

New Frontiers (an Institute story)

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Grant goes on a camping trip with friends who have mental powers.

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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Our excursion was a camping trip. My six friends were all Talents, on a week's leave from their training at the Institute, where I worked. While I was a Normal without a special mental Talent and was a few years older than them, I worked as a trainer in the Institute gym and we'd gotten to be friends. They invited me along, and of course I jumped at the chance.

I'd been discreet, extremely covert, about

checking out their firm, young bodies in the Institute locker room and showers. After all, I was twenty-six years old, a Normal, and just a staff member; any trouble would have cost me my job. I hid my desires for those younger bodies well.

The sweltering afternoon had us hiking shirtless. They were on break and, while they were technically still required to wear the something bearing the Institute's stylized *i* logo at all times to warn the general public, this was the middle of the wilderness--no one around for miles--so we weren't going to self-enforce that rule. The rule they all agreed on, though, was this was a "no Talents" week. That was Jase's idea. It meant they agreed not to use their Talents during the entire trip. That in

turn meant I didn't have to wear the itchy special skull cap with the micro-electronics that kept telepaths blocked out of my head, which was a bonus for me.

Seven people--my six buddies and me--made a pretty large group for hiking and camping, but we all got along really well. Each of us was wearing a backpack. Something about the straps across their muscular bare chests and shoulders was so fucking sexy. They were taking in the wilderness scenery, while I was indulging in my favorite pastime: stud-watching. Tanner and Tucker, the telekinetic twins, looked particularly sexy and hot, but they had the clear advantage of being buff, brown-haired identical twins, so how could they not cause my nuts to ache with

longing? Carl, the pyrokinetic, wasn't quite as buff as the twins, but he had a smooth firm body and was probably the cutest guy I'd ever seen in my entire life, with his blond hair and blue eyes. Jase, Drew, and Ian were telepaths. Jase was in the same age range as the others, eighteen through twenty, but he had the body of an older man--thickly muscled with a hairy chest. I loved the way that hair dipped into his shorts. The other two young stallions, Drew and Ian, were every bit as hot as the others, brown-haired and dreamy brown eyes. Drew had amazingly big biceps, and Ian had the best abs of any of us. All six of these guys were walking wet dreams for me.

We set up camp in a clearing that first

evening, just uphill from a pond fed by a little stream. Carl, the pyrokinetic, was responsible for digging the fire pit and getting a fire going, though the "no Talents" rule meant he had to do it the Normal way--with a lighter. The rest of us gathered wood and set up the tents. After a meal we all sat around a fire, despite the heat of the day.

"Guess what--I think Paul is a fag," said Ian, referring to one of the other Talents in their training class back at the Institute.

"No way," said Tucker.

"Yep. He came on to me after practice last week."

"Shit," Tanner said. "What did you do?"

"I told him to fuck off."

"I'll just bet you did." Jase teased, "after you sucked each other off." He mimed giving his thumb a blowjob. The others laughed.

"Fuck, we should beat Paul's ass," said Tucker.

The others agreed or nodded, which made me uneasy. Sitting there in the middle of nowhere, I was surrounded by jocks with Talents who were talking about fag-bashing. I wondered what they'd do to me if they found out I was gay. If they decided to beat my ass, there wouldn't be much

left. They were younger, less worldly guys, and I knew I should remind them bigotry was wrong and against about a hundred Institute diversity policies, *blah-blah-blah*; but we weren't at the Institute. My status as a Normal staff member working in the fucking gym gave me no authority in this situation. Hell, I was here because we were all friends--I couldn't play the "staff" card with my friends.

"I don't know," said Jase. "A gay guy could be useful. I heard they give really good head."

"Fuck, I could sure use some head now," said Drew. "Who here's gay? Anybody?" Everyone laughed. I laughed too, nervously.

Their talk about fags, of beating them and using them, had me prickly with fear and lust. They were tapping into my most secret fantasy.

"You know, I've heard rumors about you too, Grant," said Carl.

I froze, and I know my face blanched. Fortunately, the night was dark except for the orange light thrown by the fire. Maybe they didn't see. My mind raced over what he might have heard--I'd had a few discreet encounters, but maybe I hadn't been discreet enough.

"Brett said he caught you gawking at him in the showers," Carl said, referring to another trainee.

"Hell, no!" I growled. "Besides, who the fuck would want to look at Brett?" I did, obviously, since Brett was pretty damned gorgeous, but I wasn't going to admit that. Man, I hoped they stuck with the "no Talents" rule, because if just one of the three telepaths here decided to take a peek inside my head, I'd be exposed.

"Yeah, right, Grant," said Tanner. "I know it's true. I've seen you checking out lots of guys in the showers." Tanner's direct accusation practically made my heart stop. I seriously considering jumping up and getting the hell out of there.

"You know, guys, I think we have a fag right here with us," said Ian. They were all looking at me. I stood up and backed

away. It did no good. They were on me in a flash, all six of them. They pounced on me and held me firmly, surrounding me in a tight circle.

"What do you think we should do with him, guys?" asked Jase.

I swallowed hard. I could just picture all their fists pounding me. I was terrified, but I was determined not to show it. "Yeah, I'm gay, okay?" I said. "If you all want to gang up and beat the crap out of me, I can't stop you, but I thought you guys were better than that."

"Oh," Tanner purred, grinning, "Grant has balls. Damn, Grant, I'd be shitting my pants right now if I were you." They all

laughed, but I still didn't know what was up. In spite of my brave front, I was visibly shaking. They released me.

"Sorry," said Drew. "We were just fucking with you. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea."

"Yeah, sorry," said Carl and the others.

I was confused.

"We *know* you're gay, Grant. We've known for while. We didn't mean it--it was a joke," said Ian. "I guess it was a bad joke."

I was relieved.

"Okay," said Tanner. "We shouldn't have

done it, but you're always fucking with us. Like the time you convinced me that one staffer in the Admin wing had the hots for me."

"Or the time you put itching powder in my jock," said Carl.

"This was just a little payback for all your shit," said Jase. "I hope we didn't scare you too much." He smacked my bare shoulder playfully, to let me know we were still buddies.

They were sincere; I could tell. They were also quite straight. I could tell that too. Damn. If they'd been gay, they would have realized the cruelty of their joke.

"So, um, Grant ..." said Tanner, "since you're gay and all ..."

"... Maybe you'll help us out?" his brother Tucker finished.

"So you want me to suck your dick? Is that it, Tucker?" Was he serious or pushing the joke too far again? I couldn't tell.

"Fuck yeah! You might like it."

My mind spun. Six of my buddies were standing there saying they wanted me to blow them. It was like my dream coming true, six times over! But what about the risk?

"So what you're really saying is that you losers can't get any from the girls and want

me to take care of you?" I teased, smiling.

"Hey!" warned Carl. "Don't be an asshole. You're outnumbered, you know." I could tell he was kidding about me being outnumbered--there was no threat in his voice.

"Guys, this is a bad idea," Drew said.

"Yeah," Carl echoed.

I wanted it, but I couldn't risk it. "No offense, guys, but I could lose my job if anybody found out. I gotta say no, okay?"

Jase said, "Grant, we're in the middle of nowhere. Who's gonna tell?"

"No, guys. Sorry, but that's my final

answer."

Tucker said, "That's okay. It would have been weird getting a blowjob from a dude anyway."

They all nodded. Jase smacked my shoulder again, and we all went back to the fire again.

That the twins, Tanner and Tucker, would be sharing one of the two-man tents was a given, since they went everywhere and did everything together. The rest of us drew straws--well, pine needles--for sleeping arrangements. Jase and I got the other two-man tent, and the other three would share the larger tent.

Jase and I climbed into our tent and zipped the flap shut. The interior was close quarters, but there was enough room for two. We began pulling off our hiking boots and socks and shorts. Jase finished stripping to his underwear before I did. In the warm night, too warm to climb into his sleeping bag, he stretched out on top of it instead.

He said, "You know, Grant, I'm really sorry about earlier, but I think you should consider it. I think you'd like it."

I lay down on top of my sleeping bag too, on my back, staring at the roof of the tent in the darkness. I was less than an arm's length away from him and that hairy, muscular, masculine body of his. "It's

great you guys are okay with me being gay, but no. I could lose my job. Sure, you say you won't tell, but there's the morning-after regrets to worry about, and I--"

I stopped because Jase's arm had slithered silently across the inches separating us, and his hand now cupped the back of my neck. My eyes snapped open but I couldn't move, couldn't finish my sentence. Jase had some kind of mental lock on me with his telepathy. So much for the "no Talents" rule.

"Shhh," Jase shushed me in the darkness. "It's okay. I'm not going to hurt you. Just let me in your head a minute, and I'll make all those doubts and inhibitions go away. Okay? It's your choice whether I do this or

not. All you have to do is say yes. Say yes, Grant."

I could lose my job. I'd never get another job where I was surrounded by so many good-looking guys naked in the locker room and showering. Or one of my buddies might decide to kick my ass instead--I knew they'd cover for each other so it would be their word against mine. I knew I should say no, but that wasn't the answer Jase was gently prompting me to give him. I had to be strong. I had to stick to my convictions and say no. All the reasons why I should say no ran through my mind.

I whispered, "Yes."

"Shhh," Jase sighed, his hand sliding up to the back of my head. "This will only take a moment, and then you'll feel much better."

I'd never had a telepath inside my head before. The blocker caps all staff members were required to wear prevented that from happening. I decided ... it tickled, but it felt oddly comforting too. I decided I liked it. I decided, as Jase withdrew from my head, that I wanted to feel it again.

But right then, I had something else on my mind. I turned toward Jase, looked down toward his crotch in the darkness, looked back at his face, and licked my lips. He grinned and gave me a little nod. I started

to sit up so I could get at his crotch.

Somebody tried knocking on the taut cloth of the tent--*pat-pat-pat*--and Ian's voice said, "Jase? What's going on in there? I thought we said no Talents." I guess telepaths can pick up on other telepaths. I heard the zipper in the darkness as somebody opened the tent flap.

Jase said, "We agreed not to use our Talents on *each other*. Nobody said anything about him--Grant's a Normal." Jase's voice sounded closer to my ear. "Besides, I'm not doing anything he doesn't want. Just clearing away a few doubts is all. He agreed and everything."

Jase's hand pulled away. His presence in

my head was gone. I ... kind of missed having him in there.

I heard murmurs from outside, then Drew's voice: "Get out here, guys. We need to talk about this."

Jase climbed out of the tent, not bothering to pull his shorts on over his underwear. I followed.

"What's going on?" Tucker asked, peering out of the tent he and Tanner shared.

Ian said, "I think Jase was messing with Grant's head."

Tucker said, "Huh? No way!" He and Tanner climbed out of their tent to join us.

Drew asked, "Is that true, Grant? What Jase said about you agreeing?"

I thought about it. Technically I had said yes. So I answered, "Yes."

Jase said, "See? Just like I told you. I didn't do anything without his permission."

The seven of us stood in the moonlight, naked except for our underwear, everybody looking from one to another. Everyone was silent for a tense half a minute.

Tucker said, "Uh, so ... What messing did Jase do to Grant?"

In answer I walked over to him, knelt before him, and fondled his bulge through

his boxer shorts. I couldn't believe I had the balls to do it! Tucker backed up half a step but didn't push my hand away. His dick, rising toward half-hard, urged me on as I groped him. While all my buddies watched, I crawled closer to him, pulled Tucker's boxers down, and pulled his growing dick between my lips.

Tucker moaned, "Oh, fuck!" He watched me, fascinated, but didn't push me away.

"You sure about this, Grant?" Drew asked.

"Of course he's sure," Jase answered.

"Just look at him. I'm not making him do that."

Tucker's dick was fully hard now, and I

sucked on it enthusiastically. The show was affecting all the guys. Now there were seven hard cocks, including mine. I slid my lips up and down Tucker's shaft, savoring the taste and feel. What I liked best were his moans and groans. I knew just how good I was making him feel.

"Fuck, Grant, you're the best friend *ever!*" moaned Tucker as he stepped out of his boxers, careful not to let his dick out of my sucking mouth.

The others laughed, and I smiled as I fellated him. Not only did my buddies accept me, but now thanks to Jase I was happily letting them give me what I wanted most. What could be better than that?

I bobbed my head on Tucker's pole for a couple of minutes until Carl stepped in and pushed Tucker out of the way. "My turn," he announced, pulling down the front of his boxer-briefs.

I could taste the sticky sweet pre-cum as Carl's dick-head slipped between my lips. His cock was hard and throbbing. He moaned as I pulled in more and more of his long, hard shaft, intently aware that he and all my buddies were watching me suck his dick in the moonlight. I think the show fascinated and aroused all of them. They'd never seen one guy go down on another before. They were witnessing a forbidden act.

One by one I took them all. I'd fantasized

about all those guys. I'd fantasized about sucking their cocks, but never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd be doing them all at once. I went from dick to dick, sucking and slurping while they moaned their appreciation.

I loved how different their cocks were. The twins' dicks were nearly identical, long and slim with big low-hanging balls, but the rest were all of different lengths and thickness. Carl had the biggest, which was a surprise since he was the slimmest of us all. His dick was so long and thick I never could quite take the whole thing, though I sure had fun trying. Ian was uncut--I knew that from the locker room and showers, of course--but, hard, it had a wicked upward curve and sucking his

cock was a whole different experience, and what a good one it was!

All six stood around me in a circle, slowly stroking their man-meat, while I went from one to the next and sucked on them. As soon as one throbbing cock was pulled from my lips, another replaced it. I'd been starving for their dicks all day and I was finally getting my fill. I was so consumed and aroused that I just wanted to keep sucking cock until I dropped. I'd be getting what I wanted, because six cocks were a lot to work on.

Between dicks, I said, "I want to get fucked real bad. Anyone up for it?" I couldn't believe I had the balls to say that to my straight buddies. But I was so

fucking horny, I decided to risk it. Maybe that was a result of Jase clearing away my regrets? I didn't know, and right then I didn't care.

I went down on Drew again, waiting to see if anyone would take me up on my offer. I didn't know whether they would. A blowjob is one thing, but for a straight guy to stick his dick up another guy's ass is quite another matter.

However, almost immediately I felt my boxers pulled down--no hands, so it was one of the telekinetic twins--and then someone's hand gripped one of my hard ass-cheeks. Someone else's finger slid up and down the side of my crack.

"You ready for it, Grant?" said Tanner.

"Mmm," I moaned, because my mouth was still packed full of Drew's dick.

"Who's got some lube?" Ian asked.

I heard a condom wrapper tear, then somebody squirted lube onto my ass, using a finger to work it in. I looked back over my shoulder in time to see and feel Tanner slide his rigid rod up my ass. I pushed back, and his dick slipped in. He moaned, "So fucking tight," as my ass gripped his shaft.

Jase rubbed the top of my head as he pushed Drew away and guided my mouth to his own cock instead. Jase's tingly

presence filled my head. "Good man," he whispered in the darkness. I liked the feel of him in my head again, and I purred around his cock. What little pain I felt from Tanner's entry was converted to and completely overshadowed by the pleasure. I moaned with the ecstasy of Tucker's straight cock up my ass, and Jase's in my mouth, and I wanted more!

I moaned again as Tanner pushed his dick in deeper and deeper. Everyone watched as he penetrated my ass. I was overwhelmed with pleasure. I had a cock in my mouth and one up my hole. It just couldn't get any better.

Tanner inched his entire dick up my butt, then pulled it nearly out. He pushed it in

again and started fucking me. I couldn't believe I was getting fucked by such a hunk while the hottest studs at the Institute watched. It was more than I could take. My throbbing cock and aching nuts couldn't handle it. I blew my creamy cum-load into the grass beneath me without once touching my cock. "That's it," Jase said. I kept cumming and cumming like I'd never stop. I pulled off his cock and yowled my bliss into the night.

Drew pushed Jase out of the way and reclaimed his spot in front of me. I went right back to sucking Drew's dick after I'd blown my load, while Tanner continued fucking me. "I'm gonna cum soon, Grant," Drew warned. I kept right on sucking. I wanted his load. Getting it didn't take me

long. Drew moaned deep in his throat, his cock grew stiff as steel, and he blew his thick, creamy load between my lips. I drank it down and sucked on him hard as he fed me more and more his cum. I sucked down every last spurt as he groaned and jerked through his orgasm.

Tanner fucked me harder and faster as Carl slipped his dick between my lips. I sucked on his huge pole, trying desperately to take it all into my mouth and throat. At the same time, I tightened my sphincter around Tanner's pole, and he suddenly went nuts fucking my ass--he howled like an animal as he shot his jizz right up my hole.

We were far from finished, however.

Moments after Tanner popped his dick out of my butt, Ian said, "I gotta have some of that ass," and shoved his dick inside me. I came off Carl's dick to look at Ian as he fucked me.

Off to the side, I saw Tanner and Drew standing there, a little apart from the show, catching their breath, watching us, Tanner's deflated dick still sheathed in that condom. Jase stood behind them. Unnoticed by anyone else, Jase had a hand on the back of Tanner's neck, Drew's too. Tanner and Drew, their expressions were rapt and blank at the same time. Maybe their defenses were down after their orgasms. I was pretty sure telepaths could cast their thoughts at a distance, but maybe physical contact made it easier for Jase to

do his thing undetected. Ian, intent on fucking my ass, was a telepath too--maybe Jase didn't want him to catch what he was doing to Tanner and Drew. As he did his telepathic magic on their heads, Jase's mouth moved, and I lip-read what he said: *No worries, no regrets, all better.*

Then Carl grabbed my head--"Get with the program, Grant," he growled--and pushed my mouth back down on his dick again.

The circle rotated until Ian and Tucker had blown their loads--Ian in my mouth, Tucker up my ass. Jase casually moved in on each one after he came and put his hand on the man's neck or shoulder, like a buddy would, except each one's expression turned blank, just for a minute,

until Jase moved on. No one noticed except me.

As he moved in on Carl, the last one, Jase noticed me watching and winked at me. Carl had just orgasmed up my ass and he was distracted by peeling the condom off his deflating boner. Jase put his hand on Carl's shoulder, and Carl's expression froze, just for a moment, before Jase released him.

Jase himself went last. My body, on my hands and knees, was lifted into the air--the telekinetic twins again. I was flipped over and settled on my back. My ankles went over Jase's shoulders as he knelt between my legs and pushed his cock at my butthole. I was erect again, and I

jacked myself as he entered my ass. I felt the tingling sensation of him entering my head again too, which made everything feel even more intense. "Now," Jase hissed above me, "I'm really gonna fuck that ass!"

"Fuck that ass!" Tucker hollered.

"Fuck that ass!" Drew hollered.

"Fuck that ass!" the other five started chanting in unison, surrounding Jase and me. "Fuck that ass!"

Jase gripped my hips with both hands, fucking my ass hard and fast. I rubbed his hairy chest and nipples with one hand and pumped away at my prick with the other.

"What did you do to them," I asked Jase in a stage-whisper. I wasn't sure if he heard me over the five masculine voices chanting *Fuck that ass, fuck that ass* around us.

"No worries, no regrets," Jase muttered so that only I could hear, giving me a grin and a wink as he began to fuck me in earnest, and I didn't give a shit about anything anymore except the feel of him in my ass and in my head.

"Fuck that ass! Fuck that ass!"

His quick, deep jabs made fireworks of pleasure go off inside me, and I pushed my ass back to meet his thrusts, hungry for more. I came less than a minute later, my

second orgasm of the night, spurting hot cum across my abs and chest and fingers. I was spent--completely, totally worn out--and my whole body went limp.

"Fuck that ass! Fuck that ass!" the other five young bucks chanted around us.

I found myself caught up too: "Fuck that ass! Fuck that ass!"

Jase was so aroused he didn't have to fuck my tight hole much longer before his thick dick spurted his load up inside my ass. His hairy body collapsed on top of me. The other five guys hooted happily and applauded our performance. I wrapped my arms around Jase and risked a quick kiss on his neck.

We were all exhausted at last. We ran to the pond and went swimming in the moonlight to wash ourselves off. I had a little trouble walking, but it was a pleasant memory of getting fucked by my buddies. No one mentioned what Jase had done to me or maybe to them too now. As we laughed and frolicked in the water like happy otters--no afterward regrets from anybody--I could practically still taste their dicks and cum on my lips.

I didn't care why Jase was doing what he was doing. I didn't have a mental Talent, but I had a talented mouth and ass. With Jase's urging, I'd given them what they needed, and I got what I wanted in return. This camping trip was the perfect situation, and the week was just getting

started. Hell, I would happily service them any time they wanted, in any way they wanted. Our friendship was entering new territory. My six friends had always been great guys, but before we had to head back to the Institute, this week in the wilderness was going to bond us all even closer. Jase would make sure of that.

Jase's story continues in [Thumped](#)
