

Reckless (an Institute story)

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Jase and Thumper clean up one of Andrew's messes. An Institute story.

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

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

Copyright - 2012 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
 - <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Autl> (MC stories)
-

Author's Note: This story occurs after "[Serving Andrew](#)" and "[Homework](#)."

Reckless

by Wrestlr

Part 1

I usually wasn't in the gym that late. The locker room was usually filled with laughter, shouts, and guys snapping towels at each other's butts. But, twenty minutes before closing, it was nearly empty and silent. I had just enough time to get showered, get dressed, and get the fuck out of there.

Today, Coach McAllister kept me longer

than usual. He's the staffer in charge of the gym at the Institute, and soccer is kind of his thing--he managed the team and was dedicated to helping us improve our skills on the field, which was why I respected him. Today he wanted to go over some strategies with me in his office after practice. I love soccer, but he kept drawing these moves on his whiteboard and yammering, and I kept thinking, *I'm missing quality time with the team for this?* Coach is a Normal, so he wore one of those little caps with microelectronics that keep telepaths like me out of his head. Man, I hated those caps! Sometimes when he'd be yammering he'd reach up and pull the cap off and put it back on and adjust it, and I kept getting these two-second flashes of whatever he was thinking about, mostly

mundane shit like wanting to head home and have dinner--just enough on-off-on-off thought flashes to nearly give me a fucking headache!

By the time Coach was all done yam-yam-yammering, the rest of the team had gone, and I was running late. I could have rushed back to the dorm to shower, but I decided--fuck it!--I was gonna get my shower there at the gym, and if anybody didn't like it, then tough. I headed for my locker, stripped down, grabbed my towel, and strolled toward the showers.

At twenty minutes 'til closing time, like I said, the gym was pretty much empty. Even though I wasn't actively scanning, we telepaths just kind of know when other

people are or aren't around, like background noise, and right then I was only picking up on a couple of people. I rounded the corner on my way to the showers and saw them. The closest one, shirtless, wearing his uniform pants, glanced up at me--then as he was about to say something, he did a fast double-take and his jaw dropped. His voice roared in my head: *Thumper?! Crap!--Thumper, what are you doing here? Jase will fucking kill me if anything--*

I was, like, *Who the hell is this guy?* He obviously knew me and my brother Jase, but I had no clue who this guy was.

He zipped a glance at his two friends, who were too distracted with some fourth

guy to pay us any attention.

I sent back, *Uh, I'm just gonna hit the showers--*

You can't be here! shirtless jock-guy insisted. *We gotta hide you before Andrew sees you!*

Man, I hate it when somebody yells in my head with lots of exclamation marks. Gives me a fucking headache. I was, like, *Hey, dial down the drama, buddy.*

All six-foot-plus of shirtless jock came at me, looking so agitated I found myself pulling back a little. I'm a good-sized guy and getting muscular from all my soccer and gym workouts, but I wasn't looking for

a fight and this guy was easily a couple of inches taller than me. He grabbed me by my arm and hustled me over to the nearby closet where the cleaning supplies were kept.

What's going on? I asked as he hauled me toward the open closet doorway.

He shoved me inside. *Stay in here and don't make a sound*, he ordered. *Keep your telepathy quiet too. I'll try to shield you so they won't know you're here. You'll be okay as long as they don't find you. Fuck!--Jase is gonna kill me! Promise me--not a sound and not a thought, no matter what. Got it?*

I nodded my head, too surprised to say a

word. Which I guess was the right response since he told me not to say anything.

He seemed really upset. Just when I thought we were done, he slammed me with a telepathic sucker-punch, the equivalent of kicking my brain in the balls--his unexpected telepathic blow angled in at me like a scorpion strike before I realized and could get my defenses up. Fucking hell! My head twisted up from the pain. My telepathy cramped, and no way would I be sending or receiving anything for the next few minutes. I hated being a fucking novice--I could do some pretty cool stuff with my telepathy, but sometimes it seemed like everybody else had more training and

could kick my shit all over the place.

This guy quickly closed the closet door, leaving me in total darkness except for bands of light coming through the door's ventilation slots.

"What's going on over there, Paul?" one of the other guys said. "There a problem?"

"No," the shirtless jock-guy said. He stood directly between me and the others. "Just ... the smell from the janitor's closet was making me nauseous. Un-sexy, right?"

His two friends looked at each other and smirked--but Paul's excuse seemed to satisfy them.

Then I realized what he'd done. He'd made

sure I couldn't give myself away by accidentally or on purpose using my telepathy, and he'd positioned himself directly between me and the blond guy, who I was pretty sure was a telepath too, so all the blond would sense was this Paul guy. Like I said, telepaths usually know when other people are around, but there are ways to fool a casual scan.

The ventilation slots in the door were located just above my eye level. By standing on tiptoe, I could get a look at what was going on in the locker room. I couldn't see much around this Paul guy, but I could see enough.

His two friends were devoting most of their attention to another guy who sat on

the bench in front of an open locker. I sort-of knew one of the two friends. Andrew was an advanced trainee who worked as a staffer here at the gym. I'd seen him around. Seems to me I remembered he was a telepath like me. The second of the two friends I only knew by reputation, Boyd by name. Everybody I knew steered clear of him, but I didn't know why. *Avoid Boyd the Void*, they said.

Andrew wore his Institute uniform, of course, and Boyd wore just the pants of his, like Paul. Boyd had his shirt off and wadded in his hand, showing off the most amazing chest. He looked like he could beat the crap out of someone and never break a sweat. Which I guess wasn't that unusual given some of the Talents people

at the Institute had, but I mean Boyd had the muscles for it.

The third guy sitting on the bench I didn't know at all. He was naked except for a towel around his waist, his hair damp from a recent wash. He was slouching a little, grinning a dopey grin. I didn't need to be a rocket scientist--which was good because I'm *not* a rocket scientist--to know one of the others, probably Andrew, had just done something to Bench Guy's head. The classic mind-zapped expression on Bench Guy's face? Definite giveaway. I wished I could use my telepath to scope out what was going on, but then I understood why this Paul guy had mind-stunned me--to prevent me from doing exactly that and giving myself away.

"See, I told you he'd be waiting for us," Andrew said. "Even though he doesn't remember, there's no way he can resist the compulsion I planted in his head to meet us here." He looked at Bench Guy. "Can you?"

"No, sir," Bench Guy answered quietly, grinning groggily.

Andrew started unbuttoning his uniform shirt. He asked Bench Guy, "So, you ready to get fucked?"

Bench Guy hesitated, probably trying to fight it. Andrew frowned at him a little. Bench Guy's expression went just a hair blanker, if that was possible, then he nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Show me." Andrew tossed his shirt onto the bench.

Bench Guy reached for the knot that held his towel in place, then hesitated.

"C'mon," Andrew said. "We've seen you naked before, and you've seen us naked. Big deal. Stop trying to fight me."

The little strip show aroused me. I told myself I shouldn't be watching, but I kept my eyes pressed close to the ventilation slot as Bench Guy undid his towel and let the front part of it drop aside, revealing his half-hard dick. Andrew had everything off now except his jockstrap.

"See? Doesn't it feel better to have that

nice piece of meat of yours out in the open where we can see it?" Andrew said to Bench Guy as he pulled off his jockstrap.

Bench Guy blushed but didn't say anything. His dick continued stiffening, rising. He did not turn away or cover himself with his hands. I had a long, unobstructed look at Bench Guy's full, low-hanging balls as well as his big-headed dick. My own cock stiffened as I realized what was about to happen.

As Andrew pulled off his shirt, he asked that Boyd guy, "So, what is it you like so much about this one that has you wanting a second shot at his ass? Is it his big dick? Or is his ass that sweet?"

"I guess so," Boyd answered hungrily, paying more attention to Bench Guy's torso than to Andrew. Boyd tugged off his shoes and socks.

Andrew chuckled. "You getting a soft spot for him, Boyd? Am I going to have to start worrying about you? You dont usually go for repeats with anyone but me."

Boyd shrugged.

"Don't worry," Andrew said as he stroked his cock to full hardness. "I'm not jealous. I'll get him all relaxed for you so your dick'll slip right in."

"Shut up and let's fuck," Boyd grumbled as he dropped his pants, and then he was

completely naked.

Andrew said to Bench Guy, "Okay, Brett, stand up. Just lean up against the lockers. Spread your legs a little and be prepared to get split wide open."

Brett mumbled something I couldn't hear. Then he turned and assumed his position against the locker. Andrew stroked his ass cheek.

"Yeah, that's a really pretty ass, isn't it?" Andrew said to Boyd. To Brett, Andrew said, "You ready to get your pretty ass fucked again?"

"Please ... no ..." Brett moaned.

Andrew frowned at him. I didn't need my

still-cramped Talent to tell me Andrew was doing something in Brett's head.

Brett pushed his ass back at them and revised his answer: "Yeah ... please ..."

Boyd had rolled on a condom and lubed up the length of his cock. This was the first time I'd gotten a clear look at his privates, and he was fucking hung! His cock looked as thick and as threatening as a poisonous snake. As he rubbed it with lube, it began to stretch and grow larger. Below this cock hung a set of balls in a wrinkled, dark sack that looked as nearly large as a grapefruit.

"So," Andrew went on, leaning back on the locker alongside Brett while Boyd

moved in on Brett's ass. "You ready to bend over for us?"

"Uh ... I ..." Brett panted.

Boyd spread apart Brett's buns with his palms. He worked one lube-slicked finger at Brett's asshole.

Brett obviously didn't like it. "Quit sticking your finger up ...," Brett started, twisting his hips back and forth. But when Andrew frowned again, Brett groaned, "Awww, man ...," and he pushed his butt back at Boyd's finger.

"He's gotta lubricate you a little," Andrew coaxed, "because you're about to take something a hell of a lot bigger than a

finger."

Boyd proceeded to "lubricate" Brett as he moved in even closer. Though I couldn't actually see what he was doing around Paul's suddenly obstructing shoulder, I knew Boyd had to be positioning his erect missile directly against its intended target.

"You ready?" Andrew asked Brett as Boyd grabbed hold of Brett's bare hips.

Brett must have said *yes* because Boyd thrust his groin forward with a loud grunt, probably sending every inch of his hard-on straight into Brett's body. Brett mewled and I wondered how much he must be feeling and whether it was hurting him.

Boyd began a rapid back-and-forth pumping with his hips that turned his muscular butt into a blur. "Damn, he's tight!" Boyd gasped, not breaking his *rat-a-tat* rhythm.

After a few minutes of Boyd's frantic pace, banging away at Brett's ass like a pile driver at top speed while his hands roamed the length of Brett's torso, they changed up their positions. With Brett on his back on the bench, legs over Boyd's shoulders, Boyd continued jackhammering that ass while Andrew fed his erection into Brett's mouth. Sometimes Paul would shift and block my view, but I saw enough.

By then, my telepathy was probably back, but I was smart enough to keep my mouth

shut and my thoughts in my head.

Brett was helpless again resist their attack. He just groaned and squirmed like a man being tortured as he was repeatedly banged fore and aft on the bench into the front of his locker.

Finally, Andrew pulled out and jacked his long cock. He pressed his hips forward so Brett could lick his balls. When Andrew froze and his head fell back, I knew he must at that precise moment--even though Paul's shoulder again blocked my view of Andrew's body below his nipples--be pumping a stream of hot jism out of his balls, through his cock, and across Brett's face.

A few moments later, Boyd grunted deep in his chest and shuddered as he too orgasmed, up inside Brett's butt.

The room seemed strangely silent following all that thrusting and banging, a long moment, but then Andrew let out a gasp and pulled his cock across Brett's cheek. Boyd extracted his cock from Brett's asshole with a moist, slurping sound.

"Damn, that was a good blow-job," Andrew said after catching his breath. "I can see why you wanted a repeat, Boyd." He looked down at his cock which, though deflated, still looked plenty big and gleamed with a layer of stickiness. "Hey, Paul, you wanna take a turn on him? How

come you're standing way over there?
Everything okay?"

"Nah, I'm good, Andrew. Just--uhm--still queasy from the stink of the janitor's closet."

"Well, why are you standing right in front of it if the smell makes you sick? I swear, sometimes I don't understand you, Paul. C'mon--the gym's closed by now. Let's get out of here." He frowned at Brett one last time. "Forget this happened, just like last time. That's it. You better go get cleaned up again."

Brett didn't say a word. He simply stood up and walked into the showers without a backward glance.

"You sure you're okay?" Andrew asked Paul as he wiped his cock on Brett's discarded towel.

"Yeah," Paul said shakily over the sound of the shower Brett had turned on.

"You're acting weird today--weirder than usual," Andrew chuckled, pulling on his clothes. "C'mon. We'd better get out of here."

Boyd and Andrew finished dressing. Andrew paused to snatch a jockstrap he saw inside Brett's locker. He tucked it into his pocket, a souvenir. Then the three of them headed to the door and left the locker room.

I waited in the closet. When would it be safe to come out? After all of Paul's efforts to keep me hidden, I didn't want to get caught if they came back for some reason. While I waited, I listened to the water pouring down in the shower.

I crept out of the closet and made my way across the locker room to the showers. I still had to get a shower too. As I walked into the tiled area, I saw Brett standing under the spray, the last shower on the far right, as the water poured over his body onto the tile floor. By that time, whatever telepathic zap that Andrew guy had done to Brett must have worn off.

Brett stood under the showerhead, leading forward, his palms and forehead pressed

against the tile wall. A trail of water streamed down the length of his still-erect cock and cascaded from the crown of his dick. His erection, full and red and twitching, jutted out at a sharp angle from his crotch.

"Oh, hell," Brett said when he saw me.
"Go the fuck away."

"You okay?" I asked.

Brett sighed. "Of course I'm okay. Why wouldn't I be?" Then he laughed a sad little laugh. "Honestly?--I don't know. My ass hurts like hell and I'm pretty sure something just happened to me, and now I've got a boner that could hammer nails, but ..." His voice trailed off in frustration.

Was he crying? Impossible to tell under the spray, but he was sure upset--his emotions stormed around inside his head, sadness, rage, like he couldn't decide what he was feeling. "... I don't remember a thing. Why can't I remember what happened?

"It'll be all right," I offered. Don't ask me why, but I felt like I needed to do something to help him. Brett must be in some sort of post-traumatic shock. I knew I should report it to the instructors, somebody who could maybe do something about it--but I thought maybe I could take a shot at it. This might be my chance to prove to Jase that I could handle adult problems. I mean, hey, I might spend most of my free time playing soccer, and soccer

might technically be a game, but that didn't make it kid's stuff. Besides, Jase was always saying we Talents had to police our own problems. Brett was obviously suffering as a result of what they'd done to him, something that needed correction. I mean, how difficult could it be, right? I'd just go in, see what was what, and fix whatever problems I saw. How difficult could it be, right? Then Jase would have to stop treating me like his kid brother all the time.

Besides, just a quick peek couldn't hurt anything.

I reached out with my telepathy, caressed the edges of Brett's thoughts, and slipped a quiet command--*Calm*--into them.

Brett looked back down at his erection as if seeing it for the first time. "Why can't I remember ...?"

Relax.

"I can take care of that boner for you," I said.

"What?" Brett growled, his expression mixing shock and embarrassment. He looked me right in the eye and sneered, "Sorry, kid, I only like girls. You're not my type."

I reached out and let the reds and purples and golds of my thoughts fog around and over his mind, gently enfolding it.

Calm.

Relax.

Accept.

Horny.

My commands drifted, delicate as smoke, into his mind. His expression slowly relaxed under my telepathic caress and turned to sheepish pleasure, and I knew it was going to happen.

Yes. Relax. Accept. Horny.

I put my hand on his shoulder and turned him around, leaned his back against the wall. His knees buckled--apparently I'd overdone the *Relax* part--and he slowly slid down the wall until his ass met the floor.

Knowing this was going to happen had my cock hardening too. I knelt in front of him, my face hovering in front of his crotch. But I had one more thing to say first. "Just for the record, I'm *everybody's* type."

A year ago, before I'd come here to the Institute for training, I'd never have done with a guy what I was about to do, though I'd seen girls do it to guys in plenty of movies I'd downloaded and I'd let a few girls do it to me. Since then, I'd learned a lot, both about sex and about how to use my Talent. I placed my hands on Brett's bare hips while my tongue and lips tried to control his bobbing cockhead. Meanwhile, with him distracted by my mouth zeroing in on his rod, my thoughts probed gently into his mind.

Brett's Talent wasn't telepathy, and he didn't have much experience with mental defenses other than the standard basic training--which might be better than nothing but was ridiculously easy for even a novice telepath like me to bypass. I probed at his defenses and found a "hole" Andrew had apparently punched in them. Well, it was hard to miss. Judging from the hole, Andrew's telepathy was strong but not subtle--the mental equivalent of a battering ram--and he'd smashed through Brett's defenses more than once recently. After I bypassed Brett's defenses, I concentrated and rebuilt the basic structure, my reds and purples mixing with the grays of Brett's own defenses. Then I started to probe deeper into his thoughts to see what else Andrew had done.

Brett's mind spread out before me, all pale aqua blues and greens and white, almost crystalline in its structure. Everybody's mind is structured a little differently, and his resembled a cathedral of ice or crystal, with intricate little decorations here and there of mental energy, nearly copper-red, things that felt like memories, just waiting for the right conditions or triggers to activate them. Each memory-cluster felt like a hard-shelled thing, almost like a scarab, with more complex workings inside. I examined them gently because I didn't want to risk cracking one open or disturbing the clockwork insides; I didn't want to do more damage accidentally to his mindscape on top of what Andrew had already done. I found one that I thought would work, something

that felt to my mental probes like a memory of being high--a nice, smooth buzz. After a little tinkering, I got it to unlock for me. As it opened, it vibrated, resonating through the crystal around itself, and I used that to help keep Brett relaxed and happy, accepting anything that happened. He groaned appreciatively as the buzzed feeling spread through his mind and disguised my poking around. The crystalline structures around me took on some of the reds and purples of my influence as I explored deeper into his mind.

"Outside," where our bodies met, my mouth continued nurse his cock. And may I just add: Giving a blowjob while exploring the inside of some guy's mind is

really tricky shit! Fortunately, Brett had enough experience receiving blowjobs that he knew how to help. He put his hands on my head to steady it and then to push downward so that my lips were forced past the rim of his cockhead onto the veined shaft of his organ. He applied this pressure slowly enough to give my throat time to adjust, and when I began to make gagging noise--about four inches down the thick shaft--he had the good sense not to force my head any further.

As my throat relaxed, both of us could concentrate on our mutual pleasure, and I happily worked my way up and down his organ, taking more of it each time. Meanwhile, I also worked my way deeper into his thoughts. *Calm. Relax. Accept.*

Horny.

"Oh, yeah ... Oh, yeah ..." Brett chanted, already lulled into a light trance by my mouth-rhythm on his cock and my thoughts soothing his mind. "Suck me ... Suck me ..."

Now what was this? I'd been finding the usual places where Andrew had poked around to make Brett follow various orders, but I also found something else: an area where the crystalline structures and the intricate little constructions of memory-energy were all broken, like Andrew had barged through and knocked things around. In the midst of all this crystalline order and rigid structure, this area looked like an earthquake had struck.

The mental energy and thoughts that normally flowed through the walls and between the scarab-thingees reached the broken parts and either backed up because there was nowhere to go or else bled out through the fragmented edges. Whatever used to be here must have been something in Brett's mind that resisted Andrew's orders. Best case interpretation: Andrew must have broken it accidentally while trying to shut it down. Or worst case: He didn't notice and smashed through it in order to make Brett do whatever. This area seemed to be the heart of Brett's problem, as if the damage here was what was causing his mind to go into shock. Sure, I could fix his physical erection problem, but I wasn't sure how to fix this mental damage I'd found. I'd heard about

telepaths doing lasting damage in other people's minds, sometimes intentionally, sometimes accidentally--which I'd always thought was more like opening a door that was supposed to stay shut, or maybe knocking a thought-structure out of alignment--but I had never before encountered something damaged this way or this much. I guessed the instructors had always pre-screened the minds we novice telepaths encountered in our training to weed out the damaged ones.

Brett moaned, a sexual moan. Whatever this area was, it was connected up to sex for him. That reminded me I still needed to finish dealing with Brett's hard-on.

One problem at a time. After I finished

with his hard-on, I could focus on his head.

I returned to sucking, teasing Brett's cock slowly, gently, as it slid into my throat. Soon, I began to taste more and more of his body, not only the salty surface of his skin, but also the pungent flavor of the fluid oozing now from his piss-hole as the glistening curls of his pubic hair brushed against my nose on my downward strokes.

I found the pleasure centers in his mind and gave them a little joy-jolt.

Horny.

Close.

"Gonna cum ..." Brett grunted to warn me,

barely audible over the shower pouring down on us. He jerked his hips forward in a series of awkward, impatient thrusts.

Cum.

I moved my right hand off Brett's hip and gently brushed my fingertips against his tucked-up-tight ball sack, caressing the lightly haired wrinkles. Brett offered a low purring sound from deep inside his throat. I explored his sack more boldly.

Cum.

Brett made more of that purring sound, while trying to keep his hips in motion. I slid my left hand under him and exploring a little of the cleft between his buttocks,

what little of it I could reach with him slouched with his ass on the floor like that. Knowing Brett's sphincter must still be sore from its recent stretching, I decided to push deeper toward his asshole anyway. Besides, Brett's attempted thrusts were becoming so fast and so vigorous that--

"Cumming!" he suddenly shouted, shoving his hips forward with enough force that his lower belly smothered my face. At the same time, he twisted his fingers into my hair and, like a geyser, spurted his white-hot cum into my throat. I swallowed as fast as I could, all but overwhelmed by this flood of stimulations, but I could still feel some of Brett's juices spilling out from the corners of my mouth and

dribbling down onto my chin.

The pipeline from Brett's balls continued to flow in steady bursts. Finally, Brett dropped away from me and back against the wall. His wilting cock popped out from between my lips and flopped back down against his sack. The shower spraying down on us washed away the evidence--my spit on his dick, his excess cum on my chin.

"Urgh ..." Brett sighed contentedly, blinking, looking around. I'd let my hold on his mind slip.

Easily remedied. *You don't want to go anywhere, big guy, I sent into Brett's thoughts. You're way too tired. Sleep. I*

coaxed the command into his mind, feeding more red and purple energy into the flow of his thoughts.

His orgasm already made him drowsy, so this order was easy to follow.

Sleep.

His eyelids drooped and closed. That was a trick Jase showed me months ago--sleeping men don't struggle.

I probed at the wreckage. It looked as if a bomb had gone off in a jigsaw puzzle factory--all these pieces that seemed to kind of go together but didn't quite, too broken to fit or connect. I found two shards seemed like they might fit, so I

pushed them together. They weren't an exact match. Anyway, I wasn't sure how to "glue" them back into place, and I was pretty sure putting them back together the wrong way wouldn't work either, like the way a puzzle picture doesn't look right if the pieces get forced in where they don't belong.

Shit. What was I supposed to do now? I needed backup.

Sure, I should have gone to the instructors, but Jase always said we Talents should police ourselves.

Broadcasting a focused telepathic message over distances was still difficult for me, but it helped that the recipient was

really familiar to me. Still, I thought I'd better pull out of Brett's head so I could focus on sending the message: *Jase?*
Jase? Jase?

After a moment, I felt my brother Jase respond, an answering flash of blue and purple thoughts: *I'm here, Thumper.*
What's up?

I need some assistance, please. Can you--wait--are you--ew!!

Telepathy is a two-way street, and sometimes you can't control what other images bleed over into the link. In this case, I'd apparently interrupted Jase jacking off, so of course I had to stop and rib him about that. It's, like, required by

both the Roommate Code and the Brothers' Sacred Code to tease each other about shit like that. Since Jase was both my older brother and my roommate in the tiny dorm room we shared there at the Institute, he had it coming.

Hey, if you come barging into my head during a private moment, you get what you get. Where are you, Thump, and what's the problem?

I'm in the gym. Get over here--it's easier to show you in person.

Thump, the gym closed twenty minutes ago.

Just put your pants back on and get your

ass over here pronto, bro.

I started to add something cheesy like *Thumper out* to make Jase laugh, but I'd already lost the connection. Like I said, broadcasting over long distances was still tough for me.

If Jase ran, he'd reach the gym in five minutes. More likely, he'd be there in ten.

Sharp crystal shards in Brett's head. Some were turning gray, as if degrading now that the aquas and whites of his thoughts no longer flowed through them. At some of the broken edges that still glowed with activity, I sensed the break points were no longer as sharp. This was his mind trying to heal itself. With this much damage,

though, that would take months, maybe a lot longer, and who knew whether things would heal back to their original patterns.

Something purple and blue nudged at my thoughts, a familiar tingle: Jase. *We're at the gym, Thump--where are you?*

Locker room. Showers.

I was wondering about this "we" Jase mentioned, when I heard the locker room door open, and footsteps coming out way.

"Uhm ... You two need a minute?" Jase said, leering at us from the shower entry.

The shower hadn't taken care of *all* of the evidence--there was still the reddened swell of Brett's dick which hadn't softened

all the way, and I still had a semi-erection I hadn't dealt with yet.

"Very funny, Mister Masturbation," I sneered back, 'cause I couldn't let Jase get any traction with his teasing, or else he'd never stop. "What took you so long, old man? Forget where you left your walker or something?" Hey, I never said I wasn't going to tease back.

"The gym's closed and that means the doors are locked, dummy. Good thing for you, my buddy Grant was still here. He let me in." He pointed to the guy in the staffer uniform standing behind him. "Grant, this is my kid brother Thumper. Thumper, Grant."

Grant and I said hey to each other. I recognized him, though I'd never met him until now, as one of the Normals who worked here at the gym. *Oh, great*, I thought sarcastically, remembering how Coach McAllistar's anti-telepathy cap had nearly given me a headache. But I noticed Grant wasn't wearing one. I wondered why not, then decided it was because the gym was closed and all the Talents would be gone. The Normal staffers must get lax about the policies when we trainees weren't around.

"So what's up with Brett?" Jase asked.

Sheesh!--Did Jase know fucking everybody here at the Institute? Yeah, probably. He's been here for nearly four

years.

"Some guys did something to his mind. I've been trying to fix it, but ... Take a look at what I saw."

Jase walked over, and turned off the shower so he wouldn't get his clothes wet and squatted beside us. I opened my thoughts to him and showed him everything--faster than I could tell it orally--from the moment Paul intercepted me to the moment I'd called Jase for backup. I showed him everything except the blowjob. Jase didn't need to know about that part.

Definitely nonconsensual, Jase said in my head after the two seconds it took him to

view twenty minutes of my memories.

Think so, Mister Obvious? I snarked back--because, hey, the Brothers' Sacred Code definitely allowed me to give Jase hell every chance I got.

Jase ignored me. The one who pushed you in the closet is Paul. We know each other. I didn't think he'd get mixed up in something like this. The other two ... Well, Boyd's an asshole so I'm not surprised--he mostly thinks about himself. Andrew I kind of know, but not that well. He looks like the instigator, and he seems to have forgotten about Brett's safety.

Jase was always concerned about the

healthy and appropriate use of telepathy. While I was well aware of lots of times Jase pushed people farther than they planned to go, including me, he always watched out for their welfare. Psi-shock from invasive mental control can be a real problem if the telepath isn't careful.

When I found him here in the showers, he was pretty upset about it. I think he was in shock or something.

"Uhm, guys?" Grant croaked from the shower entry where he nervously looked toward the door. Since he was a Normal and wasn't part of our telepathic conversation, which was probably pretty rude of us, he must have thought Jase and I were just sitting there staring at each other

and wasting time. "The gym's closed, remember? Somebody is going to come through on a final sweep any minute now. Hurry it up."

Jase looked back at him. I felt him send a command into Grant's head: *Calm.*

Grant blinked.

Submit. Let me take control.

I felt Grant's thoughts shift, letting go of the fear as he surrendered to Jase's control. It happened so easily I knew they'd done this before. I raised an eyebrow at Jase.

He shrugged. *This way, if we get caught I get the blame. Grant doesn't get in*

trouble, and he doesn't lose his job.

Which seemed kind of logical, I guessed.

Jase followed my connection into Brett's thoughts. *You do good work, Thump,* he said as he surveyed the hasty patch job I'd done on Brett's defenses.

I'd acknowledge his praise later. First: *Over here. Here's what I want you to look at.*

I see it, Jase sent. There's a lot of damage there. I gotta say, Thumper, if this is the kind of damage Andrew can do, Paul probably helped you dodge a bullet when he pushed you into that supply closet. This isn't the first time I've seen this kind

of damage--it'll take months to heal on its own. I'd've been pissed as hell if this happened to you.

So ... there's nothing we can do?

I didn't say that. We can't fix it completely, but I know a way to take away the hurt and speed up the recovery process. It'll keep the memory of what happened out of reach so it won't worry him. That'll give him time to heal on his own.

So you're going to make him forget? I thought that was really difficult?

No, not forget. That's really risky and part of what Andrew fucked up here. But

we can help him misplace the memory. We can hide it under a better memory, and the better one will mask the pain from the damaged part.

How do we do that?

Watch and learn, Thumper.

I felt Jase reach back into Brett's mind, teasing it with arousal that had Brett's dick swelling again. Brett blinked as Jase roused him from the slumber that I'd wrapped around his thoughts.

"I fell asleep, didn't I?" Brett asked as he looked around at me, at Jase.

Jase: Shh. Yes, you did, and you're still asleep.

"Dreaming?" Brett decided.

Exactly. Relax. Just pleasant dream.

"This is embarrassing," Brett observed, looking from naked me to his returning erection. "Why am I dreaming about this? I like girls ..."

Shh. Relax. Let it happen. Haven't you ever been curious? Just a little?

"Uh ... no ...?"

I think maybe you have, maybe just a little curious, even if it was just once or twice. It's okay to work through things in dreams.

"I never ..."

"It's all right. Just look into my eyes."

Relax. Accept. Submit.

I always perceived Jase's telepathy in terms of a blue and purple cloud laced through with little lines of black, and I felt the lighter aqua and white crystal-scape of Brett's mind taking on deeper blue and purple highlights as Jase's influence spread like a fog and took control.

There we are, I overheard Jase think with a mental smile. There's that little spark of curiosity we can use.

Brett narrowed his eyes a little, as if trying to resist Jase's telepathic intrusion, but after a moment his eyes relaxed, and

he smiled a little, and he settled back against the tile wall. I still had a little of my telepathy anchored in Brett's mind and I felt something grow brighter in Brett's thoughts under Jase's gentle coaxing, as the white-and-aqua of Brett's mindscape took on more Jase-colored blue and purple tones. Brett's eyes lingered on Jase's clothed chest and my bare chest, then slid downward at my crotch. I spread my knees to give him an eye-full. My cock got interested and started to plump up, just a bit.

A little flicker of Jase's cloud-telepathy puffed backward, behind him. I didn't know what he was up to, so I followed it and felt it sink into Grant's mind.

Grant still stood at the entrance to the showers. He blinked as Jase's thoughts slipped into his head, so smooth and easy. Yeah, obviously they'd done this before. Like I said, Grant wasn't didn't have on his anti-telepathy cap the Institute requires Normal staffers wear on the job to keep telepaths like Jase or me out of their heads, so obviously Grant trusted Jase. I wondered what their history was, 'cause there had to be something more going on between them.

Grant blinked and took a step forward into the shower area. Arousal sparkled through his thoughts. He stared intensely, right at Brett. Grant peeled off his uniform shirt and dropped it, apparently not caring that the shower floor was still wet and his

shirt would get wet too. Grant took another step toward Jase and Brett, then paused to get rid of his shoes and socks. Another step, and his pants and boxer shorts followed. Naked, half-hard already and getting harder, Grant closed in and sank between Brett's spread knees.

"Uhm, Jase ...?" I started, not really sure what I was going to say next--because somehow forcing Grant to have sex in order to help fix Brett's trauma over being forced to have sex seemed ... sketchy to me.

Don't worry, Thump, Jase sent to me. Grant's into it. He's one of the best cock-suckers around, and he's been wanting to do Brett for a long time. Besides, you've

already had your turn.

Well, Jase had me there. I blushed, 'cause he must've seen what I'd done with Brett in my thoughts after all.

Or in Brett's, maybe? Jase thought to me, a little sarcastically.

Fuck!--Sometimes having a telepathic brother who had no problem eavesdropping on my thoughts was a major pain! I retaliated by slugging Jase's arm, and he griped, "Ow!" but he didn't say anything else. Hey, under the Brothers' Sacred Code, I was allowed a free shot after catching him eavesdropping!

Grant sucked away on Brett's renewed

boner. Brett watched, fascinated, as his cock disappeared into Grant's throat, reappeared, then disappeared again, a sweet cycle.

Condoms? Jase thought at me.

I drummed a quick staccato rhythm on my naked hip with my thumb. I grinned and sent back, *Sorry--no pockets.*

Smart ass! Jase barked, but I felt his mental smile too. *Locker?*

I thought about it. Yeah, I had some in my gym bag.

Get them.

That seemed like a great idea to me, and I

was up and trotting back to my locker. I was halfway there before I realized Jase had pushed the compulsion into me. That fucker!

I rummaged in my gym bag and returned with the box of condoms and the little bottle of lube. Jase probably expected me to bring one or two condoms, and he raised an eyebrow when I handed him a box--or maybe that eyebrow was because the box was open and a good number of condoms had already been used. Half-empty, half-full?--Who cares?--There were more than enough left. *Hey, I explained, don't blame me--you always say to be prepared for anything.*

Jase smirked but didn't make a comment

as he took the box and bottle from me.

Grant has a nice ass, doesn't he? Jase sent to me.

I looked at it. Yeah, Grant did have a really nice ass. My cock twitched on its way back to full hardness. I wanted to touch that ass, taste it, fuck it--

Fuck! Jase had done it to me again, gotten into my head so subtly I didn't feel him influencing me. I tried to find the parts in my thoughts that were Jase so I could push them out of my head.

Shhh. Easy, Thumper. Accept.

No, Jase--I wanna see what you do when--when--how you--

Accept, Thump. Submit. Let me take control. You can help more by putting on a show to distract him.

But ... I ...

Accept. Submit. Horny. That's it. Good boy.

Somehow, I didn't try too hard to resist the compulsion to crouch down behind Grant's ass. Like I said, I hadn't dealt with my hard-on yet, and Jase knew just how to manipulate me. Right then, though, I didn't mind a bit.

Put on a show. Distract Brett. That was my job. I understood. I put my hands on Grant's butt cheeks, and he arched his ass

up at me, indicating how receptive he was. No, more than just receptive--eager. He was so fucking eager to have his butt played with. Grant shivered as my hands parted his ass cheeks to expose his hole. He moaned when my tongue slid over his puckered sphincter.

Brett grinned, radiating lust and arousal now, watching Grant suck him, watching me tongue Grant. Brett's cock was so hard, his head practically ached with arousal, a sweet neediness nursed by Grant's swathing tongue around the head of Brett's dick. I could feel the eagerness ringing in Brett's thoughts.

At some point, Grant turned around. I was sprawled back on the wet tile floor while

Grant sucked my cock, and Brett played with Grant's ass. I was so lost in a cloud of horniness I'd forgotten all about trying to pay attention to what Jase did to the damaged parts inside Brett's head. Hell, I didn't even remember changing position. But I fucking loved what Grant's tongue was doing to my rod. I felt compelled to focus on that. Jase was right about Grant's cocksucking skills!

At some point, we spilled out into the locker room, with Brett sprawled on his back across a bench. Jase, naked now too, straddled both the bench and Brett's head, squatting just enough to lower his ball sack so Jase could lap at it, while Grant sucked Brett again and I sucked Grant.

At some point, we were daisy-chained on the locker room floor: Grant sucking Brett. Brett sucking me, me sucking Grant, while Jase buried his face in Grant's ass, then Brett's. My ass was feeling neglected, but I had my hands--and head--full just keeping the daisy-chain going and giving Brett mental pointers on how to suck a cock for the first time in his life. He was enthusiastic but amateurish--or amateurish but enthusiastic, depending on the perspective--and helping him figure out the basics took some concentration. His teeth grazing my sensitive cockhead didn't help my focus, either.

Grant moaned as Brett--we'd changed places and positions again--bent him forward over the bench. "Fuck! Fuck,

yeah! Fucking tongue that hole!" Grant gasped out. Picking up mentally on the feel of Brett's wet lips and tongue teasing Grant's hole sent sympathetic shivers through my body. Grant's asshole gaped open as Brett worked on it, and the sandpaper feel of Brett's cheeks against Grant's smooth ass cheeks felt awesome in my head. The hot face and wet tongue were an incredible combination of sensations. Getting his ass eaten by Brett in the open like that peaked Grant's pleasure, and that tweaked mine.

Our moans and slurps echoed in the empty locker room. Grant loved the feel of Brett's thumbs spreading his butt cheeks, that raspy tongue lapping at his gaping hole, one of Brett's fingers sliding into his

wet ass-maw, digging deep inside. Grant's erection leaked, and he humped his ass against Brett's face.

"What about Coach McAllistar?" Grant moaned, suddenly worried, remembering where he was. He followed that with a gasp as one of Brett's fingers probed into his asshole.

"Don't worry about that fucker," Jase growled, calming the spike in Grant's thoughts. *Relax.* "He's not around. He's probably having a late-night jerk-off in his office." *Submit.* "No one's around. We can do whatever we want." *Calm.* "No worries, no regrets." *Accept.* "Now, have you got the guts to get fucked right here in the locker room?"

Grant blushed, horny and happy, as he grinned and nodded. He ground his ass against Brett's hand.

That's when Jase handed Brett a condom and the bottle of lube. "Time to fuck that ass," Jase said, backing it up with a little mental nudge.

"Fuck that ass," Grant agreed.

Brett stared at the condom for a moment before he took it. I felt whatever lingering resistance he had give way. "Fuck that ass," he acquiesced.

Grant gripped the bench Brett had him bent over. Brett's long condom-clad cock pointed directly at Grant's lube-slick

crack and butthole. Brett's body surged forward as his cockhead hit its target dead-center. The flared knob rammed home and disappeared into Grant's butt lips. Half the shaft followed.

"Oh, hell--Oh, *fuck*, yeah!" Grant hissed through clenched teeth, giving way to little sex-pig grunts as Brett pumped his dick in and out of Grant's ass.

Grant's grunts encouraged Brett, and he thrust in deeper. All that cock stuffing Grant's guts sent a wave of pleasure up into his own cock and through my head too. Hey, what's the use in being a telepath if you can't share the pleasure? Grant's asshole burned with that hot spear up it, and he only wanted more.

Brett stared as his cock as it disappeared up Grant's butt-crack. The delicious tight clamp of that ass around his dick fascinated him. He grinned at Jase and me as he began to fuck Grant's ass. He turned his attention back to his cock just as the whole length of his long pole slipped all the way into Grant's stretched butt. Brett closed his eyes, savoring the warm massage of those tight lips all along his length.

"Fuck my ass good! I can take it!" Grant moaned.

Brett may have been a newbie to sucking cock, but he sure knew how to fuck. Brett fucked back and forth, using his hands on Grant's hard butt to help pull their bodies

together, then push them nearly apart. His cock pistoned in and out, increasing the tempo, as he grew more excited. The feel of Grant's warm, squishy ass lips and enveloping fuck-walls clamped around his cock just got better and better.

Jase jacked himself with one hand, played with my ass with his other. I was so mesmerized by the sight of Brett and Grant fucking, I almost didn't notice the sudden compulsion that had me bending over the bench too.

Brett and Grant stared at Jase and me as Jase's cock entered my ready ass. Jase's lengthy rod stretched my hole, a familiar feeling--felt like it was a yard long!--but I knew I could take it. The blunt head

slammed my prostate and then again, over and over, mercilessly. I writhed, caught between supporting my weight on the bench and Jase's cock ramming up my asshole.

Brett mimicked Jase. Brett held onto Grant's the same way Jase held mine, and they continued slam-fucking us. I jacked myself. Grant jacked himself. My cock, Grant's too, felt like it was burning up. All of our shared mental perceptions had me losing track of what was me and what was Grant, Jase, or Brett. The heat grew more intense until I no longer could control it.

"Ready?" Jase and Brett said together.
"Gonna shoot."

"Do it," Grant and I whimpered.

"Fuck my ass," Grant moaned, maybe more composed than me in the face of this mental inferno of pleasure. "Fill my ass with your spunk."

Grant's and Brett's heads felt wide-open by that time. Grant's asshole was practically inside-out and every sensitive inch of it was getting mercilessly pounded and massaged by Brett's fuck-stick. My guts were on fire too from Jase's dick doing the same to me. Then Grant--or was it me?--felt that cock buried all the way to the balls and held there. All that cock stayed inside Grant and me as Brett's--and Jase's--bodies tensed and their baseball bat cocks began to spew.

I felt as if a fire hose had gone off inside my head. The cock in my ass pulsed and throbbed as Jase held it motionless and released his load into the condom. The sensations were too much, and my cock--and Grant's--suddenly erupted.

"Cumming!" he and I yelled.

We all four shook and gasped together, wracked by a mutual orgasm that stretched out nearly forever.

Once my climax faded and Jase began to slide out of my ass, I thought to him, *Wasn't that more fun than jerking off all alone in our dorm room?*

Jase replied by giving my ass cheek a playful spank.

I peeked into Brett's head. In the crystalline aquas and whites of his mind, still just a little shaded with the blues and purples of Jase's influence, I found the broken place. It was still broken, but pushed down, and a new crystal structure was growing over it, just the barest skeleton framework so far but already Brett's thought energy was starting to flow through and around the area again. This felt like maybe repaving over an old pothole-filled road--or better yet, when an old bridge damaged by flood waters is blown up and the pieces of the old bridge fall into the river below, and a new bridge is built where the old one used to be. Pretty soon the river will take care of the old pieces, and no one using the new bridge would know the old one had ever

been there in the first place.

So that was what Jase meant by "misplacing" the memory of what happened earlier. Good thing I'd called him in to help, 'cause I'd've never thought of that approach on my own.

Brett probably would have no conscious memory of what Andrew had done to him, as that particular event stayed hidden under the new and happier sex-memory we were building--maybe forever, or maybe Brett would someday half-remember what Andrew had done and consider it just a bad dream. Either way, the damage wasn't intruding into his thoughts anymore and the "traffic" would be flowing in his mind just fine again.

See? Jase thought to me when he caught me surveying the situation in Brett's mind-scape. Now instead of being aware there's something he can't remember, what he recalls is an opportunity came up to experiment with some good-looking friends, he went for it, and he enjoyed it. I think there's a good possibility Brett might be giving Grant a call for a repeat in the future.

So ... you fixed him by making him less heterosexual? I sent back. What I didn't say was, Like Derrick did to you, like you did to me ...

No, we gave him a head-start on healing the damage ... aaaaand if he came out of the experience a little less rigid about

who he has sex with, where's the harm? Don't get sanctimonious with me--you blew Brett in the showers before I even got here, remember?

I wasn't sure how to argue that, or if I even should. After all, Jase and I both knew we were having a lot more sex the way we were now, and we both knew we enjoyed it. I decided that, according to the Brothers' Sacred Code, I should just keep my mouth shut this time--

Suddenly we heard the door squeak open at the far end of the locker room. "Fuck! Coach McAllistar--!" Grant whisper-gasped.

"Anybody in here?" Coach McAllistar

shouted from the far end of the locker room. Yes, telepaths like Jase and me were so used to minds a background noise, we often forgot those telepathy-blocking caps kept us from detecting when Normals like Coach McAllistar were skulking around. We got careless. Fortunately with all the lockers in the way, Coach couldn't see us.

I felt Jase calming Grant's panic, guiding him.

Grant managed to shout back, "Just finishing up, Coach. I'll be done in a moment." He sounded cool as though nothing unusual was happening.

"You're the last one, and I'm heading out.

Lock up and set the alarm when you leave," Coach called, and we heard the door squeak again as it closed.

"Fuck! That was close!" Grant laughed. He sat up on the bench. Brett's spent cock, still in its condom, was almost in Grant's face. He couldn't help but stare at it.

Grant blushed and reached up to stroke Brett's balls. Brett shivered, and Grant's thoughts spiked with intense, renewed lust. Brett's too. Brett steadied himself with his hand on Grant's shoulder and moaned.

"Fuck, Grant! Are you up for seconds already?" Jase half-laughed and half-groaned.

Grant's cock was rising again. The thrill of nearly getting caught aroused him.

"Why not? Let's go again, if you guys think you're fucking men enough to handle my ass!"

"I-I wasn't very good," Brett stammered, pulling off the filled condom. "I'd never ..."

"Felt great to me," Grant assured him, echoing Jase's favorite phrase with, "No worries, no regrets--right?" Grant grinned. "Besides, you know what Coach McAllistar always says."

Brett and I looked at each other, uncertain.

"Practice makes perfect."

Part 2

We ambushed Andrew two nights later. The prick had been running wild too long and using his Talent too recklessly--we had to do something. Jase said it was up to us Talents to police ourselves.

Naturally, over-protective Jase didn't want me going anywhere near Andrew. Fuck that, I told him. I'd been involved in this since we found out what Andrew was doing, and I was going to see it through to the end. Eventually, Jase agreed.

"You're still learning to use your telepathy," Jase told me, "so you hang back and let Paul and me do the talking. If Andrew decides to fight, you just be ready

to support us if we need it, but no way are you to put yourself where Andrew can get at you."

I was like, *Yeah, right*, because while maybe I was a first-year trainee, I wasn't a baby. But I said, "Okay, bro, I get it. This is all big-boy stuff." See, my brother could be stubborn sometimes. I'd won the argument about whether I'd get to come along, so he wasn't going to yield on this point, and agreeing with him is always easier than arguing. After all, the Brothers' Sacred Codes says sometimes everybody has to compromise. Sure, Jase was being overprotective, but I already knew Andrew was out of my league. Andrew had years of training on me, and he was pretty much equal to either Jase or Paul. I

wanted to be involved when they took him down, but I'd seen first-hand the damage he could do when he wasn't being careful. I was betting Jase and Paul ganging up on him wouldn't give him a reason to be gentle if he decided to put up a fight, and I wanted--needed--to be there to have their backs.

Grant had given us Andrew's work schedule at the gym. We knew Andrew would be there late; and since he was closing up, he'd be alone. This was the perfect time and place to knock some sense into his head.

Jase, Paul, and me, along with Tucker and Tanner, these two telekinetic twin brothers from Jase's trainee squad. Grant

let the five of us into the gym as he was leaving for the night. Since Grant still wore his telepathy-blocking staffer cap, Andrew wouldn't have caught on that something was up from Grant's thoughts. "He's in the east-wing locker room," Grant said, as he passed us--or we passed him, depending on the perspective I guess--as we entered the gym and he left. He and Jase exchanged a look, and then Grant disappeared into the night.

The twins? They were there in case Boyd showed up. Paul had confirmed that--while Boyd was a major asshole and just about anybody would say, *Oh, we expect shit like this from him*--Boyd wasn't the problem here. Boyd was just an opportunist going along with Andrew

because he liked getting his rocks off. Boyd's anti-Talent wouldn't let him force guys to do things against their wills the way Andrew was or do the kind of damage Andrew was doing. No, Boyd's anti-Talent meant our telepathy wouldn't work on him. The twins' telekinesis wouldn't work on him directly either, but the gym was full of other things their telekinesis would work on just fine. They could slam benches into him or push lockers at him. They could use everything around them to keep him blocked or pinned against a wall, or whatever it took to keep Boyd out of a fight, if it came to that. Plus, the twins had lots of hand-to-hand combat training and could fight Boyd physically; even though that thug was more muscular than either of them individually;

two-on-one would put Boyd at a disadvantage. We telepaths wouldn't be able to sense in advance if Boyd was around and that made him a wild card. Tucker and Tanner were our trump cards.

We weren't that worried about Boyd, but we had to deal with the Andrew problem.

We snuck to the locker room. The door squeaked when we opened it, but a bank of lockers blocked us from immediate view.

"Hey there," Andrew called absently from around the corner of the lockers. "I'm back here."

Jase quickly locked the door, just in case

someone else was still in the gym.

Andrew looked up from whatever chore was distracting him, just as we appeared around the row of lockers. I hung back behind Jase and Paul, like I'd promised, but only half a step.

With short blond hair, Andrew had the steel-blue eyes that sparkled as he looked at us. He said, "Oh ... hi," like he was surprised we weren't someone else he was expecting, but then he smiled. "The gym's closed, guys," he said.

Andrew looked at Paul and frowned a little, maybe because he found he couldn't slip into Paul's head anymore.

See, the night before, Jase had plugged that little hidden flaw Andrew had been using to get inside Paul's mind and override his common sense. Jase and I had gone by Paul's room to find out why he had been helping Andrew. Paul told us he hadn't wanted to but couldn't seem to stop himself whenever Andrew was around. Paul agreed to let Jase look for flaws or blind spots Andrew might have been using to bypass Paul's defenses and manipulate him. Jase found a clever little flaw Andrew had apparently carved back when Andrew and Paul had been dating and doing some consensual telepathic mind control things with each other, a flaw Andrew was now exploiting non-consensually when they did things to other guys. Fixing it didn't take too long, even

though--Jase being Jase--he inevitably pushed things further than just fixing the problem. My ass was still a little sore from my role in Jase's little fix-it session.

Andrew decided to be a smart ass: "So, let me guess why you guys are here. You think five against one is fair?"

"You know why we're here," Jase said. His voice seemed carefully neutral, but anybody who knew my brother as well as I did would have known he was pissed. "You knew there'd be consequences eventually."

"So, what now? You're gonna beat my ass?"

Jase wasn't wasting any time. He blasted at Andrew's mental defenses: *Submit-submit-submit-submit--*

Paul joined in: *Submit-submit-submit-submit--*

Most people use a brick or stone wall as the metaphor structuring their mental defenses. Andrew's metaphor was different, more like tangled layers of thorny vines and barbed wire for his defenses. It flexed under Jase and Paul's assault and wasn't as easy as a solid wall to punch through.

I might have been a newbie, but I wasn't sitting this fight out, no matter what Jase made me promise. Hey, the Brothers'

Sacred Code probably has a whole chapter on how younger brothers like me were supposed to keep promises they made to their big brothers, but I bet it also had at least a footnote that said big brothers had to forgive their kid brothers for manning up and helping out in a fight. Maybe I wasn't experienced enough to go head-to-head with a big gun like Andrew, and maybe sustained blasting was a big strain for me, but I knew a few tricks too. One of my best was to build little bundles of telepathic energy. I loved soccer, and I always used soccer metaphors to help with the construction. I formed the thought-energy into a red-and-purple soccer ball and, once I had it ready, slam-kicked it into Andrew's mind. It exploded against his defenses: *Submit!*

Thumper, don't interfere, Jase sent at me. I knew this was serious--I shouldn't distract him.

Andrew lashed out at me, probably thinking I was the weak link. My defenses couldn't have taken a full-frontal hit, but I'd had enough training to know deflecting a blow is easier than stopping it. Too, soccer is all about anticipating whatever an opponent will throw at you and being ready to counter it. I rolled with Andrew's blast, shunted it aside like I'd been trained, and was kinda surprised to emerge intact. Score one for Thumper!-- And the crowd goes wild!

Hey, maybe this psychic struggle stuff would be easier than I thought.

Jase responded to Andrew's attempt by kicking up the intensity of his own attack. But Jase and Paul weren't getting anywhere blasting away at Andrew, and Andrew wasn't getting anywhere blasting back. When my thought-bomb had blown up against Andrew's defenses, I'd seen a little weakness in another area where the "vines" looked thinner. I probed at it, and then I suspected what might work.

Jase kept me shut out, probably so he could concentrate, but Paul wasn't blocking me, so I pointed him to the flaw I'd found, told him what I knew would work. *You might be right. Good job, Thumper*, he sent back. He angled his attack at the flaw and blasted it: *Horny-horny-horny-horny--*

Jase sensed what Paul was doing and synchronized with him: *Horny-horny-horny-horny--*

I readied another soccer ball thought-bomb. Jase sent, *Thumper, dont--* or some other overprotective big-brother warning--but I didn't care. I blocked him out, because I'd probably already heard whatever he had to say and I knew I could pull this off. I didn't have time to listen to Jase treating me like a kid again. I needed to focus on making this the biggest, strongest bomb ever.

One, two, three--I slammed the thought-bomb into the flaw: *Horny!*

A bunch of things converged at that tiny

little flaw simultaneously.

Jase and Paul were blasting at Andrew.

Andrew was firing a blast back.

My thought-bomb went off.

All of this happened at the same time, and all in the same area.

The world around us exploded into an encompassing white sheet of psychic energy.

This shout in my head sounded like all our voices: *Horny!*

Whoa. I blinked at looked around. The twins Tucker and Tanner, non-telepaths,

never stood a chance. They were yanking off their shirts. Jase and Paul too. Andrew had his shirt off and was already working on his shoes and socks. I looked down and was surprised to find I'd already shed my shirt and was shucking my pants and boxers. My hard-on--hello there, Little Thumper--bobbed in the air, ready to party, as I shuffle-stumble-kicked my feet out of my pants, rushing to get naked.

Two benches slid side-by-side, and a discarded towel on one got swept away by an unseen force, the twins' telekinesis. Andrew, down to just his jockstrap now, was lifted in the air and dropped on his back on the bench, kinda un-gently too.

Horny! Andrew writhed on the bench.

"Fuck ... fuck ..." he moaned. The lust-quaver in his voice was unmistakable.

Horny! Jase, naked, shoved Andrew's thighs up to his chest and buried his face between Andrew's parted butt-crack. He licked up and down that crack. My mouth gaped in surprise, but my cock was rock-hard. I'd certainly experienced the pleasure of Jase's oral butt-work in the past--I knew he had a tongue that could open an asshole like a blossoming flower. He slathered that tongue all over Andrew's upended crack to prove it, licking up and down and then settling on the hole itself. Jase used a pair of fingers to spread open the hairless slot, revealing contrasting pink flesh that he immediately began to lick and tease-torture with his

tongue. Jase's face practically glowed red with lust between Andrew's butt-cheeks. I shivered as I sensed the taste of that ass in Jase's thoughts but then took notice of how tan Andrew's ass-cheeks were. Hairless and tight, that ass had to have been bared to the sun for a tan like that. The bulge in Andrew's jockstrap proved the fucker had a hard-on, like the rest of us, and a big one too.

Horny! Paul straddled Andrew's face, and his hips dropped so his balls could get friendly with Andrew's mouth. Andrew's growls turned to gasps as he licked Paul's ball sack while Jase lathered up his asshole and pulled it apart with his fingers. I could feel the psychic tension still building all around us.

Horny! As the smacking slurps of Jase's ass-feast grew louder and Andrew writhed around on the bench, I couldn't hold back any longer and made my move. I pinched both of Andrew's nipples between my fingers and thumbs and began to yank on them. Andrew's entire body lurched upward, his back arching and his cute mouth and eyes going wide open, which made me laugh. I tugged on his nipples and glanced at his crotch. A little track of the hair snaked down from Andrew's navel and disappeared into the jockstrap, the one now bulging with a full-blown, jerking boner that threatened to burst out of his jock pouch.

Horny! Alongside me the twins were under the influence too. One of them,

Tanner I think--I'd just met them and wasn't sure yet how to tell which twin was which--knelt before the other, wrapped his fist around Tucker's erection, and stuck his face underneath to lap at Tucker's fat balls. Tucker's big hard-on leaped up above his naked brother's forehead. Tanner was hard too. Their dicks both were purple and stiff, the knob-heads already leaking pre-cum. Yeah, they both were definitely excited!

Jase slid his face up Andrew's crack, tonguing it, slurping at it. He reached the jockstrap and, with his teeth, he pulled it to the side, revealing Andrew's nuts. Jase slobbered his tongue around those jizz-sacks. He sucked them into his mouth one at a time while Andrew gasped and

wiggled between us. I tweaked Andrew's nipples, pulled them out from his tight chest, twisted them in my fingers.

Andrew's entire body shivered as both his balls were sucked at once into Jase's wide mouth.

Andrew wasn't making any more smart remarks. His eyes were shut as he licked his red tongue along the underside of Paul's erection. Then Jase abruptly yanked on Andrew's jockstrap, pulling it right off over his upended ankles. Jase's mouth moved away from Andrew's crotch only long enough to remove that jockstrap and immediately descended to swallow Andrew's balls again.

The standing twin clutched my shoulder to

steady himself. I teased Andrew's nipples continuously and jabbed his arm with my boner. His hand groped for it, found it, and stroked it, awkwardly because of the angle. The scene, the six of us naked and horned up, was so fucking hot! Jase spat out Andrew's glistening balls and then immediately sucked in the oozing head of the squirming blond's shank. Andrew cried out around Paul's cock, shoving it deeper into his mouth and writhing all over the benches.

The psychic tension was dizzying; it felt cool and dangerous at the same time, the mental equivalent of a roller coaster ride. Disoriented, I kept losing track of what was me and what was somebody else. This was more than just picking up

sensations from other guys during sex--this was ... this was something stronger, more encompassing, so fucking good! I was getting my cock sucked--no, that was Paul or Tanner. I was sucking somebody's cock--no, that was Jase or Tucker. I was pulling at someone's nipples--yeah, that was me. While somebody hand-jobbed my cock--yeah, definitely me. I clung to that sensation, tried to anchor myself to it.

Horny! Our bodies operated by collective auto-pilot. Jase attacked Andrew's spit-slick asshole with his fingers. As he slurped over Andrew's steaming boner, he shoved one of Andrew's tanned thighs back up against his chest. That opened up Andrew's crack, and I saw the little wet hole quivering at me expectantly. No, my

face wasn't the one in Andrew's ass crack--that was Jase's. I was seeing what Jase saw. Jase began to stroke the slot with his fingertips, rubbing his own spit around in circles and teasing the hole into a snapping maw. I was amazed. Jase--no, I--I wanted to stick my cock up that wet hole more than anything. All I had to do was move my body up a little so my cock could get at Andrew's butthole.

Something in my thoughts: *Thumper?* No, not in my head--this was something brushing by me as our thoughts swirled together.

Jase? I thought back.

Stay focused, Thumper. Help me--I'm

losing track of--I--

I fished around until I saw a familiar hairy chest, Jase's. *Here*, I sent, clamping a hand on Jase's shoulder. *This is you. Here. Follow this sensation. Focus on it.*

Kid brother to the rescue--suck on that, Jase. Score another one for the Thumpmeister! Not that I was gloating, of course.

"Cock! Give me some cock! Fuck me!" somebody--Andrew's voice--blurted out. The words I yearned to hear, which distracted me from Jase.

Condoms--lube--where ...?

A pair of pants floated up by my side, lifted by one of the twins' telekinesis. My

pants? Yes. The condoms and little tube of lube I'd stashed in my pocket were there. How had the twins known I had condoms and lube? On second thought, given the way our minds were merging after the blast, how could they *not* know?

I pulled out the sex supplies out of my pocket. Andrew, the muscular jock, was squirming and bucking between me and--no, he was between Jase and Paul. My nipples were swollen and aching, my hole gaping eagerly for someone's cock--no, that was Andrew. My cock--yes, this was me--I wanted my cock shoving in and out of Jase's lips--no, Andrew's hungry ass. We had Andrew exactly where we wanted him. All we needed to do was find a way to navigate our body--*my* body--around so

we--I--could fuck him.

Whatever glitch our telepathy had collectively hit, it was getting worse, or stronger, or more complete--which I guess was matter of perspective. I kept feeling my thoughts getting tugged out of *me*, threatening to merge with *us*.

Condoms. Lube. Fuck an ass. Focus on that. Yes--that's what we--I--wanted. Focus on getting what I wanted. I wanted to get fucked--no, that was Andrew. I wanted to do the fucking. Was that me? So hard to tell--all of us wanted to do the fucking.

Horny! A dark-haired head feasted on a blond crotch, spit-lathering the cock. A

blond head swallowed another cock to the root and sucked on it, then spit it out and tongue-tickled only the oozing head and slit in a flickering torment. A body writhed and bucked against the bench, trying to get slippery lips back over his hot bone, trying to find the penetration he needed in his ass. Somebody moved down to suck at a 'nad sack while reaching between the thighs to tease the asshole with a split-slicked fingertip.

Condoms ... Wasn't I holding some condoms? Find the hand holding condoms. Find the body attached to that hand. That was mine--that was the body I wanted to fuck my ass with--no, Andrew's ass. That was the body, the dick, I wanted to use to fuck Andrew's ass.

No, I wasn't the one holding the condoms. That was Paul. The twins had held up my pants to Paul, not Thumper--I mean, me. I reached for the condoms and lube. I reached out the condoms and lube to somebody's hand. I passed them to somebody. I took them. I tore open a condom wrapper. Yes--me--the slightly shaggy soccer-head with the trim muscles and the little patch of hair in the middle of his chest--Thumper--I did it. I was seeing things out of my own eyes and seeing me through someone else's eyes at the same time.

Was that really how I looked to other people? Damn--I was *hot*! Hell, *I'd* do me! No wonder I got plenty of dick and ass there at the Institute.

My body on the bench moaned and thrust its cock into the air, glistening and red and throbbing. Somebody's head in my crotch continued its oral worship on my balls and cock. Somebody's cock in my mouth needed sucking and I swirled my tongue around the head.

Horny! If we came--if I came--maybe I could break out of the telepathic feedback loop. That sounded like a plan. Cumming was the plan. I could definitely work toward making that happen!

Condom. Right. I had a condom in my hand. Follow that hand to the arm, then to the torso, down to the cock. My cock. Right. Focus on that. Move the condom to the cock, and roll it down. Find the bench.

There it was. I was aware of the bench, its physical presence, and the physicality of the body sprawled on it. Lube. I had the lube too. Slather it on. Push the thighs up. Position my cockhead at the opening of the ass. Push forward. Slide in.

The body, Andrew's body, groaned and hissed as my cock push pressed past the swollen ass-lips and drove into the pouting center. I felt his need, his ache to have his ass filled, and I shoved more of my cock inside.

Wait. My cock didn't curve like that, and this cock was bigger than mine. Whose body was I riding? I was incredibly aware of the objects around me, their physical presences. Was that what it felt like to be

telekinetic? Was I inside Tucker or Tanner? Over there was a hairy chest--that was Jase, at least his body. And over there, yeah, that handsome soccer-head with the other condom and the erection was me. Whoever was inside me was getting ready to poke his--my--condomized cock up Paul's rear.

Horny! Somebody grabbed my nipple and pinched it just short of cruelly. My chest shivered. Those fingers slowly rubbed the very tip of my nipple while Andrew's body beneath me arched his back upward and squirmed, trying to get more of my dick inside his ass. Andrew's body, and whoever was inside it, was writhing mindlessly by then, not knowing which way to move.

My cock--or, rather, this body's cock--sank all the way in and began to fuck purely on instinct. I wondered what a cock like that would feel like in my ass, and suddenly I was aware of a big dick shoved up my shit-hole, and of the bench under my back. Andrew--I was in Andrew's body now. Which was fine by me, 'cause I liked getting fucked. And whoever's dick was up my--Andrew's--ass sure felt great!

I looked up to identify the face attached to the dick. Yeah, it was Tucker--or Tanner. Damn, sometime I was gonna have to figure out which of those twins was which. But right then, another dick-thrust hit my--Andrew's--prostate and distracted me with a fresh lightning bolt of pleasure

through my body.

"What the fuck is going on here?" a deep voice bellowed.

I looked up from the dick I was sucking, on my knees, in whoever's body I was riding now. The deep-voiced new guy was dark-haired, good-looking in a thuggish sort of way, and fully clothed. Bummer, since I wanted to know what his muscular body looked like naked. He looked familiar too. After a moment, I placed him: Andrew's other friend from when he'd done a number on Brett.

Boyd was his name. Jase and Paul told me he had some kind of anti-Talent. Which I guessed was the reason he wasn't getting

swept up in this out-of-control mind-merge that had taken over the rest of us.

Glowing, Boyd waded into the middle of us. "Andrew, what's going on here? What're these guys doing here?"

Boyd clamped his hand on my shoulder--my real shoulder--and pulled me away from Paul and Andrew on the bench. My telepathy went dark, but at least I snapped back into my body. I guessed Boyd's anti-Talent was the reason my telepathy shut down and broke me out of the group merge. I blinked and wondered whether I should thank him. Hell, if he'd been two minutes later, I'd probably have cum, and that would've done the same thing ... wouldn't it?

Boyd pushed one of the twins and Jase away from Andrew too. Jase blinked and scowled this really Jase-like scowl at me, so I knew he was himself again too.

Boyd pulled Andrew up off the bench. With all of us telepaths deactivated, the group merge was gone and we were all ourselves again. "Oh, man," Andrew swore quietly. "That was intense ..."

"I thought it was gonna be just us tonight," Boyd groused at Andrew like a jealous lover. "And now you've started without me?"

Andrew grinned brightly. "You're here now, stud. Get naked and join in."

Boyd didn't have a problem with that, judging by how quickly he started unbuttoning his uniform tunic.

"And you, pretty boy," Andrew wise-assed at me. "Let's see if you know how to fuck!" His steel-blue eyes practically glowed with lust.

I barked, "Hey, Tucker, hand me a fresh condom, and let's switch places," to the twin who'd been fucking Andrew.

"Tanner," the twin corrected as he handed me the condoms.

Jase laughed--crap, I'd probably never hear the fucking end of this--and pulled Andrew back down on the bench.

I laughed too, as I positioned myself where Andrew's smooth ass-cheeks rubbed against my thighs and jutting cock. I was amazed at how hard his butt was--cheeks smooth as satin, but also hard as concrete. I stared down at his crinkled asshole as I sheathed my cock in a fresh condom. Jase seized Andrew's ankles and pulled them against his chest. That left Andrew's crack wide open and vulnerable. Between the tanned cheeks, the pouting hole convulsed and drooled in little spasms. My cockhead practically ached as I pushed it at the entrance and rubbed it into the slick pucker.

I gasped out loud. The hole was burning hot, alive with hungry passion. I merely poked at the gaping center and suddenly it

was sucking me inside. I groaned and shoved. The heat of Andrew's guts girdled my cockhead and pulled me deeper. Andrew's asshole was a hungry mouth, sucking me into it. I shoved, driving my pole all the way home. Screw telepathy--I was betting *this* was Andrew's real Talent!

Andrew's body bucked on the bench. The hole clamped around my cock. His cock against his belly leaped and drooled. Jase laughed, straddled the bench, and brought his ass cheeks down to stifle Andrew's grunts. I started to fuck, pulling out and then sliding back in, pulling out all the stops and fucking Andrew for all I was worth. Jase moved his ass back and then dipped his cock into Andrew's moaning

mouth. He pumped his butt up and down as he mouth-fucked Andrew while I ass-fucked him.

Andrew's nipples were still swollen and pink from my tit-torture. His body was flushed and sweat-soaked. He gurgled, loud and lewd, as my cock rammed relentlessly in and out of his so-tight asshole.

Alongside us, the now-naked Boyd fed his cock into the mouth of the twin who knelt before him. The other twin, standing next to Boyd, fed his dick to the kneeling Paul. The kneelers jacked themselves off as they blew the standing two. The twins had big dicks, but damn, Boyd had a *really* big one! It really stretched Tucker's--or, uhm,

Tanner's--mouth!

Andrew's erection swelled larger and redder against his belly, leaping and jerking with every cock-thrust I gave his wet asshole. Then suddenly as I rammed my bone all the way into his ass, that cock jerked upright and spewed. Andrew's cries were gagged by Jase's plunging tool in his mouth.

Jase laughed at all that cum erupting from Andrew's cock. Then he leaned in and clamped his lips over mine. His mouth tasted of crotch and he stank like it too. I inhaled the reek and jammed my tongue between his lips. Together, we power-fucked the blond jock beneath us furiously. We rammed into his holes faster and

faster, kissing each other savagely, not caring about anything but our pleasure.

Alongside us, the standing twin groaned and shuddered as he ejaculated his cum into Paul's mouth. His kneeling brother pulled off Boyd's cock and cried out as he masturbated himself into his climax. After he finished, he went back to nursing at Boyd's big dick. Paul sprawled back and watched them as he fisted away at his dick, unleashing a spray of cum across his chest and tight stomach. Boyd grabbed the kneeling twin's head and face-fucked him, then pulled out and flogged his cock by hand. "Cumming!" he growled, as he spurted his load across the kneeling twin's cheek, neck, and shoulder.

We came together. Jase ripped his cock from Andrew's mouth and started hand-pumping it--quick, hard strokes.

"Cumming," I growled. My dick and balls filled the condom up Andrew's guts with steaming goo. Jase's load splattered Andrew's shoulder and chest. We kissed deeply as our balls drained.

Good thing we had the showers nearby. We were all sweaty, cum-covered messes.

Jase and me, we'd forgotten about Andrew while we shot. But then we broke our kiss and rose from his shaking body, laughing.

Jase said, "Did I or did I not tell you not to interfere, Thumper? You took a big risk

and nearly ..." Still, he didn't sound all that angry.

"Yeah, but you can't blame all of this on me"--though, yeah, I had to admit he probably could blame *most* of it on me. Fortunately, the Brothers' Sacred Code didn't say anything about kid brothers being forced to admit their mistakes. "And it all worked out okay in the end, right?"

"You got lucky, Thump. We all did. Be more careful, okay?"

I wasn't sure how to argue with that. I guess the flip side of being treated like a kid in the *kid brother* routine was that he also cut me a lot of slack sometimes. I decided I could live with that, at least

until I had more experience.

Andrew lay there on the bench, his chest heaving and cum running down his belly. He looked up at us with his amazing steel-blue eyes while we stood over him with dripping cocks. Then he laughed, licking Jase's cock-juice from his lips. "Not bad," Andrew said, "for a start."

"As for you, no more being reckless with your Talent, okay?" Jase growled at Andrew. "Otherwise, you'll answer to me. Got that?"

"Hey, Boyd and I won't have to go looking for anybody else if you guys can think you can keep us satisfied. You up for it? Or was that all you got?"

Then he raised his legs, exposing his ass-crack. When he dug two fingers into his lube-scummy hole, he winked at us and snorted.

Jase and I looked at each other in disbelief. But then Jase grinned and started stroking his cock back to hardness. I caught on and did the same. I figured between the two of us, or maybe the six of us, we'd come up with something to wipe the smile off that arrogant jock's face.
