

Change of Plans (an Institute story)

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Tony likes his life planned and orderly. Then his cousins Jase and Thumper come to visit. An Institute story.

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 after "[Reckless](#)."

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1. Abominations

Sometimes life's complicated, and sometimes it's so simple it works out better than I ever could have planned--and trust me, I'm the master of plans.

Chris moved in after my mom got engaged to his dad. My cousins Jase and Thumper came to visit for the wedding. Those events happened a few months apart, but they're collectively the reason things went as far as they did. I mean, I sure never planned for things to go that far. Ever since Chris moved in, I was so horned up my nuts nearly overcame my common sense on a daily basis, but Jase and Thumper gave me the final push, and I'm glad they did.

Chris and I went to the same school; we were both eighteen-year-old seniors that spring, with graduation a week away. We were both on the baseball team too, with our last-ever high school game dead ahead. Like most seniors, we had lots of plans for our future, but we knew everything was about to change. No amount of planning can take into account every possible outcome.

I was an only child, used to being on my own a lot and having plenty of privacy before Chris moved in. By the time the wedding rolled around, his dad and my mom had been living together for six months already, even though they weren't married yet and it was technically a sin. I got used to having Chris around. I couldn't quite think of him as a brother, but I did think about him a lot. He was good scenery: dark-haired, muscular, gorgeous head to toe--which I knew from practically memorizing his body in the locker room and showers after baseball practice. I had this massive lust-crush on him, though I kept that a secret. Just the sight of him gave me a hard-on sometimes. Fortunately, Chris and I had separate bedrooms, so I still had the privacy to jack off as much as I needed when he got me all boned up.

Jase and Thumper are brothers; their mom and my mom were sisters. Jase and Thumper got leave from the Institute--yes, *that* Institute--to come for the wedding. They arrived on the day of, a Thursday, which might seem a weird day of the week to get married but it was the anniversary of when my mom and Chris' dad met, or had their first date, or some romantic crap like that.

My mom changed her plans at the last minute. She and my new dad weren't planning on a honeymoon, by then they decided on an impromptu weekend honeymoon trip to a casino several hours away, and they invited Jase and Thumper's parents along--kind of an "adult swim" weekend. See, my mom and her sister had a strained relationship for the last couple of years, partly over that Talents thing, and my mom decided an *adults-only* weekend would help them renew their family bond, like a mini-"relationship repair" reunion or something. And sure, gambling was technically a sin, but my mom said any winnings would be given to charity, so that made it okay. All the parentals jumped at the idea--of having a weekend away, at least.

Now, my cousins' folks never seemed like the most demonstrative of parents, but I got the feeling they were kind of nervous being around Jase and Thumper since ... well, since their sons got recruited by the Institute for having some kind of freaky mental power. The polite word might be *Talent*, but I thought *freaky mental power* was just as accurate too. I knew for a fact my mom was kind of freaked out about having Talents on her side of the family since my mom's really religious. Hell, I wasn't too keen on it myself, because I heard all the things people say about the Institute and Talents. If they'd been anyone other than my cousins, I'd have said *hell no* to them coming to the wedding, even though saying *hell* in our house would have gotten me slapped.

I did some research online to find out as much as I could about Talents and the Institute. Most of it was either over-my-head scientific or else pretty scary--nobody seemed to know why Talents had started appearing, but nearly everybody thought they were a bad idea. Sure, some people had plausible, but completely unsupportable, claims that Talents were the result of some designer virus that got loose from a lab, or maybe the natural next step of humans evolving into some more advanced form, or some happy crap like that; but some of the information was wing-nut shit, like this one source that claimed to have proof space aliens had been impregnating Earth women and Talents were their offspring whose job was to prepare the rest of humanity for the invasion of their alien overlords. All the sources that seemed authoritative talked about how Talents were an abomination of God's will, since only God was supposed to know what lay in a person's heart and obviously mankind was never intended to be able to read thoughts or start a fire with their minds or anything like that--and praise God that there was a place like the Institute where these abominations could be sent to keep them away from decent, God-fearing normal people.

I wasn't sure I was ready to call Jase or Thumper abominations. I didn't remember when Jase got recruited, but

last year, I'd heard Thumper developed a Talent too and got himself recruited. Man, you just couldn't hide a family scandal like having *both* sons turn out to be Talents--my mom nearly disowned her sister over that. I hadn't seen Jase or Thumper recently, and we were never that close growing up, but I remembered them being decent guys.

I wasn't sure I had much room to call anyone an abomination either. I figured out a while back that I thought about guys a lot and was probably gay, but I'd never said anything about it to anyone. A lot of the same online sources thought being gay was an abomination too. I wasn't sure I was ready to call myself a fag--maybe I was just a straight dude who thought about other dudes a lot? Maybe it was just a phase? I already knew I wasn't nearly as religious as my mom. Anyway, my plan was to be a nice, well-adjusted guy and never let anybody find out about my secret. Not my parents, and definitely not Chris.

The impromptu honeymoon trip meant all four parental units were going to be gone all weekend. Jase and Thumper didn't seem to mind getting left behind with Chris and me. My cousins were just as good-looking as Chris, though in different ways. Having them both around was going to drive me crazy--I was already coming up with excuses for why I'd need to sneak off somewhere private to jack off twice as much as usual!

As soon as I saw Jase and Thumper, I felt an intense attraction and wanted to be friends. They were even better-looking than I remembered. Thumper especially--he had this genuine smile and he was really, *really* handsome. When he walked up to me in the reception hall after the wedding, I was speechless. He started joking about various relatives, which was about all we had in common. His voice sent a jolt right to my dick. If it hadn't been for that little lower-case *i* Institute logo they were required by law to wear on their clothes as a warning for normal folk, and how a lot of the people at the reception avoided them when they saw it, even though they were family, I'd have been crushing on Thumper in a big way. As it was, I decided to be friendly but not let myself get too close, just in case. I had too many secrets of my own, and Thumper was just too big a temptation--or risk--even without that whole freaky *read your mind* abomination angle.

After the reception, Chris, my cousins, and I changed into everyday shorts and tee-shirts and played around in the driveway, shooting hoops for an hour or so while Jase and Thumper's parents drove home to pack for the impromptu trip. Chris and I got tasked with entertaining our cousins. The idea was Jase and Thumper would hang out the rest of the day with Chris and me, since I didn't know my cousins very well and they didn't know Chris at all; we'd hang out, do dinner on my step-dad's credit card, maybe catch a movie or something later--kind of a *sorry we're dumping you* consolation prize from the parental.

Jase and Thumper were both athletic. Jase was pretty good at basketball shots. Thumper, though, claimed to be a lot better at soccer and, uhm, I sure believed him--because he kinda sucked at shooting hoops, even though he tried hard. Put a bunch of athletes who play team sports together, and they figure out how to be friendly pretty quickly. It's the camaraderie of being on a team. As we shot baskets, I started to decide Jase and Thumper were okay guys. I talk a lot when I get nervous, so I kept throwing question after question at them, asking what life at the Institute was like, and what being a telepath was like, and did they go around reading people's minds all the time. They gave me kinda brief answers, not a lot of detail, and chuckling a lot like my curiosity amused them, or maybe they were making fun of me in some way I wasn't understanding? I started to wonder if they thought I was being the nosy brat younger cousin, even though I was only a year younger than Thumper.

By late afternoon, my parents and theirs were long gone. I snuck up to my room and locked the door for some privacy, planning on a quick jack-off session. My room overlooked the back yard and I could see Jase and Thumper walking around by the pool out back. I liked watching them together; they seemed like a great team. I liked the way Jase as the older brother seemed to always be looking out for Thumper--nothing intrusive or

controlling, just letting Thumper do his thing, casually making sure Thumper always knew Jase had his back. And Thumper always seemed to make sure Jase never got too bored, the way Thumper was always joking and looking for mischief, stirring things up, stuff like that. That relationship seemed to me what having a brother was all about. I guessed that I missed out on a lot, being an only child. It was probably too late for my step-brother Chris and me to develop that kind of closeness, since we'd both be going off to different colleges in a few months. Besides, Chris would probably kill me if he knew I secretly liked that *fag shit* we were always making snarky jokes about.

Thumper stripped his shirt off. My mind went, like, *Holy crap!*--Thumper had a great chest and abs, and I could tell he worked out often. I watched them wander around the yard for a few minutes, and I wondered what they were talking about and if it had to anything to do with that upcoming assignment Jase had mentioned earlier. I decided I didn't much care right then because just looking at them was sensory overload enough. I was about ready to drop my shorts and rub one out when Chris knocked and hollered through my door that he was going swimming and to come get him if his girlfriend called. I yelled back that I was not his fucking voice mail service and he should take his phone with him if he was that worried about missing her call. Saying *fucking* in our house felt scandalous--I'd have never risked it if my mom had been home to hear me!

Five minutes and a satisfying masturbatory orgasm later, I decided that watching Chris and my cousins out back by the pool was too much temptation to pass up. I changed into my swim trunks and hauled my ass downstairs and out to the pool. By then, Jase and Thumper'd disappeared somewhere, but Chris was there.

While we were messing around in the pool, I decided to do something radical and dared Chris to lose his shorts. Of course I knew he wouldn't do it, but I was always teasing him about stuff like that. Have I mentioned that Chris was gorgeous? Chris said no way to losing his shorts, I decided to take advantage of the parental absence and up the stakes; I pulled mine off under the water and threw them at him. He caught them and laughed and said swimming naked was *fag shit* and told me to put my shorts back on. I said, like, *Why?* We had a privacy fence so the neighbors couldn't see--and anyway, it was still afternoon on a Thursday and most of them weren't even home from work yet. So I swam at Chris and grabbed at his swimsuit, but he sidestepped away from me. He was laughing, like, *Dude, that's fag shit, what's wrong with you.* He wasn't really calling me a fag--*fag shit* was just a general-purpose insult everyone on the team threw around when we were teasing each other. He was completely clueless about me liking guys. Chris kept grinning and shaking his head like he couldn't believe what a freak I was being, so I knew we were cool. He still had my trunks in his hand, and he threw them over by the back door so I wouldn't be able to get them without hauling my bare ass out of the pool where somebody really might see, and they landed--*splat!*--right at Thumper's feet.

Thumper and Jase were coming back outside from wherever they'd gotten off to. I was stunned and so was Chris, and we both just froze and stared at them. I finally worked up the balls to call to them, "Hey, guys! Jump in and let's have some fun!" I was felt awkward being naked, but I didn't know what else to do other than try to joke it off.

My cousins grinned and started taking their shoes off. What they did next surprised the heck out of me, and I think Chris nearly died of shock. Jase and Thumper slipped off their shorts like being naked was the most natural thing in the world, and then they ran and jumped into the pool with us. I was, like, *What the fuck?* But I decided they'd seen my swimsuit hit the ground so they knew I was naked and they probably thought it was no big deal. I decided I should play it cool and not act all freaked out about it.

We goofed around for a while, playing a little two-on-two keep-away with a ball, which was really just an excuse to splash and dunk each other, and shit like that. Chris laughed and pushed away whatever naked body

came too close to him, making a big deal out of saying something like, *None of that fag shit, you hear?* A couple of times I'd play like I was trying to grab Thumper's ass under the water or I'd reach over and scratch at Jase's hairy chest and make a comment about all that fur. Chris always shook his head and laughed something about all the *fag shit* going on in the pool, but we all knew he was just joking. Seriously, though, Jase had a lot of hair on his chest already, a lot more than Thumper with his little patch between his pecs or me with just a few hairs--I think smooth-chested Chris was a little jealous. I know I was. I was fascinated by the wiriness of Jase's chest hair, and Jase didn't seem to mind, and it was tricky not to spring a boner each time I copped a feel.

Finally Chris jumped out to go piss, and when he did, Thumper hauled himself up on the side of the pool and sat there, dangling his feet in the water, just sitting there naked like he didn't care who saw. Jase climbed out too and flopped down on one of the sunloungers beside the pool. I thought my brain was going to melt down from the strain of trying to memorize every square inch of Thumper's body, then Jase's, without being caught looking. So of course, I started asking a hundred more questions about Talents and the Institute, just to have an excuse to look at them. I even asked them if they thought I might have a Talent too, since what I read online suggested that freaky mental powers might be hereditary. But Thumper just shook his head and said no, he'd already scanned us when he met us and not to take it personally because for a telepath scanning the minds of everyone around is as natural as breathing, and scanning isn't the same as reading thoughts--just like recognizing people around him isn't the same as fucking them. That made me shut my mouth real quickly and I must have blushed deep red because Thumper and Jase both laughed, and Jase said to me, "Tony, dude, the look on your face!" Thumper apologized for embarrassing me, but he didn't stop grinning like there was some sort of joke there I wasn't understanding. I didn't mind them teasing me a little because it gave me another excuse to look at them. I was busy comparing and committing every detail of their bodies to memory for later jack-off use: which one of them was a little more muscular, were they hung the same length because they're brothers or was one a little longer than the other, or hung a little thicker, and which of them would I want to kiss and touch first?

Eventually I had to get out of the water, and I started making myself think about my upcoming final exams so my dick would go down. I wasn't going to climb out of the pool with a bone. Thumper got up and put on his shorts; he went and got my swim trunks and tossed them close to the edge of the pool where I could reach them, without me even asking him to, so I decided, Talent or no Talent, maybe Thumper was still the nice guy I remembered after all. Jase seemed cool too.

That evening, after dinner, somebody decided we should go to a nightclub. I don't know whether Jase or Thumper came up with the idea, but they both seemed enthusiastic about it. They only had a few days of leave from the Institute, and they wanted to get out and mingle with what Thumper called real people and Jase called Normals, as if he forgot Chris and I were exactly that. Besides, when they headed back to the Institute, Jase had some big end-of-training evaluation coming up, so super-secret he couldn't talk about it, but he implied it meant he and Thumper would be split up and wouldn't be seeing much of each other anymore. I could tell they were both bummed about that. Anyway, Chris was all for going out too, even if it was Thursday and a school night, and since the parentals had left, there was no one to stop him. Next thing I knew, I'd gotten myself talked into coming along too--though to be honest, they didn't have to try too hard to convince me.

So a little after nine o'clock, we were all piled into Chris' car and on our way. Jase had found out about some new club somehow, probably online or something, and he got to ride shotgun so he could navigate and give Chris directions. Which was fine by me--Chris always drove like a maniac, so I was probably safer in the back seat anyway.

The place looked like some old warehouse from outside, but we could tell immediately it was a hotspot. There was no parking for, like, five blocks, and even that far away the *thumpa-thumpa* music felt like an earth tremor. Expensive cars everywhere. From what I could tell by the people going in and out as we walked up, the club attracted a twenty-something crowd that was effortlessly hip and upscale. I started to worry; I'd never been to a place like this, or any nightclub, or even anything except church socials and school dances before. This club looked like the big league, and I was definitely worried I wouldn't fit in. At eighteen, Chris and I--hell, even Thumper at nineteen as well--were too young to be in a place like this, and my fake ID wasn't going to be good enough to pass inspection by that intimidating behemoth of a bouncer working the door.

I said this maybe wasn't a good idea and we should go somewhere else. Jase just smiled and said not to worry. Chris slugged me on the shoulder and told me I should relax and let Jase do the talking, on account of Chris thought the club looked cool and was betting even *I* could hook up in a place like this. Ha-ha, very funny. I rubbed the spot where Chris punched me. Before I could open my mouth again, Jase marched up the bouncer and presented his ID for inspection.

The bouncer took one look at Jase and his eyes widened and he started shaking his head, saying "yer kind" was going to have to go somewhere else.

Our kind? Oh, right--the lower-case *i* Institute logo Jase and Thumper were required to wear on their clothes. This club probably had one of those *no Talents allowed* policies to "protect" their patrons. I wasn't sure why most places bothered; Talents were so rare, most people never met one. Jase and Thumper were probably the first two Talents to show up at this club's door ... well, *ever*.

Jase didn't even blink. He told the bouncer to check his ID again because everything was in order and there was no reason to turn us away. Jase looked at us and winked, then back at the bouncer. Was he doing something to the bouncer's head? Telepaths were supposed to be insidious ...

The bouncer looked at Jase, then at the rest of us. He harrumphed and waved us toward the door, already turning his attention to the people behind us. I was still wondering what changed his mind when Chris swept me into the club too.

Inside, Chris' eyes lit up. "Holy shit!--Look at this place!" The place was dark but at the same time blazing with dancing-swirling accent lights in brilliant colors. The *thumpa-thumpa* music was turning my brains to mush--how could people hear themselves think in a place like this? I sure couldn't. Or maybe people came to a place like this to *not* think for a while? Damn, ten seconds inside the door and I was already over-thinking this!

And the people in this club?--they all seemed to be gorgeous twenty-something guys and girls, a little older than us, and all decked out in cool clothes and expensive haircuts and bodies built from devoted gym time. Chris was agog at all the girls in sexy dresses walking by in clumps of threes or fives, while the shirtless bartender-guys practically made my jaw drop before I remembered to play it cool and pretend I was scoping out the chicks too.

I was overwhelmed by it all. Jase led us to a tiny open space between bodies at the bar. An absolutely gorgeous shirtless blond bartender, wearing black pants and a cheesy little *Hi, My Name Is* nametag stuck to his left pec, slid in front of Jase and leaned forward. Jase hollered something at him, and the bartender nodded. Me, I just tried not to stare at the bartender's bare chest. *Sean*--his nametag announced that his name was Sean.

Sean didn't seem to care that a couple of us probably looked under age; he grabbed bottles from the rack

behind him and, seconds later, he had set us up with a round of shots. Chris elbowed me playfully with a big grin and snatched one of the glasses. Jase shouted what was probably a toast as he hoisted his, but all I heard was *thumpa-thumpa* music--for all I knew, the toast was probably *Here's to permanent hearing loss* or something.

I wasn't sure what I expected to happen when we got there, but it hadn't involved us getting drunk. This was totally off-script. But that didn't stop me from tossing my head back and swallowing the mouthful of strong alcohol quickly. *Dude*, I scolded myself, *relax, stop worrying, and have some fun*. Which sounded so exactly like something Thumper would say, it was like he really was saying it inside my head.

Which was when--*holy fuck!*--the alcohol burn hit my brain. *Crap!*--and people actually *paid* for this shit? I made a face and hoped it wasn't obvious that I had, like, nearly zero experience with hard liquor. Chris and Thumper made faces too, which reassured me and made Jase grin even bigger.

After another round of shots that convinced me this booze was liquid hell, somebody pushed a beer bottle into my hand. Beer was familiar--I could handle a beer or two--and it was cold which helped calm my throat. After that, everything turned out kind of cool. Chris went off to scope some chicks and try to hook up. Jase and Thumper and I hung out, and somehow we ended up on the dance floor, even though I dance like a lame donkey, so I guess maybe the alcohol got to me more than I knew. We were just dancing, not really with each other, but I never let them get too far away--because I'd rather be caught dancing with my cousins than dancing by myself. Nothing says *can't get laid loser* more than dancing alone. And while maybe I was still a virgin sexually, I did *not* want anyone to think I was a loser. Being labeled a loser might be even worse than being a Talent.

At some point, I found myself by the bar with another beer in my hand. Jase and Thumper were nowhere to be seen. Okay, I could do this--I could hang out and act cool. I plastered a big grin on my face like I was happy and not drunk at all, though maybe I was a little drunk, and spent the next several minutes watching the crowd. Yeah, my plan was working. Until my bladder decided it couldn't wait any longer. Time to find the restroom.

I'd kinda figured out where the restrooms were by watching the crowd. After all, there's only one place girls go in groups. Guys heading in the same direction mostly went singly, though I saw a couple of them in pairs or groups--those were probably going to the restroom to do drugs or something, which made me think this bar probably wasn't that different from high school, only with more booze, more cologne, and louder music.

The lighting was still dim, but the men's restroom was a little quieter than the club, which was a welcome relief. I headed for the urinals. On my way, I noticed under the partition that one of the stalls had several feet in it--three guys, judging from the shoes. *They must be getting high*, I thought. Something seemed off about that, especially the way one guy in black pants seemed to be on his knees in front of the second dude, while the third stood alongside them. I kept seeing little red and yellowy-gold flickers, like the light show from the club was visible even in here, which seemed weird because I couldn't see any windows or anything. But before I could worry about that, I heard somebody moan--and not just any moan, a *sex-moan*--and my eyes went back to the feet under the stall wall. I thought, *Are they ...*, then the overriding thought in my head was, *Nah--they're not having sex, definitely not having sex, no need to pay any attention*.

I emptied my bladder, flushed, and headed to the sink to wash my hands. That's when that stall door opened and, in the mirror, I watched the three men file out.

Jase was smoothing down the front of his shirt. Sean the bartender staggered out, still shirtless, his black pants

still open; he looked kind of dazed as he buttoned and zipped, like he still wasn't sure what he'd just done or why. And finally Thumper, still pulling his shirt back on.

All I could think was, *Sean's gonna need a new nametag--that one's looking kind of ragged.*

Thumper winked kinda smugly at me. That's when I realized, clear as day, complete with a mental image of Sean on his knees sucking Thumper's cock while Jase jerked off and then pulled Sean's head over to his hard-on, they really *had* been having sex in that stall! Holy crap! I yanked my head around the other way as they left the restroom.

All I could think was, *Fuck!--My cousins're into guys too?* This was definitely going to take some time to process!

I'm not sure how we got home. I just remember Chris and me in the back seat with Chris trying to tell me all about this blowjob he got in the back of the club from some hot chick who liked his body and all his baseball-toned muscles; he was really shit-faced drunk and kept starting his tale over from the beginning, again and again. I saw Jase and Thumper swap this smug look, like they knew something about Chris' blowjob story that they weren't telling. Then we were stumbling into the house, all of us laughing, and Chris was really drunk and practically falling all over the place. Chris wanted to keep drinking all night, even though he was probably ten minutes away from passing out and it was way into the a.m. and we had school in just a few hours, but Jase convinced us that getting some sleep was the better option because we still had the weekend ahead of us once Chris and I got back from school. Sounded good to me. I was ready to crash and wasn't about to argue.

In my bedroom, I stripped only down to my boxer shorts. I usually slept naked, but I didn't want to make Thumper uncomfortable seeing me parading around my room nude. Sure, we'd been naked in the pool earlier, but that was with me underwater from the waist down, where it wasn't as in-your-face. Here in my bedroom was a completely different situation.

Jase and Thumper were too tired and drunk to drive all the way back to their house, so they were going to stay over at our place. Jase was be sleeping on the fold-out couch downstairs, and Thumper was going to sack out on an air mattress I had in my room for when friends occasionally slept over. "You sure you're gonna be okay on the air mattress?" I asked him. We could have shared my bed, but that wasn't part of the plan. I wasn't comfortable with that; having him beside me all night would have been too much temptation--and what if I sprang a boner? No, if he didn't want to sleep on the air mattress, he could sleep on the couch in the living room with Jase instead.

"It's fine," he said. "I've slept on worse." He grinned at me, and I grinned back even though I didn't have a clue what he meant. Thumper stopped at his underwear too, so I must have made the right decision about staying in my boxers. He had a really nice body, which I couldn't help noticing, and I won't have minded seeing him nude again. I hadn't planned on Thumper staying over, but this offered possibilities. Maybe I could find a way to get another good look at his tackle tomorrow when he took a shower?

I crawled into my bed, and Thumper stretched out on the air mattress on the floor. I looked over the edge of my bed and thought at him--*Can you hear me, can you hear me?*--just to see if he was listening in on my thoughts, but he didn't react. He seemed to be settling down to sleep instead. He lay on his back with his hands behind his head, eyes closed, the sheet pulled up to his nipples.

I rolled over and pulled the little pamphlet from its hiding place under my other pillow. I'd picked it up for free last week when I went with my mom to the religious bookstore downtown. The title was *How to Protect*

Yourself from Psychic Assault, and it talked about how God's order didn't include unnatural "gifts" like telepathy and how, if you ever thought there was a Talent around, you were supposed to be ready to protect yourself from them--it used words like *assault* and *invasion* and *mind rape* when it talked about what telepaths did to normal God-fearing people. It seemed real informative and authoritative too.

I hadn't felt like I needed to protect myself from Thumper earlier at the wedding, but now I was still a little drunk, Thumper was nearly naked, I'd learned Thumper liked guys too, and we were about to go to sleep alone in the same room. I decided I had better be safe than sorry.

The pamphlet wasn't that long. I'd read it several times before Thumper's visit, and I skimmed through it again quickly. Thumper didn't seem like what the author said telepaths were like--he seemed like an ordinary guy. But I figured the author had to know what he was talking about or else he'd have never been able to get the pamphlet published. Besides, the author said telepaths often use their Talents secretly to try to win a person's trust, which is even more insidious since the person doesn't realize what's happening before the telepaths mind-assault him and leave him a drooling mess. I wondered if that was what my cousins did to Sean the bartender at the club--the covert part, anyway, though leaving Sean a *just had sex in the restroom* mess didn't seem nearly as bad as the drooling mess the pamphlet author talked about. The only way to know for sure about Sean would be to ask my cousins, and I wasn't about to do that. No, I decided I'd better protect myself.

I was feeling drowsy. Time for sleep. I tucked the pamphlet away. "G'night," I whispered, and reached over to turn off the bedside lamp.

"Night," Thumper mumbled back.

At the end of the pamphlet, the author had talked about things God-fearing people can do to protect themselves from psychic assault. I figured it couldn't hurt to try them out, just in case Thumper was fooling me and everybody else with his nice-guy routine. I definitely didn't want to be left a drooling mess if he mind-assaulted me in the middle of the night.

What you had to do, the author said, was to picture your mind around you as an impregnable fortress where you were safe from all harm. Okay, I could do that. I imagined myself in a safe place, which looked like my bedroom, which I guess made sense since this was my personal space in our house. I was standing in it naked, because I usually slept naked and that's how I always liked pictured myself in my head for sleep-related things, naked the way God made me. Then picture your will as a glowing pot, burning bright with the power of God's grace. Take the glowing will from the pot and use it to paint the inside of your impregnable fortress walls, so God's will and your will shine together to block all the outside dark influences of sin and corruption like telepathy. Okay, I could do that too. I imagined myself scooping out handfuls of the glowing yellow-white stuff from the pot and slinging it at the walls, where it splattered like paint and covered the walls with bright shining color. Heh, this was fun! I did the part of the room that represented the front of my mind easy enough, but I had a little trouble conceptualizing the sides and back as clearly--plus, by then I was getting sleepy, and imagining felt a lot like dreaming. In my head I surveyed the walls coated with the glowing will. Yeah, that looked like a damn fine job, if I did say so myself.

I turned to Jase, standing naked beside me, and asked him, *Could you break through that? No way, right?*

Little flecks of blue and purple light flickered around the edges and planes of his body. He looked at the walls and said, *Nope, I'd never be able to get through that--you did a damn fine job blocking us out.* Which made me grin with pride.

Thumper stood naked on the other side of me, glowing faintly in red and gold. He looked around me at Jase

and said, *Remember that first time with me? I tried making a wall too.*

Jase just chuckled. I figured there was a long story there, but neither of them enlightened me. More brother history stuff, probably.

I pushed back the drowsiness. I had something important to ask them first. *You're not gonna mind-assault me, are you? Don't want to be a drooling mess.*

No one's assaulting anyone. Now let's get some sleep, one or both of them told me, and they put their arms around my shoulders, and pulled me down onto my bed in that safe mental fortress, and curled themselves around me like the easy companionship of puppies.

As sleep tugged me down, I thought happily, *Is this what having a real brother is like?*

Could be, one of them answered, as I settled my head against his strong, protective chest and slept.

2. Fag Shit

I woke up just in time for--*bam!*--a massive orgasm and--*bam!*--my morning wood--*bam!*--spurting cum--*bam!*--all over the inside--*bam!*--of my boxers! Ahh ... man!

Holy fuck! A wet dream? Probably because I hadn't jerked off before bed like I usually did.

I sat up and shook my head. I couldn't remember what I had dreaming about, but it must have been danged good to wake me up with a powerful orgasm like that! Man, I sure wished I could remember that dream.

Whew!--Thumper was rolled over on his side with his back to me, and he seemed to be still asleep. That would have been a major-league embarrassment, if his telepathy had picked up on me shooting my load just a few feet away! I wondered what being around someone having an orgasm was like for a telepath, then decided I didn't want to know.

I crept out of bed as quietly as I could.

I went to my dresser and eased open a drawer and pulled out a fresh pair of boxers. I slipped off the messy pair I'd slept in, which was kind of awkward since I had to keep from smearing the wetness down my leg. I bunched the messy pair up and used them to wipe the last of my cum off my hip and crotch and sensitive dick-head. Then into the hamper I tossed them, and made a mental note to haul the hamper to the laundry room in the basement soon before the cum stank up my room.

I was just about to step into the fresh pair when I heard Thumper say, "Nice ass," behind me.

Okay, be cool, I thought. *It's just Thumper. We're all guys here. Nothing to be ashamed of. Be cool.*

"Thanks," I chuckled. I wiggled my ass at him a little as I went ahead with pulling on my boxers, just to show I was cool and joking it off.

I turned around. Thumper was sitting up and yawning, stretching his arms and chest. The top half of the sheet bunched around his waist. Man, he had a nice chest; I sure would've liked to pull back that sheet and see whether he had morning wood too, how big it was, whether it was bigger than mine.

"You want to shower first?" I offered. Sure, it might have seemed like I was being a good host and all, but my ulterior plan was to get a glimpse of him getting naked for a shower or to catch a peek when he came out.

"Naw," Thumper yawned again. "You go ahead. I think I'm gonna sleep in today, if that's all right with you?"

Dang. Major disappointment. Thumper didn't seem to notice, thankfully.

"Fine by me," I replied. "Just be sure to lock up when you and Jase leave." I didn't have any qualms about letting my cousins hang out after Chris and I left for school. After all, the pamphlet said telepaths mind-assaulted people; it didn't say they stole televisions. Besides, Jase and Thumper were family. And all my secrets were stashed in my head, not hidden in my room where somebody, like my mom, could find them if they got nosy.

I started digging fresh clothes out of my closet. "You and Jase got anything special planned for today?" It was probably a bummer for them, being left alone with nothing to do now that our folks had bolted and with Chris and me at school.

Thumper flexed an arm and scratched the back of his shoulder. "Naw, not really. Maybe I'll stop by the school this afternoon and say hello to Coach. I haven't seen him since I was recruited. Think he'll remember me?"

Before he got recruited and taken off to the Institute, Thumper was on the school's soccer team. My baseball coach also managed the soccer team and had also been his coach, back when Thumper was a hotshot high school jock like me.

"Sure," I said. "He asks about you sometimes, whether we've heard from you, how you're doing--that sort of thing. He'll be happy to see you. Baseball practice starts at three. Come by around then." Another ulterior motive: If Thumper kept him distracted, maybe Coach would let us off easy on the last practice before our last game before graduation. Heh! Did I come up with good plans, or what?

The best part of my day was always baseball practice. Or rather, *after* practice. See, I could barely keep my eyes to myself in the showers when I was surrounded by all my hunky teammates. Watching all those muscular athletes undress in the locker room and showering with them were some of the major advantages to being on the team. I lusted after their sexy bodies, dreamed about what I'd do with them if I ever got up the nerve. My eyes might have roamed everywhere, but I was always covert about it. I couldn't risk having anyone discover my secret. *Fag shit* would stop being a joke and start being way too real if they realized I really was a fag.

I was good enough at baseball but not great, and today was no different. After practice, Coach held me back to yell at me for goofing off. I hadn't thought he was paying attention to me during practice, since Thumper had showed up to visit like he said. I thought Coach would've been distracted by catching up on old times with my cousin, but no, he seemed to be supervising us even more closely than usual. I hadn't been goofing off intentionally. I was just preoccupied with watching Chris, our team captain, in action. Was he ever fine! Yes, the same Chris who was also now my step-brother. Dang, our parents getting married to each other really complicated things.

Getting my ass chewed by Coach should have been embarrassing, especially in front of Thumper, but we only had one game left and graduation was next week, which meant I didn't pay much attention to what Coach was yelling. He was fine-looking too, and his "angry face" looked kinda like an "orgasm face," so I kept drifting into sexual fantasies about him even as he yelled at me. *Blah-blah-blah--Tony, get your head outta your ass out there.* Hmm, I wondered if that's what Coach would look like if I sucked his dick until he shot his load.

Yadda-yadda-yadda--Tony, keep your head in the game. I bet Coach would make exactly that same expression if I rimmed his ass good.

Not that I had any experience with sucking dick or rimming ass. I'd seen those things done in videos, of course, but I was an eighteen-year-old virgin with zero practical experience at that particular game. Sucking dick and rimming ass seemed nasty, but the guys in the videos sure seemed to enjoy giving and getting it!

As a result of getting yelled at by Coach, I was late hitting the showers. Most of my teammates were still there when I jogged into the locker room, but they were clearing out pretty fast. Soon it was just Chris, Peter, and me. Chris and Peter were more than enough to make my nuts ache. A chance to see them naked in the showers? Yum! Only through supreme self-control did I manage to keep from throwing a massive hard-on. Both of those guys--their jock-bodies were practically perfect. Fuck, they were hot!

Chris said something like, "See ya at home, Tony," as he trotted past, leaving the shower area just as I walked in. Damn!--I'd missed getting my daily good, long look at him naked and had to make do with a quick glance. That left just Peter and me. Peter, with his movie-star handsome face, mischievous smile, chocolate hair and eyes, and the cutest, tightest little ass. He also had a great dick--even soft, it looked sort of long but not too thick. His chest was what really got to me, however. His pecs were muscular, hard, and beautifully shaped. His whole body was firm and toned, right down to his tight abs.

My fascination with his torso revealed my desires. I didn't realize, but I must have stared too long. I looked up, and Peter was watching me. Fuck, he'd caught me staring at him!--Definitely *fag shit*. I panicked. What should I do?

Peter gave me a sly little half-smile and acted like he didn't mind me looking. He just kept soaping up his hard chest and shoulders, facing me, making no attempt to hide himself from me. In fact, it seemed like he was showing off, because no way did his chest need *that* much lathering. Too, his dick was growing. No doubt about it--he was getting hard. I already had a semi, but seeing Peter's dick chubbing up like that tipped me over the line and I couldn't stop myself from heading toward a major, throbbing hard-on.

I don't know where I got the nerve to do it--maybe I should have thought this through more, but sometimes a guy just has to take a shot. No plan; just action. I walked over to Peter and turned on the shower next to his.

"I've been wondering about you," he said, so quietly I barely heard him over the shower noise.

I amazed myself by having the balls to do it. I'd seen a couple of porn stars do this in a gym shower scene in a video I downloaded. I wrapped my hand around my pole and stroked. I looked right at Peter, feasting my eyes on his beautiful face while slowly fisting my dick, practically daring him with my stare. Peter took hold of himself and started slow-stroking his meat as well. Fuck, yeah!--This was my fantasy come true! I kept jacking myself while I admired Peter's hot eighteen-year-old body. We kept stroking and staring at each other.

Peter looked me right in the eye and said, "I don't mind. If you wanna do more than just look and beat off, go ahead." I screwed up my courage--deep breath--and figured what the heck. Graduation was just a few days away, or else I've never have deviated from the *nobody finds out I'm a fag* plan. I reached out and grasped his pole. He grinned a little wider and put his hand on my rod too. I tested the heft of his hard-on with a tentative stroke, comparing it to what mine felt like when I jacked off. I couldn't believe I finally had the balls to do this!

That's when it happened.

"What the fuck do you two think you're doing?!"

Peter and I snapped our heads toward the entrance. Coach! Our baseball coach was standing right there, gaping at us! Even more humiliating, there was Thumper looking over Coach's shoulder, and he saw the whole thing too! Both Peter and I had massive hard-ons and we obviously had our hands wrapped around each other's dicks. We were so screwed! We yanked our hands away, like that would do any good, and tried to hide our erections with our hands.

Coach bellowed, "Well? Answer me."

Peter and I were both scared shit-less. Needless to say, my dick wilted instantly! I didn't know what to say or do. I mean--*fuck!*--practically the moment I touched Peter for the first time ever, Coach caught me--us--doing *fag shit*. What made it weirder was that Coach was sizzling-hot himself. He was about thirty-two and had an awesome build. I'd fantasized about him plenty of times. Even now, he looked so fucking sexy in his tee-shirt and black shorts. His hairy chest and the big bulge in his shorts made me drool. I wondered if he'd ever noticed me checking him out.

"Fuck!--Coach! Please, Coach, give us a break," Peter begged. "Don't tell our parents!"

Shit! I hadn't thought of that. I'd been so focused on Coach and Thumper catching us, I hadn't realized the larger problem. Coach would tell my parents, maybe the whole team and Chris too. Soon my whole family and the whole school would know. Hell, Coach might even kick us off the team, right before the final game! My parents would be so pissed! This would be the biggest family scandal *ever!*

Coach just scowled at Peter.

"We'll work in your yard--we'll mow your lawn, wash your car--we'll do whatever you say. Anything!" Peter pleaded.

Peter was really overdoing it. I was about to shush him before he had us promising to make dinner for Coach every night and do his laundry too. Sure, Coach really had us by the nuts, but Peter was practically babbling.

I caught Thumper's attention over Coach's shoulder. *Thumper, help!* I thought at him, hoping he'd pick up on it. I was desperate enough to hope Thumper might hear my thoughts telepathically and come to my rescue. If Thumper could say or do something to help get us out of trouble with Coach, I'd figure out a way to buy Thumper's silence later.

Thumper gave me a little wink-grin-nod combo. Then he looked at the back of Coach's head.

"Well ..." Coach trailed off for a second. Normally, he was a nice guy--he wasn't the vindictive type. But if he wanted to, he could get us in a lot of trouble. He might even cause Peter to lose his baseball scholarship to State in the fall!

"Please, Coach," Peter begged, "just tell us what you want--we'll do anything you say! Just don't tell anyone. Please?"

"It's okay, Coach. You can tell them," Thumper said. Had he said it out loud, or in my head?

"Well, ... uh, there *is* one thing I want ..." Coach trailed off again, like he couldn't quite bring himself to say it. His expression looked kind of odd.

"What?" said Peter. "Tell us!"

"I ... want ... to watch you two keep doing what you're doing. I want to watch you two get it on."

I swallowed hard. I couldn't believe what I'd heard! I hadn't expected that. I glanced at Thumper, and he just winked at me. Was I supposed to know what that meant or something?

I had this little fantasy running through my mind about Coach making Peter and me suck each other off while he watched. I blinked. I couldn't get that fantasy out of my head, couldn't make myself think about anything else. I looked at Peter, and he looked at me. His eyes were hungry, like he had the same scene running through his mind too. My cock was hardening again, and fast. The thought of doing something sexual with Peter while Coach watched?--Definitely turning me on.

I looked over at Coach. His expression--yeah, he was definitely aroused by the idea of watching us.

I looked at Thumper again. Sure, he was way over there by the shower entrance behind Coach, but it sure felt like he was closer, like somehow he was inside my head with me. This tickly-tingly feeling ran through my head. Was that what telepathy felt like? I was starting to enjoy the feeling when suddenly I had this one compelling thought in my head: *Peter*.

I looked at Peter again. Man, it was getting so hard to separate the fantasy running through my head from reality. I stepped closer, pulled Peter to me, and kissed him right on the lips. Peter didn't seem surprised at all because he kissed me back, and his tongue poked into my mouth. Yeah, this fantasy was coming true! If Coach wanted a show, we'd give him one he'd never forget.

This was my first real kiss, aside from making out with random chicks on dates or playing truth-or-dare and shit like that. My first guy-kiss. I knew how to kiss but, other than beating my own meat, I was a virgin. I know, I know--an eighteen-year-old virgin? It was pathetic, but true. I wasn't interested in doing anything with girls except some lightweight camouflage dating and I hadn't worked up the courage to approach a guy until that very day. My first time was sure going to be an interesting one: I was making it with another guy in the shower room while my coach and my cousin watched!

Peter and I kissed deeply. My dick burned like hot steel. What should I do next? I wrapped my arms around Peter and hugged him tightly. Our chests pressed together; our cocks were caught between our bodies. My dick felt like it was oozing pre-cum, but I couldn't tell for sure under the shower spray.

I felt something being taken from me, a sense of shame being replaced by a feeling of freedom, as if my most private self was being released into the world. All my fear and hesitation vanished quickly; in its place was an awareness of exhilarating power--my cock, my ass, my body could excite guys as hot as Peter and Coach, could make them want to do things with me that I'd only imagined or seen in videos. I embraced the lust running through me, and I felt suddenly free and ... well, kinda slutty.

Peter nibbled on my ear lobe. No one had ever done that to me before, and the sensation drove me crazy. He murmured, "You're so fucking hot, Tony. I wanna taste your dick."

I was a little confused: should feeling this slutty embarrass me ... or liberate me? I'd worry about that later. Right then, I sighed, half-closing my eyes, and enjoyed the feeling as Peter nibbled at my neck, and I gave a little more of myself to this ... this thing, whatever it was, that we were doing. This wasn't just *fag shit* anymore. This was me. This was Peter. This was Peter and me starting to have sex together.

"Oh," Peter whispered, "oh, fuck," his tone softening, as if he recognized that my reserve had finally given way. Or maybe I was hearing his reserve crumbling. Maybe we were feeling the same thing.

I turned my head and kissed my way down Peter's neck, then I leaned down and ran my tongue back and forth across his chest. I slid it across his hard nipples; I flicked my tongue at them and gently sucked on them. Peter moaned.

I felt myself go onto some sort of instinctive autopilot. My hands moved on their own as they ran over Peter's body. His body responded to my touch, ardently, and I responded to the *there-ness* of his body and his obvious desire. Peter's cock swung fully hard in the shower spray, as did mine. Were we really doing this? What the fuck? This was a life-altering moment, happening in a way I definitely never planned.

Peter had said he wanted to taste my dick, but I was the one bending. I worked lower, lapping and kissing at his firm stomach, exploring each row of hard abdominal muscles. I meant to work down to his navel, then work my way back up, because I still wasn't sure about cock-sucking--it still seemed nasty-dirty, even though we were in the showers--but I couldn't resist his dick. Peter's manhood was right there, hard and throbbing, the head of it bumping against my neck. I looked at it; it had some kind of magnetic pull, urging me closer. I couldn't draw myself away from it. I had to have it.

I dropped to my knees and grasped his cock. Definitely a life-altering moment. I did it without stopping to think or worry. I did it for Peter. I gently stroked his shaft and fondled his nuts. Peter moaned with pleasure. I looked over at Coach. He had his shirt off, and the whistle he wore on a cord lay half-buried in his chest hair. Coach was watching our every move. The bulge in his crotch had grown tremendously. He slowly squeezed it through his shorts.

The word *Peter* filled my head, and my attention was tugged irresistibly back to Peter's cock. I leaned forward and brushed my lips against his cock-head. He gasped. His dick-helmet was warm and pulsing. Yeah, no matter whether it seemed nasty or not, I wanted this. No turning back. I ran my tongue around the piss-slit, investigating the taste of his pre-cum under the shower spray, and then wrapped my lips around the head. I was nervous--I really wanted this to happen, but I had no idea how to suck a cock. I'd never sucked one before and no one had ever sucked on mine, so I had nothing except my imagination to draw on. Sure, the mechanics of mouth-on-penis seemed straightforward, but being confronted with a real, live hard-on waiting to be sucked intimidated me.

Something colored my vision for just a moment, making me think of the red and gold lights I'd seen in the nightclub men's room last night. I briefly wondered how that light show was appearing here in the shower room, like maybe was I having a flashback, and then--

Suddenly I knew exactly what to do. I felt like I'd been sucking cock for years and was an expert.

I pulled more of his dick between my lips. Peter moaned happily, pure pleasure. I worked my lips and tongue down his tool, loving the way it pulsed in my mouth. Peter's cock was long-ish, but not too thick--the perfect size for sucking. How did I know that? It didn't matter. All that mattered was that I needed to keep sucking my way down his pole until I worked all the way to the base. I nearly made it, but had to stop when my nose was still an inch away from in his dark pubes.

While I'd often fantasized about being dominated during sex, I'd always thought I'd be the one in control during my first time--I'd be the one to decide where, when, how far. But I finally saw that I just had to let go, just let it happen. I had to trust that my body would know what to do, now that I'd finally given myself what I'd always wanted. I took a deep breath and gave myself completely to the hard, pulsing invader in my mouth,

and I did everything it demanded. I pulled back a bit off the monster that felt like it was poking around my tonsils, as I struggled to clear some air space to make myself heard. The guttural, urgent whine that rolled out of my throat carried the complete story--my surrender, my pleasure--and I didn't care who heard.

I ran my lips all the way back up Peter's dick. His masculine scent overloaded my thoughts with desire. I explored his hard shaft with my tongue, eager to map every vein, every inch of his dick-skin, as if I knew exactly how he wanted his cock sucked. I was all over his manhood. While I mouthed it, I reached around for his tight butt-cheeks and kneaded them, thinking about how Peter sure had a fine ass!

"Aw, *fuck*," Peter breathed as he pumped his dick into my mouth. He fucked my face as much as I sucked his cock. I glanced over at Coach. His dick tented his shorts, and he rubbing it slowly with two fingers, back and forth, teasing himself, his face a mask of pure lust. Yeah, Coach was definitely horny, and definitely enjoying the show Peter and I were giving him!

I sucked enthusiastically on Peter. I fingered his crack. It didn't take me long to work a finger into his hot, hungry hole. Weren't asses supposed to seem nasty-dirty?--I didn't care anymore. Peter didn't object one bit either, so I finger-fucked him. My head bobbed up and down on his pole while my finger pressed in and out of his ass. Peter figured out how to alternate thrusting into my mouth and pushing himself back on my finger.

As soon as I stuck a second finger deep in his tight little ass, Peter's cock throbbed with renewed intensity. He moaned loudly, lost in ecstasy. "Unh! Gonna cum, Tony. Gonna--Aaah!" Right then he blew his load between my lips. I sucked it down. The taste of his hot spunk was ... not what I was expecting, but swallowing felt like the right thing to do. Spurt after spurt of his thick cream burst into my mouth, coating my tongue. It was warm and salty and I decided I could get used to the taste. I kinda liked it. I sucked on him hard for more. I kept finger-fucking him right up to the end. "Fuck, dude!" Peter panted.

Meanwhile, Coach had his shorts and jockstrap down at his knees, his big, impressively thick cock out, and he was stroking it.

My own dick was stone-hard and throbbing. I felt like I should stand up, so I did. Peter's eyes were still orgasm-dazed. I put my hands on his shoulders, with a little gentle downward pressure so he'd get the idea. He sank to his knees and took hold of my cock and guided it to his mouth. He sucked on my cock, my first time for anybody doing that, and I loved the way it felt--*fucking loved it!* I loved that Peter was the one doing it to me too. If this was what *fag shit* was like, I loved it! How could any guy ever go back to just jacking off again after feeling a really good blow-job?

After a couple of minutes, Peter stopped and looked up into my eyes. "I want you to fuck me, Tony." I'd been thinking exactly the same thing at the same moment.

I looked at Coach and Thumper. Coach didn't seem to notice. He kept staring at us as he slow-fisted his rod. Thumper, though, tossed me a little foil-wrapped lubed condom from his pocket. I knew in theory how to put on a rubber from that sex education seminar last fall. Now was the time to put it into practice. I tore open the package and, after fumbling a little, unrolled the condom over my throbbing cock. There--that was easier than I thought.

Peter knelt on the tiles, on all fours. I got down behind him, between his legs, and positioned the head of my dick against his hole. I pushed. At first, he was too tight. I couldn't get my rock-hard cock inside his ass. He pushed back. I pushed again. Finally, my rod-head slipped in, along with an inch of shaft. Peter tensed, and I held really still, like I somehow knew I should, to let him get used to my dick in his ass. Holding still also let me get used to the thrill of being inside him, the heat and tightness of his ass, or else I'd have cum in five

seconds.

I felt Peter's body relax and his hole loosen up, so I pushed in a little more of my dick. Peter moaned. Coach moved closer for a better view, stroking his pole slowly while he watched me mount Peter. Coach's stare looked hungry for more, so I wanted to keep putting on a good show for him.

I slowly pushed my dick farther up Peter's ass, then a little more, and soon I was all the way in. My dick felt great buried inside him because Peter was so nice and tight! I pulled back, halfway out. I pushed my dick back in, faster this time. In and out, again. I was figuring this *fag shit* out. Fucking was easy!--And I loved it! Why hadn't I worked up the balls to try this sooner? I fucked Peter a little faster with each thrust. Soon, I was pounding him good and hard. I couldn't stop moaning because it felt so fucking good. Peter grunted and moaned like crazy too, meeting my every stroke.

I shifted into high gear. By then Peter was used to my cock and hungry for it, so I dicked him without mercy under the warm shower spray. My heart pounded in my chest as my cock pounded in and out of his ass. The need to screw his ass drowned out everything else in my head, and I was lost in fucking him. I'd never experienced anything so intense and so awesome in my entire life!

Coach beat his meat faster and faster. He had eased closer, standing now just outside the spray from the shower. He moaned and threw his head back as he watched me go wild fucking Peter's ass. I watched Coach's jack-off show for a moment, but my attention kept getting pulled back to Peter. *Peter*: the word kept reverberating in little red and gold flickers through my head, keeping me focused on him. Peter wanted--needed--my dick. Peter kept shoving himself right back against my cock. Peter wanted me to fuck him. Everything was about Peter. I gave him the fucking he craved. I felt like we'd been fucking forever and would keep on fucking forever, and that was fine by me.

Peter gasped. "Oh!" That was the only noise he made, but it rang in my head, so quiet and yet so full of need that it nearly broke my heart even as it made my cock twitch up his ass. He froze, every muscle rigid, as if afraid to move. Then his whole body shuddered. His ass clamped around my cock. Was something wrong? What was going on with him? His body shuddered again. "Oh!" he gasped again, and I knew he was cumming: cumming naked in the showers with me, cumming with Coach and Thumper watching, cumming with my dick up his ass. Peter's body shuddered and shuddered and suddenly nearly went limp before he managed to catch himself. I felt triumphant from having brought him to such a powerful finish.

I thought Peter might pull away now that he'd gotten off, but instead he squeezed his ass around my cock, wanting to finish what he started. I kept pumping away. Less than a minute later--oh, fuck!--I felt the tingling start. I felt my nuts draw up and my cock throb harder than ever. "Ah--gonna--" was all the warning I had time to give. Then, like a lightning strike, I was cumming, cumming up Peter's ass, cumming so hard I saw little stars, cumming doing this *fag shit*, cumming harder than I'd ever cum in any jack-off session in my entire life. I spewed so much spunk, I bet I filled the whole rubber nearly to bursting with my jizz. Popping my nut with my dick up Peter's ass definitely made me cum longer--harder--than ever before.

Once I could see again, I looked over at Coach. He'd turned, in profile now, and Thumper knelt on the tiles in front of him. Coach was getting a blow-job from Thumper! Fuck!--Coach was letting a guy blow him! Fuck!--my cousin Thumper was blowing a dude! Coach and Thumper were doing *fag shit* together too! I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Peter and I watched them go at it while we came down from our orgasms and our breathing downshifted to normal. Then Coach pulled out of Thumper's mouth. Coach started to beat his meat like crazy as he turned toward Peter and me again. With his shorts and jockstrap around his ankles, he shuffled just inside the shower spray range. The water wet his shorts and shoes as he pointed his fucking

hose at us and howled and shot his load all over both of us. I couldn't get over it--Coach creamed all over both of us! The feeling of his hot cum smacking against my skin felt awesome beyond belief.

Coach shuffled a couple of steps backward. He blinked at us. He pulled up his shorts quickly and left, looking like he was kind of embarrassed about the whole thing. I sure wasn't. I'd never done anything so fucking hot in all my life! I made a mental note to let Coach know we were cool, next time I saw him.

"Man, that ..." Peter said as we soaped up and cleaned Coach's spunk off our bodies. We were alone in the showers again. Where did Thumper get to? I'd worry about that later. "That was ..." Peter trailed off and just shook his head. We'd done *fag shit* together and loved it. He couldn't think of how to describe the experience, so he just grinned at me.

"Fuck, yeah," I totally agreed.

"You doing anything next weekend?" Peter looked my naked body up and down with a mischievous gleam in his eye.

"What you got in mind?" I grinned back. Next weekend would be after final exams, after our final game, and the day after graduation. A whole week away.

"I have in mind camping, and sticking my dick in your tight ass," he said.

"Fuck, yeah," I agreed, nodding and grinning probably like an idiot. But how could I not after the most mind-blowing orgasm ever?

Peter's grin widened. "Maybe we should invite Coach, too?"

"Excellent idea," I concurred. But I didn't want to wait a whole week now that I'd found out what sex was like. I needed a plan that would get me laid again before then. *Bingo!* "In the meantime, why don't you come by my house tomorrow afternoon. We can hang out by the pool. My parents are gone the whole weekend." Then, just to make sure he got the idea, I added, "Bring condoms."

I didn't think it was possible, but the gleam in Peter's eye got even more wicked. "I'll be there," he said.

3. Do-Able

I was stretched out on my back, in a tee-shirt and swim trunks, on a poolside lounge chair. I acted like I was surfing online on my computer tablet, but my eyes were really surfing over Chris as he swam laps in the pool, even though it wasn't that big: A flash of dark hair and an arm, some leg. He'd hit the side and then reverse course with a bit of shoulder, then the curve of his ass in his navy blue swim trunks.

"He's really hot."

I looked up and squinted against the sun. Thumper was claiming the sunlounger to my right, and Jase the one on my left. "Yeah," I sighed. Since Thumper'd been inside my head yesterday--hey, I'm not stupid; I figured it out--and seen everything what happened with Peter and Coach, denying my attraction to Chris seemed pointless. Plus, I'd seen Thumper with Coach's cock down his throat, a fact I was still trying to process, so I knew I had something in common with my cousin. We hadn't talked about it, but I knew Thumper wouldn't tell anyone except Jase. It felt good to finally have somebody I didn't have to keep it secret from--two somebodies. "Too bad he's also really, really straight," I sighed again, looking back at Chris.

Thumper stretched out. He wore a pair of swim trunks and nothing else, only his were a lot more revealing than mine. Damn, he was good-looking.

"Nobody's that straight," Thumper said.

"Huh?" I said, turning back to Thumper, looking him right in the eye. I scowled and thought, *Could you be any more cryptic?*

Thumper must have heard me with his damned telepathy because he grinned and shrugged. "Give me a little time, and I bet I can find a chink in his heterosexual armor."

You're gonna make Chris gay? I thought, just to see whether Thumper would pick up on it.

Then, clear as a bell, I heard Thumper's voice in my head: *Not gay exactly ... but maybe temporarily do-able.*

Whoa!--Thumper's voice in my head! Whoa!--The idea of Chris being do-able! Which one stunned me more?

Hey, that's how I got my start, Thumper's voice in my head said. *Right, Jase?*

Then, clear as a bell, I heard Jase's voice in my head answer: *Thumper, you're insatiable. We talked about this, remember?*

Yeah, well, change of plans. Roll with it, bro. Besides I've learned to be a lot more careful with my Talent. You said so yourself. I felt Thumper's attention turn back to me. *Sometimes you just experiment a time or two before you go back to what you like. And other times you discover there's a whole lot more in life to enjoy. Sometimes you never know until somebody pushes you to try, right?*

"Uh, sure," I said out loud, trying to process what he meant.

Man, in the last couple of days, I'd learned what it was like to have a telepath around, how to suck cock and fuck ass, that I really liked *fag shit*--and as if that weren't enough shit for my brain to handle, my cousin was saying he could make Mister Heterosexuality Poster Boy over there in the pool "do-able." I could practically feel the steam coming out of my ears as my gray matter threatened to melt down.

"I dunno ..." I said. "That seems kind of ..." Unfair? Coercive? Sinful?

Don't think of it as making him do something he doesn't want to. Think of it as helping him find the parts of him that want to do it and bringing them to the front for a while to play.

When Thumper explained it that way, as if it was something Chris maybe already wanted to do ...

No--what was I thinking? Was this what the pamphlet author meant about how insidious telepaths were? Thumper's voice in my head seemed to be curling seductively around my thoughts, like listening to what he was saying was so much more interesting than whatever I'd been thinking, much more important than paying attention to my own warning alarms or something. Yeah, Thumper was smokin' hot, especially in nothing but that pair of swim trunks and the way he was looking me right in the eye like that, kinda hungry and kinda sexy. It made me want to ... But still, something held me back, like part of me wasn't convinced about his line of thought.

Thumper put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed gently. It felt good. *Tell you what,* his head-voice purred, *this is gonna take me a few minutes with Chris, so why don't you take a little nap. When you wake up you'll*

see what I mean. You'll feel much more clear-headed.

Listening to his voice in my head, the way his voice tinged everything in red and gold, felt so much better than listening to my own monochrome thoughts. "But ..." I started to protest and, even as I said it, I felt something happen--"I'm ... not sleepy ..." Everything was getting so foggy. I'd just rolled out of bed a couple of hours ago, but now my arms and legs felt heavy. All of a sudden I *was* sleepy--so deliciously, irresistibly sleepy. I yawned and decided a nap really would be nice, so I closed my eyes and lay back on the chair and just let it happen.

The rain woke me up. No, the drops of water against my face and arm weren't rain. I opened my eyes and found Chris standing over me, naked, dripping wet from the pool, dripping water from his hair and huge hard-on down on me. He smiled this dazed smile and stroked his meat at me. He groaned, "Come on ... Help me out, Tony ... It won't go down ..."

I sat up on the lounge. Chris could beat the shit out of me, but I wasn't worried. Somehow I knew he wasn't going to say anything about *fag shit* or beat me up. I felt calm and ... well, kind of quiet inside, like all the mental warnings that should have been going off in my head were conspicuously silent. I edged closer to him. He smelled like chlorine and suntan lotion, and the water dripped off him. He looked even hotter naked, of course. The swells of muscle were shiny and smooth. And now I was getting a really good look at his cock--the first time I'd seen it hard. Without a doubt, it was the biggest erection I'd ever seen in real life, though I'd only seen a few.

Chris begged in a low moan, "Come on. Please, Tony ..."

I licked my lips, took hold of his hips, and pulled his crotch into my face. Somehow, just like yesterday in the showers, I knew exactly what to do. I opened my jaw wide and took his mushroom dick-head into my mouth and then I pushed in another few inches. It was really stretching my mouth. But when it hit my gag reflex, instead of choking like I'd have expected, I just held it there until the sensation passed, then I sucked down still more of his prick. How did I know to do that? Damn, I was getting good at cock-sucking!

I wasn't even all the way down to the root when I heard the rusty fence gate hinges squeak. A visitor?--We were about to get caught! Chris didn't pull back like I'd have expected. Instead, he just stayed rooted in my mouth like he hadn't heard anything. After just a moment, my panic melted away too, and I didn't care if we did get caught.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the fence gate opening. Peter stuck his head through the gap. Probably he had rung the front bell, then decided to check by the pool when nobody answered the door. I stared at him, his shocked expression at finding me blowing my naked step-brother--our *uber*-straight baseball team captain--by the side of our pool while my two cousins watched. Was Peter going to freak out? Would he tell everyone he caught me blowing Chris?

Well, hello there, cute visitor, Jase's voice said in my head when he saw Peter, shading the world with flickers of blue and purple. It wasn't just a trick of light--I was definitely seeing something.

Thumper's voice answered in red and gold, *That's Peter. I told you about him.*

Ah. I'll reel him in.

Thumper's voice purred in the back of my head, *No worries, Tony. Your buddy's in good hands.* More red and gold, like in the nightclub men's room, like in the showers yesterday. Thumper in red and gold; Jase in blues

and purples ...

Just focus on what you're doing. Thumper's nudge reminded me of what was most important: Chris' dick bumping my lip. My uncertainties disappeared. As I licked the head again and opened my jaw to take his rod back inside my mouth, I kept my head tilted so I could watch Peter around Chris' hip. I wanted to do both at once--suck Chris and watch Peter. I wanted to see what Peter would do next.

As Chris' dick slid over the back of my tongue, I saw Peter get over his shock. Yeah, he must've decided this was a nice surprise, the way his wide-eyed face relaxed into a little slack smile, like he was stoned or drunk, as something purple and blue played around his head. What was Jase saying in Peter's head? As Chris' dick slid back nearly out of my mouth, I saw Peter step inside and push the fence gate shut. Peter sauntered over to us and purred, "Hey, guys," and dropped the towel that had been draped over his shoulder. He lifted and removed his tee-shirt, pulled off his shoes, and shucked his swimsuit. His half-erection kept rising and bobbed in front of him as he stepped over to stand shoulder to shoulder with Chris.

I waited for Chris to regain his senses and bolt when he realized Peter was here, but he didn't. He just grinned at him and slung his arm around Peter's shoulders, casually, as if having a teammate catch him being blown by a guy--and his new step-brother at that--happened every day, like this was just another team-bonding experience.

What Peter did was push his hips forward and waggle his now-stiff cock around like a damned flagpole. I took the hint. I pulled off of Chris' rod--Chris gave a little disappointed moan--and I pushed myself face-first into Peter's crotch, taking another crack at swallowing that dick I'd sucked in the showers yesterday.

After a few mouth-strokes up and down Peter's cock, I went back to Chris', because I didn't want it to feel neglected. Chris groaned and bucked his hips, and then I felt his hands on my head. I hadn't expected him to touch me. From the gay porn I'd surreptitiously seen online, I knew straight guys usually just wanted their dicks sucked, trying to fantasize the sucker was some hot girl instead of a cock-hungry guy. But there his hands were, not pushing my head down to shove more of his cock down my throat, but stroking my hair! He even tickled my ears a bit, which just got my engine going like when Peter had nibbled at them in the showers yesterday. My dick turned from merely normal-hard to diamond-hard. I felt Chris' hand run along my neck and then down into the collar of my tee-shirt, and then back up to my head where he took hold of my skull and pulled me up off his joy-toy.

Chris ordered, "Take your shirt off, Tony."

I didn't say anything. I just did as he said, shucking my tee-shirt over my head. Chris pressed my face into Peter's crotch this time. As I fell mouth-first into Peter's crotch, opening my jaw wide to take his long cock back in, Chris slid his hand across the skin and hard muscle of my bare chest, tickling at my nipple, then pinching it gently. That felt ... weird and good at the same time, and made me feel strangely hornier too. My world was narrowing to Peter's dick in my mouth and Chris' hand on my body. His hand traveled over my shoulders and down my back, leaving ripples of sensations quaking all through my body. How was I supposed to concentrate on sucking Peter's dick when Chris kept teasing my skin like this? Then his hand traveled down into the back of my swimsuit, grabbed a handful of my ass and squeezed. Next, his hand dropped into my crack, rough fingers scratching over the sensitive flesh of my sphincter. He pushed a finger into me.

Man, I thought, this is getting good! I was about to pinch myself, to make sure I wasn't just dreaming, but then I felt Chris push down the back of my swimsuit and give my ass a solid, jarring slap.

Nope, definitely not dreaming.

"Get naked, Tony," Chris instructed me. I glanced up to see if there was any flicker of blues or reds around his face but, nope, this was all him.

Without breaking my hold on Peter's cock, I pushed down my swim trunks. My erection swung free, as I slipped the trunks past my knees, kinda awkwardly, and struggled them off over my ankles. I was naked now too. I started stroking myself as my lips made the return journey all the way down to the base of Peter's cock again. I stayed there a few beats, but couldn't breathe because his long, slim prick cut off my airway. So I spit him out and started licking his balls as I gasped for air. His balls were large, low-hangers, and they were freshly showered. I sucked one into my mouth and rolled it around, feeling its heft, the load it held, letting it fill my mouth.

Again I felt Chris' hands clamp on my head, pulling me from my task. He sat down on the lounge chair Jase had vacated earlier, hauling me along as he stretched out on it. He was breathing heavily too, his smooth, muscular chest heaving. His eyes were hooded, but his expression was pure need. "Sit on it, man ..." he said. He broke off and shook his head, but then looked back to me. "Wait--I ..."

Easy, Chris, Thumper's voice coaxed in red and gold around Chris' head. We're all friends here. Just ask for what you want. It's okay to want.

"Mmm," Chris groaned, and the need took over his expression again. "Sit on it," he told me again. "Please ... Please sit on it."

I gave his cock one last slow, wet suck, then stood up. Somebody handed me a bottle of lubricant--right, I'd told Peter to bring condoms; I congratulated myself on another good plan. I got my fingers coated with lotion and reached back to rub it into my virgin asshole. I gave Chris and his massive fuck-stick another look; he grinned, and it jerked with anticipation. My ass jerked with anticipation too. Chris had gotten a rubber from somewhere; he took the bottle from me and poured a stream over the condom-covered head and shaft of his cock. With every nerve ending twitching, I straddled the lounge chair, facing him. I didn't touch him, didn't know if he was up for that; I just held onto the back of the chair with one hand and reached back to aim his cock up into me with the other. Somebody else's hand was there, helping guide Chris' dick to my hole, and I relinquished task to them and focused on holding onto the back of the chair with both hands now.

Just go slowly and take it easy, Thumper coaxed in my head. I'll help you relax.

I nodded. I lowered myself down onto the tapered head and felt it push at my tight pucker. I pressed myself down farther. The head of Chris' cock popped inside--I could feel it stretch its way through my ass. I pressed down more, inch by inch. His cock was a tree trunk that felt like it just got thicker the farther down I got. It kind of hurt, but the feeling kept changing to something that promised to feel even better if I took just a little more. I stopped, maybe halfway--his dick was way bigger than the finger I'd sometimes poked up there when I was jacking off, but I seemed to know just what to do. I took a deep breath, trying to relax the walls of my ass, but then his cock started to pulse.

It made my legs jerk. My lube-slicked hand slipped off the chair back and slapped down on Chris' chest, as I tried to steady myself while his hips tried to push that dick up into me a little more. He didn't seem to mind my hand, which made me feel bolder. My hands stroked Chris' skin, exploring. His chest was smooth but roped with lean muscle that flexed and undulated under his beautiful skin. He was watching my face, watching the expression that came over me as his meaty fucker dug deeper up inside me. Man, I probably looked like a real slut, but he didn't seem to care. His hand moved up, made contact with the flesh of my flat gut, then glided up over my chest. His other hand joined in, first on my shoulder, then grasping me around the

base of my neck. I thought for a crazy second he was gonna pull me forward and kiss me. But no, instead he tugged my body down as his hips pressed up, slamming himself up, up into me.

"Oh, fucking hell, man!" I hissed through the pain, secretly thrilled by the sex and the profanity. Chris' cock pushed me wide open as he popped my cherry ass. I gave him everything--my ass, my virginity, everything he wanted. It hurt some, but I wasn't about to beg this beautiful guy to pull it out--not that he would have, the way his eyes-clamped-shut intensity said he needed to take my ass as much as I needed to give it to him. I leaned back onto Chris' dick, feeling my guts being rearranged, my hole tightening, resisting. And then his cock pulsed again, making my breath catch as I tried to take it all in.

I knew just what to do, how to move, how to turn the pain into something that felt different, then pleasurable, then even better still. I'd gotten his cock aligned with something up inside my ass that felt great, little electric shivers going through me as his dick moved inside me. Chris pulled his hips back down to the chair seat, his cock ripping nearly three-quarters out of me, then ramming back into me. Another sharp pain, but then as Chris repeated this move, over and over, I felt the last of the searing pain melt completely away. Yeah, I knew exactly how to move against him, and his cock nudged something up inside my ass that made this gooey ecstatic feeling wash over me--through me--whatever.

"Oh, God--this is the best fuck ever!" Chris sighed. Taking God's name in vain during a *fag shit* ass-fucking sex seemed scandalous and naughty, and I loved it. I loved the feeling of Chris' rod inside me.

Soon Chris didn't need to spike his way into me. I was riding him, up and down, my chute clamping down with every upward movement, and opening wide for every downward dunk. Soon my ass was making sloppy, slappy sounds against his groin. "Aw, fuck," I whimpered, and, "Yippee-ki-ay, ride 'em, cowboy," which made Chris grin. He had his head back against the chair, eyes closed, brow furrowed with concentration. His hands were on my hips now, holding me, keeping me lined up with his cock, but then they slipped around to my butt, grasping, squeezing, and spreading the orbs of my ass even wider.

Chris' torso came up off the chair, sitting up. He looked at me now, leaning up into me, his face flushed, his panting making the fine hairs stand up all over my body. I stared down into his eyes, catching what looked like little flecks of red and gold reflected there. "So tight," Chris breathed. "Yeah, ride me, Tony--ride my cock."

His rod smacked my insides around like a pinball machine. My hard prick bounced against his washboard belly in earnest on my downward drops. He leaned in closer, and the bounces became rubs as the angle of our bodies moving together changed. It felt more fucking awesome than anything else I'd ever experienced. A trail of my pre-cum smeared over his moist flesh. I felt his lips brush against my chest, and then against my nipple. I readied myself for him to bite, to nibble, or maybe just lick it. If his teeth nipped at my nipple, I'd cum--I'd fucking cum! But no sooner did his lips brush it than they disengaged, as if he knew how close to climaxing I was.

Chris' arms wrapped about my back, and my balls began to feel like my churning insides. I felt my load building up pressure, everything beginning to tingle and ache for release. My ass-ring clutched and clamped down on Chris' rigid prick. I was so close, getting too close--no, I was nearly there--a couple more thrusts, a few more rubs against Chris' rippling abs, and I'd pop like champagne cork.

Not yet, Thumper's voice directed us.

Yeah. Okay. Slow down. Cool down. Thumper was right. Stretch it out. Make it last. We had all afternoon and all night. My first fuck needed to last forever.

I pulled back away from Chris' abs and slowly eased up off of his rod, going slowly, letting it gradually pop free of my ass. I missed it immediately. Chris wanted his cock to be back inside me too--I could tell--but there were other things for us to do. We didn't have to pop so soon.

I'd forgotten about Thumper during the fuck, sure, but I'd forgotten about Jase and Peter too.

Jase was naked now, standing there with Peter kneeling before him. The folded towel protected Peter's knees from the concrete around the edge of the pool. I watched as Peter's mouth went down on Jase again, frantically, hungry to eat every inch of Jase's beautiful thick erection. Jase sighed, "Ah, yeah." He looked at me and grinned and reached out to stroke my head. Suddenly, he pulled me by my hair up to his face and kissed me. His lips were warm and firm. They discharged a pure animal lust that left me light-headed.

French me! I thought fiercely. And as if he read the thought, Jase pushed the wet tip of his tongue between my lips. It paused there, perhaps half an inch of it, a moist, living, *other* presence against the inner surface of my lips, and then it snaked between my teeth and over my tongue and curled upward to lick the roof of my mouth. I pressed it between my lips as it slowly withdrew and slid inward between my lips, again and again, like Jase was fucking my mouth with his tongue. He slung an arm around my shoulders to steady me and hold me to him. Somehow, Jase both soothed and excited me. I relaxed in the embrace of his great physical strength, as a glow spread gently through my whole body, not the hard *gotta fuck, gotta cum* need I'd felt with Chris, but a warm sexual glow that said we were gonna take it slow, enjoy ourselves, make it last.

I felt Jase's hands on my shoulders, pushing me down alongside Peter as he serviced Jase's cock. I thought, *Crap, Jase is so fucking dominant!* Sure, I'd sometimes gotten off in my fantasies about surrendering to a dominant man during sex, but I wondered if this casual dominance was maybe one of those big-brother behaviors, something else I'd missed out on from being an only child. But then I decided, *Definitely over-thinking this--worry about that after the sex.*

Which naturally brought me back to the task at hand--or in this case, at tongue. I teased my tongue along the ridge of Jase's hip. I cheek-nudged Peter's head out of the way, and Jase's erection popped free of his mouth. That cock wasn't lonely for long--I lapped the underside from his balls up to the ridge around the tip. I licked his cock head, tongued into the little slit in its tip, teasing it. I used one hand to tug on his balls as my other guided his cock to my mouth. I pressed my lips together and pushed them against the tip so that it would feel to Jase as if he were forcing entrance through my ass muscles like Chris had done just minutes before.

The feel and taste of Jase's cock head and the loose, velvety outer skin covering the hard shaft intoxicated me. I began to suck it in and out of my mouth. Jase urged me on, telling me to suck it, swirl my tongue around the head, lick the underside of the shaft, calling me his *good little cocksucker, yeah, good little cocksucker*. I worried that we might disturb the neighbors, but then I realized Jase wasn't saying those things out loud. I was too caught up to care. My sexual frenzy was back, and I happily lost myself in it.

I felt something move against my hip, which sent a surge of pre-cum leaking to the tip of my cock. Which was somewhere surprisingly warm, I realized. I almost passed out from the sweet sensation that washed over me when I felt my cock slip deeper into the warm, smooth wetness of Peter's mouth. Oh, man--that guy could suck dick! Peter's mouth, tongue, and lips caressed every inch of my cock skin, taking in its entire surface. As his mouth went up and down on my cock, Peter's smooth fingers slipped around my balls and tugged gently.

I moved my hips to the rhythm of Peter's mouth and was thrilled to feel a finger travel from the base of my balls back to my asshole. *Oh, fucking hell, yeah!* I thought. *Finger me, you fucker!*

Peter's long middle finger gently stroked my sphincter until it relaxed again. I imagined it opening like a

flower bud in a time-lapse video. When his finger slowly pressed into me, I felt that strange, delicious lassitude again that I was already coming to associate with being entered. Peter was doing some massaging in there that was driving me crazy with pleasure. A second finger joined the first in entering me, and then a third. I felt them widening me, stretching my entrance and filling my passageway, preparing me again for the cock that was sure to follow. Would it be Jase's or Peter's?

Jase pulled me to my feet, then pushed me down on one of the lounge chairs, the same one where Chris had taken popped my ass-virginity minutes ago. Where was Chris now?--I didn't care. I stretched out, loving the feel of the warm spring sunshine on my skin.

Peter turned me onto my left side like I was some kind of cheap slut, and he slid onto the lounge behind me. He pushed his shaft against the crack between my tight buns, and I lifted my right leg to show I was easy and willing for him to do whatever he wanted. If that made me a *fag shit* slut, so be it.

"Gonna stick my dick in your ass," Peter murmured in my ear, echoing what he'd said in the showers yesterday.

"Do it--fuck me," I hissed back at him.

Somebody tossed a plastic-wrapped condom and the little plastic bottle of lubricant at Peter.

I felt Peter's hand guiding his dick-tip to its target and one fingertip even entering slightly as he shoehorned his cock-head through my sphincter. Ow, it burned again! I felt panicky, wondering whether I could take it, but something about the way Jase smiled at me calmed me down and helped me relax completely again.

Take his mind off it, Jase's voice whispered in my head, but he wasn't talking to me.

Peter's right arm slipped around my waist, and his fingers made little rotating motions around my nipple; the new sensation diverted me from when was happening with my ass. By the time my mind disengaged from the tingle that Peter's fingers set off around my nip, his big cock was already sliding comfortably up my rectum and sending me back into that pleasure-delirium. Up, up, up it slid, until I thought it must soon be hitting my stomach. I felt like I was being filled to capacity, and I didn't ever want to be un-filled.

Peter left his big dick there a moment, then I felt it slowly recede until only the ridged head stayed inside my sphincter. Just as I expected it to pop out, Peter's cock began another slow, delectable ascent into me, each inch increasing my sense of submission to the man whose organ filled me, whose forearm rested on my thigh, pressing it out of the way to keep my asshole accessible. My mouth hung open in a silent ring of ecstasy. Jase pushed his cock into my mouth, and I sucked and swallowed until I had it all the way in my throat again. I wanted him to fuck my face as Peter fucked my ass. I reached up to play with his chest hair, squeezing his pectoral muscles, finding his nipples. I wanted Peter and Jase to do exactly what they were doing--utterly mastering me--owning me. I loved it!

I heard Thumper grunting, and Chris quietly moaning something like, "Fuck me! Yeah, fuck my ass! Fuck me!" Any other time just the thought of Chris, Mister Heterosexuality, getting his ass plowed would have short-circuited my brain, but right then I didn't care about that. I had all the cock I could handle.

My mouth and ass became juicy holes devoted solely to servicing the glorious cocks that slid in and out of them. In and out of me they went, fucking me hard! Each time Jase's crotch bumped my nose, each time Peter's underbelly smacked against my butt, I felt the crisp rasp of their pubic hair against my skin, and I wished there were more ways that I could yield my body to them.

Peter's pace quickened, and I could feel his breath against my neck. He moaned low in his throat. Now he was pounding into my ass, surrendering himself to the same total abandon that I was already experiencing. I felt as if I was being helplessly buffeted on that hard pole of his. For a moment the raw ferocity this fuck unleashed in Peter spooked me, but then I felt something focus my attention anew on Jase's dick rubbing across my tongue. I was ready, willing, eager to do anything to please Peter and Jase and their big, hard cocks.

Suddenly, Peter's thighs slammed against mine in a final powerful thrust. He froze. "Ah! Fuck!"

His steel-muscled arm clamped around my waist, and his body went rigid. I practically felt his big cock recoil inside me, as his jizz shot into the condom deep inside my body. I could practically feel his pleasure and the lights going off in his head. I spread my legs yet wider and spat out Jase's cock so I could chant at Peter, "Give it to me, buddy! Give it to me, buddy!" I took all Peter's cum, feeling honored to have been able to bring him this pleasure.

And Jase fisted away at his cock in my face. He pushed his hips forward, and warm, wet ropes spurting out and slapped my cheek and neck. I seemed to feel his orgasm, like he was broadcasting it or something in flares of blue and purple light. Jase got out the final drops with a convulsive pumping of his hips. I stuck out my tongue and licked at the tip of his sensitive cock-head, making him shudder.

Good boy, Tony, Jase told me in my head as he leaned over me, riding out his orgasm. I luxuriated in the contentment of having pleased him.

Behind me Peter's body was almost completely limp. His hand slid feebly up and down my cock. I brushed his hand aside and sat up, gripped my shaft, ready to jack myself savagely to orgasm. But then I heard Chris groan. That reminded me.

I looked over to see Chris on his hands and knees on another lounge chair, with Thumper standing astraddle it behind him. My jaw dropped--I was watching Mister Heterosexuality getting butt-fucked by Thumper! From the way Chris tossed his head around, eyes clamped shut in pure pleasure, he fucking loved it too!

Thumper pulled out of Chris' ass, grunting like an animal. He ripped off the condom and flailed away at his dick. Thumper's whole body shuddered. Like with Jase, I saw little sparks of color as he started to cum, shards of red and gold. Then thick bursts of Thumper's jizz shot across Chris' ass and back, nearly hitting his neck. Man, Thumper could sure shoot!

Thumper stepped back from Chris' ass and swapped a grin and high-five with Jase. That's when Thumper saw me. His head-voice curled around me: *Looks like we have one left who hasn't gotten off yet ...*

And then the scenery changed. Chris pushed me down onto a sunlounger and onto my back. He folded my legs up and back, using the back of my thighs as leverage. He aimed his rubber-clad erection and eased it forward, into me. I was ready and relaxed and took it. Soon he rammed his cock in and out of me, cock withdrawing almost all the way out, then slamming back in. He used his entire weight to make every thrust stab deeper and deeper. My legs settled on his shoulders. By then I--we--had lost all inhibitions. His hands moved down my chest, and then slid up until they laced around the back of my neck, pulling my face up to his until our noses almost touched. I couldn't quite reach him to try a kiss. His breath in hard rasps and my groans both matched the tempo of his balls smack-slapping against my butt cheeks. Chris picked up the beat, pitching his fuck in and out of my ass with the same fierce determination he used on the baseball diamond.

My orgasm hadn't gone anywhere, had just stayed put as if the pounding he was giving me was holding it in me, making it build beyond all comprehension. Suddenly I felt my cock catch fire and my balls spasm--

spreading to my well-fucked asshole--and then my whole body. My cock exploded, streams of my thick spunk spurting up over my belly and chest.

My ass going wild must've sent Chris over the edge, because he jammed his cock hard into me and moaned and gasped as his load pumped deep inside me. He quaked, head thrown back, and then he collapsed onto me, spent. I tangled my arms and legs around his body and held on to him tightly, feeling his body writhe against me a moment and then relax. I pressed my lips against the flesh of his shoulder and kissed him.

Chris leaned up and looked down at me, his eyes dazed, mouth still hanging slack. Then his brow furrowed and his lips closed as he gulped. He sank into my kiss, pressed his lips to mine, pushed his tongue into my mouth. When the kiss broke off he leaned back, his breathing rapid again and his expression confused.

"Wow, Tony" he said, and then he pulled himself out of me, leaving a hollow feeling behind. Pulling himself to his feet, he stood there, so naked, so beautiful, and looked down at me. He shook his dazed head and smiled. "Wow. You're really good. Better than I imagined."

I was, like, *Wait--Chris has imagined what having sex with me would be like?*

Then as Chris turned and ran for the pool, I heard Thumper's voice in my head say, *See? It's just a matter of letting the other parts step forward for a while. You're right though--he's pretty damned heterosexual. Finding the right parts nearly wore me out!*

Wow, was all I could think while I processed what Thumper said and watched Chris dive headfirst, slicing like a knife into the water.

A little later, Thumper and I were sprawled on a blanket under a tree. I lay on my side watching Chris swim more laps. When he hit the side and flipped around to swim back the other way, I saw a flash of paler skin--bare buttocks--which made me smile. Mister *No Fag Shit* was swimming buck-naked. That right there was a big change. Sometimes horizons got broadened, Thumper had said, and sometimes a person just experimented and then went back to what he liked. Well, I sure had learned what I liked. Only time would tell with Chris.

Over in another corner of the pool, I saw Peter's handsome head and back, and Jase's calves and feet, as Jase demonstrated how to do a handstand underwater. Peter saw me looking, and his grin got bigger, and he waved at me.

Sometimes things don't according to plan, and that's great too. Who'd have expected, twenty-four hours ago, that I'd have had two telepaths running around in my head or that I'd have had sex with four smokin'-hot guys?--Five if I counted Coach too. If someone had told me I'd have had sex with not one but two of my teammates, and one of them was my gorgeous step-brother, I'd have laughed in his face. I was starting to look at the world in a whole new way.

Yeah, I thought, *camping next weekend with Peter and Coach is going to be an interesting experience!*

I wondered if Peter might also be interested in some dating in addition to sex, now that we were about to graduate and didn't have to care what teammates or classmates thought. Hell, if all he wanted was a friends-with-benefits kind of thing, I'd be willing to go for that too, as long as it meant I'd be getting plenty of his cock and ass and plenty of orgasms.

Thumper, pressed up behind me on the blanket with his arm around my chest, must have picked up on that

thought. "So," he nuzzled into my ear, "I guess I don't have to sleep on that fucking uncomfortable air mattress if I stay over again tonight, right?"

I froze--old habits die hard. Did he mean because I was over my fear of telepaths, or over my virgin skittishness about sex, or over my fear of somebody finding out I was gay? Screw it--the questions didn't matter, only the answer, which was the same regardless. I relaxed back into his embrace, happy we were both still naked. I replied, "You're only in town for one more night before you have to go back to the Institute. Who said anything about sleeping?"

"Aww, man," he mock-cursed. "That's what I hate about breaking in virgins. They'll wear you out! I need a nap."

"Then you better get your rest now, dude, 'cause I owe you big-time and my plans for payback involve lots of butt-sex."

"Is that supposed to be a threat?"

I had an enormous smile on my face, anticipating. "Thumper, dude, it's a fucking promise."

Thumper chuckled. He kissed the back of my neck and settled down against the blanket, against my body. "Tony, man, you're such a mess," he chuckled softly in my ear.

I figured he meant that in a good way. Maybe I was, because figuring some things out would take time, but I wasn't a drooling mess. Yeah, I'd definitely have to throw away that pamphlet later--and think twice before I gave an "authority" so much control over my life-plan ever again.

I felt Thumper start to fall asleep, and not just in the way his arm around me gradually went slack. He must have still had his telepathy linking us, because I felt it in my head, like some red and gold light going dim. I was feeling sleepy too. A nap sure sounded good. I cuddled myself back against his chest, loving the curve of his soft cock against my bare ass-cheek, as I let sleep take me too.
