

Homework (an Institute story)

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Jase helps a couple of friends with their problems. (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 about six months after "[Thumped.](#)"

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Thumper came bounding into our dorm room after an afternoon of playing soccer with his buddies. "Heya, Jase!" My kid brother-slash-roommate is one of the most relentlessly upbeat guys I've ever known, always happy and smiling, and today was no exception. "Would'ya take a look at my Strategies homework, please? I need some help on two of the questions." He bounced over to the desk we shared, since our room was tiny, and leaned over me and

called up the file on his computer screen.

As usual, Thumper was a sweaty, dirty mess after a game--I mean, did he actually *play* soccer, or did he just wallow around on the field for two hours? With him leaning over me, I could smell the dirt and the musky sweat on him, a smell as masculine and athletic as Thump himself.

"Take a look at these two right here, please," he said, practically bouncing on his toes. At eighteen, Thumper played soccer to burn off some of his excess energy--he used to play drums too, but thank God there was no space in our room for a drum kit. He was always bouncing off the walls if he wasn't forced to keep calm or occupied doing something. As his

big brother, I knew plenty of ways to do both.

I looked at the screen. I'd taken the Introduction to Telepathic Strategies in Criminal Justice class during my first year at the Institute and aced it. Since then I'd had lots of additional strategy training. Checking his work would be a no-brainer for me. While I read over his responses to the word problems with Thumper hovering over me, all eagerness and excess energy, I had plenty of brain-power to spare for something else I did every day.

Submit

My telepathy can be really subtle, and I

slipped the command into Thumper's mind without him even realizing. He always dropped his psi-defenses around me--we were brothers, he trusted me, and by now the urge to submit to my guidance was practically ingrained in him.

Calm.

Relax.

Submit.

Thumper stopped bouncing. Yeah, I do good work.

The Strategies class is all about putting yourself in situations and figuring out how to make the best of them. "This one's fine," I said, pointing at one of his answers. "But

for this other one, are you really sure that's the right approach?" The question was a no-win scenario--the answer that seemed obviously right was completely wrong based on the facts presented in the question, and the way to address it was to realize there was something missing from the facts themselves. I knew, because I answered that same question when I took the Strategies, and afterward the trainer told me I was the only one in class who got it right. "Take a look at the second sentence there. Have you really addressed that in your answer?"

While engaging perpetrators in a bank robbery, you confront the lead perpetrator in the bank vault. Your telepathic sweep has told you no

noncombatants are left alive in the immediate area. The leader's helmet blocks your telepathy. He pulls a weapon and fires at you. As he does, you realize a teller stands behind you in the line of fire. Which of the following do you do, and why? (You must select and explain one of the following scenarios.)

A. Dodge the shot, knowing it will strike and kill the teller standing behind you, so that you can continue to confront the leader.

B. Use your body to shield the teller, knowing the shot will strike and kill you, and the leader will then escape.

C. Use your telepathy on the teller so that both of you attempt to dodge, knowing you have insufficient time

and the shot will strike and kill you,
and the leader will then escape.

Thumper had answered based on option C, the apparently-right-but-completely-wrong answer. Option C was too idealistic, the sort of thing that only works in comic books. Sometimes doing what seemed right wasn't what the situation called for.

"Mmm," Thumper mused, frowning at the screen. His distraction made this an easy shot.

Submit.

Relax.

Obey.

"Go take a shower, Thumper. You stink. Think about it while you're getting cleaned up, and come back with a better answer."

Shower now. Play later.

"Okay, Jase ..." he said, all happy and dreamy-voiced. Yeah, I do *really* good work. He grabbed his towel and stuff and trotted off to the showers.

I'll do anything for my brother--and not just him: I'll do anything for any of my buds. I've always gone above and beyond--sometimes way beyond. Thumper was one example. My friend Todd was another. If I sometimes push them further than they meant, well, it's for their own good, right?

While I puttered around the room waiting for Thumper to get back, Todd walked through the door Thump had left open. "Hey there," he said. Like me, he'd changed out of his Institute uniform now that it was "after hours." While I was in a tee-shirt and shorts, Todd wore a wifebeater, sweatpants, and flip-flops.

He dropped himself in the desk chair, looking pretty depressed, and started clicking through the Internet on Thumper's computer. He'd opened that bottle of nasty blackberry-flavored vodka he'd smuggled back after his last trip home and had been avoiding. He offered it to me. I thought what the hell. I took the bottle, sat down on the edge of my bed, and took a swallow. Holy crap!--Disgusting!

Todd was one of the first guys I met here at the Institute. I'd instantly liked him. He had an ease about him that probably came from being so good-looking, with his messy dark hair and warm brown eyes. His Talent was techno-empathy, which is a fancy way of saying he could talk to machines with his mind. Mine was telepathy; I could talk to people's minds. We bonded over the sort-of similarity in our Talents. We'd gotten to be good friends. Now, three years later, we were both twenty-one. We snuck out to clubs all the time. His Talent could bypass the security systems so we got off the Institute campus and back in undetected; plus my ability to make the bouncers ignore the Institute's *i* logos we had to wear in public, thanks to a few telepathic nudges

here and there, got us into clubs all the time. We'd try to pick up girls. He was better at it than me. I'm pretty studly, don't get me wrong, but patience is more my philosophy. I like to meet and hang out with people--guys, girls, whatever. If something happens, so much the better. Plus, since I'd been here at the Institute where guys and girls are kept strictly separated, I'd started picking up a taste for guys, so I could play around closer to home and didn't need go out to clubs to hook up like Todd did. My former roommate Derrick had got me started on men, back before he finished his training six months ago and moved out to his first field assignment. But when I was out at the clubs with Todd, I mostly went after girls, because I didnt want to make him feel

uncomfortable.

Todd was strictly after the ladies. He went from girl to girl. There was almost something compulsive about it, like he was looking for something he couldn't seem to find. Me, I stayed out of his head and didn't use my telepathy to find out what it was. Buds respect their buds' privacy.

Todd was in a talky mood, like always when he's buzzed. The conversation turned to sex, as it usually does with two horny guys, especially us. I was telling him how the last time I'd fucked--and I just let him assume I'd been with a girl--I'd managed to hold off cumming for half an hour or so, a record for me. I was learning techniques

for holding back.

"That's so fuckin' interesting," Todd grumbled, leaning back in the chair. He swallowed more of that nasty-ass vodka and made a face. "See, I've got the exact opposite problem. After Amy, it takes me fucking forever to cum--if I even cum at all!"

"Seriously, I'd kill for that problem," I said. I didnt mean to sound harsh, because I could tell this was really bothering Todd.

"I've always liked it rough, but ever since Amy and I broke up or whatever, its turning into a real issue. If I'm really pounding it--I mean just slamming it into a

girl--I'm good. But a lot of girls ... you know, they get sore or it hurts, and then I start to lose my woody. Even if they're willing to let me jackhammer 'em, I still sometimes lose it, because I want them to get turned on by it too."

"Is that why you go through so many girls?"

"I guess I can't find anybody who likes it rough, or ..." He took another gulp from the bottle. He clearly had something to say. He got up, pushed the door shut, and sat back down.

"Look," Todd muttered, "if I tell you something really personal, you gotta promise me ... I mean, it's embarrassing ...

I don't want anyone else to know about it."

"You know I'll never tell."

"You know that thing I had with Amy was real intense, right?"

I nodded. Of course I knew all about Amy. How could I forget, since Todd mentioned her nearly every time we started talking about sex, which was a lot. Her name had come up three or four times in this conversation already. Amy was this telepath from the girls campus that Todd had started sneaking out to hook up with for a while last year. If you call hooking up "dating," then they dated for nearly four months before she dumped him. "Amy-- she would ... Uh ... There's another way I

can get off--and really easily. I mean, I get off big time! I can barely hold back."

"Really? How?"

"Well, see ... I gotta have someone in my head."

"Really?" I said, and I started getting hard right then, even though we were still totally on the level.

"Yeah."

"She liked to be inside my thoughts when I fucked her, and with her poking around in my head, I always came like a freakin' geyser! Every time we fucked, it was ... Hell, man, it was fucking great."

"That makes sense. Don't they say ninety percent of sex is in your head? She probably found all the right spots to trigger it." Telepaths liking to be in somebody's head was only natural; it's what telepaths do. I'd sure picked up a taste for sex with my telepathy linking my mind to my partner's--or even better, if my partner was into it, controlling my partner's mind. Sharing experiences through a mind-link like that was sexy, and taking control was beyond sexy. My former roommate Derrick was a telepath too and we did it together a lot. He liked to take control of me and, while I enjoyed it, I really liked being the one in control more. He let me take control too, sometimes.

"She could sure trigger it, all right," Todd said. "Felt fucking fantastic." I caught him pinching his cock head through his loose sweatpants. He must have been as chubbed-up as I was. I couldn't get a good look at his crotch without being obvious, and I resisted the urge to extend my telepathy to confirm his erectile status. "But I still haven't met another telepath since Amy to try it."

"So give Amy a call." I assumed he had some way to contact her; after all, they'd had a way to schedule sneaking out for their hook-ups.

"No way!" He gave his head a baleful shake. "Last time we were fucking, I accidentally thought about this other girl

I'd seen--you know, wondering what she looked like naked, imagining I was doing sexy things to her. It was just a quick thought, nothing that meant anything, but Amy freaked out about it ..." Todd shrugged.

"No way! Oh, man!--I bet she was pissed!"

"Pissed enough to dump me, yeah. Anyway, I heard she's got another boyfriend or whatever, and she never answered my calls or emails so I could apologize. I think she did something in my head"--he tapped his temple with a fingertip--"to make it so I can't cum unless I really pound a chick hard."

"Fuck!" I declared. A telepath's ultimate revenge: doing something permanent inside someone's head.

"Yeah."

"What about, like, going to one of the telepathy trainers and having them check for whatever she did to you?"

Todd shook his head. "I thought about it. It'd be too fucking weird having some stranger poking around inside me. Besides, I'd have to tell them I was sneaking out most of last year to meet her, and that would get both of us in trouble."

"Or, hey, you know lots of telepaths here in the dorms, like me and Thumper. I

guess I could take a look in that sewer you call a brain and see if I can find what she did--as long as you don't think about some disgusting shit like zombie porn or whatever it is you're looking at on the Internet there." I shuddered theatrically.

Todd laughed and nearly spilled the vodka. "Oh, man, fuck you!" he said.

There was a pause. "Well, if you change your mind, I'm serious, and I'm willing to do it," I said.

"Huh?"

"I'm the real deal. I'm a pretty strong telepath, and I've had a lot of training in that sort of thing. If you ever want me to,

I'll do it. Plus, we're buds, right? I won't tell anyone or get you into trouble."

I was a little bit tipsy on vodka. Since I was making an effort *not* to read his mind, I wasn't sure how Todd would react. Luckily, Todd was buzzed too. He looked at me as if gauging whether I was serious or not, because I do have a reputation for playing jokes sometimes. But right then I was one hundred and ten percent serious.

He sighed. "Yeah ... I've thought about asking you," he admitted. "I mean, if you think about it ... if it worked ... it would really be, like, the ideal situation. I mean, if you--or whoever--fixed whatever she did, I wouldn't have to get me or Amy in trouble with the trainers, plus I could get

off with chicks like a regular guy again without having to jackhammer them." Todd gave his cock and balls another adjustment tug through his sweatpants. Thinking of fucking some chick the regular way seemed to be giving him a hard-on. The idea of Todd getting an erection was giving me one.

"Sounds like a plan," I said.

"I guess ... as long as the guy didn't mind being used."

"Used?"

"Yeah. I'd basically be using you--or whoever--to get my head fixed."

"That's not a problem. We're buds. Buds

help each other out," I replied.

By now both of us were rock-hard; I was sure of it. "We could give it a shot."

"Right now?"

"Sure. No time like the present."

"And nobody's gonna find out?"

"Dude, you know I'm your bud. I'm not gonna tell."

"I don't know ..." He ran his hands through his hair and looked up at the ceiling. "I mean, what should I do?"

"Come over here and have a seat on the bed. And put down that bottle before you

spill vodka every-fucking-where. Trust me. I'm a telepath, just like Amy. I know exactly what to do."

"Whatever you say, man. It's your show." Todd sat down on the bed like it was going to bite his ass. He turned his torso toward me. "Now what?" He looked me right in the eye.

Relax.

"Now, take a deep breath--"

Calm.

"--and try to empty your mind."

Trust.

"It's empty already, according to most people," he joked, because he felt a little nervous. I could fix that.

Calm.

Submit.

"Well? Aren't you gonna get started?"

Relax.

Submit.

My telepathic commands slipped into his mind so gently he wasn't even aware of them. Like I said, I do good work. He was a little inebriated from the vodka, so tweaking that to make him more relaxed and cooperative was easy.

"Uh, Jase?--Aren't you gonna ...?"

Hush--stop distracting me, I said into his mind.

Is that you? You're already in my head? I didn't even feel you. Totally different from Amy--

Be quiet and clear your mind.

Amy hadn't done anything to him. His own guilt was the culprit. Undoing that and giving his guilt centers a little psychic love-tap to be less active took all of two seconds.

That's when Thumper, dammit, decided to come bouncing back into our room. "Hey, Jase!--Oh, uh--Hi, Todd. Sorry to

interrupt--"

Todd's eyes sliced over at Thumper, and I felt Todd's surprise and embarrassment at being caught. I also felt ...

Well, hello!--Maybe Thumper's timing wasn't so bad after all.

You never know what surprises you're going to find in someone's mind. Todd's arousal level gave a definite little spike when he saw Thumper. As usual, after his shower, Thumper wore only his jockstrap and a towel tossed over his shoulder, with his soccer duds balled up in his hand, showing off his tightly muscled, soccer-trained body and his primo ass. His damp hair was still plastered to his scalp in

spots and sticking up in toweled-off spikes in others. A split-second of the most interesting little fantasy starring Thumper and Todd naked ran through Todd's head before he remembered I was poking around in there. He jerked his eyes over to the window and made a real effort to think about nothing except the view of the building across the way. Sorry, Todd, you didn't fool me.

Calm, I sent into Todd's thoughts, flattening the little thorns of dread, smoothing the flow into a nice, quiet reverie that had him feeling a little high and nicely receptive.

"What's going on?" Thumper asked. I felt him extending his telepathy to us, curious,

seeing what he could pick up.

Submit, I punched into Thumper's mind as I deflected his mental probe.

"Ack," he protested, because I hadn't been gentle about either action.

Submit.

"Jase ..."

Open your mind to me, Thumper. Submit.

I'd trained Thumper to accept my control well. His thoughts opened to me like a flower.

Everybody liked Thumper--his good looks, his really sexy body, and his

eternally buoyant mood. So straight Todd was curious about guy-on-guy sex with Thumper? Well, I'd said I said I was going to help him. Helping make Todd's little fantasy come true just became another item on the agenda. So what if Todd hadn't exactly authorized it? Todd knew when he asked me to enter his head that I'm notorious for pushing people just a little further than they intended. Thumper always called it my mischievous streak, but I thought of it as helping people step out of their comfort zones. I liked to think it's one of my best qualities, though some people seemed to disagree. Anyway, this opportunity seemed like too much fun to pass up.

Yes, I can be manipulative when it comes

to getting what I want. And right then, I wanted to see Todd naked, and I wanted to see Todd and Thumper have a lot of fun together naked, just like in Todd's fantasy. And if I decided to join in?--Well, I never said I was going to do *only* the little fix I'd promised Todd. Buds should always be ready to go above and beyond, right? Heh. Sure.

Thumper used to only like girls too, before his Talent developed and he got recruited by the Institute. Now he's picked up a taste for guy-sex, and handsome Todd definitely looked like guy-sex just waiting to be tasted. Once I was in his head, Thumper was easily aroused. His jockstrap pouch swelled as his dick inflated.

Kiss, I thought into both of them.

They ignored my presence. No one existed in their world except the two of them-- nothing except them, their cocks, and my bed--I made sure of that. Their world was charged with need. The towel fell off Thumper's shoulder as he climbed onto my bed with us. Todd leaned forward to meet his advance. Their mouths found each other. Making them make out was so easy, just the lightest push needed to overcome their hesitation. Their tongues met and writhed around in each other's mouths. Thumper got into it; his arousal colored his thoughts, all red and purple and laced through with gold. Todd was eager for it too, once his tiny bit of resistance crumbled under my mental caress.

They were getting hotter and hotter because kissing does that--kicks the experience up a notch. Todd reached out and felt Thumper's chest. Thumper needed no prompting from me to do the same to Todd's through his wifebeater. I moved to the other bed, Thumper's, to give them room on mine as they lay down together, exploring each other's chests and mouths.

As my former roommate Derrick used to say, everyone deserves a little guilt-free fun now and then. I didn't have to make much in the way of changes in Todd's head--just another little love-tap to make sure his guilt centers stayed quiet, and a little widening of the curiosity about men, a little narrowing of the focus on women. Now that Todd was acting on his

curiosity, he was pushing to go farther, faster. He loved the feel of Thumper's chest, all smooth skin except for the little patch of hair in the middle, and muscles hard with strength.

When the kiss broke, Todd thought eagerly, *Whoa!* He looked down at the bulge in Thumper's jockstrap. "Your dick's already hard, huh? Mine too. I never touched another guy's dick before."

I took Todd's interest in Thumper's soccer-ball butt--which I had to admit was cute, so firm and round and sweet--and amped it up. The thought of sticking his dick up Thumper's butt burned through Todd's mind.

They reached out at the same time. Thumper grabbed Todd's dick-shaft through his sweatpants and gave it a slow, gentle squeeze-release-squeeze rhythm. Todd fumbled at Thumper's jockstrap pouch, pulling at it. Thumper's seven-inch cock popped out and banged against Todd's fingers. A wet spot had already formed at the tip of Thumper's cock.

Naked, Thumper commanded, loud and clarion-strong in Todd's head. I almost felt the compulsion to get naked hit me too--that's how strong it was.

Naked, I snuck into Thumper's head too, not that he needed much prompting.

Thumper rolled off the narrow bed and

stood up. For him, getting naked meant just dropping his jockstrap. Todd sat up and had more trouble remembering how to wrestle out of his wifebeater. Then he shoved his sweatpants down--commando underneath, neatly trimmed pubes--and lost his flip-flops as he pulled his feet out of his sweats.

Thumper climbed back onto my bed and pressed Todd down with his body, Thumper's slightly hairy chest scraping across Todd's smooth one in a way that filled their heads with need. I felt it all through my links into both of their heads.

Thumper had months of experience being my thrall. Telling him what to do to Todd's body was easy because Thumper

already wanted to do those things. He had his tongue in Todd's mouth, and his body hovered over Todd's, a little crotch-to-crotch pressure gently grinding their eager dicks together.

Todd was too far gone into lust to notice my presence in his head, and he followed my commands without even realizing they weren't his own thoughts. He sucked on Thumper's neck and ran his hands up and down Thumper's ribs and back. He arched his back underneath Thumper's hovering presence, trying to press himself closer.

Suck him, I thought into Thumper. Todd's dick was thick and solid. Thumper shifted downward and took him in his mouth with practiced efficiency. Yeah, Thumper had

had a lot of practice doing that since he got recruited; I'd made sure of that, and I'd made sure he'd gotten good at it.

Todd gasped when he experienced Thumper's outstanding cocksucking technique. I knew from experience that Thumper excelled at keeping his lips tight and his tongue gliding around the underside. Thumper took Todd's balls in his hand and tugged on them, and Todd really dug that. Todd ran his hands through Thumper's still-damp hair, and Todd's thighs were all tensed up; he was practically arching off the bed.

I poked a suggestion into Todd's head. He balked, and I had to force him back into calmness. The second time, he accepted

the idea and let it become part of his thoughts but still hesitated. The third time I sent the suggestion, he found it naughty and nasty, and suddenly he wanted to try it more than anything else.

Todd flipped Thumper off of him and pushed him face-down on the mattress. Thumper liked his aggressiveness--I could feel his happy pleasure. Todd grabbed at Thumper's glutes and spread them. He took in the sight of Thumper's winking asshole, and I goosed Todd's thoughts with neediness. Todd ran his hands all over Thumper's smooth ass and let his fingers drift down the crack. Thumper was getting impatient--I could feel his telepathy nudging at Todd's thoughts, entering the outskirts of his mind, urging

him on: *More, deeper, yes!* I hung back so Thumper wouldn't realize I was already occupying Todd's head.

Finally Todd touched Thumper's eager butthole, and Thump moaned some encouragement like, "Oh, fuck, yeah!" I sent Todd another little push. He looked at Thumper's ass and decided maybe he'd just nibble and suck on Thumper's cheeks a little. He sniffed Thump's ass, smelling the soap from his recent shower. When Todd kissed Thumper's ass cheek, I gave him a good joy-jolt as an encouragement. In response, Todd ran his tongue down Thumper's crack and got closer and closer to the slick skin of Thumper's hungry knot. A few adjustments in Todd's head, and I had him pretty much loving it. Then Todd

let out this whimper, like a puppy, as he gave in to the temptations I suggested to his mind. Man, I love it when they finally surrender completely like that. What can I say?--I take my work seriously.

Todd dug his tongue into Thumper's butthole and lost all his inhibitions about it. Once he was in there, he was fine about it--more than fine, actually. Todd used his tongue to trace circles around Thumper's asshole and spear at it, shoving his tongue in there as far as it could go. Thumper loved a little ass-play, and his thighs trembled. I felt the pleasure spreading through him as he gripped my mattress to hold himself steady.

Todd moved around and slapped his cock

against Thumper's crack, just to get a feel. Thumper humped his ass back, liking the way Todd's thick shaft felt and the way Todd's trimmed pubes scratched at his butt cheeks. Thumper was insatiable; he just really needed it. Todd held on to Thumper's hips and worked his fat dick back and forth against Thumper's slot. His cock head started catching on Thumper's hole.

Thumper raised himself up onto his knees and elbows, grabbed his jack-off lube and a condom from the little table between our beds, and waved it back to Todd. Todd greased himself up. He worked the lube into Thumper's ass a bit with a finger. Thumper's asshole, nestled between rock-hard buns, was strong and tight--I mean,

snapping tight. With my help, the thought of working his dick in there had Todd panting. Todd was afraid of hurting Thumper, which seemed oddly sweet to me, so I sidled the suggestion to hold back, go slow, into Todd's head. When Todd's cock head popped inside Thumper's ass, Todd bit his lower lip and managed to resist the urge to shove his cock the rest of the way into Thumper's tight heat.

"Gimme more," Thumper grunted, and Todd slid in a little further. Thumper's head kept working at something--not resisting exactly, but thrashing around, probing, like he was looking for something with his telepathy. As gently as I could without exposing myself, I kept

guiding his focus back to Todd.

Thumper reached back for Todd's hips. "I'm ready for it. Gimme it all. All the way, dude--balls deep!" Todd stuffed his cock inside Thumper completely. "Fuck!-- That's so fucking good!" Thumper moaned.

What a fucking rush! I was orchestrating my best friend fucking my little brother's ass! I made Todd reach around to grasp Thumper's cock, completely hard, and felt Todd's curiosity as he explored the feel of another man's cock and started stroking it.

Todd worked his cock in and out of Thumper--slow and deep, 'cause every time Todd bottomed out in that ass Thump would groan, so Todd knew he was

getting him good. Having his cock tucked up Thump's ass felt so natural to Todd now. Then he started to speed up, and Thumper's body really began to squirm. Thumper's head squirmed too, still probing around for something.

I climbed off of Thumper's bed and took off my shirt. I hadn't planned to join in, but now all I wanted was to ...

Suddenly I realized the reason I wanted to get naked was because Thumper was broadcasting the urge.

Come out, come out, wherever you are, bro, Thump's mental voice cooed as Todd, oblivious, continued to fuck away at his ass. Thumper turned his head my

way as he broke through the wall of focus I'd thrown around his thoughts, the wall that made him aware only of Todd. *There you are*, Thumper grinned at me.

How'd you know it was me?

My head kept telling me nobody else's around but Todd and me. But I'm a telepath and this is a dorm--there's always somebody else around. I figured it had to be you, Jase, 'cause you're about as subtle sometimes as a brick.

But a lot sexier.

Okay, I'll grant you that. But are you as hard as a brick? Show me, bro.

I gave my dick a squeeze through my

shorts, highlighting the hard shaft inside the cloth. Thumper eyed it hungrily.

Get naked--now, Thumper practically blasted into my head, not one for subtlety himself when he's getting his ass power-fucked.

I had no problem with that and dropped my shorts.

Todd, on his hands and knees now that we'd changed positions, pushed his ass at me. "Fuck me, Jase--please just fuckin' fuck me already," he pleaded like a hungry whore.

I was working lube and a second finger into his virgin ass. "You sure you're ready

for this?" I teased, knowing I had his head and his ass so primed he was desperate to get fucked good and hard. I just wanted to hear him beg for it a little more.

"More than ready. Dude, you can pound me. It's cool. Go on, man. Slam me--fuckin' go to town."

With encouragement like that, how could I resist? Having my dick tucked up inside his ass felt natural and great to Todd--I made sure of that. I pumped at his ass like a piston in a diesel truck going a hundred miles an hour down the freeway. A couple of little tweaks inside Todd's head had him wanting to feel what it was like to get back what he liked to give to girls; to prove he could take it just as well as he

could dish it out. I clutched his hips and worked away, and Todd jacked himself off as he balanced on his other hand. Thumper slid crotch-first in front of Todd. I felt Thumper push the irresistible curiosity into Todd's thoughts, as he guided Todd's face to his crotch. Todd licked and slobbered all over Thumper's bat and balls. We were shaking the whole bed so hard, it hit the little table and the lamp and lube bottle fell to the floor.

I was fucking Todd, and I was thinking I could get used to this--because his ass was so sweet, and we were such tight buddies, and I was so deep inside his head now I could make him want to do this--the sexual and telepathic submission--all the time, just like I had with Thumper.

That was a pretty interesting thought, and it made me teeter toward the edge.

"I'm gonna cream soon, bro." I said.

"Me, too," Thumper said back.

Todd didn't say anything because his mouth was stuffed with Thump's butt-thumper cock.

Thumper: *Where you gonna do it?*

Inside him, I sent back.

I reached into Todd's head and flicked the switch. His mouth came off Thumper's dick, lips open in a silent *O* of ecstasy. He orgasmed triple-hard, triple-long, his moans really filling the room, and his ass

clenched tight around my dick with each shot his dick blasted onto my sheets.

I was, like, *Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck*. I just kept pounding and shooting at the same time, right inside Todd's butt, each thick blast of my load filling up his butt--and I always shoot a *lot* of jizz. I pulled out of his ass slowly when I was done, and the condom practically fell off my dick from the weight of my load. I yanked it off and took a look at what I'd wrought. Todd's asshole looked red and raw, but not too bad. I stuck a finger back inside just to see, and it was still tight. His asshole bit down on my finger--a little more accommodating, but fine and hungry for more.

Todd buried his face in Thumper's balls, sucking them into his mouth as Thumper jacked away. The tongue-swabbing made Thump gasp and his cock erupted, spurting cum in the air, across Todd's cheek and hair.

"Dude, you're a prince," Todd said afterward. We lay piled on top of each other on my narrow bed, part cuddling caresses as we enjoyed the feel of each other, part exhaustion after our workout. Todd pulled himself out from between us and stood up. A long strand of excess cum dripped off his dick and onto the floor. From the look on his face, I could tell he'd gotten exactly what he needed. What he hadn't been finding with the girls, he'd found with Thumper and me. With my

mind guiding his reactions, easing him onto new paths of curiosity, how could he not? He pulled on his sweatpants and wadded his wifebeater and flip-flops under his arm. I couldn't resist giving his sweet ass a slap. Todd looked over his shoulder at me and just smiled.

Shower, I pushed into his head, since he still had Thumper's half-dried cum in his hair.

Todd blinked. "I'm gonna go take a shower. So ... we tight? We got a deal here?"

"Looks that way, buddy," I answered, and gave him the idea to bend down and kiss me again, just as natural as could be.

"A deal?" Thumper asked lazily from underneath me after Todd kissed him too and walked out and shut the door behind him.

"Todd might have gotten the idea that he came extra-hard from having a telepath in his head while he gets his ass fucked. In return for putting out some ass, he gets a toe-curling orgasm. After all, friends should help friends, right?"

Thumper chuckled. "I wonder where he got that idea. Dude, you're evil!"

"Don't worry--you'll get some too. Bros help bros too."

"Excellent." Thumper bent his head up and

we kissed.

"Hey!" Suddenly Thumper yanked himself out from under me and bounced off the bed. He grabbed his computer and hauled it back to my bed. He settled in alongside me and called up his Strategies homework.

"I figured out the right answer. It seems like it obviously should be C where I try to save the teller too, but that's stupid. There's no time for anything fancy, and I'd end up being just another dead body. The right answer is A 'cause the second sentence, like you said, changes everything. If my telepathy said there's no noncombatants in the area, that means this teller is not a noncombatant ... so the teller

must be a robber too, like maybe the robbery started as an inside job. Also, the scenario didn't say the leader would then kill the teller after killing me, so the leader doesn't see the teller as an enemy. That means the teller is probably one of the leader's team. So the answer's A, 'cause you're caught between two enemies--by dodging you're letting one enemy take out the other. It's a risky assumption, and it might not work in the real world, but in the real world you'd have a lot more than just these three options available."

I gave Thumper's temple a quick congratulatory kiss. "Nicely done. Write that up and your instructor will be one hundred percent impressed."

"You set up that thing with Todd just to help me figure this out, didn't you?"

I hadn't, but I was curious what made Thumper think so. I played it coy. "Oh, did I? Explain your answer."

"Heh. I figured it out when I kept thinking Todd and I were all alone but I knew you had to be around pushing us. I knew there had to be other people nearby, and I kept getting these little hints of you in Todd's head. That showed me you can't always take things at face value--sometimes you have to dig a little deeper. Thanks for helping with my homework, bro. You're a fucking genius!"

If Thumper was going to hand out

complements, I didn't mind letting him think I deserved 'em. I shrugged modestly. "I do my best thinking in bed. Now, somebody's hungry little ass only got fucked for a few minutes. You need a second helping?" I backed it up with a little punch into Thumper's thoughts: *Horny.*

Thump groaned, accepting the command happily. His dick began to swell, and he grinned up at me. "Definitely," he agreed as he reached over and fished around on the floor for the lube.

Jase and Thumper's story continues in [Reckless](#)
