

# The Alter

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: Rich is straight, but his alternate personality likes guys--and it's tired to being kept in the shadows.

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

Copyright - 2018 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to [wrestlr@iname.com](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.mcstories.com/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

---

# The Alter

by *Wrestlr*

## 1.

I'm as nervous, to use my dad's favorite cliché, as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs. No rocking chairs here in Doctor Simon's waiting room, though.

Doctor Simon shares his offices with a couple other headshrinkers, so a few of their clients are waiting for their appointments too. They've been staring at me since I walked in--I guess they didn't expect to see a Texas highway patrolman like me in a shrink's office.

A few minutes later, I'm sitting on the edge of that black leather couch in Doctor Simon's plush office. Today's Tuesday--my weekly visit.

Doctor Simon comes in and sits in the adjoining chair, the one beside that huge mahogany desk, and I think how this dude's got it made, charging the state some outrageous amount of money per hour--more than I

could afford on my own--as part of the mental health benefits that come with my job.

See, for a few months now, I've been hearing a voice in my head. Nothing too weird--it's not telling me to go kill people or anything--but I figured I needed to get it checked out. I told the people at work I was having some stress issues and asked for a referral, and that's how I got hooked up with Doctor Simon. Only, lately, instead of going away, the voice has been getting clearer. It's been telling me things, like how hot this or that guy is. And Doctor Simon? I'd put his age at about thirty-five, ten years older than me, and he obviously takes good care of himself, probably has a membership at a fancy gym and a personal trainer. The voice in my head definitely thinks Doctor Simon is hot.

But right now I try to ignore the whispers; time to begin my latest appointment aimed at getting rid of the damned voice and those thoughts. Doctor Simon is jotting something quickly as I begin: "I had another headache last night, and I woke up with one this morning. I think they're getting more frequent." I run my hand through my dark hair, a nervous tic. I feel vaguely embarrassed, like I'm having some personal failure; I've been coming here every week for nearly three months, and I'm supposed to be getting better, not worse. Getting better is the whole point. The voice is supposed to be going away, not getting clearer.

He glances up and says, "And the dreams you have with these headaches, are they still about having sex with men?"

"Yeah," I answer, and my Texas drawl starts getting thicker. It always does when I'm nervous. "This morning, 'bout six, I heard that voice inside my head say, 'Call me tomorrow.' That's when I woke up, and I was naked, sitting on the edge of my bed, holding my pounding head."

"Do you always sleep naked?" asks Dr. Simon.

I shake my head. I *never* sleep naked. My daddy would have tanned my hide if he'd ever caught me sleeping naked when I was a kid; now that I'm grown, I've just kept up the habit of sleeping in my underwear.

"Okay, please continue."

"Well," I say, "when I got up to go take a leak, there was a condom on the floor, a used one. Two of them, actually."

"What do you remember before you got the headache?"

I think a moment, then say, "I remember coming home from work, changing outta my uniform. I was gonna go down the street and order a pizza for dinner. When I started out the door, the whispering in my head started getting harder to ignore. I got that headache, and I sat down on the couch and closed my eyes, just for a moment, to do one of those meditation exercises you suggested. And the next thing I know, I'm waking up in bed, like I said, naked, with used condoms on the floor."

"Maybe you're acting out these dreams," the doctor suggests. "Like sleepwalking." He writes some more. "And you still believe you're not gay or bisexual?"

He asks that question nearly every week. It shouldn't offend me, since he's a professional and he has to ask things like that, but somehow it does always rankle me a little--like he's just a little *too* interested. "Still straight as an arrow, Doctor. Still never done anything with another guy." Because that's true; I've just turned twenty-five years old, and I've never once touched another guy sexually. Never intend to, neither. I'm good-looking, and I score with the ladies pretty much every time I go looking for pussy.

"I'd like to try to talk to your alter again, if you're willing. I want to see whether he is finally ready to talk to me," the doctor begins, like he does pretty much every week. I don't mind the hypnosis. I mean, the first time

he said the voice in my head was some sort of alternate personality, that was sure weird, but he's the professional, so he should know. I'm just some schmuck who hands out speeding tickets up and down the interstate for a living. And the first time he suggested using hypnosis to talk to that alternative personality? That seemed even weirder, but now I find I don't mind. Sometimes the hypnosis is the only thing that seems to help with the headaches.

At first, the doctor always found my alter to be skittish, uncommunicative; but lately the alter has been more willing to talk little more. That's progress, right? Maybe the hypnosis is working.

"I want you to lie back the couch, and try to think back to your childhood."

"Look, Doctor," I say, like I do nearly every week, "I know where you're goin' with this--my family was wonderful--I had a great childhood." Which is true: I grew up on a farm about half an hour from here, and my memories of my childhood there are all great.

He nods. "Sometimes the causes aren't always apparent. Now, please, humor me," Doctor Simon coaxes.

I lean back on the black leather couch.

"Now, relax, and focus on my voice."

I listen as he begins his induction spiel. I practically know it by heart now. The voice in my head knows it too, and starts whispering the words along with the doctor.

"Focus on my voice."

*My voice.*

"Relax. Set aside the tensions of your day, and just let them go."

*Let go.*

"More and more relaxed, drowsy, ready to sleep."

*Sleep.*

With both of them saying the same thing to me, which one I pay the most attention to doesn't matter. I sink into the couch, completely relaxed. My eyelids grow heavy and close. I feel my thoughts folding inward, like I'm curling into a mental fetal position, and I sink into darkness.

"Where are you now?" Doctor Simon asks from far away.

"Ah'm on the farm ... East Texas." It's my voice, but it's not me speaking. The rural Texas twang I've worked so hard to get rid of since I became a trooper is heavier. This is the voice that speaks in my head, using me to talk to the doctor. "It's summer--real hot all day, 'n' don't cool off much at night, neither. Jim 'n' me, we been bailin' hay. Ah can smell it 'n' feel it stickin' to my sweaty chest--it itches."

"Who is Jim?"

"He's my best buddy," my voice answers. "Or was, 'til Daddy caught us."

The voice stops, and I see a quick dreamlike image of my daddy, angry and hollering at me and a teenager I sort of remember from back in high school--my friend Jim. I haven't thought about Jim in years.

"Tell me what happened," Doctor Simon prompts.

"Ah was just thinkin' 'bout Jim," my voice says, and I see a dream-image of Jim as he looked when we were about seventeen. He was muscular, blond-haired, with deep-blue eyes. "Jim sure was a good-lookin' feller. Great body."

"So, you were physically attracted to him?" asks the doctor.

"Yup. Real attracted."

"Then what happened?"

"After we finished bailin' the hay 'n' stowin' it in the barn, we was up in the hayloft 'n' got to wrasslin'."

"Wrestling? Did the physical contact with Jim arouse you?"

"Damn right it did. Ah sure got real hard when we was wrasslin'."

"That's normal for boys that age," the doctor says. "Did anything else happen? You said something earlier about your father catching you."

"Ah did say that, yep. You sure listen good, Doc. I like that in a man."

Doctor Simon pauses for a moment, then: "You're not Rich, are you? To whom am I speaking? Do you have another name?"

"Ah'm the guy inside his head who keeps all the secrets 'n' fucks the guys. Name's Dick."

*Dick?* My full name is Richard, but I go by Rich. But when I was a kid, I had an imaginary friend, an imaginary twin brother actually. We were both named Richard--I was Rich, and he was Dick.

"I see," the doctor says. "Hello, Dick. Can you tell me the rest of the story?"

I squirm on the couch as images of my father return. He's angry. The images are silent. I can't hear what he's yelling.

"Sure," the voice says, then adds, "Can ya believe this guy? We got us a killer body, a cock 'n' balls most guys would envy; we get all the ass we can handle, 'n' he blocks it out. Poor ol' Rich can't deal with it, but Ah can. Sure, Ah'll tell ya all 'bout what really happened."

"Please, go on with the story," the doctor says.

"Daddy called me 'n' Jim queers, 'n' he told Jim not to come back no more, told me never to talk to Jim ever again."

"Why?" the doctor asks. "Something must've happened in the hayloft to make him call you that awful name."

"Like Ah was sayin', Ah was up in the loft with Jim. We was wrasslin' some, 'n' talkin' 'bout girls, 'n' gettin' horny, 'n' Jim unzipped his jeans, pulled out his cock, 'n' started jackin' off."

"How did you feel about that?"

"Shit," Dick says with my voice, "Ah loved it. Ah'm the one who talked him into it--'n' Ah talked him into pullin' my cock out too."

"Was this the first time you ever masturbated with another boy?"

"Yeah," Dick answers. "That was the first time, in that hayloft when Jim pulled out his big ol' hard-on. I tell ya, Doc, my cock's gettin' hard right now just thinkin' about Jim's big ol' pizzle."

"Please, continue," the doctor says. "What happened next?"

"Well," the voice says, "I leaned over, 'n' grabbed the back of Jim's head, 'n' pushed him down on my cock."

"Did you touch his too?"

"Fuck, yeah," the voice says, "but later. Jim weren't no virgin--he knew 'zactly what to do. He wanted us to suck each other, so Ah said we should take off our clothes. We got full-naked, 'n' then Jim straddled my chest, stickin' his sweaty cock 'n' balls right in my face."

"Did you like that?"

"Yep. Loved the smell of Jim's sweaty meat, 'n' had my tongue lappin' at his hairy ball sack 'fore he knew what hit him."

"Please, go on," the doctor encourages, his voice thick with arousal.

Dick didn't miss that detail either. "Story gettin' too steamy for ya, Doc?"

The doctor clears his throat. "No ... Uh ... Please continue."

"Ah'm really gettin' off on it," the voice says. "My cock's oozin' pre-cum. Rich's gonna shit when he sees the stain on his precious uniform--he's the one who likes this highway patrol crap, not me. Ah'm just a simple farm-boy, always have been."

The voice sounds flirty, but something about the way it says *farm-boy* makes it sound so sex-dirty.

"I see," the doctor says. "Please, go on with your story."

"Anyway, my tongue got Jim so hot that he begged me to corn-hole him."

"So, you had anal intercourse with him?"

"You 'n' them fancy words," the voice sneers. "Yep, Ah stuck my big ... hard ... prick up Jim's round butt, 'n' drilled out his hot ... tight ... hole--Jim fuckin' loved it. He was bawlin' for my cock like a heifer in heat!"

"Did you also enjoy it?"

"Hell, *yeah*," the voice says. "Like fuckin' that cheerleader-slut the week before--she took the ol' hetero-cherry--but Jim was tighter 'n' a hunnert times better!"

From far away I feel a hand slide between my legs and rub the bulge in my crotch.

"Hey, Doc ... Ah got a real hard boner now."

Doctor Simon rasps, "Quite all right. Please continue."

"Ah--Ah," the voice stammers breathlessly, "thrust my ... cock ... deep into Jim's butt ... 'n' plowed ... his sweet ass like ... a ... garden ..."

That hand is squeezing my erection through my pants. I feel like I'm about to orgasm.

"Then Ah blew ... my load up Jim's hot ass ... 'n' he jacked hisself like crazy ... 'n' he blew his wad on the hay ..."

"What happened next?" the doctor asks, huskily.

"Shit, Doc," the voice grunts, "Ah'm--unnh--cummin'!"

The doctor says nothing, maybe waiting until the voice is able to speak again.

"We fell on the pile of hay ...," the voice sighs.

"Is that when your father caught you?"

"Yeah," the voice says, catching his breath. "He heard us hollerin' when we shot off. The old man was madder'n a hornet when he climbed up that ladder 'n' saw us. We was nekkid 'n' Ah still had my cock up Jim's ass, so's we couldn't deny what he caught us doin'. Jim didn't have time to get dressed. He grabbed his jeans 'n' work-boots, 'n' took off down the ladder, with Daddy yellin' 'n' cussin' 'n' callin' us both queers 'n' tellin' us to stay away from each other."

"Did your father punish you?"

"Hell, yeah," the voice says. "First, he got his belt 'n' whacked the livin' shit outta our butt. Then he hauled us to the storm cellar 'n' locked us in there for a couple days, 'til he thought Ah learned my lesson. Rich 'n' me, we thought we was gonna die down there. Rich was the one who got the ol' man to relent, tellin' Daddy how sorry he was, how he was gonna do whatever it took to make things right. Man, after that, Rich locked me away real deep, 'n' Ah couldn't take control no more, 'cept every once in a while. He kept me on a real tight leash. But when you started hypnotizin' him, Ah paid attention to how you was doin' it, 'n' Ah started doin' it to him too. Thanks for showin' me how. Ah start whisperin' the same things to Rich, 'n' he goes to sleep pretty as can be, 'n' then it's a lot easier for me to take control 'n' get us both laid by a guy who'll really appreciate all this meat."

I feel another squeeze from far away on my erection.

"I ... see," the doctor says.

"How about you, Doc? Think you can appreciate this meat?"

Another squeeze.

"I don't think--"

"Sure ya can, Doc? Ah wanna do somethin' to say thanks for showin' me how to hypnotize Rich 'n' take control. Maybe you'd like me to take control too?--Just for a little while? Maybe you'd like to just focus on my voice 'n' take a deep breath ..."

I feel my pants zipper being lowered.

"Yeah, take a deep breath, Doc, 'n' just listen to my voice ..."

I can't hear what happens next. The voice--Dick--pushes me down deeper into sleep, or blocks me out, or maybe I block it out myself. Anyway, the next thing I know, the voice is fading, whispering, "Catch ya later, Doc, 'n' thanks again."

Then the doctor says, "On the count of three, I want you to wake up, and tell me everything you remember. One, two ... and three." As the doctor snaps his fingers, my eyelids flutter and open. "Wake up, Rich."

As I wake and rub my eyes, I feel my limp cock lying in the muck of sticky cum in my briefs. Doctor Simon looks flushed himself, his clothing a little rumbled. He looks like he's pulled his clothes together in a hurry. Whatever just happened obviously flustered him too, but he's trying to act professional. I guess talking to an alter must be kind of unsettling?

"What do you remember, Rich?"

My head is aching like always when these spells come over me, but less than usual; this time it's not too bad. I sit up, try to compose myself. "I--uh--I heard this voice, the one I hear in my dreams, tellin' this story about me, Jim, and Daddy."

"Do you remember whether any of that actually happened?"

"Yeah," I answer, "now I do. But all these years I thought Daddy was pissed because me and Jim broke his tractor." I rub my head. How could I have forgotten all that? "Did you hear the voice too?"

"Yes, I met him," the doctor replies. "He's your alternate personality."

"My what?"

The doctor begins. "This confirms my theory that the voice you're experiencing is an alternate self--one who lets you act on your desire for other men."

"I told you, Doctor," I say, hands gripping the edge of the couch. "I'm not gay."

"Your other personality is. When you get these headaches, you black out, for lack of a better way to describe it. This allows your alternate personality--the one who can handle your attraction to men--to take over."

"You mean I'm crazy?"

"No, not at all," the doctor smiles, and says. "Your alternate personality uses a version of your name, and he only manifests when you have sexual urges that you can't cope with."

"But, shit, all my sexual urges are for women, and I can cope with those just fine," I say, rubbing the side of my head. "The dreams about men--they're just dreams, right? It's not like I'm really screwin' these guys. Why do I need him?"

"Because," the doctor says, "you *are* having sex with those guys. Or at least, your alternate personality is. Those dreams you've been having--they're not dreams." He looks at his Rolex watch. "I'm sorry, but our time's up," he says, sounding relieved, like he's trying to get rid of me before I push the issue further. "We'll continue this in our next session."

## 2.

Today's Tuesday. I know it's Tuesday because I'm back in Doctor Simon's office, sitting on the edge of that same couch. Still, I didn't realize until Doctor Simon asked, "How did your week go," that I don't really remember. I don't remember anything that happened today before I walked into his waiting room. I don't remember yesterday either, or the weekend.

I remember I'd been thinking some about Jim, off and on, wondering whatever happened to him after that summer when Daddy told us never to see each other again. But the last thing I remember was Friday. I was going off-duty. I remember waving to a buddy on my way out and wishing him a nice weekend and walking to my car, thinking I'd stop by the gym and burn off some stress with a hard workout before dinner. Then that headache started coming back and that voice in my head started whispering to me, and the next thing I remember is being in the doctor's waiting room.

Four days. *Poof!*

Now I'm sitting in front of the doctor. He just asked me a question, and I don't have an answer for him, so I say, "The headaches and the lost time--they're gettin' worse."

He doesn't say anything, waits for me to continue. He looks nervous, like maybe he's afraid something will happen, or maybe he's afraid it won't happen, or maybe he can't decide which would be worse.

"Well, not the headaches," I say, and talking makes me feel more in control now. "The headaches are getting' better, like it's getting' easier each time I have one of those dreams. But the lost time, that's getting' worse. I never lost more than a few hours before, but this time ..."

The doctor clears his throat quietly. "I think we've established that those aren't dreams."

"They're not?"

The doctor shakes his head.

"What can ya do 'bout it?" I'm nervous, so my East Texas accent is back.

"A lot will depend on you," he says. "If you're willing to try and accept your urges to have sex with men, that will be a start."

"I don't think I can, Doctor."

"And of course, there's one more alternative we need to consider, which is that you ... Ah, perhaps I should talk to your alter again."

I don't want to deal with this, and my headache is coming back. "Sorry, Doctor. I don't think ..."

But Doctor Simon is already starting his induction, telling me to relax and focus. I can already feel something in my head coming into alignment. The voice in my head is talking again, and it's saying the same things the doctor is--*relax, listen, focus*--reciting his familiar induction right along with him. I try to fight it, try to stay awake and aware but it's too much to fight. Caught between the two of them hammering at me, I can't hold out. I can already feel my thoughts curling up, feel myself sinking into sleep. One of the last things I realize is that my voice, Dick's voice now, is reciting the induction out loud, and Doctor Simon seems surprised and somehow pleased by this ...

I don't dream this time. No images. Nothing.

But I wake up with a start. Doctor Simon is sprawled back in his chair. He looked spaced-out, like he's high or half-awake or something. *Hypnotized*, the voice in my head whispers, and I can feel it trying to take control again, but I fight it down.

The doctor's shirt is unbuttoned all the way down, exposing his gym-toned chest and flat abs. *Great body, ain't it*, the voice murmurs as my eyes continue downward. His pants and trendy briefs are down around his



knees. His cock and balls are right out there on display for anyone to see. His dick is semi-erect, looks about average-sized, but there's something shiny at the tip that definitely looks--

Fuck, it looks like he just came.

I'm naked. Completely bare-ass stark naked. My cock and balls feel like they've just popped off a good load. And there's this weird taste in my mouth--

*Oh, holy fuck!*

I gotta get out of here. I grab my clothes into a wad and clamp the bundle in front of my crotch. There's a men's room across the hall and down one from the doctor's office--I'm thinking I'll run in there to get dressed.

But the moment I yank open the office door, I realize I've made a huge mistake, because there walking by are two of the other psychologists that Doctor Simon shares his offices with--and there's no way they could *not* see that I'm naked and the doctor is nearly naked too.

Yeah, a naked patient running out a psychologist's office probably doesn't look too good.

"Scuse me," I holler as I zip into the men's room and pull on my uniform in record time.

I take a moment to splash cool water on my sweaty face. "Gay?" I say to my mirror reflection. It just stares back at me.

Doctor Simon's door is closed when I come out, and there's a couple of raised voices from inside having a loud discussion--I guess it's not an argument, 'cause the doctor seems to be agreeing with everything they're saying about *professional ethics* this and *morals violations* that--and I decide I'd better sneak the fuck out of there before somebody decides to come looking for me.

### 3.

On my way home, I can feel that voice in the back of my head trying to take control--but it doesn't try too hard, not yet anyway, because I'm driving and I guess the voice has too much self-preservation to do anything drastic while I'm in a moving vehicle. I'm not sure exactly what happens when Dick takes over, but I'm betting it fucks with my reaction time in ways that would be dangerous while driving.

So Dick tries a different tactic, and that episode with Jim starts to become more real in my memory. I remember the tightness of Jim's asshole around my thick erection and how much I enjoyed fucking his ass, or maybe that was Doctor Simon's ass, or some random hook-up's ass--or all of the above--and my cock gets stuff again. I still like the ladies, so my hard-on must be a purely autonomic response.

When I'm about five minutes from my place, my phone rings. Unknown number. I tap the button to put the call on speaker-mode while I drive. I'm expecting the caller to be somebody from Doctor Simon's office, telling me all my future appointments have been canceled and to find another headshrinker, so I try to keep my voice neutral. "Richard here."

"Hey, stud," I hear a familiar voice say. "I left my sunglasses at your place last night. How 'bout I come by 'n' pick them up this evening? 'Sides, I'd really like to see you again."

"Who is this?" I ask, feeling paranoid as hell.

"Come on, Dick--or Rich--whatever you're calling yourself these days. Give me a break. You've only known

me for fifteen years, man."

"Jim? Jim Hays?"

"Yeah, buddy," he says. "I still can't get over the coincidence, runnin' into you at that bar after all these years, right? Anyway, Dick, yes or no about tonight?"

"Uh, sure?" I try, though I'm not sure exactly what I'm agreeing to. When did I run into Jim at a bar? I haven't seen him in years, not since that summer. And how did he get my phone number? I decide I can ask him all that when I see him. "When?"

"Let's say ... about an hour from now," Jim tells me.

"Yeah, uh, great ... Bye." Good thing I'm sitting in my car, because I'd have fallen over if I'd been standing up.

I'm still in my uniform; I'm thinking I have plenty of time to shower and change into a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. But then the doorbell rings before I can get to my bedroom. I think about how it hasn't been an hour yet, more like ten minutes, tops; and when the doorbell rings again, I break out in a cold sweat.

"Hey, big stud," Jim says as I open the front door. He's leaning against the frame, a six-pack in one hand and a plastic bag from the Chinese take-out joint down the road in the other. "I brought dinner. You eaten yet?" There's a little white plastic bag from the drugstore too. "I also brought supplies, since you're probably running low after last weekend."

I take the sixer he passes to me. "You look great," I say, trying to concentrate even though that voice in my head is chattering nonstop and I feel the beginnings of a major headache. "Long time, no see, huh?" Jim's body looks even better than before. "You ready for one of these beers?"

"Yeah, sure," Jim says as I pull one and hand it to him. "That's a funny thing to say--'long time, no see'--after we fucked all weekend. You sure wore me out." He walks in, transfers the food bag and drugstore bags to me, his voice low and sexy. "I hope tonight's just as good."

I glance into the drugstore bag as he puts his arms around my waist. Inside are a box of condoms and a little plastic bottle of lubricant, both in my favorite brands. Why would he bring condoms and lube?--And how would he know my brands?

*Oh, fuck!*

"Hey, cut it out, man," I say, giving his arms a push that nearly makes him spill his opened beer everywhere. "You think I'm gay, don't ya?"

Jim pulls away from me and gives me an unreadable look. "Look, Dick, call it what you want--I'm not into labels."

As I set the bags on the coffee table, I snap, "My name's Rich."

"Whatever, man. I've known you since we were kids, 'n' you've always been Dick, so that's--"

I drop my unopened beer to the floor and grab my pounding head. I can feel it happening.

"Hey, man, you all right? Dick? You okay, bud?"

"Yeah," I say. "Ah been havin' these real bad headaches lately." I look into Jim's beautiful deep-blue eyes.

"But they're gettin' better. 'Sides, Ah like it when you call me Dick." I wanna fuck him so bad I can taste it. I grab him and pull him close.

"Now, that's more like it," Jim grins, and his arms go around me. "I'm glad you're still wearing your uniform. *Real sexy.*"

We're standing so close I feel his hot breath blowing on my neck. "Ah'm gonna fuck ya 'til yer eyes roll back in yer head," I promise in a growl, nipping at his earlobe. I inhale his spicy cologne. "Ah could just eat ya up."

"I ain't stopping ya," Jim whispers as he begins unbuttoning my uniform shirt.

I pull my shirttails out as Jim slides my shirt off my shoulders. I throw my head back as Jim bites and kisses my thick, five-o'clock-shadowed neck. I feel every part of me surrender, giving in to the urge of wanting him completely.

I tug his T-shirt up too. He raises his arms above his head, and I pull his shirt up and off. Jim rubs his rough hands across my chest; he bends and sucks on my pointed tit. "Bite it, fucker," I hiss through my clenched teeth. Jim gliding his slippery tongue across my chest muscles, then chews on my other tit-nub.

I unbuckle my holster and belt, feeling my cock stir inside my briefs. I wonder whether maybe I should make us stop wearing underwear--wonder what strait-laced Rich would think of that. Laying my gun and holster on the sofa, I take a deep breath and unfasten my uniform pants. Pressure from my thick cock and fat nuts forces the zipper halfway open at my fly.

Jim laps the thicket of hair under my arms. I grunt and grab his head, pulling his mouth back to my chest, and I moan as the tip of his tongue follows the trail of hair down my ridged belly. He stops at my hairy navel and swirls his tongue-tip around. Then Jim's lips trace the outline of my hard shaft through my sweaty briefs. I force my pants and underwear down to my knees, then straighten up, displaying myself to his appreciative leer.

"Man, Dick, you sure did grow up real good. Big in all the right places, too."

I just grin.

My cock bobs in front of Jim's face. He holds my shaft at the root as he puts his wet, full lips on my cock-head for a kiss. He runs his tongue-tip around the edge of my glans, making my hairy nut-sack tighten. I moan my appreciation.

Jim swallows my cock whole. He was no virgin back in the hayloft, and he's gotten more experienced since then. I feel his tongue teasing my cock with a few tricks, and my shaft gets harder, the head swells inside his mouth. I place my big hands on either side of his head, and I start to fuck his hot mouth.

After a minute, Jim stops sucking me, pulls back, stands up. I watch intently as he unbuttons the fly of his faded jeans. He's not wearing underwear, so his wiry blond cock-bush is the first thing I see.

Our eyes lock as I sit on the edge of a chair and pull off my uniform boots; Jim slides off his white sneakers. We continue staring into each other's eyes, as I shove my pants and underwear the rest of the way to my ankles and kick my feet out of them. He does the same with his jeans. I stand, naked except for my socks. He stands completely naked before me.

"Got yourself a great body, Jim," I say, eyeing his smooth, tanned flesh laden with muscles, the lighter strip at his waist where his suntan stops. His smooth, straight cock is longer than I remember, and thicker.

"Better than when we were in the hayloft?"

I nod, as Jim drops to his knees and swallows my cock again.

Jim stops sucking me to say, "Boy-howdy, Dick, your cock sure tastes good." As his deep-blue eyes look up at mine, I run my thumb across his drooling lips. As Jim swallows my cock again, I bend over him and run my rough hands down his bronzed back. His silky blond hair brushes against my ridged belly as my fingers rub the cleft of his full ass.

"Turn around," Jim says softly. I slowly turn, sticking my butt in his face. "Man, you've got a fine ass."

He spreads my butt cheeks apart with careful hands, stretching my asshole. I arch my back and groan as I feel his tongue licking deeply into my hairy crack, making my pucker expand and contract. Feels good, but I have something else in mind. "Lemme fuck ya, buddy," I say, stroking my thick shaft with my fist. "Ah wanna fuck ya so bad!"

Jim gets up off his knees, turns around, and bends over. He rests his arms on the seat of the chair in front of him. He wiggles his perfectly shaped ass-globes and thrusts back toward me, offering it. I knead his firm, round butt, grabbing handfuls of his cheeks. Deep in the nest of blond curls, his tight asshole pulses like a beating heart. I spit on his pucker a couple of times, then stick my index finger up his tight hole and rotate it.

"Yeah, man," Jim purrs, "finger-fuck my tight ass."

I ease another finger up him. Jim writhes in ecstasy, as his ass-lips draw both fingers into his rectum, up to the knuckles. As I run my fingers across his prostate, Jim twitches, so I do it again, and again.

"Feels good, Dick, but how 'bout you fuck me with your big dick instead."

I ease my fingers out, pull his butt apart, and spit on his asshole again.

"Lube in the bag," he reminds me. "Condoms too."

I grab for the drugstore bag where Rich left it on the coffee table. I tear open the box, tear open the foil condom package with my teeth. I roll the latex over my rigid pole.

Jim and I end up on the floor, him face-up. I slick up my rubbered shaft generously with lubricant. I grab hold of his meaty thighs, like I'm holding a wheelbarrow, bow my head, and take aim. He clamps his legs tightly around my back.

"Holy fucking damn," Jim gasps as my mushroom cock-head pierces through his pink rim. He knows how to take a fuck--doesn't need long to get used to my intruder in his ass. His legs squeeze around me to let me know he's ready and wanting it.

Our eyes are locked together as I start hip-pumping into him. Streams of sweat trickle down my beard-stubbed face, chest, and ridged belly. I start in talking, telling Jim to *relax, breathe, focus*, but it don't take as good on him as it does on Rich or Doc Simon. Jim probably thinks I'm trying to talk him through getting accustomed to my cock, trying to keep his mind off the burn in his violated ass. He doesn't realize I'm trying to hypnotize him. Still, he doesn't go deep--I'll have to research a different kind of induction that'll work better on Jim. Maybe Doc Simon will have some thoughts on that.

But for now, my husky instructions to *relax, focus*, and the sound of my thighs slapping his butt cheeks, and my occasional throaty grunts fill the stillness of my living room. The aroma of two men sweating and fucking like bulls in rut fills the air. I flex my hips with each thrust, driving my meat-spike deep into his guts.

Jim's in a half-trance at best, maybe less. He still manages to tell me what he wants instead of just accepting my suggestions. "I wanna sit on your big cock," Jim pants breathlessly.

I drag my lube-slicked, rubbered shaft out of his dilated asshole. His muscled legs release their grip around my back, and I lower myself to the floor. I sprawl out on the rug as Jim straddles my groin and eases himself down onto my rigid pike, facing me.

"Oh, yeah, man," Jim cries, as his tight ass settles on my prick. "Yeah, fuck me!" he yowls, even though *he* is the one fucking himself on my dick. He bounces up and down on my fuck-rod with all his might, clamping his sphincter around my meat. Raw lust has my cock feeling harder, thicker, and longer than ever before as I thrust it into his rectum. I run my rough hands up and down his sweaty torso, and I tweak his hard nipples.

My nut-sack tightens, announcing an intense load of cum is building and nearly ready. I pull my torso up, wrap my strong arms tightly around Jim, wince, and grit my teeth. My belly clenches, and my chest heaves. Jim rises and falls in my grip, fucking himself on my cock. My eyelids clamp shut, and the world begins to fire. Everything explodes into sex-bliss as I feel my spunk gush through my cock and into the rubber, probably making the end of it swell like a tiny balloon.

I drift through cotton-candy clouds of sex-pleasure, riding my orgasm down into the afterglow. Jim pants like a junkyard dog. He begs, "Don't pull out yet," one of the sexiest things he's ever said to me. His face is flushed vivid red, covered with sweat and need. Slowly, I pump my still-firm cock in and out of his asshole as my fist throttles his rod to climax. He groans, mutters something incoherent. Long, ropy strings of jizz rocket out Jim's cock-head as he climaxes, and his sperm wets my fist, my pecs, my abs.

Jim sags against my sweaty chest. As I bite and kiss the nape of his neck, my head starts pounding again. Somebody wants out.

I roll Jim off of me and onto the rug. His body is clumsy, half-limp, half-conscious; a portion of that may be from the partial hypnosis, but most of it is the lassitude following a mind-blasting orgasm. I separate myself from him. "Gotta pee," I grunt as I stand and stagger into the bathroom.

I lean on the sink and stare at my face in the mirror. Looking Jim up on the Internet was easy. By pure luck he'd chosen to move to the city too, same as me, after he also outgrew that small farm town where we grew up. His social media pages told me the bar where he liked to hang out. Running into him *accidentally on purpose* last Friday brought everything full circle and proved more therapeutic than all those sessions sitting in Doc Simon's office and pretending to ignore the hungry way Doc looked at me; well, maybe Rich was clueless, but I saw it for what it was. I learned a lot from Doc Simon, though, so it wasn't a waste. I learned how to put that alter Rich down into sleep, and the past four days proved I can do it for as long as I want, maybe even for good.

Rich served his purpose after Daddy beat the living crap out of me that summer and nearly left me to die in that cellar. But now I'm all grown up, and I can make my own decisions.

"Ah don't need you no more, Rich," I drawl to my reflection and the weakening little whisper in the back of my head. "Ah'm back, 'n' Ah'm in control full-time now, 'n' Ah won't never need you no more."

---