

# Thumped (an Institute story)

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Thumper's brother Jase brings a friend home for the weekend. (An Institute story.)

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you

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

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# Thumped (an Institute story)

by Wrestlr

So far, I'd managed to *not* get myself recruited, though I knew it was a matter of time. I was a high school senior, about to turn eighteen years old. Everybody called me Thumper. I told Mom it was because I liked to play drums, and she believed me because after my brother got recruited I saved up and bought a drum kit and my folks let me set it up in the basement--with lots of extra insulation and soundproofing so they wouldn't have to hear me banging

away down there.

But the real reason they called me Thumper was because I was notorious around school. The guys gave me that nickname because I was always thumping some chick. Sure, I was captain of the soccer team, and the chicks get wet for a star athlete, but that wasnt the whole deal. My secret? I never told the guys this, but here it is: When I looked at somebody and cleared my mind, I could kinda hear what they were thinking. Once I knew what a chick was thinking?--Doing and saying exactly whatever it took to get her moist and spreading her legs for me was easy. I told the guys it was just my innate sexiness.

I'm no expert, but I thought maybe my Talent was hereditary. A few years ago, when he was around my age, my older brother Jase got recruited by the Institute. That's a fancy way of saying people showed up and took him away to be trained. It's not a prison--he comes home sometimes to visit--but he's not allowed to go anyplace else unless he's on leave. He's a telepath. When I started hearing what chicks were thinking sometimes, I knew I must be one too. That kinda scared me at first, but then I saw how useful mind-reading was and decided it's kind of cool. I sure got a lot of tail from the girls as a result. I even got blowjobs from a couple of guys too when I was really horny and my mind-reading let me know they were interested, but nobody needed

to know about that.

I hadn't told Jase or my parents about my Talent. Mom and Dad were both Normals, so I just let everybody think I was Normal too. I started avoiding the places where they have scanners--malls, movie theaters, gyms, public places like that. Just because I knew they'd probably detect me and "recruit" me sooner or later didn't mean I was gonna volunteer anything. I'm not that stupid! There were plenty of other places I could go for social things. The screeners at the high school were the biggest risk for me anyway.

I didn't get to see Jase that often. Whenever he came home, though, we hung out. We love each other, of course,

because we're brothers, but we also get along really well. If he was still around more often, I'd have said he was my best friend.

When Jase called and said he was coming home for the weekend and bringing his roommate Derrick, I was looking forward to having my brother around even if it was just for a couple of days! It meant a big risk, though. I knew Jase was a telepath, but I never told him I was developing a Talent of my own. I wasn't sure what he'd think about that. He was used to being the "special" one in the family. I didn't want him thinking I was stealing his thunder!

They arrived that afternoon, and my Mom made a big dinner, which wasn't typical. It



was like she was trying to make his visit extra-special. Dinner was ... interesting, because my parents were always big on manners and formality and politeness-  
*-being civilized*, they called it. Hell, calling them *Mom and Dad* instead of *Mother and Father* was about as informal as they got! Conversation at dinner was all like: *So, Jase, how's the Institute; doing well in your training? Yes, I'm doing great, and how's work? Oh, work is fine, just fine.* Jase kept shooting me this little barely there smile we always used as a private joke to laugh at this pretentious crap behind their backs, and I kept nearly cracking up. Jase had a really mischievous streak sometimes, but I was used to it. The fun part of being Jase's brother was all the shit we got into when Mom and Dad

weren't around!

After a few hours of equally grueling conversation in the living room--*So, Derrick, Jase tells me you're a year older than he? That's right; my training's done in another month and then I get my first field assignment. Oh, that sounds interesting; what will your assignment be? I'm going to be a recruiter, but I'm still waiting on my location assignment. How fascinating; isn't that just fascinating, dear?*--my Mom announced it was bedtime, and the evening was officially ended. On the one hand, I kinda hated it when she did that because it was like she was treating us like we were still kids. On the other hand, it meant the good part of Jase's visit was

about to begin. My parents would be upstairs, and we'd be in the basement. Sometimes Jase and me sneaked some beers downstairs and stayed up half the night playing poker, which we both loved, and sometimes we'd watch soft-core movies on the Bouncing Naked Flesh channel--gotta love cable!--and sometimes we'd just stay up and talk about shit going on in our lives. The basement was soundproofed, so we wouldn't disturb my parents. With Derrick here, I was thinking tonight was probably gonna be poker night! Yeah!

If Derrick was a telepath like Jase, and if he was going to be a recruiter, that made things kind of risky, but I figured I didn't have much to be worried about. All I had

to do was *not* read any minds when they were around, right? And even if they did catch me, they'd keep my secret, right? A couple of times Jase and Derrick just looked at each other like maybe they were talking to each other mentally, which I guessed was second-nature for telepaths who roomed together, but there was no way I was going to try to mind-read what they were saying.

We set up an extra bed in the basement, where my bedroom was. I used to share the room with Jase, and there was still a second twin-sized bed there for when he came to visit, but I'd gotten used to having the place to myself for the last three years. To make room for the extra bed for Derrick, we had to move my drums out of

the way, but that was a small inconvenience.

We started getting ready for bed, and Jase started taking off his shirt with that little *i* Institute logo they have to wear to warn the masses. I took my tee-shirt off, and so did Derrick. Jase and I usually hung out in our underwear when we played poker or watched movies after bedtime. Derrick seemed to be following our lead, which was fine by me.

Jase was twenty years old, and he already had a man's body: muscular, hairy across his chest and in all the adult places. I envied his body and his easy self-confidence too. With all my soccer practice and workouts, I was just starting

to get muscular, but I was still slim and a little awkward sometimes--I wondered if Jase would notice my new definition and flat stomach. I only had a little hair in the middle of my chest so far. Derrick was twenty-one and fit, slimmer than Jase but still more developed than me.

"Looking good, bro," Jase said to me as I tossed my tee-shirt into the corner. "You been working out? You're putting on some muscle."

I looked over at him. He had his hand inside his open pants, giving his balls a scratch. I shook my head. "Oh, man, I so wish you weren't groping yourself when you said that." Jase and I were all the time teasing each other and saying shit like

that--at least, as long as Mom and Dad weren't around.

"Fuck you!" Jase laughed, his usual eloquent comeback.

I peeled off my shoes and socks, and I dropped my pants. *Naked*, I thought, and I hooked my thumbs in the elastic waist of my boxer shorts and pushed them down.

I had my underwear down to my knees before I realized that hadn't been *my* thought!

I snatched my boxers back up over my junk. "Jase, you fucker! You *made* me do that!" Fuck, was I fuming! I hated being the butt of anybody's joke, but especially

Jase's--'cause once he started, he never stopped.

Jase laughed his ass off. "Guilty as charged! I've gotten a lot better since the last time I was home!" He kept right on laughing, so I slugged him one on the arm.

"Ow!" he protested. Okay, maybe I hit him pretty hard, but I didn't hit him *that* hard. He was just hamming it up. At least he stopped laughing.

"Seriously, bro, it's no big deal. Derrick and I hang out naked all the time in our room, and we're probably gonna sleep naked too if that's okay with you?" I noticed Jase still had his boxer shorts on, so I was suspicious.



"Fine," I groused. "Whatever you two fags wanna do. But I'm keeping my boxers on. Oh, and stay out of my head--okay, bro? It'd be weird having somebody reading my thoughts and knowing all my secrets."

"What secrets, bro? That you masturbate like a fiend every morning? Dude, I was sharing a bedroom with you *and* developing my Talent when you started discovering what your little hard-ons were for. Some things I already know *way* too much about."

Jase and Derrick laughed, and I was, like, "Yeah, yuck it up, ass-wipe. But seriously, stay outta my head, okay?"

I remembered something I read once about

psychic protection: you call down healing energy from the cosmos, blah-blah-blah, and imagine it forming a wall of white light all around you, and it blocks out negative energies. Sure, it sounds like happy horse-shit, especially that *healing energy* crap, but I decided to give the *form a wall* part a try. Even Normals can build up psychic defenses, right? I pictured a brick wall made of white light between Jase and me. I'd be fucked if I was going to let that jerk get in my head and make a fool of me again.

Jase lifted a surprised eyebrow and grinned that lopsided grin of his. "Hey, Derrick, look what Thumper can do." He smacked Derrick's shoulder to get his attention.

Derrick had been stepping out of his Institute uniform pants. In just his boxer-briefs now, he straightened up and looked over Jase's shoulder at me.

"See?" Jase said to him. "Didn't I tell you?"

"Tell him what?" I demanded. Terrific-- now I was not only the target of Jase's little jokes, I was also the topic of behind-my-back conversations. I was starting to get pissed off.

"Huh," Derrick said. "He's got a good start on some of the basics."

Jase grinned all evilly. "Yeah, but there's something you haven't thought of, bro."

I sighed. "And that is ...?"

*Calm.*

Yes, I did feel a little calmer. Why had I felt so irritated a moment before? Wait--that wasn't me thinking that.

Jase grinned like a fool. "Rookie mistake, bro. Not everything comes at you from head-on. You forgot to protect your flanks."

"Get out of my head ..." I thought of a sphere around me, tried to form my protective wall into a sphere instead.

*Submit.*

"Jase ... seriously ... I ... What if Mom and

Dad ..."

Derrick looked up at the ceiling. "Your dad's already asleep. Your mother ... There. She's out too. They'll stay sound asleep until morning."

Jase grinned confidently. "Just let me in, Thumper. Stop fighting."

*Submit.*

"Jase ... what's ..?"

"Shh. Let me take over, Thumper. Just trust me. Nothing bad will happen--I swear."

*Relax.*

*Surrender.*

"What's ..." I felt Jase's commands slide around my wall, slip into me. Thinking was so hard. Holding up my wall was difficult.

"Just let me take over for a little while. Just a little while, okay, Thumper?" Jase reached through my wall and gripped my bare shoulder, a familiar, brotherly gesture. His voice inside me was getting louder, clearer. There was this tickly tingle all through my head.

*Submit.*

*Surrender.*

I stopped thinking about the wall.

"That's it, Thumper. Submit to me."

*Submit.*

"Submit ..." I whispered. I couldn't tell my thoughts from Jase's.

"Yes. Good boy, Thumper."

*Naked.*

Yes. Naked. I should be naked. I pushed down my boxer shorts without hesitation and stepped out of them.

*Good boy*, Jase's thoughts whispered in my head, and I felt proud to have earned his praise.

"See? I told you he was ready to be

recruited," Jase said to Derrick.

I felt something else run across the surface of my thoughts. Derrick's telepathy too?

"He's come a long way on his own. He's unlocked a lot of his potential already," Derrick said. "Reception only, though--he hasn't figured out how to broadcast yet."

"Don't worry, Thumper. I couldn't broadcast when my telepathy first developed either. That's one of the first things you'll learn at the Institute though. It's easy once you learn how to unlock it."

The Institute ... Why was I worried about that?

*Calm*, Jase thought into me, sensing my



confusion, and I felt myself relax again.

"Attaboy, Thumper. Here's a little image to help you visualize what's happening. Focus on this image, and you can submit further and help me take control."

In my head, my image of Jase seemed to grow so very big, so very tall, towering over me now, huge, a giant. I was so small, shrinking, so very small. I could fit in the palm of his hand. He could cup me and cradle me in the palm of his hand, and I could lie there curled into a little ball and let him protect me in the palm of his hand, so cared for, so very safe. I could curl myself into his palm and let myself be cared for, protected, cradled. He was my big bro. Watching out for me, watching

over me, was his job. I let it happen, just like Jase wanted.

"Good boy, Thumper."

Jase's praise felt warm and comforting in my ears and in my head.

"Excellent work, Jase," Derrick said.

"With this credit on your record, you'll be sure to get a recruitment assignment when your training is complete. Now--"

Something seemed to charge the air: Derrick's telepathy. "--Strip and stand next to your brother."

"Okay ... Sure, Derrick," Jase said. His mouth curled into this big dopey smile. He slipped off his boxer shorts and stood

alongside me, elbow to elbow.

"I'll take good care of both of you," Derrick said. The image in my head changed, and it was Derrick's palm cradling me instead of Jase's. That didn't matter. I still felt so safe and submissive and docile. Derrick was so much more experienced, so much stronger than I was, in every way. His strength would tame me, and I would let myself be tamed. Taking good care of me, leading me, was his job. I craved his authority, his control. I craved pleasing him, making him proud of me.

"Let's see whos bigger," Derrick said. Something tingled down lower in my body. My head moved slowly. I looked down. My cock was growing, inflating,

growing erect. It felt good. I wanted it to get erect. I looked over at Jase's. His was stiffening too. I looked at him and nudged his elbow with mine. He grinned back.

Derrick touched my cock. He rubbed it slowly with one hand, his other on Jase's. The friction felt great. I moaned my appreciation.

Derrick took his hand away and surveyed our erections. He pulled the ruler out of the pencil holder on my desk and held it alongside Jase's erection. "Looks like ... seven and a quarter inches for Jase." Next to mine. "Aaaand an even seven inches for Thumper here."

Jase grinned and nudged my elbow again.

"Don't worry ... y're still ... growing, bro."

I didn't care that his was bigger. I grinned back, so happy to be sharing this intimacy, this feeling, with Jase. I felt so close and connected to him, closer than just being brothers.

Derrick shimmied out of his boxer-briefs. He had an erection too. "Seven and three-quarters for me. I win." He grinned at Jase and me. I grinned back.

"Now"--Derrick put his hands on Jase's shoulders--"why dont you show Thumper here what else you've learned from me?"

Jase grinned that dopey grin and nodded. "Okay." He sank to his knees.

Jase put his hand around the base of Derrick's erection, then touched his tongue to the tip of it, licked it. My eyes widened with shock.

Derrick clasped his hand on my shoulder. "Don't worry. You'll get your turn too." I felt myself calm again under his soothing influence.

There was something ... right about watching my brother suck Derrick's dick, something just plain pretty. My mouth watered. I wondered what Derrick's dick would taste like. Would I be able to suck it as well as Jase? Would Derrick be proud of me?

"Aww, man, Jase--yeah, just like that,"

Derrick sighed. He looked at me with those handsome eyes. "You ever sucked a cock before, Thumper?"

I shook my head: *No*.

"Neither had Jase before we started rooming together. Now he sucks it just right, don't you, buddy?"

Jase moaned around the cock packed into his throat.

"Watch how he works the head and then swallows it. Get down there so you can get a good look."

I crouched beside them and watched, fascinated, as Jase impaled his face with Derrick's spear, then slid back. I watched

the hollows of Jase's cheeks as he sucked, the way his lips and throat and tongue worked at various points of the strokes. It all seemed so easy and complicated at the same time.

Derrick caressed my head. I looked up at him in awe. "You ready for your turn?"

I nodded and grinned.

When I looked back at Derrick's dick, it was sliding out of Jase's mouth and swinging toward me. I was nervous. I'd never done this before. I wasn't sure I wanted to now. I'd never wanted to before. I'd--

Derrick rubbed my scalp and the inside of



my head tingled. "Don't worry. You'll do fine. Just take it slow until you get the hang of it--and watch your teeth."

I didn't know why I'd never wanted to do this before. Right then, it was all I ever wanted to do. I wanted to do it all night. I opened my mouth, stuck out my tongue, and prepared for my first taste of cock. Salty, musky, a little bitter--another head stroke--and delicious. I opened wide and let the head into my mouth. I clamped my lips around it and tried to imitate what Jase had done ... and found myself gagging and nearly vomiting. Not sexy!--Derrick wouldn't be proud of me now!

I looked up at him. He was smiling. "A little at a time," he encouraged, and I

grinned too because he wasn't pissed. I set to work trying to figure out the mechanics of keeping a little suction going, doing something with my tongue, keeping my teeth out of the way, and not gagging, all at the same time. Man, who knew you needed a Ph.D. in physics just to suck cock!

"Hey, Jase, give him some inspiration."

Jase pushed at my thighs. I shifted position; he shifted position, and then I felt his head in my crotch. When his mouth chowed down on my erection--*holy fuck!*--was that what a blow-job was supposed to feel like? It felt a hundred times better than what anyone who'd blown me before had done!

Okay, things were falling into place. I paid attention to what Jase was doing to me, and I tried to do the same things to Derrick. When Jase used one hand to stroke the part of my shaft that wasn't in his mouth, I did the same on Derrick. When Jase played with my ball sack or reached back to stroke the ridge of skin behind it, when Jase reached farther to stroke my asshole, I imitated him using Derrick as my laboratory. If Derrick's moans were any indication, I was doing a good job, which made me happy--I bet I was doing especially good for a first-timer!

Jase pushed the tip of his finger into my asshole. Nobody had ever done that sexually to me before. Suddenly--*zam!*--

*kapowie!*--my balls were erupting and my dick was spewing cum into Jase's mouth. Oh, man! Fuck! I came so hard I saw stars. I fell back off Derrick's cock, panting, stunned by my orgasm.

Derrick patted my head, and I basked in his proud smile and the afterglow of my balls-draining. "You're still growing. There's a lot of things you haven't learned to control yet."

Derrick pulled Jase over to the extra bed we'd set up. Jase took over on Derrick's cock and jacked himself off at the same time until Derrick maneuvered them into a sixty-nine position. I'd never seen this in real life, and I was fascinated. I watched them suck each other until--"Oh, fuck, I'm

gonna cum!"--Derrick blasted his load all over Jase's face and neck. Jase jacked himself off with quick efficiency and spurted across Derrick's chest.

We piled into the shower to rinse off the sweat and cum. It was crowded, but we were giggling and horsing around and pushing each other and having a blast.

Afterward, we flopped out naked on the beds. Derrick said we should talk using only our thoughts, and I was willing to try. Maybe I couldn't broadcast yet, but I could read their minds, and they could read what I wanted to say from mine.

*So you're not mad about the blow-job or us using telepathy on you?* Jase said--

thought--whatever.

*I probably should be pissed off about the blow-job, but--I shrugged--I guess it was okay. I was horny anyway, right? As for the telepathy, you never used your telepathy on me before. It was ... What? Why are you grinning like that?*

*That wasn't the first time, bro. I've done it lots of times. I've been keeping a close eye on you every time I visited, to see if you were developing a Talent too.*

*You fucker! Why didn't you tell me? I thought you didn't know! You used your telepathy on me and made me forget it?*

*Forget? No. More like I just helped you*

*misplace the memories. They're still there. You just don't know how to get to them. Here--let me show you.*

I felt Jase's thoughts slide into mine again. Suddenly, I remembered this one time when we were watching some boring-ass movie in the middle of the night during his visit, and I saw him looking at me and I felt sleepy and started dozing while he poked around in my head. And another time we were sitting on his bed and I asked what telepathy felt like, and he showed me by entering my head and making me move my arms and telling me what I was thinking and shit. And another time when--

*Okay, I get the idea,* I said, and pushed

him out of my head.

He looked surprised, and out loud he said, "Hey, that was pretty good. You're getting the hang of this. You're gonna love the Institute, bro."

I'd never conversed with somebody mind-to-mind before--I liked the novelty of it and I wasn't ready to go back to mouth-talking yet. *Are there any girls there?*

*Sure, Derrick broadcast, but there's strict separation and, uhm, sometimes guys are just easier.*

Jase: *Fucker! You calling me easy?*

And then they were rolling and wrestling around on the floor. When they finally



broke apart, laughing, Jase had an erection and Derrick a semi that they made no effort to conceal.

*Seriously, Derrick continued, Jase wasn't interested at first. It took a lot of convincing from me. Now he can't get enough of my dick.*

*Fuck you, Derrick!*

*Maybe later, horndog. Derrick smiled sweetly at Jase, who threw a pillow at him.*

*Something was eating at me. I shouldn't be this cool about the blow-job, should I?*

*My doing, Derrick confessed. I had a*

*little conversation with the parts of your head that make you feel guilt. I told them it was okay. Everybody needs a little guilt-free fun now and then.*

*Oh, was all I had to say to that.*

*Jase: You're learn how to do it too at the Institute, bro.*

*What if I don't want to go? I'm happy right here, and you said yourself I'm leaning just fine on my own.*

*Jase and Derrick looked at each other, then Jase looked back at me.*

*Sorry, bro, not an option. You're being recruited. You gotta go back with us to the Institute when the weekend's over.*

*But Mom and Dad--and school? Because the soccer team still had three games left. I couldn't abandon the team now!*

*Mom and Dad already know, Thump. They wanted Derrick to be absolutely sure before anybody said anything to you.*

I guess that explained why Mom and Dad had been so jumpy the last few days.

Derrick shrugged. *I know the timing seems bad, but once we confirmed you have a Talent--well, you know what the law says. Don't worry about your school--the Institute will take care of the paperwork.*

*And before you even ask, Thump--no, you can't bring your damned drums!*

Derrick scratched his armpit and ignored Jase. Something about that and the way his muscular arm moved seemed fascinating. *It was going to happen anyway, Thumper. You tripped some scanners at your high school a few days ago--*

*Yeah, probably when you were trying to mind-zap some cheerleader into putting out for you!*

*This way, it's people you know bringing you in, instead of some random recruiter. Jase had told me he thought you had a Talent, so I had a friend set up a notification in the computer system.*

*When your name got flagged, the investigation report was automatically assigned to me. That's why Jase and I are here. I'll get credit for your recruitment, and that'll mean I get assigned to a good field location.*

*And I'll get credit too, bro, which will help me get a recruiting assignment next year when my training's done. Plus Derrick will be moving out in a few weeks when he gets his assignment. If you start your basic training now, in twelve weeks you'll be ready for a barracks assignment about the time Derrick's heading out. We can pull some strings and get you assigned to room with me when his slot opens up.*

*Are you thinking about my slot again?*

*Fuck you, Derrick!*

*What if I wanna fuck you instead?*

And then they were wrestling around on the floor again and laughing and hollering. It's a good thing that fucking basement was soundproofed! I grabbed a pillow and started whacking away at whoever happened to be on top as they rolled this way and that. Jase pushed away from Derrick and came after me, and then Derrick came after me too, and they ganged up to hold me down on the floor and tickle me until I was laughing so hard I could barely breathe. When they finally let me up, we were all grinning and happy.

It was obvious Jase and Derrick really got along well. I liked Derrick too. It felt like the three of us had the same easy camaraderie that I enjoyed with my soccer buddies. Derrick felt like a brother to me already too.

I asked Derrick, *So how'd you make Jase suck your cock the first time?*

*Jeez, Thumper, that's personal,* Jase protested, but he smiled when he said--thought--it.

Derrick gave a little chuckle and smirked at Jase. *It didn't happen overnight, I'll tell you that much. Jase wasn't interested at first. I went slow, just planting little suggestions here and there when I could*

*slip something past his psi-defenses. After a while he got curious. Then he went on a camping trip with his buddies and he got one of them to suck his cock, and he was hooked. From there, it was just a matter of reeling him in. The next time he got really horny, he tried to make me suck him, and he found out I've got more training and I'm really devious. I don't think he expected he would be the one sucking cock that night.*

*Hey, that's only because you cheated, Derrick. Hell, having you take control inside my head that first time was nearly as big a step for me as sucking your cock. I was used to being the one in charge.*



*Didn't you just hear me tell Thumper that wasn't my first time inside your head?*

*You know what I mean.*

*Yeah, I know. You mean you like it when I do things like this--*

Jase gave a little pleasure-gasp. His eyes got kind of glazed and faraway, and his smile widened slowly, just a little.

*--And like this.*

"Oh, man," Jase moaned softly, out loud, as his head tipped back. I could sense his arousal.

Derrick looked at me. *See? He loves it when I take charge. How about it,*

*Thumper. Ready for round two?*

I thought about it. Did I really want this? I liked girls, but ... I looked at Jase's blissed-out expression and thought how could I *not* want it? I didn't even care if it was Derrick making me think that. I looked at Derrick, chewed on my lower lip a moment--no turning back now--and nodded.

Derrick lifted himself off the floor and came over and sat next to me. He rubbed his hand slowly up and down the back of my head, which felt good--comforting, you know? *Open your mind, Thumper. Let me guide you. I'll go slow. Jase is feeling really receptive right now. It'll be easy. Okay?*

"Okay," I whispered, not quite sure yet what was going on.

I felt Derrick's thoughts touch my mind. *Look at Jase. Concentrate on him. Now, do you feel what I'm doing?*

I nodded. It felt like Derrick was tugging on part of my mind, pulling it toward his own. He pulled my thoughts in until I felt something like a silver cord of thoughts.

*This is my connection to Jase. Feel it? Use it like a rope and pull yourself toward him. I'm going to help you broadcast your thoughts into his head. You okay so far?*

"Yeah. So far," I whispered.

I tried. The "cord" was slippery, like it wasn't really there, which I guess it wasn't since it was really just a mental metaphor. I pictured myself in gym class when we had to do rope-climbing exercises. You put one hand over the other and pulled yourself up, and used your legs to keep the rope steady and prevent backsliding. One hand over the other and pull; one hand over the other and pull.

*That's it. You're getting it. Keep going.*

Eventually I sensed something else around me, a presence, all swirling purples and blues and threads of black--Jase's favorite colors. Was I touching his thoughts? Not just receiving but reaching out now?

"I can feel you, bro," Jase said, eyes closed, still smiling that lazy smile. "You feel good in my head."

"I can feel you too. It 's kinda weird."

From Derrick: *That's only because you're not used to it. Try to hold on--I'm going to ease back and then it's all you broadcasting to Jase.*

Derrick's thoughts uncoiled from mine. Jase's mind felt slippery, but I managed to keep the connection. I laughed. "I'm doing it!"

"You sure are, little bro."

*Good work, Thumper.*

I grinned at Derrick, happy to be doing this, grateful--an all-purpose grin.

*Okay, Thumper, start slow and easy, and try to push an idea into Jase's thoughts. You want him to accept it, so he'll do whatever it is.*

I had a really evil idea: this was my chance to get payback for all the jokes and mischief Jase had tormented me with over the years--and since I was the little brother, there was plenty of that!

*Okay, Jase, get an erection!*

"Uhm, I don't think it works like that, bro."

Derrick stepped in: *Too big, Thumper, and too physical. Make the idea more*

*granular. Start smaller. A little tingle here, a little sexy feeling there.*

*Encourage him to feel horny. You can broadcast to the mind, but it has to control the body. Get the mind started, and the body will take care of itself.*

Okay. I thought of how my ball sack itched sometimes, and how my balls tingled. I thought of how good scratching them felt. I sent that feeling along the correction and into Jase's thoughts. His hand slithered into his crotch and scratched lazily.

Success!

*Excellent. Now follow up.*

When my balls received a good scratch, sometimes I felt horny and wanted to jack

off. That jittery-needy feeling went down the connection and into Jase's head. He rolled his neck a little, flexed his chest. Not exactly what I'd intended but ... his cock stirred and fattened a little. Another success!

Jase's mind got slipperier. "I can't ..." I said as I tried to hold on. But I lost my "grip," and I snapped back into my own head.

Derrick was obviously impressed. "That was an amazing first try. Good job, Thumper." He gave my shoulder a little congratulatory push.

I grinned and blushed at his praise. Crap, could I seem more like an eager little kid?



I said, "Thanks," and shut my mouth before I embarrassed myself further.

Derrick said, "Thumper had the right idea, though. I believe I said something about round two?"

"Oh, fuck," Jase muttered groggily. "He's insatiable, Thumper. We'll be up all night."

"You say that like it's a bad thing, Jase." I felt Derrick's telepathy slide toward Jase, and Jase groaned happily. Derrick looked at me and winked. "Thumper, what do you think?"

"Let's do it. What do we do first?"

"We're already doing it."

"Huh?"

"Sometimes, the best control is the kind where the target never sees it coming and does all the work." I thought maybe he was talking about the happy-zap he'd just given Jase, but Derrick didn't seem to be talking about Jase. "For example, what's the first thing that goes through your head when somebody says 'soccer'? Don't say it out loud--just think it."

That was easy. The most vivid thing for me was the memory of scoring the winning goal in that game against our arch-rivals Rivermont High. I remembered every moment perfectly, the way I spun around that defender and kept him from stealing the ball from me and the way my dick

flopped when I pivoted. Wait, I was pretty sure I hadn't been naked during the game, but no matter. I'd sprinted diagonally across the last ten yards to get the glowing silver ball in position, until it was just me and the goalie--nothing but net and winning points if I got the ball past him. Hadn't there been a couple of other Rivermont defenders coming up fast? No, just me versus the goalie. I had the silver ball perfectly lined up for the kick. I was pretty sure the ball was supposed to be regulation white and black, not glowing silver, but no matter. I pulled back my foot for the strike and--

*Wait, I thought to Derrick, who somehow was standing beside me in my recreation of the memory. You're doing this, aren't*

*you? This ball is something you put in my head. That goal is something in my mind, and if I kick the ball in there, I'm doing your dirty work for you, aren't I?*

*Very good, Thumper. Yes, that's a fairly accurate understanding.*

*In my image of the scene, we crouched next to the ball. I asked Derrick, *What will it do, if I kick the ball into the goal?**

*Well, the thinking part of your mind will go to sleep, and your body will be free to have a lot of fun.*

*Will I remember it?*

*Maybe a little, like a pleasant dream.*

*But--I want to remember it. I want to remember everything.*

The silver ball started unfurling, like a flower--no, like an octopus--little tendrils of it reaching for my legs and arms and coating my skin with silvery light and spreading. I tried pushing at it with my thoughts but it still kept coming.

*Hey! Stop that!*

*Don't fight it, Thumper.*

*I don't wanna--! Jase! You there? I can't-- Help me, Jase.*

*Easy, bro. I'm here. I got your back.*

This fog, all vivid purple and royal blue

laced through with black, started forming around my shoulders. It pushed back at the silver. The fog condensed around my body. I stood up and looked at myself--I was wearing a head-to-toe suit of purple and blue Jase-powered armor straight out of those Japanese anime cartoons he likes. Sweet!

The silver flickered out.

I opened my eyes. Jase and Derrick were looking at each other. Something intense was going on between them. I extended my reading Talent a little to pick up what they were saying.

*--chose me fair and square, and that means I won.*

*You cheated.*

*No, Derrick, you cheated when you tried to keep me out of the competition with that little mind-zap. Thumper, quit eavesdropping.*

*Fine. You won.*

*Thumper, I said stop eavesdropping. Derrick, you gotta go through with your end. You promised if I won, you'd let--*

*Fine. You won. Get on with it already.*

That's when they both shoved me back out of their thoughts.

Jase and Derrick stared at each other-- Jase looking triumphant, Derrick looking

annoyed. The air felt charged with all the telepathic energy flowing between them. Finally, Derrick sighed and his shoulders sagged a little.

"Fucking hell." Jase shook his head. "He's such a control freak. Getting him to give in even for five minutes takes an act of God or something."

"You got control of him?"

"Yeah, but he won't let me hold him for long."

"So now what?"

"Round two, like he said. Only the deal was, whoever you picked to be in charge of you gets to be in charge of everybody.



That fucker Derrick tried to cheat so he wouldn't lose, and you still picked me. Thanks, bro."

"So ... now you stick your thoughts inside my head again?"

"Uhm, you know I'm already inside your head, don't you, Thumper?"

I didn't, but no way was I going to give him the satisfaction of hearing me say so, even if he could probably read it in my thoughts. I thought of that purple and blue armor and the way I'd called him into my memory. I just grunted noncommittally instead.

"Don't worry, Thump. This is just the start

of what you'll learn at the Institute."

*Trust?* Jase thought at me. It was more of a feeling than a word.

*Trust*, I confirmed back because, yeah, I trusted him.

*Calm?*

*Calm.*

*Proceed?*

*Quit yapping and get on with it, dammit.*

*Grumpy!*

*Fuck-head!*

*Love you too, bro.*

I could tell Jase was doing something. The mind-talk was just to distract me.

Something from him kept slipping inside me, making me ... I couldn't tell exactly. I couldn't tell what was me and what was Jase, where I ended and he began. He was lulling me with his mind, and I felt protected and safe, and I never wanted it to end.

*Open your eyes, bro.*

When had I closed them? I blinked them open. I was lying flat on my back on one of the beds. I turned my head. Jase lay beside me, looking at me and grinning.

Something warm and wet caught my attention. I looked down my body. Derrick bent over our crotches. His head bobbed along my erection--up, down, up--and then transferred to Jase's, and then back to mine again. I looked back at Jase and grinned and snuggled my shoulder closer to his, feeling his body heat against my skin.

*Relax.*

*Trust.*

*Open.*

*Accept.*

Thinking was too hard. I stopped trying and let Jase take over. His was the only

voice in my head now. I saw the blue and purple smoke of Jase's mind beside me, and the silver light of Derrick's, flecked with the blues and purples of Jase's control, down my body. I wondered how they perceived my mind.

*Surrender*, Jase sent into my head, scolding me for trying to think for myself.

*Surrender*, I confirmed back, and did.

*There's more we can do*, Jase whispered into my mind. *Remember how hard you came when I played with your ass earlier?*

Derrick hoisted my legs up and curled them toward my chest. I held them there.

He lifted my ball sack out of the way with one hand, and his nose nuzzled into my ass crack.

*Relax*, Jase comforted as Derrick tongue-slithered into my ass crack and my ass clenched involuntarily.

*Loose and limp*, as that tongue made little swirly shapes back and forth over my hole, waking up a thousand little nerve endings I never knew I had. I was lost in a cloud of pleasure, tinged with purples and blues and streaks of black, and electric lightning jolts that radiated out from my ass to light up the proceeding.

Jase stroked a hand across my chest.  
*Puttin' on some muscle--looking good,*

*bro.*

*Good, bro.*

He grinned and shook his head sheepishly. *Damn, I do good work. Thumper, dude, you are so wasted.*

*Wasted, I agreed.*

Derrick's tongue probed deeper into my ass. Jase probed deeper into my mind. *No secrets, dude, Jase cooed, no barriers.* My head fluttered, my ass fluttered, and my erect cock trapped between my stomach and pulled-up thighs fluttered.

*You ever been fucked, Thumper?*

I felt him sifting through my memories. He

already knew I hadn't. I didn't have to answer.

*You're gonna love this.*

The world went wonky for a moment and then I was on my hands and knees. Derrick buried his face between my ass cheeks, practically tongue-fucking me, and those lightning bolts fanned out from my ass again.

*Yeah, you're so gonna love this,* Jase gloated.

*Love this,* I echoed into the pleasure.

Jase knelt in front of me and guided his erection toward my mouth. I knew exactly what to do. Jase's thoughts showed me



exactly what to do. I opened my mouth and did those things to his dick, the most intimate part of him, to show him what a good learner I was, how obedient I was, how much I loved him, an infinite list of things.

Derrick moved around and I felt his cock, the largest of the three of us, at my butt hole.

I sensed the triumph in Jase's mind-speak: *Derrick can be an asshole control freak sometimes, but here comes something he's really good at. He'll break you in right, Thumper. Only the best for my brother!*

I swallowed Jase's cock as Derrick began

to push into my guts.

*You're so fucked, Thump, and now you're gonna get fucked. I felt Jase think of a joke. Heh!--You're gonna get thumped, Thumper!*

Derrick slid in hard. The lightning bolts turned to fireballs. "Nnngh!" I moaned around Jase's cock lodged in my mouth.

*Relax.*

*Calm.*

*No pain.*

*Only pleasure.*

*Sweet pleasure.*

I felt Jase changing things inside my head. The way I perceived--the pain--oh, fuck, it felt so damned good!

*You like that, Thump?*

*Like that thump, my head echoed back.*

*Heh! Thumper likes getting thumped!*

I moaned around Jase's cock, hungry to swallow it again, slowly getting used to the giant intrusion splitting my ass wide open. Jase gasped and shuddered, his mouth hanging. "You're good, Thump. You're doing great," he said out loud.

The world went wonky again, and I was on my back with my legs in the air. Derrick's cock was up my ass, sliding in

and out easier now, with my ankles over his shoulders. Jase crouched over me and wagged his ass back and forth as he straddled himself into position. He lowered his butt over my face, and my tongue stretched up to lap at the hole tucked between his spread-wide ass cheeks. I obediently slurped at his hole like a pro, thanks to the instructions he fed into my head, while Derrick shoved his ass-splitter in and out of my butthole.

Jase jacked himself off as he rode my face. "Yaaah!" he howled, followed by, "Uhng!--Uhng!--Uhhh ...," as he ejaculated. "Fuck, Thumper, you learn quick!"

I basked in his praise.

Jase moaned again. "Ummnn ..."

"That's it, Jase. Let me in," Derrick said.

Threads of silver wound through the cloud of purples and blues.

"You slipped up and I got free, but that's okay--I know you like it more when I'm in control, don't you?"

Jase moaned again.

"You've got such a good hold on Thumper; you just keep controlling him, while I take control of you. Deal?"

"Yes ..."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, sir ..."

"Good. Now, here's what we're gonna do ..."

Jase was in the middle on his elbows and knees. I sat on my ass in front of him while he sucked my cock and finger-fucked my butthole. Derrick fucked Jase doggy-style from behind.

Derrick growled, "Fuck, you got a nice, hungry ass, Jase. I'm gonna miss this ass when my training's over. And you, Thumper--you gonna let me take another shot at your ass?"

"Yes, sir," I moaned happily through the purples and blues and silvers that filled

my head.

Next thing I knew, I was on my back with my legs over Derrick's shoulders as he rode my ass hard.

*No pain, Jase kept rewiring into my head, only pleasure.*

My tits ached from the way Jase kept reaching over and pinching and twisting them harder than I probably would have liked if he weren't blissing out my head. I was writhing around on the bed as Derrick pile-drivered his cock in and out. He wasn't fucking me the way I fucked chicks--chicks like some up-and-down motion to hit the clit, but Derrick was doing these long, deep-dick strokes that rubbed across

a joy-buzzer up inside my ass, over and over again, and sent my head spinning. Every now and then he pushed his cock into me really hard and smashed it against my prostate and made me yelp!

"Yah!" Jase hollered. He was alongside us now, jacking off his hard-on as if he hadn't already cum just a little while before. I felt a little of his orgasm start up; it bled through his link into my head. It felt weird, different from the way mine feel but kinda the same too. I decided I liked it. He thrust his hips forward and spurted his spunk all over my chest. I should have been grossed out, but it felt warm, comforting, and I decided I liked it too.

"Fucking tight ass, Thumper," Derrick



growled, pushing my ankles further up in the air and further apart. "I'm thumping your ass, Thumper. Thumper likes getting his ass thumped." He slapped my thigh and laughed--as if Jase hadn't made the same joke like an hour ago--but Jase had me too happy-zonked to give a shit.

After a few more minutes, Derrick started going bonkers on my ass. He kept pushing deeper, really pounding me, so hard I knew my butt would sure be sore the next day. Then his spine stiffened and he threw his head back. The silver threads in my head burned orgasm-white as he started cumming up my ass.

Derrick let me get off by fucking him. I was only too happy to oblige. He lay on

his back with his legs up and apart. I smacked my dick-spike into his ass over and over, trying to fuck him the same way he'd just fucked me. He seemed to like it and kept moaning and groaning and making a lot of noise with his mouth and with his thoughts in my head to show his appreciation. "Thump my butt, Thumper! Thump me harder! Yeah, dude, thump me!" I didn't fucking care what he said as long as he let me keep rocking my cock in and out of his sweet ass. His ass kept gripping me and milking me like it was never going to let me go, which felt so fucking great!

Fucking was a lot easier than cocksucking. Fucking was like drumming, only with one stick--find the rhythm and keep the beat.

Drive the song to its climax.

"Gonna--" I panted, but Derrick and Jase already knew.

*Shoot*, said Jase's voice in my head.

*Cum now, cum hard*, said Derrick's.

I hunched my cock forward, as deep in Derrick's ass as it would reach. Suddenly the switch flipped and my orgasm went from *building* to *blasting*, and I yelled out as I lost control and my body convulsed. I was cumming up Derrick's snapping asshole. Good thing the basement was soundproofed!

We collapsed, spent, covered with sweat and cum. My balls had never felt so

thoroughly drained. The twin bed was too small for all of us, so we pulled all three mattresses--mine, Jase's, the extra one Derrick was supposed to use--together to make one big bed for all of us.

"Shit, it's nearly dawn," Derrick muttered as we fell into our new communal bed together.

I did the math. That meant I had at most a day and a half of "freedom" left before they took me back with them to the Institute.

Jase caught my thought and chuckled. "It's not the end of the world, Thumper. And we still have a day and a half to, uhm, *convince* you you're gonna have fun

there."

I grinned, already looking forward to more convincing.

Derrick laughed and said, "Easy there, horndog." Fucking hell, this telepathic link stuff was gonna take some getting used to!

I had a wicked idea, since I have a mischievous streak too. "Hey, if we wanted to hang out like this all weekend, could you make Mom and Dad not notice we were naked?"

"Jeez, Thumper," Jase laughed. "Derrick, I think we created a monster."

Derrick grinned around a yawn. "Let's worry about that later. We all need to get

some sleep after that workout. Right, Jase?" I felt Derrick sneaky-slip another command into Jase's head: *Sleep*.

Jase's mouth curled lazily and his eyes closed as the order took hold. "G'night, Thummm ..." he sighed, asleep before he finished the sentence. The purples and blues went out in my head, leaving only the silver.

Derrick looked at me, and his affectionate smile filled me with pride. I'd pleased him. I smiled back and wondered what kissing him would feel like. I'd never kissed a guy before and now I really wanted to kiss Derrick--

Shit!--I hadn't even felt him push that idea

into me! I wanted to learn to be that subtle too.

"Stop doing that," I scolded. But knowing what he did to my head and fighting it were too different things. When his face moved in closer, even though I knew he was influencing me, I didn't try to pull back. I closed my eyes. Our lips met, and I let his tongue slip into my mouth. The kiss felt ... different. Amazing. My cock stirred again in spite of how tired I was. His arm wound around me, and I melted against him.

He broke the kiss and touched his forehead to mine. "You ready, Thumper?"

I smiled back and nodded.

*Sleep.*

Derrick's command was so soft and quiet, almost imperceptible. Gentle but completely irresistible. If I hadn't known it was coming, I might not have realized he was responsible for the sudden leadenness dragging me down. I couldn't wait until I got that good at this too.

I had one last thing to do before I succumbed to his order. With the last of my strength, while he was still connected to my mind, I followed the link, pulling myself toward his silvery thoughts. I followed the link and slipped by his defenders. In my head, I'd already formed the command and the energy behind it into the image of a soccer ball. I had a clear



shot--nothing but net ahead. I slam-kicked the command-ball directly into the goal of Derrick's thoughts: *Sleep!*

He gasped, surprised. *Thumper, you ... fuck ...* It hit him hard and quick. I'd caught him off-guard--tired, vulnerable. He hadn't expected me to learn so quickly, or to prank him. I'd learned to seize every chance for mischief from years of being Jase's brother. It would take more than just one night to tame me. Derrick couldn't fight it, or at least didn't, and I felt his mind flickering as I snapped back into my own head.

*Thump you,* I mind-laughed, but by then I was too far gone to read Derrick's reply if he had one. My eyes had already closed,

and I couldn't reopen them.

I curled into the cove between Jase's shoulder and Derrick's muscular chest as sleep took me. Sure, I felt smug and satisfied right then. Sure, there'd be hell to pay later. There always is, after a good prank. But when we woke up, I was betting the payment would involve morning wood. I could live with that.

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Jase and Thumper's story continues in  
[Homework](#)

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