

# Contact

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

[Synopsis: An old friend comes back to town with a new ability.]

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

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

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-

# Contact

## An Institute Story

by Wrestlr

My best friend Luke is black. That's kind of unusual in rural Minnesota. I'm just your average white dude--blond, good-looking but generic as every other Scandinavian type around here, like my parents ordered me from some Nords-R-Us catalog. I'd lusted after Luke since practically forever, dreamed about tasting his skin, which seemed kind of exotic to me compared to everyone else, and he'd

inspired many jack-off sessions, but I'd never had the nerve to make a move. Physical contact between us never went beyond standard stuff at wrestling practice at school. But all that changed on my twentieth birthday, when Luke and some buddies spent the night. See, that was the night Eli came to visit.

We had my twentieth birthday party at my place. My parents were out of town, theoretically visiting my older sister--but although they never said so, this was also their way to telling me I was an adult now and giving me some space to cut loose for a weekend. I had the whole house to myself and it was my birthday, so of course there was going to be a party.

Friday night. After the party broke up, well after midnight, after everybody else left, Luke and two other pals and I hung out in the basement where my bedroom was. The two other guys were Eli and Stan. They were both good-looking, sandy-haired white boys, and had firm, sexy bodies. But Luke was the one that really turned me on. His black hair, cut short, perfectly framed his beautiful face. His soulful brown eyes made me want to squeeze him in my arms and kiss his delicious lips. Luke was very athletic and had the perfect muscular form. I wanted to lick him from head to toe and back again.

Eli, Luke, Stan, and I had been like the Four Musketeers all through junior high and high school. Always together, always

getting into some shit together. Let's just say the mall rent-a-cops knew us by our first names and had our parents on speed-dial. Then halfway through senior year, Eli scored high on one of those "psychic potential" tests they gave us periodically, high enough that he got sent off to The Institute where they do research on mental powers and shit like that, even though all they said he had was some latent potential and maybe would never develop a real ability. Nobody around here ever knew of anyone else who got sent off there, so it was kind of a big scandal for a couple of weeks--almost as big as the time when we were sixteen and we jacked into the closed circuit television system at Discs 4 U in the mall and replaced those crappy music videos they always play real loud

with this homemade porn tape we found in my dad's closet, the one of my dad and mom going at it like rabbits--now *that* was funny as shit, but we got in *so* much trouble. Everybody talked about it for weeks. Eli getting sent off to The Institute was almost as major. Hey, like I said, this is the backwoods Minnesota.

So with Eli gone, Luke, Stan, and I continued on and finally went off to the local college, and this was only the second time since senior year of high school that we'd seen Eli. I was happy as hell when his mom called to tell me he had gotten a weekend pass and would be coming to my birthday party.

We hung out, the four of us, like old times.



We listened to our favorite band with the volume cranked up loud while we wrestled and goofed around. We were all stripped down to our tee-shirts and underwear. Stan, always joking around, did this little dance to one song, jumping around, playing air guitar, singing along off-key at the top of his lungs, and we all kept cracking up because, hell, a dude dancing around in his underwear and singing along is always fucking funny! I laughed so hard I couldn't breathe! Plus the bulge he had banging around in his briefs during his bump-and-grind definitely caught my attention. Damn thing wasn't hard, but something was definitely awake down there. I was keeping a running inventory of the mounds in the underwear of all three of my friends,

especially the big bulge in Luke's briefs. I was hot and horny; wrestling always did that to me. I was filled with that nervous, urgent feeling I got whenever my friends turned me on--a feeling half-torture, half-pleasure, that wouldn't go away until later in private when I stroked myself to a sweet release.

I think Eli noticed me noticing their bodies because he kept looking at me funny. But he didn't say anything.

"Fuck, I've missed you guys," Eli kept saying and asking us shit about college. We kept asking him about The Institute. His tee-shirt had its small stylized lower-case "i" logo, required by law, over one pectoral. Eli mostly shrugged and said life

there wasn't that interesting, more like a military school, and definitely wasn't as fun as our lives in college sounded. He told us he had had a "breakthrough" a couple of months ago, which had something to do with going from latent to active, whatever the fuck *that* meant. Stan, still horsing around, jumped up on the couch and hollered, "So, Eli, now you got real psychic powers and shit?"

Eli laughed and said, "Something like that."

Stan--*bounce, bounce, bounce*--said, "So what can you do? Blow shit up your mind? Make the chicks so horny they want to swing on your joint?"

Eli said, "Naw, nothing that flashy. Sometimes I can tell what people are thinking." He said it modestly, downplaying.

Prickly tension in the air. All that talk about "psychic powers" made me uncomfortable. Luke looked skittish too.

Stan, who never did anything at normal volume, yelled, "That's a load of bullcrap! Mind-reader, my ass!"

I sure didn't like the idea of somebody getting inside my head. I was hoping somebody would change the subject.

Luke tried to joke it off. "You got nothing to worry about, Stan. You gotta have a

mind to read first!"

But Stan just laughed and took it as a challenge, "Oh, yeah? Okay, Eli, read my mind, dude. Tell me what I'm fucking thinking." He kept bouncing on the couch like a five-year-old, towering over Eli.

"Hold still, moron," Eli said, smacking Stan's chest playfully with his fist.

"Fuck you," Stan laughed, but he bounced to a halt.

Eli whacked his palm against Stan's muscular chest, spread-fingered across the band logo on Stan's tee-shirt. Eli touched his other index finger on his own forehead, and hammed up the "mind-

reader" part, pretending to concentrate. Stan's eyes winced like Eli's touch made him uncomfortable, or maybe Eli just smacked his hand on Stan's chest harder than I thought. I know Eli had always hated the way Stan was always zooming around and wanted him to not be so hyper all the time.

Eli screwed up his face and said, "You're thinking ... *You need another beer!*"

"Fucking got that *right*, dude!" Stan bellowed and laughed and bounded down off the couch, pounding Eli on the back. "C'mon, Luke! It's after midnight and I'm not drunk yet!"

Stan grabbed Luke in a friendly headlock

and they disappeared into the next room where my mini-fridge still held some booze. I heard them fire up the video game system and figured they'd be occupied for a while. I turned on the television there in the main room and sat back lengthwise on the couch, draping my unzipped sleeping bag over me. To my surprise--"Room for me in there too?"--Eli crawled under the sleeping bag with me, lying alongside me on the couch with his back against my chest, watching the television. I was very aware of his body heat, like a fire under the sleeping bag. At first I felt this thrilling little weird jitteriness with Eli being so close. What if the other guys saw? I could find a hundred reasons not to, but somehow I found myself thinking, *Stop worrying--Just enjoy it.* I loved being

near Eli's body. I loved the closeness, the tingling feeling I got everywhere our skin touched. I loved his scent. I definitely loved his ass pressed up against my crotch. Maybe Eli's porcelain white skin was no match for Luke's chocolate exoticness--maybe Luke was my major crush--but Eli had sure inspired more than a few jack-off sessions for me back in high school, and right then every one of those jack-off fantasies was running through my head.

Being so near Eli intensified the buzzing in my groin, in my entire body for that matter, bordering on more than I could stand. I desperately wanted Eli's toned body and long, hard cock--I imagined he had to have a long one--but I was terrified



he would reject me, and things between us would never be the same. Eli nestled up against me. The air felt charged around us. I loved the tingly-hot feeling of his body pressed up against me, but I was afraid he would feel the raging boner in my boxer shorts. No matter how I willed my cock to calm down, it stayed as stiff as a poker. Soon, inevitably, Eli would have to notice.

And he definitely did notice, like he knew it would be there. But instead of withdrawing, he pressed his firm ass back against my hard-on, sending a shiver of passion through my body. Only two thin layers of cloth--my boxers, his briefs--lay between my dick and his ass. Definitely intense! I had no idea where this was

leading, but it was starting off more exciting than I'd ever imagined. I started moving against Eli a little, ready to laugh it off as a joke if he recoiled. But he didn't pull away. My hard cock rubbed against the slot of his ass crack, and he pressed and moved back against me harder. I pumped more. I wanted to keep going, keep rubbing, until-- But something stopped me. I wondered for the hundredth time what Eli must think about this, and I decided I didn't care. Eli stopped moving too, but his ass remained firmly in contact with my tool.

Feeling suddenly bold, I rested my hand on his thigh and nuzzled against his neck. I loved the smell of his hair. My breath came hard and fast, as did his. Eli wiggled

around, reached back, and placed his hand on my thigh. Pretty soon he was rubbing my leg. I relaxed into the shuddery eagerness that ran through my stomach, and let him take the lead. His fingertips inched closer and closer to my cock. Finally he slid his hand over the hard mound in my boxer shorts. I let out a little sigh of pleasure to encourage him, and he rubbed me. I was in heaven!

All the red lights in my head had suddenly turned green, and I allowed my own hand to go where I had dreamed of putting it. I reached across his hip with my left hand and grasped Eli's crotch. His cock was hard, in sweet contrast with his soft scrotum. I rubbed and fondled him.

Just then, Luke popped into the room. I quickly jerked back my hand, but Eli didn't. He did stop moving, though, focusing his attention on Luke.

"What're you guys doing in here?" Luke asked.

"Watching television," Eli told him, as if the lie weren't completely obvious.

But Luke just nodded and said, "Cool." He plopped down in one recliner and started watching too. I was hoping he would go away, but instead Stan followed Luke's lead. He sat in the other recliner, and both of them were soon lost in the show.

Eli still seemed distracted, concentrating.

Soon, I felt his hand wander back to my crotch. We were covered by the sleeping bag so the others wouldn't notice anything if we moved slowly. I edged my hand back down over Eli's still-hard mound and began fondling him once more, loving the thrill of feeling him up while our two friends sat a scant few feet away with no clue what was going on with us under my sleeping bag.

I slipped my hands into Eli's briefs. Time crawled as my fingers threaded their way through his pubes until they reached the base of his cock. Slowly my fingers wrapped around his tool and gave it a light squeeze: *Hello there!* I slid my hand around his scrotum and felt his nuts. I eased my hand back up to his cock and

started stroking it. Eli had worked his hand into my boxers as well and was exploring me. I was so excited that a steady stream of pre-cum was oozing from the head. Eli's thumb and forefinger gently rubbed me, using the pre-cum to lube my shaft.

I was intoxicated, dizzy. Slowly I worked Eli's briefs down his sleek thighs so I could better work his cock. Eli did the same to me. I wrapped my hand around his rod again, feeling it throb in my grip, and I gently stroked him, feeling the sticky wetness forming at the head. In moments Eli was keeping pace with me. His hand traveled up and down my cock, exactly matching the way my grip caressed his.

I was burning up under the sleeping bag. Eli's body felt like it was on fire. After several minutes I couldn't hold out any longer, friends nearby or not. I felt myself give in to the needs of my body, biting back a groan as I shot hot jets of cream over Eli's fingers. At almost the same time I felt Eli's body go rigid and he began to climax. It was incredible; both of us sharing this, both of us cumming and cumming. I wrapped my arms around Eli and squeezed him tightly. I could tell Eli was willing, but I didn't dare do more. Luke and Stan would find us out if we did. Eli seemed to sense my worry--it had to be pretty obvious.

Eli's solution was to slide out from under the sleeping bag, pulling his briefs back

into place on the way, and announce, "Okay, guys, it's late. What say we hit the sack?"

Luke and Stan sat up, blinking groggily, like they'd been sleeping or something. They didn't put up an argument, which was kind of surprising from Stan, Mr. "Stay Up All Night and Get Buzzed." They just climbed out of the recliners, got busy laying out their sleeping bags on the floor, stripped off their tee-shirts, and lay down to sleep. Stan flopped down on his stomach, giving Eli and me a great view of his rounded ass and the wide plain of his strong shoulders.

An idea eased its way into my head. "Hey, Eli, it's chilly down here. Let's zip our



sleeping bags together," I suggested for all to hear, even though it wasn't that cold in my basement. I figured if I was open about Eli and me sleeping together, the other guys wouldn't get suspicious--which should have seemed weird. They *should* have gotten suspicious. But Luke and Stan seemed to buy it. Eli and I picked a spot several feet away from them. It would be nearly pitch black in the basement once I turned the lights off, so our friends wouldn't be able to see a thing. We just had to keep quiet.

We slipped into our giant sleeping bag and hugged each other close. I could feel Eli's heart beating as his bare, sinewy chest pressed against mine. The feel of his body and his sensual scent were driving

me crazy.

"I want you so bad," I whispered to him in the dark.

"Me too," he echoed back. "I've wanted you so long."

Eli pressed his lips to mine, and we kissed for the first time. It was the most sensual kiss of my life, like he somehow knew exactly how I wanted to be kissed. It was simple, slow, and filled with passion. His hand held my face and caressed my cheek. We held our lips together for several moments, enjoying the intimacy. I wanted that moment never to end. Finally our lips parted. "I want to taste you," Eli whispered, bringing his mouth forward to

meet mine in another kiss, full of passion. We moaned softly into each other's mouths. Eli parted his lips, and I parted mine, and our tongues entwined. As we kissed, I ran my hands down his chest, arms, stomach, ass, legs. I felt Eli growing hard through his briefs. I slipped my hands inside his underwear and held his maleness in my hands, fondling his soft ball sack and stone-hard cock.

Eli's hands were not idle, and I relished the sensation as they wandered over my body. It was so unexpected and exciting. I'd fantasized about him so often, but this was so much more than just the furtive sex I'd had with strangers in the mall men's room in the past--we were starting to Make Love.

We heard Luke moan and move in his sleeping bag. We both stopped for a moment and listened, Eli all tensed up. Luke flopped over and continued breathing deeply. It was safe--he was asleep.

Somehow I knew what Eli wanted, and all I wanted was to make him happy. I pulled my lips from his and slipped my head under the covers. My hands found his briefs and pulled them down to his knees. Eli worked them off. I grasped his tool and stroked it a few times. I licked his cock for the first time. It was warm and pulsed under my tongue, velvety but hard. I licked up and down the length, fulfilling my dreams. I explored every inch of Eli's long pole, then descended onto his nuts,

bathing the soft, wrinkled sack with my tongue. I pulled his nuts into my mouth one at a time and massaged them with my lips and tongue.

The moment had come. I wrapped my lips around the mushroom head of Eli's lengthy cock and slowly pulled him in. He moaned softly. I worked more and more of his hard tool into my mouth. Soon it was sliding down my throat, and still there was more to come. Up and down, I slowly rode his throbbing cock with my mouth. Each time I sucked in a little more. Finally, after several long, pleasurable minutes, I had Eli's entire length in my mouth and throat, my nose buried in his bushy pubes. I savored the feeling of his dick buried in my throat. I worked my way

back up the long shaft, then swallowed it gradually once more. Over and over, I swallowed his dick. Each time I managed better than the last. Eli squirmed in pleasure, his breathing coming heavily and his hands roaming through my hair. I massaged his lengthy shaft with my lips and let my tongue work its magic.

It was hot under the sleeping bag. The smell of sweat and cum permeated the dark, humid atmosphere, exciting me more. I felt Eli's body tense. I knew it wouldn't be long. I could feel his nuts churning, his shaft pulsing with a new purpose. With a groan, Eli pulled out and began to shoot across my cheek and into the sleeping bag. It felt like he was going to cum forever, which was fine by me. I

loved knowing I made him feel that good, made him shoot his load. Finally his cock stopped spasming and the gushes of cum ebbed.

Eli pressed his lips to mine. We kissed for several long minutes. "I've never done this before," Eli whispered slyly in the darkness as he disappeared into the sleeping bag to seek out my needy rod. His explorations lasted all night.

The next morning, Eli and I woke up first. I was hard. So was he. I was definitely looking forward to Round Two, but he seemed to have other plans and pulled away after only a caress of my stiff dick and a kiss, quick but deep. Fine with me--we still had a day and a half before my

parents got back and before he had to head back to The Institute.

Eli climbed out of the sleeping bag, briefs bunched up in his hand, and stretched and yawned with his back to me, which let me admire his bare ass. He pulled on his briefs, and I found and pulled on my boxers. When I worked my way out of the sleeping bag, the sound of us moving around seemed to wake up Stan and Luke.

Eli and Stan went upstairs to investigate the kitchen. Luke and I went up to the bathroom to clean up. I headed straight for the toilet, pulled my cock out the fly of my boxers, started to pee.

"Move over," Luke said, nudging his bare



shoulder against mine. I moved left a little and he sidled up to the toilet alongside me on the right. He tugged down the front of his briefs and flopped out his cock. "I gotta piss like a fucking racehorse," he said, letting fly a stream into the bowl alongside mine.

We peed in silence a moment, both of us looking down at our dicks and the toilet bowl. I was very conscious of his body, his ebony skin, bare all the way down to his balls. I'd seen it many times before, of course, at school in the showers, but I never got tired of sneaking a look.

"Good time last night, huh?" Luke said as his stream of piss started to dwindle.

I tried to avoid the subject. "Yeah. So what do you want to do today--"

Luke cut me off by moving in close to me. "I heard everything," he said, still looking at his cock and not at me. I braced myself for what might happen next.

He surprised me. He leaned in, brushed my nipple with his other hand, the one not holding his member. "You and Eli--it sounded like fun," he whispered. By now he was through peeing. He shook off the last few drops, but he didn't tuck his cock away. He kept shaking it. It responded by getting plumper, lengthening. His shakes turned into slow, strong strokes.

I was stunned. I'd dreamed of this, but this

was totally unexpected. Luke took a long, suggestive look up and down my body. He stroked himself faster now, efficiently. Luke mumbled, "He kept trying to make me go to sleep. In my head, I mean. I could feel him--trying to make me sleep--but I kept waking up--" He moaned and shuddered, head tilting back, enjoying the feel of his own right hand on his cock. "Eli is trying to make us--I can feel him--trying to--" Luke gasped. "He's not that strong--I kept waking--" He pushed his briefs down further with his left hand, and they slipped to his calves. He stepped out of them. Luke grabbed his briefs with his toes and flipped them up in the air and caught them in his left hand. "You can fight him too," Luke panted. "He's not that strong--you can fight him--if you try--you

can--oh, fuck--*fuck!*" Luke's head dropped back, surrendering to what was happening, eyes closed, mouth open. He held his bunched-up briefs in front of his cock and stroked and started shooting his load into his briefs.

When his orgasm subsided, when his head tilted forward again and he looked down at my cock, I realized I hadn't put myself away after peeing. I was hard too.

"You can fight ..." Luke murmured one last time, but his expression was strangely slack.

I wanted to lean over and kiss him, but I couldn't move. All I could do was moan. Luke looked at me, his eyes heavy-lidded,

empty of everything except lust. He looked down my body until his gaze locked onto my cock, totally intent on my erection, his jaw hanging open.

Luke reached for it, and I didn't pull away. He pulled on my cock with quick, practiced strokes, and it felt so fucking great! It felt too good to hold out. I lasted maybe ten strokes. Luke pushed his briefs, already scummy with his cum, against the tip of my cock, and I let myself shoot off into them. He wiped the sensitive head clean as it softened, then dropped his briefs on the bathroom counter.

I followed him. I followed Luke as we walked back to the kitchen, him naked, me in just my boxers with my still semi-stiff

cock sticking out of the fly. We walked toward the kitchen where--how did I know this?--I knew we would find Stan standing naked, standing still, which was a unusual for always-in-motion Stan, his face slack like Luke's except for the same half-smile, his just-cum cock still semi-hard too. We would find Eli, also naked, waiting for us at the stove where he was scrambling up a mess of eggs for breakfast. We still had a day and a half, all the time in the world.

All I had to do was follow Luke into the kitchen. Eli would take care of everything else. I would strip off my boxers. Eli would hold out his hand to me, and I would take it. He would put his other hand on the top of my head and do things in

there, like the night before. After that we'd be the Four Musketeers again, only in a whole new way. No need for secrets anymore. That was all I had to do.

I followed Luke to the kitchen, to where the next day and a half of our lives were about to unfold.

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