

# Bat-Shit Crazy (an Institute story)

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Stop me if you've heard this one before: A horny telepath and a precognitive walk into a dorm room ...

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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*Author's note: This story occurs six years after "[Assignment: Futurist](#)."*

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My friends Nate and Xavier were arguing about bad boyfriends--again.

Nate volleyed with, "No, hyperkinetics are the worst. They do everything so fast. You get them back to your place, and they're already done, dressed, and ready to leave before you get your pants off. Or if you get one who's willing to slow down anywhere *close* to regular-person speed, he still fucks too fast and there's no lube made that can handle that. He'll rub you raw in two seconds. Friction burns on your dick or ass? Oh, hell no! Ain't no cure for that but an embarrassing trip to the infirmary and abstinence for weeks while your skin grows back. Ain't *no* sex worth having to do without for weeks after. I don't get it--we can put people in space, but we can't make a lube that works for a guy who fucks you at one hundred miles an hour?"

And Xavier parried with, "No, precognitives are definitely the worst. The weaker ones--they're so used to seeing the future they keep trying to jump ahead of the game. You're getting his shirt off, and he skips

directly to the cuddling like you both already came, and he's like 'Call me later,' and you're like 'Hey, I haven't even gotten my dick sucked yet.'"

Nate scratched his chin. "Yeah, *that* sucks--."

Xavier steamrolled on: "And the stronger ones? They're all like bat-shit crazy from knowing every possible way the future might happen. You walk over and introduce yourself, and he's like, 'It's really gonna to break my heart when you cheat on me with your ex.' Or you're in the middle of fucking and he's like, 'By the way, next month when you meet the guy you're going to dump me for, you should know he's got herpes and then he's gonna die in two years when a bus hits him.' Crap, what a fucking mood-killer!"

Me? I was just trying to eat. We were sitting in the cafeteria at lunchtime again, and I was basically pushing the last hunk of mystery meat through the remains of something that was probably meant to be mashed potatoes. I was trying to ignore them, because they're both sluts and have conversations like this about guys nearly every day. Talking to them is like, *Hi, how are you, let me tell you all about the guys I've fucked in the last twenty-four hours*. They considered me a prude by comparison since I only tried to get laid once a week or so.

And it had been exactly a week since the last time I'd gotten laid. I was so horny I was about to explode. So horny I could barely think about anything else--which would be really embarrassing if another telepath had brushed his thoughts up against mine. Which was another reason I was trying to ignore Nate and Xavier.

"You know," Nate said. "There's someone at this table who can give us his expert opinion on precogs." Then Nate and Xavier both made a big production out of looking right at me.

"What?" I said, suspecting a trap but officially rejoining their conversation anyway since playing with my mystery meat wasn't going to save me. "Don't look at me."

Xavier turned on the charm. "Your roommate Yan's a precognitive, right?"

Damn. His question was rhetorical; I contemplated ignoring it, and him, and going back to my mystery meat.

Nate: "And he's hot as fuck too, soooo ..."

Sigh. "Guys, you know Yan and I aren't fucking. We've never ..."

"Why not? He's gorgeous."

"And he's your roommate. You probably see him naked all the time, and you know when he's horny. All you'd have to do is reach into his mind and--"

"Guys, Yan and I are *not* fucking. We've only been roommates for--what?--a month? I don't even know if he's into men sexually."

"But you don't know for sure? Why not?" Nate raised an eyebrow, as if yet again my failure to get into Yan's pants was both a complete surprise and fresh evidence of a major character flaw, rather than a factoid that got discussed two or three times a week. Nate just couldn't understand why I didn't use my telepathy to read my roommate's mind, or manipulate him into having sex with me, or both. That's probably what Nate would have done on Day One if Yan were his roommate.

"Uh ... I believe in privacy, remember?" Just because I could read minds didn't mean I wanted to go around

doing it all the time. I liked my privacy, and I liked to let other people have theirs. Besides, Yan and I had only been assigned together as roommates a month ago in the last housing shuffle, so it wasn't like I knew the guy that well yet or anything.

He seemed cool but a little standoff-ish. One of the few things Yan *had* mentioned was that he tended to shift roommates a lot. Seemed his previous roommates had all eventually gotten freaked out about him being a precog. Sure, they would start out curious--like wanting to know what would be on tomorrow's quiz, or whether they were more likely to get laid on their date that night if they wore the blue shirt or the brown one--but then sooner or later they'd always get weird about casual little remarks Yan made about stuff that was going to happen, and sooner or later they'd ask for a room transfer. Fortunately, he could only foresee the future about twenty-four hours in advance, so he never knew how long the latest roommate would last, but he'd never had one last more than six months, and most didn't even make the one-month mark. He was kind of sensitive about that.

The latest roommate of course was me, and I'd arrived accompanied by an ultimatum from the Housing Office: make it work because they were tired of his roommates requesting transfers and didn't want to get a request from me in a couple of months. So we were pretty much stuck together. I gave Yan as much space and privacy as I could. I considered our roommate relationship to be friendly enough, but he gave no indication of wanting to be anything more than just casual friends who shared a living space. I hadn't even seen him completely naked yet.

But I sure wanted to. Truth was, Nate and Xavier were right about Yan being completely gorgeous--and completely my type too. I was glad I'd gotten assigned as his roomie. He was from one of those clan-countries to the south where the people all looked kind of exotic. "Hi, I'm Yan," he said when we first met, with that accent that nearly made my bones melt. I thought he was absolutely beautiful. Curly blond hair. Honey-colored skin. Lithe muscles. About the same height and age as me. I'd been in lust with him since the first time I walked in and laid eyes on him. I definitely wanted to lay more than eyes on him.

Yan was a private person too, like me. I liked that about him. He hadn't told me much about himself or how he got recruited--I got the feeling his past was a sensitive topic for him. He didn't have any family so he never went home like the rest of us on leave or on holidays. For him, the Institute was his home now. He was eighteen, like me, and he'd been at the Institute since he got recruited six years ago. Me, I'd been recruited four years ago. Precognitives are rare, maybe the rarest kind of Talent--Yan was apparently a strong one, but he seemed have mastered the ability of telling the future and the present apart. He was a little reserved, but I thought maybe he was just shy. He wasn't bat-shit crazy like Nate and Xavier thought all precogs were.

Me, I'm a telepath, like Nate and Xavier. Telepathy is a common Talent, maybe the most common kind, and the Institute had lots of like us running around. That's one reason I emphasized privacy so much. Having enough physical privacy was rare enough for things like jerking off or fucking. With all those telepaths around, having mental privacy was even more rare.

Which was why, that night when I got back to the dorm room I shared with Yan, I was horny and grumpy. I hadn't gotten laid in a week, and I hadn't had the privacy to jack on in four days. I was glad Yan wasn't there. I sat on the edge of my tiny little bed and scrolled through some porn I'd saved on my computer tablet last time I was home. I was hoping he would stay gone a little longer so I could pull out my cock and jack off. And since having Yan around these last several weeks had me going crazy with lust, I *definitely* needed to jack off. Ten more minutes or privacy, and I'd have myself some relief.

But no--just as I was deciding what porn I wanted to jack off to, the door opened and Yan walked in. He was

fresh from the shower, golden hair still wet. All he had on was a towel around his waist. Bare chest, broad shoulders, and a towel around his narrow waist ... and that rise in front where the towel clung to the curve of his soft cock underneath. "Hey," he mumbled.

*Holy shit*, my mind said appreciatively, but--"Hey," I said back, pretending I was still paying attention to my computer and trying not to stare at all Yan's golden skin.

He put his shower pack on the bed and walked over to the storage drawers, started fishing around in the one where he kept his underwear. I liked the way his muscles played along his shoulders and back as he moved. He dropped his towel, and my jaw dropped. For the first time I was seeing Yan's bare ass!--And it was definitely, definitely worth the wait. I'd seen him in shorts and underwear before, so I knew he had a nice butt, but nothing prepared me for the sight of it exposed. Wow!

Damn--I definitely needed to get laid.

If his backside looked so fine, what did his front-side look like? I wondered whether I should give him a little telepathic nudge to turn around before he put on his underwear. Yeah, maybe I could risk just a little nudge--no harm in just looking, was there?

"Thanks," Yan said, as he bent forward and stepped into a pair of boxer shorts, which pushed his butt-cheeks back in a way that made me want to fall face-first between them.

"Uh--For what?" I said, hoping he hadn't caught me staring.

"You were about to say, 'Nice ass.'"

Fuck! I'd been so caught up, I forgot he was precognitive. *Okay, play it cool*, I told myself. *He can see what happens in the future, but he doesn't always know what it means. Be cool. Just be cool.*

I tried to keep my voice casual, like I was joking. "Oh, uh, okay. Well ... Nice ass."

Yan snapped the waistband of his boxers in place at his hips and turned to face me. "Thanks," he said again, just a little smugly.

Yan walked over to my bed. Our room was small, so that took only two steps. He stood in front of me. I pretended to be engrossed in something on my computer screen, but after a moment I had to look up and acknowledge his crotch at eye level--*Oh, fuck ...*--and force myself to keep my eyes going up until I was looking at his face. I made a noncommittal question-y sound: "Hmm?"

Yan casually hooked a thumb in the waistband of his boxers, which had the side-effect of pulling the waistband down to just barely the top of his pubes. My eyes were pulled from his face, down his hairless chest, to his--

No!--I yanked my eyes back up to his face again.

Yan shrugged. "So ... either I let you do what you want now, or tomorrow you'll be so horny you'll work up the nerve to mind-control me with your telepathy into doing it. I'd rather do it willingly. Fewer complications afterward."

My big head was thinking, *Is Yan saying what I think he's saying?* But the little head in my pants was saying, *Who cares?--Go for it!* The little head set to hardening too, just to make sure my big head got the message.

I gave up all pretense otherwise, set my computer aside, and reached for the waistband of Yan's boxers.

He took a step back. "Wait."

Both heads came up with a hundred reasons why waiting was a bad idea, but the best protest I could come up with was, "Huh?"

"I don't know if I'm into guys sexually or not. If we do this, you have to promise to keep quiet about it. Agreed?"

My little head didn't even have to think about it. "Agreed."

"One more thing. Just because I'm doing this willingly doesn't mean I want to do it *willingly*."

"Huh?" I said again because now both heads were confused.

"I've never done this before, with anyone--"

Wait--Yan was a virgin? That kinda made sense, because precogs creep a lot of people out. Yan was beautiful, but most people probably kept their distance.

--so I want you to take control. Not just of what we're doing, but completely. I want you to use your telepathy and use me, like you were considering. I've wondered what that will feel like."

Not *would*--he said *will*. Like it was a foregone conclusion.

"Plus, that way if you do run your mouth or some other telepath picks up on it"--I knew he was thinking about Nate and Xavier--"then I can say you made me do it. Agreed?"

My big head was shouting, *Wait a minute*, because something about the politics of taking control of him for sex seemed questionable, but my little head was hollering, *Woo hoo--gonna have sex with Yan!* I couldn't fault that little-head logic, so I said, "Agreed."

My nuts were buzzing and my cock was hard in my pants. My cheeks flushed. Yan was putting himself in my hands, so to speak, and that thought made me ... Hell, I'd never felt so aroused! If Yan wanted to be used, then okay, I'd use him!

I just hoped he didn't turn out to be bat-shit crazy afterward--

"I won't."

I blinked. "Huh? You won't what?"

"Be bat-shit crazy after," Yan smirked at me. "You're, uhm, leaking a little." He tapped the side of his head with a fingertip.

*Crap!* I yelled in my head, which made Yan wince. "Oh, sorry," I said out loud. When I get nervous, sometimes I broadcast my thoughts and people around me can "hear" what I'm thinking. That was how they found out I was a telepath in the first place, back when my Talent first developed. I liked to think I had that mostly under control after four years of Institute training, but obviously not. This was like the psychic equivalent of bedwetting or something.

"Interesting comparison," Yan chuckled. I must have looked mortified because he added, "Still leaking."

Well, double crap--could I embarrass myself any worse? "Sorry," I apologized again and then decided I'd better shut the fuck up, orally and mentally, before I made the situation worse.

Yan stood there just a few inches out of reach, looking at me. What was he waiting for? Oh, right--he was waiting for me.

I checked his crotch. There definitely seemed to be something promising there, pushing at the front of his boxers. I looked up at his face. He wore this intense but unreadable expression. Then he bit gently at his lower lip. Yeah, when I probed at his thoughts, I sensed nervousness and arousal.

Showtime.

I reached into his thoughts. Like every Talent here at the Institute, Yan had a lot of training on how to defend his mind from psychic intrusion until it became nearly second nature. When he felt my telepathy touching the edges of his mind, he made a conscious effort to lower his mental defenses. He was nervous. I knew where to start. I was going to satisfy Yan's curiosity, deflower his virginity, and get my rocks off with this gorgeous guy, all at the same time. I didn't wait a moment more. I slipped past some residual resistance here, some hesitation there, and spread tendrils of my thoughts through his mind.

"Nuh ..." he mumbled when he felt me in his mind, but he didn't try to push me out. In fact, his thoughts started coloring with arousal before I got around to making him horny, and--quick glance--yes, his cock was definitely starting to get aroused. Looked like Yan was getting off on what I was doing.

I was quick. Another couple of seconds, and I had control of his motor centers; he couldn't have pulled away from me if he tried. Yan had no time to react before I dropped to my knees and yanked down on his boxers. A longish half-hard cock flopped out in my face, and without hesitation I slurped it up.

He didn't try to pull away, though. Inside Yan's head, I could feel him thrilling at the sensation of my wet lips enveloping his joint. His mouth dropped open as he stared down at the handsome dude on his knees with Yan's cock in his mouth. So Yan thought I was handsome?--I felt myself blushing.

I pursed my lips outward around Yan's cock and tongue-swabbed the sensitive head. I was going to make sure his first blowjob was memorable. He might not have been sure whether he was attracted to men, but his cock definitely was hardening, regardless of any inhibitions he might have had--and with only minimal prompting from me. He thought the warmth and wetness of my mouth and tongue felt amazing. He leaned toward me and grimaced, gasping at the feel of my bobbing mouth and the growing warmth in his stomach and nuts. It felt good, he decided, fucking good. I rewarded him with a little flickering of my tongue underneath his sensitive cock-head, which he really liked.

I looked up at Yan. His hesitation was almost gone. And he definitely wasn't freaking out, so far.

His gorgeous face was screwed up in nervous passion, which seemed so fucking sexy to me since I was the one making him feel that way. I had his body standing still as a statue, and his cock by then was very stiff. I grinned around the length of it and slurped it deeper into my mouth. Yan gasped and actually managed to shove his hips forward. I took advantage of his initiative and slid my hand between his parted thighs. His dangling ball-sack banged against my forearm as I crammed two fingers up into his freshly showered ass-crack. I searched until I found the crinkled hole. Then I pushed a finger against it gently.

"What are you--?" Yan bleated as my fingertip slipped inside his sphincter. "Oh, fuck--ungh, your finger is up my ass!" A little pleasure-jolt from me in his head, and Yan was desperately fighting the stillness in his body, trying to shove his cock deeper into my throat. His ass squirming around the finger that I was inserting farther up his tight buttole. Yeah, he was starting to like this.

My finger was finding more nerve endings, and my thoughts were sliding deeper into Yan's mind and setting off little jolts of excitement in his pleasure centers. I could feel what Yan was feeling. That finger burned like hell, but he found the sensation was also strangely exciting, and that made his cock bone up even stiffer in my mouth. Yan gasped and tried again to thrust into the wet mouth in front of him, my mouth, too aware of his ass squirming around that digging finger and wondering why it was feeling better and better.

Suddenly he freaked out. "Somebody might come in!" he blurted, fighting the stillness I'd induced in his body, trying to pull away from me, trying to pull his cock out of my mouth. He was seeing a possible future in which my door suddenly swung open and a visitor--

But seeing a possible future didn't mean it would happen. I worked on not letting Yan's cock escape my mouth as I calmed his mind. I probed my thoughts into the hallway and ... yes, there, heading for our door was a friend, already reaching for our doorknob in hopes of surprising one or the other of us jacking off. I redirected him with a quick compulsion to go to the cafeteria for a snack instead, and let out a quiet sign of relief when he changed course away from our door.

Seeing the futures realign, Yan relaxed too and stopped struggling.

Still, I broke away from his cock and ass long enough to reach for the door latch. I made sure Yan saw me lock it. *It's okay*, I whispered into his brain, *no interruptions. Besides I know you like it.*

He grinned back at me. The way lust made his smile kinda goofy looked so fucking sexy to me.

His dick nestled into my mouth again, and he couldn't stop--didn't resist--my finger sliding back into his buttole or my thoughts sliding through his head. The blowjob thrilled him, and the finger digging around in his asshole felt simultaneously weird and exciting; and knowing I was in his head and he wouldn't be able to stop me from doing whatever I wanted notched up his excitement even more. It excited me too, more than I'd expected. I surprised both of us by suddenly shoving my head forward and cramming his cock deeper into my slurping mouth.

"Umm, that's so good--so fucking good," he gurgled.

His ass-crack was still damp from his shower, and my spit-lubed middle finger prodded in and out of his hole. Yan heard himself moan, and he realized getting finger-fucked felt better than he ever imagined. I loved eavesdropping on his thoughts. I added another little burr of sensation into the pleasure centers of his mind. He responded by begging me to suck him faster, harder, even though I was practically slamming my mouth up and down his cock by then. He was enthralled by the sensation of getting his cock sucked for the first time in his life and his asshole worked over at the same time--and by a dude too!

All my work in his mind to enhance his bliss was having its effect. I sensed the change in Yan's attitude as he surrendered completely to me. The very last resistance disappeared from his mind, and I rewarded him by letting his body move a little, letting his hips pump forward and back, helping send his cock in and out of my mouth like a rutting animal and convulsing his ass around my finger. I had him humping my face and humping my finger. Driving him into a frenzy like that was a major turn-on for me!

I slurped on his cock noisily, expertly twirling my tongue and deep-throating, then bobbing over just the head and licking at the piss-slit, just to hear him groan with arousal. I had my beautiful roommate exactly where I wanted him.

I pulled my mouth off that stiff rod, gripped it with my free hand, pumping it in my face. "I think you need to get fucked," I told him. "I'm inside your head so don't deny you've been curious about it. Now you can find out."

Yan didn't say anything, but his face burned with embarrassment. He *had* been curious, and we both knew it. His thoughts lit up as he worked through whether he really was ready to find out what a cock up his ass felt like, and I gently guided him with a nudge here, a little burst of pleasure there. He shuddered and wiggled his butt around my finger to make it tease his butt-lips and prostate. Fuck!--That little eruption of sensation in his mind felt incredible to me too, and I knew his cock was about to burst. I stopped jacking his overheating dick but held onto it, squeezing the base gently, letting him cool down.

"What the hell--do it," Yan hissed, though of course I already knew what he'd decided. "But if it hurts, you gotta take it out. Promise? Can I trust you?"

*A little too late to worry about that*, I thought, careful not to let that one leak out of my head. Thanks to the degree of control I had over his mind and body, he couldn't have stopped me even if getting fucked hurt. Fortunately for him, I didn't want to hurt him--I wanted him to feel the exact opposite of hurt. I squeezed the base of his cock again while fingering his asshole, which was practically driving him nuts with lust.

"Don't worry; it won't hurt much," I lied with a smile. "You'll love it." Inside his mind, I issued a series of irresistible commands: *Turn around. Bend over. Put your hands on your mattress. Spread your legs and that'll open up your asshole.*

Yan, my completely unresisting puppet, did as I ordered. I had him too excited to think about looking into the future. He loved the hot and raunchy feeling that following my orders gave him in the here and now, knowing I'd take care of everything, and he loved how exposed he felt physically, leaning forward and waiting with his legs spread to have my dick shoved up his butt. Knowing the possible futures didn't always mean he always knew which one would happen, and his first time was definitely turning out hotter than he might have foreseen. The way I was making him feel--the way lust and ecstasy burned through every fiber of his mind and body--he'd happily do whatever I wanted, and my telepathy only had to guide him gently.

I stared at the bent-over figure and the pristine butt-cheeks pushed back at me. I spread them apart with both hands. Yan had a real muscle butt, broad and taut, but it opened eagerly under my ministrations as he squirmed and wiggled back into my hands. Yeah, I'd done my work well--this dude was hot to get fucked!

"You're gonna love this," I laughed just before I crammed my face into Yan's parted ass-crack.

Startled, he yelped and tried to pull away, but of course couldn't make his muscles move without my say-so. He felt my face in his ass and just couldn't believe what was happening. After a moment, he decided it felt good. Yeah, the physical sensations and my mental nudges had him loving it! As my wet tongue swiped at his crack, tickled his sensitive ass-rim, and then stabbed at it, Yan felt little bursts of pleasure going off in his mind that had him so euphoric he thought he was about to pass out. I wasn't about to let that happen, though. I made sure he was focused on the feeling of getting his ass licked. He loved it!--loved the way the heat of my mouth over his asshole made him feel like he was melting. He wanted to shove his butt back and wanted to grab his own cock to pump at it and make himself orgasm and end this delicious torment, but I made sure



his brain couldn't move his hands off the mattress. His mouth hung open, he moaned incoherently, and his mind was a jumble of this feeling and that one and this one too. *Tongue-tongue-tongue*, was pretty much the closest thing to a cohesive thought he could manage. I felt him trying to reach for his Talent, eager to get a taste of what was going to happen next, but I blocked him to keep him focused on experiencing the present.

Me, I made sure his ass was in heaven, and that heaven spread through the rest of him. I loved the way his tight slot pouted out to meet my lips, and then opened up to my tongue slithered around it. Nothing had prepared either of us for how much Yan was loving what I was doing to him!

I greedily tongued at his hole. His cock waved like a flagpole, drooling pre-cum and eager to cum. I was eager to put my erection into his ass. Yan had a terrific smooth butt, and I let my mouth go wild over it. I sucked at his satiny butt-lips, pulled them open, tickled the center, and stabbed into it. He was a quivering mess, butt shaking and knees weak. I crammed my face deeper, pushed his ass cheeks wider apart and jammed my tongue farther up his hole.

I abruptly abandoned my butt-munching and stumbled to my feet. My knees were weak too, and I was still fully clothed, which seemed wrong. I had to do something about that--immediately. Yan moaned with his head down as I stripped. I'd let my hold on him slip a little while I was distracted, and Yan pumped his smooth ass a little, lewdly, as if humping the air. I almost laughed; I'd turned my aloof roommate into a slut!

I grabbed a condom out of my bedside drawer, suited up, lubed up, aimed my cockhead at his sphincter, and began to push. *Relax. Push your asshole out as I push in.* My instructions barely penetrated the lust-fog in Yan's mind. He felt my hot column of cock rubbing up into his crack and shivered. He thought it seemed gargantuan, which made me feel flattered. But as my stiff rod rode up and down his crack, Yan knew he was about to have all that meat inside him, and he was nervous but definitely wanted it. We both wanted it.

"Give me your cock!" Yan blurted.

He had brief flare of resistance--just a slight one, easily calmed--when I poised my cock-head at his hole. His entrance, already primed by my finger, tongue, lips, and his desire, was still tight, and my cock-head was a bluntly flared helmet. I pressed and gave him a moment as I worked in his mind to ease the tightness. I pulled back. I pressed again, harder, deeper. He groaned and pushed his butt back eagerly against my cock. I pressed again. The slippery rim suddenly gaped open, and I was in!

Both of us grunted. His asshole clamped over my cock-head. I gave him a still moment as we both accustomed ourselves to the sensation of asshole wrapping cock-head. Then I shoved deeper. I had an inch of solid cock slid inside Yan.

"I'm fucked! Oh, man, I am so fucked!" Yan moaned, his thighs and butt quivering.

I held on to his hips and shoved again. His hole was a quaking flesh. It enveloped my cock in fluttering warmth. I shoved, pulled out a little, and then shoved deeper. Yan gasped and then pushed back with a powerful thrust of his own. Half of my cock rode up his ass.

"How's that feel?" I asked, already knowing what he was feeling because my telepathy was making sure the burn of being invaded transmuted into blissful pleasure in his mind. Anything like pain was far away, barely registered, and he experienced only ecstatic sensations as my cock glided into him. "Do you like my cock up your ass? Huh? Do you?" I punctuated my questions by pumping more shaft into Yan's ass.

"I like it," Yan whispered.

"What?"

"I like it," he said louder.

"What do you like? My cock up your ass?" I grunted as I shoved another inch up his snug hole.

"I like your cock up my ass!" Yan groaned louder. "Uhn, yeah! I love your cock up my ass! How much more of it is there? Gimme all your cock!"

I stared down at his butt, loving the way my shaft protruded from his split cheeks. I loved the way the shaft slid in and out of his hole. I still had a few more inches to go, but I wanted to take my time feeding them into that cherry slot. "There's more, buddy. You'll get it all when you're open and ready--don't worry about that. You want more cock, don't you?"

Yan groaned. My telepathy had taken over his mind, but my hard meat had taken over his ass from the inside. It stretched him and filled him with a burning heat he had never experienced until now. I pushed my cock in a little deeper, rubbing that sensitive nut inside him, and then pulled back out to slide over his tender ass-lips. Yan tossed his head back in ecstasy, and I felt the wild pleasure exploding through him. Man, this fuck was so insanely good! I reached under his hips and rubbed his cock and felt his asshole respond by twitching and clamping over my cock up it. That was definitely wild! I made him spread his legs farther and bend down until his chest almost touched the mattress. Oh, man--that really opened him up! He felt my cock begin to pump faster in and out of his ass. This new position felt awesome to both of us.

"You like to get fucked," I hissed as I screwed him, finding a rhythm, in and out, increasing my pace. "You really like it. I can tell. Yeah, take it. Yeah, here's more cock. Here's all the cock you could ever want."

Yan took it well. His grunts were constant. He was bent far forward and really squirmed around my dick, and he kept thinking, *He's fucking my ass with his big fucking dick*, nasty things that flattered me and made me grin and fuck him harder. I pumped in all the way to my balls and held my rod there inside him while he gasped loudly, then I pulled it slowly back until it popped out.

"You want my cock back in your ass?" I growled at him. "You want me to fuck you with my cock again?" He shivered all over, eager to feel my cock-rhythm, the way my cock would fill him completely then slither backward and nearly abandon him. His asshole quivered, empty and clamping and drooling lube. He wanted that feeling back. I could sense in his mind how much he wanted that stuffed, deep heat inside him again. "Beg for it," I hissed. "Beg for my cock, and I'll fuck you again."

Yan's thoughts wailed loud and clear: *I want your big, fat cock up my ass! Please--please fuck me!*

I giggled at that, wondering if some startled telepath passing by might have overheard. Who cared?--What dominated my thoughts right then was that quaking butt of Yan's, just like hit thoughts were dominated by the need for my cock to be inserted back up it. I rammed my cock home in his ass again. Yan's tight ass-cheeks shook. I slid nearly out and then repeated the slam-fuck. Yan gurgled as I reached around to grip his boner and whacked at it frantically. He knew what was coming. So did I. I held on to his hip with one hand and rammed my dick into him furiously, the same way I stroked his cock with my other hand. This dude was made for taking my cock up his butt!

I loved it. The aloof stud had become a willing hole for me to ram-fuck, and I ploughed as fast as I could, ramming in and out as the odor of sweat and sex filled the air. I bit back a howl as I felt my balls roil. Yan tightened his hole around his cock, trying to squeeze the load out of me. "Gonna shoot--up your ass--take my

fucking load," I gasped. I made sure our minds were connected so he'd share my orgasm, and then I felt myself tip into my climax. I spewed. Yan howled. He felt everything I felt as I filled that condom up his ass with my cum.

"Fuck," Yan swore, blinking. "That was amazing. I just felt you cum."

I grinned. "You haven't felt anything yet."

My cock hadn't softened much, and I kept stroking it in and out of his ass. "Yeah," he panted, "fuck me hard--uhhnn--fuck my ass--man--I'm cumming!" Yan didn't need to announce that because I already felt his orgasm starting to go off in his head. It flared up bright and intense, and I cranked up the intensity in his mind to eleven. "Aw, fuck," he mewled desperately as he rode through the ecstasy of it.

"Yeah, shoot your load with my big dick up your ass," I growled down at him as I tweaked his mind to make his climax still more intense, make it seem to stretch on forever.

Yan was experiencing his first sex and his first butthole- and telepathy-induced orgasm. The pressure of my dick in his asshole seemed to drive the jizz out of his balls and out his burning cock-shaft and halfway across his bed. He squirmed and shot and shot, his head spinning and his entire body tensed and weak at the same time.

I loved sharing his orgasm too, and I loved knowing I'd given it to him. Yan's muscles gave out and we collapsed onto his bed, still connected by my dick embedded in his butt. We soared in that intense moment when nothing mattered except the wonderful shared feeling of cum boiling from my cock, and my balls emptying themselves, and our bodies and minds pressed together.

Afterward, "Aw, man," he gasped contentedly, nuzzling his head back at me. "That was, was so ... Fuck ..."

"Yeah," I murmured, kissing his neck. "Sure was."

We still lay together across his mattress. He wasn't making any effort yet to push me out of his head, and we luxuriated in the intimacy of our minds being connected after powerful orgasms.

I couldn't help hoping he had liked the sex enough to want to do it again, and soon. But if we did start fucking regularly, how would I keep Nate and Xavier from finding out?--Man, they'd never let up on me once they found out Yan and I were having finally sex; Yan was right about our needing to make sure they never found out we were having sex. And I definitely wanted to be having sex again with Yan. Lots and lots of it. Then I nearly froze because--*oh, fuck!*--what if Yan had picked up on my desire? Talk about embarrassing!

"Definitely," he snickered, since apparently I was leaking again.

"Uurgh," I growled, flushing hard.

I felt Yan reaching for his Talent again, and I let him. He chuckled softly, "Oh, man, I'm so gonna pound your ass." I took a peek at what he was foreseeing, and ...

Maybe Nate and Xavier were wrong about precogs as boyfriends.

I rolled over and reached for the condoms. After all, who was I to stand in the way of the future? What Yan was foreseeing was just a few minutes ahead, and this time I was the one with his ass in the air, begging for Yan's cock. Call me bat-shit crazy, but sometimes I think the future just can't arrive fast enough.

