

Servicing Andrew (an Institute story)

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Paul trained Andrew in the basics of mind control. Now he finds out what Andrew has been up to since then. (A sequel to ["Training Andrew"](#) and ["Un-Talented."](#))

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his

shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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I was on the swim team and ran a little track in my early years of high school, but I had to give all that up when I got sent to the Institute. Now I mostly worked out in the gym or swam laps. It kept my body toned and looking great, if I do say so myself.

I'm a telepath. If the Institute had its way, I'd have been working out my mind twenty-four hours a day and ignoring my

body. I preferred to keep both in top condition.

I had stayed in the weight room a lot longer than usual that day--I mean, a *lot* longer. I was really hitting my chest and arms and shoulders, until I was so fucking exhausted I couldn't move. Life had been kind of stressful for me lately, because the guy I'd been fucking dumped me, and I needed to work off some anger and frustration. It was mostly just a casual sex arrangement we had going, but I still hated getting dumped, and I especially hated not getting laid whenever I wanted. After nearly a week, even my blue balls had blue balls--I felt like I had so much cum backed up, my eyeballs were practically floating!

After that killer workout, I took a long, hot shower--I just stood under the water with my head against the cool tile wall with my eyes closed and ignored everything and everyone around me. The good thing about being a telepath was I could broadcast this low-level *stay the fuck away* vibe, and nobody even tried to interrupt my funk. I planned to stay under the spray until they closed the gym and threw my ass out.

I finally pulled my forehead off the tile and looked around. I was alone in the shower. Also, I didn't hear anything from the locker room--no sounds of guys yelling or horseplay. *Everybody's gone, they must be about to close the gym*, I thought, and decided it was time to get dressed and leave.

As I shut off the shower, I realized something else. See, the bad part of being a telepath was I picked up on thoughts and stuff sometimes whether I wanted to or not. Right then, I was picking up on some other telepath broadcasting nearby, and it had a definitely sexy undertone to it. My balls ached jealously.

I crept out of the shower and grabbed my towel, did a perfunctory dry-off, and secured my towel around my waist. I crept to the corner that led to the changing area and peeped around. Nothing. Nobody. I stole down the row of lockers to the next corner and stuck my head around really slow and easy.

I recognized all three of them. The dark-

haired dude in just the boxer shorts was Boyd; he's got this weird kind of anti-Talent thing that mostly stops everybody else's Talent from working on him. Good-looking guy--handsome, in a thuggish sort of way--great body, but a real prick. I didn't like him much because basically he was just a goon with a huge attitude and always ready for a fist-fight, but also because to my telepathy he "read" as a walking black hole, which just felt strange to be around. *Boyd the Void*, we called him but only behind his back, never to his face. He was a major asshole, but I wasn't too worried about him because somebody had told me Boyd had to touch you to really shut down your Talent, and he wasn't anywhere close to me.

The blond guy in the Institute uniform was my friend Andrew. He's a telepath like me, only he was a little older. I taught him the basics of mind control a few months back and we ended up fucking a few times. We even went out on a couple of real dates, but mostly we both knew we were gonna end up staying just friends. Things didn't work out with Andrew, or with the casual fuck-buddy I'd been seeing--maybe I just wasn't a relationship kind of guy. Andrew and I were still good friends, though but we hadn't hung out together much since we tried dating. I heard he had gotten a job-prep assignment working in the gym, and I heard he was hanging out with that asshole Boyd these days for some unknown reason.

Boyd was standing there at the lockers scuffling with a third guy, Brett, while Andrew watched, but I quickly saw Andrew wasn't just watching.

Boyd had Brett in a full nelson hold-- Boyd had grabbed Brett from behind, with his arms underneath the guy's armpits, and folded up so Boyd's hands were clasped behind Brett's neck. Brett looked frantic. Whatever he was trying to do wasn't working, probably because Boyd's un-Talent had shut him down. Brett was shirtless, in just his uniform pants and socks. He was trying to struggle, but Boyd was really strong--his muscles weren't just for show.

Andrew just cocked his head and said

something I couldn't make out from my hiding place, and I felt his telepathy flare. Wow, seemed like Andrew was getting stronger these days, maybe as strong as me. He must have been practicing a lot. Anyway, Andrew's telepathy went off, and then I saw Brett just ... give up. He grinned back at Andrew and his body relaxed and slumped in Boyd's grip. Whatever Andrew had packed into his mind-blast included a dose of arousal that I could sense even from where I was. My dick started to harden.

Boyd let Brett go. Brett just stood there looking at Andrew, and then he started to strip off his pants. Brett was a wet dream come true. He was a little younger than me, probably eighteen, had short brown

hair and brown eyes, and stood at about six-foot-two. He was all muscle, totally ripped. Every part of his body was just plain perfect. I'd fantasized about putting the moves on him a few times myself, but I heard he wasn't into guys. He was tall and lean and had an athlete's really sexy, casually masculine way of moving that always took my breath away. He was gorgeous! Too bad he wasn't into guys. But right then, he was under the influence of Andrew's mind-blast and stripping off his socks and boxer briefs. He stood there naked, dick hardening, as if for their inspection--or instructions.

I couldn't keep my eyes off them. Brett put his hand around his dick and stroked it slowly as it grew fully hard. He never

took his eyes off Andrew. Boyd pushed down his boxer shorts and stepped out of them, clearly ready for more, and with his cock already stiff and ready for action. Fuck!--he had a big dick!

I worked my hand under my towel and stroked my own hard-on. If they were gonna put on a show, I was certainly going to enjoy it. But I couldn't get why Boyd was going along with this. There was no way Andrew's mind control would work against Boyd's un-Talent. Boyd seemed to be doing this on his own. I'd always hear he wasn't into guys either and got plenty of sex. Maybe all that was just talk?

Andrew started to turn around and I jerked back behind the lockers before he saw me.

Whew!--Close one!

But Andrew called out, "I know you're there, Paul. Even if we hadn't heard you turn off the shower, a telepath always knows when there's another telepath around."

My heart skipped a beat and my boner deflated almost instantly.

Andrew had this really evil tone in his voice. "Spying on us isn't very nice, Paul. I *was* going to invite you to join us, cause we're friends and all, but friends don't spy on each other. So I'll give you a choice. You can come out here on your own and take your punishment like a man, or ..."

When he didn't finish the *or* part, I yelled back, "Or what?" After all, he already knew I was there.

"Or Boyd will come over there and kick your ass. You know telepathy's useless on him--and don't even think of trying to call for help, because the gym's closed and no one's around but us. What's it going to be, Paul? Are you gonna come over here and take it like a man, or does Boyd have to come get you?"

Some choice.

I decided I better play along. Maybe I'd get a chance to grab my clothes and get out of there. I made sure my towel was knotted securely around my waist and

stepped out from behind the lockers.

Boyd, that bastard, looked disappointed. He probably wanted to use me as his punching bag.

I walked over to the three of them and said to Andrew, "Sooo ... now what?"

"So now you let me into your head, Paul. Just like when you taught me the ropes of mind control--but this time, no holding back."

"You sure you wanna try that, Andrew?" I narrowed my eyes in challenge. I knew he was strong, but so was I, and I was more experienced. I showed him the ropes, but I didn't teach him everything I knew. I'd

physically exhausted my body in the weight room and I was an emotional wreck, but I was betting I could still take Andrew mentally, or at least give him a really good fight. Telepathy can be a two-way street--if he tried fucking with my head, that gave me an opening to fuck with his. Andrew frowned the way he always does when he's pushing his thoughts at someone. I felt his telepathy start to brush against the outside of my mental defenses, waiting for me to lower my guard like he told me to.

That's when Boyd clamped his hand on my bare shoulder. Suddenly all the mental lights and whispers of thoughts I lived with day in and day out went dark and silent as my telepathy and the mental

defenses I was depending on simply ... weren't there.

I whirled on Boyd and snarled, "What the fuck did you--"

And that's when Andrew slammed full-power into my head.

I couldn't move. I couldn't think.

I couldn't believe how strong Andrew's mind-blast had gotten. He'd been practicing.

Andrew's finger under my chin turned my head back to face him. "Just cooperate, Paul. You came over here to take your punishment like a man, and that's what you're gonna do. Now, it's going to feel

like you're going to sleep for a moment, and when you wake up everything will be all better, understand?"

And then I did feel incredibly sleepy, and my head shut down and my eyes closed, and I felt my body tip and start to tumble toward Andrew.

"Wakey, wakey," Andrew said, and slapped my cheek lightly. I blinked and looked up at him. "All better now?"

I thought about it for a moment, then nodded. I wasn't sure what Andrew meant, but it seemed like the right answer. My head felt funny, like something wasn't right, but I couldn't determine what.

I looked up at Andrew and--*kablam!*--it struck me. Fuck, I loved him. How could I have not known it before? I was so incredibly in love with him! I thought we were just friends before but now I knew he was my hero, my idol, my god, my-- holy, fuck, he was my everything! I'd do fucking anything for him.

"See?" Andrew said to Boyd. "I told you he'd be up for it." Boyd made this cocky smirk-smile.

Andrew said to me, "Get to it, Paul. I need a blow bad."

"Yes, master," I said. I eagerly dropped to my knees. My towel was gone, and I was naked, and my hard dick waved in the air,

but I didn't care. My lord, my master, wanted a blowjob, and I was going to give him the best blowjob ever.

My body ached from my workout earlier, but I pushed past the pain. All the hurt and anger I'd been feeling were replaced by the brightest, purest love I'd ever felt, all for Andrew. I pulled his dickhead into my mouth. I'm always up for anything sexually, and I'm really good at sex, so I pulled out all the stops on fellating Andrew. I ran my tongue all around the head of his massive dick, tasting the pre-cum, slurping it up. I was honored my master wanted me to suck his cock. I wanted it in my mouth badly! I couldn't get enough.

Part of me knew Andrew was making me feel this way, that I didn't really love him like this, but I didn't care--I couldn't deny my feelings, the love and joy that filled me when I ran my lips further and further down his shaft. Andrew's cock seemed endless. It kept growing and getting longer and harder, and I kept swallowing. I looked up at him and I felt so--is *submissive* even a strong-enough word? Devoted. Enslaved. Euphoric. Whatever. Andrew was my whole life, and I loved him, adored him, worshipped him. Part of me knew he was making me feel like this, but I didn't care. It felt so good I didn't want to break free. It was just like I taught him--the best mind control is when the target doesn't even want to try to resist. He was getting off on it, and so was I.

Andrew didn't just stand there while I worked on his cock. He fell back against the rockers, grabbed my head, and pushed it up and down on his dick, forcing his slick rod in and out between my lips. He moaned, obviously loving my attentions, which made me happy--I existed to please him, and the sounds he made were proof I was giving him the pleasure he deserved. He fucked my face, using me to get off, and I was glad I was there to serve him.

Andrew face-fucked me and I was in heaven. I never realized having his cock sliding in and out of my mouth made me feel so good, or made me so hot.

I knew Andrew was getting ready to shoot. I could feel his nuts draw up and

his cock throb harder and harder. He just kept pumping in and out, and I could feel his muscles flexing and taste his pre-cum all over my tongue. My own ignored cock felt like it was oozing a quart of pre-cum, so much that the tiles under my knees were wet and sticky.

All of a sudden Andrew growled, "Paul, I want you to swallow my cum. Will you swallow my load? Huh?"

Like he had to ask! I was his slave. I'd do anything for my master. For an answer, I attacked his cock and sucked on it like crazy. I went nuts on his dick, slobbering all over his huge, throbbing rod. I was ready to take all he could give. I couldn't wait!

Andrew pumped in and out of my mouth like a piston. He moaned and threw his head back and shot his load. He blasted his molten cum down my eager throat, filling my mouth with thick spurts of his juice. He blasted one jet after another of his cream between my lips, and I took it all! It was the most wonderful feeling in the world.

With one last loud moan, Andrew slid his cock out from between my lips and pushed my head away. Already my mouth felt empty, and I made a little whimper of disappointment.

Andrew said, "Not bad, Paul. You give great head."

"Thank you, master," I replied, glowing from his compliment.

Andrew looked at something, and I looked that direction too. Boyd was sitting naked on the bench and had gorgeous blond Brett's head in his crotch. Brett's head bobbed up and down, taking Boyd's cock to the base. He would dive for a mouthful, sucking it in like a slut, then pull back so that just his lips touched the tip. I watched his blond head bob for a moment, thinking Brett was just as lust-crazed as me, only Brett worshipped Boyd instead of Andrew. Brett was really working Boyd's monster cock, kinda amateurish--maybe he really wasn't into guys before this--but he made up for his lack of technique with gusto. I looked up and saw Andrew

pulling on his man-meat, watching the show, and his cock was stiffening again.

Boyd pulled his cock out of Brett's mouth. Fuck, did I look that love-struck and dopey when Andrew had taken his cock out of my mouth? Probably. Boyd caressed Brett's face and said, "I'm gonna fuck ya now, blondie." He shoved Brett back. Brett answered with a moan and assumed the hands-and-knees position on the tile floor.

"We're gonna fill you up," Andrew said to Brett as Boyd condomized his cock and eased it to Brett's asshole. He rubbed his cock up and down Brett's ass-crack, not penetrating, just rubbing. Then he poked the cock head at Brett's hole, and I

watched as Brett threw back his head and grimaced from the pain of being entered by such a monster dick. Brett's eyes were clouded with pain and fear and want.

Before Andrew took control of his head, Brett probably had never had sex with a man before, and how he had Boyd's big boner poked up his virgin butt. Ouch!

"Sweet little ass," Boyd panted as he ground his hips into Brett's backside.

Andrew dug a finger into Brett's mouth, and Brett sucked at it like a cock. Brett's eyes were glazed over with lust. Did my eyes look like that when I was worshipping Andrew's rod? Probably. Brett's chest and stomach heaved as he threw his head back, pushing his hips back

to meet Boyd's butt-pounding bulk. His hips shoved against Boyd's pelvis, getting as much of that cock as possible.

Andrew aimed his recharged hard-on at Brett's mouth and pulled Brett's head onto his rod. I watched jealously as Brett ran his tongue down the length of Andrew's shaft, all the way to his balls. When Brett sucked Andrew's balls into his mouth, I wondered if he liked their soft and musky taste that I remembered so well.

"Yeah, Boyd, fuck his cherry ass. So hot--love watching you fuck his virgin hole," Andrew rasped.

Boyd grumbled, "Shut the hell up and stick your dick in his mouth."

Andrew on his knees fed his cock into Brett's mouth. The look on Brett's face was a mixture of confusion and lust. Andrew pushed into his mouth, firm but slow.

Meanwhile, I lay down on the floor behind Andrew, between his parted calves and pushed my face into his ass-crack, lapped at his asshole, spearing my tongue at it. I couldn't bear to be left out, couldn't bear the thought of Andrew fucking another man while I was still ready and willing to service him. I had to help make my master Andrew feel great. I wet a finger with spit to probe deeper into his ass. As my finger went into his hole, I heard Andrew gasp and start to curse. His insides contracted hard on my digit, trying

hard to expel it and suck it in deeper at the same time. That made my cock jerk and harden more. Andrew's body started to surge and buck around my finger, thrusting first into Brett's mouth, then back against my hand, then into Brett's mouth again.

All this thrashing and maneuvering and the squishy-smacking sounds Boyd's hips made each time he rammed them against Brett's bubble-butt had a wonderful side effect: I was so hard I could've fucked through a tree. I was so hard I was nearly delirious. I didn't touch my cock, though--I knew I couldn't unless my master Andrew gave me permission.

With each Boyd-thrust, I could hear Brett grunt, painfully at first, but soon his pain-

cries were turning to pleasure. His expression around Andrew's dick in his mouth turned rapt, and the muscles of his body loosened. He was surrendering, mind and body, to Andrew in his head and to Boyd in his ass. Brett was starting to love it--how could he not, with my master Andrew in his head?

Brett tried to pull up, but Boyd and Andrew didn't let him. Boyd kept battering that Brett's sweet ass with a vengeance. I kept finger-fucking Andrew; his hole opened wide for every inch of my stabs finger, so I added a second finger. "Yeah, man," Andrew rasped at Boyd, "fuck him with that big monster cock." And to me, Andrew rasped, "Yeah, slave-boy, finger my ass!"

Slave-boy. No, I was no one's-- I resisted the idea, but then ...

Yes, I was Andrew's slave. Completely. Totally. I accepted my place.

That did the trick. I suddenly felt my balls burn and jerk; the head of my cock started tingling. I hadn't touched my cock, but with my next finger-punch into Andrew's ass, I came. I've never been a spurter, but my load surged out of me like a tidal wave, dribbling across my belly and the floor as my orgasm pounded through me like thunder. I dug my fingers deep into Andrew's behind and even my toes curled up. Then I dissolved onto the floor, spent and delirious.

I lay there, basking in the afterglow of such a powerful climax. I knew this was Andrew's doing. Part of me knew we were merely friends and I didn't really love him that way and I wasn't his slave-boy, but looking at him I felt so much love and devotion pouring out of me. I didn't care whether he was making me feel this way. I wanted to serve him any way I could, service him in any way possible.

Brett bellowed like a bull. He came off of Andrew's cock and roared his pleasure again. He reared his torso up, and then he was cumming too, hands-free like me. His orgasm rocked him so hard, he fell aside and nearly seemed to pass out from the force of it.

Boyd wasn't done yet. "You ready to get fucked?" he growled at Andrew. "I want your ass now."

My master Andrew climbed onto the bench and rolled onto his back, legs in the air. Boyd pulled off the condom he'd worn while fucking Brett. As he reached for a fresh one, he looked at me and said, "Get down there and lick his ass. Get it wet for me." I felt the tickle of my master in my head, and the next thing I knew, I had my face in Andrew's butt, lapping away at his ass-bud, the same hole I'd been finger-fucking minutes before. Andrew's groans told me how much he enjoyed my attentions.

A couple of minutes later, Boyd shoved

me out of the way--"That's good enough"--and positioned himself under Andrew's legs and began poking his hard-on up Andrew's ass.

I watched Boyd impale my master with his huge cock. Andrew's hungry ass swallowed Boyd's dick head, swallowed more, then began to ride downward over inch after inch of that cock.

Boyd's anti-Talent must have shut down Andrew's telepathy. If I tried, I could have broken the residual hold on me. I could have put up my defenses and pushed away the controls Andrew had planted in my head, but I didn't. Maybe my telepathy hadn't fully recovered from the shock of Boyd's shut-down, or maybe Andrew had

done more than I realized. I'd push him out later, I decided, when I was stronger, but for now I was just enjoying how much I loved him, enjoying the sight of him on his back and hungry, loving the fuck Boyd was unleashing on his ass, all hard and fast and merciless, the way I knew from experience Andrew liked it.

I stood by and watched. My dick hardened again. I stroked it.

Andrew writhed and bucked, riding that Boyd-cock in his ass and grunting; his thighs tensed, while his own cock pushed up between his splayed legs to slap against his stomach. Boyd ran his hands all over Andrew's sweet torso as it thrashed and humped back against his

thrusts. He reached down and groped Andrew's firm pecs, found the taut nipples, and tweaked and tugged at them.

"Fuck, yeah! Pinch my tits while I take that big dick!" Andrew gasped. "Drill my hole, fuck-head. Harder! Fuck me! Do it!"

They moved together familiarly--they'd fucked before, often enough to know what each other liked. Andrew fisted his own cock as he rode Boyd's dick. Boyd kept ramming himself into Andrew's ass all the way to the balls, grunting and swearing as he humped at Andrew's hole. Boyd slammed in and out, his hips smacking against my master Andrew's haunches as he fucked for all he was worth. Andrew rode that pummeling pole like a slut. But

soon the frantic pace did them in.

"Gonna shoot," Andrew groaned and arched his back.

Me too, I wanted to say but couldn't.

"Yeah!" Boyd agreed. He drove deep one last time, yanked out, yanked off the condom, gave his cock a couple of fist-pumps, then spewed his nut-cream all over Andrew's hard-on and jacking hand.

"Fuck, yeah!" Andrew barked and launched his ball-juice all over his own tight stomach and chest. I pushed my cock over Andrew's torso and stroked faster. I hit my climax too and sprinkled drops of cream all over his chest and abs.

Boyd pulled away from Andrew, and they sat there, panting, enjoying the afterglow.

Andrew rolled off the bench. He knelt over Brett. "Get dressed," he murmured and kissed Brett's forehead, "and forget. Attaboy."

Brett stood up and turned toward his locker. I noticed Andrew confiscated Brett's boxer briefs. Brett didn't seem to notice.

Andrew wiped all that cum off himself with my towel.

After two orgasms and my killer workout, I felt exhausted--exhausted, but nearly normal again. My telepathy was coming

back from being suppressed by Boyd's anti-Talent. Another minute or two and I'd be able to shake off everything Andrew had done to me.

Andrew made a little hand gesture to Boyd--it made sense they'd worked out some signals, since Andrew couldn't communicate with Boyd telepathically--and pointed at me.

Boyd nodded. He reached out and clamped his hand on my arm, and my nearly returned telepathy simply went away again. "Not done with you yet, sunshine," he rumbled.

Andrew's control blossomed in my head again. I looked at him and felt so much

love and devotion and obedience brim inside me.

"Get your pants on, slave-boy," Andrew said to me, voice husky. "You're coming back to my place, buddy. We've got us some catching up to do. You broke my heart when we were dating, but tonight you're gonna make it up to me, aren't you?"

I nodded happily, ready to service my master Andrew all over again.

Andrew and Paul's story continues in
[Reckless](#)
