

Sanctuary

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: A small-town crook stumbles upon a haven for special people

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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by *Wrestlr*

Sure, Joe had done a few breaking-and-enters, mostly for teenage kicks, but he had never robbed a liquor store before. He was not a career criminal--not yet anyway, he always told himself. But when he finally left this small town behind? Then he make some real loot, maybe start getting the respect he deserved.

At nineteen, he had already outgrown this town. The damn fat cats he burglarized now and then--at least what passed as rich people around there--they all deserved it, right? They all had insurance, he always told himself, so they could afford it. *Rich* to Joe meant anyone with a decent car and more cash than his unemployed, dead-broke ass, but his jobs never seemed to yield much. He had to get out of this shithole town, he kept saying to himself, maybe get to a bigger city where he could score some bigger jobs, make a little cash, set himself up right. He needed to get away from this dump, where everybody knew he had done some time in juvie, then a prison stint for theft, and any time something came up missing everyone automatically blamed him, whether he was responsible or not. Yeah, he kept telling himself, the city would solve all his problems. All he needed was a little more money, then a little more--enough for a bus ticket out of there, maybe enough so he could lay low while he checked out the best places wherever he ended up.

Still, Joe had never robbed a liquor store; but when his sort-of friend Danny approached him with the idea to

rob the County Line Liquor Mart that Saturday night, the job sounded like just the break Joe needed. And Danny's plan sounded easy enough. Masks? Check! Thirty-eight caliber pistol? Check! Simple: Run into the store, wave the gun to show they were serious, yell at everyone to not do anything stupid, and run out with all the cash in the register. Just a few minutes of work, and then they would have plenty of money. Danny would finally have enough to get his piece-of-shit car fixed up, and Joe would be able to afford that bus ticket to the big city, where he could make some real dough. No more small-time burglaries for pocket change for him--no way!

Sounded so simple: Danny would point the gun and do the yelling; all Joe had to do was grab the cash. In and out. Everything according to plan. Five minutes, tops. And maybe Joe could grab a few bottles on the way out, too?--After all, Danny said, they could always use the booze.

The plan was *not* for one of the customers to be one of the town's three cops, off-duty but wearing a shoulder holster under his coat. Something in the back of Joe's head told him what the man was going to do a second before the cop whipped out his own pistol and fired into the ceiling, spooking Danny and giving the fat clerk behind the counter time to grab a shotgun and blast a couple of rounds. One caught Danny in his shoulder, spun him into the chips display, and he went down.

Surprise paralyzed Joe for two seconds, before he snapped out of it and bolted through the exit just as a shotgun blast shattered the glass window a foot away. *Screw you, Danny, you asshole!* Joe screamed in his head, not knowing whether that idiot was alive or dead, and not much caring right then either. How could circumstances turn against him so quickly? He jumped into Danny's ancient Buick, amazed that the engine they left running had not stalled already; he slammed it into gear and stomped on the gas pedal.

As the car roared past the city limits--Joe chuckled to himself that this small town was definitely not a "city"--he turned into the maze of back roads leading into the middle of nowhere. No one much lived out this way. He had been lucky to get away. Now, if he could get over the river, just thirty miles away, maybe forty, he could reach that old hunting lodge back in the woods, no one around for miles, and he could hide out here for a day or two. Maybe he would be okay.

"Idiot, idiot, idiot!" Joe screamed as he drove, sometimes addressing Danny for making such a fucked-up plan, and sometimes himself for going along with it. He realized now he should have asked more questions, seen Danny's plan for the half-based shit-storm it turned out to be. Joe had always gotten by on luck and his burglar's sixth sense before, but robbing a store with other people around was a whole different matter. And once the cops unmasked Danny, which they must surely have done by now, even those idiots would figure out Joe was the accomplice. This little burg did not offer many other candidates. Maybe they were already looking for him? Pure luck that he had gotten away. Now he just had to put some miles between them and him. Joe had done a few months in juvenile detention for breaking-and-entering when he was fifteen, and six months in prison just after his eighteenth birthday. Now, at nineteen, he was still on parole for that last one, and no way was he going back to jail. He screamed at the windshield again, "*No fucking way!*"

His luck held for less than twenty miles. He was still a good distance short of the river bridge when the engine sputtered, losing speed, sputtered again, and died. "Piece of shit!" Joe hollered at the dashboard, but the car refused to start no matter how hard he turned the key. "Fucking piece of shit!" The gas gauge was on empty; the car would not be starting again.

"Fucking dumbass," Joe swore under his breath, unsure whether he meant Danny or himself. Maybe both.

Joe checked the trunk, just in case, but no gas can. The car had died along a stretch of forested nothing, but Joe saw lights ahead that might be a couple of houses. Maybe he could find a car to steal. Maybe he could still get away, as long as no one saw him.

He cut out through a patch of woods. When his stumbling run through the night-dark woods brought him to the houses--with Joe cursing himself for not thinking to pack a flashlight, then cursing Danny for not having one in the car--at first he was certain these were three small run-down farmhouses in a row. Nothing special about them. In fact, something seemed to tell him he would find nothing here and should just look elsewhere. Nothing here worth noticing. Yet--

Joe crouched just inside the woods, where the trees thinned to become the side yard along the first farmhouse. Something was not quite right. Were his eyes playing tricks on him? Some sort of mirage? Sometimes he saw just three small houses, hardly more than dilapidated shacks really, with woods behind them--and other times, like two images imposed on top of each other, he saw a long brick wall instead of woods back there, and more, nicer houses on the other side of the wall: a group of bungalows surrounding a large swimming pool, what were maybe tennis courts or basketball courts beyond the pool, and a grander, three-story mansion on a rise, several windows lit up against the night sky. Was this some sort of gated community, he wondered. He had never heard of an upscale gated community out this way. He blinked and saw trees, blinked again and saw the bungalows and pool.

Maybe I'm losing it, Joe thought. Either it's some kind of mirage, or I'm hallucinating. Must be the stress--that's it--the stress.

Figures mingled on the grounds in front of the mansion, a few around the pool too, too small to make out in the dark, but Joe thought he heard laughter floating on the night breeze. A party? Must be a party, he decided.

He crept closer to the wall, reached out. Yes, this close it was solid--not his imagination at all. He was unsure why he had thought this area was trees before; he felt as though somehow he was not supposed to see this, but this was definitely a wall, definitely brick, and the houses inside were definitely nicer than these farm houses out by the road. Joe found a tree nearby, scaled it; a low diagonal limb carried him to the top of the wall. He dropped silently onto it, then down the other side. A short crouch-scurry brought him, panting and sweating and aching, to the back door of the nearest bungalow.

The small house was dark and quiet, probably deserted while the guests partied at the mansion up the hill. The building looked nice, new, upscale. Joe had planned to steal a car, but now the idea of stealing a nice watch or an expensive gold necklace proved too tempting. Maybe he could still get a little reward for his troubles; maybe tonight would not be a total waste. His lips curled into a tight smile as he decided this opportunity was just too tempting to resist.

He had nothing with him--no tools to force a lock, nothing to shatter a window. He knew getting inside would take some effort, but he had not expected the glass back door to slide open on his first try. Not even locked? Joe shook his head, thinking that the residents might as well have sent him an invitation. These idiots probably deserved what was about to happen.

He entered the bungalow. A short hallway brought him to a bedroom. Good. The best loot would be in the bedroom. With only moonlight to see by, Joe checked the dresser drawers. Empty. Maybe this was the guest room? Joe crept across the hall. A second bedroom showed evidence of people, a few knickknacks on the nightstand. He checked the nightstand drawer, but found nothing of value. The contents--a bottle of lubricant, a nearly empty box of condoms, a large pink dildo--made him smirk, though.

He noted a small wall-mounted video monitor but ruled it out; getting it down would take too long, electronics were too cumbersome to carry, and serial numbers could be traced; no pawn shop would touch it if the serial numbers were filed off. He tried the dresser instead, hoping maybe to find a jewelry box or a wad of cash tucked under someone's socks. But the top drawer was almost empty: nothing more than a pair of boxer-shorts, a pair of neatly folded jeans, and a couple of socks. Who, he wondered, would live like this? Surely people needed clothes. A nice place like this should have had drawers packed with clothes and stuff.

Maybe the residents has just moved in?--Maybe all their stuff was still in boxes, maybe toward the front of the bungalow?

That niggling feeling in the back of his head, a burglar's sixth sense, told Joe someone was nearby. He froze. Then he heard the front door open. He heard voices. Shit! *Stay calm*, he told himself. He had done plenty of breaking-and-entering, first for kicks when he was a kid and these days for a little extra cash now and then. He had only been caught twice in all that time; he could handle this. He slipped through the nearest doorway--a closet, empty except for a single shirt hanging on a rack, and nothing else to hide behind if someone opened the door. *Great*, he thought, *now I'm trapped here until they fall asleep*. Joe shook his head. Could tonight get any worse?

The voices came closer down the hallway, and then the first speaker entered the bedroom, switching on the overhead light. Temporarily blinded as he peeped through a narrow crack in the closet door, Joe did not at first realize what he was seeing: A tall boyish-looking Caucasian man, blond, *completely naked!* The second man was about the same height, Latin-dark, and equally naked! Both were fit, muscular, mid-twenties, good-looking.

Was he about to see a three-way? Joe waited for a woman to join the two men, but no one else entered the room--and the men's body language said they were expecting to deal just with each other. Joe's stomach quivered as he realized he was about to see the men have sex with each other. *Oh, crap*, Joe thought, but he did not look away.

The dark-haired man went into the adjoining bathroom. Joe heard piss hitting water. The blond sprawled out on the bed, looking into the bathroom, grinning. Joe was struck by how handsome the blond was. Though he preferred women, Joe had had sex with men a few times in prison, where with no pussy around men had to get relief any way and with anyone they could. He had always assumed that, now women were available to him again, he would be repulsed by the sight of two men--though he still thought about those prison asses, so much tighter than any cunt, now and then when he jacked off. Both the blond and the dark-haired man were good-looking. Maybe this would not be so bad. Hell, he told himself, if he had to be trapped here, he might as well enjoy the show.

The toilet flushed. Water ran in the sink. On the bed, the blond grinned wider, and his cock began to stretch and thicken, the head slipping out of the foreskin. "Hell, yeah!" the blond said, and for a moment Joe thought the man was talking to him before he remembered the dark-haired Latin, whose chest and body came back into view.

Joe had never seen two men go at each other sexually before, at least not in a romantic way. He was surprised to find he was actually becoming aroused as he watched these two kiss and touch. Joe's cock pressed against the front of his jeans, making him squirm uncomfortably, and he felt his face flush with heat.

The blond, fully erect now, sprawled on the bed. The olive-skinned Latin knelt on the mattress, towering over him. The dark-haired man had a firm, tapered torso, a rounded chest covered with silky black hair, and his flat stomach rippled with ridged muscles. "Are you ready for me?" he asked his blond friend, voice rich and low, as the blond ran his hands over the dark-haired man's thigh.

"You know it," the blond purred. "I'm always ready for you, babe."

The dark-haired man shifted, and his thick cock swung into view. The blond licked his lips, and Joe was shocked to find himself licking his own lips too.

The dark-haired man's hard cock was average in length, but its width reminded Joe of a fence post. His balls hung low in their sack. The blond immediately snagged the root of his friend's dick-shaft with circled fingers;

the blond stoked it a couple of times before he guided the cock-tip to his lips, took the head into his mouth.

The dark-haired man moaned, then moaned again, louder; he thrust his hips forward and forced more of his cock between the blond's lips. Joe was amazed by how easily the blond swallowed the entire length of his friend's dick, never once gagging. Joe knew he would choke if he tried to do the same thing--not that he ever would, no way, he urgently reminded himself.

The blond's cock-sucking stopped abruptly as they changed positions. Dark Hair sat down on the mattress, legs spread, leaning against the headboard. Blondy knelt on all fours between his buddy's legs, lurched his head forward into his friend's crotch. Joe's view was obstructed by the partially closed closet door; much of the cock-sucking was hidden, but he saw Blondy's round, smooth ass clearly, bouncing up and down in front of him.

Joe stroked his own cock. He was unsure exactly when he had unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. One minute his cock had been trapped uncomfortably in his jeans, and now it fit snugly into his familiar hand. He bit his lower lip to keep from moaning.

Something about what they were doing was intoxicating to watch, as though somehow waves of sex were streaming off of them, catching Joe up in their wake. Dark Hair leaned forward and kissed Blondy's back. His hands kneaded his friend's ass, fingers brushing against the rosy puckered hole. And that ass! He wondered what watching Dark Hair fuck Blondy would be like. Would they fuck slow and tender like lovers, or hard and fast like animals? Joe wondered too what that hole would feel like gripping his own cock--tight definitely, tight enough to vice-clamp his shaft--and he fought back another moan as he gripped his cock harder.

The two men shifted again, this time into a sixty-nine. Through the crack Joe could see Dark Hair sucking Blondy's cock, which was not as thick as Dark Hair's but maybe a bit longer than average, impressive in its own way. Dark Hair continued probing Blondy's ass, and Blondy spread his thighs to accommodate those fingers. Dark Hair occasionally came off of Blondy's cock to bend his head around to slip his tongue into the nearly hairless crevice.

Joe felt a familiar tremble and knew he would not be able to restrain himself much longer. He forced himself to pull his hand away from his overheating cock. Something about these two--Joe felt as though something he could not see or hear was going on between them, some sort of subvocal communication he could almost perceive, a tide of something unknown moving back and forward between them, and even the ripples that reached Joe threatened to capsize him into climax.

Blondy interrupted his friend and leaned over, opened the nightstand drawer. He removed the lubricant bottle and the pink dildo and handed them to the dark-haired man. Dark Hair smiled--almost leered--and squirted some of the lube only his fingers. He leaned forward and began to rub the blond's ass, slipping his fingers inside, adding lube to the hole itself. Blondy shifted, and now his head and Dark Hair's crotch were out of Joe's line of sight, but Joe knew what the blond was doing by the expression that glitched across Dark Hair's face. Blondy seemed an insatiable cock-sucker. More than that, Dark Hair and Blondy always seemed to know what the other wanted, seemed to be sharing some sort of deep connection that made mere words irrelevant. Joe envied their apparent bond nearly as much as he envied their fucking. He wished he could trade places with Dark Hair, wished he could feel Blondy's mouth himself.

Dark Hair drizzled lubricant onto the dildo, making it glisten. Once it was sufficiently coated, Dark Hair handed it to Blondy. Blondy lay back and began feeding the big dildo into his own butthole.

Something was going on between them; the sex he was seeing on the bed was only a small part of it. Joe could not understand the full extent of what was happening, but his body felt hotter, hornier, more ready to

orgasm than he had ever felt before.

Blondy began to ease the dildo in and out of his own ass with one hand, fisting his cock in rhythm with the other. Dark Hair knelt beside him, pumping his own cock with one hand, helping Blondy slide that dildo in and out with his other. Their hands on their cocks and the dildo moved as one, a shared rhythm. Periodically Dark hair would bend forward and swirl his tongue around Blondy's balls, causing the man to cry out in muffled pleasure. Joe's cock and his hand had reunited, and he stroked his shaft even faster, sliding quickly to the brink of what was building into a powerful orgasm. Joe tried again, tried hard to slow down, pull his hand away from his cock, pull himself back from the edge.

Whatever was happening between the two on the bed snapped tight. The blond's body began to shudder as he and his partner slid the dildo deeper into him. Suddenly the Blondy thrust his hips forward and he began to cum.

Dark Hair sat up, and Joe had an unobstructed view of Blondy's body, the pools of sex-juice on the man's flat stomach, as Blondy tongued Dark Hair's balls and the Latin man jacked himself, his fist flying along his thick rod. His handsome face twisted into an expression that could be either anguish or ecstasy. With a tense grunt, Dark Hair spewed a thick stream of cum across Blondy's chest.

Joe teased his nut-sack with his other hand as he fast-pumped his cock, and this time he could stand no more. His balls were tight against the base of his cock-shaft, and his breathing came in heavy gasps. He hoped he could remain quiet as he came.

"Uuuh-uuuwwgh!"

Joe's load splashed against the closet door as he ejaculated, and a moment later the door was yanked open. The blond man stood silhouetted.

"Who the fuck are you?" Blondy demanded.

Joe faltered, still reeling from one of the most intense orgasms in his life. "Look, I--uh--I can explain ...," he moaned feebly, though his orgasm-shaken mind could not come up with a single plausible explanation for why he was hiding in their closet.

"Don't bother," Blondy said sarcastically, glancing down at Joe's cock, which was fading to limp quickly in his hand. "You obviously enjoyed the show. Do you like what you see?" The blond stepped back into the light, arms angled as if displaying his naked body to Joe. Something happened in Joe's head, and suddenly he was convinced the blond was the beautiful person, male or female, that he had ever seen, and he could not pull his eyes away from the blond's face. The blond stepped back farther, toward the bed. "That's right, lover-boy. Come to me. You're a pretty thing, aren't you? The Master is gonna *love* you."

What kind of person goes around calling himself 'The Master', Joe wondered briefly, before somehow that thought was pushed aside.

"Like what you see?" the beautiful blond asked again, leering. "Come to me, lover-boy."

Joe thought of the porn videos he had seen and how they followed a logic all their own. In a porn flick, a discovered burglar like Joe would be immediately forgiven and invited to join in for a dynamite threesome. Yes, that had to be what was happening here, Joe decided, the only thought in his head that made sense, as he stood up and stepped out of the closet toward the blond man.

"That's it," the blond guy coaxed, smiling. "Concentrate on me."

Joe realized he had forgotten about the Latin when he felt the dark-haired man's hand grasp the back of his head. Suddenly a different thought rang like a shout through Joe's mind:

Sleep--

###

When Joe awoke, his head ached. He opened his eyes; everything swam. The light seemed painfully bright.

He groaned and rolled his head. Slowly his vision cleared. He was in a too-white room filled with expensive-looking furniture and art. *At least it's not the police station*, he thought--though at the police station, he would at least know what to expect. Here, wherever here was, what was going to happen to him?

Something tickled in the top of his head--not *on* the top of his head itself, but somehow *inside* his head, where his thoughts were. The pain receded. It did not fade, not exactly, but now Joe found it just did not matter as much.

Feeling better? a male voice asked, and Joe realized with a shock that he was hearing the voice not with his ears but inside his head. *Ramon hit your mind pretty hard.*

Joe looked around. He was naked, his clothes gone without a sign. *Well, of course*, he realized; *they had to make sure I didn't have any weapons hidden on me.* No sooner had that idea run through his head than Joe realized he would never have thought that on his own; the idea felt more like something someone had told him.

Joe sat upright in a simple straight-backed chair. His arms hung loose at his sides--no handcuffs or rope--and his bare feet were flat on the floor. He was not restrained in any way but he could only move his head. Every time he considered moving his arms or legs, he found himself thinking, *No, they're too heavy--can't budge them*, and then the idea just slipped away. Somehow the situation did not worry him--it simply was.

Let's start easy, said the male voice in Joe's mind again. He turned and saw a man sitting back on a white sofa. The man was naked, arms outstretched across the back of the sofa in either direction, a casual air of being in command, and his legs were parted as if daring Joe to look at his most intimate parts. The man leaned forward, then stood. *What's your name?* Everything about this man, as he sauntered the few steps from the sofa to Joe's chair, spoke of authority, as if this man was accustomed to being obeyed and expected Joe to do exactly that.

He decided he had best tell the truth. This man would know, he somehow realized, if he tried to lie. "My name's Joe." His voice felt dry, rough.

Hello, Joe. The man stood in front of him now. *I'm in charge here. Most of the men here call me the Master. I imagine you have a number of questions. Are you more comfortable asking them out loud?*

Joe murmured, "Where am I?"

We call this place the Sanctuary. It's a refuge, if you will, for men with a special kind of gift; that's what allows us to talk mind-to-mind, like we're doing now. I think you must have a bit of the gift yourself, since you saw through our illusion so easily. Most people look and only see a stretch of trees, and they don't stop for a closer look.

Joe recalled the almost hallucinatory scene of woods superimposed over the wall and bungalows and mansion.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves, the man continued. You gave Ramon and Adrian quite a scare. And I must admit I was a bit concerned myself, initially. Our presence here depends on secrecy, a place to protect people like ourselves from those who would exploit us. We've never had any problems with security or intruders in the past; and if you have a bit of the gift yourself, we may need to open our doors to you. All of that presents us with conundrum, don't you agree?

"Are you going to call the police?" Joe asked.

This "Master"--Joe might have found that name laughably grandiose under other circumstances, but the man clearly was in charge at the moment--turned his back and walked to a nearby side table, and Taylor found his eyes drawn to the man's remarkable ass.

I don't think the police are in the best interests of either of us, for now at least. Neither the government nor the police have been our friends in the past, and I'm reluctant to involve them. Doing so makes the other residents nervous.

No police? Joe felt his stomach unknot at this news. "So, uhm, what are you going to do then?"

The Master returned, carrying a plastic bottle of water with a drinking straw in it. Joe's gaze targeted the man's sizeable cock, flaccid and swinging nonchalantly; suddenly embarrassed, he forced his eyes quickly to the Master's face, where he registered the man's faint smirk--he had been caught checking out the Master's cock! Joe felt his cheeks redden in embarrassment.

Drink, the Master mind-spoke, and Joe with his eyes carefully on the man's face realized the Master's lips really were not moving at all! Crazy! he thought. I must be going crazy! But somehow he knew this was no hallucination; he really was hearing the Master's voice in his head.

The straw bumped Joe's chin, a reminder, and he mouth-grabbed it and sucked, swallowed, grateful for the water and the distraction.

Tell me why you were in Ramon and Adrian's closet.

Not a request. The Master's tone was gentle, but it carried the force of a command. Again Joe opted for honesty, because something prevented him from even considering a lie. He told the Master about the hold-up plan, the gunshots, his intent to get across the river, the car running out of gas. He told about discovering the Sanctuary and climbing over the wall, and breaking into the bungalow in hopes of finding cash or jewelry, maybe a change of clothes because the police must certainly have his description by now.

The Master stood impassively while the tale tumbled out of Joe's mouth. *Of course you realize by now, the Master mused when Joe brought his story to an end, we don't have much need for cash or clothing or jewelry here. You found something quite different from cash or valuables, didn't you.*

Joe, blushing again, smiled and nodded. "Yeah."

The Master moved closer. *They told me they caught you with your pants down and your cock in hand. They said you came all over their closet.*

"My pants weren't 'down,'" Joe protested, since correcting Blondy and Dark Hair's account seemed somehow less humiliating. "Just opened. But the rest of it ... Yeah, I guess so. It ... They ... They were, uh, hot. Real hot."

Do you like sex with men, Joe?

The Master stood right in front of him; the Master's crotch was at eye-level, and no matter where Joe pointed his stare, he was aware of that cock in his peripheral vision. Something about that dick kept pulling Joe's gaze back to it, like gravity. The Master's was a nice one; his prick hung low beneath his balls, still soft but showing the early signs of an erection, twitching almost imperceptibly, thickening just a little, lengthening just a little. Joe thought of the men back at the bungalow, and the men he had fucked in prison, and porn he had seen on the Internet; the images flipped through his head one after another, like a slideshow, as though someone else were remembering them--or making him remember them. Joe felt his skin prickle with arousal; his dick started to stiffen too.

Does this excite you? The Master's mind-voice was calm, reassuring.

Joe did not reply quickly. Such a simple question, he told himself, but such a difficult answer. His cock had hardened enough by now to lift itself from between his thighs.

Joe felt something click into place in his head. Now he realized: A simple question, *and* such a simple answer. He whispered, "Yes."

Do you want to take it in your mouth? Not a command, but a question in his head with the intoxicating force of an instruction. *Go ahead if you want.*

Joe stared at the Master's cock, which had reached semi-erect and was almost close enough to nudge Joe's chin. He had but to open his mouth and--

Hesitantly Joe leaned forward and licked, swabbing his tongue over the head of the Master's cock and the first bit of shaft. There. Joe's secrets were out in the open.

The Master's mind-voice almost purred: *That's right. You know what to do.* His hand caressed Joe's hair and ear.

Joe opened his mouth and allowed the Master's cock inside. The other man's dick seemed to harden faster as it slid along Joe's tongue. Joe had only sucked cock twice before, both times in prison when he had to; all the other times, he had been the tough guy who got sucked. Both times he had been forced to do the sucking had been about getting the other guy off as quickly as possible, no finesse, no fancy stuff. But now Joe's desire made him bolder. No need to rush. He wanted to please the Master. He swirled his tongue around the plump head, then along the underside to tickle the thick veins that formed ridges on the stalk. Joe tipped his head forward, trying to swallow the Master whole but only managing to take three-quarters before his gag reflex kicked and Joe had to come off the invader, sputtering and coughing.

That's okay. You're doing fine.

Joe tried again, enthusiasm growing. His cock was growing too, fully erect now, but waiving lonesomely in the air. Joe wanted to grab it and stroke it as he sucked, but he still could not find a way to move his arms.

The Master stepped back. *Stand up.*

Joe was already rising from the chair before he realized he could move again. He stood, letting the Master survey his naked body, his erection. Joe knew he had nothing to be ashamed of: he had played sports all through high school, and had spent a lot of time playing basketball and lifting weights during his time in prison since he had nothing better to do, and he still ran regularly, a handy skill for a sometime burglar to have. At nineteen, his body was fit and toned. He was a good-looking man, he knew, his maturing body well-built, and his genitals well-hung. The Master nodded, as if approving Joe's athletic form.

An impression in his head, and Joe understood he was to go to the white sofa, which he did. Obeying the

silent order, he laid down on the floor, on his back, in front of it. He turned his head to watch the Master.

The Master pulled a condom and a bottle of lubricant from a drawer, the same brand of lubricant Dark Hair and Blondy--*No, Ramon and Adrian*, he corrected himself--had used. The Master knelt over him, leaned down, and placed his lips over Joe's, probing, sliding his tongue inside. Joe froze. He had never before been kissed by a man. But the Master's body beside him and the Master's presence in his head felt so good, so reassuring; Joe felt his mouth open, and his lips and tongue met the Master's kiss.

The Master moved lower, his warm, moist breath like a caress tingling along Joe's skin. The young man felt the Master's hand fondle his nut-sack, then grip his hard-on. He closed his eyes. After the adrenaline-soaked stress of everything that happened since the liquor store, Joe was amazed by how simple everything seemed now; all he had to do was relax and allow it, and he would slip into sex, so easy and masculine. So much easier than with the effort required to land a woman, or his horny fumbblings with men in prison. Of course this was how sex was supposed to be--why had he never realized this before? Joe felt his tension simply let go.

You have a beautiful cock, the Master told him as his hand glided slowly up and down the length of Joe's rod--so slowly, sending such ripples of sensation through Joe's body, making his back arch.

Thanks, Joe thought back, unable to make his gasping mouth form the word, hoping the Master would hear. He felt the other man's pleased reaction, as if Joe had finally fulfilled a basic expectation.

The Master replaced his hand with his mouth on Joe's rod. Joe felt a whimper escape his throat as the man's slick mouth slid down his prick, then up again, sending jolts of early ecstasy through his nervous system. This blow-job was different from those Joe had gotten previously, no rush, no obligation, just an intent to give intense pleasure. *Yes*, Joe thought, *yes-yes-yes*. He felt the Master's finger toy underneath him, searching for his asshole, finding it, brushing and teasing the tight ring. Joe knew he should protest, refuse, stop him, but thoughts of protest just somehow seemed to slip away. When that spit-wet finger slid inside, Joe stiffened and gasped, first in surprise, then in pleasure. *Yes-yes-yes!* Sensations--not the rushed time he had been forced to give up his ass in prison, not like anything he had ever experienced. He craved more.

Joe felt his legs being lifted, pushed toward his chest. The Master's finger left his asshole, only to be replaced there by the Master's warm, liquid tongue. Joe squeezed his eyes shut and surrendered himself to the feeling. He knew what the Master wanted, knew where this was leading, and he was only momentarily surprised to realize he wanted it to happen, needed it, craved it. He felt the Master's tongue skim up and down the crack of his ass, finally stopping on his twinging hole. The Master lapped at Joe's opening, lapped across the puckered bud, then pushed at it, flickered around it. *More-more-more!* Joe demanded. He felt as though he was using muscles he never knew he had, flexing his hole and pushing it to meet the Master's tongue and lips.

The Master grabbed Joe's butt cheeks and spread them impossibly wide, almost painfully wide, so that his enthusiastic tongue had unlimited access to the hole. Joe felt some final barrier fall in his thoughts, as if the Master now gained unlimited access to his mind too. The Master seemed to be kissing Joe's ass and his mind with the same deep technique he had used earlier on Joe's mouth. When the Master drilled his tongue and thoughts inside for a deep kiss, Joe feared his mind and body would explode.

Joe had only given up his ass once, in prison, when he was forced, and he had not enjoyed the experience--but this was entirely different, an entirely new world of pleasure opening before him. Joe felt himself pushing his demands at the Master, wanting more, begging: *More-more-more!* Whatever was happening, Joe wanted it. This must have been what Ramon and Adrian had been doing on the bed, the reason Joe has sensed so much more was happening between them than just the gasps he could hear and the motions of body against body he could see.

The Master seemed willing to give Joe what he wanted. Joe saw him reach for the lubricant, watched him pour it onto his cock, felt the Master's fingers smear the liquid around and into Joe's asshole. The Master was quickly efficient, preparing Joe for the coming event but not delaying it. The Master finally grabbed the base of his cock with one hand; Joe gasped and clutched his knees to his chest as the Master pried apart his ass cheeks.

In prison, Joe always fucked guys from behind, doggy-style, the other guy facing away from him, so that Joe would not have to look at his face, could claim he was fantasizing fucking a girl. But now, face to face, he found himself forced to look up at this man, no way to pretend this was anyone else, and Joe realized he liked watching the man's expression, his anticipation, as the Master prepared to fuck him. Joe feared only the pain of entry, because that one time he had been fucked, the penetration had hurt like the fires of hell at first, and the guys Joe had fucked always hollered too, at first, until they got used to it. This was going to hurt like--

Joe blinked. Somehow his mind had gone blank for a moment and he had missed the insertion. He had jumped past the pain of being penetrated, had already gotten used to the intruder in his ass, and was ready to feel the pleasure of getting fucked. *Whoa!* he thought, happily surprised. He knew these to be facts: The Master was taking good care of him, guiding him past the pain and fear and shame; he could trust the Master; he could just relax and enjoy the experience. And, with a relieved sigh, that's exactly what Joe did. The Master's cock was already inside him, spreading that deep feeling of being filled and the lightning jolts of a thick, hard cock sliding against a tight ass ring and nudging against a responsive prostate. *Crazy!* he thought, and he bit his bottom lip as the terrific sensations filled him. He would never have gone for this before, but now he liked it--no, *loved* it! Loved the intensity; loved the feeling of union.

Like that? came the question.

Yeah! Feels so wild, Joe replied.

The Master penetrated Joe's ass and mind with increasing speed and depth, each stroke plunging deeper into him. Joe wanted the Master inside him, needed it, wanted it never to end.

Joe opened his eyes. The Master's body heaved above him, teeth bared, nostril flaring. His gaze pierced Joe's and held him pinned. The Master took hold of Joe's cock and stroked it. *Yes, you do have the gift,* the Master mind-hissed. *Feel it opening?*

Joe nodded, not taking his eyes from the Master's, and he thought back, *More! Please--more!*

Eager puppy, aren't you? Don't worry--won't be much longer. The Master followed this with a groan as he thrust hard into Joe's ass and mind.

Suddenly Joe's body quivered. His orgasm was arriving--no, there!--his orgasm was there! He gnashed his teeth and his body bucked upward as his balls sent jets of white spunk shooting upward. One hit the Master's chest, another two christened Joe's pectoral, and still more ooze-coated the Master's fingers and slicked Joe's cock. The Master himself followed Joe's lead, his body seizing up, and Joe felt the man's orgasm burst through both their minds, the Master's and Joe's together, like a gift, as the Master's balls pumped out their load of cum.

Finally, the Master tipped forward, sated, his cock still embedded in Joe's ass, and he kissed Joe's neck before stretching to swirl his thick tongue around inside Joe's ear and nip at the edge.

Peace. All the anger and fear, gone. What filled him now, Joe understood as he drifted through the afterglow, was an overwhelming sense of rightness.

Their lingering pleasure of the Master's body pressed against Joe's was brief, interrupted by a new mind-

voice. *Master? You're needed.*

The Master sighed out loud. *The downside of being in charge. I'll be right back*, he assured Joe as he eased his half-hard cock out of Joe's tender ass. *While I'm gone, why don't you take a short nap--*

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Joe gasped in a breath of air that turned into a yawn as he awoke. This time, no headache. He blinked and looked around. Still in the white room. Still naked. Streaks of cum on his torso, and a fucked-out feeling that filled every corner of him. Not a dream, he realized. Everything had really happened, all of it.

The cum was not yet even half-dry. He decided only a couple of minutes had passed.

Joe looked up. The Master, naked and glorious, stood over him.

That, the Master mind-spoke to him, *was the local constabulary. Seems your accomplice gave them quite a bit of information about you, including the location of that cabin across the river you were trying to reach. Had you actually gotten there, they'd probably be arresting you right about now. Instead, they found your getaway car and came to the old farm houses out front. Seems they were curious as to your whereabouts. Wanted to know whether we had seen you.*

Joe sat up. His asshole still twitched from the merciless pounding the Master had given it. *What did you tell them?* Joe sent back, hoping his anxiousness did not show in his mind-voice. But this mind talking?--He enjoyed exercising these new muscles, and he was surprised at how easy this was once he had been shown how.

The Master smiled. *I told them I'd look out for someone matching your description. I can be quite persuasive.*

Joe had a brief image of the town sheriff and one of his deputies, kneeling on the rough wood floor of what must have been one of the shack-houses just outside the illusion, their hard cocks sticking out through their open uniform pants zippers, masturbating, lost in some sexy fantasy to distract them, as the Master picked through their memories to learn what they knew. The Master did something that helped them reach intense orgasms. Then he sent them off, pants re-zipped, memories of what had just happened replaced by the certainty that talking to whoever lived in the farm shacks was a waste of time.

While they interpreted that differently, the Master was saying, *I do intend to look out for you. Since the police will be watching for you for a while, I expect, and your parole officer will also be interested in your whereabouts, of course you'll stay with us here at the Sanctuary. For your own safety of course.*

Joe thought about that. Staying made sense, so he replied, *Yes, Master*. The title no longer seemed grandiose, and Joe was surprised and pleased by how right giving the Master his proper respect felt.

The other man sat in the couch. *When I was in your head earlier--oh, you really should have asked more questions first, but too late for that now, I suppose--I took the liberty of making a few changes. You'll find out about them soon enough, if you even notice them at all.*

Joe thought about this for a moment. He seemed to be the way he always was. He was not aware of anything being different. *Changes, Master?*

For one I disconnected your hobby of burglary for thrills. You simply won't have the urge to steal any longer. That's for the good of the community, you understand. We have to know we can trust you completely. Can we trust you completely?

Yes, Master.

Of course we can. Besides, I'm sure an attractive man like yourself will find a number of new pleasure here at the Sanctuary. You certainly won't be bored here, don't you agree.

The Master's gaze raked hungrily over Joe's naked torso. Before, Joe realized, he might have felt shame or embarrassment at being the subject of the Master's stare, so frankly sexual. But now, he felt ... flattered, flattered and proud that his appearance pleased his new master. Joe thought about Danny. *Good riddance!-- Never liked that shthead much anyway.* Then he thought about Ramon, and Adrian and the Master. Were all of the men here as good-looking, and as naked, as they? As he considered a future filled with naked men and male-sex, he realized he was eager to find out--and he realized he was not shocked at all about the idea. In fact, his cock began to rise, and his asshole twitched. Would he find new pleasures here at the Sanctuary? *Yes, Master.*

That 'burglar's sixth sense,' as you call it, is so much more, especially now that we've awakened your full gift. You'll need training first on how to use it, but I think you'll enjoy your life here. And once your training is complete, I believe I have a place for you on my staff, where you can put your knowledge of burglary to use in a way that serve the community.

Doing what, Master? Joe asked.

While we sometimes send out teams to retrieve those whose gifts have awakened, we've never expected that some of them would stumble upon us themselves, like you did. I think your presence here shows we need a security guard, just in case new arrivals appear at our doorstep or someone else happens on a way through our illusion.

Joe considered this. Yes, the Master was looking out for him, taking care of him, providing a place where he could belong and contribute. Joe felt a warm glow of affection and obedience. *Yes, Master.*

But first, Ramon and Adrian have offered to take you in and mentor you until you get acclimated to our ways. I believe you've already discovered they have a spare bedroom you can use--though, knowing those two, I doubt you'll be using it that much.

The door opened. Dark-haired Ramon and blond Adrian stood just beyond, both naked and beautiful. Joe felt no embarrassment as they openly appraised his body; and when they smiled their appreciation, he smiled back.

Go with them, the Master ordered, turning his attention to other matters. *They'll take good care of you.*

Joe suspected they would take *good care* of him in multiple ways--at least he hoped so. He stood, and he stepped through the door and into his new life.
