

Spark

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

[Synopsis: In a world where some people have mental powers, Jayden finds himself fascinated by the new fireman. 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 autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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1.

Jayden first saw the fireman the late-summer afternoon his father's lawn mower caught fire in the shed behind the house. The fireman had come with four other men in boots and coats and helmets, putting out the fire quickly, efficiently, while Jayden watched from the back deck of the house. At first, Jayden saw nothing remarkable about the fireman or any of the others in their gear--the uniform was not what got Jayden going, nor was it the fireman's military-style haircut. Jayden's excitement happened afterward, when the fire was out and the men were shrugging off coats and standing around talking among themselves, rolling up the hose, putting away

equipment. One of them looked up at Jayden and winked, his sweaty face shining in the mid-afternoon sun. Jayden had just got back from running, and he too was sweat-covered, shirtless, his shorts damp.

Jayden liked the fireman's looks-- muscular body, handsome face, hair cut short, almost a crew cut. The air around them smelled of smoke and gasoline and was alive with the chattering static of the radio on the engine. Sunlight hit the leaves of the big maple and flashed green and gold through them. Jayden studied the fireman's body as the man turned back to the smoking remains of the shed, his back flexing under a tight, dark tee-shirt, his tanned arms strong and muscled. Jayden

folded his arms across his own chest, trying to show off the results of hypercreatine and a short stint on megaHGH. His pecs were smooth and hard, sporting little nipples no bigger than bug bites that seemed to contain more nerve endings than his fingers and dick. Just brushing his forearms against them made Jayden catch his breath and caused his cock to tent up his shorts. Jayden waited for the fireman to look again, his dick in its damp boxer-brief prison beginning to swell as he thumb-flicked his little red dots into hardness.

Somehow, Jayden thought, that almost seemed to catch the fireman's attention, even though he was not even looking at Jayden, because just then the fireman

turned, grinning up at him. Jayden grinned back, nodding a greeting. He felt this little tickling sensation at the back of his head--probably a fly or a gnat--and he swatted at it.

Jayden saw the symbol on the man's dark tee-shirt, the small lower-case "i" in red and yellow, over the left pectoral. Jayden recognized the Institute logo, required by law for people who got sent there as a warning to normal folks. Jayden had heard of the Institute assigning some of its "interns" to public service groups--fire departments, police departments--in big cities where their special abilities were put to work for the common good--their telepathy telling them where to find perpetrators, or precognition pinpointing

people to be rescued in burning buildings. But Jayden was surprised to see one there, in his small town, in his dad's back yard, so far from any big city. This was the first Jayden had seen in real life.

Like every other normal person, Jayden felt a moment of unease mixed with his surprise when he saw the "i" logo, but Jayden also thought the fireman was exceptionally attractive--"Major cute," he had sighed to himself when the fireman had taken off his helmet minutes before--and he was also curious, fascinated by the man and by the risk.

The fireman smiled wider at Jayden, knowingly. He sauntered over toward the deck. "You keep an eye on that, alright?"

the fireman said. The sun lit his face and his smile was like a long, wide spark. Jayden could not seem to think of anything to say, so he nodded like an idiotic bobble-head toy. Then blushed at how pathetic his response must have seemed.

"Take it easy, kid," the fireman said with another wink, smiling, pushing the suspenders off his shoulders, his yellow rubber pants sagging, revealing tight blue work pants underneath. He walked off, shoulders squared, head down.

2.

Jayden usually did not go to the gym without rubbing his cock to orgasm beforehand. It was a ritual for him, getting jazzed up before going in and hitting the weights hard. Part of it was the anticipation of seeing hot guys half-dressed, and part of it was that he was perpetually horny, because he had come home with a woody needing fast and serious attention. He stripped, sat down naked at his computer with a hypercreatine-and-juice and looked for some porn sites, quickly finding a mess of hot images to download. He pulled on his dick, tugging it to stiffness, and he spat on his palm and began a slow stroke,

thumbing the blunt helmet, its split already leaking. The pictures were of men with jarhead haircuts and dog tags around their necks. They half-wore fatigues and sported enormous hard-ons; they spread their hairy grunt legs and stroked themselves and fingered their own butt holes. Jayden placed his feet on his desktop on either side of the keyboard--the mouse was awkward to operate with his left hand, but he needed the right to satisfy the ache of this boner. He worked up another gob of spit and got down to business. He no longer needed the pictures; instead, he conjured an image of the fireman. He imagined the Institute as a kind of military training ground, like boot camp, judging by the fireman's haircut. Jayden pictured a barracks and forgot the

mouse, used his left hand to pinch and ply his tiny nipples, imagining the fireman was doing the twisting and pulling, was fisting Jayden's thick-shafted pole and telling him what a fine cock it was, saying, "Boy, you gonna take care of me? Are you gonna take care of your man? Huh, boy?"

The first shot hit Jayden's chin, and the rest covered his chest and stomach. He tilted his head back and gave a deep, relieved groan as his dick continued to dribble. He wondered if he was going to have to set the house on fire in order to see the fireman again.

3.

Jayden's career as a potential arsonist was soon aborted. As he pulled into the parking lot, he spotted the fireman leaving the gym. The man stopped at his truck, looking at Jayden who had jumped from his car without his gym bag, the engine still running.

"I remember you," the man said, nodding and grinning the way he had that day. His eyes took in Jayden from head to toe.

Jayden felt dizzy, disoriented, maybe from jumping out of his car so quickly. "You work out here?" he asked, trying to catch his breath. His heart was banging against

his chest. The fireman was wearing shorts and a wife-beater. His chest was massive and drawn with dark curling hairs, as were his enormous legs. The wife-beater bore the same red-and-yellow "i" logo in the upper corner, as did the left leg of his shorts.

"I guess you could say, uhm, I'm a friend of the guy who owns the place. He lets me work out here," the fireman said, grinning, leaning against his pickup.

Jayden wanted to ask about the Institute logo, to ask what the fireman's talent was, but the fireman was already changing the subject with, "So, how's the lawn mower?"

"He got a new one," Jayden said, putting his hands on top of his head. He was aware that the fireman was checking out his arms and not even trying to hide it. He liked the fireman because he seemed easy to read: no bullshit, no pretense. The fireman looked at his watch, then at Jayden, one eyebrow cocked. His knowing grin was permanent, it seemed to Jayden, and his eyes never stopped sending tiny sparks. Jayden looked over his shoulder at his idling automobile, the door hanging open, the stereo playing loudly enough to identify Jayden as a Björk oldies fan.

"I guess I better not let you get out of here without giving you my number," Fireman said, rummaging up a receipt from his

floorboard to scribble some digits on.
"That's cool, right? We can hang out," he
said, handing it to Jayden, "or something."

Jayden looked at the scrawl: "Hal" and his
number.

"Cool," Jayden said, pocketing the
information.

4.

For a week straight, Jayden got Hal's voice mail. He stopped leaving messages after his third pathetic one, providing his own home phone number and offering to take Hal out to dinner "someplace nice." Jayden had taken to driving by the fire station in hopes of catching a glimpse of the man, ready with the "I was just driving by" speech. He looked for Hal at the gym, going at all hours, sometimes twice a day, sometimes just waiting around in the parking lot. It was there that Jayden came to the conclusion that he had lost it in a way. He wondered how this fireman had gotten so deeply under his skin so quickly. Jayden was as close to becoming a stalker

as he wanted to get. He stopped calling altogether and settled on masturbatory images of Hal: facedown and spread-eagle on a barracks cot; jacking off in the showers of the fire station, communal showers he was guessing, hoping; sitting in the front seat with Jayden and begging to suck Jayden's cock. Jayden gave up.

And then Hal called. There was a message for Jayden stuck on the refrigerator where his father left such things. Jayden squinted at his father's chicken-scratch handwriting to make it out: "Hal called, call him back, says you have number." Jayden scrambled for the phone and carried it to his room. He looked for a cool CD to play, wanting something sophisticated as background music. He picked one--trendy but not too

trendy, a little lounge-ish but not too dated--and adjusted the volume. He dialed slowly, carefully, Hal's phone number easier to remember than his own.

"Hey, sexy," Hal answered after two rings.

"Uhm, hi--it's Jayden," Jayden said.

"I know who it is, baby," Hal drawled. Jayden thought nervously of telepathy, precognition, the "i" on Hal's shirt, but Hal continued, "I can see you on the Caller ID."

Jayden looked around, suddenly self-conscious as if he himself could be seen. He rushed, phone in hand, to the mirror to

check his hair. He was half-hard in his shorts, and his cock tipped against the mesh front, unencumbered by underwear today and hanging free under the single layer of cloth. Jayden gave himself a firm tug.

Hal's voice breathed into his ear, "So, I'm wondering what you're up to tonight? Nothing major. Just thought you might like to come over and hang. Got the night off. You got plans?"

"Plans?" Jayden looked at himself in the mirror again and thought, *Oh, I've got plans.*

5.

He met Hal at the station. "I've got the night off," Hal had said, "but I'm not allowed to leave the station after curfew--fucking laws," and, "Let me show you around." He took Jayden on a mini-tour that ended on the engine. Jayden sat in Hal's position on the truck, putting Jayden's face at dick level. Hal stepped up, his jeans hugging his crotch tightly, his sizable package heading for Jayden's mouth.

"Where is everybody?" Jayden rasped.

Hal indicated with his chin that the others were upstairs. His fingers played around

his fly.

"They ever come down?"

Hal shrugged. "That's the beauty of it," he said with a wicked smile and tapped his temple. "If they even think about coming down, I'll know about it well in advance. But right now, I'm making sure that's the farthest thing from their minds." Hal unbuttoned his fly. "Now," he said, "let's take a look at what's on *your* mind." He hauled out his fat, half-hard cock. Jayden stared and his lower lip dropped as Hal pulled his pud in front of him.

Come on, Jayden heard in the back of his head, *suck it.*

That cock firmed up quickly, growing more in circumference than length, filling Jayden's mouth with its fatness. Hal cradled Jayden's head firmly with both hands and fed him with short strokes to get him used to the thickness. Jayden swallowed hard and got all of it into his mouth, his lips against the wiry bramble of Hal's bush. He lifted Hal's shirt and found more hair, more and more up his muscled gut, drawing itself into a narrow line as it climbed upward and spread across his chest like black moss. Jayden found Hal's stiffened nipples in the midst of all that fur, and Hal moaned when Jayden caught them up in twin pinches, pulling hard as he worked his mouth down Hal's jaw-stretching shaft.

That feeling tickled through the back of Jayden's head again. *This is me in your head*, Jayden seemed to hear Hal's voice say back there, and: *I like to feel connected*. Jayden wanted to tell him not to, that it felt funny, made him nervous, but he felt that tickling again--*Don't worry, I won't make you do anything you don't want to*--and Jayden found himself nodding yes as best he could with that mouthful of Hal's cock.

Jayden felt alert to every noise in the station: a radio somewhere, dispatching reports; the occasional traffic outside the station; the sound of footsteps overhead. His own cock dripped in its cramped quarters, hot and stony, craving attention. He was using both hands to blow Hal, one

on Hal's cock and the other cupping his huge balls. He looked up at the man before him, choking on Hal's crank.

"Doing great," Hal purred out loud. "Can I shoot in your mouth? Swallow my load, baby?" His eyes narrowed and he worked his hips, and Jayden felt the man's cock go tight, his balls drawing up and feeling like one big, unripe peach.

"Play with my asshole," Jayden heard himself told. He fingered between Hal's hairy thighs and poked around until he felt some give and heat. Hal moaned over him, ferociously twisting his own nipples. Jayden felt the twist hit his body as if it was happening to him too, to his own untouched nipples. In a few seconds,

Jayden heard the words he didn't want to hear, not just then anyway: Hal announced he was about to cum. Despite the warning, Jayden was in no way prepared for the jolt that hit him, Hal's orgasm blazing like a sun suddenly in the back of his head, stunning Jayden before he could handle the amount of jizz Hal's hefty balls pumped, and his mouth was filled with warm cream that rolled from his mouth as Hal relentlessly rode Jayden's face, trying very, very hard to keep his groans quiet.

Jayden swallowed what he could, and the rest of Hal's cum dribbled out of his mouth like white drool. Jayden sat back, whole body slack except for his still-stiff dick, and watched Hal shudder and shake residual cum from his fat cock. "How

about that?" Hal laughed quietly, shaking his head. "Did you like that? Feeling us connected like that?" Hal let his engorged dick fall from his open fly and he leaned against the doorjamb of the fire engine, his head and shoulders against the ceiling of the cab. He was scrutinizing Jayden's crotch. Jayden's dick had snaked itself down the tight confines of his jeans leg. A moist stain of leakage there marked the tip. Hal's face registered its length and girth. He looked as though he had discovered something scary and awesome.

6.

"Can you just take it easy?" Hal asked over his shoulder, one leg up on the vinyl seat. They were both still mostly dressed. "Just in case I lose my concentration," Hal said, pointing upstairs and shrugging. A minute ago, Jayden had been uneasy about doing this there, right on the open floor of the fire station, but suddenly he found he wanted it more than he had ever wanted anything before, wanted it so badly he trembled. Jayden rubbed the travel pack of lube on his condom-clad dick and over the head, and he positioned himself behind Hal. He struggled through the thatch of ass hair until he found that soft spot, and he pushed himself in, making Hal growl.

Easy, easy, Hal's voice whispered in Jayden's head as he pressed his hips forward toward Hal's ass cheeks. The slide in was deep and hot, and Jayden felt compelled to take it slowly, no matter how much he longed to sink all the way into Hal's ass. He lifted Hal's shirt tail and watched his cock disappear into that stony ass, his bush commingling with Hal's choke of butt hairs. He leaned back slowly, pulling his dick out of the chute until the head popped out with a little puff of air, shining with lube and Hal's juices. In again, a little harder this time, and then out again, and right back in until he was working a rhythm and Hal was begging for it harder.

Sweat stung Jayden's eyes and he wanted

to tear off his clothes, but he couldn't stop banging Hal's sweet asshole.

"Oh, fuck, man," Hal panted beneath him, working on his own boner. "You're tearing my shit up!" He looked over his shoulder and offered his mouth to Jayden for a rough kiss, all tongue and teeth and five o'clock shadow.

Get it, boy, Hal ordered in Jayden's head, and Jayden decided he liked the shared sensations, the feeling of Hal's thoughts in his head. Jayden bent himself over the man under him, pistoning his delirious ramrod into Hal's hole. He felt his nut building, his nuts going tight, his stomach muscles fluttering.

"Aw, fuck--I'm gonna shoot," Jayden whispered, balling Hal as hard as he could, the man's tee-shirt in his teeth. His dick popped, and he felt his load empty in Hal's butt, blast after blast, filling the hole and going frothy in the condom as he continued his fuck until Hal threw him off and turned and tossed off another load onto Jayden's face, Hal's fresh orgasm searing like wildfire through Jayden's afterglow.

They pulled their clothes back in place and got off the engine. "You fucking filled my tank," Hal said, touching his rump. "You're gonna let me return the favor sometime, aren't you. Sometime soon."

"Anytime," Jayden said, feeling the tickle

that compelled him to say it but meaning it anyhow.

Hal raised an eyebrow, as if realizing, and grinned that grin again. He said, "So ... You ever think of becoming a firefighter? We're always looking for volunteers."

"Depends on the training program," Jayden replied, adjusting his half-hard-again cock in his jeans.

"Oh," Hal said, grinning, groping the front of Jayden's pants. "It's very rigorous, very intense." Jayden felt the quicksilver tickle of Hal's thoughts across his: *You up for it?*

Jayden laughed and said, "What do you

think?"
