

Activate

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Steve learns to activate his special talent.]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how

autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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- http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J
(MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
 - <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
 - <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Autl>
(MC stories)
-

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Steve wasn't very athletic in high school, but somehow between senior year and our first term of training at the Institute, the scrawny kid next door morphed into a cute muscle stud. Tight abs, firm pecs, toned thighs, and an ass you could bounce a piggy bank off of. I see the way guys check him out in the locker room, and I can't help feeling protective. Isn't this the shy kid who helped me pass biology?--The one I helped get started in the gym because he wanted to put on some muscle? Now he's giving half the guys on campus boners,

including me.

But that's not his fault. He can't help it.

Until the other night, I didn't think Steve had any idea what he was doing to us.

See, he's a projecting empath, and a strong one too--whatever emotion he's feeling, he can make others feel it too. Anger, fear, love, lust, whatever--so subtle they don't realize it's him doing it, and so strong it can overwhelm rational thought. It might sound like a useful Talent, but it only recently started to manifest and he still hasn't figured out how to turn it on and off yet. When it's on, he's plenty formidable. In combat training, he can make an opponent run screaming in panic. But when it's off, Steve's pretty much as

useless as any other baseline human. If his Talent were to cut out in combat training, he could get seriously hurt. That's part of why I feel kind of protective of him, because he never knows when it's going to activate or deactivate.

The downside of not being able to turn it off is, like every other eighteen-year-old, Steve walks around campus with a hard-on half the time. When he's on and feeling horny, every guy within a hundred yards feels horny and can't stop himself from sporting wood. Meanwhile Steve goes on about his business, blissfully ignorant that he's making the guys feel that way. I know from experience it's a horniness that even jacking off can't make go away--that's how strong he is. When he's on, he can have a

dozen guys ready to jump his bones if I weren't there to run interference. Then again, now that he's developing into a handsome muscle stud with that lopsided grin of his, a lot of guys probably want to jump him anyway, even without the horniness he often broadcasts.

See, in addition to being clueless, up 'til then Stevie was still a virgin. Me too. I was crushing on him, but I never made a move because I wasn't sure how much was my genuine emotion and how much was him broadcasting his leftover high school hero-worship every time he looked at me. Still, I made it my business to look out for him.

So, yeah, until the other night, Steve never

realized what he was doing to us. After a workout, he and I hit the showers. As usual, a couple of guys from the weight room followed us, hoping to catch a glimpse of Steve wet and naked. The four of us lathered up, and soon Steve's admirers were spotting barbell-solid boners.

"You guys lift weights a lot?" Steve asked them.

"Yeah," they said in unison, gently tugging their meat.

"Well, keep up the good work--you both look great," he replied.

I thought about it and realized what was

happening. Even though I knew what he could do, what he was doing, I didn't want this feeling to stop.

Steve glanced down at his own beautiful hard-on and smiled. He caught sight of my erection and realized that I was enjoying the view too. "This is pretty cool, huh?" he admitted, finally taking in the scope of his sexual power. Even though I knew, I couldn't fight it--he had already crashed through my mental defenses. He knew it too. I was just as thoroughly enthralled, in lust, as the other two. I wasn't even trying to stop him this time.

He motioned for the three of us to gather around him and our four cocks glided over each other. "So, guys," Steve whispered,

grinning that cockeyed grin of his. "What should we do now?"
