

Learning

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Jim has finished with his chores, and now his uncle Butch want to show off how well-trained Jim has become.

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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Andy woke up slowly, lazily, but he always made sure he woke up before the others in his barracks.

He opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling beams overhead, and he brought his hands up to his chest, enjoying the tease of his fingers along the youth-smooth curves of muscle. Dawn light washed through the barracks windows, a dull glow through dirty glass, and the hoarse sleep-breathing of the other youths, all younger than he, filled the barn-like room. *Fucking punk kids*, Andy swore silently. He was eighteen and had been at the Institute for five weeks, almost the full term of induction training. *Five down, one more week to go*, he thought, and then four or five years of training to go before he could maybe get a field assignment and get out of this place.

Still, he was away from home and his psycho-nutbag mother, so that was something. He had trusted her with his secret, and she had betrayed him; she has preferred her conspiracy theories about Talents to her own son. Well, good riddance! The one positive thing to come from being recruited, as far as Andy could tell, was he would never have to see that bitch again or hear her latest diatribe about how the government was using Talents in a secret campaign to take over the world. But he missed his old life, and his old friends; being

morning-horny and pumping out a load made the hurt go away, but only for a little while. He never had much time, so he needed to enjoy what little solitude he had left before those damned kids woke up and started driving him crazy again with their noise and activity and constant mind-chatter.

He stroked his arched chest one more time and traced the borders of his nipples, then reached lower, along his flat stomach, under the waistband of the regulation boxers he slept in, and into his crotch. He had a hard-on--hell, he always woke up with one going--and he gripped its potent stiffness, tugging upward to the wide-flanged head and back to the base. That felt good--hell, waking up horny and playing with his dick always felt good, and he stretched his fingers to fumble his slippery, loose-hanging balls. He liked the way his big nuts barely fit into his palm, and he rolled them and thought about waking Terry, the kid in the next bunk. That guy was maybe a year younger than Andy, but yeah, he was already an accomplished cock-sucker. Andy liked to wake Terry up some mornings and haul him into the latrine where they could have some privacy before the rest of the kids woke up, and Andy would let the guy gulp down on his stud-prick, thinking to hell with what the others might think, because he and Terry were both just plain horny and getting off, and Terry loved to suck cock and never asked Andy to do anything in return. But no, Andy decided, no cock-sucker today. Maybe he would just take his time in the shower and beat off. Yeah, a nice, leisurely stroke-session under a hot shower sounded damn good.

Friday morning. One last day of induction training before the weekend, which meant two whole days of doing nothing around the barracks, before their last week began.

Andy threw back the coarse blanket covering him and swung to his feet. Strong muscles ridged beneath his skin, as he grabbed his shaving gear and started for the latrine at the end of the cot-lined room. The other kids were still asleep, and by the time he got to the latrine, his hard-on had faded.

The room was humid and stank of disinfectant. Andy went to the urinal, flipped his prick out of his boxers, and started to piss. He watched the golden stream splash against the stained porcelain trough and sluice to the open drain, and he thought about having another week of induction training to go before they were assigned to smaller training teams, given semi-private dorm assignments, and mixed into the general trainee pool here at the Institute. Yeah, one more week of living in this damn barracks, waking up horny every morning, having the kids around all the time, jacking off or getting a blow-job when he got the chance and a little privacy, obeying the rules and regulations--and then--shit!--the rest of his life would be governed by this Institute crap, even if he got a field assignment. Yeah, the details might change, but the overall picture would be the same.

Andy had been plenty scared when he was first brought to the Institute and thrown into the induction barracks, but for the first few days the staff and handlers kept him and his fellow new recruits too busy to think about their situation. On the first day, the handlers took the recruits' clothes and personal gear and assigned each of them a bunk and a locker, and then the recruits were sent through showers and haircuts and dozens of psychological, physical, and medical tests as their minds, bodies, and Talents were being assessed. "Measuring and Medical," the handlers called it, and it ran for almost the full first week. The recruits were kept naked for that entire time--for *ready access*, the handlers said--and the recruits never knew when they would be ordered to line up and submit to whatever test some medico decided to perform next. Yeah, Andy recalled, after a week of being naked, being poked and prodded and measured in whatever intimate, embarrassing way was required, he and his fellow recruits had damn sure gotten over any self-consciousness about being nude in a hurry. Finally, they were issued their induction uniforms and settled into what from then on became pretty much the same routine--classes in the morning, preliminary Talent training in the early afternoon, followed by gym and athletics in the late afternoon to tire them out before dinner, and an hour of free time before lights-out.

Most of the other guys in the barracks were just kids. They had gotten "recruited" and sent here to the Institute soon after their Talents manifested, so most of them were around fourteen years old. *Fucking punk*

kids, Andy thought again. He himself had been a late-bloomer, manifesting late. Since he had been home-schooled, he managed to avoid the detectors and tests that caught most of these guys at a younger age. Until his mother had found out what he could do, found out he was manifesting one of those disgusting Talents. She called the Institute herself to report him, the very same afternoon. New "recruits" were dumped together by recruitment date and grouped by type of Talent, so timing meant Andy found himself in a barracks with other recruits younger than he, a bunch of kids except for Terry in the next bunk, a year younger than Andy but not nearly as far away in age and maturity as the rest of the little punks.

Yeah, Terry sure knew what his mouth and ass were for, and he was good at using them. The rest of the punks, they were still learning about their dicks. Life in the barracks meant everybody saw everybody else bare-butt naked, so they had all seen pretty much every kind and shape of cock there was by now, but those punks were still figuring out what their cocks were for. Andy had not known much more than they did when he arrived, but he had already known the basics, and Terry had been happy to help him continue his education on what getting a blow-job felt like, and Terry had even agreed to let Andy try fucking his ass too, once. Yeah, Andy sure knew a lot more than the rest of those punks.

Finished pissing, he shook off the last drops, tucked his cock back in his boxers; he crossed to one of the basins to wash his hands and splash water on his face, and he met his reflection in the mirror. His dark hair, cut regulation-short, was mussed, and his features were rapidly losing the last traces of boyishness. His eyes narrowed beneath heavy brows as he studied himself, and he grinned proudly as he examined the faint beard-shadow along his jaw. None of the others needed to shave much yet, not even Terry. Andy dug his razor and shaving cream from his kit and started to work.

Andy was mostly finished with his shave when the door behind him opened, and a tall, blond older youth sauntered in. No inductee, he wore the official Institute uniform.

Andy nodded a greeting. "Hey, Steve, what're you doing here this early?" Steve was not one of the inductees; he was older, a full trainee; he had been coming around several times over the last couple of weeks, when none of the guards and staff were around, getting to know the new inductees--obviously breaking the *no fraternization with the older Talents* rule, but nobody gave a shit. Steve was a telepath too, like Andy, and Andy found himself respecting Steve as a sort of mentor, someone who knew the ropes around this place. Yeah, not only did Steve know the rules, he also knew which ones could be bent and how to bend them, and Andy wanted very much to learn those loopholes, if only to relieve the unending boredom of being cooped up in the barracks when they were not going through the endless series of medical exams, class time, and Talent-testing forced upon all of the new recruits as part of their induction training.

"Lookin' for you." Steve grinned and leaned back against the wall. "Had a hunch you'd be up early."

"You know I like to shave and shower before the kids start crowding around." Andy concentrated on scraping the stubble and lather from his chin. "You remember what living in the barracks is like."

"Yeah, it's been a couple of years for me, but I remember." Steve scratched lazily at his chest. "That's why I joined the Wolves and moved into New Dorm the first chance I got. Your indoctrination trainin' is over end of next week, right?"

"You know it is."

"Got any plans for your last weekend before they dump you into the general population?"

"Hell, no," Andy chuckled as he wiped the last traces of the cream from his cheek and put his razor away. "Why? Got something in mind?" He strolled toward the shower area at the far side of the latrine. "Stick around, and we can go down to breakfast together."

In the shower room, Andy flipped on one of the spigots, drenched himself, and began soaping, and he thought how easily he and the drawling blond had become friends. Yeah, Steve was like an older brother, palling around with him, sneaking him out of the barracks to go swimming and working out in the gym together, talking man-to-man like Andy was his equal and not a younger inductee. They had even shared Terry the cock-sucker once. Andy worked the lather into his armpits and across his firm chest then down over the curves and hollows of his torso, and he smiled to himself as he reached the broad tangle of pubic hair at his groin. While he had psychically matured late, physically he had matured early, and at eighteen he already looked more man than adolescent; he looked down as he washed his full, limp-hanging genitals, his thick prick dangling over his slow-working fingers. He was a year or two younger, but he recalled with satisfaction that he already had nearly as much meat as older Steve--more, maybe.

Andy hunched forward to scrub his solid thighs and legs, then straightened and stretched to wash his back and tight-rounded butt. When he turned, he saw Steve slouched against the doorway, watching him openly. Well, no problem--the tight quarters of the barracks meant Andy did not mind if his friend saw him naked again. Andy shrugged and asked Steve, "How come you showed up here this morning?"

"I wanted to talk to you in private." Steve's drawl was quiet and relaxed. "Ever had your ass fucked?"

Andy's head snapped up in surprise, eyes wide. "What? Hell, no!"

"The word's goin' around--Stoker's hot to screw you. He likes breakin' in the new meat, and he's got his eye on your ass."

"No way!" Andy had seen Stoker around, knew he was the leader of the Dragons, one of the gangs some of the Talents belonged to. Stoker looked like a tough bastard; Andy might be able to handle him alone, but if he came with a couple or more of his crew, Andy would not be able to fight them all off, even with his telepathy. Plus, Stoker was a pyrokinetic--most members of his gang were--and pyrokinetics scared the shit out of Andy. If a telepath like himself lost control, the people around him might end up with headaches. A telekinetic might throw a few things around. But if a pyrokinetic lost control, people and buildings got burned, sometimes badly. "No fucking way!"

Steve shrugged. His voice was even, just stating the facts: "Stoker's a chief, got some pretty rough guys in his gang. They'll corner you, sooner or later." He stretched his neck left, then right. "Nick said to tell you there's an empty bunk in our part of New Dorm, if you want to move in."

Andy sucked in a deep breath. "Nick's damn rough himself." Nick led one of the other gangs, the Wolves, mostly telepaths, the gang Steve belonged to. Steve had explained a couple of days after they met. While the majority of the Institute trainees were independent, a small number grouped together in a different kind of interpersonal structure. These were the three or four gangs, each headed by a chief. Andy already knew about the basics of "social contract" theory, the way the dominant assert their leadership, the way others seek out their protection. In the outside world, gangs were associated with violence and illegal activity, but inside the Institute population, the gangs were more interested in keeping the social order, organized around strong leaders and the members they both protected and helped keep in line. When Steve had explained the way things worked, Andy had nodded and admitted the system seemed to make sense, though he had also thought he would stay independent when he was put into the general population after his induction training was complete.

Still mulling what Steve had said, Andy rinsed and flipped off the water. "Toss me a towel, huh?"

"Sure." Steve picked up a pair of towels from the stack by the door, handing one to Andy as he came from the showers. "I'll dry your back."

"Uh ... Okay. Thanks." Andy turned around, accepting the other towel and rubbing it over his chest and arms.

"Nick's a good chief," Steve continued. "He calls the shots, but he looks out for his guys. If he thinks you'll fit in with our crew, you don't gotta worry about Stoker and his bunch any more--that's the way it works."

"Yeah, I know." He felt Steve's towel press down the small of his back, and along the crack in his ass, then slip forward between his legs to brush the back of his loosened balls. A nervous tremor ran through Andy's body. "That empty bunk--it's in your room?"

"Nope. I'm already roomin' with Pack." Steve stepped back. "Don't get the wrong idea. When you join a gang, you belong to the gang--and to the chief."

Andy finished drying his chest and legs and tossed his towel aside. "Think I'd be better off with Nick and you guys than with Stoker?"

"That's up to you."

"Not much of a choice."

"Better'n gettin' gang-raped."

"Yeah, I guess so." He reached for his boxer-shorts. "Nick ever fuck you?"

"Yup."

Andy froze, and his eyebrow shot up in surprise at Steve's easy admission.

Steve gave a half-grin. "Way I see it, you can get your cherry popped by a crew that'll look out for you, or you can get gang-raped by a bunch of bastards that don't give a shit."

"Wow--some choice," Andy muttered. He thought about his options and straightened to look Steve in the eye. "Uh ... Well, if you can take it, I guess I can too."

"I was kinda hopin' you'd decide that." Steve's grin widened. "Tell ya what. Show me what you can do, so's I can tell Nick you're ready to run with the Wolves."

Andy blinked. "Huh?" Because the rules said the recruits were not supposed to use their Talents outside of the daily testing, when experts were standing by--and they certainly were not supposed to use their Talents on one another in the barracks. "But," Andy began, though he realized Steve already knew the regulations. Besides, Steve had a couple of years of training in how to use his telepathy, where Andy's had only recently manifested and he had only a few initial training sessions. Steve knew that too. So why, Andy wondered, would Steve want him to--

"It's okay, buddy. I won't tell nobody 'cept Nick. Just come at me with everything you got. Show me how strong you are."

Well, okay, Andy decided with a shrug. He had not learned finesse yet, so pretty much the *only* thing he had figured out how to do with his telepathy so far was to throw it full-force at people. But no matter how strong he was, he knew he could not do much against Steve; blocking out other people's thoughts was one of the first things a telepath learned, or else he went crazy from all the head-voices yammering at him nonstop. Steve had years of experience on Andy. But Steve was his friend, practically like an older brother in this damn place, and if Steve wanted him to--

"Okay," Andy muttered. "You ready?"

Steve flickered half a grin. "Come at me, bud."

So Andy focused his telepathy and felt that part of his mind start to wake up like a seldom-used muscle, and then he pushed forward with every bit of his mental strength. If Steve wanted to see how strong he was, Andy would give him everything he had. The push became a shove, then an outpouring of pure power, as everything Andy had inside him slammed into Steve's walls. He could not get past Steve's mind-barriers, of course--the effect seemed like trying to use the spray from a garden hose to knock down a concrete wall--but opening up like this felt so damned good, not holding anything back. Andy funneled all of his anger, loneliness, and hurt, from everything that had ever happened to him--his psycho mother, being torn from his old life and sent here to this place, even his constant horniness--and turned it into a raw blast at Steve's mental barrier.

When his strength was spent, Andy's telepathic stream weakened to a trickle, then faded away. He felt exhausted, which he had expected, but also oddly light, as though he had purged himself of a weight he had not realized he had been carrying.

"Not bad," Steve said, grinning. "Feel better?"

Andy thought for a moment. Steve was such a good friend, and yes, Andy *did* feel better, a lot better. He grinned and nodded.

That half-smile again. "Thought you might."

But did he feel better than he should? His thoughts seemed different, as though he was being distracted from something.

Better this way.

That was Steve's voice in Andy's head? Well, of course it was. No wonder everything felt so relaxed, so colored by Steve's presence and thoughts of what good friends they had become. Andy had been so distracted by blasting all of his energy at Steve's mental walls, he had not felt his friend sneak into his head. Yes, if he concentrated, Andy could almost sense a tendrils of telepathic energy stretching from Steve and sinking into his thoughts. When he tried to grasp them, they dissipated like smoke, only for reform elsewhere.

Stop. Everything's the way it's supposed to be.

Well, of course it was. Steve was his good friend, like a brother, looking out for him. Andy stopped trying to wrestle with the tendrils and found himself grinning and nodding in agreement. The tendrils of Steve's presence seemed to coalesce, forming--a cord? *No*, Andy decided, *a leash*. A leash for guiding him and making sure he came along. As soon as he realized that, Andy felt himself accept that he would indeed come along, no trouble, no resistance; he would have to--he was leashed, after all, and that meant he had to. Andy felt Steve note his acceptance with satisfaction, and Andy was happy that he had pleased his friend. *Follow me.*

Andy knew he should feel self-conscious, following mind-leashed behind the older telepath, walking into the barracks naked with the kids waking up and staring at him and his older friend. A barracks full of telepaths, even untrained, would immediately sense the connection running from Steve to Andy, even if the kids might not fully understand what it meant. He heard them buzzing to each other and saw several bounce bubble-butt-naked from one bed to the next, whispering wisely and spreading the word--yeah, they had guessed at least the basics of what Steve was doing, and maybe understood why he was there, too. But as soon as Andy started to feel the embarrassment, he felt it fade. Yeah, Steve was taking good care of him, like a big brother,

making sure he felt no shame. Andy had been leashed by an older, more experienced telepath--no embarrassment in that.

Andy followed Steve toward his bunk. They passed Terry's, next to Andy's, where Steve's roommate Pack sat mind-talking to Terry, who must have just awakened because he still looked foggy-eyed, as if half-asleep. Andy nodded to Terry and Pack as he moved to the locker behind his bunk. He opened the locker and reached for his recruit uniform shirt.

Just the pants. Won't need nothin' else.

Andy nodded. Obviously, he would not need any other clothing. No need for self-consciousness either--all the guys in the barracks had seen him bare-ass many times before--so had Steve, when they shared Terry's cock-sucking mouth and earlier when Andy was showering. Yeah, Steve was taking good care of him, and he had no reason for embarrassment. Andy took out a pair of uniform trousers and pulled them on.

"You fellers get Andy's shavin' kit off the sink in the latrine and stow it away. Make up his bunk, too," Steve drawled authoritatively to the kids. "Tell your instructors Nick from the Wolves has taken him off-duty for today."

Andy felt his face flush, too quickly for Steve to fully mute his emotions. Yeah, the kids knew what having a chief take one of them off-duty meant; and if Nick sent him back, they would all know Andy had not been good enough to join the gang. And then Stoker and his Dragons would be sure to gang-fuck him.

Better this way, Steve's mind-voice whispered to Andy. So's you'll come along peaceful and won't give me no trouble. Nick's waitin'.

Outside, the morning was clear and already warm, and they walked in silence past the row of barracks. Andy barely registered the familiar sights. He was too distracted by how pleasantly drowsy-groggy he still felt this morning--the feel of the ground under his bare feet, sometimes grass, sometimes a concrete sidewalk, then grass again--how good the early sunlight and slight breeze felt on his bare chest--and the anchoring comfort of Steve's arm draped buddy-friendly across his shoulders, keeping him moving, guiding him forward--and Steve's presence inside his head, like a calming fog that Andy could not quite grasp or wipe away--and best of all, Andy's male-strong cock, half-hard against the inside of his trousers, the scrape of the rough fabric keeping his dick half-aroused and sex-heavy, sending tingling ripples through his entire body, coloring everything he felt with a sweet horniness. Andy barely noticed their passage in front of the ancient, stone-faced administration building. He seemed to be practically floating along instead of walking, guided, kept on track by Steve's steady arm.

Waking up was always hard for Andy, and now he felt as though someone kept pressing the snooze button on his mind: his thoughts starting to wake up and clear, then slipping into fog again, waking up, slipping away. He kept getting lost in a memory, almost like dreaming, of the night he met Steve. The second week of induction training, Andy had pulled some shit duty, heavy physical labor, that kept him away from the barracks through dinner-time and their free hour, until nearly lights-out. He dragged himself back, dead-tired, to find his fellow recruits all bare-ass naked and gathered around a bunk, watching this one dark-haired stud Andy did not know, also naked and stretched out on the mattress and playing with his dick. He was older, more mature than the recruits, probably a full Institute cadet, even though they were not supposed to mix with the new recruits, and he seemed to be telling Andy's younger, awed barracks-mates all about how a guy's genitals grew and what they did, using his own as a demonstration. Andy had heard more scientific sex-education lectures on the subject, but this guy was really serious, like a teacher with a bunch of wide-eyed, eager students. Most of them had erections, and the guy let them play with his and compare sizes, shapes, whatever they were curious about. Andy thought this should be weird, but somehow the display already seemed perfectly normal to his barracks-mates, and after a moment, Andy found himself agreeing that, yeah,

this really was a natural way for these kids to be learning how their bodies would be changing thanks to hormones without getting embarrassed, and he knew that they would probably soon end up having a circle-jerk session--a perfectly natural way for them to burn off some energy, see how many of them could shoot and how much, release some tension. After all, they had damn little privacy in a barracks--communal showers and all--and they had already lost any shyness they may have had. Hell, at that age, Andy had been inquisitive too, and having this guy help them figure out a few sex experimentation things seemed the most ordinary thing in the world. Hell, the instructors probably wanted things that way; the guys would be more relaxed and less likely to get into trouble if they were getting their rocks off regularly. Even telepaths could benefit from a head-full of endorphins.

But right then, Andy was a sweaty, exhausted mess, and he did not have the energy to watch and listen to the guy. All he wanted was to clean up in the shower, then haul himself to his bunk and pass out until morning. He pushed himself against the urge to stand and watch, the jittery tingle in his balls that had his cock threatening to harden, just a little, in spite of his exhaustion, pushed himself to the foot of his bunk, stripped down to his regulation skivvies, and then shuffled his way to the showers.

Ahh!--The hot shower was great, and Andy felt some energy begin to seep into his spent muscles again.

Sensing a presence, Andy opened his eyes, saw a blond-haired stranger watching him.

Name's Steve, the stranger's mind-voice said in Andy's head. After nearly two weeks of being at the Institute, guys talking mind-to-mind was starting to seem commonplace for Andy. *You must be pretty strong--Pack didn't have no trouble convincin' your bunk-mates--but you, you waltzed right on by.*

"Pack?"--and Andy saw an image of the dark-haired stud stroking himself on the bed. Thurston J. Packwell, the Fourth, or Pack for short. Steve's roommate. Wolves--whatever that meant. Andy received too much too quickly, could not catch everything Steve was sending.

Steve grinned. *Don't worry none--you'll get the hang of it soon 'nuff.*

Andy nodded. Steve was treating him like an equal, not like the handlers who patronized him like a kid just because he was fresh inductee--the same way they treated his younger bunk-mates, who really were kids. Already Steve seemed like a good friend.

"Mind if I join you?" Steve said out loud. Andy realized for the first time that Steve was naked, and he watched his new blond friend strut cock-swinging to the showerhead opposite him and crank on the water. As Steve bent and twisted himself under the spray, Andy watched him, impressed by the older cadet's body and good looks.

And if Andy found himself getting hard, that was okay. Steve was showing signs of a hard-on too. Natural. Somehow Andy knew that, out in the barracks beyond, the kids were following Pack's example and jacking off, a few circle-jerking. Relieving some tension. Experimenting. Perfectly natural.

"Feels good, huh?" Steve called across the tiled room over the spray sound.

Was he talking about the shower?--Or about their dicks being half-erect and rising? Either way, Andy answered, "Yeah."

Andy felt something telepathic flaring somewhere, but he was not yet good enough with his own ability to determine who or where or what.

Steve smirked, as if he knew a secret. "Know what else will feel good?"

Before Andy could ask what he meant, Terry stood in the doorway to the shower room. Terry, who had the bunk next to Andy's, a year younger than Andy but hardly a kid himself, and who had made no secret from the first day about being gay. Terry the cock-sucker, naked and looking at Steve's rising hard-on, then Andy's, with undisguised hunger.

And the next thing Andy knew, Terry was on his knees in the middle of the shower room, and Steve was poking his dick into Terry's mouth, and Andy just watched at first. Then, too horny to stop himself, Andy stalked over, and Steve stepped aside and Andy gave Terry his erection. *Real cool*, Andy thought, sharing a cock-sucker with his new buddy like that. That cock-sucker sure knew what he was doing--felt great--and Andy's cock and balls started buzzing, and the next thing he knew, he was shooting his load into Terry's mouth. Andy scuffed Terry's hair half-affectionately as his spent cock slipped from the sucker's lips. And then Steve took over and fucked Terry's face until he came. When Steve was cumming, Terry started moaning and trembling too, because he was jacking himself and then he shot his sperm on the tile floor at the same time.

Crazy, sharing a cock-sucker like that. Andy had gotten a few blow-jobs before being sent to the Institute, but he had never shared a cock-sucker with another guy before. The experience felt, he decided, really special. And after that, ignoring the rule that cadets and recruits were not supposed to mix, Steve came around every couple of days, sometimes to get Andy out of the boredom of another night in the barracks, maybe go to the gym to swim or work out, maybe just hang out and talk, and they got to be friends for real.

Andy blinked, rousing from the dream-memory, as if finally waking up. Somehow they had cleared the checkpoint between the induction area and the rest of the Institute. Andy was out of uniform, wearing only the pants that scrubbed, both rough and pleasant, across his hard and ready cock, which had to be clearly visible to anyone who looked, but Steve had taken care of everything. Anyone who saw them would know Steve was one of the Wolves, would know Andy was being taken to see the chief of the Wolves--and why. Through Steve's reassuring fog in his head, Andy realized this display must be intentional: word would get to Stoker and his Dragons. Yeah, Andy resolved again to show Nick he was tough enough to join the Wolves; no way would he be sent back. He would take anything Nick threw at him, even if it meant getting fucked, and he take everything--

Startin' to get the idea, Steve's mind-voice seemed to chuckle in Andy's head.

They had nearly completed the long walk while he was distracted by his memory, crossed the wide lawn in front of the gym at the far end, passed the dorms where most of the Institute's cadet-Talents were housed. Up a gentle hill they approached a concrete-modern, two-story dormitory. "Us Wolves got this end of New Dorm, and Stoker and his Dragons got the other end," Steve announced casually. "My room's on the second floor, next to Nick's."

"Are we going to your room to ... you know ... do it?"

Steve shrugged. "If Nick says to, but I think you'll be spendin' a bit of time in every room this weekend. Nick's the chief. What he says goes."

They entered the building, and a voice echoed from a side hall, cursing loudly, followed by laughter and a door slam. Steve led the way up a flight of stairs and down a bright-lit passageway to the end. He opened the door. "This here is Nick's place."

The room was large and spotless. An open door led to a porcelain-bright bathroom. Beneath the drape-hung windows stood a study desk, and the coffee-maker on the corner of it sent the aroma of a fresh brew into the air, making Andy's stomach growl. Two narrow beds butted against opposite walls, one neatly made, the other still sleep-rumpled. Andy blinked with surprise, surveying. "Man, you guys have it made, huh?"

"It ain't so bad," a quiet voice declared and, surprised, Andy turned to find a powerfully built young man standing towel-clad in the bathroom doorway behind him. "I'm Nick."

Andy felt telepathy flaring, like a connection being reestablished, but he could not figure out the details. Then he saw Steve's expression go just a little dreamy-distracted, and he figured Nick was--

Nick growled, "Pour us all a cup of coffee, Steve."

"Yeah ... Sure, Chief." Steve hustled to the coffee machine on the desk and began filling three mugs. "I was just tellin' Andy here about--"

"I heard you." Nick shifted to the youth, surveying him coldly. His features were sharp-cut and hard, and the wide, flat-curved plates of his chest were dusted with a patch of dark hair, his stomach muscle-etched, his mature genitals outlined beneath the carelessly-knotted towel. "Hi, Andy."

"Hi." Andy could not take his gaze off Nick's rugged, all-male build, so unlike the pink-young boys in his barracks who went running around showing off their little peckers and cock-hot butts. "Steve said ... said ..." Andy's thoughts trailed off. Thinking was so difficult. He could not seem to finish that thought, or any other. "Thanks ... for getting me off-duty today."

Nick's eyes held steady. "Your indoctrination trainin' is done in a week, right? Ready to move out of the barracks you're livin' in and into a real dorm?"

Andy was not sure why the older Talents always seemed to call the induction training "*indoctrination training*" in a snide tone, like they knew some secret about what was happening, but he would have to ask about that later, when he could hold on to the line of thought. For now, he could only answer the basic question: "Yeah ... guess so."

"If you're tough enough, there's a place open in the Wolves." He sauntered across the room and took a coffee cup from Steve. "Think he's tough enough, Steve?"

"Up to you, chief," Steve drawled.

"Damn right it is!"

Andy accepted the mug Steve offered him, and he found himself staring at Nick, fascinated by his cold, sure masculinity and the unmistakable sense of power and authority he radiated. Andy understood that he would have to do whatever the chief ordered; but somehow he also understood that, whatever Nick asked, he would do willingly--lick his balls, suck his cock, take Nick's dick up his virgin asshole--anything and everything--and he felt a tingle of sex-excitement ripple in his nuts.

"Didn't know ... you guys have things so good over here," Andy murmured, gulping his coffee. "I mean, this is like ..."

"We make the best of a lousy deal." Nick gulped down the last swallow from his cup and put it down. "You got four or five years to go here before you're trained and ready for a field assignment, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Think you can take it?--Bein' part of the Wolves?"

"I can take it."

"Wait here, Andy." Nick shrugged and nodded to Steve. "We better go see about our other guest."

"Sure," Steve nodded goofily. "Pack's gettin' him ready next door, in our room." He started toward the door, giving Andy that big-brother smile. "See you later, pal."

"I'll be right back," Nick muttered, following blond Steve into the hallway.

Andy finished his coffee and put the mug down. With Steve and Nick gone, his head seemed to be clearing. He turned, pushed back the curtain, and stared out the window, saw several youths in Institute uniforms hustling across the broad lawn toward the distant chow-hall, and a pair of guards on patrol striding down the path from one of the administration buildings. He pulled in a deep breath, and then he sensed Nick come into the room behind him, heard the door close, the lock snap.

"I was younger than you when I got into the gang," Nick said quietly, coming up in back of Andy and gripping his bare shoulders. "The chief then--man, he was a real mean son of a bitch, but I would've spent most of my time gettin' in trouble or breakin' a bunch of rules if he hadn't made me shape up." Nick rubbed his palms outward to the firm-rounded tips of Andy's shoulders and then slid them forward and down over his arched chest. He looked over Andy's shoulder, nodded toward the guards passing on the path. "Ever have them guards work you over? Or one of your instructors?"

"Yeah, once," Andy sighed, not knowing what else to say. He felt the warmth of Nick's body against his back, and he stood still, forcing himself not to shiver with the tension mounting inside him. "I wisd-off at one of the instructors, the first week, and he practically fried my brain. He made me feel like my nuts were being crushed in the world's biggest vise. Man, I almost wish they'd beat me like my psycho mom used to instead. I never hurt as bad as I did when he ... you know. I sure learned my lesson."

"Yell?"

"Not at first, but yeah, when he really cranked it up. The pain felt really real, especially when he made me feel like there was a vice clamping down on my nuts."

Nick ran his fingers back and forth over Andy's chest, brushing the tips of his nipples repeatedly. "If a guy in a gang screws up, the guards and the instructors tell the chief, and he takes care of it. I'm chief of the Wolves, and I look out for my guys--make it easy for them when they've got problems, or get them squared away when they fuck up. And the guys look out for each other--know what I mean?"

Andy felt Nick's thoughts slipping into his mind, but he could not seem to hold them back. Still, he felt the tension that had been rising in him begin to drain away. In fact everything seemed to be fading away except his awareness of Nick's warm body pressed to his. "Yeah, I guess so."

"The gang's like a family--the closest any of us fuckers will ever get to havin' a family again, maybe. But it don't mean that hittin' the sack with one of the guys is anything more'n just gettin' your rocks off together. All of us get horny--and that's all it means, understand?"

The youth looked down and watched as Nick's rough fingers grazed over his bare chest. He watched the motion of the thick knuckles, then his gaze ran up the wrist and brawny forearm, and Andy wondered if resting back against Nick would feel the same as resting back against Steve, his big brother, his pal. Steve. Something Steve had said--a thread Andy tried to grasp. "Steve told me if I got into your gang, you guys'll--"

"Yeah, Stoker and his boys'll leave you alone," Nick interrupted, "but you'll have me for a chief. Understand?"

"Yeah, I ... Sure."

Nick's arms roamed over the youth's body again, pulling Andy's bare back to Nick's bare chest; and Andy began to register that Nick's hands were weaving their way downward, pawing over the front of Andy's uniform pants, outlining his aroused cock, and digging deeper to test his full-marked testicles through the cloth. Somehow Andy's waistband and fly became open, and Nick slipped a palm down his groin and into his trouser-crotch, to feel the goods directly.

"Steve told you what to expect, huh?" Nick shoved Andy's trousers down on his thighs, and Andy registered for the first time that Nick was fully naked too, no more towel around his waist, when he felt Nick's heat-swollen prick rub against his exposed tail. "Get out of your pants, kid. Take 'em off."

Andy knew he should bristle at being called *kid*--he was eighteen, a man, damn it--but he *was* younger than Nick and he sensed Nick meant no insult, so he let the comment drift away. Without hesitation, Andy kicked his feet free of the pants tangled about his ankles, and then he was being spun about and caught face-to-face in the chief's embrace. He felt the lightly haired chest against him, and a peculiar hunger fired within him; sure, he had messed around with a little with guys his own age before the Institute, but always getting, never giving--now Nick was--yeah, Nick was like Steve--a big brother--all grown-up--man-strong and horny and--and--Andy felt the rest of the thought float away, as Nick's telepathy submersed him into a soup of obedient submission and pure lust. He managed a brief protest, "Damn it, Nick ... Chief ...," before Nick's influence drowned out all other thoughts.

"Yeah, that's right." Nick held the youth prick-to-prick, and his fingers trickled down Andy's spine, into the small of his back and along the tight crevice between his ass cheeks. "I'm the chief ... And you'll be one of the gang--just one of the gang. You understand that, right?"

"Yeah ..."

"On the bed, kid."

Of the two beds in the room, Nick turned Andy toward the one that was neatly made, military-fashion. Andy dropped on it, and then Nick was sprawled beside him, holding him, squirming against him, getting him so damn hot! Andy felt that muscle-hard body against his and smelled the scent of fresh-washed maleness--he wanted more, craved more--and then he was nuzzling the chief's chest with his lips, licking, tonguing, tasting the tang of bare flesh--

"Nick ... Chief ..."

"Stop tryin' to fight it. Shut up and keep goin', kid."

Andy felt the man's hands stroke his head then rest on his shoulders and press firmly, and Andy worked his lips downward over the strong, athletic nakedness. He felt as though he was being engulfed in Nick's warm, sensuous masculinity, and his own desire flamed so damned hot and demanding through him. Yeah, he would do anything Nick said, Andy knew--he felt too damned aroused to disagree. Then he sprawled between Nick's powerful legs, his lips only inches from the older youth's throbbing prick, and he raised his head to gaze at the potent flesh-column. Andy had gotten a few blow-jobs, never given one, but now he was confronted with the fact of Nick's erect cock, right in front of him. The shaft was thick and vein-etched with hardness, tapering slightly at the collar and topped with a gleaming, arrowhead glans, and Andy watched his fingers move on their own and lock about the base and press it back, exposing the large, tight-sacked testicles.

Something that felt like Steve or maybe Nick, maybe both, flicked inside of him, briefly, and Andy's thoughts seemed somehow distant from the action, as if his body was taking over. His body knew what to do--it was practically a machine, a sex-machine. Machines performed whatever task they were built to do, and his body

knew how to do what was required. Without hesitation, Andy's head dropped down to run his lips over Nick's balls, the warm, musky man-scent flooding into his nostrils, and a new excitement filled him as he heard Nick's murmurs of pleasure and felt the tense muscle-quivers. Then Andy's tongue was washing the sensitive organs and lapping upward to the massive cock, tracing the hardened under-cord, finally reaching the glass-slick crown and drawing it into his mouth.

"Keep goin'," Nick repeated hoarsely. "Yeah, show me you can take it."

Whispers seemed to be flowing into Andy, a voice that might have been Steve's, sharing something like instructions that Andy could not quite grasp--but, he realized, the instructions were intended for his body, not Andy himself. Yeah, Andy understood, from wherever he was, Steve was somehow teaching him how to swallow a stud's meat, Nick's meat. Andy's body knew exactly what to do, how to pleasure that cock exactly the way Nick wanted. Andy realized that Steve was teaching him how to suck dick as well as Terry--maybe even better! Teaching him to suck like a fucking sex-machine, and he understood.

Andy simply watched as his mouth swallowed the first few inches. The fresh, light taste filled his awareness as his mouth pressed downward on the solid shaft. He had never sucked cock before--he had made sure the guys before, even Terry, knew he only got sucked--but, yeah, he was willing, too aroused to do anything else, and his sex-machine body had learned how, and it worked slowly, moving his mouth down, trying to accustom itself to the choking monster, letting Nick's meat press inevitably deeper and deeper into his throat.

Finally, Andy felt the coarse pubic hair brush against his lips, and then Nick gripped the back of his head. "Damn!" Nick jammed Andy's face into his crotch, and Andy heard himself gag, just a bit, and Nick held him there for a long, conquering moment before releasing him. "Yeah, kid ... Damn!"

Andy's body jerked up, gulped for breath, and then it forced itself down on the iron-rigid dick again, all the way to the base and held there. Andy felt Nick hunch forward over him, rubbing his hands over Andy's shoulders and back, and he shivered as the palms reached his upturned ass and stroked it meaningfully. Andy's body raised his ass further to meet Nick's hands.

"Okay," Nick muttered and pushed Andy's head away and sprawled back on the bed, as a new set of instructions filled his sex-machine head. "Get up here next to me."

Andy's mouth released the powerful cock, and his body pulled up on all-fours, his own prick throbbing hard. He watched as Nick twisted to reach for something on the floor beside the cot, and when he swung back, Nick's fingers were covered with a slick liquid.

Andy understood what was coming next. A nervous fear flickered through him. "Nick--" he managed to bleat, before the older telepath's influence sedated him back into that calm distraction where he simply watched as things happened.

"Get your butt up here," Nick said aloud, and the sudden sound of his voice surprised Andy for a moment. But his body was already adjusting its all-fours stance closer beside Nick, offering up his tight-curved tail. Numb, Andy watched over his shoulder as the man smeared the liquid on his soaring cock. Nick turned and reached his hand into the narrow cleft in Andy's ass, and then Nick's lubricant-coated fingers glided across the taut anal passage.

Andy felt his asshole clench for a moment as Nick smeared the sudden coolness over it. Nick's experienced finger-strokes seemed to be hypnotizing Andy's sphincter, soothing it and making it feel like opening, wider and wider. Andy's whole body seemed to relax, as if readying for what would come, the moment Nick's finger changed its angle and pushed into his hole. He had expected Nick would mount him and slam that cock into his asshole and ride him hard and fast, but Nick was a slow-and-steady bastard instead, rubbing Andy's

back with one hand and finger-fucking him with the other. Nick probed the puckered flesh-ring carefully, then withdrew and gripped Andy's slim buns, spreading them, guiding his full-swollen rod inward.

"Yeah, you're gonna get yourself fucked," Nick growled as he centered his cock-head on the opening, pressed, eased and pressed again, then thrust strongly. "Might hurt a little at first, but tough it out and it'll start feelin' real good. You're gonna like it."

A jolt of pain-colored lightning tore through Andy's body as the iron penetrated the hole, but the pain seemed to come from somewhere far away. *Bastard*, he thought half-heartedly at Nick, more because he expected he should be fighting the intrusion than from any hurt he felt. Nick just chuckled, his prick caught crown-deep in Andy's asshole. *Bastard*, Nick thought again.

"Yup--and you'll get used to it," Nick snickered, slipping his arms about the youth, locking against him spoon-style. "Damn, your butt is tight!" Then he looked toward the doorway. "Steve, c'mon in here."

The door opened, and the tall blond came in, naked and grinning, hard cock bobbing as he walked. "Pack's got Terry all laid-out. He's gettin' the kid's ass warmed up for you." Andy sensed Nick's telepathy flaring, a connection being reestablished. Steve grunted, short and quick, and Andy saw his friend's expression go soft. He realized Nick was in control of Steve, and--and--Andy felt the rest of that thought slip away.

"Terry'll keep a little longer. C'mere."

Andy remembered what he had been too distracted to notice that morning: Pack sitting on the edge of Terry's bed, and Terry's mind-dazed expression. So Terry was going to join the Wolves too? Both of them would be safe from Stoker's Dragons?

"Want to plug him, Steve?" Nick was talking to the blond but staring at Andy, cold and hard. "Want to be the next one to fuck your friend's tight ass?"

"Hell, yeeeah!" Steve groggy-drawled. Still grinning, his eyes narrowed hungrily on the youth, and he fumbled at his erection. "Been waitin' a long time to get my prick into that tight little butt!"

"You'll have to wait a while longer--his ass belongs to me for now. You can take his mouth."

Andy froze; he had never sucked a cock other than Nick's moments before. Still on all-fours, he watched Steve climb onto the narrow mattress in front of him, closing in on his head. He had seen his friend naked a few times before--sure, when Steve snuck him into the main gym for a workout and they changed clothes in the locker area, when they shared Terry's cock-sucking mouth that one time, crap like that--tanned, muscle-thick build, barreled chest washed with golden hair, heavy-hanging cock. But Andy had never seen his friend's intimidating erection so close-up. *Shit!* Andy thought, as that big dick pointed toward his lips. Andy felt Steve's telepathy slip into his mind alongside Nick's, too late to stop it, a connection renewed, and Andy managed to gulp once for breath before that distracted feeling finished separating him from being in control of his sex-machine body yet again. He thought, *Damn it, Steve*, but his friend seemed out of reach.

Steve's cock-head nudged his jaw, and Andy felt his mouth open; his tongue emerged to wash Steve's cock-head, sensitive by the way Steve moaned in response, and he tasted the tang of Steve's maleness, and then Andy was licking down on the taut shaft. And now the time had come to open wide, and Steve's cock-head slid through his lips and across his tongue. Steve was building on that distracted feeling in Andy. He found he had Steve's dick almost buried in his mouth, and he realized how easily--how willingly--his sex-machine had taken it. His body drew back as best it could, caught between Nick's cock behind him and Steve's in front, then plunged forward to the hilt on Steve's and held there, and Andy heard his friend gasp and felt Steve rock forward to grip his shoulders.

Nick did something. From the distant place where Andy observed what was happening to his body, he sensed the pain-stab in his ass subsiding, felt his straining muscle-ring relax, and then his machine-body was adjusting itself to Nick's powerful invader, fully accepting it. Andy could not decide what to make of the crazy sensation, part pain, part pleasant fullness, and little bursts of an electric pleasure--not at all what he had expected--and he felt himself get lost, distracted from his ass by the sensation of Nick's fingers reaching under and wandering back and forth across his sleek-arched chest.

Steve's cock jumped in Andy's mouth, and Andy's body held still until his friend's rigid prick was buried in his throat. He realized his mouth had worked down on the rigid flesh-column, and now his lips were meeting Steve's pubic hair. Andy understood how to suction the full length carefully, and from his distant place he liked the idea that he could make the older youth squirm and gasp with pleasure. Yeah, Steve was hot to have his meat sucked and was enjoying what Andy was doing.

Nick shifted his position, angling his body forward, bending Andy's hips up to follow. Nick fucked with firm, deep strokes, as he muttered a string of dirty words and nonsense syllables.

Andy thought: *Does this mean I'm in the Wolves now, Chief?*

Nick picked up the thought and answered out loud. "Shit, takin' my dick up your rear and Steve's in your throat don't mean you're tough enough to get along with the rest of the guys. You still got a long way to go to prove yourself, and the weekend's just gettin' started."

Nick pumped slowly, in no hurry, dragging his rod almost all the way out and driving in again, taking his time in building up the conquering rhythm. Andy felt his body shift back against the rigid male-shaft that dug deeper into his guts, and his body trembled, accepting its new owner, then held still again.

Damn it, Nick!

Andy could not see Nick's face behind him, but the older telepath's smirk was audible: *Change your mind?*

Was Nick offering a last chance to back out?--Or was he asking for permission. Andy's answer was the same: *Do it, you son of a bitch!*

Nick slid one hand down into the youth's crotch and fingered his cock, which hung semi-limp from the strain of taking his first fuck and giving his second blow-job. Andy felt his flaccid meat start to stiffen in Nick's hand. The thrusts became faster and more powerfully, and Andy felt a feral, demanding heat well up inside his sex-machine. Nick's arms locked about him, and Steve's fingers dug into his shoulders, and Andy writhed beneath their impassioned onslaught.

Shit, the chief hissed in Andy's mind, nobody here gives a shit about anybody who ain't one of the Wolves. Yeah, we look out for each other, have sex together, all that shit, but the main thing is to get along 'til your training's done, get yourself a good field assignment, and get out of here as easy as you can. None of you guys in the gang mean nothin', to me. You best remember that.

In spite of what Nick said, Andy decided the chief seemed to care a great deal about the guys in the gang, like a family, seemed to have fallen naturally into the role of leader and guide.

But before Andy could say so, Nick clenched his fingers, Andy's semi-hard cock in one hand, his balls in the other and Nick's voice was a threatening growl: *Get your ass all the way down on my prick, kid.* Andy's sex-machine body pressed back and trembled involuntarily as the man's rod drove base-deep into his asshole. Nick began a slow, overwhelming hip-pump, driving his stiff cock into Andy's guts, then withdrawing steadily, again and again, holding Andy's body in place and fucking his butt, dog-style.

Andy's body had a hard-on--no, he could no longer pretend this was just his body and not fully him--*he* was sucking and getting fucked and *he*, all of him, had a hard-on. No hiding his burning arousal now, not that he ever could have hidden anything from Nick or Steve while they were connected in his head. Andy wanted to grip the mattress beneath him. He wanted to push his butt back hard to meet Nick's strokes and his mouth forward on Steve's rod. Nick and Steve might have been conquering his mouth and ass, but Andy would show them he was not some passive loser-kid. He would share their victory, show them he could take it like a man!

Nick snickered, *Yeah, that's the spirit*, and he pumped a little faster, keeping Andy caught between the plunging monster in his tail, the fingers taunting his genitals, and the erection piercing his mouth.

Yeah, his ass buzzed with sensation, and Andy was finding pleasure in the back and forth of Nick's thick cock sliding across the sensitive nerves, and he was even enjoying the feel of Steve's cock embedded in his mouth. Nick's squeezed and stroked Andy's full-hard erection. Something caught in Andy's dick--*No--Not yet--Yeah--Fuck, yeah*--definitely that familiar spark.

Finish it, you bastards! Andy thought at Steve and especially at Nick. *C'mon! Finish it! Yeah!* Andy felt the surging pressure, the fury rising in his balls, the unexpected heat filling him, unstoppable, the pleasure-fury driving him toward climax. *Damn it, chief, I'm cumming!*

Andy writhed as his orgasm began, the world erupting with ecstasy, and he felt Nick clamp his hips orgasm-hard against him, felt Steve's prick quiver and convulse and spurt deep inside him, Andy's own cum already spewing out, and then his body was crashing down flat on the bunk, pinned beneath the two men's naked bodies, gasping and groaning in climax. Andy shook all over, soaring and plummeting through his release, time standing still, nothing but euphoria, and then his body went limp, lost in the draining bliss.

Andy became aware of the men weighing him down, the arms locked about him, the fingers gripping his sperm-soaked genitals. Steve's cock was gone from his mouth, but Nick's still-firm dick remained wedged into his numb, strained ass. He was back in his body, his own again, getting used to the feel of his newly stretched jaw, newly stretched ass. At some point as he drifted, still afterglow-dazed, Andy has been aware of Nick doing something neat and quick in the depths of his mind, like flipping a switch, though Andy could not grasp exactly what. Now, Nick's presence in his head was gone and Steve's began to fade, fading faster, and for what seemed like hours, none of them moved. Then Nick eased one hand free, grabbed a towel from the floor, and jammed it against Andy's ribs. "Don't get that mess all over the damn bunk," Nick grumbled and pulled up on his hands and knees, dragging his heavy prong from Andy's protesting ass. Freed, Nick swiped the towel across Andy's buttocks and swung to his feet. "Catch your breath, kid, while I go clean up."

Andy lay still, listening to Nick cross to the bathroom, then the gush of the shower starting. Somehow Steve had already disappeared, and Andy was alone on the bunk. He waited a long moment, then eased over on his back, stared up at the ceiling. Strength crept back into his weary body, and he reached down to finger his cum-damp prick, remembering how Steve fucked his throat, how Nick's cock felt sliding in his ass, and how Nick held his cock when Andy popped--and how the two sons of bitches unloaded in his throat and up his butt at the same time. "Bastards!" he murmured quietly. "Fuckin' bastards!" But, he admitted to himself, the experience could have been worse. Yeah, Nick had taken what he wanted, but he made sure Andy felt the plenty of pleasure and minimized the pain. That was more than Andy could have hoped for at the hands of Stoker and his gang-fucking Dragons. Yeah, Steve had fucked his face, but he made sure Andy knew enough about sucking cock to not choke and could enjoy what was happening. Andy acknowledged that he *had* enjoyed it. And if the rest of the Wolves treated him like Nick and Steve had--

Andy snapped back to the present when he heard the shower stop, then the rasp of a towel against bare skin, and soon Nick sauntered back into the room, naked and cock-swinging.

"How's your ass?"

"Sore."

Andy sensed immediately that complaining about his ass was the wrong thing to say, but Nick simply nodded. "You'll get used to it." He stretched his shoulder. "Your first fuck?"

"Yeah. First blow-jobs too--giving, I mean." Andy watched the man cross to the bed. "Getting fucked wasn't as rough as I thought it'd be."

"You sure popped hard when you came." Nick nodded to the youth's exposed genitals. "You seemed to like gettin' a dick plugged into your tail."

"It was okay, I guess, but I think I'd rather do the plugging." Andy surveyed the athletic-built man as he settled on the side of the bed. Andy grinned. "I wouldn't mind plowing you, chief, or Steve too."

"Cocky little bastard," Nick muttered with a snicker. "I like that, a kid who's kinda--" He broke off and patted the blanket next to Andy. "The empty bunk for the new guy in the gang--you're lyin' on it right now."

Andy inhaled deeply. "I'll be your roommate?"

"Don't get the wrong idea--you'll suck my cock, lick my balls, get fucked, anything I want, any time I want--and if you screw up, I'll kick the shit out of you. You'll belong to the gang, and every guy in the gang belongs to me." Deliberately, he thrust his presence into Andy's mind and wrapper-gripped his thoughts, not doing anything but holding them and letting Andy feel Nick's strength inside his head. "And none of you assholes means nothin' to me; remember that."

They stared at each other in silence, and then Andy tried to mimic what Nick was doing, sending his own thoughts into Nick's head and trying to hold his presence around the chief's thoughts, trying to match the intensity of Nick's grip on his own mind. Doing so was trickier than he expected, another reminder that he sorely needed training to help him learn to use his Talent.

"I'm going to be chief," Andy said quietly. "Before I leave this damn Institute, I'll be chief of the Wolves."

Andy felt Nick probing at his telepathic grip around the older man's mind, and then Nick applied just the slightest additional steady pressure around Andy's thoughts. "Steve'll probably take over when I get my field assignment and leave this hole. Then he's got another year before his training ends. When he goes--maybe--if you're tough enough."

"You'll see to it that I'm tough enough. Yeah, you'll make sure of that."

Nick looked up and Andy met his gaze evenly, and the chief nodded, hiding his grin by snorting. "Steve was right. You're a cocky little bastard."

"And I'm going to be chief," Andy repeated quietly, and then he broke into smile. "Hey, you're like Steve. I mean--well, he's been sorta like a big brother, telling me about how things really work around here--looking out for me--know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I know what you mean." Nick released the youth's mind, and his expression was unreadable as he looked down and traced his fingers over Andy's relaxed genitals. "You've got a lot to learn, kid."

"Such as?"

"Well, for one: when you and another guy got your thoughts inside each other's minds, and he lets go"--Andy felt Nick's telepathy push him firmly out of the older youth's head--"you go ahead and bust his mind hard, while you've got the chance. You show him who's boss, if you want to be chief, like you could've just showed me."

"Hell, Nick, I'd be a real son of a bitch if I busted at your mind when you--"

"Yeah, you've got a lot to learn." Nick swung to his feet, naked and strong-muscled and relaxed. "Ready to get fucked again?"

Andy looked up at the brawny chief and his limp-hanging cock, and he was sure Nick would not be able to get hard and ram him again, not so soon; but for some reason, Andy could not make a joke about it. "Uh, my ass is still pretty sore."

Nick's telepathy broadcast something that, this time, Andy could overhear and interpret: *Pack, get your ass in here.*

Andy froze. The door opened, and Steve's roommate Pack came in, naked and grinning, followed by another youth Andy had never seen. "Terry's all relaxed and ready to meet his new chief. That kid sure knows how to fuck--got an ass like a bear-trap. Steve's in there with him now." Pack's grin widened as he looked at naked, fucked-out Andy. "Looks like you got this one all broken in too, huh? Damn, Nick, Steve was sure this one was gonna put up a hell of a fight."

"Nothing I couldn't handle." Nick stepped in front of Andy, still quiet and cold. He growled, "Welcome to the Wolves, kid," and Andy experienced a powerful lurch of loyalty--so like love, an absolute certainty that he would do anything for his brother-Wolves, anything for his chief, and he understood what Nick had done in his mind during the afterglow. Understood--and liked it. But Nick's expression was still bastard-cold. "You still gotta prove yourself to the rest of the whole gang, punk, before it's official. Now assume the fuckin' position!" Andy felt compelled onto all-fours again, arousal prickling his skin. Nick reached across Andy's waist to grip his ass cheeks and spread them. "Still think you're tough enough, kid? We're gonna spend the whole weekend findin' out. Move in, Pack. Take over here."

"You got it, Chief."

Andy felt the other two men slide onto the bed, but he could not move. His mind was slipping away, simply watching as his sex-machine body took over again, went back into automatic mode. Pack slid in front of Andy's mouth, like Steve had done, offering his medium-long erection to be sucked. His wood smelled of sex and cum. Andy realized Terry had given up his ass already too--realized too he was about to suck the cock that had just been up Terry's ass. He hoped Pack had treated Terry well, at least as well as Nick treated him--the cock-sucker was a good kid--and Terry would learn too--they would both learn together.

The other guy eased in behind him, where Nick had fucked him earlier. Andy felt the flesh-hardness of the guy's cock nudge against his ass and his hips angled, preparing to receive the invader, just as Pack's cock-head touched his lips and Andy's mouth opened in response. Just before the cocoon of distraction was complete, Andy thought at both of them, and at Nick: *You bastards! You damn--*

"Yeah, you're learnin', kid," Nick snickered.

The other guy's long, slim cock pierced into Andy's sore asshole. Andy opened his mouth to Pack's dick too and tasted musky maleness. Yeah, thanks to Steve, Andy knew his body understood exactly what to do, how to move his ass back against the other guy's dick even as his lips sank around Pack's: Andy's second-ever time getting fucked and third time giving a blow-job. Yeah, everything felt good. Andy loved the new and eager hunger fueling his body, loved the certainty that he would do anything for his brother-Wolves, loved the

way he could use his body to make his brothers feel good too. Yeah, he was learning.

"I'm gonna go see to your buddy Terry," Nick announced to Andy. "Gonna work up a good appetite before breakfast." He watched a moment longer before chuckling as he started toward the door. "Looks like you might be sharin' that bunk with a second new member, kid, when one of the gang don't have one of you in his bed for the night."

Bastards! Andy thought at no one in particular, but happily, as his arms clung to Pack's hips. Andy experienced, as if from a distance, the brutally hard head of the other guy's meat-bat digging past his raw-scraped opening, and the pull as Pack's thick rod stretched his jaw. That familiar distancing feeling had separated his mind from his body again. But his body was also experiencing something else, a craving for the sex that was to come, and Andy decided he liked this hunger, like being kid-horny but stronger, more--more what?--more adult-ready, more *him*. Yeah, he decided, all he had to do was sit back for now and let his sex-machine body do what Steve had telepathically trained it to do. He would watch and learn so he could do it for himself, without Steve's guidance, and he would show them--he would learn to fuck and to take a good, hard fuck, and he would learn to be as good a cock-sucker as Terry, maybe even better, and learn to bust a guy's mind when he needed to. Yeah, Andy decided, he would learn. And he would learn to be chief too.
