

# The New Me

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Hypno]

Synopsis: I woke up in my former roommate's bed after a night of drinking and hypnotic games.

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 are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Waking up after a night of drinking always sucks. My first impressions were physical: the solidness of the mattress under me, my morning erection scraping as I shifted against the sheet that covered my body from the ribs down. I lifted my head and looked bleary-eyed around to confirm the world was still there. Ugh. Spoiler alert: It was--and it brought along plenty of hangover-hating sunlight to make sure I was miserable as crap.

I groaned and rolled a bit, trying to cling to sleep a few moments longer. That's when I felt of the heavy warmth of a body breathing alongside me.

Body? Breathing?

My nervous eyes snapped open again. Where the crap was I? This wasn't my bed--wrong color sheets and my cheapo mattress was nowhere near this comfortable. What the hell did I do last night? Where the hell had my drunken ass ended up? And why was my best friend and former roommate Brent sleeping beside me?

Oh. Right.

Last night Brent, his new lover Rex, and I had gone out dancing, and then they'd brought me back to their place and--

Crap! Had I really--?

Double crap! I'd practically seduced them into giving me a crash introduction on kinky sex and hypnosis. Well, not *seduced* exactly. More like *demanded*.

Oh, hell. Now that the remembering part of my brain was semi-functional again, all the embarrassing--no, *mortifying*--details came storming back to me. No way was I *ever* going to live this down!

Brent had been my secret crush forever. We'd met in college, then graduated a couple of years ago, shared a cheap-ass apartment as best friends and occasional fuck-buddies. Both of us were twenty-five now and gay; we had fucked now and then whenever we were both between boyfriends--being friends-with-benefits was convenient and fun, but a gym'ed-up, hard-partying pretty boy like him never seemed to see a nerd like me as a potential long-term lover. I was never the club-hopping, promiscuous type, but Brent sure was, different guys three or four nights a week. Socially?--Brent was the life of the party everywhere he went, gorgeous smile, perfect hair, and smooth confidence. But his personal life?--A three-alarm dumpster fire of tchotchke-throwing breakups after two weeks, retail therapy with money he didn't have, and frantic vanity about his abs if his body fat level ever rose above five percent. About a year ago, he'd started to explore his kink side, too. Ever since, I guess he considered me just Mister Vanilla Ice Cream, while he was two scoops of Rocky Road With Extra Drama Sprinkles.

Then he met Rex.

They hooked up at one of the kink clubs Brent frequented. I realized my friend had to be seriously smitten when Rex was still around after the two-week self-destruct date. Rex was six or seven years older than Brent, and light years more mature. I liked Rex, and he seemed to be able to handle Brent's drama in ways all his previous boyfriends couldn't; Rex was good for Brent, reined in his party-boy ways, toned him down. Brent started to get his dumpster-fire life under control--started spending most of his nights at Rex's place instead of slutting around, curbed his credit cards, and--the biggest shocker!--started paying his half of the rent on time.

Then a couple of months ago, Brent decided to move out our shared apartment and into Rex's condo. That was hard for me. I was happy for them, but felt sorry for myself too, since I went from at least having Brent around for scenery and occasional fuck-buddy sex, to living solo and almost never seeing him. Oh, sure, we talked some on the phone, swapped text messages daily. He bragged to me about his new adventures with Rex in kink clubs--bondage, hypnosis, submission--and, crap, I was curious about all that kinky stuff too but would never-ever let myself be brave enough to try, not even with Brent. I complained to him about my same-old nowhere job, social anxiety, bland-as-fuck sex life, and lack of a boyfriend, the usual crap. But talking by phone or text wasn't the same. I missed him. When Brent called and asked me to join him and Rex for drinks at a trendy dance club last night--Brent may have used the phrase *take your whiny ass out and get you laid* like he used to before he moved out--I said yes, even though I'm not whiny and am definitely not the dance club type. I just prefer to do my dancing the way the universe intended: alone in my bedroom where no one can judge me.

Now there I was, lying next to Brent in a strange bedroom--probably in the condo he now shared with Rex. And did I mention I was nude? Yep. Naked, hung over, hard-cocked, and less than six inches away from Brent, sleeping with his bare back to me, who was probably naked too under that sheet that covered him from the waist down. I'd had friends-with-benefits sex with Brent before, but after the orgasms one of us had always slunk off the mattress and back to his own bed. We'd never actually *slept* together.

And the things we'd done last night? All those memories were storming back too. I couldn't dismiss them as

dreams, because my cock-stretched jaw, sore asshole, and spent balls kept volunteering corroborating proof.

In the wee hours of the morning, we'd come back from the club. I was somewhere between sloppy and way too drunk. I'd somehow had a lot of fun, danced my ass off, gotten more than a little high on some great weed they scored. Then I'd--

Oh, crap, had I really propositioned them both on the ride back?

Yeah, I had, and they'd been willing. They pulled me into their bedroom, and my best friend Brent and his lover Rex proceeded to expand my sexual horizons and my asshole with a crash course on domination sex and hypnosis. Okay, I'd had some fantasies before, and I sure wanted my boundaries expanded, and last night they'd pushed me far, far beyond what I thought were my limits, over and over again, especially with the hypnosis, and I'd loved every single moment.

But now--because of course morning-after regrets suck with extra teeth--I worried I'd gone too far too fast. My comfort zone? That was covered with tire tracks about twenty miles back in the rearview mirror.

So if Brent was sleeping next to me, where was Rex? Nowhere to be seen, but through the open passage to the rooms beyond, I could hear the telltale plinks and rustles of someone moving around in the kitchen. Their new condo wasn't huge--not hard to figure out his location.

I was more than a little hung-over, but thanks to long years of practice, I was still more than capable of overthinking this. My mind started sprinting through all my options for getting the hell out of there, and all of them seemed really embarrassing:

Option One: I could roll over and pretend to be asleep, wait until Brent woke up, so I could rely on his greater wealth of experience to walk me through the social minefield of leaving the home of somebody--*somebodies*--I'd just had super-kinky sex with. Option Two: I could sneak out of bed, grab my clothes, get dressed in the bathroom, and try to slip out the front door without being seen. Option Three: I could lock myself in their bathroom and hide out until they left for work on Monday morning and then make my escape. All of those options meant I had a long Walk of Shame in my immediate future.

My bladder forced the decision, insisting on whichever option included getting up and finding a bathroom. I hadn't paid much attention to their condo layout last night--I just remembered the front door, the short hallway where I kept staggering into the wall, giggling my drunk-and-high ass off, and the bedroom--oh, yeah, lots and lots of the bedroom. I'd been in a bathroom at one point, pouring excess alcohol out of my bladder, but now I didn't see the bathroom door anywhere. Where the fuck was their bathroom? I knew they had to have one around here somewhere--what condo doesn't? But I didn't see a bathroom door, or a closet door either.

As embarrassing as my exit options were, I figured staying where I was until I pissed their bed would be an absolute disaster, so I didn't even bother to put that on my list as Option Four. So only one of the *get up* options left me with a shred of dignity. How did confident guys like Brent manage to do this *multiple times a week*?

I fumbled around on the floor, found a pair of underwear; no way a designer clothes-horse like Brent would *ever* let red-and-black-plaid boxers from the bargain store touch his hips, so those had to be mine--

And I couldn't find the rest of my clothes. Where the fuck had I taken them off? Living room, maybe?

Oh, no. No way I'd be that lucky. I'd taken off my clothes during the ride back to their place. In the back seat of their car. Which was probably where my clothes still lay.

So now I had an official Option Four: Shoot me. Shoot me now.

Well, now I had no way to avoid the biggest Walk of Shame of my life. My wallet, keys, and phone were in my pants. My pants were in the back seat of their car. Their car was parked who-knows-where and who-knows-how-far-away outside. I had no way to get home unless my underwear-wearing ass slunk out to their car, wherever it was, or asked one of them pretty-please to go retrieve my crap for me while I awkwardly stood around their place in just my boxers like it was no big deal, when it was in fact a very big deal, the biggest!

Note to self: Never touch alcohol or weed ever again.

So there I stood in my boxers in their bedroom, trapped between sleeping Brent on one side and facing Rex on the other, with my bladder demanding I make a decision pronto. I couldn't stay there, but the idea of leaving the bedroom and encountering Rex was kick-starting my social anxiety. I always dealt with my fears by rehearsing some conversation starters. However, even though Rex had hypnotized me last night for the first time ever, ordered me around, and put his dick in my ass, I didn't really know him, and my brain was coming up with some definitely weird opening lines, like *Hey, I really enjoyed when you hypnotized Brent and me and made us take turns sucking your cock last night, can I borrow a pair of pants and maybe a shirt so I can go get my stuff out of your car*, or my personal favorite, *Sure was fun when you put my best friend and me in a trance and ordered me to fuck his butthole while he licked your ass, let's do that again real soon*.

Sometimes, you just can't muster any dignity when you're in someone else's condo with nothing but a hangover and your underwear, so I was more than a little embarrassed as I slunk out of the open bedroom entry and stepped out into the hallway. Across their living area I could see Rex in the kitchen, from the waist up; he had his bare back toward me and he was chopping something I couldn't see. Maybe I could still sneak out? Nah--time to face the firing squad. Besides, as Brent always tried to tell me, *Things won't get awkward unless you make them awkward*.

Not that I ever listened. Making things awkward was, like, a core feature of my personality.

Whatever he was chopping, Rex was going about it with cool efficiency. Last night he had been authoritative and dominant, an intensity that both intimidated and aroused the fuck out of me. Now, though, his intensity was dialed back, and he seemed relaxed. Well, of course he was relaxed; this was his condo--no Walk of Shame for him. His posture was loose and casual, and he was even humming quietly to himself.

Which was kind of adorable.

Whoa!--Where had that thought come from? Sure, we'd gone out drinking last night and had a great three-way that busted both my hypnosis virginity, my kinky sex virginity, and my three-way virginity all at once, but things needed to stop there. Rex was Brent's lover, and in no way whatsoever did I need to be crushing on my best-friend-slash-crush's lover. My therapist was sure to have a field day with all that. If I could ever afford to get a therapist, that is.

No bathroom door anywhere here that I could see. And where was the front door? I didn't see that either. Rex looked up as I stepped closer, and I was stunned for just a moment. His face--*wow*. His eyes were bright, practically sparkling with just a touch of mischief, and I just wanted to dive into them. Yeah, I understood why Brent was so smitten with him: Rex was really attractive himself, and the fact that he was naked except for a pair of bright-blue designer briefs and was wielding a chef's knife with practiced dexterity only made him sexier. What can I say?--I'm incompetent in the kitchen, and men who know how to cook get *so* many extra points on the hot-or-not scale. And dominant cooking men with that strong, stubble-roughened jawline, a great chest--and who fill out the pouch in their briefs like that--*Ahem!*

Rex's eyes flicked briefly up and down my body, and my social dread level shot up as I watched for his reaction. I breathed a little sigh of relief when he smiled a little and his face carried an expression of solid approval. I mean, I know I'm not bad-looking, and I try to stay fit, but at best I'm a seven-point-five out of ten, maybe an eight if you have a nerd fetish, while even on his worst bad hair day Brent's a solid nine-point-eight. In a beauty contest between Brent and me, he'd win every time. Rex had Brent waiting in his bed and didn't need me. Still, his approval seemed oddly important, like something I craved. Like I *needed* to make him happy. Weird.

I waved, trying for *casual* instead of *uncomfortable*, swallowed nervously. He smiled back. "G'morning," he said, his voice quiet and firm but also gentle, a post-sex purr curling through it.

"Uh, hi," I managed to mumble around the lump in my throat, crossing my arms nervously over my very bare chest, hoping the last of my morning wood wasn't too obvious in my boxers, especially when that purr of his seemed to wind around my spent balls and set them tingling all over again. "Uh, bathroom?" Yeah, a real smooth conversation-starter there.

Crap!--Just the way he'd looked at me nearly made me pitch a tent in my boxers. Even though we maybe had a mutual attraction, losing my self-control like that semi-horrified me. And Rex seemed to be all about being in control. I was somehow very okay with that part, but I still didn't like the idea of my body nearly betraying me and exposing my interest. Him being in control?--Fine. Me being out of control?--Definitely not fine.

I managed to avoid having my cock go full-chub. Whew! Getting a hard-on when I need to piss sucks, because I can never pee with a stiffy.

Rex said, "Sit," and pointed that knife at a stool in front of the kitchen island that partially separated their dining area from the cooking area.

Just a casual command. For a moment, those chaotic *what should I do* voices jumbled in my head aligned unanimously around *what he told me to*, and I ignored my complaining bladder and sat, found myself fighting a sudden flush of submission and arousal. His quiet authority cut through the awkwardness, reminded me of last night, and that brought back more memories that fleshed out the details of the weird stuff. Sure, I'd been fantasizing about hypnosis for a while and he'd hypnotized me, but he hadn't spent that much time ordering me around. He'd hypnotized Brent too, and certainly ordered *him* around, a lot--and Brent fucking loved it. I'd loved watching it, too, though now a lot of it seemed a little too intense for vanilla ice cream me.

"Hung over?"

"A little," I acknowledged.

A knowing nod, another pointing of the knife. "Aspirin, and water too. Take two. Drink plenty."

I saw the painkiller bottle he'd pointed to on the counter next to me, alongside a sweating-cold bottle of water. "Thanks," I said, shaking out two pills, swallowing them, gulping a good amount of water to wash them down.

"Uh, about my clothes ...," I began as I watched Rex work. He sliced some fruit with precise, practiced efficiency. He was obviously accustomed to being in charge. I tried to recall what he did for a living. Had I been too intimidated to ask? He seemed like the type of guy with a career instead of a job, a career that required ties and shirts not made of polyester knits, unlike my crappy going-nowhere joke of a retail job. I pictured him sitting behind a desk and telling people what to do.

"Still in the back seat of my car," Rex said, a simple fact. "We'll get them after breakfast." He had eggs set out on the counter, seemed halfway through making that breakfast. "Do you like peppers? Onions?" he asked as

he sliced a red bell pepper with that same practiced motion. He sure seemed to know what he was doing. Seemed to know what he was doing with *everything* so far.

"Sure. I'm not picky about what I put in my mouth," I said. Rex glanced up at me, his eyes and lips quirking a smile, and I tried to laugh at my unintentional lame innuendo, but the sound was more like a seal clearing its throat. Definitely unsexy. I turned my head away quickly.

"Uh, bathroom?" I asked.

He flickered a small grin, pointed with his knife-hand. "Right over there."

I looked. I didn't see a door anywhere. "Huh?" I shifted uncomfortably on the stool, needing to drain my near-capacity bladder soon.

"Right over there," he repeated. "You don't see it?"

I looked again. Was this a trick question? Was he bullshitting me? Or maybe the door was disguised somehow? "I don't see it. Where? I gotta piss."

"You can't see the bathroom door? It's right there. What about the front door?"

What front door? Now I was getting upset. I mean, what the fuck was going on here?

"Let's try an easier question. What's my name?"

"Uh, Rex."

"And what's your name?"

"I'm--Uh ..."

I couldn't remember my name. My own fucking name! Right on the tip of my tongue and I just went blank on it.

Rex grinned. "Can't remember your name? Can't see the front door or the bathroom door?"

"What the fuck's going on? Tell me."

"I can tell you, or I can show you," Rex said with that wicked smile as he stepped closer. "That is, if you want to be a good boy."

I knew I should have stopped to think about what he was saying, and the moment I saw his hand reaching for me, I should have pulled back because I was kind of weird about personal space and physical contact, but something in my head said *Let him*, and I didn't pull away. Then his hand was coming to rest on my face like a mask, and somehow I just let it, his palm pressing lightly against my chin, mouth, nose, his thumb on my cheek, fingertips barely on my forehead. Like a mask ... A mask for my mind ... Something started to unfurl in my head and drape over my thoughts, muting them. His hand applied a gentle pressure, just enough to push my head back a little.

"I know you want to be a good boy," he said firmly, his hand still covering my face. "Just relax. Be a good boy."

The word seemed to echo in my head: *Good boy, good boy, good boy*. I had just a moment to realize what was happening, and then my muted thoughts began to fade, go even quieter ...

Being hypnotized last night felt so damn good. Fuck, yeah, I wanted to feel that way again, was feeling it ... Needed it ... Welcomed it ... Sank into it ... And I knew three things absolutely to be true:

*As long as his hand was on my face, I could be quiet.*

*As long as I was quiet, I could listen and obey.*

*As long as I listened and obeyed, I was a good boy.*

"That's it. Take another deep, calming breath. Let it happen. Good boy. Let yourself sink back into that trance you enjoyed so much last night, nice and deep. Let your thoughts slow down and fade away. Nothing for you to do except feel and be a good boy."

He said something else, a few instructions meant only for my subconscious mind to hear, and then he pulled his hand away. "Look over there. Do you see the bathroom door now?"

I took another deep breath, looked over my shoulder. I'd have sworn that door wasn't there a minute ago, but there it was. "Yes."

"Good. Go take a leak, then come back here and sit down, and we'll talk."

I rose and fast-shuffled toward the definitely-there-now door.

What he'd done started to wear off as I stood, boxers pulled down, dick out, in front of the toilet and did my bladder-emptying routine. I sucked in a breath. While I'd been, well, whatever that was, all the worries and fears that usually yammered in my head had gone quiet, and they still were, mostly. I glanced at myself in the mirror. A little disheveled from a night of bed-calisthenics, but not bad. Good-looking face. Not Brent-level hot, but not bad at all. Decent body too; I really should be getting to the gym more, but I was fit, or at least fit-ish. But, ugh, I stank of sweat and lube and sex and probably who-knows-whose dried cum. I wondered if they'd mind if I took a quick shower, but opted instead to just wash my hands, rub two palms of water on my stubbly face. As for wearing nothing but my boxers, maybe I could put a towel around my waist and one around my shoulders? Or pull down the shower curtain and create a makeshift toga? Nah, better not; besides he'd already seen me in less, a thought that made me blush.

I felt a pull. I still had the second half of what he told me to do. Time to go back out there. I sucked in a breath and did exactly that and sat back down on the kitchen stool across the island from him, just as he'd told me. My head was clearer now. I asked, "So what just happened?"

"Just the lightest of post-hypnotic suggestion play. I didn't want you waking up before we did and sneaking out before we had a chance to talk, so I suggested you wouldn't be able to find the front door until we opened it or told you it was there. It would still be there, obviously, but you just wouldn't notice it. Apparently your subconscious made a jump from 'the closed door' to 'all closed doors,' and that kept you from seeing the bathroom door too."

"And forgetting my own name? What about that?"

"Oh, that was just to mess with you a little." The tiniest smirk, then his voice reverted to perfectly casual, the same way he'd asked earlier about my pepper and onion preferences. "So how are you feeling this morning?"

I knew he was talking about last night's hypnosis-and-kinks threesome. "Uh ... Good, I guess," I said, still hesitant to meet his eyes. "The door stuff and forgetting my own name was weird. Well, a lot of what we did last night--this morning--was weird. But, uh, overall ... I got to try a lot of stuff I'd been thinking about trying and, uh, it was a lot of fun. It was, um, really fun. So, yeah. I feel good about it."

"Glad to hear it," Rex said as he knife-scraped the diced peppers into a bowl and got started on an onion. "You seemed to enjoy yourself, but I thought I'd make sure what we did wasn't too much for you. Sometimes the day after, things can feel different."

I considered what he said, tried to figure out if I was feeling any different. I didn't think I was--at least, not about the stuff he'd done to me. No, scratch that. If I was being honest, I felt really different about *all* of it, especially the stuff he'd done to Brent--

"I don't see what Brent gets out of it," I blurted out before I could stop myself, gesturing toward the bedroom where all the weird stuff happened. More memories were thundering back. I'd watched Rex hypnotize Brent. They probably had a trigger word that would've sent Brent directly into a trance, *do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollars*, but Rex had done a full induction for my benefit, and watching Brent slowly succumb ... submit ... was weird ... and also so fucking hot!

And last night drunk-me had immediately begged--not asked, *begged*--to be hypnotized too. And I never beg!

Snap back to the present where Rex looked at me, one eyebrow raised.

"Um, I mean," I babbled, "I've never been hypnotized before, and that was fun, and I definitely got something out of it, but the stuff you were telling me to do and doing to me was kind of mild, I guess, compared to what you and Brent ..."

I was babbling like a total idiot, which I was, but his nod told me he understood. "Brent," he began, "enjoys a certain ... intensity, whether it's hypnosis, bondage, masochism, whatever. Outside of sex, he flips his submissive side on and off, as you probably know. But when it's on, his level of submission can be intimidating for a beginner to watch," Rex said as he casually added the chopped onion to the bowl with the peppers.

Watching him do something so mundane while talking about something so ... opposite-of-mundane was confusing, very confusing.

Not that I saw anything wrong with hypnosis--I'd told Brent a while ago about my own hypno-fantasies, and he'd told me Rex had some skills in the area. I didn't see anything wrong with the bondage and pain stuff either, not really. Different strokes for different folks, right? The juxtaposition of how Rex almost coddled me through the experience versus how he let loose with Brent just seemed jarring, like I'd gotten his nurturing Doctor Jekyll side and Brent got his horny Mister Hyde.

Rex continued, "Kink games can get intense, so experimenting with someone you trust is important. Last night I wasn't letting things go very far, with the hypnosis or the submission-play. We only scratched the surface of what there is to do, and what Brent likes."

"Yeah," I said, swallowing around another lump in my throat. "I got that impression."

"Brent isn't a full-time submissive. Sometimes he wants to be one hundred percent submissive, and other times when we're at the kink clubs, we find a third so I help him explore his dominant side. But there's only so much you can accomplish when the third is a stranger and you only have an hour or two together. We've been thinking about bringing in a third into our relationship, someone mostly submissive who we can build trust with over time and who builds trust with us. Brent really likes you. When he told me you wanted to try hypnosis and submission, I suggested he set up a night together, and you seemed willing ..."

I blinked. Me? Part of me focused on how that was a weird thing to say, but part of me found the idea kinda hot. "So, uh, last night was, what, an interview?--a test drive?"



Rex quirked half-smile. "Maybe, if you want to think of it that way, though the situation is a little more complicated than that. I'll need to check in with Brent, but I think we can at least say you earned yourself a call-back. If you want it."

"So last night--" I had a lot of questions about domination and submission and hypnosis and control, and they log-jammed in my head, all trying to get asked at the same time. What I untangled was: "Are you and Brent, like, master and slave or something?--Does he call you 'master' or what?" Hey, if I was even going to consider being their third, I needed to know these things; this seemed kind of important. Would just Rex be taking control, making me submit alongside Brent?--Or would Rex and Brent share control and I'd submit to both? That might be cool. And could I take control sometimes and make Brent submit to me too? So hot! So many questions!

Rex grinned. "Mostly he calls me 'Rex.'" The grin turned sly. "Why? Do *you* want to call me 'master'?"

"No!" I snorted, too quickly, embarrassed. "But I guess I'm ... uh ..." *Definitely tempted*, I wanted to say but couldn't.

"It's okay if you want to call me 'master.' With Brent, what we do has a master-slave angle sometimes, though we don't need those words to describe what we do. But everyone's different, and you might need that word and the shorthand of ideas it represents to help your mind settle into a new relationship with your dominant, especially if you see yourself as mostly submissive. Do you want to try it? Go ahead. Say 'yes, master.'"

"Yes, master," I said before I could stop myself. I did catch myself in time to put a little sarcastic tone on the last part, so I could maybe claim I was joking.

"There. How did that feel?"

*Perfect. Natural. Right.* I couldn't say any of that, though--needed time to work through it all. Instead I hung my head, looked away. Damn, how did he keep getting in my head like that? I mean, I barely knew him, and he barely knew me, right? How much had Brent told him about my fantasies and all the other stuff I'd revealed to Brent in confidence?

Rex asked, "Does talking about what we did make you feel uncomfortable?"

"Not uncomfortable, exactly," I mumbled, because *uncomfortable* was light years too mild for what I felt. I needed to change the subject off this *master-slave* angle. "It's just ... I guess I don't see why he's into the pain stuff too, like the slapping. Shouldn't it be hypnosis or pain, not both at the same time?" I said, wondering why talking about what had happened right in front of me just a few hours ago felt so awkward; I'd definitely expected an *or* but I'd witnessed an *and* and my hungover brain couldn't process it. "I mean, I've definitely had guys ask for a little spank on the ass when we were fucking, and I maybe enjoy a little smack of my ass sometimes too. But when you slapped him real hard in the face, that seemed kind of different. Degrading, I guess? It wasn't like a little fun spank, and it wasn't like you were doing it lightly. You whacked him pretty hard. I know he was hypnotized, but it still looked and sounded like it must've hurt a lot."

Another nod from Rex. "Sometimes when his submissive side comes out to play, Brent enjoys a bit of pain and humiliation, yes. For some people, like Brent, it's about the sensation--not the pain itself, but the sharpness of it, the awareness that your body feels it. The rush of feeling something extreme is what they crave."

Hmm, I'd need still more time to decipher that into a language I could comprehend.

Rex continued, "Brent likes hypnosis and being dominated, and he also has a significant pain kink, which we explore from time to time. That's not something I'm particularly into, but I understand what he needs from it,

and I enjoy giving him what he wants."

"That's what I don't understand," I said. "What does *anyone* get out of being hurt like that? Hypnosis feels one way, or at least it did to me, but pain is like the opposite and it doesn't feel good. That's why it's called pain."

Rex nodded. "Don't focus on the physical pain. Focus on the surrender. Consider it a different type of hypnosis. Hypnosis is a kind of submission based in the mind, and pain is a kind based in the body. By giving up control of his body and everything his body feels, the good and the bad, Brent can go deeper into his submission. The surrender is what takes him down, not the hypnosis or the pain. Those are just paths, not the destination."

I mulled this, remembering Brent's blissed-out expressions from last night and feeling a little tingle in my balls and cock. The emphasis on surrender definitely sounded better than just getting, well, slapped around and stuff. Still, when Rex had hypnotized me, I hadn't felt like I wanted to be smacked, not at all. I'd felt like myself, only a bigger, better, more confident version, like my ideal self, because they told me exactly what to do and I did it without being apprehensive. I felt like the hypnosis turned off the part of me that was constantly drowning in worry about whether I was attractive enough, well-hung enough, good at cock-sucking enough, and just let me exist in the moment, do exactly what I was told, and enjoy what was happening.

"What works for Brent doesn't work for everyone, and vice versa." Rex set the knife down. "Other people prefer other paths into their submission." He looked me straight in the eye, giving me a smile that was all mischief.

That look--Crap, the things those eyes and that smile were doing to me, the things I wanted to *let* them do to me! I took a deep breath. My cock was definitely starting to plump. Since all I had on was a lame pair of boxers, Rex would see if I threw a cock-rod right there in front of him.

Rex continued talking, his voice low and authoritative. "For some the path is easier with pain. Some like restraints. Others like ..."

His voice had me imagining restraints, a rope wound tightly around my wrists, the scrape of it against my skin, and the tension against my muscles as I struggled a little, feeling the solid *thereness* of the bonds that held me securely. And wasn't *secure* another word for *safe*? Had someone whispered that in my ear? Was that a daydream or a memory from last night? I wasn't sure. I shivered again, a prickling sensation running up my spine. Restraints definitely just jumped to the top of my sexual *to-do* list.

Crap, just how much stuff about my fantasies had Brent relayed to Rex?

Rex kept talking, moving closer, an arm's length away, closer. I was hyper-aware of his presence in my personal space. "Some guys, maybe like you, prefer tenderness and praise, don't they, my good boy," he said, his voice gravel-low.

I remembered last night--*Good boy*--all the times he called me a good boy, said what a good boy I was--earlier he'd said it again--*Good boy*--

"Yes, you definitely seem to like some of the *other* ways of giving up control."

"Ways," I croaked, suddenly dry-mouthed, noting the plural, feeling a little disoriented.

"Do you want me to show you again," Rex practically purred, lifting his hand toward my face. "Perhaps something deeper than the post-suggestion play we just did? I think you'd like to be a good boy again, don't

you."

I knew I should've pushed his hand away. Instead, I lifted my chin a little to meet his touch as his hand settled on my face like a mask. Yes, a mask for me, for my mind, and that unfurling thing was happening again, and I wanted it so badly, felt my thoughts quieting, going mute, and I wanted that so badly too. Wanted to feel so fucking good, let it happen, sink into it, let it take me down deeper ...

Touching ...

Quieting ...

Listening and obeying ...

A good boy.

"Yes, such a good boy," he said, his hand touching my face both lightly and firmly. "Relax. Take a deep, deep breath. Let yourself sink back. Be a good boy and just it happen. Sink back, nice and deep. Good boy." The authority in his voice made me understand this was absolutely going to happen to me, and I already felt it happening.

He'd left something in my mind last night when I was hypnotized, and his touch was calling it to rise and unfold, something that glowed with a white light that seemed to quiet my thoughts and obliterate my doubts. The light became an image--of me, but not the disheveled me I'd seen minutes before in the bathroom mirror--an idealized me, the me I longed to be. Standing there, just waiting for me to become it. This new version of me was a good boy. I could be that good boy. Maybe someday that image and I could merge and I could be the ideal good boy in the real world all the time, but for now I could step into him, wear him like a mask, and be him under Rex's guidance for a little while. Or maybe I was the mask and the good boy would be wearing me. I couldn't fight what was happening and didn't want to--I wanted to be this good boy, and some deep part of me trusted Rex, craved this, wanted him to teach me everything he could about being this new me.

Rex stepped back, pointed to the floor in front of him. "Kneel."

My head was quiet, listening, obeying. My usual cacophant of *what should I do, what should I do* had been replaced by the clarity of *what he tells me to*. I felt my body, no longer mine but the good boy's, slip off the stool and kneel before him, bare knees on the hard kitchen floor, no hesitation at all.

That was weird, right? Kneeling wasn't inherently erotic, but the way he'd given the order made clear that he was absolutely, positively about to do very erotic things to me. The deliberate way I obeyed--firm and decisive for once in my life-- showed he could have suggested just about anything--literal whips and chains, tied me up, hung me from the ceiling in some dungeon like a side of beef--and I'd have said yes. He was about to do things to me ... and I was absolutely certain I was going to be a good boy and enjoy letting him do them.

Rex moved with that sureness and intensity I'd seen last night, putting the eggs and stuff in the refrigerator for later, after--after what? My cock was hardening and expectant, making an uncomfortable tent in my boxers that had to be obvious; Rex must have seen it, known what it was, and I felt no shame. I was kneeling and listening and obeying, being a good boy, and good boys who obeyed orders had no reason for shame.

I trusted him; I'd only recently met him, but I liked him and I trusted him absolutely. He'd taken good care of me last night, found a lot of my pleasure buttons and pushed them with casual authority, so I knew whatever he was about to do to me would be good too, would feed the good boy in me.

He stood over me again. Was I supposed to keep my eyes down? Clasp my hands behind my back? The voices that usually questioned everything were quiet for now. The ideal me wasn't burdened with uncertainty; the ideal me would wait to be told and in the meantime would just let it happen, let my arms settle at my sides, let me look up to him for guidance and bask in the look he was giving me in return, full of confidence and satisfaction. I'd pleased him, and pleasing him made an odd glowing jolt of pleasure run through my balls and hard cock, up my spine, and into my mind.

"Good boy," he murmured, stroking my cheek, and I leaned into his touch. "You look so perfect like this. See how easily you obey? So easy to take a deep breath and let the trance fill your mind. Let yourself sink deeper into it. Together we'll make you even more perfect."

Rex continued stroking the side of my head with casual fingers, then dragged his fingertips along my face, down to my neck, and back up into my hair. The repeated brush of his fingers sent waves of tingling warmth running through my head, and a sort of liquid relaxation filled me. The ideal me craved his praise and waited for his instructions to guide me. Whatever he told me to do, I'd do, because I needed him to be proud of me, needed him to praise me.

Some still-the-old-me part of my mind realized nervously that Brent was just in the next room, could walk out at any moment. He'd see me like this, on my knees in my boxers, with an obvious erection, in front of his boyfriend, and the thought of being caught made me feel more exposed than if I'd been completely naked. Tiny remainders of the old shame wiggled through me, but Rex's hand traveled back up into my hair and tightened into a fist, pulled my head back.

"Focus, boy," he scolded, "and relax. Whatever's distracting you, let it go. It has no place here. Let it drift away. Focus on my voice and what you're feeling. Let everything else go."

His authority--the sharp tug against my scalp--made me gasp, and jerked me out of my momentary panic and let me slide back into the safety of my new-me mask. Grateful, I gazed up at him.

"Good boy. That's better," he said with a small smile. "Don't think; just feel." His expression was pure hunger, and I felt my cock twitch happily in response to his approval.

His fist in my hair moved my head around--side to side, pulling back, pushing down, like I was a manikin he was posing for his own amusement. I liked being on display for him--good boys had no need for shame. I knew he wouldn't mock me for having a stupid blank expression, or for doing something the wrong way. He would take care of everything. All I had to do was listen and trust him and obey.

Rex finally released my hair. "One of the things Brent and I will expect from our third is accompanying us to the gym for workouts as part of a healthy life. Going to the gym, all that repetitive motion, can be a path into submission too. Some part of you understands, don't you."

"Yes," I answered, barely stopping myself from adding *master*.

"Pushups for example. The secret of doing pushups well is to control your breathing. Breathe in as you go down; exhale out as you push up. In, down. Out, up. Would you like us to explore that together, good boy?"

"Yes, mmmah--" The word almost slipped out.

"Good. Such a good boy. Get down into the pushup start position and give me five. I'll talk you through them."

I was kneeling, so my body had only a short tilt forward onto my hands, my legs stretching back, and I was planked and ready to start. Pushups weren't my favorite thing, but I'd do them willingly in order to be a good

boy, feel that little rush the words gave me, be the best good boy I could be.

"Go down and breathe in ... Good boy. Hold it. Push up and breathe out. That's one. Down and in ... A familiar motion. Up and out. Two. Down and in. Focus on the motion, on your breathing, on your body. Up and out. That's three. You doing so well, my good boy. Two more. Down and in. You can feel it happening, the path to submission opening for you. Up and out. Four. All you have to do is focus. Down and in. That's the way. Focusing on your submission. Up and out. That's five. Such a good boy. So focused. You may kneel again."

As I climbed back to my knees, my dick half-erect in my boxers, I heard the soft rasp of cloth against skin. "Look at my cock," he said. My eyes trailed up in time to see him draw the last of his cock out of his briefs. His dick was mostly hard, rising, looking just as delicious as it had last night. "Such a good boy. Hungry?"

New-me licked my lips.

He guided his cock-head to my lips. "Then let's feed you. Relax. Open wide." New-me opened my sore jaw for him obediently. "Suck me," he directed, and new-me complied happily.

I could feel his dick throbbing in my mouth, his shaft filling and hardening in urgent pulses as I worked him with my lips and tongue. I loved what I was feeling--not a feeling of *freedom* or *power* exactly, but *obedience*, the sure knowledge that I was submitting to him, that I didn't need to worry about anything because I was doing what he ordered, doing this to him, that he was stiff-dicked and feeling pleasure because I was being a good boy and making him feel good.

Everything we did was full of promise; he was going to show new-me a whole opening-wide world of submission, starting with the pushups and this blow-job on his kitchen floor. All I had to do was be a good boy and obey. He was steel-hard, and I loved the feel of his rod in my mouth. New-me bobbed eagerly up and down his length, making slutty wet noises along his dick with every mouth-stroke. I heard Rex hiss in pleasure, his hand resting on my head again, fingers going through my hair to scrape lightly along my scalp. New-me used all my usual mouth-tricks, and some I'd seen in porn but seldom felt sure enough of myself to try. New-me could be a cock-slut just like Brent as I swirled my tongue around Rex's prick-head, relishing the way I was making him suck in a breath--not quite a gasp, but close. We were both enjoying his perfect control.

"You're good at sucking cock. Such a good boy. But slow down, or you'll make me cum too soon. We're just getting started. You're going to be a relaxed, obedient good boy for a long while, this time, aren't you." He grasped my hair again and pulled me off his cock. I gasped, part pain, part longing to get his cock back in my mouth. This time his hand felt different--I felt my body sort of leaning into his grip, following it as he pulled me. A new sensation ran through me; the best way I can describe it is confident exhilaration.

He squatted in front of me on the floor. "Put your hands on my thighs," he said, pulling me toward him, and I did. The muscles of his legs shifted beneath my fingers. He still wore his briefs, technically--when he freed his cock, he'd just pulled down the front of his underwear, tucked the waistband under his balls. I was suddenly, intensely aware again that I knelt in front of him in only my boxers too. If I'd been an equal partner, I'd have asked for us to both get naked. Old-me thought sex was always supposed to be done naked and as close to equal as one being top and one being bottom would allow. But he was in charge, and I was hypnotized and I'd already surrendered any myth of equality by submitting to his control, and now doing what he wanted meant doing only what he wanted the way he wanted. The situation had an arousing power imbalance; new-me liked being at his mercy, liked that this was something he was doing *to* me, not *with* me. He was using my body because he could, because I had given all control to him.

"Good boy," he said, his grip still tight in my hair. "Keep your hands there on my thighs. I'm going to fuck

your face now. If things get to be too much, you don't need to wake up--just can tap me or pull your hands away and I'll stop; that way you can stay safely relaxed, so deeply relaxed, just like you are now."

The words *fuck your face* took a moment to penetrate the fog in my brain. I'd never done that or had that done to me before. All the guys I'd hooked up with before had been surprisingly ... *polite* about sex. Old-me had no idea whether *fuck your face* was something I'd like, but new-me was ready to do whatever Rex said. Old-me and new-me were going to find out together.

Then his cock was sliding back into my hungry-slut mouth, hot and thick and still slick from my spit. I moaned around it, because the feel of it pushing across my tongue was almost too intense. It filled my mouth and my head, leaving no room for other thoughts. My own dick, iron-hard, shifted around in my boxers, scrubbing pleasantly against the fabric, but I couldn't allow a distraction, not when Rex was starting to fuck my face with slow, gentle motions of his hips that caused all my attention to crystalize around his cock and my mouth. He held me in place, but his grip was light, a guide more than a constraint, both hands buried in my hair as his pumps gradually came faster, his ball-sack slapping my chin again and again.

I could feel the shifting muscles in his thighs under my hands, all hard, corded power as he thrust into me, withdrew, thrust, a little faster. Every movement made me aware of all that restrained authority and strength in him, all the ways he could make me do whatever he wanted me to do. He controlled the depth and pushed deeper. I gagged a little as the head of his cock hit the back of my throat. He pulled back but only slightly, his rod still filling my mouth as his hand slid down to stroke my neck. My body shuddered under his touch.

"That's the way," he panted, his voice soothing. "Relax your throat. Good boy."

Old-me would have pulled off and snarked something unsexy about how difficult relaxing your throat is when there's a thick dick stuffed down it, but his hand was still there on my neck, stroking and massaging, and new-me let the complaint fade and just focused on relaxing. The trust I felt for him swallowed everything. *Relax*. Okay, that wasn't so difficult. *Good boy*. I could be that. I could just relax and be a good boy, just obey and let this happen.

I took a quick breath through my nose and focused on the way the feel of my trance flowed through my body. I focused on my tight muscles as I let the air out, trying to breathe out the tension too. His hands on either side of my head were warm and firm, a stern caress, and each time my anxiety tried to come back, his strength helped make it drain away.

He pushed his cock into me again, and this time I almost gagged but somehow managed to keep that reflex under control. He pulled back once more before it was too much, let me breathe again, pressed back inside. He kept a steady rhythm--in-out-pause, in-out-pause. Soon I reveling in the sensation.

I'd gotten used to his rhythm, and then he thrust deeper, and I felt the head of his cock push through the tight resistance at the back of my throat and slip just that tiny bit further. He held himself there. Suddenly I couldn't breathe--his dick in my throat cut off my body's air supply entirely; old-me would have panicked, but for some reason new-me didn't jump back. New-me still trusted him, even as the animal part deep inside my brain scratched at the walls and roared *Danger, danger!*

Rex's cock slid back out of my mouth, and I sucked in a choking breath. Rex's cock had only blocked me for a second or two, but that primitive part of my brain wasn't appeased until the air flowed freely again. Old-me would have been afraid and freaked out, but new-me let the hypnotic calm furl all through me again, and the animal screams in my head faded. Taming that part might take some time. New-me made my body relax, spread the trance like a tranquilizer through me and the animal part of my brain, and pushed the calmed animal back toward its cage.

Rex's hands were stroking me again, fingers dragging through my hair and over my cheeks, and he was murmuring soft words of encouragement as I panted through my empty mouth to catch my breath. "Stay with me. Don't get lost. Good boy--you did perfect. You listened and relaxed so well."

My hands hadn't moved from Rex's thighs, which he took as permission, because a moment later his cock was gliding into my gasping mouth again. This time I knew what he would do, and I held a little of my breath. His dick slid a little deeper this time, his hips rocking in tiny half-thrusts while his prick was buried in my throat; this time I didn't need to breathe, not just yet. I felt happy, supremely happy that I was pleasing him.

Old-me would never have guessed I'd like face-fucking so much. New-me wanted new experiences, things old-me had barely dared fantasize about, and this was good--so fucking good. I soared with each stroke of Rex's cock in my mouth, fueled by the sureness that I was bringing him pleasure just like this, just by letting him use me however he wanted.

My entranced awareness got tangled in the feel of his cock in my mouth. The feeling overwhelmed me, and I was lost in the push-pull of it, the cycle of tension and relaxation as Rex moved used my throat for his pleasure. Soon, he pushed right past my gag reflex and buried himself fully in me. My gasps were coming faster whenever his out-strokes allowed me to breathe; the pauses were getting shorter as his hip-rhythm accelerated, and in between strokes my lungs scrambled to catch up on the air they were missing.

Rex wrapped a hand around the back of my skull and pulled me onto him, holding my head tightly in place. My nose was pressing against his skin and pubes as his dick throbbed in my throat. The rhythm of his hips had become familiar, comfortable, to me by then, and I waited for the moment when he pulled back, so I could breathe again--but he didn't let me go or pull back. He held me there, groaning, as my fingers twitched on his thighs. I waited for the panic, but it didn't come. Somehow, new-me was using the white light of my trance to find a way to relax around that obstruction in my throat, a way to keep the animal quiet, as my eyes slowly shut. I kept myself relaxed and quiet, held his meat there inside my mouth and throat. I felt like I was making Rex part of me, letting him inside where nobody had been before.

Tiny lights were flaring in front of my closed eyes; my whole body burned with the need to breathe, and still new-me stayed relaxed, though this was getting harder. As if from a distance, I heard Rex's voice, gravelly with lust, soothe me with praise: "Good boy. Doing such a good job. Relax. You look so good with my cock buried deep in your mouth. Such a good boy."

I wanted to surrender all control the way Brent did, let that surrender pull me deeper into my submission to Rex. My lungs ached for air, and the animal part of my mind threatened to rebel again, but I felt a warm wave of white light shudder through me--pleasure, because I'd satisfied Rex. New-me wanted to stay like this forever, deeply entranced, my mind and throat pierced by Rex's dick, his voice whispering gentle words of encouragement, telling me to relax, focus, submit.

The oxygen starvation became too much, though, and the animal part of me was thrashing; the lack of air was making my body weaken. One of my hands slipped--I stopped it before it fell away from Rex's body, but it dropped a small distance, enough to make Rex immediately pull back again, his cock sliding out of my throat to allow the air to rush back into my lungs with a quieting relief.

Trance or no, the body needs what it needs. I sagged, lurched forward, and knocked my head into his legs, my trance breaking and me now mostly awake. "Crap," I said between gasps. "Holy crap."

New-me was slipping away, but my body continued to crave more contact. I gulped in air with my face against Rex's thigh like some kind of pleasure-drunk dog, while he petted my hair and murmured to me. His hand settled lightly on my face like a mask again, telling me to quiet my fears and relax, be a good boy, feel

myself slipping back into hypnosis, talking me back to safety, back down, deeper into the fog, deeper into my trance, into new-me again. I felt every step of it happening, welcomed it.

"Good boy," Rex said to me, and the words sent another gentle wave of relaxation and pleasure rippling through my body. The whole experience felt so good I could hardly bear it. I wanted only to please him, to show him I was worthy of the praise he was lavishing on me. My body felt heavy, as if my limbs weighed a thousand pounds, but my hypnotized head felt light and floaty, and every sensation was magnified and twisted into pleasure--the cold, hard kitchen floor beneath my knees, the rough texture of his briefs against my forehead, the nagging ache of my stiff cock pressing against my boxers between my thighs.

"Stand up, boy," Rex said.

I struggled shakily to my feet, aided by his strong arms, and I tilted my face toward him, expectant. He spun me, suddenly and roughly, and bent me over the chilly kitchen counter, and I barely managed to stay relaxed. He ran a possessive hand over the curve of my boxers-clad ass, which gentled my mind and I settled into the white light of being new-me again. He opened a drawer, and I saw him pull out a pair of scissors. *Snip-snip-snip*. He ran the scissors up my thigh, cutting away my underwear. Then the other side. *Snip-snip-snip*. My boxers fell away, exposing my ass, freeing my erection underneath me, leaving me naked, even more fully vulnerable and at his mercy. His hand rubbed over my ass cheeks again, appraising, and new-me craved more of his touch.

"I'm going to fuck you now," Rex said, breath tickling my ear, "and you're going to keep being a good boy for me, aren't you? You know how to make it happen. You know how to keep yourself so deeply relaxed, and this is going to feel so very good, and you're going to keep being such a good boy for me, aren't you? Say 'yes, sir,' or say 'yes, master' if you're ready for that."

My voice croaked through my abused throat. "Yes, sir."

He voiced a low chuckle--"So fuckin' sexy when you're like this"--and dragged one firm hand down my bare spine. His touch settled me, quieted the animal, and new-me was fully in place again. The chill from the kitchen counter pulled the heat from my chest and arms, and its solidity syphoned my strength. I felt myself relax, body limp against the hardness, with a quiet sigh as my hypnotized mind aligned entirely with compliance, spellbound by Rex's domination, ready to obey whatever orders he gave.

"Don't move." He patted my hip and vanished from my side. Old-me would have craned my head to see where he was going, but new-me knew better. Rex would want me to stay still, obey, stay a good boy. I wanted to make him proud of me.

I stayed where I was, and soon I heard Rex's footsteps coming back for me.

No, I heard *two* sets of footsteps. And Brent's grumpy voice: "--The fuck's so important that ... Oh, fuck! Is he ..."

Crap! I'd been so focused on Rex that I'd forgotten about Brent, and here I was bent naked and fully exposed over the counter. Maybe Brent wouldn't be able to see my persistent, raging hard-on.

"Fuck," Brent groaned, his voice rough--with sleep or admiration or lust, I couldn't tell. Maybe all of those. "You sure took him down hard, didn't you. Look at him. He's so fuckin' out of it."

Before old-me's embarrassment could jar me out of my trance and the sense of peacefulness it gave me, Rex was at my side again. "Good boy," he said, his hand stroking along my spine again. "I want Brent to see how well you submit to me. You're going to be an extra-good boy and let him watch, aren't you. Say 'yes, sir' or 'yes, master.'"



I didn't care--new-me was beyond caring about old-me's dignity. "Yezz ... uhr ..."

"That's so fuckin' hot," Brent groaned again. I caught a glimpse of him walking around me, his hair bed-mussed, his lips parted, a heavy lump in the crotch of his designer briefs, a light flush to his cheeks. All because of me.

Suddenly any thoughts of Brent were nudged aside, because Rex teased at my ass crack, probing my entrance, fingers slick with lube; he must have gotten the supplies while he'd been in the bedroom. Or maybe he kept a stash of lube and condoms in the kitchen, prepared for domination and sex at any time. Right then, my hypnotized brain didn't care which.

Two thick fingers slid into my hole without warning. My sphincter was still a little stretched and well-used from last night, and the slick invasion felt more odd than uncomfortable. I took a deep breath, released it, and relaxed into his touch. Then Rex crooked his fingers inside my butt, feeling for that familiar spot, my prostate, and a moan rose from somewhere in my body as I was filled with a slow wave of pleasure and a sweet aching need.

"Look at you," Rex murmured in my ear, sending shivers through my body. "Such a good boy. So eager and ready for me."

"Am I allowed to touch him?" Brent asked in a tone I couldn't decode, a note below the surface there, some edge of deeper want that I couldn't pay attention to right then, not when I was feeling so relaxed and loose and focused under Rex's touch.

"Not yet," Rex said, his voice radiating calm. "For now you're going to sit and watch me fuck him."

"Aww," grumbled Brent as he slipped off his briefs, sat his naked butt on a nearby stool, and started to slow-stroke his erect cock in anticipation of the show. I was going to get fucked in front of him. Old-me's mortification tried weakly to set in, but new-me blocked it, refused to let it come. Instead, I felt only a mild curiosity--what would this scene look like from Brent's viewpoint? Would he like what he saw? I was going to get fucked by his lover's thick dick, and it was going to make me feel good, and I wanted Brent to see me being a good boy, wanted him to like what he saw.

Rex's fingers stretched me a little more, but I was no virgin and didn't need lengthy preparation. New-me's perception of time was fuzzy, because what seemed like an instant later I felt Rex's condom-wrapped cock nudging against my hole, seeking entry.

Once again, Rex cooed for me to be a good boy and relax, and my body did, and my hole was eased enough to let his cock breach my entrance, push inside. He slid his meat into me a bit, a sharp pain, then another push and a bit more, frissons of pleasure as the nerves in my asshole began to sing, and finally a smooth, easy slide the rest of the way in, stretching my butt. A deep, enervating submissiveness seemed to spread from there into every part of my body and mind, and I sighed at the perfect fullness of it. I loved his hands on my hips, the way his cock filled me, the way he pressed against my inner walls until I was open and exposed, just for him.

Rex rocked his hips, and every distraction was lost under the simple pressure of skin on skin, the pleasure of cock sliding in ass. I practically sank into the countertop as he roughly pushed into me, relentlessly, each thrust punching needy, helpless grunts out of my chest.

Was hypnosis combined with sex always like this? My head was quiet and I wasn't plagued with my usual worries about whether I was holding my butt right or making it good for the guy fucking me--I just ... *was*. I floated, drifted through a lazy haze where everything was soft, cottony clouds that muffled my thoughts while his cock opened me up further with each movement of his hips.

"Brent," Rex said to his lover, my best friend, "come here."

I heard, but couldn't see, Brent stand and move closer. One of Rex's hands disappeared from my hip. A moment later I heard Brent moan softly.

"That's it, Brent. Time to be a good boy. Such a good boy. Just relax and let yourself sink into that familiar trance you love so much. Are you ready to show your friend again what a good boy you can be?"

"Yezzsir ..."

"Get down there and suck his cock while I fuck him. That's it. Good boy."

Slowly and clumsily, Brent wiggled into the space underneath me, between my spread legs and the cabinet. I felt his mouth surround my cock-knob. His tongue--crap, hypnotized or not, Brent sure gave great head! He teased my ball-sack with his fingers, tugging a little. I didn't need to be embarrassed if Brent was hypnotized like me--he was a good boy like me--we were best friends and now we were good boys together. Everything began to fit into its perfect place.

Rex, both hands on my hips again, resumed fucking. All of my awareness pooled in my ass and crotch, sparks of pleasure firing off in my ass, and long waves of ecstasy rolling along my cock-shaft and ball-sack, all of it meeting at the base of my spine and radiating throughout my body. I don't know how much time passed, probably not long, and then I felt the first flickers of an orgasm starting to build in my body, approaching and inevitable and not long away. New-me moaned shamelessly, writhing under the combined onslaught of Rex's cock, his hands firm on my hips, Brent's mouth on my meat, the solid countertop under me, the blissful fog in my head.

"Jack yourself off too, Brent. That's it. But don't cum 'til I say. You're both being such good boys."

Rex's fuck-rhythm sped up. I heard his grunts and moans growing ragged--he was getting close, and I loved that my ass was doing that to him. New-me stretched deeper, arched my ass to meet his thrusts like a slut. I heard a moan from under me. Brent, enjoying himself between my legs, always loved sucking cock. I loved that my cock was helping him get closer too.

Rex leaned forward and suddenly pulled my torso back against his, causing my cock to pop out of Brent's mouth; Rex pressed my body to his. His arm slid around my neck, firm and strong, and I felt myself subconsciously fitting into his embrace, my throat tucked neatly into the crook of his arm.

As Brent's mouth followed and found my cock again, the muscles in Rex's arm pulled tighter, squeezing my neck with light pressure, and I realized, distantly, that I'd just let him put me in an honest-to-crap chokehold. The idea should've terrified me, but new-me felt only security there, and I leaned into the strength and pressure of the arm collaring me, craving more.

"You're both perfect," Rex hissed in my ear. "Perfect together, my perfect good boys. Just relax. Trust me. You're safe and so relaxed." His words sent me soaring even higher. Rex's cock inside me, his body against my back, his arm muscles flexing against my throat, Brent's mouth sliding along my cock--I was filled and surrounded by them; my whole world consisted only of Rex and Brent and whatever they wanted from me.

Rex's rock-solid arm applied a firm pressure, not entirely comfortable but not choking me hard--I was still able to breathe through the compression. More sensations were rushing through my body and into my head, an inevitable tidal surge of orgasm approaching. Hypnosis and submission and sex. Cock so hard ... Ass radiating constant pleasure ... Rex's rod sliding in, easing out ... Brent's wet mouth ... My body held securely ... I was going to cum very soon. New-me wanted to be a good boy, to give Rex everything ... Give him complete dominion over my body ... Give up control in the most physical, primal way ... Let him take me

where he wanted, as far as he wanted ... All the way to ... what?

Something about that desire had to be wrong, but no rush of shame or fear came. New-me's perfect good-boy trust didn't let it. I was at my limit, about to black out. Not just trance unconsciousness, but *real* unconsciousness. And, fuck, new-me wanted it. Wanted to give up everything--trust him--surrender--take me deeper into my submission--like Rex promised earlier--like he was whispering in my ear--

Rex held me and fucked me with a rocking motion, and I leaned into his cock and his arm, my vision going almost dark and my limbs falling limp. I heard, from a distance, Rex's low growl as he started to cum, his cock pulsing deep inside me, squirting, his body spending itself in a storm of pumps and jerks.

The animal part of my mind roared about something. Rex had increased the pressure. The position of his arm ... Harder to think ... Chokehold arm cutting off the blood flow to my brain ... Breath-play? I'd heard about that ... Cartoid--brain--oxygen-starved-- cumming--supposed to be so fucking intense--

"Good boy," Rex panted, and I didn't care whether he was talking to me or Brent. "Both of you, be good boys and cum for me. *Cum for me.*" I slipped another little more toward the void as he eased me gently forward, over the counter again and--

And then--Brent's mouth--my dick--Rex's still-hard cock stretching my ass and pressing on my prostate--the ecstasy wave slammed as my mind teetered on the edge of the black void. The shock of the cold countertop--a gasp of air simultaneously rushed into my body as Rex suddenly let go.

The shock of my orgasm was like nothing I'd felt before. Instead of just my cock, I felt like my whole body was cumming, overflowing with pleasure, head to toe and every part of me in between. The first wave crested and I soared into bliss, buoyed by a second wave, and a third, more, leaving me incoherent, vibrating with intense pleasure, and so fucking happy I never wanted to stop exploding. "Urh," I whispered, unable to form words. "Urhnnn." Pure ecstasy and relief kept me surging upward. The intensity carried me along, peaking, and then began to drain from my body, and I sagged into the purest relaxation I'd ever experienced.

Slowly I became aware of hands on me as I lay, gasping, half on the countertop, hands stroking my back, ass, neck, arms, gradually making me aware of my body again.

"Open your eyes," Rex said near my ear.

How much time had passed? Was I still hypnotized?--Yes, but not as deeply; I felt like I was half-awake now. I made my eyelids part, saw Rex smiling the confident smile of an alpha-male who had just asserted his dominance, saw Brent standing beyond him, naked, face hypnosis-slack and stained with my cum and his stomach covered with his own where he had shot too, at the same time I had, when Rex had given the order.

"You enjoyed that, didn't you, good boy? Say 'yes, master.'"

"Yes, master," Brent said, and I managed, "Yuzzmusstuhr."

I let myself drift in the warmth of Rex's touch, the counter cool and soothing under my cheek. My trance was lighter now but still made everything feel distant and wobbly. The world outside couldn't touch me here; only those hands, only these men I'd entrusted myself to.

My awareness lapsed; I never fully lost consciousness, but Rex was talking to me, telling me how to relax again, go back deeper into my trance, still deeper, let everything go, like going to sleep, be quiet, listen, obey. Paying attention to what was happening was a chore I didn't want to handle, so I let go. I couldn't be bothered to think. The world faded again into a haze of submission and pleasure. I only needed to drift, as one of them lifted me, carried me quietly in strong arms to the bedroom.

The next thing I knew, some untrackable time later, I was lying on my back in their bed. Their naked bodies felt warm and comfortable against mine.

"Welcome back," came Rex's voice. A finger repeat-tapped my chest, a rhythm making me aware of my body, my self again. "Give yourself a moment. Take a deep breath, and feel yourself waking up completely. Wide awake now."

I blinked. Brent on one side of me, Rex on the other, his finger tapping my chest to summon me back to consciousness. Turning to Rex, I saw a pleased smile on his face, and he thumb-stroked my cheek. "Ruuhr?" I mumbled, reverence and lingering bliss still leaving me inarticulate.

"That was a much deeper state than most beginners can achieve. Has anyone ever told you you're an excellent hypnosis subject? I'm going to enjoy helping you explore that."

I stretched, swallowed a partial yawn, feeling my head clear, the luxurious exhaustion in my limbs. "That ... That ..."

"Was good?" Rex finished, amused.

"So good," I sighed. "Un-fucking-believable. I wanna do it all again."

"That was one of the hottest fucking things I've ever seen," Brent said as he dragged his fingertips down my shoulder and chest. "The way you just gave yourself up for him. You went somewhere so completely blissed-out and out of your head and so responsive. Man, do I look like that when I'm--?"

"You do," Rex said affectionately; he grabbed a fistful of Brent's hair and tugged his head down to rest on my chest. Brent giggled and twisted his head for just a moment, then went completely pliant under his lover's touch, letting out a happy little rumble when he settled cheek-first on my pec.

"I remember ...," I began, "the stuff we did in the kitchen ... and calling you 'master' ... and being carried ... the hallway ... then ... well, nothing, not even a blur."

Rex nodded, smiled indulgently. "You'll remember when you're ready. Hypnosis can't make you forget, not really, but it can help you put the memories out of reach until you're ready. If you don't remember now, your subconscious decided you need a little time to process everything. Trust yourself: You'll remember in your own time, when you're ready. Meanwhile, remember that Brent and I were--are--right here with you, keeping you safe and making sure you didn't go too far too fast."

"Like the choking?"

"Yep, like the breath-play."

I thought back. Out of all the things we'd done together since last night, I didn't remember kissing either of them. Which was weird because old-me always started sex with kissing, a purely physical way to rev up the body. But kissing can also be fake-intimate: pantomime the affection to keep the emotional risk at bay. The times I could remember trying last night, Rex and Brent had deflected, guiding my mouth to some other body part to pleasure. I hadn't thought much of it at the time; lots of men don't like kissing their tricks. Or maybe they were deferring, not deflecting, waiting until a kiss would mean something.

I wanted that. I looked to Rex, our faces less than a hand's width apart. I moved closer and he allowed it. I plugged my mouth into his for a real kiss. A current flowed between us, like electricity, a real connection. I wasn't sure what was happening, but I liked it. I groaned as he deepened into the kiss, pressing into me, his tongue pushing in and doing amazing things inside my mouth. Damn, he'd effortlessly taken control of the

kiss away from me, and I didn't mind because this man could *kiss*! He was showing me that, even for this simple act I thought I knew so well, he had a lot to teach me, and I wanted to learn all of it.

The kiss went on. I was starting to run out of air, like during the kitchen fuck, the animal's need to breathe becoming too demanding, when at last Rex pulled back. I panted, zooming from the haze of deprivation to an oxygen high in seconds. Damn, breath-play and hypnosis both had gone from secret fantasies to real experiences, at least lightweight versions. How many of my fantasies had Brent told Rex about? I could come to love finding out. I already loved Brent, and maybe I was coming to love Rex too. Well, maybe not *love-love* yet, but really like and trust. The idea should have scared me, because social anxiety and intimacy issues kept old-me always afraid of falling in love with anyone too deep or too fast, or at all, but it didn't. New-me was already taking root, becoming more than just a mask.

And I liked that idea. A lot.

"That's so hot," Brent whispered on the other side of me. "My turn."

His head hovered over mine, and we kissed. We'd obviously kissed before, lots of times, pre-Rex, when we'd done roommates-with-benefits stuff, but we'd always kissed superficially, never like this. Brent came in hot; I'd expected just a standard run-of-the-mill kiss like he'd done before with me, but this time--his damn on-and-off submissive/dominant nature--he mouth-wrestled me for control of our intimacy. I resisted for a few seconds before surrendering to him, letting him take charge. I might not always submit to him--I might want to dominate sometimes--but for now I was still the novice and accepted my place. I relaxed into our kiss, feeling the way this simple act caused a new flow of emotion between us. I'd loved him before as a crush, but now?--It could maybe get lots more intense if we let it.

While Brent and I were still locked together, Rex's hand stroked along my stomach, drifted down to cup my cock, which was ... not fully hard, but definitely not limp. I realized, even after everything we'd just done, even though I didn't remember the details, I still had a load of cum left in me. While the memories evaded me, I knew absolutely that everything we'd done since the kitchen and the move back to the bedroom had been about pleasure: orgasm separated from ejaculation--multiple orgasms, time and again, but ejaculation deferred. Great fun for the cock and nervous system, but frustrating for the balls. In that blank time I couldn't remember, ejaculation itself had seemed so distant and unimportant, given everything orgasmic that was happening to my body at the time. Hypnosis was in the process of opening up a world of new pleasures for me.

But the body has its needs and its limits, and my body had reached its. With my testicles begging to be emptied and my cock starting to get interested again, shooting seemed a *lot* more important now. It felt required, like the perfect ending. Rex seemed to be thinking the same thing, and I got hard quickly as he so slowly stroked me with just the lightest touch of his fingertips, teasing in a way that made my balls ache with need as my body got fully back in the game. "You want me to let you cum now, don't you," Rex murmured.

I knew what he was telling me: Last night I had given him control of my mind. This morning I had given him control of my body. Now I was giving him control of my pleasure, my orgasms, my ejaculations. I wanted that. I wanted to cum. I broke the kiss with Brent to rasp, "Yes, master."

Rex chuckled softly. I'd called him *master* without thinking, because what else should I call him? I'd unpack what that meant later.

"Brent, I want you to help our friend out, please."

"Yes, sir, mister bossy," Brent said, back to being the snarky bastard I knew so well. He didn't seem in the mood to submit right now, and Rex didn't seem to want him to. The way Brent could be so thoroughly

submissive one moment, flip that switch, change roles depending on his mood, was a little disorienting. I'd always preferred to seal things into one category and keep them there. I'd need some time to get used to his mutability.

Rex kept fingertip-stroking my rod, slow and gentle, touches like a feather.

Another of old-me's rules: Sex was supposed to be reciprocated, right? And I wanted to show them both the affection I felt, wanted to please them and make them feel good too. Brent's torso was angled away, groin out of reach, but Rex's semi-hard cock was right there, so I reached for it--

He brushed my hand aside. "No. Right now there's something else you need to focus on."

"Hey, look over here," Brent said beside me. I turned my head toward him, and his hand hovered in front of my face. I knew what that meant. The more I was hypnotized, the easier being hypnotized would become--the deeper I would go, the more I would be new-me. But this was the first time, that I remembered at least, that Brent would be the one to hypnotize me, and his hand paused. This was a test for me: I could push his hand away because, no, I owed Rex my respect and fidelity as my master; or I could allow it to show ...

I relaxed and let my eyes invite Brent's hand to settle lightly over my face, just like Rex's earlier. I relaxed and felt myself go quiet as I listened and let his words open what had been left in my mind, the thing that glowed with the white light of hypnosis and unfurled into the mask of new-me. I relaxed and let myself step into it again, more confidently.

"That's a good boy," Brent murmured near my ear. "Just relax and be a good boy. Let it happen. Relax. Sink back down. Good boy. Feel yourself sinking back into that trance ... That's it. Sinking deeply, deeper, deeper. Relax. Sink. Good boy. Let everything else fade away ... Good boy ..."

Fuck, I *wanted* that. I gave myself over to his control, gave my body over to their touches, comfortable and slow and warm, let myself drift and sink and enjoy pleasure just for the sake of pleasure. They worked in tandem, switching their positions effortlessly as they talked and touched me, pulled me to the edge of climax and backed off, to the edge, backed off ... I lost track of whose teasing hand was whose, whose voice was whose; my world became little more than this floating feeling, the surety of their guidance, the experience of what my body was feeling: a tight grip on my cock-shaft, a tug on my balls, a tease at my nipple, a finger along my jawline, a spit-slick palm gliding over my glans.

When they decided the time had come for me to cum, everything was over almost embarrassingly fast. Brent murmured in my ear, "Cum for us," and Rex crooned in my other ear, "Cum now." My body made a quick run up to the brink thanks to their touches, only this time instead of backing off, they carried me over it. After the treatment I'd had earlier, my body was more than ready to let go. My back arched and the storm took me and I came, garbled sounds falling out of my throat while they kept stroking me through my climax, my cum jetting out, squirt after squirt, until my balls had emptied themselves, until I was shuddering and spent and oversensitive. Body gone limp, I drifted in aftershocks and an afterglow that was half post-orgasmic and half hypnosis, until a familiar tapping on my chest summoned me back into my body and wakefulness.

And then Rex cooked us breakfast burritos, chatting with Brent and me while he did, as though he hadn't just hypnotized me, fucked me, and choked me until I nearly passed out not an arm's length from where he was cooking. The three of us remained comfortably naked. I needed a while to get into the flow of the conversation, because socially awkward old-me wasn't gone completely yet, but Rex made the talking easier with his smooth confidence, and Brent helped with his familiar teasing snarkiness, about how I'd looked while entranced and how quickly, easily, I'd called Rex *master*.

How the holy crap did they manage to mix the mundane and the kinky as though conversations like this were

no big deal? Did I have plans for the rest of the day? *No, no plans.* Good, then I had no excuse not to hit the gym with them. *Crap--walked right into that one.* Brent would loan me some clothes to work out in. Leg day for them--*ugh!*--and they didn't want to hear me complaining. *Yes, sir, sirs!* And after the gym, we'd come back here and ... They smirked and let the offer trail off, and I blushed as my mind filled in plenty of blanks. They'd just planned my whole day for me in less than two minutes, and I'd agreed to their plans without resistance.

Well, I'd been thinking earlier I needed to get off my ass and get to the gym more, so this would work out nicely. Their effortless manners reassured me: despite all the kinky sex, hypnosis, submission, and obedience games we'd just gone through and would probably go through again after the gym, my connection with my best friend was stronger than ever and now I maybe had a good start on a connection with his boyfriend too. My kinky side was in for an education, and new-me wanted to learn everything!

As Brent and I devoured our burritos, Rex watched us affectionately. Was this another of his dominance things?--The master taking care of his good boys? *Master ... Good boys ...* Just thinking those words caused a tiny shimmer of obedience and submission to color my thoughts, a little reminder of what I'd felt while hypnotized, fading quickly as I blinked it away. Wow, would I be able to hypnotize myself just by thinking *master* and *good boy* over and over? The idea felt weirdly arousing. Even if this was part of some dominance thing, I found that I didn't mind giving that to him.

This whole situation was definitely going to take some getting used to, but new-me was already looking forward to that process.

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