's untucked flannel shirt and the T-shirt underneath: unbuttoned the front, and then lifted them off his arms together.

"Guy, open your eyes," I instructed. "So easy to open your eyes and still feel so deeply relaxed, isn't it?--Almost like you're really awake, when you're still so relaxed. Open your eyes and look at me." Eyelids fluttered open. Heads turned to face me. Their eyes were only half-open, their expressions groggy.

"How do you feel, boys? Phantom?"

"Real nice ... 'S a real smooth buzz ..."

"Alex?"

"I ... feel fine ..."

"Excellent. Alex, do you remember the shirt you had on earlier? Describe it without looking down at yourself, please?"

"Huh? ... I ... just a T-shirt ... dark blue ... band on the front ..."

"Phantom, what about you? Can you tell me what kind of shirt you were wearing without looking down?"

"Red and ... black flannel ... warm ... 'cause it's cold out ..."

"Excellent. Now, would *these* be the shirts you're talking about?" I held up their shirts, Phantom's in my right hand, Alex's in my left. Their half-open eyes widened a bit as they recognized the shirts they didn't remember taking off. "Think, boys. This means something very special, doesn't it. What does my holding your shirts mean?"

Alex blinked. "How'd you ..."

"Think, boys. Tell me what it means. Just relax and let the meaning come to you."

"You ... hypnotized us," Phantom said. "It means ... we're still hypnotized?"

Alex blinked again. "Right now? I'm ... not ..."

I said, "Think about it, Alex. You know it's true. Say it and know it's true."

His voice was quieter. "I'm ... still hypnotized ..."

"Good. Very good. And what happens as long as you're hypnotized?"

Alex answered this one. "We ... we gotta do what you say."

"Exactly. And how do you feel about that?"

Phantom: "Relaxed."

Alex: "Calm."

"Good, good. You're doing beautifully, boys."

"So now what?" Phantom asked. "People ... hypnotized ... always get made to do stuff ... right?"

"That's right, Phantom, and that's exactly why I hypnotized you. While you two are this deeply relaxed and this deeply hypnotized, you're going to have a little contest. You're going to have a wrestling match to prove see who's strongest."

Alex blinked and said, "Huh?"

I repeated, "You two are going to wrestle. And to sweeten the pot, the winner gets"--I checked the contents of my wallet--"twenty bucks."

"Okay ... Let's do it," Phantom agreed.

"But the deal is: You two will wrestle naked, like the Olympic athletes used to do in ancient Greece," I said.

"Huh ... Joking ...?" Alex blinked groggily.

"No joke, boys," I ordered. I showed them their shirts again. "As long as I hold these, you will do as I command. Hypnosis compels you. Both of you, strip."

Phantom blinked at me. His hands moved, seemingly unnoticed, already flipping the tongue on his belt.

"Can't make myself stop it," Alex bleated as he toed off his shoe. "I ... don't want ... not naked."

Phantom laughed. "Listen to you ... So fucking wasted," he said to Alex. "If y'r doing it ... part of you must wanna get naked ... Everybody knows ... can't hypnotize somebody and make 'em do ... if they don't want to ... Just go with it ... "

"Doesn't look like ... you're stopping it either ... dick-head."

"I got no problem being naked ... What's the matter ... Ashamed of little pecker?" Phantom taunted, wriggling out of his jeans, revealing trendy cartoon-themed boxer shorts.

Alex hesitated, trying to resist.

"Hypnosis compels you. Strip," I said again.

That did the trick. Alex reached down and slowly unsnapped his khakis and unzipped. Pale blue boxers. "I'll do it ... but only 'cause I can't stop ...and I need the money," Alex said.

Without further comment, the guys stripped naked. Both had muscular, trim bodies; Phantom's with a little patch of hair on his chest, and Alex's smooth. Phantom had a long dick with a hang of foreskin. Alex had a shorter but fatter dick with a large head.

"Let's wrestle, boys," I announced. "Anything goes. Winner gets bragging rights and twenty dollars."

Few things get me hornier than watching two hot young dudes wrestling naked, and I loved watching my nephews go at it. They moved slower than normal because their minds were foggy from the drug and the mesmerism, but they were both well-trained wrestlers--and even at three-quarter speed they managed headlocks, nelsons, and lots of holds I couldn't name. Yes, even though they were a little sluggish from the drug effects, they put on a good show. I watched their dicks flop around and their butts bob and their muscles flex. Soon they were a sweaty, grunting mass on the floor. They clearly loved to wrestle and were evenly matched. Whenever one got the other in a hold, the other somehow escaped and tried for a hold himself. They grappled and strained, trying their best in spite of the haze. Neither was willing to admit defeat. Damn, but my balls were buzzing!--Especially because of what I was planning next.

"Oh!" Alex protested from somewhere in the ball of sweating bodies. "He ... he's got ... erection!"

I couldn't see the erection in question at first, but Phantom just laughed and said, "It's ... 'cause you're so fucking sexy." After their bodies squirmed another few seconds, there it was: Phantom's hard-on, riding high and proud, before he kicked his legs around and his woody disappeared between their writhing bodies again.

Yeah, I was definitely moving forward with my plans.

Eventually, Alex proved to be stronger or just got lucky, and he got Phantom's shoulders pinned. Phantom couldn't manage to buck or twist free. I knelt beside them to and slapped the floor, slowly counted to three. "That's it. Alex wins!" I declared.

"Best two ... out of three," Phantom pleaded from flat on the floor as Alex pulled back. Phantom's erection lay across his hip, long, slim, and webbed with veins.

I gave Alex the twenty. He kissed the bill like it was a championship trophy. "Put it in your pants pocket," I told him--adding, "But don't put your pants on yet," for clarity.

Phantom still lay sprawled on the carpet. "Damn, uncle ... being hypnotized ... real nice feelin'."

"Glad you like it. Okay, boys," I announced. "Time for the next contest. You boys are going to have a jack-off contest," I ordered.

"Wha--?" Alex's jaw dropped.

"Hypnosis compels you. Get those dicks hard, boys, and let's see you stroke them."

Phantom looked surprised but just snickered. "Told you he's queer," he said as he wrapped his hand around his hard-on.

"He's still a cool guy," Alex said. He looked so sweet. "First one to cum ... gets twenty bucks ... right ...? 'Cause I could use the money."

"Okay, yup," I agreed. "Now get your dicks hard. Stroke your dicks. Get them hard. Jack off. Hypnosis compels you."

"I don't wanna ... but I can't stop it. Kinda ... horny anyway," Alex whined as his hand fondled his dick, which started responding to the attention.

"Stop being a little bitch ... Just enjoy it," Phantom advised. "Gotta do it ... so just enjoy it."

Both of my horny nephews sat on the floor, Alex shyly cross-legged, and Phantom still sprawled back, propped back on his free arm, as if displaying himself to the world. Phantom stroked his dick right-handed, and Alex working his left-handed. Alex couldn't seem to take his eyes off Phantom's cock, which must have helped because Alex got hard quickly. Phantom's dick was around seven inches, slender, with the flared crown once his foreskin was pulled back off the hood. Alex's dick was closer to six inches, but thicker, and it had a bulbous head.

Alex groused, "You ... sure ... we won't 'member this ... tomorrow?"

"Absolutely," I confirmed. "The drug causes temporary memory inhibition, and the hypnosis will help too. I can guarantee you won't remember anything tomorrow. Now keep stroking those dicks."

My own dick was eager to play too while I watched my nephews stroke their dicks. I pulled off my shirt, unzipped and pushed down my pants, and toyed with my erection, just enough to keep it hard, since I didn't want to cum yet.

"Damn," Phantom said, looking at me. "Body's tight ... uncle."

Which was true. Regular workouts kept my body in shape; I didn't have anything to be ashamed of in that department. I flexed my arms a few times, showing off my biceps.

Both of my nephews looked up at me strangely from time to time. Watching them--naked, horny, and doing everything I told them--made me feel giddy. Time for what I'd planned next. I decided to start with Phantom, the more adventuresome one. I took the bottle of lube from my other pocket and knelt beside him. "Bend your legs up," I ordered him as I squirted lube onto my finger. "Spread your knees. Hypnosis compels you."

"What ... you gonna do?" my nephews asked in unison as Phantom complied.

"You'll see." My finger slid under Phantom's ball sack and probed until it found his ass. "Ever had a finger up your ass while you jacked off?"

Phantom looked at me, his eyes heavy-lidded with lust and hypnosis. He shook his head. I know he was being truthful because he looked too innocent and vulnerable to be lying. That, and the drug's compliance effect had made his mind unable to lie.

My greased finger pushed into his ass. He grunted. "Feels weird ...?"

I slid in deeper, searching, until--

"Fuck!" Phantom exclaimed, snapping his head back.

Well, hello there, Phantom's prostate, I thought, and stroked that knot up inside his ass again.

"Fuck," he breathed again, head rolling back still further, practically cross-eyed. "What the fuck ... you ..."

"Like that? That's the male G-spot. Cum for me, Phantom."

Phantom whimpered.

"Hypnosis compels you. Cum for me now. Cum, Phantom."

I kept tickling his prostate as he stroked. His balls rode up hard and fast. Less than five seconds later: "Guh!" Phantom exclaimed. He shuddered. His ass clamped hard around my finger as I stroked inside him. "Gah!" Phantom came hard, spurting cum into the patch of hair in the center of his chest. "Fuhhh ...," he sighed as he rode out his orgasm. I slowly withdrew my finger. Phantom sighed again, "Fuuuck ..."

Alex, still jacking, was watching us with bulging eyes. "You cheated," Alex pouted. "You helped him."

"And now it's your turn," I said, as I cleaned my finger on my discarded shirt and then applied more lube. "Okay, Alex, get on your hands and knees. Hypnosis compels you, Alex."

"What're ..." Alex began as he complied.

"Keep jacking," I ordered him. Balancing on his knees and right hand, he resumed stroking with his left hand. I parted his ass cheeks, found his hole, and pushed my finger quickly inside.

Alex bleated, "Stop ...! Don't ...! Take it out."

"Give me a moment, and then you'll love it," I told him as I spelunked for his prostate.

Phantom slow-laughed. "Dude, he ... finger-fucking you like ... a little bitch."

"I better not remember this ... tomorrow morning, ... or I'm kicking ... both your ass--*Uhh!*"

Found it.

"Fuck ... Feels weird," Alex moaned, but he was pumping his penis faster. In less than a minute, he was shuddering as little jolts of pre-orgasmic pleasure rippled through his body. Then his head dropped and he moaned, "Gonna nut--fuck--gonna nut." I cupped my free hand under the head of his cock as his fist pistoned even faster.

"Cum for me, Alex. Hypnosis compels you. Cum now. Cum hard. Cum, Alex."

He was climaxing even without the hypnotic incentive. Alex came, shuddering, whimpering against the onslaught of orgasmic pleasure, and his sperm smacked into my palm.

Both of the guys kept their hard-ons as they lay on the floor resting after their orgasms and I cleaned Alex's load off my hand. "Got me two stud nephews," I said, nodding at their erections as I dropped a twenty next to Phantom, his prize for winning the jack-off contest. "Still hard, huh?"

"Hell, yeah ... Can fuck all night long," Phantom said. "Can cum three ... four times a night ... easy."

"What about you, Alex?"

"I ... never got no complaints," Alex added quietly.

I figured they were both exaggerating. But one of the fringe benefits of the drug was that I could quickly confirm they whether they were lying. "Okay, tell me the truth, boys. Are you virgins? Hypnosis compels you to tell me the truth."

Phantom said, "No way, dude ..."

Alex just shook his head silently.

"Alex, how many girls have you fucked?"

"Two."

"Tell me about them."

"One ... she ... a one-time thing at a party. The other ... my girlfriend; we did it five or six times ... 'fore she broke up with me and ... became lesbian."

"Dude!" Phantom laughed. "You turned your girlfriend gay? That's so ..."

"Shut the fuck up," Alex swore, swinging a wobbly backhand at Phantom's arm. "Seriously ... shut the fuck up ..."

"How about you, Phantom," I asked. "How many girls have you fucked?"

"None," Phantom said, shaking his head and groggily rubbing his arm where Alex had smacked him.

"I thought you said you weren't a virgin?" Alex interjected.

"I'm ... not. I ... like guys. Got blown ... a few ... Fucked one in the ass ... No big deal." He gave his cock a lazy stroke, absently. Probably he was remembering those experiences.

Alex: "Shit. You ... queer? No wonder ... you got a hard-on while ... we wrestling."

Phantom laughed again. "No way, dude ... Your skinny butt ... don't do nothing for me." The drug and the trance were slowing their reaction times, but when Alex tried to backhand him again, Phantom managed to roll out of the way and Alex missed. "Don't tell anyone, okay? ... Both of you knowing is cool, but ... don't want my folks to find out ... not yet."

Alex said, "Won't be able to tell anyone ... You heard him ... Tomorrow morning ... won't remember anything about this ..."

Phantom looked at me. I nodded. "Your secret's safe with me. I won't say anything either."

"Cool," Phantom whispered.

"See?" Alex said. "Told you he was cool ... even though he's queer ... uh ... gay ... whatever."

"No worries, boys. Now, let's get back to the fun stuff, okay?"

"What ... you got in mind?" Alex asked warily.

My asshole twitched hungrily. "You're both still hard, and we're going to put those hard-ons to good use. I want you two to show me what studs you are."

Alex asked, "You ... know some girl we can screw ...?"

Phantom rolled his eyes. "He means *him*, dumb-ass ... Wants us to corn-hole him ... up the butt," Phantom said. "I'll do it ... Might as well ... 'cause we gotta do ... everything he says anyway. Another contest ...? Whoever fucks him best ... gets another twenty ...?"

"Tie-breaker?" Alex asked. He'd won the wrestling match, and Phantom had won the jack-off contest. In his mind that made the score one-one.

"Whatever," Phantom said to Alex before he turned his head toward me. "How about it, uncle ...? Twenty ... bucks?"

"You're on, boys."

"Okay. You ... get naked too, uncle ... and let's go for it," Phantom said.

"Hey, *I'm* supposed to be the one giving the orders around here," I joked. All I had on were my pants, which were open, so I pushed them the rest of the way down, stepped out, and I was as naked as my nephews. Alex eyed my adult body and erection with curiosity.

I flexed, showing off my biceps for them. "Not bad for a guy nearly your fathers' age, right?"

Phantom evaluated my body approvingly. "Yeah ... Not bad ... Y're kinda hot ... Gonna be ... the sweetest twenty I ever won."

I knelt down on the carpet between my naked nephews. I took hold of their hard dicks, one in each hand, and jacked them. I bent down and licked the crown of Phantom's while I pumped Alex's cock. I gobbled Phantom's dick and took a few slides on it.

"Oh, fuck, yeah ... Suck on it ... Suck ... cock-sucker," Phantom said. "Damn ... So good, uncle ..."

But I didn't want him to shoot right away.

I swapped and jacked Phantom's dick while I leaned over aimed my tongue at Alex's mushroom crown.

"No, no!" he protested, trying to use his hands to block my mouth's path to his cock. "Don't do ... queer shit."

"You do tonight, with us," I told him. "Hypnosis compels you. Now, move your hand. Let me suck your cock."

"Just relax 'n ... enjoy it," Phantom said. "Might as well ... 'Sides, he sucks real good."

"Please--don't make me--"

"Alex, Hypnosis compels you. Put your hands behind your back and keep them there until I say otherwise."

Alex's hands moved aside. "This ... so fucking embarrassing ... but I gotta ...," he moaned.

By then, I was licking the bulb-head of Alex's thick dick. Clear pre-cum oozed out of his piss-hole, and I lapped at it.

"Aren't you gonna ... you know ... put it in your mouth?" Alex asked tentatively.

"Sure he will ... fuck-head"--this from Phantom. "Haven't you ever ... heard of foreplay before?"

I wrapped my lips around Alex's dick-head and the first few shaft inches. I sucked on it while I jacked the shaft. I continued to jack Phantom's boner at the same time.

"Fuck ... this ... so weird," Alex said.

"*Hot*," Phantom corrected him with a laugh. "You mean: 'Fuck, this is *hot*' ... Our uncle ... a real pervert."

I swiveled back to Phantom, tipping my head lower to tongue-lap his balls. He took hold of his dick and jacked it in my face. After a few minutes, when I pushed his hand aside and swallowed his cock again, he practically shouted, "Oh, shit ... Gonna cum!"

I buried his dick deep in my throat just in time. I captured every salty drop of his jizz.

"You let him ... nut in your mouth?" Alex asked me. "Isn't that ... gross?"

"No, man--it felt great!" Phantom answered, panting, as if Alex had addressed him.

I swapped back to Alex and began sucking his dick again. Alex asked quietly, "Can I ... cum in your mouth ... too?"

In answer, I sped up my sucking.

About a minute later: "Oh, fuck--oh, fuck," Alex chanted. "Oh, *fuck!* Gonna cum ... I--*uhngh!*--cumming!"

"Shoot it, dude," Phantom hissed. "Shoot your load ... down his cock-sucking throat."

"Oh, fuck ... That ... so good," Alex whispered when I finally released his spent dick.

I tickled their balls. "You boys got another round left in you? Because the fuck-contest is just getting started. You two ready to fuck me?"

"How ... fuck a guy?" Alex asked.

"Up his ass, dumb-ass," Phantom smirked. "Stick y'r dick in his asshole ... like your lesbian girlfriend's pussy. Don't you know nothing ...? Lots of queers ... like it ... up the ass."

"Oh," Alex replied. "I thought ... that's just a rumor ... Didn't know guys really took it ... up their butt ..."

"First dibs ... on his ass," Phantom said. He waved his still-stiff dick in the air.

"Phantom, I want you to fuck me." I passed him a condom and got on my hands and knees.

He knelt between my legs. I watched over my shoulder.

"Stop."

Phantom froze.

Alex asked, "What's wrong?"

"Use some lube first," I said.

"Huh?" Phantom said.

"Lube. You know. So my hole isn't dry."

"Oh ... yeah."

Reaching back, I spread my butt cheeks.

Phantom found the bottle of lube I'd used earlier and slathered his cock with it. "Hairy crack, uncle ... Is it ... hairy as y'r girlfriend's beaver ... Alex?" Phantom said.

I glanced at Alex, silent and wide-eyed, who ignored the taunt and just started at us.

Phantom poked his peter into my hole.

"Don't that ... hurt?" Alex asked as Phantom began sliding his rod into my ass.

"It feels good," I grunted, getting used to the feeling of Phantom pushing inside me. "If you want, you can get fucked tonight too."

Alex paled. "No--please, no ... Don't want to get fucked ... Don't ... Don't make me."

"Relax. I won't make you, Alex." Then feel of Phantom's pubes meeting my ass cheeks distracted me. "Okay, ride it, Phantom. Ride my ass," I said.

Phantom humped hard and fast with his slender dick--which hurt, but I didn't complain. He was all enthusiasm and zero finesse. Even allowing for the drug and the hypnosis making him woozy-clumsy, his lack of style confirmed he hadn't fucked many asses before. Still, he was a hot young dude, and I liked getting fucked by hot young dudes.

"Keep fucking me, Phantom. Give it to me. Show me what you got."

But it was all over too soon. In just a few minutes, Phantom huffed and announced, "Gonna shoot," and he blew his wad into me. He collapsed on top of me while his dick in my ass spurted his third orgasm. My hole squeezed his dick and siphoned his nuts, until his dick softened and slithered out.

"You're next, Alex," I said.

Phantom dismounted and told Alex, "Got him opened ... for ya ... He prob'ly won't even feel ... your li'l dick ..."

Alex hung back.

Okay, I needed to deal with this. "Alex, hypnosis compels you. Sleep, Alex. Hypnosis compels you to close your eyes and sleep. Just let yourself drift back into the deep, quiet relaxed state you enjoyed before." Alex's eyes closed obediently and his body relaxed slowly against the floor. "Very good, Alex. Just sleep."

"Shit," Phantom swore quietly, appreciatively. "He's ... really hypnotized! You weren't ... shitting us! Man ... So wild ..." Then he admitted: "... Kinda hot too."

I motioned for Phantom to be silent and I started a little chat with Alex's subconscious. This was a safe environment, I reminded him. Surely he had thought about men before? Could he find those parts of himself that had wondered, were maybe still curious, and let them come forward for a while? He could experiment here with us, his handsome uncle and cousin. Couldn't he feel those parts of him aligning, coming forward? Couldn't he give himself permission? Wouldn't he like to feel good?

When I instructed Alex to open his eyes again, his subconscious was still hesitant but was willing to play.

"Fuck," Phantom whispered. "That's ... so wild ... You did ... to me too?"

Heh. Teenage egos; even hypnotized, they're always needing reassurance. "No, you were easy, a really cooperative subject." I said it like a compliment, and that's how he accepted it. Phantom beamed.

But my other nephew, blinking, was the one I needed to focus on now. "Alex, hypnosis compels you. Get one of those condoms and then between my legs."

"I ...," he started, but he scuttled over behind me. Yep, his subconscious had gotten with the program.

"Spread some lube over your dick, Alex."

He made a low protest sound in his throat, but his hand reached for the bottle. He smeared the condom-covered head and shaft of his cock with lube.

"Do I ... have to ..."

"Yes. Hypnosis compels you. Get on top of me, Alex," I said. "Stick your dick in me."

Watching over my shoulder, I saw Alex raise himself into position. His dick was shorter than Phantom's but thicker, a lot thicker, and the head was going to be a challenge. Fortunately Phantom's dick had loosened my hole; that, plus the lube, would probably be enough--I hoped.

"Fuck me, Alex," I directed. "You can do it on your own, or I can order you to do it."

"Look at that dick ...," Phantom whistled appreciatively, distracting me as Alex's wide glans forced its way forward and tried to enter me, "about to fuck ... its first ass."

"Shut ... the fuck up," Alex groused at his cousin.

"Stick it in me, Alex," I said. I too liked the idea that Alex was about to lose his ass-fucking virginity to me.

"I don't wanna ...," Alex protested. "Why'm ... I doing this?"

Phantom chimed in with, "'Cause you ... still hypnotized, idiot ... You ... gotta do it."

"Seriously ... shut ... the fuck up."

"Alex, stick it in me. Hypnosis compels you. Stick your dick in me now," I ordered firmly.

He shoved his hips forward and his dick up my hole. *Ow!* It hurt like blazes, but I didn't complain. I just needed a moment to get used to it, and then I'd be all set. My ass muscles gripped his thick shaft, which plugged my hole nicely.

"Jeez ... Tight hole ... Tighter'n my girlfriend," Alex said.

"Tighter than ... your *lesbian* girlfriend," Phantom cackled.

"Fuck you ... Phantom," Alex complained. "Your fault ... I gotta do whatever ... he says."

Phantom just laughed. "Shut up ... and fuck his ass, Alex ... He loves it ... We got us an uncle who loves to get fucked ... like a whore!"

Well, I couldn't contradict Phantom because he was right, so to I commanded, "Hypnosis compels you, Alex, so fuck me."

Alex fucked slow and deep, despite his shorter shaft. I felt his balls bounce on my ass cheeks. I backed up on his thick dick, feeling his scratchy pubes.

"Yeah, fuck me with your fat dick, nephew," I said.

Alex picked up the pace. He fucked me harder. He was a better fuck-stud than Phantom, but I never said anything; I didn't want to hurt Phantom's feelings, even if he wouldn't remember it in the morning.

"I guess ... this feels ... kinda good," Alex offered.

Well, sure it felt good. Under the euphoric influence of the drug and the hypnosis, just about anything would feel good. But something that already felt good like sex? The sensations were probably mind-blowing.

"No ... it feels amazing," Phantom said. "You know it ... feels abso-fucking-lutely amazing ... Say it ... Hypnosis compels you, Alex ... Say it feels amazing."

Phantom must have figured out the tricky part about the entrancement: I hadn't told them to obey only me, so someone under the influence would obey anybody who gave him an order. Alex didn't seem able to resist an instruction, regardless of whether it came from me or from Phantom.

"This feels so ... fucking amazing," Alex panted as his mind got in line with Phantom's order.

"Yeah ... Fucking amazing ..." Once Alex admitted how good it felt, something changed in him, and

he began to hip-pump in and out of my ass with gusto, like he finally admitted to himself that, yes, fucking my ass did indeed feel great. "I never dreamed ... so fucking good!"

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Phantom staring at us, fascinated, watching Alex and me work together--watching Alex fuck me, watching me fuck myself back against Alex. He watched us and stroked his dick, which still managed to get half-hard in spite of being completely spent after three orgasms, like he couldn't get enough. Which gave me an idea.

"Phantom, have you ever sucked a cock?"

"No ... Been sucked a couple times ... Never did the sucking."

"It's about time you learned. Every gay boy should know how to do it. Phantom, hypnosis compels you. Get under me and lick my dick."

He seemed shocked. "What ...? I don't ... suck ... cock."

"Phantom, I said: Get under me and lick my dick. Hypnosis compels you. Suck my dick--and I better not feel any teeth."

He made a whimpery sound, but he obeyed, of course. His head disappeared under me, and a moment later I felt his tongue tentatively graze my hard and bobbing cock-head.

"That's it, Phantom. Hypnosis compels you. Lick my cock." At first Phantom just licked my dick like a lollipop, then he started to embellish, showing more enthusiasm once he got used to the task. First, his fingers wrapped around the base to steady my rod against the rhythm of Alex and me fucking. Shortly after that, he figured out how to stroke the rest of my shaft while he licked, and I groaned in appreciation. Maybe there was hope for Phantom's sex-technique yet; he just needed tutoring by a more experienced guide.

Alex had already lasted longer in my ass than Phantom, but I could tell he wasn't going to last much longer. I squeezed Alex's dick with my butt muscles. He grunted while he rammed my hole faster. I felt his dick get steely.

"Gonna--gonna ... cm! Gonna fucking cum ... in your ass, uncle!"

"Cum, Alex! Hypnosis compels you. Cum in my ass!"

"I'm--!" Alex crammed his shooting cock in to the hilt and sprayed his hot jism into my hole, howling his ecstasy the whole time.

I felt something catch fire inside me just as Alex unloaded. My hard dick rubbing in Phantom's fist and against his tongue suddenly went off and squirted stripes of cum across the bottom half of Phantom's face. Between Alex's fucking and Phantom's learning mouth, the combination of the guys together definitely got me off, a stellar orgasm.

Alex rolled off me and lay on his back on the carpet. He was still breathing heavy. "I never knew ... never knew ... it could feel ... so good," he panted.

I leaned over and kissed him. His lips stayed still at first, but after a moment he started kissing back.

"You ... a real sex-pig, uncle," Phantom said, reminding me he was still with us too.

"Got one more surprise for you," I said.

"Nobody's never ... gonna touch my ass ... Not gonna fuck me," Phantom said, anticipating what was to come.

"Or me," Alex added.

"Well, I think you'll like this."

Phantom yawned. "Damn ... Getting sleepy."

Uh-oh, we were getting close to the end; the soporific effect as the drug neared the end of its cycle would zonk them out soon, and even hypnosis couldn't keep them conscious. "That means the drug is starting to wear off," I said, "plus it's getting late. We don't have a lot of time. I'll have to hurry to show this last thing."

I shoved Phantom down on his belly. Since he was a still sluggish, the surprise attack and my strength from lifting weights startled him. What I did next was bury my face in his butt and lick away at his crack.

"Oh! ... Oh, man! ... That's fucking gross ... but it feels wild," Phantom purred.

"Lick ... my shit-hole, too," Alex said. He squatted down and mooned me. I tongued his crack.

"Yeah ... feels ... pretty good," he admitted.

I went back to licking Phantom's butt-slot. He pushed up to his hands and knees, pushed his butt back against my face.

"Don't move, Phantom. Hypnosis compels you. Don't move a muscle," I ordered.

"Mmm?" he moaned. Then: "Nuh!--" he snapped when he felt me drizzle lube onto his asshole. But he obeyed the order and didn't move, not an inch.

I had a feeling that, alone, I might have been able to pork my nephew Phantom even without the hypnosis, that he was only giving me the *no one fucks me* attitude because Alex was there.

But Alex was there, watching our every move. Well, okay--let him watch.

I ordered, "Tell me you want me to fuck you, Phantom."

"Huh? Told you before ... I ..."

"Phantom, hypnosis compels you: tell me you want me to fuck you."

He was still under the influence enough to still comply. "I ... I want ... fuck me."

"Tell me it's okay to fuck you. Hypnosis compels you. Tell me it's okay."

"It's okay ... fuck me."

I said, "Turn over, Phantom. On your back, legs in the air. I like to look into a man's eyes when I stick my dick up his ass."

Phantom's expression was unreadable. Part of him seemed embarrassed at being so vulnerable, part seemed to want to shove my head through a wall, but another part eagerly wanted me to shove my dick in his ass. He flipped onto his back. I pushed a pillow under his hips to help the angle. I seized his calves and wrapped his legs around my torso. I probed my erection against his ass crack.

"This is going to hurt like hell for a few minutes. Relax and ride it out, and you'll find it's one of the best feelings ever."

He didn't say anything, not until I popped my dick-head into his hole. "Fuck!" Phantom yelped. I was trying not to hurt him, but I was a man with needs and not much time to meet them. Plus Phantom wouldn't remember any of this in the morning, so I thrust my dick full up his ass, pumping my hips slowly at first, a no-frills fuck, my cock-shaft sliding out of his ass nearly to the very tip and then plunging full in again.

"Holy shit," Alex gushed, staring at us wide-eyed, as if starting to get into it. "You're ... really doing it .. to him."

Phantom made incoherent sounds.

I picked up speed, pumping my hips faster now, and after a few minutes Phantom started pushing up to meet me, squeezing his ass muscles tight, clamping down on my cock with a velvet grip. "Kiss me. Hypnosis compels you to kiss me, Phantom," I ordered as I bent down, and we kissed; Phantom hesitated at first but then gave in, kissed me back with lots of squirming tongue. I wrapped my lube-smear hand around his dick and jacked him off as I thrust in and out of his ass.

Phantom closed his eyes and for a moment I thought he might have passed out, an inevitable effects of the drug as it starts to wear off, but then he arched his back up to meet me thrust for thrust. He opened his eyes again. "Oh, man," he groaned happily, probably feeling the good part of getting fucked by now. "Hurt like hell ... at first ... Now it feels ... amazing ... Fuck, man ... I never knew ... Fuck! Fuckin' fuck my ass!"

Alex was watching us enviously, his dick half-hard again as he toyed with his balls.

I pinned Phantom down with my upper body weight as I skewered his ass with a series of quick, deep strokes, putting on a good show for Alex that also drove Phantom wild with sensation. Our bodies were slippery with sweat, and they came together in wet, slapping sounds. I twisted Phantom's nipples. He reached for my chest, probably aiming to do the same thing, but his hands fell short of the mark and just bobbed about in the air before dropping away. The drug was starting to wear off, and he wouldn't last much longer. I had maybe ten minutes at best.

"Yeah," I snarled. "That's right. Feels good, doesn't it?" I wrapped my hand around his cock and stroked.

Phantom couldn't say much that was coherent. "Feels ... Fucking ... Aaah! Oh, man! Don't stop! Fuck!"

Phantom came, his fourth time tonight, coating my fingers with his spunk as his body bucked and twisted under me. My orgasm was rising up inside too, ratcheting, but I needed another minute to

reach the trigger point. Phantom's whole body went limp, and he sighed and looked up at me with the world's happiest expression as I plunged deep into his ass. He tried to reach for my chest one last time, couldn't, and gave up, his arm draping across his tight stomach.

Beside us, Alex made a strangled little noise. He was hard again, eyes glued to us, jerking himself off frantically. His cum drooled out of his huge cock-head, as he had his fourth orgasm too, this time completely on his own initiative.

That was the moment that all this sensation pushed me over the edge. I groaned loudly, thrusting deep into Phantom, my load pulsing out of me, into him, into his ass.

I fell over onto the floor beside Phantom. I pulled him toward me, giving him a lingering kiss. His body stiffened for a moment, like the last time I'd done this, before he relaxed and started kissing me back.

I pulled myself off the floor. "C'mon, guys," I announced. "Hypnosis compels you. Stand up. Let's get you to bed before you pass out on me." I took Phantom's arm and helped pull him to his feet.

Phantom complained woozily, "My butt ... hurts, uncle."

"And if you bitch about it tomorrow, I'll just blame it on the spicy Mexican food."

Alex was staggering his way upright too. "You swear ... we won't remember anything ... about this ... in the morning?" He yawned, not far behind Phantom as the drug started to wear off.

"Yup. When you wake up, all you'll remember was that nice buzzed feeling. Everything else will be a blank."

"Damn ... kind of a shame," Alex said. "Was kind of fun ... I guess."

"Speak for yourself ... dumb-ass," Phantom grouched. "You weren't the one ... with a dick up your butt ... Fucking thing ... felt like a baseball bat."

Alex just chuckled. "You sure enjoyed it ... from what I saw."

"Yeah ... Guess I did." Phantom grinned before yawning again sweetly. "Hey ... Who won the sex contest?"

I said, "In my expert opinion, it was a tie."

"No way!" they protested in unison.

"... 'S not fair," Phantom slurred. "I won ..."

"No ... I won ...," Alex countered. Because where a contest was concerned, apparently winning was the most important thing for my nephews, even if the challenge involving butt-fucking a guy.

By this point, Phantom was practically unconscious, practically curved against my shoulder like a sleepy puppy as, my arm around him, I half-led, half-carried him to the spare bedroom they were sharing during their visit. Alex plodded behind us, not far behind in sleepiness. They'd probably planned to sleep in their underwear instead of naked like they were now, so I got them back into their

boxers before I got them into bed. I helped Phantom under the covers, then turned to groggy Alex--"No ... I got it ... Don't need ... no help"--who was trying to decipher how to lift the sheet and blanket and get his wobbly body under them. I managed to get him in bed too, before he could fall over and hurt himself or something.

"Good night, boys," I said. Alex was settling into his pillow. Phantom seemed to be already asleep. But just in case, I ordered them both: "Hypnosis compels you. Sleep. So easy to sink deeply back into that relaxed hypnotic sleep." Then I had a nice, long talk with their subconscious minds to ensure everything was forgotten or blurred like a half-forgotten dream. The drug inhibited short-term memories, but a little hypnotic amnesia would make doubly sure. When I was finished, I kissed them both on the forehead and flipped out the light.

In the morning, as expected, they had no memory of the night before. During the rest of their short visit, I wouldn't have any more time alone with my nephews during the day because the holiday plans included everybody, but every night my nephews came back to bunk at my condo. And every night I managed to get another dose of the chemical into them and sank them back into a deep, cooperative hypnotic trance. The only thing they remembered of the previous nights was the nice buzz as the chemical took hold, so of course they were always eager to try it again. Each time the hypnosis was easier, and they sank faster, more completely, deeper.

Even though they didn't consciously remember anything, some part of what we did together must have stuck around in their minds, because I'm happy to report that Alex got less uptight about gay stuff over the course of their visit as we increased the range of his sexual experience, and Phantom definitely improved his oral and anal sex techniques. They'd be going off into their futures--Alex in the Army, and Phantom back to college--with their horizons expanded. And hey, isn't that what a cool gay uncle is for?
