

House Rules

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, In, MC]

Synopsis: Supervising twin brothers can be a real chore without some 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 autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Day 1: Thursday

The twins were engrossed in their two-player video game combat--all *Kabang!-Boom!-Smacka!--*cross-legged on the floor and biting their lower lips and yanking their controllers this way and that. Fuck, if they put half that effort into their games on the field, or doing their schoolwork ...

But ten-thirty was still ten-thirty, Mom or no Mom. Bedtime for them. They were sixteen and tonight was Thursday, which meant they had school tomorrow. Besides, if I got them in bed now, I'd still have time to go cruise one of the local parks, maybe get my dick sucked before I went to bed myself. *When the cat's away*, and all that.

"Okay, guys, time for bed," I said.

No response.

Well, that's not altogether true: They didn't respond to me, but they were sure as hell rapidfire-responding to that damn game and each other--all *Dude, watch out!*, and *No, you don't!*, and *Fuck, didya see that!*, and *I'm gonna--*, and *Fuck it--*

I was nineteen, two and a half years older than them, a sophomore in college, living in the dorms for the last two years, but I had arrived home that day for a four-day weekend to watch over my younger twin brothers while our mom was visiting her sister, who'd just birthed another cousin for our family. The twins knew I was brought in to be The Designated Adult In Charge, and they didn't much like it.

Okay, they didn't like it at all.

All righty, then. Time to bring out the big guns.

I took off the quartz pendant my dad had given me--an inch long, a quarter-inch wide--and planted myself between the twins and the screen.

"*Outta the way!*" they bellowed in unison, pitching sideways to try to see around me, but I had their attention.

Holding the pendant up by its cord, I announced, "Okay, guys. Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Immediate response. Their heads dropped forward and their arms fell to their laps like bricks, controllers spilling from limp fingers.

That's the one good thing about having a psychologist for a dad. He may have been a total prick, and he may have walked out on us a few years back, but he knew how to make us behave. He'd been hypnotizing me to make me behave since I was maybe six years old. Worked so well on me, he started on the twins when they were even younger. By the time he left, I was old enough to have learned a lot of his tricks from watching him. This one came in handy.

Blank-eyed. Slack-jawed. Dad sure managed to get hypnosis deeply ingrained in them before he split.

I reached behind me and clicked off the television and the game console. "Okay, guys, on your feet. I want both of you to go upstairs and get ready for bed. You're so incredibly tired. You need to get ready for bed. You want to get into bed as soon as possible." They stood up and sleepwalked up the stairs.

Got to keep a tight leash on these two hellions. Couldn't let them get away with anything if I'm going to keep them out of trouble. If I gave them an inch of slack and they'd lose all respect for my authority.

Ten minutes later I went upstairs to check on them. By then the hypnotic trance would have worn off, but the suggestion about being tired and wanting to get to bed was still in full force.

They were in the bathroom, finishing up their nightly rituals. Erik, in just his boxers, stood by the sink, wiping his mouth after brushing his teeth. Derik in his pajama bottoms was draping his towel back over the rod. Both of them looked bushed, exhausted, practically asleep on their feet. Erik glowered at me, knowing what I'd done but still unable to fight it.

Hey, knowing what's happening and doing something about it are two different things. Which probably explains a lot about life in general. If our dad had been hypnotizing me since I was six, my brothers had been getting hypnotized at least since they were four or five. All these years later, it's an ingrained part of them.

"It's for your own good, guys. Tomorrow is a school day for you."

Which didn't accomplish anything other than making Derik scowl at me too.

But they marched to their bedroom and crawled under the covers. "G'night, guys," I said, turning out their bedroom light. Sure, they were halfway to being men, but they were still big babies about bedtime.

Give them half an hour to get knit tightly into sleep, and I'd be at the park prowling for that blowjob by eleven-thirty.

At eleven-fifteen, I strolled into the park. It was officially closed, but nobody came around, this time of night, unless they were cruising. Me?--I was definitely cruising.

Almost no light. I followed the paved walk around to the left, heading back where the trees and brush were thicker. Past the second bench. Turn left again. Just outside the circle under one meager streetlight, leaning back against a tree, was a body. Definitely male. I didn't recognize him--he must have started coming here after I left for college. Looked like he kept himself in good shape. I moved a little closer. He looked okay. Early- or mid-thirties maybe. I liked the way he looked at me, hungry for me already. Something shiny on his left hand might have been a wedding ring. Don't make no difference to me. We both knew why we were there.

I nodded to him. He nodded back. Not much need for preliminaries when you're both horny and looking for it.

"What're you looking for?" he asked, voice flat, following the script.

"Just a mouth tonight," I said. "You looking to suck a hot cock?"

He cocked a grin. "Follow me." He turned and headed toward a footpath that led back into the woods.

"Hang on," I grabbed his arm. "One more thing. Do you kiss?"

Kissing him was like pressing my face against a wall socket and sticking my tongue in the hole, all electricity and energy. *Holy shit!*--His tongue played against mine like an eel. Definitely hungry for it. Older men are always the best kissers.

Twenty yards down, the trail widened into a small clearing. He pressed me up against a tree trunk and pressed his face to mine and we kissed some more, practically devouring each other's faces. His five o'clock shadow burned my chin but I didn't care. Feeling each other's chests. Bodies pressed together, all strong and groping and testing each other. Kissing always made me hard. *Holy shit!*--Was he this passionate with his missus? Did she know what she was missing?

When he finally pulled back, leaving me gasping for breath, he gave me a grin and a wink. He knelt, ready for the main event. I leaned back, popped open my jeans, and unzipped. Showtime!

I've got a decent-sized dick. Not huge, but larger than most--definitely a mouthful. I'm hard practically all the time, so right then my cock was practically made of granite. It curves upward just a little, so the man had to rise up on his knees a little to get his mouth around the head the first time. But once my cock got introduced to his mouth, I knew they were going to be good friends, really good friends.

I didn't care who was watching. In the woods, in this park, someone often was, and that kinda turned me on

even more. As long as they don't interfere, it's cool. I heard some sounds nearby, so I knew someone was definitely getting an eyeful. I threw my head back and moaned for the benefit of our unknown audience.

The man kneeling in front of me was definitely getting a mouthful--definitely getting into it too. He was swallowing my cock almost all the way to the root, and I groaned again to let him know how much I appreciated his cock-sucking skill. I pulled up the front of my shirt a little, partly to keep it out of the way, and partly so my cocksucker could appreciate my flat abs. His eyes locked onto them, and he moaned appreciatively around my cock, which sent little tremors of pleasure running through me. He clamped his left hand over my abs--yeah, that was definitely a wedding ring--and massaged them up and down with the heel of his hand, which I kinda liked too. Yeah, this cocksucker definitely knew how to make a guy feel good. No way he learned *this* skill from the missus.

The cocksucker tugged on my nut sack as he sucked me hard. His mouth and throat expanded, and he swallowed the last of my cock, all the way down to my pubes. I was in fucking heaven! He wanted every inch of my cock, and I couldn't hold back. My sudden orgasm surprised me, and my sudden load blowing into his mouth caught the cocksucker off guard. He choked on my cream, but he didn't seem to care--he gulped to catch up, even though I was pumping out more cum than he could handle.

He wiped his mouth with his shirt sleeve and stood up. He looked at me nervously, and I looked at him. Then I bent forward and kissed him. He wasn't expecting that, but after a second he started kissing me back. *Damn*, was he a good kisser! His mouth tasted of my cum but I didn't care.

I pulled back and gave him a grin and a wink. He wanted it, bad, but he was too nervous to ask for it. Normally, I make 'em ask, maybe even beg a little, but right then I decided I was feeling generous enough to make an exception for him. I knelt down in front of him and reached for his belt. His stomach carried a couple of extra pounds like guys over thirty often get, but he was definitely in shape and looking good. I got his pants open and down off his hips a little, enough that I could see the thick ridge in his boxers. I freed a wide, five-inch cock with a thick, plum-shaped head. Not long, but definitely a jaw-stretcher on thickness. I'm not a size queen, but I do like a challenge once in a while.

I had to open my mouth really wide to get it around his meat. My jaw already ached, practically dislocating itself to get around that thing! I heard a small gasp from our unseen voyeur when the head pushed inside my mouth-ring, and I was glad everybody appreciated my effort. I looked up, and the man's eyes sparkled in the night as he grinned down at me. Probably most men had trouble taking his spike, so I could tell he appreciated the special treat too.

I couldn't take it too far back in my throat, but it wasn't that long a cock so I didn't have to. I slid my mouth slowly up and down it, savoring the flavor. The man caressed my head, running his fingers through my hair, an oddly intimate gesture, like we were lovers rather than park hook-ups, and he sighed happily. A cocksucker like me who could handle all of his meat must have been a rare treat for him. I was determined to make him enjoy every second of it.

"Yeah, suck it," he murmured. He had a strong, masculine voice, and I liked it. "Yeah, fucking suck that dick. You like it, don't you."

I moaned something like, "Mmm-hmm," around his rod, which made him gasp happily. I like it when a man appreciates what I do and lets me know.

"You want my load? You want my fucking load, boy?"

Okay, a bonus point for talking dirty. "Mmm-hmm," I moaned again around the head, not taking my mouth off of him for a second.

"I'm gonna cum. You ready, boy? Fuckin' gonna cum!"

His face contorted and his head dropped back. He was pinching one of his nipples through his shirt. I reached up for the other one and tweaked it. "Take my load--*Ahh!*" he gasped, and then I felt and tasted his spunk hit my mouth.

"Fuck yeah!" he breathed, body still bucking through his orgasm.

I heard whispers from our unseen audience off to one side, then rustling, like someone tried to sneak closer and stumbled. I turned my head a little as the cock left my mouth but couldn't see anything. I heard plenty, though--I heard the voyeur crashing through the woods, running away ... and I heard my cocksucker crashing away in the opposite direction, hurrying to get the fuck out of there.

I'd gone from "center of attention" to "alone in the dark" in seconds. Too bad. I had hoped for another round. I'd had my orgasm, which took the edge off my horniness, so I decided to head back home and get some sleep.

Day 2: Friday

Somebody was poking my shoulder. "Hey--wake up." I was still in bed, asleep on my stomach. *Go away* came out of my mouth more like, "Guh-wee."

Another poke. One of my brother's voices: "C'mon, wake up."

It was God-awful early, somewhere around dawn, judging from the little bit of light in my bedroom. I pulled my chin off my pillow and cracked open one eye. I saw the lower half of one of my brothers, Derik because he was wearing those pajama bottoms he always wore to bed, and behind him my other brother Erik, wearing those boxers he always wore to bed. *What do you want* came out like, "Whaddaya-wan?"

"Toldya he'd be pissed," Erik whispered.

"*Shh!* Don't matter--he's not awake yet," Derik hissed at him. "Just watch."

So I officially opened my other eye and turned my head a little more to face them, trying my best not to scowl in case this turned out to be important, like the house was burning down or an earthquake or something.

There directly in front of my eyes swung my quartz crystal pendant, the one my dad gave me. I remembered taking it off and leaving it on my night stand the night before.

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

I felt my eyes close.

Next thing I knew, I was opening my eyes, pushing back the covers, climbing out of bed. I wasn't awake, but I wasn't asleep. I knew this feeling well--really well. I was deeply hypnotized. Like I said: immediate, absolute obedience was ingrained in us.

"You *got* him!" Erik enthused softly. "Dude, you totally fucking *got* him!"

"Shh! Be quiet. I told you it would work," Derik said. He still held the pendant up in front of me. To me, he said, "That's good. Focus. Relax and focus. So easy. We saw you last night, you know."

Erik chimed in, "Yeah, you told us to go to bed but you forgot to tell us to go to sleep."

Derik said, "When the front door closed, it woke us up, and we followed you to the park."

Erik interrupted, "Yeah, we saw what you did."

"Shh!" Derik scolded him. "Things are gonna be different around here now. You know why? 'Cause we know about you, and 'cause we've got the pendant now. You're gonna do what *we* say for a change. *We're* calling the shots now."

Erik cut in, "Yeah! We're calling--"

Derik scolded him, "Shut up, fool; stop interrupting." To me, he said, "You know why things are gonna be different from now on? Because we're gonna start a new House Rule. You know what that means, don't ya?"

Indeed I did. House Rules were the strongest, most important kind of rule, the kind that could never be violated, ever. Dad only used that for really critical things--that's how important a House Rule was.

Erik was practically holding his breath in anticipation. Derik took a deep inhale and in his most authoritative voice said, "House Rule: For the rest of your visit, whenever you get horny, you're going to come tell us and ask us to hypnotize you. We'll tell you to do stuff, and when you're through doing it, maybe we'll let you jack off or cum or something. Aside from that, no sneaking out to the park, no jacking off, and no cumming unless we say so. The House Rule is, you can't do any of that unless we tell you. Understand?"

I said, "Yes ..."

Both twins' faces lit up with big grins. Derik tried to keep his composure. "Are you horny now?"

Erik whispered, "I bet he is. He's still got morning wood!"

Derik said, "That don't mean nothing. He just woke up. I repeat, are you horny now?"

I said, "Yes ..."

"And are you deeply hypnotized?"

"Yes ..."

"Good, good. That means you're already following the new House Rule, don't it?"

"Yes ..."

"Go ahead and take off your boxers. Take 'em all the way off. Get naked."

So I pushed down the boxer shorts I had been sleeping in and stepped out of them. My morning hard-on swung out in front of me.

"Whoa," Erik sighed. "Look at that! He's totally hard. He's bigger than we are."

"Shut up, ass-wipe. Don't mean nothing--he's older than we are too. We'll get there too." Derik put my pendant cord around his neck.

"See?" Erik said. "I bet he's hung bigger than me." He had his hard cock jutting out of the fly of his boxer shorts. "He's bigger than you too, 'cause I'm bigger than you down there."

"Shut the fuck up!--You are *not* bigger than me. We're the same size."

"Prove it," Erik challenged.

Derik hauled his out the fly of his pajama pants and stroked it a few times until it was fully hard. Theirs were nice-sized but not quite as big as mine yet.

"Make him jack off," Erik whispered. "I wanna see how far he can shoot."

"Later," Derik said. "First ..." He looked directly at me. "I want you to jack both of us off."

Erik caught his breath audibly as I reached for their cocks. My one hand curled around Derik's shaft, and my other curled around Erik's, and he let the breath out with a sigh as I started to stroke them.

Derik said, "Did you bring the lube like I said?"

"Yeah!" Erik produced a bottle of hand lotion.

Derik took it and squirted some on the head of his dick. My hand hit it and stroke-smearred it over his cock head and part of his shaft. He squirted some on Erik's cock too.

They stood there in silence, letting me rub their meat, watching carefully as my hands moved back and forth along the length of their shafts.

"Told ya," Derik said. "Told ya he'd do it once we got the crystal."

"Oh, *fuck!*" Erik gasped. His body jerked and he spurted his load into my hand and on the floor.

"Yeah, man, I'm gonna cum too. *Fuck!*" Derik pumped his cock into my hand and then he was shooting too.

When his orgasm had passed, Derik pulled back, unplugging his softening dick from my hand and tucking it back in his pajama bottoms. "Okay, now you. Jack off for us." So I put both hands on my penis and stroked it.

"Yeah, stroke it," Erik hissed. "Just like we told you too."

Derik chanted, "Cum. Cum for us. Cum."

My balls were churning, and I gasped, and I started spraying out my load, all over the floor between us.

"See?" Erik said, "He even shoots more than we do."

"Does not," Derik groused. "Anyway, he's older. We'll get there." To me, he said, "Clean this mess up, then come downstairs. You're gonna fix us breakfast." He turned and walked a couple of steps toward my bedroom door as I knelt and reached for my boxers. "Oh, and no clothes," he said. "I want you to stay totally bare-ass

naked 'til after breakfast. You can use your underwear to clean this mess up."

So instead of putting my boxers back on, I obediently used them to wipe up three loads of cum off the floor.

Once I had the cum mopped up, I walked naked downstairs.

"In here," Derik called from the kitchen. I had to make them breakfast--that was the second part of his instructions. "Scrambled eggs," Derik said, "and toast." He wagged the pendant at me for emphasis, which wasn't necessary--not as cooperative as I was feeling.

They had laid out eggs and bread and stuff. I walked over and started completing his instruction. Scrambled eggs and toast don't take long, even with my modest cooking skills, so soon I was putting plates of food on the table in front of the twins. As Derik ordered, I remained standing by the table while they ate, occasionally fetching something from the refrigerator at his request.

Derik pushed his plate away. "Are you hungry?" he asked me, grinning evilly.

"Yes ..." I said, because I was.

He pushed his chair away from the table and turned himself toward me, with his legs spread.

Erik said, "What the fuck are you ..."

Derik hauled his erection out of his pajama pants fly. "Here's your breakfast. Get on your knees and chow down."

I got on my knees. Part of my mind wasn't sure about this, but after years of training I couldn't resist.

"Suck it," Derik urged, voice gone whisper-quiet. "Suck it like you sucked that guy in the park last night. C'mon, suck it."

I bent forward and fitted my mouth over his rod and began to suck. It tasted of sweat and hand lotion.

Erik swore, "Hoo-lee *fuck!*--He's doing it! How does it feel?"

Derik groaned, "Oh, man, it feels--it--oh, fuck, yeah! Come over here--you gotta try this." Erik came around the table. "Take it out, man," Derik urged him. Then Derik took my head in his hands and guided me to Erik's hard dick alongside me. "Suck him now. He's your breakfast too." And I bent forward and swallowed Erik's cock into my throat.

"Fuckin' *shit*, man!" Erik yelled.

"My turn," Derik said and pulled my head back to his cock. "Oh, man, that feels great!"

"I want him to suck me some more."

"In a minute. I'm gonna cum soon," Derik said. His abs started rippling, and then his whole body started to tremble, then convulse. "Gonna cum," he bleated, and then I tasted his salty cum in my mouth and swallowed.

Derik sank back in his chair. "Okay, your turn," he said to Erik.

Erik pulled my head back and fed his cock toward my mouth. "Suck it," he said. "Suck it!"

I flicked my tongue over the mushroom head of his cock, digging the tip into his piss slit. He ground his hips forward and his cock entered my mouth. I sucked his cock as deeply into my throat as I could, sliding my mouth up and nearly off his cock, then all the way back down until my nose pressed into his pubes. Ten strokes later, and Erik strangled out a cry and his cock exploded in my mouth, wave after wave. Most of it spurted down my throat but some dribbled out my mouth.

Derik smacked the back of my head gently after Erik pulled out of my mouth. "Clean up this kitchen, slave," Derik told me, and then he and Erik headed into the other room.

By the time I got the kitchen cleaned up, the hypnosis has pretty much worn off. I went upstairs, peed--because by then my bladder was about to explode--got a shower, and got dressed. I went back downstairs and found Derik and Erik in front of their video game again. Derik had changed into a pair of shorts and sandals, Erik into a pair of shorts and a tee-shirt. Which was kind of modest for them--half the time, whenever Mom was away and they thought they could get away with it, they were running around the house naked or out by the pool swimming bare-ass, like they were natives from Borneo or something.

"Aren't you two supposed to be in school today?" I asked.

Derik paused the action, like he usually did when he had to talk outside of yelling how he was going to slaughter his opponent. "We deserve a day off. That a problem?"

"It will be for Mom."

"She's not going to find out, is she?" He fingered my pendant, which he still wore against his bare chest, and grinned at me evilly. "Not unless you want to spend the weekend naked and cleaning the toilet with your own toothbrush. Understand what I'm saying, bro?"

There wasn't much I could say or do while he had my pendant. As long as he had it, he really could make me spend the weekend naked and scrubbing the toilet. I scowled at him and stalked off.

Later, I stuck my head out the back door. Derik and Erik had abandoned their video game and were out back by the pool. Erik, naked a jay-bird, launched himself off the diving board and cannonballed into the water. Derik, also naked except for a pair of sunglasses and my darned pendant sprawled in one of the lounge chairs, drinking a beer--which he knew Mom wouldn't allow him to have.

I strolled out. "You thinking Mom won't notice a beer is missing, huh?"

"Sheesh, first you go off to college and now you're busting my chops every time I turn around like you're my dad or something. You know Mom never pays attention to how much beer is in the 'fridge."

Which was true, but wasn't an excuse for him to drink.

"Just keep it to one beer, okay?"

"This," he smirked, shaking the can to show there was just a swallow left, "is my second." Then he let out a huge belch with multiple harmonics, like *Buuh-ERRRR-uuuhp!*

"Real mature," I said, grinning in spite of myself--just 'cause it was juvenile didn't mean it wasn't still funny as shit. Hey, I can't be the uptight parental substitute *all* the time.

"Go get yourself a beer and come join us. You need to loosen up some too."

Erik's head popped up over the side of the pool. "You see that dive? Damn, I nearly broke something that time!" He laughed and hauled his naked body out of the water. "Any more beers left?"

"Inside," Derik said. "Bring one for our big brother here too."

"Cool." Erik padded off toward the back door.

"You are such a bad influence," I said to Derik, still grinning in spite of myself.

"I learned from the best. Seriously, come hang out with us."

"I dunno. I'm not much into public nudity."

"Yeah? You sure fooled me with that little display last night."

That made me blush. "Yeah, well, sometimes a guy just needs some relief, y'know?"

"Yeah, I know exactly what you mean. So ... was he any good?--That old guy you hooked up with?"

"Yeah, he was, but I am *not* going to stand here talking about this with my baby brother."

Derik laughed. "Why not? You already done more than just talk about it."

"That, ass-wipe, was totally inappropriate. I'm gonna need years of therapy to deal with the trauma."

Maybe they were raised to think sex was no big deal--just experimenting, no shame or guilt--but I wasn't quite so ... cavalier about it. I knew they had played around together sexually a few times, 'cause I walked in on them jacking off together once, and I knew they had caught me jacking off once too, but this had gone farther than just a little *stroke-stroke* session.

Derik laughed again. "Yeah, right. Admit it--you love dick, and one dick is just as good as another."

He was trying to bait me, and I was determined not to let him get to me. If I was going to get my pendant back, I had to pay this really cool. No way was some naked kid brother going to get the best of me!

"What you guys talking about?" Erik picked that moment to return, an open beer in one hand, holding out another to me. I took it, of course.

"Just stuff," Derik said. "I'm trying to get him to loosen up."

"Good luck with that," Erik muttered, before talking a deep swallow of beer.

"Hey!" I protested.

"You could always *make* him loosen up," Erik said as he took another sip.

"No fucking way! You two have gone way too far already."

Derik fingered my pendant on his chest. "You sure? You know how much you like it."

I took a step back. "You two are out of control."

"You sure?" Derik purred, massaging his cock and balls with his other hand as he fingered my pendant. "You don't want to relax at all? You aren't the least bit horny? Surely you remember the new House Rule?" His cock was starting to harden and rise. "I bet you're at least a little horny, aren't you? What's the new House Rule again?"

I couldn't take my eyes off his cock. "New House Rule is ... when I feel horny ... I come to you and let you hypnotize me," I said.

"Yeah," Derik sighed. "That's right. I'm sure horny. Aren't you horny? Not even a little bit horny?" He slipped the pendant off over his head. "You sure? All you have to do is tell me."

I was tempted, but I willed my cock to stay soft, reciting baseball scores to myself and thinking about elderly people I knew. One slip, and I'd be lost. If my cock got even a little bit hard, I'd lose it, and the House Rule would take over, and Derik would win. No way was I going to let my arrogant naked-assed punk of a kid brother get the best of me!

If he lifted the pendant a little more, I could grab it--but I had to try before he used it to hypnotize me again. Just a little more ...

I lunged for the pendant--tripped on the edge of the lounge chair. The lightweight chair tipped and Derik tried to yank his hand away. I had his hand, and we tumbled onto the concrete pool skirt and rolled. Erik jumped on us too, and the three of us struggled for the pendant. I had Derik's hand pressed against the concrete with both of mine.

I pried his fingers open and ... no pendant.

"Get offa me, asshole," he spat from somewhere underneath my armpit.

I rolled off of him. "Where the fuck is it? Give it back to me."

"I don't got it, butthole. Ow!--you didn't have to jump all over me." He sat up and brushed at a place where the concrete scuffed the side of his knee.

"I'm not kidding, Derik. Where is it?"

Erik said, "Is, uhm, this what you're looking for?"

So like a fool I looked over and, sure enough, there was my pendant dangling from Erik's fist. And he had this evil grin and he said, "Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

The next thing I knew, I was standing up beside the edge of the pool. I was naked--big surprise there--and I had a hard-on. Not a one-hundred-percent hard-on, but definitely a ninety-percent "this feels good and I'm erect" woody. Derik stood alongside me. We were both deeply hypnotized.

"Okay, I'm in charge now," Erik said, "and we're gonna have some new House Rules. First new House Rule: When it's just the three of us here, no clothes. Got that? Not even those ugly sunglasses, Derik--got it?"

Derik said, "Yes, got it ..."

"Second new House Rule for both of you: If I call you 'slaveboy,' you're gonna do whatever I tell you, as if you were hypnotized. Got it? When I call you 'slaveboy,' you're gonna do whatever I say right away, no questions asked. Got it? Both of you?"

We both said, "Yes ..."

"And the third new House Rule: You are not going to try to get around these new House Rules. You won't try to countermand them, you won't try to remove them, and you won't try to fight them, not in any way. You like these new House Rules, and you *want* them. Is that clear?"

We both said, "Yes ..."

"Okay, that's good. You're both good boys."

That made me feel all warm and happy inside, which it shouldn't have. My dad used to tell me what a good boy I was when I was hypnotized, but this was a completely different situation.

Erik was talking. "Derik. Lay down on the lounge chair, on your back. We're going to do something about your virginity problem. We're gonna make a man out of you."

The twins were virgins? That was news to me, but I wasn't in any condition to process that bit of news right then.

"Assume the position, just like we talked about."

Derik lay down on the lounge chair and pulled his knees up to his chest. I didn't know what this "just like we talked about" shit meant, but I admit there were big holes in my awareness of things that had happened between the time Erik got his hands on the pendant and when I opened my eyes standing beside of the pool.

"Okay, slaveboy," Erik told me, which meant whatever he was about to tell me was an absolute order, "it's your turn. Take this. It's time for you to make a man out of Derik."

In my hand was a foil-wrapped condom and a bottle of hand lotion. I must have looked at them like I had no idea what to do, because Erik clarified: "Fuck him, slaveboy. Fuck him in the ass."

So I peeled open the wrapper and pulled on the condom. I'd done this enough times, I could have done it in my sleep--and in a way, I was. Like sleepwalking, that is. I smeared lotion all over my cock. No preliminaries--Erik had told me just to fuck him, no rimming or fingering or anything--so I straddled the lounge chair and bent Derik's legs up further, rested his ankles on my shoulders, and pressed my cock head to his sphincter. I pushed at it. He was tight, clamped tight.

'Relax, slaveboy," Erik crooned in Derik's ear, fascinated by the sight of me hovering over his brother. "Just relax and let him inside. He's gonna make a man out of you."

Derik didn't relax, but my cock head finally pushed inside him. He grunted. Erik cooed, "Easy, slaveboy. It'll feel better in a few minutes. Just relax and let it happen, slaveboy."

I started to fuck Derik, slow and easy, deep and slow, putting my weight behind it, not wanting to hurt him but needing to follow Erik's instructions. Derik's dick wilted. He looked like he was trying to snap out of it, but Erik kept calling him "slaveboy" and dangling the pendant over his face and telling him to relax, relax, just relax.

I'm good at fucking. I know how to make it feel good for the other guy. Pretty soon, Derik's hard-on was back, pointing directly up at his head and bobbing as I fucked my dick in and out of his ass. Instead of gasping in pain, he's groaning in pleasure.

"Feel good, slaveboy?"

"Yes ..." I said, thinking he was talking to me.

"Definitely ..." Derik sighed.

Erik said, "Go ahead and cum, slaveboy, any time you're ready."

I didn't know who he was talking to, but after a moment Derik started to shudder and he made this strangled cry and his cock began to spit white ropes of cum across his chest. A hands-free orgasm.

The extra little massage his asshole did around my cock felt great, but I wasn't quite there yet. Under me, Derik sagged, spent and limp. In another half-minute, I was there, I was ready; I was on fire; I was cumming; I was shooting my load up in his ass and filling that condom full.

When my hips finally ground to a halt, Erik said, "Get off him," so I rolled off to the side and landed on my butt on the grass beside the concrete pool skirt.

Erik took my place. I wasn't sure what he was doing at first, because I was definitely not thinking clearly, but as I watched he bent Derik up like I had and poked his cock up his brother's butt, after squirting some lotion over his cock and not bothering with a condom. No skill or subtlety--just a teenager fucking his first ass and needing to shoot as soon as possible. Erik fucked Derik like his ass was on fire, hard and fast. Derik got hard and might have cum again, except that Erik came first and that was that. Erik wasn't thinking about Derik's pleasure--he just wanted to get his nuts off and then climbed off his brother's ass.

"Good slaveboys," was all Erik said when he was finished, and then he turned around and dove into the pool, my pendant still around his neck.

I spent the rest of the day in a pleasant, half-hypnotized fog. And I admit: I may not have liked the way it happened, but I liked the way being hypnotized like that made me feel. So I guess I didn't mind that much. Whenever I saw Derik, he always seemed to stay fully hypnotized. That was probably Erik's way of keeping us from trying to take control away from him. I remember giving Erik a back massage and massaging his feet while he played that video game, and I remember doing more mundane chores like laundry.

That night, after dinner, we watched porn. Erik pulled out this old porn movie he and Derik had gotten from a box of our dad's stuff they'd found left in the garage a couple of years ago, and he popped it in the player. Stuff from before Dad came out of the closet and their divorce wrecked everything. This was after dinner, after at least a couple of beers, so Erik was probably feeling pretty buzzed himself. He parked himself on the couch and told Derik and me to sit on the floor on either side of him, which we did.

Most of the action was hetero--guy on girl, or girl on girl on guy--but there was this one scene with two guys and a girl where one guy fucked the second guy while the second guy fucked the chick, and that looked pretty hot to me. My cock started to stir, and I thought about stroking it. Erik was already fondling his cock and balls casually, eyes glued to the screen. I knew what the House Rule they'd given me that morning said I needed to do. I turned to Erik and said, "I'm horny. Please hypnotize me."

Erik grinned evilly. "Horny, huh? You ready to be hypnotized? Yeah?" He lifted the pendant by its cord. "You want it? Ask for it again."

"Please hypnotize me?"

"You know it's coming, don't you? You can't stop it, can you? Three ... It's about to happen. Two ... You know it's going to happen, don't you? One ... Inevitable. Ask me again to hypnotize you."

"Hypnotize me, please?"

"I'll be happy to, because you asked so nice. Three ... I'm about to hypnotize you. Two ... You can't stop it. It's gonna happen. One ... Any second now. Three, two, one--Deep sleep."

I closed my eyes and sank into sleep. Then, it seemed I opened them again almost immediately. I was standing up. I was walking upstairs, following Erik in the lead and Derik. Erik was practically bounding up the stairs, eager, but Derik and I were doing a more relaxed, steady shuffle.

I turned off into my room. I knew what I needed to do. Shorts. Shoes. No shirt or underwear. I got dressed.

"Ready?" Erik's voice from the door of my room. He wore a tee-shirt, jeans, and sandals. Behind him, Derik was dressed like I was--shorts, shoes, no shirt or socks.

"Yes ..." I said.

"C'mon then," Erik said, and led the way downstairs.

We went outside. I knew where we were going. I was taking them to that park.

"C'mon--hurry up," Erik urged.

It was late, probably just before midnight. By now the park would have been turned over to the cruisers, the men cruising for sex. I was going to show Derik and Erik how, how to land a guy to have sex with. Then they could come here any time they wanted, any time they wanted to cum. My whole focus was to show them how.

This was familiar turf for me--I'd done this here hundreds of times before I went off to college.

"Find one who'll let us fuck him," Erik hissed at me.

We walked the little concrete path. I passed by one man in the shadows, then another, barely more than a lit cigarette tip through the darkness.

Then I saw a familiar face. Someone I fucked around with sometimes before I moved to the dorms. Someone who would gladly let me fuck him. That fulfilled the instruction.

I walked over. He looked to be mid-forties now, and still kept himself in okay shape, probably had some old free weights in his garage he used once in a while, telling himself he had to look good for his wife. He probably mistook my semi-tranced sluggishness for casualness. The dark works both ways.

"Hi," he said. "Haven't seen you since you went off to that college. You're looking real good. Back for a visit?"

"Yes ..."

"Looking to have some fun?"

"Yes ..."

He nodded his head at Derik and Erik, who had hung back. "Who're they?"

"My brothers ..."

His face brightened. "Yeah? They looking for some fun too?"

"Yes ..."

"Man, that's hot. C'mon, I know a place where we all can go."

He disappeared into the woods. I knew this side-trail too and followed him. Derik and Erik followed me.

The man and I moved nearly silently. The trail was familiar. Derik and Erik made more noise, not the least of which was Erik repeatedly hissing at Derik to be quieter.

Finally, we all emerged into the clearing. With the moonlight above, it was earlier to see here than it had been on the dark, tree-lined sidewalk where we'd picked up this man.

"What're your names," the man said to them. Which would have seemed funny had I not been halfway hypnotized, since in all the dozen or so times I'd hooked up with this guy in the past we never told each other our names.

Erik replied, "I'm Erik. He's Derik."

"Twins, huh?"

"Yessir."

"That's hot. Okay, who wants to be first?"

"Him," Erik said, and pushed me forward.

"Okay. Let's get this party started."

And with that, the man dropped to his knees in front of me. A snap and a zip, and he had my shorts open. "No undies," he growled. "That's *so* sexy."

Derik and Erik stood close to get a better view, Derik to my left, Erik to my right, and I felt the body heat from our shoulders practically touching.

I felt the man's wet, warm mouth kiss the end of my cock. He tugged my shorts down a little. Night air swirled around my cock shaft and ball sack and butt cheeks. His mouth opened, and he swallowed the first third of my erection easily. Yeah, married men give good head. On his second mouth-stroke, he managed to get half of it in--and on his third, he got his nose down into my pubes. I couldn't help a little moan of satisfaction as he went down on me. My hips involuntarily jerked forward, sending my cock deep into the back of his throat.

"Holy fuck!" Erik swore quietly, watching intently.

My dick slid easily into the back of his throat. Again and again, he slurped my cock all the way down to the root. It seemed strangely effortless for him to take my big dick, but maybe he was especially hungry tonight.

Erik stage-whispered to me, "Remember: don't cum until he lets us fuck him."

The man slid off my cock. "So that's the plan, huh? I think we got similar things in mind."

He knee-walked a little, turning himself toward Erik. I heard Erik gasp in a breath as the man reached for the fly of his jeans. He popped Erik's jeans open, unzipped them, and fished out my brother's erection. It was a little smaller than mine, so the man swallowed it easily.

"*Fuckin' shit!--He's good!*" Erik sneered. He closed his eyes, head thrown back and facing the moon. He took the man's head in his hands, thrusting his hips clumsily forward and back, instinctively fucking that throat. All he knew was he had his dick in something warm and suction-y, and his body took over from there. He said to us, "Don't move, slaveboys; you'll get yours later."

The man said, "'Slaveboys?'"

"Yeah--that's, like, what I call them and stuff."

"Cute. Now turn around," the man commanded.

"Huh?" Erik said, but he shuffled around until his ass was facing the man's face.

"You ever had your ass eaten, kid?"

Again, Erik said, "Huh?"

"Bend over. Put your hands on your knees."

Erik complied. He's seen enough porn, I guess, to know what the man was about to do and he offered his perfect ass with only a little hesitation.

"Brace yourself," the man said and dove in. He buried his face in Erik's ass crack, squirming his tongue around the tight hole and slobbering all over it. Erik's face lit up in surprise but he quickly adjusted. "I love eating tight boy-ass," the man said. He had hold of Erik's ass cheeks and refused to let him go. He pushed practically his whole face into Erik's ass crack. Erik moaned and squirmed happily, his cock bobbing rock-hard in the night air. The man reached around and wrapped his hand around Erik's cock, stroking him slowly while he ate Erik out.

What came out of Erik's mouth sounded like mating season at the zoo: "Ahh--arro--awww--gr'ah--hah!"

'Nice ass,' the man said. He stood up, dropped his pants and boxers, and turned his ass around to face Erik. "C'mon, now you do me." Erik looked at me, unsure and more than a little spooked. "C'mon," the man barked. He grabbed Erik's shoulder and practically shoved him to his knees. "I ain't got all night. You wanna fuck?--Then you gotta get my ass ready to be fucked. Don't worry; I took a shower before I came here. It's all nice and clean for you back there. Get busy."

Erik looked wide-eyed over at us. The man reached back, grabbed Erik's head, and shoved it forward into his

ass-crack. "Lick it," the man commanded. "Lick it like a lollipop, kid. Lick my asshole. Get it all wet and ready for your dick."

That got Erik's attention, and he gave it a lick. The man moaned appreciatively and did not let go of his head, so Erik gave it another lick, then another. Pretty soon he was enthusiastically licking away, while the man thrashed and groaned happily.

"Tongue-fuck me," the man panted. Erik hesitated, then must have figured why the hell not? He stiffed his tongue and rammed it at that guy's butt hole like a miniature penis. He seemed to be figuring this out pretty quickly.

"Stick it in me," the man gasped. When Erik just kept tongue-fucking him, he clarified, "Your dick--stick it in me."

Erik came up off his knees and grabbed his prick in one hand and guided it to the man's asshole. The man crouched forward more, grinding his butt back to give Erik easier access. Erik had no finesse--just shoved his hips forward and his dick into the man's ass. The man grunted hard but did not pull away. "Oh, yeah," the man moaned. "Fuck yeah! Fuck my ass, kid!" Erik pistoned his prong in and out of the man's ass. No style--just a horny teenager trying to bust his nut in a hole. He was holding on to the man's shoulders and pumping at that ass for all he was worth, with his head thrown back and his mouth hanging open and his eyes pinched tight. His fucking was all "ram it in, yank it out," over and over. *Ram-yank-ram-yank!*

"Yeah--yeah! Fuck me! Fuck my hole, kid!" the man barked. Erik obliged him by fucking as hard and fast as he could, obsessed with the need to cum. After another minute, he forced his hips forward, burying his cock as deeply in the man's ass as he could. His body shuddered as he came hard up the man's butt.

"Aw, fuck, kid!" the man swore. He was jerking off while Erik clung to his ass. He announced, "I'm fuckin' cumming!--*Fuck!*"

As his orgasm faded, the man collapsed out from under Erik, making Erik's dick pull out of his ass with a *pop!*

The man scrambled for his pants. "Fuck, kid, you can really fuck. Reminded me of your brother there." He gave a cursory glance at his wristwatch as he pulled up his pants. "I gotta go. Gotta get home to the wife and kids." And then he was gone, vanishing out of the clearing and into the darkness.

Erik's face was one big exhausted smile as he reached for his pants. "Fuck, slaveboys, I'm wiped out. I bet you're hard and wanting to get off too, huh? Well, tough shit. I'm gonna go home and crash. Let's head back, slaveboys."

Day 3: Saturday

I woke up early. Barely past sunrise. I had to think un-sexy thoughts--third-grade teachers, baseball scores, old nuns, gross things like that--because the last thing I wanted was to get horny. That would make the House Rule kick in and I'd show up in front of the twins asking to be hypnotized. I willed my morning boner to disappear, pronto.

I was naked. I hated sleeping naked. But I couldn't do much about it while Erik's fucking House Rule was in effect. I pushed back the covers and staggered off to the bathroom to empty my protesting bladder and get a

shower. While I was under the warm spray, I started losing my battle--my dick was starting to plump up. I knew it was just a matter of time. World Series winners. State capitals. Show tunes.

I rinsed quickly, got out, and dried myself. Maybe if I could get the pendant, I could make Erik reverse the House Rule. The more I rubbed the towel over my skin, the more I knew I was losing it. When I rubbed up under my balls, my cock rose to quarter-hardness and kept rising. I felt myself start to let go, and then I was gone.

I dropped the towel and walked out of the bathroom. I had to tell the twins I was horny. I had to ask them to hypnotize me. It was a House Rule.

I walked to their bedroom with my hard-on bobbing before me. Their door was open. "I'm horny," I said; "Please hypnotize me."

But they weren't listening. They were on the floor, both of them naked and wrestling for dominance. Derik was on top. He had his hand over Erik's mouth to keep him from saying "slaveboy" and seemed to be winning the struggle. Erik had his arm stretched as far over his head as he could reach, and my pendant was in his hand. Derik was reaching as hard as he could for it without letting up on Erik's mouth. It would be so simple. All I had to do was walk over there, bend down, and pull my pendant out of Erik's grasp. But I couldn't move. I just stood there like a dolt with my hard-on, waiting.

Derik got part of the cord and pulled, and Erik pulled. The cord snapped, sending the quartz crystal skittering loose across the floor. Derik stumble-jerked himself up and lunged for it. Erik yelped, "Freeze, slaveb--*Ow!--Fuck!*"--interrupted by Derik's bare foot stomping on his stomach.

They scrambled for the crystal, mostly just knocking it further away. From the hallway behind me, I heard a booming male voice: "What the fuck is going on here?"

Derik and Erik froze. "Dad!" Erik yelled, and then they were running to the hallway, pushing past me, the crystal forgotten, and they were hugging our father, apparently not caring that they were both stark naked. They seemed surprised to see him but not usually so--but they'd always stayed in contact with Dad more than I had since I moved to the dorms. Maybe he stopped by on weekends a lot?

Usually on the rare occasions when I saw my Dad, I felt two jolts run through me: I felt how much I loved him because he was my dad, and I felt how much I hated him for how he ripped our family apart. But right then I didn't feel much of anything but these little blips in the calm, deeply feeling that filled me. I felt a relaxed neutrality.

"Easy there, sluggers," Dad said, grinning. And to me he said, "Long time, no see." His eyes flicked down my naked body to my hard-on and back up again. "I see you've grown into quite the young man, in more ways than one." He pushed the twins away. "Somebody want to tell me what's going on here and why you're all standing around naked as jay-birds?"

Erik did most of the talking, telling the whole story in practically one unending sentence--"and then he ... and then we ..."--pausing only to gasp a breath before going on.

Dad listened. Finally he said, "Boys, there's nothing wrong with having some fun, but House Rules are serious things. They're not for playing games. You understand that, don't you?"

The twins chorused, "Yessir," sounding all regretful, maybe a little resentful, like they expected Dad to spoil

their fun. Which I guess is a parent's main job when you're a teenager, even an absentee parent like Dad.

"Okay, boys, we're going to have to fix this. Derik, hand me that crystal." Derik padded over to where the loose pendant crystal lay and brought it back to Dad. Meanwhile, Dad was pulling his own pendant out from the neckline of his shirt. His was quartz like mine, but half an inch longer and thicker. Derik dropped mine into Dad's hand. Dad held his own up into the air and said, "Take a good look at it. Focus on it. Good. Focus. And ... three, two, one--Deep sleep."

Next thing I knew, I was in my bedroom. I was still naked, but I had a pair of underwear in my hands, and I pulled them on, and a pair of jeans too, and shoved my feet into a pair of sneakers.

Dad was cooking breakfast in the kitchen. The twins were already at the table, Derik in a baggy tee-shirt and a pair of old sweatpants that he had cut off into shorts, with the frayed ends just above his kneecaps, Erik in a pair of board shorts and an old wife-beater.

Dad said, "Your mom asked me to stop by and check on you this weekend, and I'm supposed to make sure you get started on those chores she asked you to do."

The twins let out a simultaneous sigh of disappointment. No telling what they had planned for the weekend, but I bet it included being naked and having some orgasms. Now they were seeing their "Mom's away" weekend plans go up in smoke.

"What chores?" I asked around a mouthful of breakfast, because my Mom didn't mention anything about that to me--but then she had been pretty distracted with packing for her trip and shit. It might have slipped her mind.

"You, you get to mow that yard."

No surprise there. That was always my job every weekend when Dad and Mom were together. I just nodded.

"And you two," he said to the twins, "you get to help me start painting the living room and hallway."

The twins gave a simultaneous groan.

"And I don't want to hear any lip from any of you. I'm not going to hypnotize you. Look directly at me, all of you. Take a deep breath in through your nose ... and out through your mouth. Relax. Allow your eyes to close on three, two, one--close your eyes now. I'm not hypnotizing you. I'm just placing you in a heightened state of synchronicity, so our minds are moving cooperatively along the same lines. And as you sink and drift and float into this pleasant, relaxed state of mind, take your left hand and lift it into the air. Hold it there for a moment, and then let your hand drift back down to the table at the same rate as you sink and drift and float into this relaxed state of awareness. Allow it to go all the way back down. That's it. All the way down to the table. All the way down. Now in a moment, you're going to feel a certain cooperativeness flowing through you. You're going to feel this cooperative feeling, and when you feel it, let your left hand drift back up into the air. Good. Hold it right there. Now, you're going to carry this cooperative feeling with you throughout the day. In a moment, I'm going to snap my fingers. It's okay to remember to forget or forget to remember what happened, and even though you're not hypnotized, you're going to carry this cooperative feeling. On three, two one"--he snapped his fingers--"open your eyes. Wide awake. Now, help me clean up the kitchen, and let's get started."

So twenty minutes, I'm out front with that temperamental old lawn mower. It's a hot day already and the yard

is big and sunny. I'm pushing the mower back and forth across the yard, back and forth, and I have to admit--I did really like this cooperative feeling, just like Dad said. I didn't mind mowing at all, if I got to feel like this. I took off my tee-shirt to work on my tan and help stay cool. The sun beat down on my torso, and it felt good too.

The mower behaved itself and didn't stall out this time, not once. I finished the yard, hauled off the clippings, and got the mower stowed back in the garage. I headed into the kitchen for some water.

Dad called out, "Come in here. We have a paint roller with your name on it."

I yelled back, "Okay, soon as I get something to drink--gotta hydrate."

Maybe the new Dad was more laid-back than the rigid old Dad I knew growing up, 'cause the old Dad would have bellowed something about how "*Now means now!*" But Dad didn't say a word. I got some water and drank it quickly. Sweating in that heat siphoned a lot out of me!

In the living room, Dad and the twins had already moved all the furniture to the middle of the room and covered it in plastic tarps. They had started painting one wall, this kind of eggshell-y, off-white color that didn't do much for me, but it probably was a color Mom loved. Oh, well, I didn't have to live there.

Dad, in his jeans and work boots with his shirt off, stood on a ladder painting the crown molding at the ceiling line. The twins, both with big dopey smiles, Eric with his shirt off now and this big smear of off-white paint across one shoulder, were working rollers over the wall.

"Grab a roller," Dad said. He eyed me a second. "Looks like you got some sun out there. Hope you didn't burn."

Sometime during the afternoon, Derik shed his shirt too. All of us got some paint on us--standard hazard--but at least the twins didn't stage a paint fight or anything hopelessly stupid like that. The painting didn't take long with the four of us going at it.

Dad sent the twins up to the upstairs bathroom to clean up, and he and I hit the other bathroom by my Mom's bedroom.

Dad wet a cloth and started scrubbing at the little bits of paint dotting his chest and face. "You better take a shower," he told me. "You got a lot of paint on you and you're all sweaty."

That sounded good to me, so I started the water in the shower. Dad watched me absently as I stripped down. "You're developing into a fine-looking young man. You take after your old man." When I dropped my underwear, he said, "In more ways than one," which seemed kind of odd to me but I let it go.

I climbed into the shower and scrubbed quickly. When I stepped out, Dad paused from rinsing the wash cloth and passed me a towel.

"By the way, I fixed this as best I could." He pulled my pendant out of his pants pocket and passed it to me. A thick knot restored the circle where the cord had snapped earlier. "We'll have to get a new, stronger cord for it later. For right now, keep it on you at all times. Hypnosis is not a toy. Repeat that."

"Hypnosis is not a toy. Yessir, I understand, sir." I wrapped the towel around my waist and took my pendant from him. The repaired cord was a tight fit over my head now, but I got it on. I was kinda impressed Dad had

made the effort to restring it and knot the cord. It may seem like a little thing, but the Dad I thought I knew, all arrogance and orders, wouldn't have bothered--he'd have thrown me the pieces and told me to fix it myself. I wasn't sure what to make of the gesture.

Dad was fingering his hair, looking in the mirror. "Ugh. All this paint in my hair. I better take a shower too," Dad decided. "I hope you left me some hot water." He started untying his work boot laces. I dried myself as he stripped. He even took off his pendant and placed it on the counter before climbing into the shower. I wondered what would happen if I picked it up, and held it out, and said ...

"Fuck, this feels good," he hollered over the shower spray, lathering. I looked away quickly. He cleaned himself quickly. I had my underwear and socks on, and I was tugging up my jeans when Dad turned off the water. He stuck his hand out. "Hand me a towel." I passed him one. As he dried himself, I snuck a glimpse at his cock. It hung longer than mine, seemed maybe partly hard, and I blushed, looked away, as I zipped up my jeans. He was a good-looking guy, and I'd done guys around his age, forty-ish, and older than that at the park before--but if I got a hard-on right then from looking at my Dad, I'd die of embarrassment.

"How are you doing in school?"

Okay, so Dad was trying to make small talk. I could do small talk. "Fine," I said.

"I haven't seen much of you since the divorce. If you ever want to talk ..."

"Okay, Dad," I said, realizing as I said it that I was interrupting him a little. I tried to smooth over it by giving him a faint smile that I hoped didn't look too uncomfortable.

He started getting dressed by pulling on his pendant, then his underwear--basic white briefs. "And you haven't met my boyfriend yet."

What? I stammered, "Boy ... friend?"

"Yeah. He's only a couple of years older than you. Your mother was pissed at first but she's coming around. The twins met him and think he's cool. I think you'll like him too."

All I could say was, "Uh ..." No one had told me Dad had a boyfriend now. Especially one near my age. "Uh ..."

He hauled on his jeans and poked his feet into his boots. "Look, we'll talk later. Right now, I better check on the twins. They're being way to quiet--and that worries me."

But just as he was heading out into the hallway, I heard their video game system start up downstairs, so I knew they weren't up to any more mayhem than usual.

When the paint had time to dry, we moved the furniture back into place, and that about did it for the afternoon. Dad started cooking dinner and called to the rest of us to come help. He was talking on the phone when we walked into the kitchen. "Yeah, baby, I miss you too," he was saying into the phone--he definitely wasn't talking to Mom. Must have been that boyfriend he mentioned. "I don't get to see my boys often, so I think I'm going to hang out here tonight. They could use a little adult supervision." He gave us a wink, but I think he was being serious. "I'll talk to you tomorrow? ... Okay, Neal. Love you. Good night, baby." He hung up the phone and told Derik and Erik to get busy washing and chopping some vegetables.

Neal. Dad's boyfriend had a name. His *divorced-my-mom-and-came-out-and-shacked-up-with-a-guy-my-age* boyfriend had a name. That made it all just a little too real, and I swallowed hard.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked through a tight jaw.

"Set the table, then come help your brothers."

Fine. Setting the table took all of three minutes. Derik and Erik were not happy. Sure, they were slicing away at some veggies, but their mood was definitely sullen. They probably would rather have been doing just about anything else--like playing their video game, mostly.

Dad said, "Why so glum, boys? The sooner we get this done, the sooner we eat. It might help if you just take a deep breath--just one. Take a deep breath in through your nose and hold it ... Hold it. Now exhale--*hooooo*--through your mouth. Good. Now another. Breathe in. Hold it. Breath out. Relax. Stop what you're doing and close your eyes, just for a second, on three, two, one--close your eyes now. Good. No, I'm not hypnotizing you. Not this time. We're just putting you back in that heightened state of synchronicity--so easy--so relaxing--so our minds are moving cooperatively and we can accomplish our tasks together. We both know what needs to be done and we'll cooperate to achieve it. So when you feel yourself sinking and drifting so, so easily into this pleasant, relaxed state of mind, maybe you'll find yourself able to open your eyes. Maybe you'll find you can go back to what you were doing before, working steadily and effectively to accomplish your task. Open your eyes now. Good. That cooperative feeling is going to flow through you, and you're going to carry that feeling with you throughout the rest of the evening. Just take a moment and focus on it. When you're ready, and in your own time, open your eyes and go back to what you were doing, only now with a sense of pleasant, happy cooperation filling you, making you feel very happy and connected and cooperative. You're not hypnotized; you're just deeply cooperative. Yes, that's good, Derik. Yes, that's right, all of you. So happily, contentedly, pleasantly cooperative.

Needless to say, the rest of the time spent cooking dinner passed in a happy haze for me. So did the time eating dinner. This was probably the longest time in a while that the twins had gone without plugging themselves into their video game--they must have been going through withdrawal!

Dad seemed eager to keep the twins happy. He must have noticed them eyeing his beer because during dinner he asked them, "You two ever had a beer?"

Erik drawled blissfully, "Mom ... doesn't let us ..."

"But you have, haven't you? Even though she says no. Do you like the way it makes you feel? That buzzed feeling you get?"

Derik said, "Yeah ... it's cool."

"Worth sneaking a beer now and then, huh?"

"Uh huh," Derik said, and Erik nodded.

To me Dad said, "And I know you've had beer a lot, haven't you, Mister College Boy?"

No reason not to admit it. "Sure."

"Well, here's a treat for all of you. This is a special beer. Just one sip of it will make you feel pleasantly

buzzed for a while, only without the hangover afterward." The twins were drinking water with dinner--he poured a little into their water glasses, probably about a swallow's worth, and mine too. "As you drink, you'll feel the special beer start to work. You can feel as buzzed as you want to, only without losing control. Just a few sips is all it will take. Go ahead--try it,"

So we all three reached for our glasses and took a sip. It tasted like water with a little beer aftertaste in it to me, but I felt this warm, buzzy feeling spread through me, just like Dad promised. I kinda liked it. The twins' moods definitely lightened up after that too.

Dad didn't seem to know what to do with us that evening. I guess he didn't have much experience with being a full-time babysitter and keeping the teenaged twins out of trouble. Hey, I kinda sucked at that myself, obviously. He kept us half-zonked and feeling good, which made us docile, but he didn't seem to know what to do with us next.

After dinner, we headed into the other room to watch television. The twins probably would have rather been playing their video games--though as buzzed as he had us all feeling, I bet they had no complaints--and I usually was hanging out with friends on a Saturday night instead of watching television. Dad found some recent action flick just starting on one of the movie channels and he settled us down to watch.

"We haven't had much time to talk, sport," he said to me. He and Derik were sitting on the couch. I sat on the floor next to him, with Erik over there near Derik. "You got a girlfriend these days?"

I could barely move or concentrate through this buzzing feeling. "Nnnn ..." was about all I could manage. Which meant *no*, by the way.

"Or ... a boyfriend?"

"Nnnn ..." again.

"What do you usually do on a Saturday night? Party with your friends?"

"Mmm ...," which meant *yes*.

"You and your friends get high? There's nothing wrong with a little experimentation, but I hope you're being responsible?"

"Urrh ...," which meant *yes* too.

"I know it's probably pretty boring to sit home with your old man and your brothers like this. You probably wish you were with your friends, hanging out and getting high, right?"

From where he sat, with me sitting on the floor with my back against the front of the couch, he could reach the back of my head easily. I felt his fingertips touch there and rub a little, a comforting gesture I remembered from when I was a kid and he used to do that, before he and Mom broke up. It felt good, comforting, and I leaned my head back against his fingers, grinning happily.

"I bet you like getting high. Your Mom and I did when we were your age. Tell you what ..." He leaned forward, voice closer to my ear. "You like to smoke?"

I thought he meant cigarettes, and I managed to say, "No ... cig ..."

He thwacked me with a finger on the back of my head. "No, dummy, I meant pot. Do you like to smoke pot?"

"Sure ..."

"Thought so. Most kids your age do." His fingers were back to stroking the back of my head, massaging. Felt good. "So listen, just relax. Close your eyes for a moment. Take a deep breath. Remember the last time you got a really good high from smoking pot? Take another deep breath. Remember that feeling. Focus on it. Remember how it felt to breathe in the smoke. Deep breath again. Remember how it felt when the high spread through your body. Yes. Just like that. So easy. Focus on feeling it again. Feel it spreading through you. Yes. That's right. Just like being high. Relaxed. Focused. Feeling good. That feeling will last as long as you want it to tonight, all night if you want. You can choose. But for now, just settle back and enjoy it."

And believe me, I did. I just sank back against the couch, feeling so stoned, my head pretty much limp against Dad's massaging fingers. And that silly action movie seemed a whole lot more fun too.

Pot makes me hungry and horny. This high did the same thing. I pitched a tent in the crotch of my pants--it had to be obvious, and I didn't much care who saw. "Hungry ..." I managed.

"I'll go make us some popcorn," Dad said. He laid my head back gently on the couch, and disappeared into the kitchen. I missed his massaging fingers immediately.

I roused up when Dad poked the bowl of hot popcorn against my arm. I'd been dozing, hadn't felt him sit back down. Onscreen, the action movie had ended and the movie channel was playing a preview commercial for some fluff comedy that would be starting up a midnight, fifteen minutes away. I managed to get a small handful of popcorn, poked it in my mouth, and managed to start chewing.

"Where's Erik?" Dad asked.

"Bath-room ..." Derik slurred, obviously still buzzed himself.

Dad got up and walked down the hall. I heard him call Erik's name a time or two.

"He's not here," Dad announced. "Where would he have gone?"

"Muh nuh ..." I said around a mouthful of popcorn, which meant *I don't know*.

Derik said, "Dunno ... Maybe the park ...?"

"The park?"

"Yuh ..." He pointed a languid hand at me. "He showed us ... last night ..."

"Why would he go there this late?"

"Blow ... job ...?" Derik giggled a little.

Dad eyed me. "Hmm. I used to go there sometimes back when I was living here with your mom."

I swallowed the popcorn. *Bleeh!* Thanks for sharing, Dad, but some things I did *not* need to know.

He tousled my hair. "Looks like you and your old man might have more in common than I thought."

Next thing I knew, Dad was coming back in the front door. The movie onscreen was just starting, so a little over fifteen minutes had passed. He had been to the park and retrieved Erik, who followed him meekly. Erik's expression was dazed--probably Dad used a little of the pendant persuasion to "convince" him to come home.

"Have a seat," Dad said, and he disappeared into the kitchen again. I heard papers rustling, a lot of them. Then Dad stuck his head back in and said, "Come here, boys. All of you."

We filed into the kitchen. Dad snapped his fingers a couple of times. "Wake up, guys. Wake up. I want you awake and thinking clearly for this. Clear heads, boys." I blinked, feeling my high fade and reality return. Part of me wanted to drop right back into that buzz immediately, and part of me was wondering what Dad had in mind. To me he said, "Give me your pendant." I worked the tight cord off over my head. Was he going to hypnotize us?

"Here's the deal. You guys are at an age where you're experimenting with a lot of different things. Fine. I understand that. I was there once myself. I don't think I'd be a bad parent if I let you guys do some experimenting. I know how I was at your age, always wanting to try everything I could think of. Control, sex, you name it. I was always horny--I couldn't keep my hands off my cock. I'd jerk off two, three, sometimes four times a day. I still jerk off too, though not as often as I used to. Part of that was just a phase I had to grow out of. Try everything--figure out what I liked, and what I didn't. Kind of like you boys are doing. But you all have to learn to experiment safely. No using hypnosis as a coercion tool to get what you want. No public sex with strangers in a park where you could get arrested or catch something. Here's the deal. You want to experiment? Fine. We'll do it right here, in this house, safely, where I can provide adult supervision, as a parent and a psychologist."

Derik asked, "What do you mean?"

"It's ten minutes after midnight. Your mom comes back Monday. That gives us another full day. Here's the deal. We're going to have a contest. Whoever wins gets the pendant and total control. Total freedom to do what he wants, from midnight now until midnight tonight. Only three rules--nothing that's permanent, nothing that does damage, and nothing that leaves the house or the back yard. Are we agreed?"

I said, "Uh, okay."

Erik said, "Sure."

Derik shrugged. "Okay, whatever. So what's the contest?"

Dad pointed to the newspapers he had spread out on the kitchen floor. "You're going to line up along the edge here, and you're going to have an old-fashioned jack-off contest. Whoever shoots the farthest wins."

"But I just came!" Erik protested.

"I'm not going to excuse you from the experiment. You don't have to participate in the contest, but if you don't, you won't have a chance at winning the use of the pendants. Like I always say ..."

We chorused, "You always miss one hundred percent of the shots you don't take."

Dad laughed with us.

Derik was always pushing buttons. He said, "Are you in the contest too?"

Dad raised an eyebrow and said, "Huh?" Obviously, Dad hadn't seen himself being included in the jack-off contest. Maybe he planned to set it up and leave the room--be the monitoring voice of adult maturity for once.

Erik chimed in with, "Yeah, I bet you can shoot your load the farthest."

Dad blushed a little. "Maybe I could. I've been working my dick a long fucking time."

Derik said, "Prove it."

"Huh? This isn't about me--"

Derik: "C'mon, Dad. You going to take a shot too? We need to see who can shoot the furthest."

And Erik again, "It's not a fair contest unless you join in too, right?"

Dad had to know he was being taunted. He was over thirty--he had to know there was no way he could out-shoot three teenage sons. He pressed his lips together a moment. He looked at me. He looked at Erik, then Derik. He sighed, "Fine," and started working his own pendant off over his head. "Everybody is included. Whoever wins gets both pendants. Full cooperation, full access."

That caught my attention. "You can be hypnotized?"

Dad put his pendant beside mine on the kitchen counter. "I don't see why not. My dad used to hypnotize me too, just like I hypnotized you boys, and with this very pendant. I'm sure it'll work on me again, if I'm willing."

Dad put down a couple of extra pieces of paper, so we could stand side by side without crowding. "Okay, boys. Time to ante up. If you want a shot at this, strip down and line up here at the edge of the paper. If you're not man enough, you can go in the other room and wait until we have a winner. What's it going to be, boys?"

Derik and I started stripping quickly.

"That's the spirit, boys!" Dad laughed as he started taking off his own shirt. "I can't believe you guys talked me into this," he chuckled, shaking his head.

In seconds we were all naked, even Erik. Dad said, "Line up, and get 'em hard, boys. Five-minute time limit. If you haven't shot by then, you lose. Whoever shoots first doesn't matter. Whoever shoots the farthest wins the whole shebang."

Derik and I were already hard. Erik had half a hard-on and was stroking quickly to stiffen it up. Dad stood at the edge of the newspaper sheets, his mostly hard cock rising and his stroking hand aiming it out over the papers. Derik and I lined up on Dad's left, Erik on his right.

Derik looked at Dad's dick and muttered appreciatively, "Fuck, Dad!"

Dad looked left at Derik's and my rods, then right at Erik's, then back at his own, larger than all of ours. "Look at us," he said. "We've all got man-sized dicks in this family. Obviously you boys take after your dad."

Erik blushed and said, "Cut it out, Dad," but he added, "My dick's the biggest," even though I think mine was longer than his by just a hair and Dad had us all beat.

Derik said, "Shut up and stroke. I can't concentrate with you yapping."

Dad chuckled and agreed. "Keep your minds on your members, boys. We've got a contest to win here, and a five-minute time limit, remember?" And with that we settled down to some serious stroking.

Dad used an overhand grip, with his palm riding over the top of his cock, thumb in toward his pubes and little finger passing across the head in his long, smooth strokes, quick but pacing himself. The twins and I used underhand strokes, palms gliding along the underside, thumbs curled around the top. Derik flailed at his cock with jackhammer strokes. Erik jerked slower, concentrating on the head. Me, I settled into my favorite speed. If I did the same as usual, I'd cum in just a couple of minutes.

"Stroke that thing. C'mon--stroke it. That's good. Put some elbow grease into it, boy," Dad growled at Erik. He reached over and gave Erik a playful swat on the ass.

"Ow--stop that," Erik griped quietly, focusing on his pistoning. I thought about protesting, but maybe Dad thought Erik needed the encouragement to catch up since he had cum a little earlier in the park.

"Gonna shoot," Derik hissed.

"Good boy," Dad said. "Shoot it hard. Let's see how far you can shoot it. Make me proud!"

"Me too," I panted, because my balls were riding up and buzzing and I felt that familiar tingling begin around the head of my dick.

Dad chanted, "Shoot it, boys! Shoot those dicks! Shoot it!"

Derik unloaded, and then I started too. Derik shoved his hips as far forward as he could. I screwed my eyes shut while my body spasmed its way through my orgasm. When I reopened them, the line of sperm tracks in front of me made a respectable trail across the paper.

Then I looked over at Derik's results. That fucker not only shot farther than I did, he shot clear across the paper entirely and hit the bottom third of the cabinet door!

"*Hoo-yeah!* Beat that, bitches!" he crowed, fist up in victory.

"My turn," Dad groaned. I watched the cum spurt out of his cockhead. He didn't shoot nearly as far as I did. After the first shot or two, mostly his cum just dribbled out of him. "Aw, fuck, man," he said, enjoying his orgasm--then again, "Aw, fuck," in disappointment when he saw how his results stacked up. He must have known he couldn't match younger guys like the twins and me for distance--he must have known he was going to lose this bet.

Erik kept stroking, but it just wasn't happening for him. A minute later, Dad said, "Time's up. Sorry, sport."

"Fuck!" Erik swore angrily under his breath. "One more minute--I'm almost there."

"Sorry," Dad said. "We agreed five minutes. Looks like Derik wins--"

Derik barked, "Yes!" He reached across the papers and snatched the pendants off the countertop.

"--So, Derik, clean up the mess you made, and--"

Derik shook his head. "Nuh-uh! I won and that puts me in total control. That's what you said." He practically shoved the pendants in Dad's face. "Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Dad pulled his head back a little and blinked.

"I have total control, just like we agreed. Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Dad's eyes blinked again and closed.

"Very good. Your thoughts are quieting down, and for a while you are just going to follow my instructions. Now, open your eyes and *you* clean up the mess." Dad started toward the paper towels. Derik turned his attention and the pendants toward Erik and me. "Now you two. "Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Day 4: Sunday

I don't remember anything more about the night before. The next thing I knew, it was morning. I was starting to wake up in my bed. I was naked. I had a morning hard-on and a bladder that was letting me know I soon needed to wake up and empty it. I was determined not to open my eyes or wake up until absolutely necessary, though.

I heard someone come in my room. I rolled over on my stomach, which ground my erection against the mattress in a really nice-feeling way. I turned my head away from the interruption, determined to ignore it.

"Hey, it's time to get up." That was one of the twins. The mattress shifted as he sat down on the edge.

I tried to say, *Christ, let me sleep*, but it came out, "Mrruh."

He poked my arm. "Hey."

I mentally reclassified him from *Interruption* to *Irritation* and clamped my eyes shut tighter. My bladder wasn't one hundred percent full yet--I was determined to sleep for another half-hour.

"I said, *hey!*" he barked, and slugged the exposed back of my arm--hard!

I rolled over fast, wide awake now, pissed off, grabbing at him, and gunning for revenge.

Derik skittered out of reach, laughing. "Temper, temper!" And before I could climb off the bed after him, he had the two pendants in my face. "Three, two, one--Deep sleep!"

Soon after, I opened my eyes. I was sitting on the edge of my bed. My eyes were open, but that familiar fuzzy-headedness filled me.

"Stand up," Derik commanded, and I did. "Follow me," and I did.

He walked into the hallway. Erik waited there, his eyes glazed, same as mine probably looked. Erik was naked too. So was Derik. Derik led us to Mom's room--that's where Dad was sleeping this weekend. The door was open a bit. Derik pushed it the rest of the way. Dad slept naked on top of the sheets, on his stomach, arms and legs spread a little and his head turned to the side. His feet were toward the door, so the V of his legs guided my eyes to his ass and the backside of his ball sack.

Derik whispered to me, "Get up there between his legs. Lick his ass. Try not to wake him."

I carefully crawled onto the mattress between Dad's spread legs. Derik went around the side, closer to Dad's face.

Dad started to rouse just before I reached for his ass cheeks: "Mmm?"

Derik dangled the pendants where Dad could see them as soon as he opened his eyes. "Shhh--it's all right. Three, two, one--Deep sleep. That's it. Deep sleep."

I pulled Dad's ass cheeks apart and started to lick as his crack, zeroing in on his puckery hole.

"That's it, bro," Derik said. "Lick that ass. Make it feel good. Dad, why don't you get up on your hands and knees so he can lick your ass better?"

Dad's ass shifted in front of my face, rising off the mattress, as he complied. With his knees spread, I could part his ass cheeks more. I probed at his hole with my tongue, getting it wet and sloppy. Dad moaned.

"Shh," Derik told him. "Focus. Focus on the pendants. Just let yourself drift in this pleasant state."

I kept licking until Derik said, "Give him a finger. Stick your finger in his butt. Make it feel real good all up inside there."

I wet my index finger and slipped it into Dad's ass. Dad made this protest sound in his throat. His hole was tight. He probably didn't like the intrusion.

Derik kept the pendants right in front of Dad's face. "Shhh--it's all right. Three, two, one--Deep sleep. So easy to stay asleep, no matter what happens. Deep sleep." To me he said, "Slip him another finger, bro. Get him real loose and opened up."

Dad resisted that. He kept moaning and trying to snap out of it, and every time Derik was right there, coaxing him back to sleep: "Shhh--it's all right. Three, two, one--Deep sleep. You're going to like it. Just let it happen. Focus on the pleasure. Three, two, one--Deep sleep. No pain, only pleasure. Three, two, one--Deep sleep."

Derik gestured at Erik. "Get over here. Get underneath Dad and stroke his cock." So Erik climbed aboard the bed too and reached for Dad's dick.

Derik cooed to Dad, "There, that's better, isn't it? Three, two, one--Deep sleep. That's it. Deep sleep. So easy to stay so deeply asleep."

Derik handed me something. A condom, a little bottle of lube. "Put it on. Lube him up real good. I want you to fuck his ass."

I tore open the condom wrapper. My dick was still three-quarters hard.

There was something in Derik's voice, but that fuzzy-headed feeling prevented me from thinking about that too much.

"He deserves it, doesn't he. After everything he did, he deserves a good fucking, doesn't he." These were not questions.

"Fuck his ass. You know you want to. Your dick is hard. You want to fuck something. Fuck his ass. Stick it in him. Stick your dick in his ass and fuck him."

I positioned my dick at Dad's lube-dripping ass. I started pushing it into him.

The violation made Dad grunt, but Derik kept hammering him back down. "Shhh-- Three, two, one--Deep sleep. It's gonna feel real good in a minute. Focus on the pendants. No pain, only pleasure. That's it. Deep sleep."

Dad sighed. My dick head slid past his sphincter ring and into his warm depths.

"Yeah--fuck him. Fuck him hard. Make him pay for all the crap he put you through. You got a lot of anger inside--this is your chance to fuck it out of him. Go ahead. Fuck him."

I was too ... Well, I wasn't thinking clearly, so half of the twisted shit Derik was saying just slipped right by me and I didn't think too much about it. The key parts that lodged in my addled brain were: *Fuck him* and *Fuck him hard*. Those parts my cock and my brain both understood.

"Relax," Derik whispered, though I don't know whether to Dad or to me. I poked my dick further inside Dad, starting the inevitable journey of fucking him, until it was all the way in an my pubes ground against his ass cheeks.

"Three, two, one--Deep sleep," Derik mantra-chanted. "No pain, only pleasure. Focus on the fullness and the pleasure. Push back against him, like you're taking a shit. There. Only pleasure."

This is for missing half my Little League games. *Jab!*

This is for divorcing my mom. *Jab!*

This is for missing my high school graduation. *Jab!*

Dad took every thrust with a grimace and a grunt.

This is for taking up with a guy nearly my age. *Jab!*

This is for not being around to raise the twins. *Jab!*

Then I looked down through the haze that filled my head. Dad wasn't grunting anymore. Dad made this groaning sound but not a protest, more like he was starting to get into it, having made it through the pain and into the pleasure of getting fucked. He pushed his ass back at me more, as if trying to get more of me up inside him.

I fucked him hard. I held on to him by his hips and fucked him hard. Derik was right--there was so much he deserved for what he had done to us. He tore apart our family. He fucked up my life. It was time I fucked the shit out of him. I smacked my dick into him, then yanked it nearly all the way out, then slammed it back inside, over and over again. Dad moaned more, and I fucked him harder still.

"That's it. Pay him back for all the pain he caused. Fuck his ass hard, bro!"

Dad sucked in a breath and his body trembled under me.

"Cum," Derik commanded. "Cum now. Cum hard. Cum!"

I didn't know whether he was talking to Dad or to me, but my body knew what to do. My breathing quickened. My nuts started that familiar churning. Underneath me, Dad tensed. His ass clamped around my invading cock. His body trembled. Part of me knew he was getting close to orgasming, but I was already there.

"That's it. Cum hard!" Derik chanted. He wasn't touching himself, but his cock was rock-hard from watching us go at it. "Cum hard! Feel all that anger. Shoot it out with your cum. Let it go. Shoot it. All that anger; all that pain--shoot it up his ass! Cum now! Shoot it now! Give him everything you got, bro!"

I was very much aware of all my anger toward Dad. Shit I held onto for years instead of letting it go. None of that mattered. I had my cock up an ass, *his* ass, my balls were humming, and I was about to cum. Another few seconds and I started to shoot my seed up into his ass, filling the condom. The blaze of my orgasm, intense, got mixed with the haze filling my head, and I was in nirvana. Fucking nirvana.

My body gave one last jolt and relaxed. Underneath me, Dad's body still hung on all fours, but he was limp. My softening cock slipped out of him. I toppled to the side, across one of his calves, rolling onto my back and bouncing gently when I hit the mattress, exhausted, spent, loose.

"On your back, Dad," Derik ordered, and I felt bodies shifting position beside me on the bed. "Erik, get in there and blow him. Suck him off real nice. That's it. Yeah. Suck his cock. Yeah, Dad, so you have no trouble staying asleep for a blowjob, huh? Ha! That figures. Suck him, Erik." I lay there and listened to the sounds of Erik sucking Dad's erection. My eyes were aimed generally toward the ceiling, and I didn't have the energy left to turn my head. "Okay, Dad, cum anytime you're ready. That's it. Cum! Cum now, Dad!"

Dad's shoulder and arm were pressed against mine. I felt them tense then start to jerk as his orgasm hit. He made this little growl in his throat as he shot, then a final sigh as his arm went limp next to mine, his hand half-covering mine.

"That's it," Derik said one final time. "Very good."

The pendants dangled into my gaze, and Derik's tone was both mischievous and malicious. "Maybe it's best if you sleep through the next part, bro. Wouldn't want you to get a complex or something while we're clearing the air. Three, two, one--Deep sleep." I let my eyes close, and I did.

I don't remember the rest of the morning, but we spent the afternoon out by the pool, naked, sometimes swimming or horsing around, sometimes just dozing and sunning ourselves. As Dad said, "Thank God our privacy fence keeps out the prying eyes. That's one of the best investments I ever made." For most of the afternoon, Derik kept us in a light trance--he was taking this "total access, total control" thing seriously--not enough to make us mental zombies, but enough to hold us in a blissfully happy, horny, relaxed state, agreeable, with our balls buzzing pleasantly, like the afterglow of a good orgasm that doesn't fade and you're already horny again for more.

I had to hand it to him--Derik could be a real jerk half the time, but he sure knew how to keep his men happy and cooperative.

Late in the afternoon, Derik decided to have a blowjob contest to see who gave the best head, using his dick as the judge and jury. He sat in one of the poolside lounge chairs with his legs apart, and one by one we each knelt between his knees and worshipped his cock. As peaceful and relaxed as we felt, we were happy to do

whatever he asked, especially if it made him happy too. Erik went first, then I took a turn, then Dad.

Derik's verdicts? Erik was clumsy and inexperienced. Dad was pretty good. I was excellent. My reward for being the best cocksucker was I got to finish the job. We moved to the grass beside the concrete skirt around the pool. Derik lay down on the grass and I knelt between his legs again and took his dick into my lips again. Under his encouragement, as suggestible as I felt, all I could think about was how much I wanted to suck the juicy cock I held in my mouth.

Dad's reward for second place was he got to suck me. I spread my legs a little and he settled in to work on my erection, kissing up and down the sides of it, teasing, licking, like he was trying to make it feel special, before opening wide and swallowing it gently into his warm, wet throat. Erik's reward for third place was he got to suck Dad again. And Erik's cock must have looked left-out, because Derik leaned over and considerably started sucking him. Yeah, Derik can be a real jerk sometimes, but sometimes he does the right thing. Erik was the first to cum, and he started an orgasm chain that went down the circuit--Derik next, then me, then Dad.

Day 5: Monday Morning

Monday morning, and all that was left was shipping the twins off to school. Dad had already left--he had to get to his place, get fresh clothes for work. I was heading back to campus as soon as I got the twins off to school, with plenty of time to make my first class. Mom would be back before the twins got home from school.

Dad was already up when I got up. He made coffee. I found him in the kitchen. He had his pants and shoes on, but hadn't put his shirt on yet. He had collected his pendant already--it rolled between his pecs as he tilted his torso to reach for the shirt he deposited on the counter. He pulled it on, gave me a grin, tousled my hair before buttoning it. His way of saying, *Good morning, no hard feelings*.

My own pendant waited on the kitchen counter. I picked it up and put it on.

"Just remember, that's not a toy," Dad mumbled, voice still sleep-thick. "We'll have to see about getting the twins their own soon. They're growing up to be fine young men. You too. I don't think I've ever said it enough but I'm proud the way you've turned out, in every way."

I grinned, blushed a little, and looked away, suddenly aware I was wearing just a pair of boxer shorts. I poured myself some coffee. I hated coffee, and Dad's always tasted like donkey piss, but I felt like I needed a prop. "You too, Dad. Looks like you grew up too."

Dad looked down. "Yeah, well, I was a lot less mature when all that happened with your mother. I wasn't ready to be a father. I wasn't ready to be *your* father. I'm sorry. I'd like to try again, if it's not too late? I'd like to get to know the man my son is becoming."

I hate awkward situations. I never know what to say.

Dad said, "What do you say?" He held out his hand.

All I could think of was, "Okay. Yes. I'd like that too." I shook his hand, and he pulled me to him, into a bear hug--my bare chest against his through his half-open shirt. It felt good and weird at the same time. I was gonna need some time to process this.

Then he was gone, waving from the door as he disappeared back to his job, his boyfriend, and his life. I had mine to get underway too.

I could hear the twins moving around upstairs, water flowing through the pipes as someone flushed the toilet. I had to get their breakfast started, because there was no way those two little punks were going to do it on their own. One weekend can't work miracles.

My boxers didn't have pockets, so I dashed upstairs to stash it with my clothes. I figured the twins' breakfast could wait two more minutes. It was a note Dad had slipped me, when we parted from our hug. It had his phone number and the address to his place across town. The home he shared with his boyfriend, the one my age that I hadn't met but hated nonetheless.

After the hug and before he left, Dad said to me, "Why don't you come spend next weekend at your old man's place? I want you to meet Neal. I think you'll like him. He has been wanting to meet you too." His boyfriend. "I want you to meet his friend Steve, too. I think you two would like each other, a lot." And he winked at me.

"Dad, I do *not* need you introducing me to blind dates."

"Sorry--that obvious, huh? Well, come anyway. It'll be just you and me and Neal. How's that sound? You and I have a lot of catching-up to do. And I really do think you and Neal will get along too." Grinning slyly, voice lowered and conspiratorial: "He, ah, he gives the best head I've ever had. When he's hypnotized, his gag reflex completely disappears."

I nodded, accepting his invitation, finding it easy to grin back at him. And what I thought was, *I can't wait.*
