

Family Secrets (An Institute Story)

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

[Synopsis: Our hero visits a friend and finds some Talents run in the family.]

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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Family Secrets (An Institute Story)

by **Wrestlr**

Name's Jay Jordan--Sergeant Jay Jordan, to be exact, of the Institute Special Recruitment Division. I'd just finished a recruiting trip to the New Orleans high schools. My job was secondary screening. Every teenager gets evaluated around age 14 to find out whether they have a Talent, and those that have them are recruited immediately and shipped off to the Institute. But some slip through the screenings--my job is to come along a few

months later and detect those that got missed the first time. The idea is to send the biggest, best-looking piece of man you can find and have him give an inspirational speech, like trying to convince the young jocks to go down and enlist in the normal armed services. That's all a ruse though, because I'm there to scan the audience for late-developing or missed Talents.

Remember when I said biggest, best looking piece of man? I'm made to order! The trick is, you put someone in front of these teenagers they'll want to admire, someone they'll want to be like and pay attention to. That someone is me, and the inspirational speech was just a subterfuge. This time, I pegged an alpha-level Talent

and two betas. Plus I did such a good job with the cover speech that one of the principals called my commanding officer to tell him how proud the Institute should be of me. Well, between the detections and the principal's endorsement, it warmed the old man's heart, and he gave me a week's pass!

I'd already told my buddy Eric I wouldn't be able to make his wedding. But when the pass came through, I made arrangements to fly into Houston. Like I'd hoped, Eric insisted that I stay with his family. Eric hadn't made a life of the Recruitment Division before he got himself transferred to a different line of duty, but he'd been in long enough to know that hotels usually cost more than you've

got. I hit town on a Thursday morning, with the wedding set for Saturday.

Eric sent his kid brother to pick me up. I had no problem spotting him at the airport. About nineteen years old, a little shorter than Eric and not quite as filled-out, but otherwise identical. He identified me too, by the Institute's stylized lower-case "i" logo on my uniform tunic, same as the kind he had probably seen his brother wearing. He introduced himself as Derrick and drove me home. I knew Eric came from money before he got inducted, but I had no idea how much!---What a layout! They put me up in Eric's old room in the converted pool house he used to share with Derrick.

Derrick shot the shit with me while I

stowed my stuff, asking me about all the stories he'd heard from Eric. He worshipped his big brother. I kept getting the idea he was more than just casually interested in me too--nothing definite without using my Talent, but I was receiving a distinct vibe from him. And with an empathic Talent like mine, I was seldom wrong. Once I was unpacked, Derrick asked if I wanted to go out drinking or just hang out by the pool. I opted for the pool, thinking maybe it was his invitation for me to strip down so he could check me out. But as soon as I pulled my shirt off, Derrick left. Oh, well.

Derrick was already down by the pool when I got there. No doubt about it--except for a little difference in muscle

mass, he was Eric's spitting image: wide shoulders, narrow waist, and the beginnings of a washboard stomach. His snug swimsuit showed off a nice basket too. No surprise, but it got me to wondering just how far the similarity went.

My buddy Eric's got your basic seven-inch cock: nice but nothing special size-wise. What's special is the way it's bent: it angles up sharp from his crotch. When Eric's on his back, and I've seen him there more than once, his dick arches from its base to where the head lands just under his belly button. It's really hot-looking and perfect for sixty-nine action.

Mirrored sunglasses hid my eyes. Gave

me a good chance to watch Derrick. Didn't take long to see he was sure enough interested. The problem with kids his age is, it's hard to tell if they're just interested in the body or something more. After five minutes, I was pretty sure with Derrick it was both.

I was sitting up poolside in one of those long lounge chairs, legs spread and one foot planted on the ground on either side. That position shows off my upper body really well. Does a nice job on my basket too.

Derrick's staring kept me half-hard, and every once in a while I'd run a hand over my crotch or inner thigh to make sure he didn't lose interest. His attention had me

kinda turned-on, and every now and then I'd take a little of that turned-on horny feeling and I'd stretch it out and broadcast it--*thrummmm*--toward Derrick like a subtle bass note, just to see how he reacted. He squirmed and looked at me hungrily. I wondered what my buddy Eric might think. After some of the scenes we'd been through, I didn't think he'd mind.

Eric is the only truly bisexual man I've ever known. He just loves sex--sex and physical people. If he were given a choice between a beautiful woman and a hot stud, I'm not sure Eric could choose. No, change that! I'm pretty sure he would try to choose both. I bet his spouse-to-be knew the score already.

Eric and I met at the barracks just after our basic training. Like most, we had both been screened and inducted when we were still in our mid-teenage years, so after a couple of years of basic mental training we were both eighteen and on our first tour of duty for the Institute. During the previous twelve weeks of duty, I hadn't been alone once long enough to jack off, and I was horny as hell. I'd even started having wet dreams!

Well, Eric and I pulled guard duty one night. We were in this little guard house, not more than six by six. It was raining like all hell, without a soul in sight, and we were just shooting the shit, talking about our Talents. Eric was a telepath, and I'm a projecting empath. He can read

and send thoughts, and I can read and send emotions. After a while, we started talking about sex and swapping stories about experiences we'd had, typical young guys bragging.

At one point, Eric squirmed and said he had to take a piss. I told him to go ahead. There was a toilet in the corner but no door. He looked uncertain. I laughed and said, "Shit, you don't think I'm going out in the rain just so I won't see your pee-pee, do ya?"

Eric said he couldn't piss while I was there because he had a hard-on talking about sex. I think he was embarrassed to pull it out.

"What makes you think you're the only one with a hard-on? I asked, opening the front of my jacket and clamping my hand along the ten-inch bulge snaking down my left leg.

"Shit," he muttered, gawking at my fist. "How big is that damn thing? I've never seen one that big, except in porn flicks."

"Ah, you're just saying that to be nice," I said, smiling big. "It's a little over ten inches when it's all riled up. Wanna see?"

"Yeah," Eric answered quietly, not even worrying he might be incriminating himself.

I felt Eric trying to bore his thoughts

inside my head, trying to make me do what he wanted, this little whisper in the back of my head urging me to pull out my dick. The Institute taught me how to defend myself from psychic intrusions, and I learned pretty well, but I figured he wasn't trying to make me do anything except what we both wanted. I took a quick look out the window to make sure the rain was still pouring like hell and we were still alone, and then I hauled out my rock-hard cock. Even when my dick was fully hard, my foreskin still covered most of the head.

I was kind of surprised when Eric leaned closer to take a good look. "Man, that is something! Your balls that big too?"

I tugged them free to show him.

"Wow," he swore, "you're hung."

I was really turned on, but Eric didn't seem to see anything sexual in what was happening. For him, this was just curiosity or that funny respect men have for big meat. Well, I could fix that. Connections between people with mental Talents can work both ways. He was still trying to push his thoughts into my head, so I rode the connection and pushed my Talent gently into his head too; sliding in easy to bypass his defenses. I found his curiosity and gently stoked it toward lust. My Talent is subtle if he felt me doing it, he didn't let on. People always watch their thoughts but no one ever watches their emotions. I doubt he realized I was poking around in there.

Eric trembled and sucked in his breath and leaned back, pulling his dick through his pants, never taking his eyes off my hard cock. "Man," he breathed, "I always thought I had a pretty good one but, man, *yours* is really something! Hey, how does that skin work?"

I pulled back my foreskin and my mushroom cock head popped straight out. "Pretty neat, huh? Wanna touch it?" I gave him another nudge, stoking his lust up another notch.

Without a word, fascinated, Eric reached over and wrapped his hand around my pole and pulled up and down, watching how my foreskin moved. "That's fuckin' wild!" he said. "I wish mine was like

that."

"Shit, Eric, don't keep putting yourself down. Everybody in the camp thinks you've got one of the best bodies here. And that bulge you're holding on to ain't nothing to be shy about. Come on--let's see how much you're packing down there."

I gave him another sharp jolt of lust. He hardly hesitated before pulling out his cock. Like I said, it was about seven inches and about average thickness but hard and curved up like all hell. Eric was standing up, and the head of his cock was aimed straight into the air about four inches in front of him.

"Where's it all go when you shoot?" I

asked, distracting him so he wouldn't feel me teasing his emotions.

"Depends," he sighed. "If I'm on my feet, it goes straight in the air. That makes a mess, 'cause I like to see it shoot, and if I'm lookin' down, sometimes I take it right in the face. But if I'm on my back, it dumps over my stomach. What about you?"

"I'm a sharpshooter," I answered, continuing to stroke my cock like I was doing the most natural thing in the world. "If I'm on my back, it usually goes straight over my head. If I'm on my feet, I can squirt three or four feet every time."

All of a sudden, what with all that lust I'd been working up in his head, it seemed to

dawn on Eric that the scene had gotten pretty hot, with the two of us there with our pants around our ankles and stroking our dicks and all. "Well, ol' buddy," he said with this sly little smile, "what'll we do with these now?"

"Not sure," I answered, giving him another push until the lust in his head glowed bright and steady, "but there ain't no way I can get all this meat back in my pants the way it is. You up for a contest? Two points for who holds out the longest and two points for the one who shoots the farthest."

"You're on," Eric answered and started pounding his meat like he didn't much care about the first two points. In no time, we

were both working really hard and getting really close.

Eric went first. Fucking shit--talk about monster loads! He pulled down on his pole really hard when he came so it wasn't aimed straight up and his load smacked the wall three or four times. Smacked it hard too.

I was right behind him. I think I came harder, but we both hit the wall, right about the same height, so there was no way to tell who got those points.

Over the next two years, Eric and I did a lot more experimenting with our Talents and with each other. Well, Eric experimented, and I played. I'd been into

men for some time, but I never let on to Eric that I saw our fooling around as anything more than buddies lending each other a hand or whatever. I always let him think he was in charge with his mind-controlling telepathy, but it was my emotion control that kept him coming back for more like a dog in heat, always going farther than he planned and loving every second of it.

So there I was by the pool with my buddy Eric's kid brother. Thinking about my times with Eric had my sex-weapon standing more than semi-stiff, a fact not lost on Derrick, who had been staring between my legs pretty openly and responding in all the right ways when I broadcast my lust his way. But, what with

different people showing up by surprise at the house with deliveries, I didn't get a chance to let the kid have it until later that evening. The way I kept getting him turned on and then we'd get interrupted, the poor kid must have had blue balls all afternoon! I know I did.

Around seven o'clock, Derrick and I cleaned up and went out for burgers and beers at some jock-type place near the university. I kept him buzzing the whole time, more than a little turned on and eager to see what came next. Afterward, I said it had been a long day and I wanted to hit the sack. Frankly, I had plans and didn't see any reason for not getting down to business.

As soon as we got back, I stripped down to my boxers and stretched out on the bed. With the moon and the lights from the pool area outside, there was just enough light to see if Derrick would show up at the door to the bedroom, which I left cracked open. About ten minutes went by, but nothing happened. Well, I thought nothing was happening. Something caught my attention--a little speck of light coming through the wall across from the bed. Every so often, the light got blocked out, and then it'd come back. Didn't take me long to figure out I was being watched through a hole that hadn't gotten there by accident. I wondered if it'd been drilled just for me or if Derrick had used it to watch his big brother. Either way, the idea turned me on, with the usual effect on my dick.

About the same time, I started feeling this tickling sensation in the back of my head, a familiar sensation, like when Eric used to try to beam his thoughts into my head. Hot damn! did kid brother Derrick have the same Talent as Eric? How the hell had he managed to slip past the screenings and not get shipped off to the Institute? But questions like that could wait.

I was eager to get down to business, so I decided to extend a little invitation. I rolled out of bed, barely concealing a smirk, and pulled on a pair of shorts. I made sure to arrange my stiff dick so that it pitched the front of the shorts out into a serious tent.

I walked into the living room, which

overlooked the pool, and poured myself a drink. Derrick's door was open. I was sure he could see me and the tent in my shorts silhouetted against the big front window. He came to the door of his room and asked if I needed anything.

"No, I'm doing fine," I said, pushing down on the front of the shorts like I was trying to hide my hard-on. "Just thought a drink would help me sleep. Kind of keyed up, you know?"

Once back in my room, I dropped the shorts and stretched out on the bed, on my back, with my hands behind my head. I felt that familiar tickle in the back of my head again, and I began to feel sure-enough sleepy. Suddenly very sleepy. Derrick's

doing. The kid's Talent was strong untrained but strong. Even with the discipline the Institute taught me, it was all I could do to stay awake.

Soon, I spotted Derrick at the door. He waited a few minutes to see if I was asleep and then came in and knelt by the bed. He paused there for a few moments, and from that close his broadcasting Talent practically made the air vibrate. When he was sure I was out of it, he reached down and traced the outline of my biceps with his fingers. This time, I didn't have to do a thing. He slowly moved to my chest, running his fingers under the bottom of my pec and then over my nipple. Little by little he traced down the middle of my stomach, stopping to examine the

way my abs cut my stomach into sections. The head of my stiff dick was sticking out from under the elastic waistband of my boxers and lying right above my belly button. Just before he got to it, he stopped, sat back on his heels, let out a deep, quiet breath.

I was so hot, I could feel pre-cum running into the cuts in my stomach. Derrick waited another minute and then slid his fingertips over the slit in my dick. When he realized it was wet, he started smearing the juice around. Then, carefully, he took hold of my rod and pulled the skin down, exposing my swollen head.

He started to let go, but I grabbed his hand. That scared the shit out of him--he

yelped, tried to jerk away, but managed only to stumble and fall flat on his face. I was on top of him in a second, with my empathy boring deep into his mind.

I hadn't realized he was wearing boxer shorts, but when I pinned him face-down to the floor, my dick was right in the crack of his ass but couldn't get between his muscular cheeks because of the material. Fuck!

"Hey, partner," I said, calming him with my Talent, "it's okay. I just wanted you to keep going."

He did not hear a word I said but kept jabbering about how he wasn't doing anything and please don't tell anybody,

shit like that. Finally, I turned him over and put my hand over his mouth and practically drowned his mind in serene calmness.

"For Christ's sake, will you shut up?" I hissed in his ear. "I *liked* what you were doing. You think it was coincidence I was lying there with this fucking hard-on? I saw you watching me and was hopin' you'd come in."

"You were? Really?"

"Yeah, really," I said. One word of advice, though: next time you want to get inside someone's mind, make sure yours is the stronger mind. Before he had time to think about that, I pivoted around on top of

him so that we were in a sixty-nine position. I jerked down the front of his boxer shorts, clumsily, and swallowed his cock with practiced precision.

No doubt about it--Derrick was definitely Eric's brother. His cock curved along with my throat like it was made for it, just like his brother's.

Derrick lay there and let out a few little groans when I started in on his dick. I goosed him with consuming lust and then he went right to work. "I shouldn't be doing this," he whispered, but he wasn't fighting it at all as he plucked open the snaps on my boxer shorts, sucked the head of my dick into his mouth, and started running his tongue in circles under my

skin. In no time at all, we were both slurping away like we were starved.

The kid was pretty inexperienced sexually, but by the end of the night we had sucked cock in nearly every position possible: sixty-nine on the floor, sixty-nine in the bed, me standing up stuffing Derrick's face, and him sitting up on the bed with me lying between his legs.

There was a fair amount of jack-off action too. And talk about spent! Listen, I can cum as many times a night as any man, but keeping up with a nineteen-year-old kid takes some effort. Not only did he never seem to run dry, but every time he fired a load, it was like his first time.

The third or fourth time we came, he was kneeling between my legs, jacking our dicks off together. When he shot, he managed to hit me right in the face. God, I'd forgotten how thick the juice on a kid his age is. Just to remind him who was boss, I grabbed him by the hair and rubbed his face up against mine.

I wanted his ass really bad, but every time I started fingering his hole, he'd pull away and his emotions would get all panicky until I had use my Talent to calm him back down. We were having such a good time sucking cock and all, I didn't see any reason to push it. Besides, he was new at this, and my cock's a real monster to get up your ass the first time.

Finally, about 4 a.m., he fell asleep against my chest. I just lay there, running my hand over his melon ass until I fell asleep too.

After a little sixty-nine session the next morning, we had breakfast and decided to spend the day by the pool, waiting for Eric. I kept telling Derrick how much I'd like to stick my ten-inch rod up his hot butt, and he kept telling me to "Dream on!" But from the way the front of his swimsuit stuck out, I knew the idea kept him turned on, and I kept tweaking his lust a little higher each time, hoping to wear him down. Definitely seemed to be working too. Each time I suggested it, he was a little less jumpy, a little more curious about it.

Eric showed up around two o'clock that afternoon. I think he was in even better shape than the last time I'd seen him. He changed out of his Institute uniform and into a pair of swim trunks, got himself a beer, and came out by the pool, where Derrick and I were. If either of them felt me thrumming out quiet little waves of lust, spinning a subtle web of desire and sex in the air around us, they didn't seem to let on. I'd been thinking all morning about getting the two brothers into a session. Just watching the two of them together would be enough to make me drop at a serious load!

Eric was sitting in an upright chair with Derrick and I in lounges on either side of him. He started telling me how he'd gotten

Derrick into sports and how good the kid's body had turned out. He said he taught Derrick everything he knew. I decided that didn't include anything about telepathy, since Derrick's action on me the night before felt pretty amateurish and self-taught. I wondered if Eric even knew Derrick had a Talent--if Derrick could hide it from the screenings, maybe he managed to hide it from Eric too. Hey, I hadn't picked up on Derrick's Talent either until he tried using it on me. I thought about asking Eric if he knew, since that would have been a great way to give him shit, but I didn't want to give Derrick a heart attack if I turned out to be spilling some big secret.

I decided to tease them a different way. "If

you were such a great big brother," I asked Eric, "how come you didn't teach the kid how to whack off? I mean, he's been sitting there all morning with a hard-on and hasn't had the sense to go in the house and spank the monkey!"

Derrick blushed, mortified, mumbling some curse under his breath and trying to push down the front of his swimsuit. Eric thought it was funny and reached over and grabbed the front of Derrick's suit. "Well, I'll be damned, Jay--you're right," he said to me without taking his eyes off Derrick's crotch. "Little Derry's got himself a boner! Hell, I just figured his trunks stuck out like that 'cause he's hung like me."

Eric and I laughed, and Derrick shoved

his brother's hand away, snapping at him to fuck off.

I radiated desire and happiness and playfulness. "Hell, Eric," I said, still laughing. "What's this shit about you being hung? You never showed a bulge like *that* in your life! I think the kid's got you beat by an inch or two at least."

"Yeah," Derrick chimed in with a challenge, pointing at the lump in Eric's swimsuit. "I bet mine's bigger'n yours. Those trunks of yours don't look too stuffed to me!"

"Shit, Jay, will you listen to this?" Eric groused. "The kid's got a mouth on him too! So you think you're all grown up, huh,

junior?"

Derrick smirked and pulled down the front of his own swim trunks. The head of his cock slapped up against his stomach.

I said to Eric, "Looks to me like the kid's called your bluff, buddy. You got anything to top what he's packing?"

In less than a second, Eric was out of his chair and straddling Derrick's lounge. The move put the brothers face-to-face, only inches apart. Eric put his left hand in the middle of Derrick's chest and pinned him against the back of the chair. Eric inched closer to his brother, pulled down the front of his own trunks with his free hand. He lowered himself until he could hold

the bases of their dicks together. Eric swore his was bigger, but with the way their cocks curved in opposite directions, it was impossible for me to tell.

The little emotional cocktail of playful happy horniness I was lacing through them had Derrick still laughing. He told Eric, "As long as you're at it, why don't you just give me a little hand action?"

"Fuck you," Eric laughed. "The only hand action you're gonna get is my hand across your smart mouth. Lucky for you, I've got something better for that mouth of yours than my hand," Eric said, standing up and shoving his cock into his brother's face.

Derrick was clearly turned on and moved

quickly. He leaned forward and sucked Eric's rod into his mouth. A look of surprise flashed over Eric's face. I hit him hard with lust. In a split second, that surprised look was replaced by pure desire.

"Oh, yeah, Derrick, suck that dick! Yeah, you've been wantin' that dick for a long time, haven't you, little brother. Go on, kid, suck it all in. Yeah, that's it. Take it all."

It sounded to me like I wasn't the only one who'd given some thought to this brother-on-brother scene.

I dropped my shorts and strolled over by Eric and Derrick. "Hey, Eric, how about

sharing some of that?" I asked, rubbing the head of my dick against Derrick's cheek.

Derrick didn't wait for Eric to answer. He let go of his brother's cock and started in on mine. Eric scooted down and took Derrick's cock in his mouth. He started using the same technique he had used on me a lot. It's this great half-jack-off, half-blowjob number where his right hand follows his mouth up and down my dick. I never knew if he did it like that because it was hard for him to take my whole huge cock, but it's a great technique and it was driving Derrick as wild.

Derrick was really doing a number on my cock, but blowing me was clearly not the main thing on his mind. Little by little, he

inched down in the chair to give Eric a better shot at his balls and ass.

Eric took the offer and started licking the kid's nuts and then the crack of his ass. Derrick never said a word, but it was clear what he wanted.

"I don't know if you've noticed," I said to Eric, "but this little man has one of the hottest asses I've seen in a long time. Why don't you fuck it for him?"

Eric looked down at Derrick, I guess to see if it was okay. I jolted them both with another wave of desire, just to make sure.

"What do I have to do, beg for it?"
Derrick panted as the craving crashed

through him. "Come on, man, stick that dick of yours up my cherry ass!"

"You got it, kid," Eric said as he reached for a bottle of suntan lotion. He poured a glob into his right hand and started working his fingers into Derrick's butt. I have to say, I've seen a lot more careful lube jobs, but from the way Eric's dick was leaking juice I think he was far beyond any real appreciation for foreplay! I wasn't reading any emotion from him now except simple animal passion and a need to fuck.

Derrick moved way down in the chair and put his legs on Eric's shoulders. With one strong thrust, Eric shoved his cock all the way up Derrick's ass, making Derrick

squawk in pain and surprise. Eric went to work, and their sex was pure rutting.

I must have hit them with too much lust. I've been in a lot of three-ways, and I have to say this was the first time my big dick and I ever felt like the odd man out. I mean, these two guys were totally wrapped up in each other. Derrick would clearly have pulled Eric's entire body into himself if he could have, and Eric would gladly have gone.

And dirty talk! The night before, I'd gotten a taste of the fact that Derrick could talk some shit when he got turned on, but I'd never heard anything like this before. All kinds of stuff about how Eric should stick it to him, how long he'd wanted Eric's

dick up his ass, and how he wanted more, more, harder, more, more. For a guy who claimed his ass was cherry five minutes earlier, Derrick sure seemed to know how to take a fuck. This boy was just full of secrets.

Even being on the sidelines, I had no trouble getting really close to the edge. Luckily, Eric and Derrick were going at it so hard, they were right with me. Eric was sticking it to Derrick like there was no tomorrow, and Derrick was jacking himself off.

Derrick let go first. He aimed his cock up at his brother and blew four or five wads all over Eric's chest. Eric took about three more strokes before popping his cock out

and letting Derrick have it in the face.

Then Eric looked up at me. "Come on, Jay, dump that load. Dump your fucking load all over us."

I was happy to oblige and started spurting like a fountain. Eric opened his mouth, and I filled it with my first two shots. Then I hosed Derrick down with a couple more before Eric grabbed my dick and sucked me dry. Fuck, that boy sure could suck!

Tomorrow Eric would be getting married. Tomorrow, I knew, I would have to make the call and report Derrick as an unregistered Talent. Tomorrow, the Institute would send an induction team to pick Derrick up. I hoped Eric would

understand. I didn't know why Derrick had tried to evade induction, but I figured he would forgive me eventually.

But that call could wait until after Eric's wedding. Right then, I had other things on my mind. I don't think a pool ever looked more inviting! We swam around naked for a while and then spent a little time in the shallow end, fooling around with each other--you know, kissing, touching, and caressing stuff.

Later that afternoon, we were all three sprawled in the sun when Eric just started laughing.

"What's so funny?" Derrick asked, reaching over and running his finger

through the crack in his brother's turned-up ass.

"I was just thinking," Eric said. "Last night I was worried that you two wouldn't find anything to do! Fuck!"

Which sounded like a good idea to me.
