

# Talent

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, super]

[Synopsis: In a world where some people have mental powers, Kip lusts for his brother's roommate at the summerhouse, and their vacation week takes an unexpected turn.]

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.

Casey walks down the stairs, his stuff banging at the front of his boxer shorts like some kind of fucking door knocker, and Kip can't keep his eyes off the rambunctious package until Casey's head comes into view, and then Kip's attention is on the newspaper spread before him and he looks up in feigned surprise, and Casey says, "Hey," thick-voiced and deep.

"Alex went into town," Kip tells him. Alex is Kip's older brother, twenty-two, like Casey. Casey is Alex's friend and roommate, just in from the big city the night before. They've rendezvoused here at the summerhouse owned by Kip's family for a week-long vacation, just the three of them.

Casey nods, tugging on his dick sleepily. Blue-eyed, pale-skinned, blond-haired, footballer proportions, his high, broad chest drawn with carefully trimmed gold-brown hairs, nipples wide and pale, thick legs, bubble butt. Kip, just turned twenty-one, has done nothing the past fourteen hours but study and memorize his brother's buddy as though he were geometry homework.

"You guys got any coffee?" Casey asks, and Kip gets up off the couch and walks over to the kitchen area. The downstairs of his family's summerhouse is all one big room, all windows and couches and a big table with lots of chairs near the stove and sink and a fireplace over there and a wall of shelves on this side of the room loaded up with music and a television and books.

There's a tickly, tingly feeling in the back of Kip's head. "How'd you sleep?" Kip asks, not exactly interested, but because it gives him a reason to check out Casey standing at the window with his hand on his boxers again--maybe even *in* them--looking like he is giving a handjob-show for someone out in the woods. The muscles across the top of his back flutter,

and his ass-cheeks clench and relax; Casey shrugs, turns slowly, and again Kip forces himself to look away from the hugeness pressing against the silky front of Casey's old-school boxer shorts. It seems to jut straight out--not hard, just resting, Kip imagines, on the tight mound of Casey's up-drawn balls. He looks away as Casey looks down at the papers on the table and scans the headlines. *He could lay his dick on the table*, Kip is thinking, distracting himself with coffee grounds and water measurement. Casey walks over to one of the sofas and falls back onto it. Legs spread, his thighs go uncovered, and his boxer shorts gather at his crotch. Kip positions himself, once the coffee preparations are complete, to see what there is to see.

Casey's muscular thighs are smeared with hair, which seems to become more and more dense the further north it grows. A shaggy testicle dangles in the gap of one boxer leg hole. *Mad fur*, Kip thinks, *get the clippers*. The jittery feeling in the back of his head has his own package getting riled up, and he keeps himself behind the island for the time being, and there's a crunch of gravel outside, and Alex's Jeep pulling up out front. Casey has an arm slung over his eyes, maybe asleep, maybe not, but not moving, even when Alex crashes in with arms of groceries.

"Yo, fuck-hole!" Alex hollers at Casey, and Casey stays still except for the hand he uses to grab the front of his shorts in response. And Alex yells, "Aw, fuck--not



that thing again!" Laughing and looking at Kip, Alex says, "Him and his fucking monster--he shoulda put that thing up in a kennel for the week--he ain't gonna use it up here!"

Kip turns his attention to coffee cups and pours one for himself. He wants to pour one for Casey, wants to know how Casey takes it just so he can fix it for him that way every morning for the rest of the week. *Black*, a little voice in the back of his head seems to announce, and Kip decides Casey probably does take his coffee black. He pours a cup for Casey and smiles at himself and at the gripped handful Casey doesn't seem to want to let go of. *Don't blame him*, Kip thinks.

## 2.

Down by the lake with a cooler of beer and a bottle of Irish whiskey and some tequila left over from the night before, Casey and Alex talk about their classes at The Institute, swigging beer and watching the water as though waiting for something to rise up out of it. It seems funny to Kip, strange even, how the two never seem to look at one another. Every now and then Alex tips his head back and laughs hard and reminds Casey of some stupid stunt one of their friends did, and Casey laughs too, but not as heartily. He taps his bare feet in time with the music playing, some downloaded college bullshit ghetto crap that Kip suffers through silently. It's worth

the pain just to watch the muscles of  
Casey's golden-haired calves twitch and  
split and dance.

# 3.

Alex covers up with a snap of his waistband and an odd smile and bends over the cooler, pulling out the whiskey bottle, uncapping it, and taking a swallow. He holds the bottle out to Casey, who takes it silently, raising it to his lips for a long draw, passing it to Kip without a look. Kip, shaking off that tingly feeling that is getting stronger, takes the bottle, and briefly their fingers barely brush.

## 4.

Nobody calls him "Kippy" anymore, not even Alex, but the nickname comes back like something that was once lost and not at all missed. Hearing it from Casey earlier this afternoon, however, was something else entirely. How had Casey known about the nickname? It was as if he had picked it out of Kip's memories.

That was then; this is now. In Casey's voice, the nickname takes on a different meaning. *Kippy*, he says softly, licking up Kip's ankle and shin, gnawing gently the mound of skin just past the kneecap, where the muscles of his thigh begin and expand. Casey's breath sweats the skin, and Kip

spreads his legs, making room for Casey's face. *Kippy*, he whispers, *I wanna fuck you so bad.*

Kip's breath catches. He pushes a finger up inside himself, searching. His cock is electric and delighted and drips expectantly. His brother and Casey are downstairs--Kip can hear them both from the upstairs bathroom where he is trying to work off some of the horniness that fills his head and has him stuttering and staring, slamming bottles of beer, trying to keep up with his thirsty camp-mates. His shorts are around his ankles, and he's standing at the toilet, water running in the sink, pushing his fingers, two now, around to worry the knob he discovered a few years ago under similar circumstances. His other hand

cuffs his erection. The music changes to frat rock. His fantasy changes, clear as if he's receiving someone else's fantasy by television signal: Alex and Casey wrestle, tearing off each other's clothes until they are both naked and shining with sweat, their cocks slapping their stomachs as they grapple together, head-swiping, feints, and lunges. Casey's dick is thickening, and Alex's too, until they're both rock-hard, locked in holds that resemble love, cheek to cheek, grimacing and grunting--and Kip, forgetting to aim, shoots a load that misses the toilet bowl entirely, panting silently.

## 5.

The camp is quiet after three. Casey is passed out on one of the sofas, and Alex has gone upstairs to find a bed. Kip nurses a bottle of beer he really doesn't want, staring at Casey's bare feet, which overhang the sofa arm. Casey snores gently, his mouth hanging slack, no less beautiful this way than any other, Kip is thinking. The tingly feeling in the back of his head has disappeared. Instead, if anything, it feels like sleep has settled over the summerhouse, threatening to drag him down too.

Casey is wearing a tee-shirt now, but his legs are spread enough for Kip to view the



white cotton pouch that houses Casey's stuff. Occasionally, Casey grunts and shifts and gropes himself, and it is like a movie for Kip, a dirty little porn movie that has just begun. Soon enough, Casey will be naked and hard, tugging away at his huge boner, turning over and humping the couch, his muscular white ass cheeks splitting for Kip, showing his rosy pinch in peep-show glimpses, all raspy with those golden-brown hairs.

Kip surrenders to the drowsiness that seems to bombard him. He falls asleep with his own boner and the beer bottle wedged between his legs. He sleeps for a long while, dreaming of losing Alex in the lake, the two of them in a boat together in a sudden storm. He watches Alex sink in

the water as if he himself were there with him, underwater, spinning and sinking with him.

He's alone when he awakes. Outside, still daylight, but the woods shadow the camp and the room is almost dark. The sofas are empty.

Kip walks upstairs to pee, checking his brother's room on the way; it is also empty. The windows are open, and it is lighter up here, and Kip stands at the window looking out into the woods. He can hear footfalls breaking twigs and rustling leaves and an occasional laugh--his brother's, he can tell--and then silence. Kip scans the landscape, trying to find them, and thinks he spots Casey's white

tee-shirt and loses it, finding a white birch trunk instead. He cocks his head and listens, but hears nothing, and then a slap and then something like a groan and then nothing.

# 6.

The guys come back after maybe twenty minutes. Kip has begun to grill hotdogs on the front deck, staring off over the barbecue at the shadowed lake. He hears them in the house behind him. Cupboards are opened and closed, water runs, one of them bounds upstairs to use the toilet. Then Alex comes out of the house and joins Kip at the grill.

"We went for a hike," Alex says. Kip nods. "You were out cold," Alex adds. Kip uses the tongs to jostle the dogs and turn them. "We saw a porcupine and some woodchucks." The toilet flushes, and he hears the sound of Casey running down the

stairs. That buzzing sensation is back in the back of Kip's head.

Casey pushes open the screen door, pulling at the front of his shorts, a few wet spots near the crotch, and catches Kip watching. "Forgot to shake, man," Casey says with a half-smile that is almost a wink.

Alex stretches his arms up over his head. There's something oddly distant about his expression. "Let's build a fire tonight. You want to?" he says, turning toward his brother. Alex always wants to build a fire--Kip knows that is because it gives Alex a chance to do his thing, his Talent, the reason he was sent to The Institute to train. Kip wishes sometimes he had a

Talent, but he doesn't; and sometimes he is glad he does not, too.

Kip feels oddly distracted too--what had Alex just said? Something about a campfire? Yeah ... "Cool," he makes himself say, but does not manage much enthusiasm. The early drinking and the deep, hard nap have made him groggy--that must be it. "Go get the shit for these things," he tells Alex, who looks at him blankly. Alex has been looking that way more and more here at the summerhouse. Kip stresses, "The shit on the counter--buns, ketchup--for fuck sake."

Alex seems to snap out of it. "What the fuck, bitch," he laughs, going into the house.

Casey is sitting on the steps. He yawns and scratches his head with both hands, then settles himself with his elbows on the deck, apparently taking in the view. "Hey, A-man!" he bellows. "Get me a beer! And one for Kippy!" he adds, turning around to Kip and winking, this time clearly. Kip stifles the silly urge to grin and tends to the hotdogs that are starting to burn now, going black fast.

They eat the hotdogs and some potato salad Alex got at the grocery store.

"So how's school?" Casey asks Kip. They are still out on the deck, paper plates on their laps, a cooler of beer brought out because they were tired of running back into the house for more. Empties multiply

quickly. It is almost dark. Alex is trying to find enough wood to maintain a fire for a few hours. Even with his Talent, fire still needs fuel to burn. He tramps and trips in the gathering dark and swears, and Kip says through the buzzing, stronger than ever in the back of his head, and the pleasant lethargy that fills him, "Maybe we should help him?"

Casey says, smiling, "Fuck him."



# 7.

Alex manages, though, with the help of a flashlight retrieved from his Jeep, to gather enough wood. His Talent is pyrokinesis--he can start fires with his mind. Not very strong, but enough to qualify for training at The Institute--mandatory, like for all Talents. He can only manage small ones, but enough to get the blaze going.

They drag the beer cooler down the stairs to the fire's edge and position themselves around the rock-circle pit, only to find the ground damp and uncomfortable. They stomp back up to the steps for some chairs and lug them down. They sit close to the

cooler, using it as an ottoman whenever they are not opening it up for another beer, the supply running low quickly. It is not long before the beer runs out and the whiskey is brought out, passed around-- Alex to Casey to Kip to Casey to Alex, requiring them to sit closer. Casey introduces a bowl into the evening's festivities. They pass that among themselves, too. Casey's fingers touch Kip's hand again and again; he leans an elbow on the arm of Kip's chair, close enough for Kip to feel the heat of his body, his sandaled foot presses Kip's casually on top of the beer cooler. The tingle in the back of Kip's head feels like electric current chattering through him.

His brother is quiet, watching the fire as if

spellbound, the bottle of whiskey his now, held between his thighs.

In the woods, a bird chirps a repetitive sequence that resembles Morse code.

"So ... What's your Talent?" Kip asks Casey, because it occurred to him he could not seem to recall, maybe had never asked.

Casey just shrugs. "It's kind of like telepathy."

Alex snorts and drawls, "Don't worry ... It only fuckin' works when he's fuckin' horny."

Kip sees--*feels*--Casey tense up, scowl at Alex. Sudden tension in the air makes the

back of Kip's head feel like it is on fire.

But only for a moment. Then, suddenly, Alex sets the bottle on the ground and stands up. "I'm ... going to bed," he says mechanically, not looking at either Casey or his brother. He walks off toward the summerhouse.

After Alex is gone, Casey and Kip are staring up at the lighted tangle of branches overhead, the vast darkness past the wooden web. Casey says, "Your brother acts like a pussy sometimes."

Kip feels distracted--he wants to say something in response but cannot quite remember what it was. Casey's toes accidentally brush along Kip's instep.

*How does that happen accidentally,* Kip wonders absently, as Casey leans over, his elbow on Kip's chair, getting himself closer and closer--his hand dips from his thick wrist so that his fingertips touch Kip's thigh. Kip feels as if he should flinch, but does not--he feels too languid, a dull torpor numbing his head. *Is it the beer or the bowl,* he thinks. Somehow neither ever made him feel quite like this before.

Casey grins. "I am fucked up," he says softly. "You are too," he tells Kip, touching his thigh again tentatively, persistent. "I can tell."

Casey says, "I remember the first time I saw you, when you and your parents

brought Alex up to the Institute. You were--what? Eighteen?" He shakes his head, smiling broadly, eyes catching the light of the fire. "I jerked off for a week thinking about your ass."

Kip thinks, *Wait?* But the thought gets lost. The fuzziness from the back of his head is creeping up all around him. It lingers outside the firelight. Encroaching. His dick, trapped uncomfortably in the leg of his shorts, jump-starts to hardness, as he imagines Casey in the shower of his dormitory, masturbating, fist soapy and filled with the massive cock Kip has only heard about and sensed through the front of Casey's shorts.

"Alex caught me. I got him to play, though-

-not like it took much. My Talent means I can be *very* persuasive when I'm horny. I got inside his head pretty deep. So deep he thinks it's not queer to jerk off with your roommate or let him blow you. I've got him kinda deluded, if you know what I mean."

Kip is not entirely sure he does, but he nods anyway. Deluded. He is feeling deluded himself. He looks up at the house behind them, dark and quiet. He does not move as Casey's fingers work through the khaki of his shorts and tickle the trapped shaft. Kip's knees spread. Casey's other hand slips under Kip's shirt, scrubbing over the light dusting of hair there in the middle of his chest. "Alex is so hairy," Casey says, lifting up the shirt to check out

Kip's mostly smooth torso, rubbing Kip's trim belly. "Look at those little nips!" Casey says, laughing, making Kip shy and embarrassed. Kip struggles against the languid feeling that threatens to drown him, struggles to sit up, to stand. He fights the urge, almost overpowering, to just sink back down into the chair and Casey's fingers. Kip stands, unsteady and uncomfortable, his dick in an awkward position, stuck against his thigh, harder than ever.

"I love it when they try to fight," Casey says as if to himself. "It just makes it that much sweeter when they surrender."

Kip finds himself taking a step toward Casey. He finds himself sweating. He



stands right in front of Casey, finds himself wanting it and not wanting it at the same time. Behind them, the house looms, stoic in the dark, beyond the firelight's reach.

Casey is saying, "You should see the way he comes, though--you ever see Alex shoot?" Casey has his hand on Kip's shorts, rubbing the awkward lump of his erection through them. "It's like something out of a movie--it's like a special effect or something. Fuck, man, you gotta see it."

Casey puts his other hand behind Kip's back and reels the younger guy close, and he pushes his face against Kip's stomach. Kip is not fighting now. Casey takes Kip's ass in his hands and presses Kip's dick

against his chest. Kip's hands go to Casey's shoulders, hard with muscle. He leans over, cradling Casey's head in his crotch, to kiss the top of his head. It just feels right. He feels Casey's fingers along his ass crack. "Just wanna blow you," he hears. He wavers, swaying from all the shit he's been drinking. He senses Casey's fingers on his fly, his zipper, the slow drag of it opening. There's no underwear to struggle with, just Kip's straight-haired bush and downward hard-on stuck to his thigh. Kip feels Casey's tongue sliding crazily across his gut, taut and ticklish. He feels too much in the open, though, and some little part of him wonders if Alex is watching, if Alex wants to watch.

Maybe Alex already knows; maybe he set

this up. But there was the grimness of his departure and how he looked at everything but the two of them. No--Casey set this up. Kip glances at the house and sees nothing but darkness and a few details picked out from the fire's dying light.

Meanwhile, Casey is teething on the bent base of Kip's cock. Kip's shorts are tugged down his hips, and his cock catapults up against his belly, and Casey scrambles to get the thing into his mouth, moaning down there, upsetting his crouched stance and nearly falling into the fire. Kip steadies him and himself. This is not his first time; he does not want to think about his first time, although he always thinks about the first time. He holds Casey's head, thumbs on his cheekbones, and watches his cock

disappear into something like dark fire.

A loon cries on the lake. Casey gags, leaning back. *This is crazy*, Kip is thinking, though the warm buzzing spreading unstoppably all through his head now will not let him back away. Casey's fingers tap along the pinched mound of his anus, a gentle drumming both tentative and testing. He goes back to Kip's cock, taking all of it as Kip bends over and puts his hands up under Casey's shirt, rubbing his back, the wide expanse of it, muscled and interesting, sexual Braille. His hands are compelled to reach lower, into the back of Casey's shorts, the fire-warmed flesh of his ass cheeks, smooth and rocky. His dick slides in and out of Casey's mouth, bottom teeth gently dragging the shaft, chin rough

on Kip's balls. He keeps his back to the house. Casey grunts and moans. There is a pool of drool accumulating at the base of Kip's cock.

*Somewhere else*, Kip thinks distantly--*We should do this somewhere else*. But he cannot make himself move. He wants to see Casey coming at him with his big boy swinging. He wants to see the muscles of Casey's thighs tense and wag with each step, to watch his pecs do the same. To feel the weight of him. Instead, he feels the pull and suck of Casey's mouth on his bone, the buzzing in his head, and the pull and suck of the house behind him. He imagines Alex behind the black glass of an upstairs window, his face against the screen, cock against the window sill,

hard. "The way he shoots," Casey had said. *The first time*, Kip thinks, and he feels his load, his nut, rising. He grabs hold of Casey's skull and slows the pace down to a crawl, the sweet drag of his tongue. He makes himself lean over Casey and whisper, "I'm cumming ..." And he feels Casey nod quickly, and the extra movement sets him off, and he is blowing his nut, chugging his cum into Casey's hot mouth, and Casey sucks it all down, licking and slurping and moaning on Kip's pulsing bone.

Casey rises up out of his crouch, tearing at his shorts, his mouth shining with Kip's load. He licks his fingers and starts flailing on his rod, splashing Kip first with pre-cum copious as any load and

then, with a stifled cry, several blasts of hot cream that cling to Kip's shirt and hip and thighs, as Casey shudders and shakes his head, leaning it finally on Kip's shoulder, his breathes coming in hot blasts between them. Something splashes in the lake. There is a noise in the woods to their left. The fire flares a bit, then hisses, down to embers. Casey pats Kip's cheek. He shakes the final, flying drops from his still-stiff dick.

The buzzing in his head forms a distinct urge, centered on Casey's dick. Kip reaches for it; it fills his palm; it feels hot and hard and damp. Kip leans down to taste it, making Casey shiver.

"Fuck, man," Casey says.

# 8.

He hears his name being called softly, the voice slow and liquid; its breath tickles his ear. *I'm not dreaming*, he decides. Sleep fills his head like a river, pouring over everything. *Casey must be asleep*, Kip thinks. Maybe that's why he has this dull drowsiness flowing in the back of his head, threatening to drown his thoughts again. He fights back the urge to sleep a bit and rolls toward the voice, forcing his eyes open, blinking to make out the face there. It's Alex. Kip says nothing.

"Did he fuck you?" Alex asks drowsily. The sleepy feeling is drowning him too. Kip shakes his head.



Alex leans his face close to Kip's ear again. "Don't let him," he says. "It's worse if he fucks you ..." Kip thinks there is probably more but Alex's voice has trailed off. Eyelids drooping, Alex looks so sleepy, his hand steadying itself on Kip's shoulder, gripping it. He lays himself on Kip's bed, and Kip rolls away, making room. He feels his brother beside him, pressing against him. He feels everything his brother has got. Alex's eyes have already closed. And then Kip yields to it again too, and he sleeps.

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