

Late Bloomer

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: He wasn't a Talent, but he thought his friend Danny might be. Now he has some catching-up to do. 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 are 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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Originally the plan was simple: I'd meet my buddy Steve when his train came in and we'd go party at some clubs. Steve was coming in from the Institute for a weekend visit. He and I were best friends practically from the day we met in grade school. We always looked like opposites--I'm a black guy with dark-chocolate skin and wiry hair that I keep cut short, and he's a pale-skinned Scandinavian blond--but the girls always seemed to think we were both good-looking. A night at the clubs sounded like fun, and the chances were good we'd get laid too. I damn sure needed to get laid, and I'd never known Steve to say no to ... well, anything that involved getting his rocks off.

Then, the day before Steve's visit, his younger brother Danny called me. "Steve said you were picking him up, and you guys would probably go clubbing. He said it was okay if I come along but told me to check with you. Is it okay if I join you?"

I knew Steve was tight with his younger brother, since they were only a year apart. Danny had tagged along on a lot of stuff Steve and I had done growing up, back before Steve headed off to the Institute,

so I knew Danny pretty well too. He was kind of obnoxious when he was younger, but he'd grown up into a tolerable tagalong, so I didn't mind revising the plan a little. "Sure, Danny, you can come along. I just hope you can keep up with us real men," I teased. "I'll pick you up at seven tomorrow night."

"Seven?" Danny complained. "But Steve doesn't get in until nine." A little of the old obnoxious kid Danny was poking through, always ready to bitch if something wasn't to his liking.

"Yeah, but I've got some shit I need to do at the mall before it closes, and it's right across the highway from the train station. If you think I'm driving from the mall all the way back to this side of town just to pick you up, you're crazy." When Danny got all complain-y, the only way to handle him was to take control and not let him start fucking around with the agenda. Minor changes to the plan so that Danny could come along?--Sure. Complete rerouting?--No fucking way. I'm the kind of guy who likes to make a plan and stick with it. I like to be in charge. So I told Danny, "Either you go with me at seven or not at all, got it?"

"Uh, sure. No problem, I guess. I can hang out at the mall while you do your stuff."

I usually avoided the mall ever since they started installing those scanners there to detect Talents, but I needed to run some errands and get some stuff from a couple of stores there. I figured I could risk it this once. Just a quick in-and-out trip.

I'd just finished my first year at the local city college. Danny had just graduated high school, and fall was coming--pretty soon he'd be going off to a university in another state, and I'd lose him as a link to Steve, so getting together made sense. When I pulled my Jeep in front of their house at five minutes before seven and honked, Danny came out immediately. Which was good, but kind of disappointing too--I'd kind of expected him to be late again and I was ready to bitch at him, since he's almost always running behind. But overall I took him being ready to go on time as a good sign. It meant he respected me as The Man With The Plan.

I hadn't seen Danny for five or six months. As I watched him trot across the lawn, the change suddenly struck me: my buddy's kid brother had transformed himself into a little hunk. Danny had been a late bloomer in high school. I knew he had taken up wrestling and baseball and started working out. Obviously all the effort had worked wonders for his physique. Danny's newly muscled shoulders emphasized his narrow waist, and the faded jeans that stretched across his solid thighs seemed to draw my eyes to his bulging crotch.

I felt a stirring in my groin and in the back of my head. My body was reacting involuntarily, and that made me nervous. I'd only had this reaction to guys a couple of times before and I wasn't sure how to handle it. *Get your head in the game--he's a guy*, I told myself, trying to shake off the sensation.

I leaned over and popped open the passenger door for him. "Hey," Danny greeted me with a grin as he climbed up into the seat of my Jeep.

"Hey yourself. Glad you're on time--for once."

Danny ignored that last part. "Thanks for letting me come along. Once we get to the clubs, I'll leave you guys alone. Just don't leave without me, okay?"

"Hey, I'd never do that," I grinned. But Danny and I were both remembering a time a couple of years before when Steve and I had deliberately left Danny behind. Danny had been a little shit-head all evening, as he later admitted, and Steve and I left him because we were tired of his crap and wanted to

teach him a lesson. Must have worked too, because Danny had never again taken a situation for granted after that, and he'd seemed to develop some respect for me. Maybe a little more than just respect--sometimes I'd caught Danny looking at me funny, like he idolized me or something. I decided maybe it was just hero worship and didn't think much about it. After all, it was only natural for him to idolize his big brother's best friend, right?

Danny was eighteen now. Steve and I were a year older. Back when Steve and I were still in high school, at the start of our senior year, Steve confided to me that he had a special skill--a real honest-to-God Talent. Telekinesis: He could move things with his mind. Well, kind of. His power wasn't subtle. Doing small or delicate work like helping guide a football pass to the intended receiver?--He couldn't manage it. But high-power work like slamming that football into a goal post so hard it bent the bar?--That he could do just fine. Which, a couple of weeks after he told me his secret, is exactly what accidentally happened when he was quarterbacking and decided to risk using his telekinesis to help us win a football game against our arch-rivals. All he meant to do was adjust the ball's flight so his pass would end up in my arms, but the ball shot out like missile and--*whang!*--nearly knocked down the metal goal post. He nearly caused a fucking riot at the game when people realized there was a Talent loose at the game. Steve tried denying it was him, of course, but the scanners didn't lie. Everyone seemed surprised he'd managed to keep his Talent a secret as long as he had! A couple of days after that, some people from the Institute showed up and carted him off. *Recruited*, they called it, *for specialized training*. The revelation about Steve caused one hell of a scandal, but really a lot of people were glad to see him go because, football hero or not, no one wanted a Talent around.

Me? I scored middling-high in the Talent scans too, but mine was on the telepathic scale instead. Mine was also safely latent, not actualized, so the Institute wasn't interested in me. Officially, I couldn't do anything--I just had the *potential* for developing a Talent, and only a tiny percentage of people with the potential actually developed one. What the Institute didn't know, though, was I'd noticed some things since I was last tested back in high school.

The genes for Talents are supposed to be hereditary, so I always wondered whether Danny would develop one too, but he never did. After Steve got sent off to the Institute, Danny and I tried to stay in touch, and we hung out once in a while but not that often. I liked Danny well enough, I guess, but I mostly hung out with him because he was a link to Steve. Steve was my best friend and I missed him. I loved him like a brother; sometimes I worried that I loved him a little too much. I'd be at home jerking off and fantasizing about women or looking at porn online, thinking about what I'd do with them with my big black dick, and just before I'd cum my fantasy suddenly would change, and there would be my blond buddy Steve instead, naked. My fantasy hadn't yet taken me any farther than that, so I told myself I didn't really want to do anything sexual with Steve, other than to be with him naked, maybe do a three-way with him and me tag-teaming a chick. I wasn't inexperienced with sex--trust me, thanks to a little trick I could do sometimes, I'd gotten a handful of blow-jobs and gone all the way many times with lots of girls. So I knew fantasizing about being naked with Steve wasn't about sex. Not really.

But seeing Danny always made me realize how much I missed his brother. Now, after not seeing Danny for a few months, I suddenly realized the little shit-head had somehow blossomed into a man with a phenomenal body, at least as good as Steve's. Of course, I was no slouch in the body department myself. Where Steve had been the quarterback on our high school football team, I had been the star running back, and now I was still a second-stringer for the city college team. I used the gym regularly and ran five miles a day. My shoulders were wide and capped with muscles. My pecs looked great in a T-shirt over my stomach of six-pack ab muscles--if I called them *rippling*, I wouldn't

be bragging at all. My legs were strong and defined from all the running I did, and I thought the whole package gave me proportion and a nearly perfect physique, if I do say so myself.

From the way Danny looked at me, I knew he wished his body looked like mine. That was probably one reason he'd joined the wrestling and baseball teams and started lifting weights to build muscle. Obviously he idolized me, wanted to be like me, and wanted me to notice him as a person in his own right, not just my buddy Steve's younger brother--and now as I drove us to the mall, I was definitely noticing every time I looked his way. Each glance sent a tingle through me that I didn't really understand--and didn't want to understand. I couldn't let myself be thinking about my best friend's brother in a queer way.

I pulled into a nearly deserted section of the parking deck toward the rear of the mall and told Danny, "Be back here at nine, or I'm leaving without you." I knew I had to take an authoritative tone with him. That little slacker had a tendency to goof off and show up whenever he damned well pleased, so I had to remind him who was in charge if I expected him to stick to the plan.

"Like, where else would I be?" Danny grouched, letting a little of the whiney brat he'd been just a few years ago shine through. "Everything closes at nine!"

I just shook my head as we climbed out of my Jeep. Part of me wanted to smack him, and part of me ... Damn, part of me wondered what it would be like to hold him down and fuck that newly muscled body of his. My dick tingled and started to lengthen in my jeans. *Shit!--Get your head in the game--stop thinking that shit*, I swore at myself.

Danny looked at the Jeep. "Should I lock it?" he asked.

"Nope, I never do. There's nothing in it worth stealing. If anyone wants to break in, I'd rather they get in and see for themselves so they don't ruin a door. Besides, look around. It's the only vehicle in this whole section. Nobody's coming back here anytime soon."

As we headed inside, I followed Danny and stared, fascinated, at his butt, packed inside his skintight jeans. His ass was solid muscle. Something about the way he walked seemed like a cocky little strut, and again I imagined myself pinning his body down and rubbing my hand across his ass and--

I shook my head and said to myself, *Got to get this out of my head. I can't get turned on by another guy. Plus he's Steve's brother. Too fucking weird.*

Ever since they installed those Talent scanners there, I avoided the mall as much as I could. Better safe than sorry, right? But sometimes I had shit I needed to get from there. I figured this once I could risk a quick in-and-out. I finished my shopping nearly an hour before nine and headed back to my Jeep, thinking I'd chill out in the deserted parking garage while I waited for Danny, maybe catch a quick nap to recharge before we went out partying. I was surprised to find Danny sitting in the passenger seat, drumming his fingers on the dashboard. He saw me coming and tried to pretend he wasn't watching for me, the little shit. As I climbed into the Jeep, I said, "Hey, you're back already. What gives?"

"I spent my cash and didn't see anyone I knew, so I figured I'd just hang out here. I was hoping you'd come back a little early. It's really boring as fuck in this place by yourself. Hey, can we stop by an ATM on the way out?--I need to get some money before we hit the clubs."

"Sure," I said. I'd planned to hit the ATM too, so that part wasn't a deviation from the schedule. What *was* a deviation was Danny being here this early; I couldn't take a nap if he expected me to entertain him, and we still had an hour to kill before Steve's train arrived. On top of that, I was starting to get one of my tingle-headed headaches. But I wasn't about to drive Danny home. I'd just have to kill some time hanging out with him until Steve's train arrived.

"Uh, you're looking pretty buff lately, Danny," I said, making light conversation, and it also gave me an excuse to look him over. "Looks good." I gave his pec a playful grope--damn, that muscle was hard as steel!

Danny responded with a brilliant grin. "Yeah? Think so?" This was exactly the response I had been hoping for, which somehow pleased me. Obviously the little shit-head was enjoying the attention, and something inside him seemed to open up, like a flower unfolding. "Wrestling is what did it. Here--feel this." He flexed his arm, showing off his bicep.

I gave it a squeeze. "Damn! Hard as a rock. Try mine." I flexed my arm, and he put his hand on my bicep ...

... Which made me feel another twitch in my head, in spite of my nascent headache. It was like that little trick I could sometimes do to other people, but not quite, like a backfire or something. I felt a twitch in my crotch too, and my cock started to harden. What the fuck was going on?

"Damn, that's nice, dude," he said, clearly impressed with my muscle.

So where should our conversation go from there? I was feeling a weird thrill but also kind of nervous. This part of the parking deck was deserted, but I wasn't sure how far I should push this *I'll show you mine if you show me yours* thing with Danny. I decided to buy myself some time to think by going with the obvious change of topic: "What'd you buy?"

"Oh ... uh"--I'd caught Danny off-guard, because he was still admiring my muscles--"just some jeans. It's hard to find jeans that fit right, since my legs have gotten bigger but my waist is still small. When I find some I like that fit good, I get a couple of pairs."

"What kind did you get? Some fancy designer shit? You going all fashionista on me?" I teased.

He grinned back. "No, asshole. Here, I'll show you." He turned and reached into the back seat, stretching his sexy body. As he reached, his arm brushed mine and--

Suddenly, somehow, I knew exactly how much he wanted me. Hero worship? Hell, no--Danny had the full-blown hots for me. I knew that for an absolute fact.

And also, suddenly, somehow, I knew exactly how to make him do anything I wanted.

Danny's arm pulled away from mine as he reached further into the back seat. I blinked. Losing contact with him felt strange in an unexpected way, like I was missing something.

I'd always suspected Danny might develop a Talent of some kind. Maybe that was what I was picking up on--maybe my little thing worked better on Talents? Who knew? All I knew was my headache had disappeared and I felt ... good. My body and my head were tingling, but I felt good. It was like when my little trick kicked in and I knew exactly what to say and do to make my girlfriends put out--only now it was with Danny.

I knew how to make him do what I wanted. Now I needed to figure out what I wanted him to do.

Danny's arm brushed mine again as he started pulling back into the front seat. Fucking Danny! My cock went even harder and, dammit, all I wanted was to touch him again, to make him want me more, to make him do exactly what my cock wanted. My cock knew exactly what it wanted. I could make Danny want it too. All I needed to do was give him a little push.

Danny hauled the bag into the front seat and pulled out two pairs of jeans.

To stall him while I figured out how to take that next step, I asked, "What size do you wear?"

"Twenty-nine or thirty in the waist, depending on how they fit, and a thirty-two in the leg. These are thirties. What about you?"

"Yeah, those would probably fit me." I took a pair of the folded jeans from him and looked at them. The Jeep didn't have enough room to unfold them, so I just looked at the crotch of them. This was mostly me stalling for time because, damn, how should I do this? It's not like my little trick was ever one hundred percent dependable before.

I passed the jeans back to him. "How do they look on you?" As he took them, his fingers brushed mine--and just that little skin-on-skin contact made me feel ... had me feeling ... like I was right on the verge of figuring everything out. I knew what he wanted, I knew what I wanted, and I only had one more thing to figure out. If that something inside him would just unfold a little more, I'd know exactly how to concentrate and push what I wanted him to do into his head.

"Want me to show you?" asked Danny. He grinned kind of slyly, like maybe he was flirting with me.

Well, two could play at that game, and I wasn't about to back down from a challenge. "Sure, dude. Let's see how they look. Try them on."

Danny blinked. He hadn't been expecting me to call his bluff. "Uh. Here?"

"Sure, dude. No one's around. Why not?" All I needed to do was give him a little push, get his head opening up like a flower just a little more so I could push the idea inside. I gave him a playful shove on the arm and, the moment my hand touched the skin below the sleeve of his T-shirt, I understood how. I knew exactly one hundred percent how to do this thing. Like I could see every pathway in his mind mapped out and every route I needed to take into it to push the idea where it needed to go. "Come on. Let me see how they look on you." Concentrate on the idea. *Do what I say, Danny.* And now--

push

Danny blinked. "I... Okay ..."

We climbed out of the Jeep. Danny came around to my side. He put both new pairs of jeans on the fender, then looked around uncertainly, reassuring himself that we were alone in the parking deck. I needed to reinforce before he chickened out. *Do what I say, Danny.*

push

Danny winced just a little.

"You okay, dude?" I asked. *Say yes.*

push

"I ... Yes. Just ... I dunno."

"Cool. Well, try them on already." *Do it, Danny.*

push

Danny kicked off his sneaks and unbuttoned his jeans. He was really doing it! Fuck, this was a rush!

Part of Danny was skittish, and part of him was secretly enjoying the thrill of breaking the rules, like a little kid being naughty. Keeping my hold on him meant pushing things along the lines that led to the naughty kid. Maybe I could strengthen my hold by giving him an incentive. Part of Danny had a huge crush on me; if I broke a few rules myself and gave the part of him a thrill, that might give me the edge I needed to hold him.

"Maybe I'll try a pair, too." I knew I was letting the rush and desire of what was happening with Danny override my caution. "Can I try them on?" I decided not to think about the situation.

"Sure," Danny said as he unzipped, showing white underwear.

I untied and removed my shoes. I didn't want my curiosity to be too apparent. I felt another tingle as I watched Danny shuck his tight, worn jeans. Danny modestly turned three-fourths away from me as he pushed the snug jeans down, revealing his butt in white briefs. Damn, Danny sure had a fine ass--for a guy.

I dropped my jeans too. Danny kicked his feet free of his old jeans, then picked up a new pair. He turned my way again and handed the other pair to me. "Here you go. Let's see if they look as good on you as they do on me."

A challenge, huh? Yeah, and I also noticed the way his eyes darted across my legs--and my half-hard cock, underwear-free and dangling out in the open air. My dick was thick and long, and I was proud of it. I knew its size gave me a reputation: everyone knows a big cock equals major manliness.

"Uh, where's your underwear?" Danny asked, surprised. His eyes never left my crotch.

"Never wear any," I replied, feeling cocky because I'd obviously shocked the dude. "Neither does your brother Steve. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Oh, sure. I just--uh, I thought that was just a Steve thing. You just surprised me, that's all," replied Danny as he tried to cover his interest, lust, and confusion. Obviously he was in over his head. I kind of felt the same way, but I wasn't about to back off now. First down and goal to go--no backing out now. Especially since I was figuring out that the little trick I'd been able to do sometimes in the past was working so much better on Danny. I wanted to see how far I could take this. Maybe his interest made him easier to manipulate. *You want my dick.*

push

Danny stared, transfixed, watching my dick as it bounced, half-hard, over my meaty balls. He was practically drooling. Yeah, I was right about how much he wanted me. His stare made my dick harden a little more. Danny was frozen like the fabled deer in the headlights--he was definitely out of his depth. Looked like he had some stiffy activity happening in the crotch of his briefs too.

"What's the matter, Danny?" I teased. "Looks like you're getting a hard-on from looking at my dick. What's up with that?" My voice jerked Danny back to reality and he blushed hard, which made me smirk. *Gotcha, you little shit-head.*

"Uh--nothing. That always happens when I get naked," the little shit lied as he busied himself with unfolding the other pair of new jeans in front of his crotch to hide the swelling in his briefs.

A sudden doubt had me unsure how far I wanted to go, but I was feeling significantly turned-on. I decided I definitely wanted to go further. We were alone here, so I could risk pushing it just a little further.

"Hey," I said, "I dare you to drop your underwear and run bare-ass to that pylon at the end of the garage and back."

"What?" Danny was more nervous than ever. "Why?"

"Hey, c'mon. I dare you. You can keep your T-shirt on and your socks. Look around--there's nobody around but us. Or are you a chicken-shit? Tell you what--I'll do it too. I'll race you."

Danny gulped. "Uh ... I dunno ..."

Do it, Danny.

push

"Uh, okay, but ah ... you gotta do it too," Danny said, and I could tell from how flushed he was that he was secretly really aroused at the thought. He set the jeans aside and shoved down his briefs with a quick, proud flourish, as if getting the task done before he lost his nerve.

Now we were both bare-assed except for our socks and T-shirts. "Like what you see?" Danny snarked, though he was trying to hide his fattening cock, which was rapidly stretching toward total erection.

"Seen bigger," I snorted, trying not to laugh as I plotted ways to get Danny to do even more shit.

But first, we had a race to run. We positioned ourselves behind my Jeep. "On your mark ...," I said. "Get set ..."--And before I could call Go, that little shit-head tore off running for the other side of the parking deck! "Cheater!" I hollered as I sprinted after him.

I deliberately let Danny stay ahead of me because I was sure I could overtake him. This way I could get a good look at his naked buns as his legs pumped. Danny's bubble butt was hairless, firm, and so pretty it belonged in an art gallery somewhere. I gotta admit: the sight of it fascinated me.

My long experience as a running back let me nearly catch up to him without taxing my endurance. When Danny tagged the pylon and doubled back, I noticed his cock had gone soft. Even the quick glimpse of it flopping thrilled me. I felt like I was caught in some kind of weird feedback loop: I knew

Danny wanted me, and I knew I could make him do whatever I wanted, and somehow all that was getting mixed up into me wanting to make him want me even more, if that makes any sense.

I tagged the pylon too, and now I had to get my mind back on winning this race. Halfway back to the Jeep, Danny sensed I was catching up, and he tried to pour on the speed. But while Danny had plenty of experience jogging laps for wrestling and baseball practice, running up and down a football field at full speed was my life--I was the more experienced and talented runner. By the three-quarter mark, I'd pulled ahead and Danny tried even harder but he knew he had lost.

Gasping and doubled over, Danny turned his head to me and panted, "Okay--what do--I have to do?"

I leaned against my Jeep, barely winded. "What do you mean?"

"You said--it was a dare. Dares--always mean the loser--has to do something--for the winner."

This might just work out better than I thought, I said to myself. My cock twitched again and began to harden again.

Danny reached for his briefs.

"No, don't get dressed yet, Danny. I've got an idea ..."

Danny straightened up. "Uh ... What?"

"Come here; I'll show you." *You want my dick.*

push

Danny nervously approached. He couldn't seem to keep his eyes off my dick, which had now reached almost its full, throbbing size. It bobbed insistently, the hem of my T-shirt bunched over its base as I leaned back against the fender of my Jeep.

"I want you to kiss my big black dick!" I commanded.

"What the fuck? I'm not queer! You know that," Danny protested.

I wanted to tell him not to bullshit me and he definitely *was* queer, because I could tell how much he wanted me. But I knew if I said anything like that, he'd deny it and I'd lose whatever influence I had on him. I sensed he was unsure: he wanted to back out, but I could tell part of him definitely wanted to play the dare to the end and get a closer look at my erection. He was afraid of crossing a line he couldn't come back from. Well, I was pretty sure I could get him to cross that line with just another little ...

push

"You lost, so you gotta kiss it," I ordered. "A deal's a deal. What would Steve say if you backed out? Are you a man, or are you a pussy?" Somehow I knew, if I pushed all the right buttons, he'd do whatever I said. *Kiss it.*

push

Danny knelt in front of me, his eyes locked on my dick-head. "Oh, man. If I gotta ..." He made a sour face, but he puckered up and pecked his lips, just a quick brush, against the side of my glans.

"You call that a kiss? Man, if you kiss your girlfriend like that, I bet you never get laid. C'mon, give it a real kiss, Danny, with your tongue and everything."

push

Danny stared at my cock-head, just a few inches in front of his mouth.

push

He made that sour face again and stuck out his tongue, bending forward until the tip barely grazed the top of my knob.

push

"Go on--kiss it," I coaxed. *Kiss it.* "Kiss it good. I won't tell anyone." *Kiss it.*

push

His jaw opened a little.

push

"That's it. Kiss it."

His mouth eased forward and he kissed the head of my cock and flicked his tongue on the underside.

push

"Go on, Danny." *Open your mouth.*

push

His jaw opened, and his mouth glided halfway over the head. *Let me in, buddy. Let me in.*

push

push

push

Some resistance buckled inside Danny, and he eased his mouth around the entire head. He tried to wrap his lips around its girth, testing its size. I have a thick cock, so he needed a moment to figure out how to accommodate it. He just needed a little more encouragement.

push

As soon as I felt Danny's mouth, so hot and wet, fully encircle my cock-head and the first inch of shaft, I understood all over again why blow-jobs have such a great rep. "Aw, yeah--that feels great, buddy," I cooed. Right then, I didn't care that Danny was a guy; I only cared about making my dick

feel more of that hot, wet mouth around it; I only cared about getting off. I put my hands on the back of his head and pushed another inch or two of hard prick into the guy's gagging throat. "Take a little more, buddy. That's right. You can do it. Feels so good." The sensation of his mouth around my cock had me on the verge of forgetting where I was and who was servicing me. All I knew was the incredible pleasure of a warm, willing mouth accepting my huge rod.

Now that he had surrendered to the idea of sucking my dick, Danny was trying his best to keep pace; I could feel him learning on the fly how to handle my cock in his mouth. I was willing to bet this was his first time swinging on a guy's rod. I sensed he couldn't believe he was giving head to a guy, couldn't believe he was giving head to *me*--and I wasn't about to let him stop to make sense of what was happening. I wasn't going to give him an opportunity to back out, not while my cock was so hard and needed relief. He kept gagging sometimes because of the size of my dick and how it filled his mouth and poked roughly into his throat, but he was figuring out how to manage. He struggled to breathe, and I struggled to remember not to shove too much into his mouth at once.

Soon, too soon, I felt a jolt in my shaft. "Whoa!--Whoa, Danny! I don't wanna cum yet!" I was torn between the need to shove my cock all the way in and drown him in my cum versus the urge to draw things out, make the experience last a while. "You better stop before I shoot in your mouth."

By the way his thoughts squirmed, I knew Danny didn't much like the sound of a mouthful of cum. While he had acquiesced to the embarrassment of sucking my cock, he definitely didn't want me shooting in his mouth. He tried to pull away a bit, and his tongue dragged against the underside of my cock-head.

That sensation did it--that tipped me over the point of no return. "Oh, *fuck!* I'm cumming!" I grunted, unable to stave off the eruption in my cock and balls. As my orgasm burned through me, whatever hold I had on his mind slipped. Danny pulled away, but not in time. My first blast of sperm smashed against his lips and teeth. He snapped his head aside, and the rest of my load shot out in bursts that hit his cheek and neck.

"Fuck!" Danny panted. I looked down and saw he was fisting his own hard-on. His body jerked as his own orgasm began, and he shot cords of spunk onto the parking deck floor between my feet. "Fuh-uuck ..."

Danny sank back on his ass. He grabbed his briefs and used them to wipe my cum off his face and his own jack-juice off his fingers. "Nasty, dude." He reached for his jeans.

"Not yet," I said, kicking his wrist away from his clothes.

"Hey, I'm getting dressed, asshole," Danny snapped. "You got your dare! I made you cum!"

I needed to regain my hold on him. "And it was terrific, Danny," I said, still catching to my breath. Skin-to-skin contact helped earlier, in the Jeep, so I put my hand on his shoulder as if to steady myself, making sure the edge of my fingers nudged the bare skin of his neck, just about his T-shirt collar. I needed to find a way back into his head. "But there's something even better I want to try, and if you do it for me, I'll do it for you. How's that?" *Say yes.*

push

The half-naked pup sat back on his heels and blinked at me with suspicion. "Tell me what it is first, and then I'll--"

Dammit, I couldn't seem to get a hold on Danny's mind. His thoughts kept squishing out of my grip.

push

"Uhhn ... tell me, then I'll ... decide. And if I don't like it, you've gotta give *me* a blow-job," he demanded, probably thinking he was negotiating a great bargain.

push

I just needed to keep him talking until I could take control of his thoughts again. "Okay, but you have to try it for at least two minutes. You can't refuse it without trying it, or the blow-job is off. Deal?"
Say yes.

push

Danny was trying to decide. I kept up the pressure to make sure he was thinking what I wanted-- which was that he couldn't lose either way. Pushing what I wanted into the pathways of his mind felt like running up and down a roller coaster to smack into his thoughts and nudge them in the direction I wanted them to go. I was still too shaken by my orgasm to hold him, but I was managing to guide his thoughts in the direction I wanted. He was thinking that if he did what I wanted, I'd do it for him afterward; and if he didn't, he'd still get a blow-job. He was thinking it might be win-win for him but he worried there might be a catch he wasn't seeing. I almost had him. All I needed to do was beat my way back into his head; just needed to give him one last--

push

"Okay," Danny said. "So what's this even better thing you want to try?"

"Fucking," I said, watching Danny's reaction.

"Sure," he sneered, "but where do we get the girls?"

"No, shit-for-brains. I'm talking about each other."

"What?" Danny couldn't believe what I'd said. "I told you I'm not queer, and that sure sounds queer to me." This was a major resistance point for Danny. I'd have to try bypassing it.

push

"Hey, I'm not queer either, Danny. Fucking a guy doesn't make you queer if the guys aren't faggots. Ask your brother--he'll tell you the same thing." I knew that Danny would never have the guts to ask Steve that.

"Are you fuckin' shittin' me, man?" Danny snapped.

Danny was fighting my hold. He didn't want to do this. He was both aroused and ashamed by what we had just done. He wanted to get his pants on and get out of there. I needed to keep up the pressure or I was going to lose him. I pulled off my T-shirt to sweeten the deal. Sure, I was manipulating his crush on me, but the moment he saw my chest--hell, my whole body naked from the ankles up--his eyes nearly bugged out of his head and I knew he'd agree to just about anything I asked. All I need to do now was keep up the pressure and seal the deal.

push

Wait a minute--I was going about this all wrong. What I needed to do was give him a reason to think the way I wanted. I could see the paths his thoughts were taking. He'd stop resisting if I could make him think he had a reason to do this. I had to change course quickly. That's when I stumbled across the perfect image in his mind, something he'd heard that had fascinated him ...

"No, I'm not shitting you, dumb ass," I said. "You're heading off to college in a month, and you're gonna find out all the frats do it. They can't haze the pledges, so they ass-fuck them instead. I'm doing you a favor, Danny: I'm going to break you in so you're ready for it. Trust me--every pledge wishes he'd had somebody do this for him before he went through rush. The first time is the hardest. After that, you'll know how to relax and it won't be so bad. Hell, some guys even get off on it. And not just the gay guys, either; those frat guys are total jocks. You gotta learn to take it like a man. Think you can take it like a man? Or are you a chicken-shit?" I challenged, knowing he would take the bait.

push

"Nuh ... Uhn ... I--"

There! I almost had him. Time to drive it home.

push

--I'm eighteen. I'm just as much a man as you are." Danny pulled off his own T-shirt, displaying his own newly muscled body to me defiantly. I had to keep him off-balance. He was learning a lot tonight, but I had to maintain a firm hold and keep him from processing what he really thought about it all. My plan to get a piece of ass depended on it. Hell, I had to go through with this before I processed what it all meant and lost my nerve too.

push

I pulled open the door of my Jeep and rummaged in the glove compartment. "I'll do you first to show you how it's done, and then you can do me, okay?" I knew full well that we only had a short amount of time left before Steve's train arrived. My plan was to fuck Danny, then claim we'd run out of time, and promise to hold up my part of the deal later, and since we didn't see each other that often I'd easily be able delay until Danny went off to college and forgot about it. Problem solved: I'd get laid, and I wouldn't have to do anything in return.

I pulled out a strip of condoms and a bottle of hand lotion an ex-girlfriend had left that would probably make an adequate lube.

push

I pushed Danny face-down on the Jeep fender. Part of Danny was getting off on being dominated by a guy, a muscular black jock, me, his crush, but another part was screaming this was all happening too soon, going too far too fast. But I thought maybe I could use his crush to overcome the screaming part. Besides, he really did have a great ass, hard with muscle and fine as marble, and I was going to enjoy fucking it, even if he was a guy. It helped that this guy was facing away from me. I didn't want to think about what this meant, so instead I responded to the insistent throbbing of my hard-again cock. Here for once was my chance to have sex with someone who wasn't playing coy, or nervous, or

backing away the way girls did when they saw my big cock. This was going to be so good. I let my lust take over.

"Stay just like that," I ordered while I suited up my erection in the latex condom. *Stay.*

push

I slathered the condom with hand lotion. I'd never fucked a guy before, but the mechanics couldn't be that different from fucking a girl, other than having to use lubrication, right? Danny had probably never been ass-fucked before, so he wouldn't know the difference. My game plan was to handle it just like the first time I fucked a girl: *Suit up, stick it in, figure it out.*

Danny was nervous. But he stayed bent over the fender and waited for me to get ready. He looked over his shoulder and his eyes widened when he saw my cock moving into position, ready to invade his ass. Danny's butt muscles flexed as his asshole tightened, and I decided he'd never looked hotter. I probably wasn't gay, but Danny all bent over my Jeep and waiting to get ass-fucked was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen. Hell, I probably could have shot just from looking at him.

Danny shifted his stance and spread his legs a little more. "Oh, man--go easy, okay?"

I got my cock-head aimed at his hole. "Just relax. It's gonna hurt at first, but you gotta ride it out. Then it'll feel great." Or so a guy said just before he'd broken in a virgin ass in a porn scene I'd downloaded once. "And remember--you gotta let me do it for at least two minutes, or the rest of the deal's off, got it?" I was pretty sure if I could hold him for a couple of minutes, he'd get to the *feeling good* part, he'd stop fighting, and then I could keep fucking him long enough to finish. I needed to give him the biggest push ever.

Danny gulped. He nodded quickly. Fear was making his thoughts slippery again. I wasn't sure if I could keep him from rabbiting.

I leaned forward, one hand guiding my cock, my other hand braced against his bare spine to hold him in place and ensure a little extra skin-to-skin contact for what would come next. My dick pushed at his ass-door. With my mouth just inches away, I whispered into Danny's ear, "Relax," as he involuntarily tried to pull his hips forward and away from the invasion. "Shh. Just relax." I took a deep breath and got my head ready. Time for the biggest push yet. *Relax.*

PUSH

Fuck!--That felt like I nearly sprained something in my skull, like I'd slammed hard into a wall and nearly broken through.

"Huurgh ..." Danny moaned.

My head ached, but I couldn't show any sign of weakness. I had to keep Danny convinced I was in charge. "Relax. It'll feel great once you get used to it."

PUSH

Okay, that time the push was easier. This trick was getting easier, like learning to use a new muscle that gets stronger each time it's flexed. It got a response too: something inside Danny's head seemed to give way, and his body went limp under me. "You okay there, Danny?"

He groaned quietly: "Urrr ..."

I formed my next thought: *You want this.*

PUSH

No resistance that time. My order slid right into his head.

"Relax, Danny. You're doing great. You're doing it." My hand around my cock-shaft kept the head on target as I poked at his anus again. Danny had gone slack-jawed, drooling a little on my Jeep. I wasn't sure if he was listening to what I was saying; his thoughts were moving, but slowly, like I'd stunned him into semi-consciousness or something. I kept talking to keep the pretense going, so I wouldn't have to think about what my cock-head pressing into his hole meant. "If you can do this, you'll prove you're a man and you'll make your brother proud. And you'll really fuck with the heads of those frat boys at college when you pledge this fall. Just relax and go with me. The first few minutes are the hard part."

His conscious mind might have been having a time out, but some animal part of Danny knew what he wanted and wanted me to give it to him. He pushed his hips and ass back toward me--just a little, but I definitely noticed. I just needed to seal the deal.

All I knew was I wanted to fuck that vulnerable ass. I wasn't gay but I recognized the signals my body was sending me--it wanted to fuck, and tonight it wanted to fuck Danny's ass! And for some reason I didn't want to analyze, tonight I was listening to my instincts. I'd deal with any weirdness later--or maybe never. I just knew I had to give it a shot. Fucking an available hole didn't make me gay just because that hole belonged to a guy, right? This was just a one-time thing. It just meant I was horny and no girls were around. And Danny was horny and wanted me so badly, and he had a really pretty ass. My hard prick was calling the shots, and it wasn't about to let me pass up a sure thing like Danny's butt. Sure, I was probably taking advantage of his man-crush on me, but if Danny liked getting fucked anywhere near as much as he took to sucking my cock, this was going to be so hot and so worth the effort!

I pressed my sizeable cock-head against Danny's unwilling opening, pressing at it again. I could feel the resistance as his gorgeous body stiffened. His buttohole spasmed, and his head started to clear. As much as part of his mind wanted this, his body hadn't quite agreed to play this game yet. I whispered more encouragements into his ear, reminding him of the fraternity pledging to come, the pride that Steve would have in him, and ultimately the pleasure he would feel once he manned up and conquered the pain. All the while I kept doing that little trick to push him into accepting what was happening. Danny kept trying to relax, but his body rebelled and kept tensing. As I tried to get into his mind again--

PUSH

--I saw a new route emerge. I knew what I needed to try. If I could distract his thoughts here, I might be able to get inside there. Okay, I had a plan and the time had come to execute this play.

I kept up the pressure on his thoughts and on his body, letting him feel part of my weight across his back. I didn't want him to feel trapped; I wanted him to feel safe and protected, but I also wanted him to know he couldn't get away. Time to distract him. "I know you're gay, Danny," I whispered to the back of his ear.

"But I'm not--" he protested, suddenly trying to push his body up off my Jeep. His thoughts squirmed around my pressure.

"--and it's okay."

"--I'm not--"

"Shh. I won't tell your brother. I'll keep your secret. But you gotta do this for me in return, Danny."

The head of my cock broke past his sphincter. Suddenly his thoughts turned in a completely different direction as he struggled not to scream against the sudden pain and intrusion.

"Shh. Man up, Danny. Let's do this. Let's get you introduced to gay sex so you'll see how much you love it."

Maybe an inch of my cock slid into his ass. Danny gasped and yowled, "*Fuck!*" It echoed in the empty parking deck. Good thing no one else was around to hear him!

Damn, he was tight--but I was inside his ass and nearly inside his head. I had no idea what he was feeling, other than what I knew about butt-sex from porn. I concentrated on feeding another inch of cock-shaft into his ass--so hot and tight--and then another inch. Danny moaned, bit his bottom lip, trying to stifle his pain. "Fuck, man," he bleated, "you're splitting me apart!"

"Stay with me, Danny. Almost there. You're doing great. Just try to stay relaxed, okay?"

With a final push I forced my way inside his thoughts. Something inside Danny's head crumbled as I went in deeper than before and my push speared him like a butterfly on a collector's board. Success!

"Urrrk ..." Danny gurgled softly as his thoughts collapsed and twitched around my will. Resistance almost completely gone, his body went limp, sagging against the Jeep under us, and my cock slid deeper into his newly relaxed ass.

At last I had my cock all the way inside him, and my crotch was pressed against the solid mounds of the young jock's incredibly tight ass. Danny's face was slack, his eyes half rolled back in his head. He moaned quietly. My body kept his pinned against the Jeep, my mind had his pinned around the pole of my will that I'd pushed into his head, and my cock had his ass pinned in place and ready to get fucked. How long would I be able to hold him? I didn't know. All this mental stuff was getting easier the more I did it. The more I'd battered down Danny's resistance, the less he'd fought against me, until now he was completely open to me. Knowing my mental trick was what had broken past his inhibitions and gotten us to this point was giving me an even bigger rush than the feel of my hard-on lodged inside his tight hole. If this was what being a Talent was all about, I decided maybe I was okay with that.

Did Danny need more time to become accustomed to my intruder dick in his ass?--Or was he really wanting it by now? I continued to whisper softly into the guy's ear and mind, gentling him like he was a chick, telling him how hot his ass felt, how good he was making me feel, how sexy he was about to feel once I really started fucking him.

I slowly withdrew my dick, then pushed it back in. Danny began to moan again, low and kind of muffled by his arm under his mouth. I kept going. His mind and body stayed limp. Before long, I was able to slide in and out with relative ease, even though Danny's ass was still so tight and still seemed

to resent my cock. When my massive dick plunged back in, Danny's tight asshole was the center of my world. I fell into a slow, steady rhythm, gaining intensity with every thrust.

"Oh, God," Danny gasped, coming back to himself a little in spite of my thoughts holding his mind. His tone was different, like he was finally starting to feel pleasure instead of pain. "Oh, man ... Yeah ... Oh, fuck ... Fuck me ... C'mon, *fuck me* ..."

That was all him. I hadn't pushed him that time.

I couldn't believe how good this felt. Danny's ass felt so different from any girl's pussy I'd ever banged: tighter, hotter, better. And now Danny was practically begging for it. Yeah, I wanted to fuck this guy until we both dropped from exhaustion. I loved the way his ass massaged every millimeter of my meat-stick. The heat, the way his ass gripped my dick--it all threatened to send me into orgasm immediately. I had to remind myself repeatedly to slow down because I wanted to prolong the experience of fucking his ass, the intense sensations this fuck was giving me, the rush of having this muscular young jock pinned beneath me and begging for my dick. Romantic?--Hell, no. Hot?--Fuck, yeah! This was just sex and dominance, the ultimate in guy-on-guy bonding. I'd deal with anything else later. Right then, I was going to focus on riding the wave of ecstasy until I came, until we both came.

I was powerless against the overload of sensations coursing through my body, urging me to fuck on, fuck harder, faster, and Danny was definitely feeling great too. He was moving a little now, but squirming with pleasure instead of pain and not fighting me at all anymore. I was giving him what he wanted, and he was giving me what I wanted, and it all came down to my dick in his ass. Unintelligible sounds tumbled out of his mouth, with occasional words like *More* and *Fuck* and *Right there*. I was no longer in control of my body; everything was on auto-pilot as my body fucked my cock in and out of Danny's butt and he pushed his ass back to meet me. Danny seemed to love the way my prick massaged his insides. Judging by the way he was moaning and babbling gibberish in a language all his own, he was feeling things he'd never felt before. Like me, he was no longer the master of his fate. We'd both relinquished control to each other and to the fuck we were experiencing.

Suddenly--gasping, "Oh, *fuck!*"-- the tingle in my cock-head meant I couldn't hold back any longer. Pumping Danny's ass felt too sweet! This time when I jammed my thick, hard rod through his tunnel, I felt my dick swell even larger and the wildfire sensation in my dick-head spread immediately to my shaft and balls and spine. I was going to cum, and I was going to cum right then!

"*Hrrraawg*," Danny gurgled, throwing his head back. His body jerked involuntarily. "*Fuck!*--*Cumming*," he groaned as his body began to shudder under me, his thoughts lit up around my hold, and his ass convulsed around my cock-shaft.

Danny was cumming on my Jeep, and I didn't care right then, *couldn't* care about anything except that tight ass-squeeze that sent my beginning orgasm into overdrive and--world erupting--pleasure burning--I was shooting--I was cumming--I was creaming the condom inside Danny's butt--pleasure overwhelming me ...

I collapsed in exhaustion on top of Danny. I'd lost my hold on him during my orgasm. I wasn't sure what he was thinking or feeling. All I knew was I'd had one of the greatest orgasms ever!

Somebody behind me was clapping quietly. Two somebodies. Shocked, I yanked my dick out of Danny's ass, making him yelp in pain, as we both jerked around to face--

Steve and some other guy. Oh, fuck! It must have been later than I thought. I'd been caught by my best friend fucking his little brother's butt!

"Steve! I can explain--!" I jabbered. I tried to hide my still mostly erect cock behind my hands, but they'd already seen--and besides, the damned thing was still too big to conceal easily.

"When you didn't meet us at the train station," Steve said, grinning, "we decided to come meet you at the mall. You two put on quite a show. Oh, this is my roommate from the Institute. He's a telepath, so we knew right where to find you."

"That, and the GPS signal from when Steve hacked into your phone. Hi, I'm Tom," the other guy, a year or two older than Steve and me, said. He was grinning too. "You two put on quite a show."

Steve didn't seem pissed. If anything, he seemed to be ... smug?--Like he'd won a bet or had a long-suspected suspicion confirmed or something. He kept on grinning and said to me, "Nice dick. I never knew you liked guys. You two should have told me you were fuck-buddies."

Panicky Danny found his voice: "No--it's not--we never--"

"Well, you should. That was hot," Tom said, groping his crotch. "You got me hard as hell."

Steve rolled his eyes. "Oh, crap. Here we go again. Tom, just *breathing* makes you hard as hell. You're *always* horny!"

"And that's what you like about me, isn't it? What say we join them?"

"Wait a second. I don't know about that--this is a public parking deck, and that's my brother and my best friend you're--"

Tom put his hand on the back of Steve's neck. "Shh," Tom soothed. "Don't think about that. Think about how horny you are. I'll take care of everything. Just let me in--I'll do the thinking for you. I know how much you like that. Yeah. See? So horny. Nothing else matters."

I sensed something passing between them, from Tom to Steve. What was Tom doing to him?

Steve moaned and his eyes went half-closed. "... Yeah ... Kinda horny ...," he echoed quietly.

"Steve, why don't you deal with the pesky security cameras. Then we can join them."

"... Okay ..."

Cameras? Oh, fuck!--I'd forgotten about fucking security cameras! This parking deck was probably lousy with them!

"Don't worry," Tom said, as if he'd read my thoughts--which, being a telepath, he probably had. "The guard watching the monitors has been sound asleep since we got here. You can thank me for that later. Steve, the cameras?"

"Yeah ..." Steve looked around. I heard something crack, like plastic being crushed. A few bits of something fell from the ceiling about ten yards away, followed by another cracking sound down the

way, and a third down near the far side of the deck. Steve's telekinesis: lousy at finesse, but great for crushing cameras.

Tom and Steve started unbuttoning their uniform tunics with the little stylized Institute logo. What the fuck was going on here? I had to get control of this situation. I looked at Tom and Steve and stammered, "Hey, guys--listen--this was just a one-time thing--it doesn't mean we're gay or anything--" I needed to get control quickly. If Tom could do shit to our minds, I needed to deal with him first, and I needed to deal with him hard. I looked at him and--

PUSH

--nothing happened. Absolutely nothing. I frowned at Tom and tried again.

PUSH

Nothing. The way my head felt told me that little trick of mine was outgoing--but then nothing seemed to connect, like he just brushed it aside.

Tom smirked at me. "Well, I think it's safe to say your Talent profile should be upgraded from *latent* to *manifesting*. I'm betting you tripped all kinds of Talent scanners in the mall this evening. The Institute will be scrambling a recruiter to come get you soon."

Steve slow-chuckled. "Yeah, he was always kind of a late-bloomer."

"I'll have to contact the Recruitment office when we're finished here," Tom said. "Now that we know about him, he's going to have to come back with us after this weekend. You know the rules."

"Yeah, I guess." Steve had his shirt off. Bare feet. Working on his belt and fly. His head seemed clearer, but he seemed to have forgotten whatever objections he had a few moments ago. "Look on the bright side, buddy," Steve said to me as he unzipped. No underwear, same as always. "You always say you want to see me more often. This way you can. You're going to love the guys at the Institute." As Steve shoved his pants down, he eyed my dick, which kept peeping out from behind my concealing hands. "And something tells me they're going to love you."

Steve stood up and pulled his feet out of his pants, displaying his naked body to me. I was struck by how handsome he was. Danny was hot; Steve was even hotter, all muscles and blondness. Something was happening to me. I didn't feel shame or embarrassed anymore. I felt ... Well, I felt horny as hell. My balls were tingling, and my dick, which had gone most of the way limp, was reviving and stiffening. Something was happening in my head, so subtly I barely realized it. Tom, that fucker! I turned on him and said, "You're fucking doing this to me--"

He just grinned and winked. "You can thank me for that later, too."

Then suddenly, without a shadow of a doubt, I knew what I wanted, needed, craved, and nothing else was important. Something lifted my body, Steve's telekinesis again, and dropped me clumsily up onto the fender. I laid back, lifted my legs. "Fuck me!" I panted at Steve. "Fuck me!"

Danny hit the fender beside me, laying out too, legs in the air too, his shoulder pressing against mine. "Fuck me!"

"Jeeze, Tom," Steve grouched as he stroked his erection. "Don't zap them so hard next time, okay?"

"Shut up and get busy," Tom barked back.

Steve bent between my upraised legs. He pushed my knees higher. His face zeroed in on my ass. I thought he was just going to get a closer look, but then I felt his tongue lap across my ass-crack and my hole. *Holy shit!* He licked again. "Yagh!" I croaked as new sensations jolted through my body. I'd never known my ass could feel like that.

I knew Tom had given me a telepathic zap like the trick I'd used on Danny, only a lot stronger, but right then I didn't care. All I wanted was for Steve to stop teasing my ass with his tongue and start poking his hard-on inside me. I knew he was trying to loosen my ass so he could fuck me, and I wanted him to do exactly that. I was glad we were skipping directly to the part where I'd get fucked. Like I'd told Danny about the college frats, the pain of getting fucked would confirm I was a man. Besides, I wasn't sure I was up for sucking a cock yet--that seemed ... somehow *too gay*, if that makes any sense. Tom had probably bypassed a lot of issues by advancing us directly to the butt-fucking. This way I could let them take charge and I could just lay back and enjoy the inevitable.

Tom meanwhile was at work licking Danny's ass and loosening him up too--though technically my big ol' dick probably had stretched Danny's hole wide enough already to drive a truck through. Danny and I laid there side by side on the Jeep, moaning and twisting at the mercy of everything Tom and Steve were doing to us, and we loved it. Danny shifted toward me, and his face met mine, and he raised his torso a little and pressed his mouth to mine. I was shocked as hell--but after a moment I started returning his kiss with gusto, which shocked me even more. Danny was a damned great kisser, and I was determined to give as good as I got.

Steve came up for air, then dived back into my ass crack. He slurped away at my hole, sending my head into orbit. No one had ever eaten my ass before, but he was obviously no beginner at this, which made me wonder what else he'd been learning at the Institute. He explored my hole with his tongue and then an index finger. I knew I should relax as he started trying to insert the fingertip. I kept feeling my ass-muscles contract, and I couldn't stop them. All of a sudden, my whole lower body seemed to go limp--Tom's doing, I bet--including my ass-ring, and Steve's spit-slick finger slid easily inside me. He poked in a second, and frigged my hole a few times before adding a third finger.

"Fuck me," I gasped.

"Fuck me," Danny groaned.

Tom and Steve stood up. Tom passed Steve a condom and held up the bottle of hand lotion. "Looks like these amateurs weren't thinking ahead. We'll have to make do with the lotion for lubrication."

Steve snickered. "We can use the supplies in your bag later. Right now, though ..."

"Truer words were never spoken."

To me, Steve said, "You got a big dick, buddy. Maybe I'll ride it before the weekend's over. But right now, are you ready for this?"

I nodded. How could I *not* be ready?

Steve shoved his dick in me. *Holy fuck!*--I definitely wasn't ready for this! The pain--I yowled, "*Gaah!*" Even though I knew he'd gotten less than half his dick inside me so far, my ass felt like he was tearing it open with a tree trunk.

"Easy, buddy. Breathe. Breathe. That's it. Ride it out. You won't believe how good it'll feel in a few minutes. Ride it out."

The pain kept my mind racing and I almost panicked for a moment, not sure if I could do this, but I was too fucking horny to try to roll away and escape. Tom probably wouldn't have let me, anyway. So instead I pressed my head back against the solidity of my Jeep and took my cock into my right hand and shut my eyes, letting Steve take control of my body with his hands on my legs and his cock up my ass. My hand stroking my dick helped distract me. How had I known to do that?--That fucking Tom, I bet. I wasn't complaining, though.

Steve's muscular body rocked back and forth. I was fascinated by how good-looking he was, by the way his muscles moved, which kept distracting me from the way his cock seemed to pulverize my ass. Actually, he wasn't fucking me that deeply or that hard yet; my poor abused hole just felt like he was. When I'd seen his hard-on earlier, it seemed a good size, not as big as mine, but in my ass it felt gargantuan. My ass burned, punctuated by stabs of even more agony. Pumping my cock with my right hand made the pain start to change. I gasped as he worked his cock into me, and I groaned when he slid it nearly out. Steve began to find a rhythm and settled in a slow but gradually quickening pace that made my balls feel like they were going to explode and my cock like a thick stick of fire in my hand.

I rolled my head left and right. I glanced at Tom, and he was looking at me--our eyes met and ... I felt something happen inside me, a wave of lazy happiness flowing through me, pushing aside all the rest of the pain. I felt like I was floating on blissful clouds of passion and pleasure now. I relaxed, gave up fighting the invader in my ass. My body began to push back hungrily against Steve as he fucked me. He used his hands on my legs to help rock our bodies together, like he was guiding a wild bucking steer, and soon we were moving together, my body giving itself to his cock completely. When I'd fantasized about Steve in the past, my fantasies never got much further than wondering what he looked like naked and erect. Now I'd learned that and I was also learning how well he could fuck. Fuck, how could I have not realized until now that getting my ass plundered would feel so damned great? I already loved Steve's cock in my ass. And what about Tom's?--Would his feel as good? Or even Danny's too? Man, I couldn't wait to have them each fuck me too so I could compare.

Steve snickered at the way I was moaning and said, "Tom, I think you've unleashed a monster here."

"Don't blame me. All I did was lower some inhibitions."

I growled, "Shut up and fuck me, Steve!"

"Yeah, shut up and fuck!" Danny hissed, reminding me he lay beside me. Danny's face rolled toward mine and we kissed again. His hand crossed my groin and nudged my fist off my dick. I let my arms fall away limply. Danny's hand took mine's place, wrapped around my cock, stroked me. His hand on my rod felt completely different from the way mine did when I jacked off. Another guy was stroking my cock, and I fucking loved it.

Ten strokes later, I cried out, unable to keep quiet as I felt a sudden, irresistible power-surge of cum building in my prick and balls when Steve pushed all the way and held his cock there in my ass and Danny gave my dick a squeeze. And then I was orgasming hard, my third climax of the night so far, my nearly empty balls pumping hard to send a couple of thick ropes of white cum into the air, onto my thighs, onto Danny's hand.

Danny let go of my cock, which still twitched as dribbles of cum oozed out. I tried to catch my breath, shuddering from the aftershocks of my powerful orgasm. Steve stepped back and tugged at the condom until it was off. He stroked his cock a couple of times and groaned, "Oh, fuck, yeah," and squirted his sperm at my thighs.

I reached for Danny's cock, wanting to return the favor, but I was too late. His body arched upward, and he gasped, and cum jetted out of his untouched dick.

Tom pulled off his condom and turned toward Steve, who sank to his knees. Steve licked at Tom's balls while Tom jacked himself off. Tom had a big dick, I noticed, though I was secretly pleased that mine was still the biggest. In less than a minute, Tom's dick spat sperm across Steve's cheek and shoulder.

I pushed myself up onto my elbows and blinked. What *the fuck* had just happened?

"Well, that sure looked like fun, guys," somebody said from behind Tom. "But I'm afraid the party's over."

Both Tom and Steve turned to face the speaker. Over Tom's shoulder, I saw--oh, damn!--a mall security guard. His security cart was parked down at the other end of the deck, and we hadn't heard him arrive. He was a good-looking guy, well-built, probably around thirty, but all I could think was: *Crap--we are so screwed!*

"No, the party's just getting started, officer," Tom purred, "and you definitely want to join us."

The security guard stared into Tom's eyes, then he blinked. "I ... Yeah, okay," he murmured, and he began to unbutton his shirt.

Fucking hell, I thought. *At this rate, we'll never get out of here before the bars close.* But then again, as long as I got laid again, I wasn't about to complain about the change of plans.
