

Powers

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, hypno, CB, superheroes]

[Synopsis: What happens when a super power gets out of control for a college baseball player?]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place

immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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1.

See, it's my fault he got out. I dreamed him up one day when I was writing a story. Then he got loose. It's my fault.

We're just a bunch of backwoods country boys at a small local college in Ephram, in the middle of nowhere, a red-dirt town just across the state line and a little southeast of Meridian. Those guys with their capes and their super powers?

They're pretty much a big-city thing. We never saw them much and we weren't ready for things like that around here in Ephram. We weren't ready for big-city superheroes and villains.

Ephram's a dull place. It's mostly farmland, and there's not a lot to do. Mostly, you grew up, got a job, got married, started a family. Not necessarily in that order. Me, I was lucky enough to get a baseball scholarship, even if it was just to the local college. No one around here has a power. Powers and the people who use them in public--heroes, villains, and everyone in between--were big-city problems and not welcome around here.

But I have a power myself. Nothing flashy,

like the Midnight Knight's. Nothing important, like the Golden Defender's. No, mine was pretty unimportant. See, sometimes when I imagine something, when I think about it really, really hard, I can make it appear. I thought up the Hypnotist one day when I was writing a story. I like to do that--write--and sometimes I write sexy stories when I'm horny, because it gets me even more excited, and then when I jack off, I cum like forever--really intense orgasms. I thought up the Hypnotist one day and wrote him into story, and somehow later he got out. So it's my fault.

For example, one day recently, when things were pretty far along, it happened after baseball practice. The whole team

had flooded filed into the locker room. We were all tired but wired at the same time, y'know?--physically exhausted from practicing because Coach had driven us like the devil himself, but psyched up because we had the game against our arch-rivals in three days and we were gonna kick their asses. Everybody was yelling across the locker room at each other, laughing, horsing around, practice uniforms and gear flying everywhere as we stripped for the showers. Rowdy and Rebel and Tucker, they were all gathered around Tucker's handheld video unit, tuned into the Powers Network--the station that shows nothing but news footage and documentaries about people with powers, who's fighting who, who's going to be the next member to join the

League of Heroes, that sort of thing. The Network was showing footage from earlier that day, when the Golden Defender had an aerial dogfight with the Comet Brothers over Manhattan, after the Defender stopped them from robbing a bank. Tucker and Rebel, they were having this huge debate over who's stronger, the Golden Defender or the evil Commander Zograd. But most of the guys were ignoring them, joking around among themselves, maybe playing grab-ass or stuffing their jockstraps over some other unsuspecting guy's head for laughs. Like always, the locker room was bedlam after practice.

I was sitting on one of the benches. I was stripped down to my jockstrap, and I was

sitting because I'd just tugged off my sweat-soaked socks, when suddenly I felt this ... tingle run up my spine. Familiar. I knew what it meant. I knew what he wanted me to do. It was like a whisper in the back of my head: *Let me out.*

Somehow, I couldn't think of a single reason not to. I felt clear-headed and focused. The noise, the guys, the chaos--none of that mattered. I reached into my locker, into my backpack. I pulled out my laptop computer.

Let me out.

I sat back down, straddling the bench, and fired up my laptop. Ten seconds later, it was booted and my word processor

loaded, the cursor blinking on a blank page.

"What ya doing," my friend Danny asked beside me.

But I ignored him. Danny wasn't part of what I needed to do. I began to write. I wrote about how the locker room door opened, and how the Hypnotist walked in. Just walked in, bold as brass. I felt that familiar feeling, spreading over me like a blanket. I was there, yet not there at the same time. Like part of me was protracted through space. I always felt like this when my power kicked in and something I imagined became real.

I kept writing. I wrote about how this guy,

then that guy, looked up, looked right into the Hypnotist's eyes. I wrote about how the Hypnotist's head was surrounded by these little silvery sparkles, like glitter dancing in the air for a second before disappearing as more sparkles appeared. I wrote about how when each guy looked into the Hypnotist's eyes, little silvery sparkles danced around the guy's eyes too, as he fell under the Hypnotist's power, one after another. I wrote the guys down by name, one after another.

I felt the breeze on my bare back as the locker room door moved. I looked up over my laptops screen as my fingers continued typing. Danny was turning, looking over my shoulder toward the door. And I saw his eyebrow rise like he was thinking,

"Who is that?" And then these little silvery sparkles appeared around Danny's eyes, and I could see his body relax and his expression go nearly blank except for this little contented half-smile.

See, Danny's name had been first on the list. I kept writing. Name after name. Gradually, the locker room was falling silent. More and more guys falling under his persuasion. I wrote about how he hypnotized all the guys just by looking into their eyes. Just one long look in each one's eyes, and they were deeply entranced. They wouldn't remember any of this. And I wrote about how this was all making him stronger, the Hypnotist: my excitement, my writing, the control he took of my teammates. Each one--yes, somehow the

Hypnotist really was becoming stronger. Soon, he'd be strong enough; he wouldn't need me, wouldn't need my writing to be real.

I looked up from my screen again, looked around. Guys standing there quietly, passively staring at one thing, just over my shoulder. The only noise now was a tinny voice from Tucker's video unit. I wrote about how the men all stripped, hard now. Standing there. How their hands fell to their hard-ons. I wrote about what inevitably happened next.

A hand closed on my laptop screen. Pulled the laptop away from me. My hands let it go. I looked up and saw the Hypnotist. He was standing right there

beside me, looking right into my eyes, smiling. I felt his influence slide into me, as these little silver sparkles filled my vision. See, I created him, but I wasn't immune. I'd included my name when I was writing too. I felt his influence slide into me, and my cock began to swell. I still had on my jockstrap, so the other guys wouldn't be able to see much yet. I didn't care if they saw it all. They weren't looking at me anyway.

He didn't have to speak. He just smiled that same casual smile. I stood up because I knew that was what he wanted. My cock was cramped and hurting inside my jock. I peeled the jockstrap off. Beside me, Danny stretched his long, trim body, his hand already wrapped around his long,

thin erection. He stroked his hairy chest with his other hand as he stroked himself, never taking his half-closed eyes off the Hypnotist. I eased my hand around my hard-on too and slid my fist back and forth along its length, loving the familiar pleasure that ran through me.

Beside me, Danny groaned and ejaculated. His head drooped forward, and his eyes closed. He sank deeply into the Hypnotist's thrall. A lot of the other guys were cumming too, most of them, and the stragglers like me weren't far behind. The Hypnotist was moving among them, growing stronger somehow. He would look each of my teammates in the eye as he came, and the man's eyes would slowly close as he shot his load, and stayed

closed. When the Hypnotist's eyes swam before mine, I looked into them deeply again, and welcomed the relaxed feeling coming over me, and the orgasm that seemed to come from somewhere far away ...

I don't remember anything that happened after that.

2.

One of the first signs that he breaking loose was ...

I had been in my dorm room. I shared the room with Blake, who was on the tennis team. It was getting kind of late that night, and I was sitting at my desk writing, just an aimless scene with lots of guys having sex. I was getting pretty turned-on too. I always get horny when I write gay porn. My boner was so hard it ached in my shorts.

Blake, he was sprawled out on his bed. He was reading some textbook and not paying any attention to me. He probably

thought I was writing a paper or something. Anyway, he didn't notice that I kept glancing over at him. He was really good-looking, and since all he had on was a pair of blue-and-white striped boxer shorts, I got to look at a lot of him. I thought he was really attractive, but I had to be careful. Blake had told me he was bi when we got assigned to the room together, and I didn't have a problem with that. But I couldn't let on that I liked guys. He was on the tennis team, so he could be out as a bi guy, but I was on the baseball team, and I couldn't afford to be exposed either as a gay boy or as a power. I had to be very careful. Hell, I still dated girls and everything.

But right then, what I was, was horny.

Really horny.

So I closed the lid to my laptop computer, got up, and grabbed my toothbrush. "I'm gonna go to the bathroom," I said, heading for the door. "Be back in a little while." Blake just grunted and didn't look up.

Okay, so I had a few minutes. The communal bathroom was at the far end of the hall. I planned to lock myself in one of the stalls and jack off a quick load. I really needed to get off, too!

But right about the time I got to the bathroom, I had this little nagging sensation in the back of my head. Something was ... not right.

So I headed back to my room. That feeling refused to go away--it was settling into this kind of protracted feeling, like I was in my body but also outside it, looking on, like an observer instead of a participant.

The door opened soundlessly, just a couple of inches. I saw Blake standing by my desk, bent forward, reading my laptop screen. Damn--he was snooping through my files! He had probably found some of my gay porn stories too.

Blake was so intent on reading the screen that he didn't see me open the door. He didn't see the Hypnotist standing behind him, either.

The Hypnotist leaned in, reached his hand

forward. He touched the side of Blake's head lightly, just above the temple, and drew his fingers back. A little trail of silver sparkles followed in their wake. Blake's head jerked halfway up from the screen in surprise, then paused.

I knew what that protracted feeling was now. My power had formed the Hypnotist, but I wasn't in charge of making him do this.

The Hypnotist put his hands on Blake's shoulders and stood him upright, turned him around, face to face. I couldn't see Blake's face, but I knew what looking into the Hypnotist's eyes would do to him. The Hypnotist, smiling that confident half-smile, tilted his head to look at me over

Blake's bare shoulder, and I felt that comfortable warmth steal over me, feeling so accommodating now, as my eyes filled with the little silver flickers. I half-shook my head as if to chase them away, like gnats, but then I was feeling too relaxed and peaceful to finish the gesture.

The Hypnotist--I knew what he wanted me to do. I opened the door and stepped inside. The door swung shut as if on its own. Blake's hands were in motion, sliding down his boxers as his body bent. His ass was aimed at me. I'd seen it before, several times, and it was a nice one. Blake lifted his feet one at a time free of his boxers.

The Hypnotist, with his hands on Blake's

shoulders, turned him around to face me. I'd seen Blake naked before but never hard, never with his cock sticking up at a forty-five degree angle and his balls riding up like he needed to shoot a load badly. I was hard too, in my shorts, and I needed to get off something fierce.

The Hypnotist ran his fingers through Blake's hair. Blake gasped. His hand found his cock, and he started pumping at it. No preliminaries--just the main event. Suddenly, he shuddered and I saw his cum arc out of his rod. His body trembled and bucked as he rode out his orgasm, finally settling, loose-limbed, relaxed, eyes closed.

The Hypnotist held out a hand to me, and I

shuffled forward. Blake opened his eyes-- they were blank. He was completely the Hypnotist's thrall now. Blake knelt. His hands fumbled with the snap and zipper in the fly of my shorts. He tugged my shorts down, my underwear too. My rigid dick sprang out to meet him.

Blake kissed the head of it. His cock was still stiff, and he was jacking it again, mechanically. Suddenly, his body stiffened, another orgasm hitting him hard, and I felt his cum, hot and wet, splatter against my knee and calf.

When his pleasure had crested, he returned to my cock. Blake was bi, and he really knew how to suck a cock. He was certainly doing a good job sucking my

cock. I cupped my hands behind his head. The Hypnotist's eyes drew mine in. He half-smiled at me, and I tried to smile back, except my body felt so drowsy and limp I'm not sure I actually managed it.

When my orgasm hit, my eyes were buried deep in the Hypnotist's gaze, or his was buried deep in mine. I felt Blake's throat coaxing my load, and suddenly I was giving it to him, shooting it, shooting, into his throat, shooting, sinking, sinking under the pleasure, sliding into the blackness of sleep as my eyes closed.

3.

My parents got this old laptop computer for me when I was a senior in high school. They figured I could use it for doing my homework and stuff. I found out I liked to write--as long as it wasn't for a class assignment or anything--so being a normal closeted teen athlete, I wrote a lot of porn. Not really stories, more like snippets. Since I hadn't read many porn stories, I was pretty clueless about what porn was like, so I mostly just wrote what I thought it would be like. I wrote what turned me on.

That's how I found out I was one of them. A power. A guy with a super-power. Even

though it's not a very useful one. It's caused a lot more trouble than it's worth.

See, I found out that when I write something, sometimes--*sometimes*--it gets written into real-life. It started slow.

Small things that I wrote about that came true. I'd write about this thing, or this cup--maybe it was a yellow cup--and then I'd turn around and it would be there. Which was pretty cool and pretty scary at the same time. It didn't happen that often, but it happened often enough that I figured out it was me doing it and not somebody pulling a joke on me. Somehow, I was writing things and they were coming true. None of the big stuff ever became real, like the story I wrote where the high school quarterback sucked off the whole

football team after practice--no, that was just a story.

I wrote him into one of my stories. The Hypnotist. How it started was like this. A couple of months ago, when I was alone in my dorm room because my roommate Blake had gone home for the weekend, I was bored and channel-surfing with the TV, and I came across some old movie. It was one of those movie channels that shows cheesy softcore "films" that are basically excuses for viewers to watch tits and asses jiggling around for an hour and a half, late at night. So I'm sitting there watching the Bouncing Naked Flesh Channel, and in the movie there was this guy, and he went around hypnotizing people, mostly pretty chicks, and making

them do shit for him, like steal jewels and secret documents and stuff. It was a really lame movie, but there was this one scene where he hypnotizes these two cops that has been chasing him. One was a beautiful woman cop and the other was this really hot guy cop. He hypnotized them and made the guy cop fuck his woman cop partner while he, the evil hypnotist, got away. I found myself rubbing myself through my jeans cause I thought the guy cop was really hot, especially once he got his clothes off, and I was thinking it would be a lot hotter if the villain had hypnotized the guy cop into having sex with another man.

Yeah, I thought that was real hot. Thinking about being able to make any guy I wanted

do what I wanted got me hotter. So I fired up my word processor and I started typing away at this story--I mean, I was *really* cranking it out--about this evil hypnotist who gets the handsome cop under his control, and they have sex, the kind of wild man-on-man sex I'd always wanted to have. I was hard the whole time, and the words were just poured out of me. And it was good story, really erotic, really got my cock hard and my balls churning.

I spent a lot of time describing the evil hypnotist. What he was wearing. What he looked like. The color of his hair. The way he talked and moved and smiled that confident half-smile of his. How irresistible his hypnotic eyes were, the

way they had these little flecks of color in them, like the spokes of a wheel, and the way if you really looked into them and concentrated, those little spokes would almost seem to begin to turn, turn ...

And I felt this ... presence behind me. I freaked, cause I thought it was someone from my dorm--maybe I left the door unlocked and they snuck in on me--or my roommate come back a day early or something. I mean, I was sitting there writing *gay porn*, dammit! If that secret got out, I'd never live it down. And I whipped around, and I must have looked real spooked.

And there he was. Just standing there. Just like I'd described him. He was standing

there, looking at me, and smiling. Yeah, exactly like I described him. I wrote him into the story, and there he was.

He was just looking at me, like I was the guy cop I'd written about, the one who got enslaved by looking into the Hypnotist's eyes. Yeah, his eyes, looking me right in the eye, and I wasn't afraid, even though this was only like the third or fourth time my power had made anything that moved and wasn't an inanimate object. He was just looking at me, and I saw his eyes were exactly like I'd described them. Pale, with darker flecks of another color in them, radiating out of his pupils like the spokes of a wheel. There were these little silver flecks of light around his eyes. And the more I looked into them, the deeper I

looked, the more his eyes seemed like little wheels, about to turn if I just looked a little deeper--about to turn--turning, turning--deeper--turning--

And the next thing I know, it's the next morning. I'm waking up, slumped over my laptop, and I'm naked, and there's no sign of him. My dick had that "Ahhh!" just-cum feeling, as it lay curled and spent between my thighs, so I knew I'd had some fun. I just couldn't remember it.

But the story was still there on my laptop. It was a really hot story. Maybe that's where he got the extra energy to cross over into the real world. I figured he'd gone back, or disappeared, or whatever, when my concentration faded--that's the

way it usually happened.

4.

Over the next few days, I wrote a lot of scenes starring him. Costarring me. Not really stories. Just scenes. Just getting right to the action. Stories about me sitting in the library, or on the quad, or walking across campus. And him just being there. Seeing me. Zappity-zap, hypnotizing me with those eyes. Making me do things. Sexy things that kept my cock hard the whole time I was writing.

I wouldn't say he had a personality. I didn't really write him one, other than his crafty smile and cavalier ways. It wasn't like he was someone I wanted to get to know. He was just a character in a story I

was using to get off.

And he didn't always appear. At first, mostly, I had to stop and take care of business, my hard dick, by myself. But sometimes, there he was again. I'd be writing away, and I'd feel his hand on my shoulder, or sense his presence behind me, or catch a glimpse of him out of the corner of my eye as he walked toward me. He always did what I wrote about him doing--he hypnotized me. It was hotter each time.

That's why it's my fault he got out.

Each time he was getting stronger. Easier to call into being. Appearing more frequently. I dunno why--maybe because

my idea of him was getting clearer. Or maybe because I was investing more and more of my erotic energy into writing him into appearing.

I liked it, and I was getting careless. Sometimes I'd start writing while my roommate was there, after he'd gone to sleep. Like this one time, I was supposed to be staying up late and working on this paper, but I started writing a porn scene instead. That time, the Hypnotist didn't appear--maybe I was too nervous to make it happen right, with my roommate being there--and I had to sneak to the bathroom and jack off.

But another time, I was in the library. I was supposed to be taking notes for a term

paper, but I called up one of the stories and started adding a new scene. I started getting that familiar horny, half-drowsy feeling ... And the next thing I know, I'm naked in a stall in the men's room, with this cock sticking up at me through a hole in the partition between the stalls, and I freak out because no one's supposed to know I'm gay. I freak out and pull my clothes back on and get the fuck out of there before the owner of that dick can recognize me. I was pretty sure the Hypnotist was the reason I wound up in that stall, though I didn't remember it.

I guess you could say he was getting demanding. He wanted more. Somehow, I could just sense it, like in the back of my head or something.

He wasn't content with just me--I mean, with just hypnotizing the "me" character in my stories. He wanted more. I could feel it.

So I got ambitious. I tried writing scenes with the Hypnotist and other fantasy guys I made up. Somehow, it wasn't quite the same. It seemed hot while I was writing it, but it never seemed real. Not "as real." It never called him up. Never was real enough to form him, or make him appear, or whatever.

So I thought to myself, *Wouldn't it be hot to write a scene with him and some guy I know in real life?*

So I wrote a scene. It starred the Hypnotist

and somebody I knew, all right. My teammate Tucker. Don't ask me why. I was sitting there in the library, and Tucker was there too, a couple of tables away, doing some research for this paper on powers he was writing--he was a real fanatic about powers, always keeping up with who was in the news and what was going on. He was practically obsessed with the Golden Defender.

I just started writing, and when it came time to type in the name of the guy being hypnotized, Tucker's name just appeared onscreen. Don't ask me why. I just kept writing.

Pretty soon, I look up and it's late. I've got a hard-on, so hard it aches. No sign of the

Hypnotist. Oh, well--I wasn't sure what I expected anyway, writing in public in the library like that.

Tucker got up and headed toward the men's room. That sounded like a good idea to me, too. I was thinking that I needed to pee, and after Tucker left the men's room I could hole up in a stall and jack off, because I needed to do something about this hard-on too. So I took a minute to save my file, then I stood up and stretched and headed toward the restroom myself. And I opened the door, and there's the Hypnotist. And there's Tucker. Tucker was standing there by the sinks, naked, hard, staring up at the Hypnotist with this rapt, half-smiling expression on his face. The Hypnotist turned to me and smiled.

And this warm, dreamy feeling soothed over my thoughts, and I just stepped on in and let the door close behind me.

So let's just say ... He got Tucker. I got to watch. Then, I got my turn.

5.

Coach was busting my balls one day, and I left practice that day feeling like I wanted to beat his face in or something. That's kind of rare for me--usually I'm a pretty easygoing kind of guy.

I was still pissed when I got back to my dorm room. I pulled out my laptop and booted that sucker up. I just opened my word processor, and I started writing. I started writing about Coach and how much I wished he'd get his damn attitude adjusted. I started writing about how the Hypnotist would go have a little talk with him, and how Coach would start to relax, calm down, let go. And the next day

Coach would be back to being a real human being again.

When I finished, I was pretty much exhausted. Writing is like that for me sometimes, intense as wildfire, consuming everything. After that, I just crashed on my bed and didn't have the energy to do a damn thing the rest of the evening.

Next day, sure enough, Coach was in a *much* better mood. He kept talking about how this guy he met in the bar he went to after practice took him aside and talked to him and helped him get out of the funk he'd fallen into. See, Coach had a little drinking problem. But now he was swearing he was on the wagon and things were looking up for him already.

I was wondering if it was the Hypnotist or just the part where I'd written that Coach would be back to being tolerable again. Sometimes the things I wrote came true, but not always exactly the way I wrote them. There was a little leeway there sometimes.

But that night I had my answer.

See, I was going over some notes. I was in my dorm room, stretched out on my bed with my notes all around me. Blake wasn't around--I had the place to myself. Then, I looked up.

There he stood. The Hypnotist. And this time, I hadn't written him into existence either.

Just looking at him made me start to feel drowsy, heavy. He was taking control. I had no idea what he had in mind, but that didn't matter right then, because my eyes were already closing.

6.

I didn't have a clue what the Hypnotist was up to. I just knew that he was doing something and getting stronger all the time, which worried me. It kind of worried me, since I was afraid he might do something that would expose me for being gay or having this power.

Sometimes, I'd be asleep in my bed at night, dreaming, a real intense dream, maybe sexy. I'd be dreaming, and I'd be pulled to wakefulness so gradually it was hardly like waking up at all. I'd open my eyes, and I'd feel the cool air moving across my body since the sheet had been pulled back, and this mouth in my crotch,

wet and warm, sucking me gently. I couldn't see too well in the darkness, and I didn't have to. I'd gotten enough blowjobs by then from Blake when he was deeply hypnotized--I knew his style. He'd be kneeling beside my bed and nursing me toward orgasm with his mouth. He was already deeply spellbound again. I'd look up into the dark beyond Blake's head, and I'd see these silver sparkles flickering around, and I knew the Hypnotist was doing all this for a reason, but right then I didn't care why. I'd just see the silver flashes filling my vision, and I'd feel myself being lowered back into a different kind of sleep even as I ejaculated, hard but it felt like it happened far away, and I'd just sink into the blankness of the Hypnotist's thrall.

7.

See, the first time my power ever manifested, I didn't believe it. This was back when I was a virgin, still in high school, though I'd just turned eighteen.

When I was in high school, we would sneak away for an afternoon. My friends and I, we'd go down to the pond behind the old Taylor place. That's where us guys went sometimes to swim, because it's kinda back off the road and in the woods far enough that you can't see hardly anything, even if you were to go looking for it. It's real private with the woods around it, but it's open to the sky. Ephram was a quiet place--not much else going on.

We'd go skinny-dipping there sometimes when we're finished with chores, when we can sneak away, and there was enough sun left sometimes that it was good for sunbathing. I never let them know I was gay, but I sure did my share of looking and stored up plenty of images for jacking off to later.

At first, I thought it was just some kind of weird-ass coincidence. Like I said, my parents had bought me an old laptop computer to use for writing reports for school and homework and shit. I started using it to write stories too, and porn scenes--what I thought sex would be like. I wrote about something small, a yellow coffee mug, and I had this really clear image of it in my head. A little later, I

looked over and there was yellow mug exactly like it. I thought maybe my mom had left it in my room--maybe I'd seen it and that's why I described it that way in the story I was trying to write. My head was buzzing, starting to hurt a little the way you feel after you concentrate on something a while, really think hard about it. But then I looked over a few minutes later, and mug was gone. No trace of it.

I thought it was weird, but only after it had been happening now and then for a while did I start putting one and one together. I'd write about something, and there it would be. And then it wouldn't be there anymore. Whatever I was doing, it didn't last long once I stopped writing or concentrating on it. I didn't have much stamina with my

power back in those days.

The first time I made something that wasn't small and inanimate, it freaked me out later, though I thought it was damn cool at the time. This was maybe a year after I'd realized I had this power. I had turned eighteen maybe a week before. I'd been out at the swimming hole with Rowdy and Rebel. We'd been skinny-dipping. I thought Rowdy and Rebel were both really cute. They're brothers, a year apart, and I'd found myself thinking about one or the other of them a lot lately--thinking about them in the way that got my dick hard. I had to be cool around them because they thought I was straight. They would've beat the crap out of me if they'd found out I was gay and jonesing for them.

I was watching them and pretending not to, storing up images to run through my head later as I stroked myself.

They had to get home for chores. So they got dressed and hopped on their bikes and headed home. I stayed behind, figuring I could jerk off and drop a load before I had to head home. Hey, I was someplace private and already naked, right? Why waste the opportunity?

They figured I was going to jack off--with my family, I didn't get much privacy at home--and they teased me about it. They just didn't know I was planning on thinking about them while I did it. I waited a while after they left--okay, maybe it was about two minutes. I knew I was alone and I lay

back. My boner had been rigid ever since they left. I closed my eyes and got down to business. I'd hear anyone who came my way through the woods long before they saw me.

I was stroking away, thinking about their chests. I couldn't decide which one to jack off to--and thinking about both of them seemed a little weird--so I was kind of alternating between the two. That meant that the fantasy lover in my head kept blurring the two brothers together--minor differences--Rowdy's chest, Rebel's arms, Rowdy's hair, Rebel's grin, that sort of thing. I was telling myself a story in my head, about how the sex scene with Rebel, or Rowdy, or whichever, would unfold as I stroked, and that was a lot more

important than figuring out which one I was supposed to be fantasizing about.

Then I felt something. That familiar, weirdly distant feeling I had been getting sometimes when I wrote really intensely. I opened my eyes. There he was. I knew--I just knew somehow--he came from me. I had created him. He looked like Rebel. He looked like Rowdy. His body and face kept shifting a little--the brothers look alike but not completely. He kept kind of shifting between them. I wasn't scared or nervous at all. It just seemed perfectly natural he'd be there. I was lying back with my legs spread, and he knelt between them.

Everything felt so remote. I'd never gotten

a blowjob before--all I knew was what I'd heard guys bragging about and what I'd read in porn stories. But I was sure willing to try. His head came over my cock. I didn't know how it was supposed to feel--was he supposed to suck or blow? Teeth were bad and tongue was good, right?--but I was clueless about how to use them right.

My cock disappeared into Rebel's-- Rowdy's?--mouth. Inside he seemed ... weird. Not quite like a mouth and throat at all. Which I guess made sense, since he was created by my power and probably didn't have internal organs or anything. But I didn't have much time to worry about that. Pretty much the moment I felt his lips sliding down me, my stomach shoved tight

and my balls slammed around and my cock started firing out my spunk. I was cumming and cumming hard too.

My eyes screwed shut from the force of it. Finally, as I started to come down from my orgasm, when I could open my eyes again ... Rebel, or Rowdy, or my projection of him, them, whatever, was gone. My body was spent. My mind was spent. It was ten minutes or more before I could move. I just lay there, panting, unable to think or even sit up.

8.

I'd like to say that after that I was hooked, and that I kept practicing in secret until I got really good at using my power. But the truth is, I didn't. I didn't want anyone knowing I was gay, and I didn't want them knowing I was a power. Sure, it kicked in now and then, mostly when I got to fantasizing or writing too intensely, but I didn't try to do it intentionally. I'd say I got *better* at it over time, but I wouldn't say I got to where I could do it at will--or even exactly the way I wanted. Sometimes the results were unpredictable, like the way dreams unfold. I guess the subconscious mind has its own agenda sometimes. Yeah, "unpredictable" is a good way of

putting it, especially once the Hypnotist got involved.

Like what happened the last couple of times.

Like I said, Tucker was obsessed with just about everything that had to do with powers. The people who had them, I mean. And he was a huge fan of the Golden Defender. Hardly a day went by that the Golden Defender wasn't in the headlines, and that meant that hardly a practice went by without Tucker checking his video unit for an update the moment we got back to the locker room. Rowdy and Rebel, they liked some of the more obscure heroes, and they usually ended up in a debate about who was stronger. Or

has saved the world more times. I didn't much care. Tucker could list off pretty much every one of the heroes and villains and every one of their abilities. Some of the powers, like the Golden Defender, had more than one. He was strong enough to lift a bus, and fast enough to outrace a bullet. He could fly. He had this golden aura around him like a force field. He was rumored to have other powers. Some kind of super-vision. Maybe telepathy or a mental power. I thought he was kind of attractive, in that All-American superhero sort of way, though he came across more like a huge goody-goody than a super-warrior, with his "protect the weak and fight for justice" talk, like a kind of super-powered boy scout. But I had to admit: he seemed to be able to handle

whatever villain came his way. He seemed pretty much invincible.

That day, while we were stripping down after practice and Tucker logged on for his update, the Powers Network was running a story about how the Golden Defender had single-handedly fought off Commander Zograd and a bunch of aliens who tried to defeat the Defender with a mind-control ray. Sounded like the Defender didn't have too much trouble trouncing them. Commander Zograd was behind bars again, and the aliens were retreating back to wherever they came from.

Just before I felt that familiar tingle run up my spine, I thought to myself that maybe

the Golden Defender could send the Hypnotist back where he came from, if the Defender ever came to a backwater place like Ephram. But once I felt that tingle, I knew--the Hypnotist was strong enough now he didn't need me to create him. Then when the sparkles appearing around Rowdy's eyes a second later, then Rebel's, announced the Hypnotist's appearance, I didn't have any more time to think about it right then.

9.

Ephram was over a thousand miles away from Manhattan. Might as well have been a million miles away.

Late that night, in my dorm room, I fired up my laptop. Blake was asleep in the bed next to mine. I wrote by the glow of the laptop screen. I wrote this little scene in which the Golden Defender came to Ephram. He would sense something wrong. Maybe receive some kind of telepathic cry for help. He would fly from his secret hideout in Manhattan or wherever to Ephram to check it out. He'd encounter the Hypnotist, and the Defender would kick his butt. He would send the

Hypnotist back where he came from, never to show his face again. With the Hypnotist out of the way, my secret would be safe. No one would know I was gay or a power.

I didn't have much time to get any further. It was late, and I was tired. I had that spaced-out feeling I get when I write, when my power kicks in, but I couldn't tell if it was working or not. Like I said, sometimes it's unpredictable.

10.

The next day, after practice, we all burst into the locker room like wild horses. Gear and clothing flying everywhere. Tucker headed right for his handheld video unit. I couldn't see the picture; all I could hear was a little of the sound over the guys yelling, as the Powers Network anchorwoman rattled on about some battle in Chicago the night before between the Midnight Knight and some drug gang.

Everybody was pretty much half-naked by now, in various ways, moments away from piling into the showers. My spine felt the tingle run up it, spreading through my head. That and the sudden breeze of air

through the opening locker room door announced his presence.

The Hypnotist. His eyes swept over my teammates, taking them one at a time. Danny, in his jockstrap and socks. Tommy in his tee-shirt and shorts. Rebel and Rowdy, both already naked. Barry in his compression shorts and knee brace. Tucker in his shorts and baseball cap. The anchorwoman commented that the Golden Defender hadn't been spotted yet today as the handheld video unit slipped from Tucker's relaxing fingers. It landed face-down on the bench, which muffled the sound.

The Hypnotist was moving down the line. Pretty soon he would have us all. The

door opened again behind him, behind me.

"What the heck is going on in here?" a voice bellowed from back there. It was Coach. The Hypnotist turned and looked over my head, and I heard Coach sigh as he was taken.

The Hypnotist continued sweeping his eyes around the room. I was going to be last again, or next to the last. Most of the guys he'd taken were already stripping the rest of the way, maybe jerking their cocks already. Like Rebel and Rowdy over there, jacking off slowly, as if deeply asleep and dreaming. And Tucker. And ...

I felt a tug at my thoughts. My turn. I turned to face the Hypnotist, with his sly half-

smile, and I felt myself slipping, saw the sparkles invade my vision.

I sensed the locker room door open again, and the very air seemed to crackle. The Hypnotist didn't seem to notice. I couldn't turn, couldn't see who it was at first, until the new guy strode past me.

His uniform was all crimson except for the cape the color of spun gold. Crimson spandex, clinging to every powerful muscle like spray paint. This yellowy glow coated his entire body. Flowing blond hair. Powerfully built but not like a bodybuilder--these muscles came from wielding super-strength, packed onto what looked like a man in his late twenties. In person, he seemed taller, even more

handsome, more imposing, intimidating.
The Golden Defender. In the flesh.

It was really him. He wasn't one of my constructs. I could feel it. Any power I had was being siphoned away by the Hypnotist, and I'd never been able to create more than one thing at a time. This Golden Defender was the real deal.

The Golden Defender spoke in a deep, commanding voice. "What's going on here?"

The Hypnotist turned. By now he had all of my teammates and me under his control, all of us, most of us naked, hard, jerking off. He was at the peak of his strength. I practically felt his gaze lunge out at the

Golden Defender, as his eyes flashed nearly twice the normal amount of silver.

The Defender's golden aura flared. I felt ... somehow ... I felt the power they were pouring at one another. I felt the Hypnotist straining to reach the Defender with his gaze, struggling to keep back the Defender's mental counter-attack.

Across the room, Rowdy came, and I felt the Hypnotist's power spike. Then Tucker and Barry. The Hypnotist hammered at the Defender. Rebel came too. The Hypnotist never let up.

The Hypnotist was focusing on the Defender so hard he was losing his grip on some of the guys. A couple of them

were starting to wake up. I saw one or two of them blink, no longer jacking off, suddenly realizing there was some kind of fight going on in front of them, even if they didn't realize what kind. Danny grabbed his shorts and ran for the door, not even pausing to pull them on. See, when two powers show up in the same place, things tend to get smashed. A lot. Tommy cowered against the wall for a second before he grabbed his shorts and bolted after Danny out the door.

Coach, from behind the Defender, had a baseball bat in his hands. Coach was naked, hard, but that didn't matter. He was doing what the Hypnotist wanted. He swung the bat as hard as he could at the Defender's head. The bat cracked and split

in two against the Defender's golden force field. It didn't hurt him, but it distracted him for a critical half-second.

By then, the Hypnotist was drilling deeply into the Defender's head. I could feel it. It was a two-way connection, and the Defender's power flooded into the Hypnotist. But somehow, it didn't catch-- maybe the Hypnotist didn't really had a brain, since he was a construct of my power. For whatever reason, the Defender's power found no purchase and passed right through the Hypnotist's head.

The Defender wasn't so lucky. The Hypnotist's power poured into his mind, and I could feel his struggle. I could feel him ... losing. Slowly. Fighting hard. But

failing. The Hypnotist was in. The Hypnotist had found something, like a key, and he was switching off the Defender's power and his mind. The Defender's expression was slowly going slack, his powerful limbs going limp.

Something was happening to the Defender. His body was changing, flickering. Almost ... shrinking. The golden glow was going out. He was changing.

The Golden Defender was a persona, a powered form. He was reverting to his real form, his real body. He was just a kid. Maybe nineteen. A little younger than me. A trim youth. Good-looking, but less "pretty boy" than the Golden Defender. It was like the Golden Defender was the

idealized version, and this was the real one.

The kid's mind was thoroughly under the Hypnotist's sway now. Like ours. I felt the Hypnotist's satisfaction. I felt him reach out, invisible tendrils of mental energy, reaching out past the kid, past the locker room doors. I felt his tendrils snag something, two somethings.

Instead of the Golden Defender's crimson spandex uniform and yellow cape, the kid wore ordinary clothes. Jeans, a much-washed tee-shirt with a silk-screened band logo flaking off the front, battered sneakers. The kid began to strip.

Behind me, I felt the locker room door

open again. The Hypnotist was reeling in his tendrils. Danny and Tommy, the escapees, were being pulled back in. His eyes, their eyes--they were his again.

The kid was stripping, revealing a skinny adolescent body just beginning to fill out with muscle. Not as well-built as us baseball players, and definitely not in the Golden Defender's class, but his body wasn't bad. It had potential.

Danny and Tommy were stripping off their shorts too. They were hard. The kid was hard too, a long, thick dick with a slight curve to it. I was hard. All of us who hadn't cum yet were jacking off again.

Danny and Tommy were the first. They

came, and I felt the Hypnotist grow stronger as they slid finally into his thrall. Coach and a couple of the other team members were next, pretty much everyone but the kid and me.

Then the kid came. His ass clenched and his cock jabbed forward in his hand, and he spurted his load halfway across the locker room. That wasn't the important part though. Suddenly, all this energy is flooding into the Hypnotist, energy from the kid's power, energy that made the Golden Defender.

I felt the Hypnotist reel. He couldn't handle it all. He was just a construct of my power, and the kid's power was overloading him. He stumbled toward me

and--

And--

He fell into me. I felt the energy all around me, infusing me, fusing with me. It didn't hurt. If anything, it felt ... right, like this was the way it was supposed to be all along, if I'd been strong enough on my own. I felt the Hypnotist all around me, inside me, or maybe I was inside him. We were merging. He wasn't my construct anymore. He was me. I was him.

I/we stood up, feeling glorious, stronger than ever. I/we had actualized our potential--I/we had become what we--I--was destined to be. I felt my thoughts filling all their heads. The team's. The

kid's. They belonged to us--me. It was my purpose to control them.

The kid coming here had changed everything. He had opened my eyes. Why should I be content with a baseball team and a few other guys from a podunk town college? I had tasted another power, and I liked it. I wanted more. The Golden Defender was the key. He knew all the major powers. Through him, so would I.

I looked down at myself. I seemed taller, built bigger. More like the Hypnotist I had envisioned instead of the college-boy I had been. I had this skinny kid to thank for that.

In his head, my thoughts twisted his,

creating a permanent bond between us, fueled by his power and mine. He wouldn't be able to conceive of life without me now. Having me around was ingrained in every part of him. And he liked it--I made sure of that.

My clothes wouldn't fit my new body now, but that wasn't a problem. There would be time for getting clothes later. Right then, I was more interested in reaching back into the kid's head. Finding the key to his power. Turning it back on. The kid's skin began to glow. Not as strong as before, but he was still half-drained. His body began to change. His muscles were swelling. He was growing taller. Naked skin exchanged for the Golden Defender's spandex uniform and cape again. But this

time, the Defender was absolutely mine to command, and he was going to stay that way.

We went outside. He wrapped his arms around me from behind, holding me securely. His body lifted into the air, lifting me too. It was a long flight back to Manhattan, but we'd be there by tomorrow. Tomorrow I'd feast on the powers community, and the day after that, and the day after that. They wouldn't know what hit them, but they'd come to love it. I was going to make sure of that.
