Egregore

by Wrestlr

[M/M, hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Twin brothers join a research project on the collective unconscious. The tests go a little further than expected.

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

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I knew, from the moment they walked into my lab, they were perfect. Rowdy and Rebel were twins. Everyone has heard the stories: twins who finish each other's sentences, or know when something bad happens to one another. My interest in twins was scientific--I was conducting research into the claims of nearly psychic connections between some sets thereof. Twenty pairs answered the ad for test subjects, and my first chore was to conduct the initial interviews, basic physical exams, and preliminary assessment evaluations on them, to determine which sets would be accepted into the study.

The latest set of candidates, Rowdy and Rebel looked like good ol' backwoods Tennessee boys. Boisterous, outgoing twenty-two year-olds, seniors at one of the local colleges. Handsome. Light brown hair worn in nearly identical short styles bristled up in the front--one of them, Rebel, had bleached a few blondish highlights into his, which was about the only way I could tell them apart. Slate-blue eyes. Athletic bodies that, physically, were almost perfection.

But that wasn't why I thought they were perfect. Aside from my appreciation of their looks, I had a research project to run and I struggled to keep my thoughts on purely objective matters. From the beginning they seemed good candidates for the study because they walked alike, talked alike, and seemed to embody every cliché of twins having an innate connection. Even their attempts at individuality didn't really differentiate them from each other. Sure, their tee-shirts were different colors, but I also noticed their shirts advertised the same music band.

From the moment they opened their mouths, they revealed themselves to be exactly what I was looking for in test subjects. It helped that they seemed to have absolutely no mental filters at all on what they said. Minutes into the initial interview, I knew practically their whole life stories, from their love of being naked to their favorite color. But especially I got an earful of information when I started asking if they believed they had a special connection as a result of being twins, because this pair of motor-mouths proceeded to explain rapid-fire exactly how they experienced their connection.

Rebel: "It's like I'll be lying in bed at night, and I'll just know he's out--"

Rowdy: "--on a date or--"

"--at some bar--"

"--picking up some college girl, and I'm taking her back to her place--"

"--and I'll know the exact instant he's got her on the bed--"

"--and I'll know he knows--"

"--because that's when it just, like, happens--"

"--and then I'm pumping away at her, just about ready to shoot off, and then--*bam!*--"

"--there I am in my own bed, creaming the sheets-"

"--and I'm, like, *Fucking hell, Reb, get the fuck out of my head*--"

"--but he likes me in there; don't let him fool you--"

"--it's like having two orgasms, his and mine, only his are sometimes, well, kind of weird--"

"--yeah, kind of an echo of my own--"

"--especially when he does that freaky anal stuff he likes so much--"

"--because, what can I say, I like having my ass played with; but he thinks it's--"

"--it's just different, almost as intense, and I know this is gonna sound weird, but--"

"--it's like we're doing it to each other, you know?--which is maybe why he's so into it--"

"--but we had to make a pact--"

"--not to jack off or have sex unless we know the other is not out in public--"

"--because it can definitely be real inconvenient around other people when it happens, because no matter where I am --"

"--if he cums then I'm cumming all over myself too--"

"--like, once I was standing in line with some friends at the movie theater--"

"--while I was at home jerking off--"

"--and all of a sudden--*bam!*--I'm moaning and filling up my underwear with sperm--"

"--or I'll be in a restaurant on a date, and I'm thinking, *How the hell am I gonna get over to the men's room without everyone seeing the wet spot*--"

"--and once I was in a locker room, and suddenly all the guys were watching me get this amazing hard-on, and then I'm spewing all over the guy next to me--"

"--and believe me, when he spews, he spews!--"

"--but it's weird that we have this link to each other, because I'm straight and Reb's, uh, ..."

"--'heterosexually challenged' is what he's trying to say--

"--'queer' was what I was going to say, fuck-head--""

"--but don't let Rowdy fool you, because sometimes he--"

"--yeah, all right, I can be hetero-flexible, but only when sometimes, like when I need a good blow-job ..."

And they went on like that for nearly half an hour, far too long for this to have been a rehearsed act. They kept their eyes locked on each other the whole time they jabbered, hardly noticing how I shifted in my chair and tried to rearrange the contents of my briefs so that my own arousal wouldn't interfere with their spiel.

They were capable of some arousal of their own too, which became apparent with the next step when I administered a brief physical exam. The twins stood side by side, stripped down to their socks and boxer briefs; they wore different colors--solid pale blue for Rowdy, a dark green herringbone pattern for Rebel--but the same brand and cut. The way their boxers slung low enough to expose the topmost tufts of their wheat-colored pubic hair had me struggling to maintain my professional detachment. They claimed they never dressed as a matched set, hadn’t since they were in kindergarten, but they sure seemed to be dressed as alike as two people in unmatched outfits possibly could be. From what they'd told me, they still went together on clothes shopping trips, spotted for each other at the gym, and frequented the same hairstylist. No matter how much they insisted they were different people and how often Rowdy brought up the fact that he was twelve minutes older and straight, they seemed the living embodiment of connected twins. I was already getting enthusiastic about having them in the test group. I was getting a hard-on too, and hoped it wasn't obvious under my lab coat.

Obviously the twins were right about their love of being naked, because they seemed completely at ease being in just their boxers around each other and me. Not a trace of shame or modesty to either of them. I recorded their physical details: They both stood approximately five feet and eleven inches tall,

though Rowdy was a quarter-inch taller. One hundred and seventy-three pounds for Rowdy; one-seventy even for Rebel Identical faint traces of body hair, and forty-two inch chests that tapered to impressively trim thirty-inch waists. With my trusty tape measure, I assessed just about every major bodily dimension. Finger length. Arm length and biceps diameters. Shoe size. Inseam. This last measurement gave me a chance to witness their sexual rivalry firsthand. I squatted in front of Rowdy, the straight one, and was taking my reading with my tape measure alongside his boxer-clad basket when he used the opportunity to nudge the back of my hand with his tool, which was at least semi-hard and starting to poke against the front of his underwear.

"Never fails," laughed his brother Rebel. "No matter where he goes--"

"Hey, damn thing's got a mind of its own sometimes."

"That's for damn sure."

"Aw, I bet he'll measure yours too, if you ask him real nice," Rowdy grinned. He grabbed his prick through the thin material of his boxers and smirked at me. I smirked back and lifted an eyebrow, practically daring him. Then Rowdy pushed down the front of his boxers, gesturing at Rebel to do the same, and they forked their hard pricks out to say howdy.

"Well, okay," I chuckled. Even though there was no place on the chart for *that* measurement, I made a mental note of it anyway, just to be thorough. I measured the thick circumference at the base, then the length--Rowdy's a dark-veined seven inches, and Rebel's a slightly sleeker seven and a quarter.

"You've got a nice body," Rebel, the "hetero-challenged" one, said to me as I measured his rod, and I caught him eying my body hungrily through the lab coat and blue scrubs I wore.

"Thanks. I work out," I said, keeping my voice affectless and trying not to blush. I recognized his college-boy mating cry but chose to ignore it. If I'd been alone with him, I'd have given his erection the attention it wanted, but his brother was standing right there. Rebel seemed willing to jump my bones, and Rowdy seemed willing to watch. However, I had professionalism to maintain and an experiment to conduct. I'd strayed too far from scientific procedure already because, damn it, they kept doing things that distracted me: Like walking, talking, and breathing. "Okay, boys," I said, struggling to regain my composure because my libido was dangerously close to overdrive too, "put away your toys, and let's get started." Both men looked so disappointed but did as I told them.

With the physical measurements done--and their hard-ons tucked back into their boxers as I labored to maintain my composure--we advanced to the next phase of the initial screening. I attached sensor electrodes to their heads, chests, stomachs, and backs to measure their physical reactions during the test and connected them up to the apparatus. I gave them the usual examination gowns-- thin paper hospital johnnies--to put on, which covered their torsos down to mid-thigh, theoretically to allow them some modesty while giving me ready access to the electrodes if I needed to adjust one. Rowdy complained that the paper gowns were "itchy" but I insisted they wear them. The idea of being in a room with these two men in just their boxers was too distracting; as it was, I was still too conscious that the smocks, boxers, socks and several yards of electrical wiring were all these handsome, horny young bucks were wearing.

"Any questions?" I asked, a perfunctory time-filler as I checked the equipment.

Rebel cleared his throat. "Uhn, well, I guess we're wondering why you're looking to prove twins are linked?"

"Yeah, I was just thinking the same thing," Rowdy groused, and his paper gown rustled as he fidgeted at some real or imagined itch.

"Well," I said, "I guess you could say we're looking to prove the existence of the egregore."

"The what?" one of them said. "That--"

"--Sounds like something out of a mad scientist movie," said the other.

I laughed. "No, no. Egregore is a 'thought form' or a 'group mind,' an autonomous psychic collective entity made up of, and influencing, the thoughts of a group of people."

"Oh ... uh," Rebel said uncertainly, "that's real--"

"--egghead shit," Rowdy finished. "Whoosh!--Over our heads."

"The hypothesis is that identical twins have the most similar brain structures so potentially the anecdotal evidence that twins share a psychic rapport, even if it's on a subconscious level, might be one way to prove the existence of an egregore. Later tests will involve more sophisticated tools like brain wave assessments and hypnosis--

"Oh, I probably can't be hypnotized," this from Rowdy, "but I bet Reb can, on account of he's all weak-willed from being a chronic masturbator and stuff--"

"Like you have any room to talk. You forget I know each and every time you jack off, mister master-baiter. Fuck you."

"Is that what you fantasize about when you're jacking off?--Fucking me? Isn't that kinda ... nar-siss-siss ...?"

"You mean 'narcissistic," dip-shit?"

"See? You even know your own diagnosis!"

Jesus!--Was I going to have to fight these guys for control of every conversation? I cleared my throat and carried on: "This initial test is much more simple. Ultimately the goal is to try to find the collective part of the mind in twins, so then we'll know where to look in heterogeneous people."

"Hetero-who?"

"He means people who aren't twins, shit-for-brains."

"Oh. Man, that's--"

Rather than sit through another banter marathon, I interrupted with, "Don't worry. You'll do fine. Let's begin."

The basic screening assessment was simple. The twins sat in chairs, back to back, with a narrow screen between then to prevent one from seeing anything over his shoulder. In front of each was a

little console with a display screen. One screen would light up and show various symbols to twin number one, and twin number two would try to guess the symbol. We'd run through a series, and then reverse so that twin number two was viewing and twin one was guessing. The test was designed so that even lucky guessers would score no more than twenty-three percent matches. With twins, if they really did have some sort of mental connection, in theory their scores would be higher as some sensory information was subconsciously shared between then. One pair I tested a few days before had scored slightly above an impressive twenty-eight percent.

As for the viewing twin being able to hear the guessing twin's guesses, well, for this initial assessment that was intentional. If it helped the twins subconsciously refine their communication and the match rate started going up, that would indicate an area for additional study under more stringent conditions.

I sat perpendicular to them, so I could observe both simultaneously. I couldn't see the displays, but that too was intentional, to prevent any influence from me.

Rowdy wanted to be the first viewer, smirking as he yet again invoked the status of being older by twelve minutes and being "the straight one." I made one final check to ensure the apparatus was recording their breathing, heart rates, and other details, and then I activated the monitor in front of him. "Any time you're ready."

We began with a short test cycle. The machine made a soft *tek* sound each time it displayed a new symbol to Rowdy, and that sound was Rebel's cue to make a guess at which symbol Rowdy was seeing. Rebel hesitantly said, "Uhm, star?"

Tek! "Circle?"

Tek! "Wavy line."

Then, I switched things around and let Rebel do the viewing and Rowdy the guessing. That way, they got used to the mechanics of what they would be doing. Once they'd both had a short acclimation turn, and the apparatus had recorded a good baseline, we were ready to begin in earnest.

Twenty minutes later, with Rowdy viewing and Rebel "receiving," they finished the first full cycle. An impressive thirty-two percent, I noted with a raised eyebrow as I reversed the process to show the next series to Rebel with Rowdy guessing. Another twenty minutes passed, and--*holy fuck!*--thirty-four percent! Now, normally, one full cycle for each twin would be sufficient to judge whether they would be good candidates for further study, but with results like these I couldn't pass up the chance to confirm the earlier results. A good researcher always verifies his findings.

The second trial, again with Rowdy viewing and "sending" and Rebel "receiving" and identifying the symbols, started off even better than the first. This time, the symbols were coming faster, less time for the conscious mind to interfere. The twins were running at just over thirty-five percent accuracy. I was so positive they'd be the perfect test subjects for a breakthrough in my research, I could hardly contain my glee. Then, all of a sudden, Rebel's responses started getting hesitant.

Tek! "Uh ... Circle?"

Tek! "I dunno--square?"

And their accuracy level started dropping. Plunging in fact.

A quick eyeballing of the subjects told me the cause. Rowdy had gotten bored and was looking around at the equipment. He wasn't even looking at the symbols--which meant Rebel truly was guessing now.

"Focus!" I barked. "Pay attention, Rowdy!"

He flinched like a naughty schoolboy and mumbled, "Yessir."

I decided right then that I needed to bring additional tools to bear. Normally, I waited until the actual trials had begun, but I wasn't about to let such great test candidates slip away just because one of them had the attention span of a gnat!

I took a deep breath and began, keeping my voice low, so I wouldn't interfere with the voice recognition software recording Rebel's guesses. "Relax, boys. Just keep going. Rowdy, keep your eyes on the display. Rebel, you're doing great. You're both doing great. Just keep your eyes fixed on the screen, Rowdy. Rebel, I bet you can find somewhere to focus your gaze too, if that helps you. Try not to blink, either of you. Just keep your eyes fixed and your attention focused."

Tek! "Triangle?"

A match. Excellent. We were back in business. Time for me to push on.

"That's it. Keep your eyes fixed and focused. Try not to blink, but I know you'll have to, now and them. That's all right. Keep your eyes open as long as you can, even if they want to blink. They may start to feel tired, but please try to keep them open and focused. Blink if you have to. It's all right. Take a deep breath. Stay focused. I know your eyes are getting tired, but keep them open just a little longer."

Tek! "Square ..."

"In a moment you'll find staying focused starts to get easier and easier. Hold on, and soon, nothing can stop you from becoming absolutely focused. You'll find becoming so deeply focused will be easy, and it will feel very pleasant. In fact, you're already starting to feel it. You're finding it easier to stay focused, even if your eyes are feeling tired. We've been at this a while now--feeling tired is natural, just like feeling focused is natural. Take a deep breath and fill your lungs with oxygen. Good. Exhale. Your eyes are probably feeling very tired by now, and that's all right. Take another deep breath. Now exhale."

Naturally Rowdy let his breathing fall into the rhythm I dictated. Part of what made him perfect for my research was how well he passed the susceptibility assessment I'd given them both shortly after we met.

"Relax. Focus. See how easy it is? Soon you'll be one hundred percent focused. When you're this focused, this relaxed, it can almost seem like what you've imagined hypnosis to be, an intense state of focus where nothing distracts you. As your eyes get tired and you continue to breath, you might become aware of how tired you feel. Feeling so very tired is completely normal. If your eyelids are feeling heavy, that's completely normal too. You can let them blink, maybe close a little, and still stay so completely focused."

Tek! "Tri ... aaanguhl ..."

In fact, I think maybe you can feel them starting to close now. Yes, I can see how tired and drowsy you're becoming. As I count down from five to one, you can feel your eyelids growing so heavy, droopy, so drowsy and sleepy. Just like when you fall asleep at night after a long, full, tiring day. By the time I count down to one, they will close completely and you might slip easily, deeply, into a hypnotic slumber."

Tek! No response.

"All right. Five. Yes, I can see your eyelids are heavy, starting to close, as you become so drowsy and sleepy. Four. Heavy, heavy lids feeling ready to close. Three. The next time you blink, that feeling is a relaxed, focused state of hypnosis coming over you. Two. Eyes closing, closing, close them. Nearly there. One. Sleep now. So deeply focused and asleep."

Everyone reacts to being hypnotized differently. Rowdy simply closed his eyes and released a quiet sigh.

"That's it. Sleep now. No distractions. Completely focused. Completely relaxed."

And Rebel? He'd heard everything I said to Rowdy, and he was out too, the classic *eyes closed, head dropped forward* pose.

"In a few minutes, I'll ask you both to begin the test again, and this time you'll find it so much easier, because you're going to feel refreshed and one hundred percent focused. Take a moment and search yourself. Maybe you're aware of the part of your subconscious mind that is connected to your brother. Maybe your conscious mind has blocked it out just a little, like a filter, but maybe, just for a little while, you can set that filter aside. Maybe you can let that connection grow strong and bright, just so we can test it, just for a little while. That's the whole reason you're here, isn't it?--to test the connection--so your conscious mind will know it's okay to let the filter slip away, just for a little while. Can you do that?"

Rowdy made a low moan. No response from Rebel.

"Before we begin again, is there anything that might be bothering you? Anything that might be preventing you from relaxing completely?"

Rowdy twitched his shoulder, and his paper garment rustled.

"The gown is still itchy? I can remove it, if that will help you relax. Lean forward a bit. So easy to lean forward and stay so deeply relaxed and asleep."

Rowdy eased his torso forward. I reached behind him and untied the knot holding the back flaps of his gown together. Then, slipping the gown off his shoulders and off his body was easy.

"Better? Feel yourself relax and sink even deeper into this focused hypnotic sleep."

Rowdy slouched back in his chair with a contented moan of agreement, low in his throat.

The sight of this specimen of the male animal, buck-naked except for his boxers, socks, and a smattering of electrodes, had me struggling to maintain my professional demeanor. But I had a test to complete--and a second test subject to check on.

"Rowdy, I want to you relax and count down backward from five hundred to one. With each even number, feel yourself relaxing more, sinking a little deeper into hypnosis. With each number, feel yourself opening that communication with your brother even more, opening it as much as you're comfortable. Can you do that for me?"

By way of answering, Rowdy whispered, "... Five hun'ed ... four nin'y nine ..."

Around the screen, I checked on Rebel whose eyelids were still closed but fluttered a little, as if he was only lightly entranced. "How are you feeling, Rebel? Feeling relaxed?"

"Yeah ..."

"Can you feel your connection to Rowdy? Can you tell what he's feeling?"

Above his closed eyelids, Rebel's eyebrows frowned slightly. "He ... asleep ... but ... not really ..."

"That's right. He's deeply, deeply hypnotized, just like you should be. He's sending you something through the connection, isn't he? A feeling, perhaps? Can you tell what it is?"

"Nunnn ...?"

"He's sending you a feeling of deep, relaxing hypnosis. He wants you to be deeply, pleasantly hypnotized too, just like he is, doesn't he?"

"Urrr ..."

"Just relax and let it happen, Rebel. It's all right. Just let yourself relax and enjoy the feeling of being so very deeply, peacefully hypnotized."

Rebel's eyelids stopped fluttering and his brow relaxed. He released a quiet sigh.

Back at my console, I tapped the button to reset the system. "Rowdy, open your eyes. Focus on the screen in front of you. When you see the symbol, you will know completely, absolutely, that you can communicate that symbol to Rebel. Rebel, know absolutely that you can receive what Rowdy is perceiving, and say out loud the symbol you believe he is seeing."

Tek! "Star ..." A match.

Tek! "Star ..." Another match.

Tek! "Circle ..." Definitely off to a good start.

This time, their accuracy was a jaw-dropping fifty-three percent. And when I reversed the test and Rebel "sent" the impressions to Rowdy?--An astounding fifty-nine percent! I was elated. This was definitely a reason to celebrate. When I went over to check on my still-hypnotized test subjects, well, I knew right away what kind of *celebration* would make all three of us happy.

Rowdy, slouched down in his chair a bit, had a full hard-on poking against the front of his boxers--and that hard-on was obvious since his boxers were all he was wearing aside from socks and electrodes. A quick glimpse around the screen at Rebel and, yep, I saw evidence of an identical hard-on under his flimsy paper gown.

First, though, I had to remove the electrodes--not that the readings wouldn't have been valuable "research" too, but the equipment was expensive and easily damaged. Disconnecting Rowdy involved a certain amount of skin-to-skin touch, which worked for my agenda. I turned the necessary contact into caresses and a deepening tool. "Each time I touch you, that's your signal to relax even more," I told him, and got another sigh of agreement as my fingers dislodged an electrode from near his heart and then slid to tease the skin around his perfect little nipple, which hardened. "When I touch you, Rebel can feel it too, can't he?"

"Yehhh ..."

"That's good. That's very good, Rowdy." My fingertip glided down his abs and traced the stiff ridge of his erect shaft straining against his boxers. "I know you like it when Rebel feels what you feel. In a moment you'll be feeling what he feels too, and I know you'll like that too.

Rebel still wore his gown, but the loose paper allowed for easy access, and in some ways was even sexier. I soon had him moaning quietly as I toyed with his nipples, his earlobe, the nape of his neck--all the places that I knew from their motor-mouth interview earlier he found sexy. Under his gown, Rebel's hard-on awaited, and I gave it a few teasing gropes, knowing my touch was thrilling both of men even as it served as their cue to relax more deeply into their trances.

"Stand up, gentlemen," I instructed them. "So easy to stand up and stay so deeply, deeply asleep, isn't it."

They complied slowly. I lead Rowdy to an open space away from the equipment, and he allowed it, docile as a lamb; then I led Rebel over to stand alongside him. Rowdy stood in socks and boxers, which made Rebel in socks and examination gown seem overdressed for the little partly I had in mind. That was easily remedied by pulling at the knot in the back of his gown. The thin paper garment practically slid off his body on its own. Now in identical boxer styles, though different colors, with identical evidence of their physical arousal tenting the fronts, the twins looked even sexier to me than ever before.

I pulled down Rowdy's boxers first--he was, as he'd mentioned several times, the older of the two after all--and his robust erection stood out from his neatly trimmed pubes. "Well, hello again," I greeted his seven-incher, giving it a couple of slow, teasing strokes. Then I tugged down Rebel's boxers to his ankles and repeated the treatment on his cock, and both twins moaned under my ministrations. I was rock-hard in my scrubs, and I needed to get all three of us naked quickly, or I was going to cum before the party really got underway.

Watching experiments was perfectly fine, but for I always preferred my research to be more interactive. I had the twins step out of their boxers. Pre-cum appeared at the tip of Rowdy's dick; I looked over in time to see a little droplet of it about to drip down from Rebel's cock-head too. I swiped both droplets with my fingers, and little silver threads of goo stretched between us. I wiped my hands on my scrubs . The sight of their liquid prompted a similar response in me, because I felt a slippery wet spot forming on the inside of my briefs. The time had come for me to peel off my blue scrub tunic and tee-shirt, then my shoes, scrub pants, briefs, and socks.

I like to suck a cock now and then--three or four times a day ought to do it. I took Rowdy's hand and brought it to my mouth and licked his fingertips in turn like miniature blow-jobs, as my other hand brushed across his left nipple. My palm slid from his nipple to his stomach, then pushed down to the fine hairs of his crotch. From the way Rowdy's posture shifted, his subconscious wanted my fingers

wrapped around his cock. Hetero-flexible, indeed. I tickled the side of the shaft. The skin had stretched itself tightly over the hardness and veins along its length. As I held his wrist with one hand and licked at his fingers, my other hand at his cock traced the contours of his shaft and head, circling around the slight cleft of skin on the underside of the tip.

I whispered to Rowdy, "Kiss me." Still entranced, he leaned closer and pressed his lips to kiss me, clumsily. "Again," I murmured, guiding his head down. Wisps of his hair tickled my forehead, and I could feel him his closed eyelashes against my cheek as his mouth kissed lower, over my jaw and against my neck. I remembered from his interview that Rowdy particularly liked kissing, and I intended to take advantage of that. Rowdy's dick gave a jump in my hand, and I knew I needed to back off before he orgasmed.

"Oh, fuck!" Rebel gasped. I looked over to see him blinking at me, face contorted in surprise. I'd ignored him too long, and he'd awakened from his trance--damn it! I always did suck at three-ways.

"What's happening?" I asked Rebel, trying to sound calm and official as I slithered my hand around his twin Rowdy's balls and gave them a gentle tug-and-squeeze. "What are you feeling right now?"

Rebel rolled his head helplessly against the onslaught of sensation. "Crap!--I'm about to cum!--no!--it's him, not me--I feel him--so strong--he's gonna cum--and I'm--I'm right there too!--I'm about to--" As I let go of Rowdy's genitals, Rebel slapped his hand around his own cock and gave it two, three, four quick pumps. He gasped and then tipped into his ecstasy and shot huge spurts across the floor.

"Oh, fuck!" Rebel repeated as his spasms subsided and a last drop of sperm dripped toward the floor.

"Can you feel what Rowdy is feeling?"

"Oh, yeah ...," he panted.

"Is he feeling relaxed? Sleepy?"

Rebel wiped his hand on his thigh. He glanced at Rowdy, who still stood entranced in front of me. "Yeah. Kind of. It's weird, though, not like normal--"

"He's still sending you impressions, isn't he? He's still sending you impressions of how good it feels to relax and sleep, to just let go and slip back into that deeply relaxed, deeply hypnotized state you were enjoying just a few moments ago, isn't it?"

"I guess so ... Wait--What?"

"Then do it. Let yourself relax. You want to. Rowdy wants you too. You can both be hypnotized together again. You know it's irresistible. As long as Rowdy is so deeply, deeply hypnotized, you're likely to slip back too. It's inevitable. Yes, you're already slipping back into hypnosis. Just relax and close your eyes and let it happen, Rebel."

"But I--"

"Shhh. Don't talk. Just obey. Close your eyes and surrender back into that hypnosis you two shared just a few minutes ago. You're still so relaxed and drowsy, especially now that you've cum. It's only natural. So sleepy. As I count down from five to one, you'll feel your drowsy, sleepy eyelids growing so heavy again as you fall back into that deep, relaxing hypnotic sleep, just like Rowdy. Five. See?--

your eyelids are already so very heavy, starting to close. Four. So deliciously tired and sleepy. A little sleep couldn’t hurt. Three. Yes, already slipping back into that natural, relaxed state of hypnosis coming over you. Two. Eyes closing, closing, close them. Nearly there. One. Sleep now. So deeply focused and asleep."

Rebel's eyes closed, and his jaw went slack. There--now that I again had both twins successfully entranced, my little party could continue.

Rowdy's cock had softened to half-hard while I worked with Rebel, and Rebel's had gone limp after his climax. I positioned the twins side by side; I knelt in front of them and worked at their cocks, one in each hand. Whether it was their hips touching or my ministrations, Rowdy's immediately began to harden again, and Rebel's re-inflated too, just a heartbeat behind. I sent my tongue to lick along the side of Rebel's cock, then Rowdy's, as I glided my hands up along their torsos, comparing the firmness of their stomachs, the hardness of their pecs.

I pressed my lips against the head of Rowdy's cock, and the degree to which his body unconsciously responded surprised me as he trembled and thrust his hips forward against my mouth. I pulled Rebel's hips closer with my other hand so that his dick head bobbed alongside his twin's. I pressed forward again, opening wide to take both heads into my mouth. I couldn't quite manage to fit both at the same time--double blow-jobs ain't nearly as easy as porn videos make them look--so I had to alternate: a couple of sucks on Rowdy, then a couple of up-and-downs on Rebel, then back to Rowdy.

Meanwhile my hands conducted some in-depth research on their torsos. Rowdy's body was especially sensitive; my fingertips brushing past his nipples, grazing across his ribs, made him shudder. Then I stroked my palms down their bellies and grabbed once again at their balls, tugging their sacks gently downward, away from the bases of their cocks as I sucked in one and then the other. Rowdy shuddered again involuntarily and stumbled back a step.

I took the opportunity to concentrate on Rebel's erection, right in front of my face, its head the size of a small plum atop the shaft that stood at rigid attention, in contrast to the slack-armed stance of the rest of his still-hypnotized body. I wasn't wasting any more time with preliminaries--my mouth went all the way down on his rod, until I buried my nose in his so-carefully trimmed pubes. The head of his cock was firmly in my throat, and I swallowed, my throat contracting on it, each swallow, each contraction squeezing it, caressing it. I grabbed his ass to pull him into me, kneading his cheeks too in rhythm with my mouth.

I looked up to see his head was thrown back, his mouth open as if gasping. A shudder ran through his body, and then his body instinctively began to try to fuck my mouth. I felt the first spasmodic thrust coming and thwarted it by holding him to me, my hands pushing hard against his tight-muscled ass, which pressed his thighs hard into my shoulders and biceps. His pelvis leaned tight against my forehead. I swallowed and swallowed. I shifted my hands so my fingers could get into his ass-crack. Soon I found his hole and eased a fingertip inside. I found and massaged Rebel's prostate, which made both twins groan simultaneously.

I came off of Rebel's dick and stood up. I pushed him backward until the table hit the backs of his thighs, and I kept going until he was laying back on the table with his legs hanging over the edge. "Hold your knees to your chest, and feel yourself relax even more," I told him. I retrieved a condom and lubricant gel from a nearby drawer and applied them to my cock, then proceeded to work a dollop of lube into Rebel's ass.

Rebel's ankles rested on my shoulders as I positioned myself for leverage and pressed my cock forward at his asshole, slowly, exquisitely slowly. As my head began to breach his hole, his whole body tensed. "Relax," I told him, knowing the hypnosis would help. "Take a deep breath in and, when you release it, breathe out all the tension and pain. Breathe out. Breathe in pleasure; breathe out tension and pain." His hole eased, and my cock-head pried its way inside, followed by an inch of shaft, then another inch. I eased out a little, then eased in an additional inch. I repeated that and soon had my whole shaft inside him, my balls tapping against the hard muscles of his ass cheeks. Slow, deep strokes at first. Even entranced, Rebel moaned and shuddered as my cock nudged his man-gland, given his ultimate itch the ultimate scratch. Rebel, the gay twin, obviously loved being fucked, loved the feeling of being filled and stretched by my dick. I picked up the pace, keeping a steady stroke that steadily became faster, pulling out until just the head remained inside, then pushing in until my pubes crushed against his ass-cheeks. Before I realized what was happening, Rebel made a guttural sound somewhere in his throat and his back arched. "Cum for me," I ordered, taking advantage of his immanent orgasm. "Cum hard. Cum now." His cock pulsed and started spurting, spurting, squirting his cum in ropes across his chest and stomach. I reached for his cock and stroked it as still more cum burst out of him. Finally Rebel sighed and his body went limp.

"That's it," I told him. "You had a good cum. Just relax. You're so sleepy. Every breath helps you relax and sink deeper into sleep." I was going to fuck his ass hard until I came too.

"That was ... so fucking hot."

I jerked by head toward the voice. I'd forgotten about Rowdy. At some point while I was fucking Rebel, Rowdy had awakened--damn it. Well, like I said, I've always sucked at three-ways.

"Did you feel that?" I asked as I eased my still-hard dick out of Rebel's ass.

Rowdy nodded sheepishly, blushing. "I never knew getting butt-fucked ... felt so good. I felt it before when he's gotten fucked, but it always felt weird ... Was never this clear or intense before."

"Then you're gonna like this," I said. Before he could react, I grabbed his shoulders, turned him, and pushed him back until he was sitting on the tabletop, then sprawling back, his torso alongside his entranced brother. I knelt and pushed his legs up, exposing his asshole.

"What're you--" he said, then gasped--"Ahh!"--as my tongue dragged across his hole.

My tongue and one finger investigated his crack, the silky hair all around his hole, and the hole itself. My fingertip teased at his sphincter, an experimental probe, and it puckered. Rowdy moaned. I kept up the licking and the stroking, keeping him squirming, until the moment came when I started to insert one finger, slowly.

"Damn, man," Rowdy panted. "I dunno--Maybe--Wait--I--"

But I didn't wait. Instead I inserted a second finger. "Just relax," I told him. "Think about how good it'll feel in a minute."

"Will it hurt? It feels funny. This chick I fucked in the ass once said it hurts--" He reached back as if trying to push my head or hand away, but a shudder of sensation ran through his body and his hand missed and waved through empty air.

"Yeah, it'll hurt for a few minutes, but a real man can take it. It won't hurt long and then it'll feel great, even better than what you picked up from Rebel." I grasped his cock with my other hand; his rod was hard and I gave it a few strokes as I pushed my pair of fingers deeper into him. His erection meant I was on the right track. "You won't believe how good it will feel. Trust me; I'm a doctor."

"I dunno, man--I'm not--I--Oh, fuck!--That feels--Fuck!"

"Rebel loves it. You'll love it too. Just relax. Be a man. I'll be gentle. I'll make you feel really good. Just breathe in and out. Just relax."

How to describe the look on Rowdy's face? He had the look of every straight man's face when they realize this is it and their ass-virginity is about to be lost. He sucked in another breath. "Do it, dude," he whispered. "Yeah. Stick your fingers up my ass."

My fingers weren't what I planned to send up his ass, though. I stood up and put on a fresh condom. He watched my every move over his shoulder. "It's cold," he whined as I squirted lube into his ass-crack.

"Just relax," I told him again. "It'll hurt for a minute, but you can take it. Once you get used to it, it'll feel great. You just have to soldier through the first few minutes. If you want, you can return to that nice, relaxed state of hypnosis, and the hypnosis will help you through it."

"I dunno ..."

I pressed my cock-head to his asshole and he tensed in dread. "Easy, Rowdy," I coaxed. "Relax. Don't tighten up or it'll hurt worse.

"*Nnnuh*," he grunted, eyes clamped shut, as I pressured my cock-head against his ass and it began to breach his muscle-ring. "It fucking ... I can't ... Fuck, man, I ..."

His sentences were incomplete because he was expecting Rebel to finish them. But Rebel lay beside him on the table, still deeply hypnotized.

"You can take it. That's it, Rowdy," I soothed as more of my dick-shaft began to penetrate into his ass. "You're doing great. Relax. Focus. Just a little more."

Eyes still clamped shut, he said quietly, "Go for it. Do it. Fuck my ass."

"Easy, Rowdy," I said as I began to push more of the shaft inside him. "Just relax. Focus. Open your eyes. Find something on the wall or the ceiling, and fix your gaze on it. Focus all your attention on it. Just keep breathing deeply. You remember what being hypnotized felt like. Rebel is still hypnotized--if you can feel what he's feeling, you might feel him being so deeply relaxed and heavy and sleepy. You can feel that way again too. Focus all your attention on that something and on what Rebel is feeling. Listen to my voice. Just let everything else wash over you and pass on through. Nothing else matters. Everything else just passes through you and moves on. In fact, the only thing that's important is how relaxed you feel. The longer you stare at something, the more your eyes feel heavy and relaxed, drowsier and heavier. Relaxing more; more relaxed; more drowsy. Let your body relax. Let everything wash over you and pass on through. So relaxed. So drowsy. So heavy. Feel how relaxed and deeply asleep Rebel is. Feel yourself start to feel the same way. He is sharing that feeling with you. Your eyes are closing, your body is relaxing, and you're slipping back into that comfortable, relaxing state of hypnosis you were enjoying just a few minutes ago, just like Rebel. Eyes closing,

closing, closing down, tightly closing, so tightly closed now. You feel good. You feel comfortable. You're relaxed all over. Just let yourself drift and enjoy this comfortable relaxed state, just like Rebel. You feel so good. No more pain, only pleasure, so much pleasure. More and more pleasure. More and more relaxed. Just let yourself drift in that easy, calm, relaxed state of pleasure."

I fucked slowly, keeping my rhythm steady and my strokes long and deep, all the while coaxing them both to relax and sleep. I'd feel myself come close to the verge and I'd slow down, still fucking but even slower, until I felt I could safely pick up the pace a little without climaxing. Rowdy's eyes were shut. He was hypnotized, but only lightly; the unfamiliar sensations in his ass had him threatening to wake up at any moment. I kept talking to him, to them both, leading them deeper, relaxing them, trying to deepen their trances. Meanwhile, my hands stroked Rowdy's chest, kneaded his shoulders, rubbed his cock, tickled his ball sack, doing everything I could to enhance his pleasure. Then, as if a switch was flipped inside him, he sighed and relaxed; his body went limp, not fighting me anymore. The pain had passed, and now his subconscious could enjoy his first ass-fucking.

When I moved to get his legs down from my shoulders, he cooperated, wrapping them around my waist and instinctively squeezed me with them each time I slid my dick back into him. He trembled as my cock glided across the sensitive nerves in his ass and across his prostate. I looked down and saw that at some point his hand had found his brother's forearm and now he held on to it. The sight of both brothers naked, lying alongside each other on the table was hot; the sight of Rowdy's hand on Rebel's arm as if he were reaching for a security blanket tipped me closer to the edge. My dick hit the joy-spot up inside Rowdy's ass, making his legs clench hard around my waist, almost a death grip. His balls were already rolled up into firing position, and now his cock jumped. I recognized the signs. "Ready, Rowdy? Ready to cum? Cum for me, Rowdy. Cum when you're ready." His dick throbbed again, and that was it He let out a husky whimper, and an even larger fountain of dick juice began blasting out of his erection. Rebel was right: when Rowdy spewed, he really spewed. The sight of Rowdy's dick shooting its second load did it for me--I was cumming, cumming hard, cumming into the condom up Rowdy's butt, lost in the ecstasy of my orgasm.

Once my shudders and bliss were subsiding and my breathing was returning to normal, I eased my dick out of Rowdy's stretched hole.

As I pulled off the loaded condom. "On the count of three, you'll find it so easy to wake up, feeling so relaxed and refreshed," I said. "One--starting to wake up. Two--take a deep breath and feel yourself starting to rise back to full consciousness. Three--wide awake." I snapped my fingers twice.

Rebel blinked. Rowdy blinked.

I asked them, "How do you feel, guys?"

Rowdy quietly sighed: "Damn ..."

I turned to dig through a cabinet for a towel we could use to clean up. When I turned back around, the twins were kneeling on the table, facing each other, each with one arm around the other's shoulders, and their other hand between them, each fisting his hard dick. Hard again? These boys were insatiable!

Their foreheads were pressed together, eyes closed, mouths gaping open as they jacked hard and fast. I thought for a moment they might kiss, but they didn't. But Rebel reached over and bumped Rowdy's

hand out of the way; Rebel gripped his brother's cock and started jerking him off. After a moment, Rowdy reached for Rebel's and returned the favor.

I watched them, letting them have their shared moment. My spent dick hardened about halfway and I gave it a few light strokes. The sight was almost too erotic--if I hadn't cum minutes before, I'd have climaxed the moment I'd touched myself again. But this moment was all theirs, and I was too exhausted to even try to get fully hard again.

Rowdy groaned, "Ahh!--"

Rebel answered, "Ohh!--"

"--I'm gonna--"

"--gonna cum--"

In unison the twins threw their heads back. If they didn't cum at exactly the same moment, sharing their double-intense orgasm, the difference was too close to matter.

When they finished spewing equally impressive loads, they looked over at me and smiled and each held out an arm, welcoming me into a three-way embrace.

Afterward, when we were all cleaned up and dressed again, I noticed Rowdy had put on the T-shirt Rebel had been wearing when they arrived. Probably that wasn't a big deal since they seemed accustomed to sharing clothes, but that and the even more natural way they kept completing each other's sentences now made them seem even more connected than before, as if they had blurred into each other.

The twins were back in jabberbox mode. Listening to them talk back and forth was dizzying, and sometimes I couldn't keep track of who was speaking. I decided it didn't much matter.

"--was one of the wildest things--"

"--I ever felt and--"

"--I still feel him--"

"--in the back of my head--"

"--like he's always been there--"

"--and I just never knew how to listen--"

"--but now I do!"

"We both do!"

They turned their attention to me.

"So, did we make it--"

"--into the test group?"

Did they ever! Hell, I could probably prove my egregore hypothesis right then and there using just the two of them! But a good researcher knows not to get too excited until he has examined all the data--and repeated the experiment over and over to verify the outcome.

I said, "Yes, we'd be pleased to have you be part of our experiment. And I think you should come prepared for ... more of this special private testing--just, y'know, to confirm tonight's results."

The twins looked at each other as if confirming some private question, then they looked at me and beamed, which was my answer.

As I showed them out, I said, "I'll see you next week at the same time, and we'll start the official testing. I expect big loads--I mean, big results from both of you."