

Un-Talented (an Institute story)

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Boyd's special Talent shuts down others'. Andrew is a mind-controller. What happens when they meet?

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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(MC stories)

Author's note: This story is a sort-of sequel to "Training Andrew."

Un-Talented (an Institute story)

I am profoundly un-gifted. At the Institute, some people can start fires with their minds, or lift a piano by concentrating, or tell what you're thinking from across the room. Me, I can't do any of that.

My name's Boyd. My special skill, if you want to call it that, is that nobody else's Talent works on me.

When I'm around, the only way a pyrokinetic is going to start a fire is if he used matches. A telekinetic is going to have to do his lifting the old-fashioned

way, by hand. And telepaths find themselves locked inside their own head-- which I hear is really disconcerting for them. Oh, sure, a pyrokinetic could set something near me on fire, and I'd get burned. Or a telekinetic could pick up something nearby and fling it at me. But their Talents wouldn't work on me directly. And if I can get close enough to touch them, I can shut down their little power-party completely.

I wasn't the nicest guy at the Institute. Actually, I was a real dick. That was my best self-defense. Everyone around me could do all these amazing things, while all I could do was act like a walking off switch. One of the things we learned in strategy training was: People with Talents

often relied on them too heavily and couldn't cope well with situations where their special tricks didn't work or weren't applicable. Around me, nobody's Talent worked, and I learned to use that to my advantage by intimidating the hell out of all my fellow trainees. The trainers hoped I could learn to use my anti-Talent at a distance. After all, just being able to shut down somebody's Talent was okay, but limited; it left me vulnerable to all sorts of attack until I could get close enough. If I could shut them down long-range, that would be the ultimate prize. Still, the trainers found ways for my anti-Talent to be useful. Sometimes a telekinetic trainee would lose control and couldn't stop flinging shit around. Or a telepath would have a meltdown over all the voices in his

head. The trainers would trot me in there to put an end to the problem. But for day-to-day situations, I strutted my stuff and used my attitude to keep people from messing with me, and I had no problem using my fists when necessary.

Yeah, I was an all-around asshole and only thought about my own needs. What I thought about most was sex. At nineteen, two years into my training at the Institute, I was still a virgin. No one would have guessed. I lied about fucking one hole after another, just like all the other guys, except I was better at lying than they were. Everyone believed me.

I liked checking out my fellow trainees in the locker room and showers. I memorized

their beautiful bodies, and they were none the wiser. I had a reputation for being a bad-ass--even if one of the guys noticed me looking him over, he'd think I was sizing him up, deciding whether to kick his ass.

The guy that really caught my eye, however, wasn't a jock. He was another trainee, a couple of years older than us, who worked as the new gym staff assistant. Usually all the support staff are Normals, but this guy was a Talent, so the job was probably prepping him for a "detect and evaluate" recruitment assignment in some high school gym or something when he was ready for a field work assignment.

Opposites attract. Maybe that's why I had it so bad for Andrew. I was surrounded by muscular young studs, but Andrew was the one who made my nuts churn. Where I was built, Andrew was slim. Where I was loud and rough, Andrew was quiet and sometimes almost seemed invisible. He wasn't timid or weak--he just wasn't all that outgoing. Though he was quiet, I sensed a wildness in him, just waiting to be unleashed.

I was definitely attracted to Andrew--he was downright cute, with dirty blond hair, blue-gray eyes and an angelic face. He was a couple of years older than me but looked younger. He was the most beautiful man I'd ever seen. I wanted him badly. I fantasized about him sucking my cock. I

dreamed about bending him over and plowing his tight little ass. Andrew was just the type I could use--a shy man I could dominate into servicing my big dick. Plus, I knew he'd keep my secret safe--if he ratted on me, he'd be exposing himself. Since he was a telepath, and telepaths can't do shit to me thanks to my anti-Talent, he'd be at my mercy. Andrew would know I'd kick his fucking ass if he breathed a word. I set my mind on getting Andrew--all I had to do was wait for my chance.

After a couple of weeks, though, I got tired of waiting and decided to make my own opportunity. I stayed late after our workout, making sure I was the last one in the showers. I knew Andrew would stick

around. Part of his job was to pick up after us in the locker room--used towels, equipment, unclaimed clothes, crap like that. Any boxers or jockstraps that got left behind mysteriously disappeared. I had a feeling Andrew had himself quite a collection.

After my shower, I walked back into the locker room with nothing but a towel around my waist. My trainee group was always the last one to use the gym each day. With the gym closing soon, nobody would disturb us. I knew Andrew would be in the locker room, and I wanted him to watch me. I ran the towel over my muscular legs and up my thighs, giving him a good show. I knew Andrew was too slick to let me catch him checking me out,

but I knew he was getting an eyeful. I ran the towel slowly over my thick pecs and down over my six-pack abs, really teasing him.

"So ... what do you do with all the jockstraps?" I asked him as I stepped into my boxers.

"Huh?" Andrew seemed surprised I was even talking to him.

"You heard me," I said, pulling on my pants.

"I don't do anything with them." He seemed nervous, definitely afraid.

"Liar. I bet you have a drawer full. You take them home, don't you? Probably sniff

them while you beat off and fantasize about us jocks."

The terror in Andrew's eyes told me I was right. I didn't need any confession from him other than that. He was afraid I was going to kick his ass. I had no intention of hurting him, though. I just wanted to fuck with his head a little and dominate the hell out of him. All I had to do was take control of the situation. I buttoned and zipped my pants, but didn't bother putting on my shirt or shoes. I didn't intend to stay clothed long.

I took a step toward Andrew, and he backed away.

"Please--don't hurt me, Boyd," he pleaded.

Obviously my bad-ass reputation had him more frightened than I'd expected, which took a little of the fun out of my intimidation strategy. I'd planned to mess with him for a while before I went after what I really wanted, but now I changed tactics. After all, I sort of liked Andrew.

"I'm not going to hurt you, you little cocksucker. I've seen you checking out the guys and drooling over them. You go to bed at night dreaming of their dicks, don't you? I know what you want. Well, I want something too, and you, Andrew, are going to take care of it for me."

"Wha-what is it?" Andrew stammered.

Andrew backed away a little more. He'd

probably feared discovery for so long, he just assumed he'd get his ass kicked when someone found out he liked guys. He couldn't seem to understand I wasn't going to beat him senseless. My reputation was to blame. Telepaths were always afraid of me because they couldn't tell what I was thinking, and I did have a reputation for kicking the ass of anyone I thought needed it.

"I said I'm not going to hurt you, got it?"

Andrew didn't look completely convinced. "What do you want?"

"Yeah, about that," I said, stepping closer. This time he didn't back away. "I need something really bad, something you've

been dreaming about. I need you to do something for me and keep your trap shut about it." I rubbed the bulge in my pants as it throbbed and swelled. "You interested, Andrew? You want to do it for me? It's up to you."

Andrew did something I never considered he'd do. He said, "No," and walked away. He left me standing in the locker room with a hard dick and aching nuts. I couldn't fucking believe he hadn't dropped to his knees on the spot and worshipped my cock. I just stood there dumbfounded, wondering what the fuck had happened. I had pretty much given up and was about to go finish dressing when Andrew came back.

"You mean it, don't you, Boyd? It's not a trick?"

"Yeah," I said, "I mean it."

"You're not just messing with me? I thought for sure you'd beat me up when I said no, but you didn't even try to stop me." Andrew was even smarter than I'd thought. He'd tested me to see whether I was sincere or setting a trap for him. That little bastard was as shrewd as he was cute. He sure had balls, too. I wanted him even more.

"I'm not messing with you, Andrew. You want it, and I need it. We can help each other out."

"Why do you need it? From what you say, you get all the play you can handle." He left the rest unsaid. He was too damned smart. I made a mental note not to challenge him on anything that involved smarts.

"Stop asking stupid questions, you little bitch. You want it, or not?" I groped my basket. I had quite a bulge in my pants, and I was about ready to bust a nut. I reached down, slowly unbuttoned my pants and pushed them down my thighs. My cock tented my boxers. Andrew licked his lips.

That was when smart-guy Andrew did something really dumb. He tried to mind-zap me.

Andrew frowned at me, concentrating. I felt this little tingle in the middle of my head, but whatever he tried to do didn't work--obviously--cause his jaw dropped open and he just stood there, a stunned expression on his mug.

I growled, "Did you just fucking try to read my mind?"

"Yes ..."

"Didn't fucking work, did it, smart guy?"

"No ..." He still had that stunned expression.

"Uh, Andrew, are you okay?"

"Yes ..."

Whatever mind-whammy Andrew tried on me must have backfired against my anti-Talent, and the feedback knocked his head for a loop. So Andrew's mind-misfire had him all stunned and groggy-headed? I'm all in favor of taking advantage when a situation presents itself.

"On your knees, you little bitch," I ordered. I grabbed Andrew's shoulders and pushed him down to his knees. I pushed my boxers down, and my cock sprang free. It was long, hard, and throbbing. I told him, "Touch it," and he slowly reached out and wrapped his hand around the base of it. "Stroke it." I got the feeling Andrew would've done literally anything I told him. I was tired of playing games--and maybe a little afraid of

playing games with Andrew. I knew he was a lot smarter than me. But with him on his knees and stroking my cock, I knew he wasn't faking.

I moaned. I couldn't help it. He might have been mind-zapped, but his hand--the first hand other than my own to touch my dick--felt great. I'd have done whatever it took to keep him working my dick.

"Suck it," I told him. Andrew leaned forward and took my cock head between his lips. I'd never felt anything so fucking fantastic in my entire life! He ran his tongue around the crown of my cock, and started sliding his mouth over it, and pulled more and more of my dick between his lips. The little fucker could really suck

cock! He took most of my considerable length in his mouth and worked it with his lips and tongue. I'd never even dreamed anything could feel so fucking great. I grabbed his head and fucked his face. I intended to use his mouth to satisfy the aching horniness in my cock and balls. Andrew didn't fight or attempt to pull away. He let me use his mouth for my pleasure. He moaned and slurped on my hard-on like a pro.

His lips and tongue worked magic on the shaft and head of my dick as I fucked his face. A few more trips in and out of his throat, and I lost control. I pushed myself deep into his gullet. Thick, sticky spurts of jizz erupted from my dick and into his throat. Andrew swallowed and sucked me

for more. Spurt after spurt of spunk flew from my cock to fill his throat. The more I pumped into his mouth, the more Andrew swallowed. His mouth made me cum more than I'd ever cum before. With one last squirt, I pulled my dick from his lips and stood there in the middle of the locker room panting.

"Stand up," I told him. Andrew stood up and I pulled his shirt over his head. He'd been fully clothed the entire time, while I was wearing nothing but my pants and boxers around my ankles. I stepped out of my pants. I tugged at his pants and pulled them down over his narrow hips. His cock made a huge tent in his briefs with a big, sticky wet spot near the head of his dick. Andrew had quite a bulge too; he was

fucking hung! I wanted to suck his cock, but was afraid to express that desire yet--not yet. Instead, I kept myself on track. I pulled down his briefs, turned Andrew around, and bent him over one of the changing benches.

"I want something else from you, Andrew, and I think you'll like it," I said, caressing his firm butt cheeks. He had one beautiful ass. He didn't object and didn't try to stop me, which I took as the go-ahead to proceed. I reached into my locker, pulled a lubed condom out of my bag, and unrolled it over my still-rigid pole. I positioned my dick's head against his hole. "Just relax," I said, because that's what they always say in the porn scenes I'd seen. I pushed hard with my hips and the

head slipped into his ass. Andrew gasped. I pressed in a little further. Andrew's ass was warm and tight. His ass muscles gripped my cock, massaging it. The pleasure was intense. I couldn't believe I was fucking his perfect butt.

I worked my dick deeper and deeper into Andrew's hungry hole. My cock was finally where it belonged, sliding into a cute young man's ass. I pressed my dick home, buried it to the hilt. I hadn't felt anything so intense or awesome before. It was even better than Andrew's blowjob. I held my dick there for a few moments, just enjoying the feeling. I pulled my dick nearly free, then slowly pushed in it once more.

Andrew wasn't passive for long. Whatever mind-whammy he'd given himself was wearing off. He moaned and groaned. He pressed back against me as I fucked him, practically begging me for more, and I was happy to provide. I shoved my dick in harder and faster. Andrew's ass was mine! He grunted and groaned as I rammed into him. Sweat dripped down my chest, and my heart pounded as I fucked Andrew's ass as hard as I could.

I had unleashed Andrew's wild side. He rammed himself violently back against me, demanding maximum penetration. "Fuck me hard, you asshole punk!" he yelled. "Fuck my tight ass with your cock! Feels like a fucking log jammed up my shit-hole!"

Gimme your fucking dick, you fucker!" I couldn't believe the nasty, nasty words coming from his angelic mouth, which made me hornier than ever. I'd never have guessed that Andrew had the balls to say such things. My cock went rock-hard, and I fucked him even harder.

"Come on, fucker! Is that all you got, Boyd? Fuck me like you mean it, asshole!"

I fucked him hard and fast. Andrew urged me on, and I used his ass for my pleasure. I was gasping for breath, but still I fucked on. His ass was coaxing me closer and closer to the edge. I pistoned my dick in and out of his hole. I felt my nuts churning again and my cock throbbing. I knew I was about to hit the edge. I fucked Andrew

harder and faster still, like a rutting animal. It felt so fucking good I couldn't stop.

"Cumming!" I yelled as I lost control and spewed my load up his ass. Blast after blast of my jizz fired into that condom up inside his cute little butt. Andrew's ass milked the cum from my cock. I kept cumming and cumming. When I spent the last of my load, I fell across his back, my dick still stuffed up his ass. "Oh, man," I panted happily.

"Just what the holy fuck is going on here!"

I jumped back and my cock popped out of Andrew's ass. Andrew jumped too, looking terrified.

The bellowing voice belonged to Coach McAllistar. He wasn't really a "coach," just a staffer who managed the gym, but we all called him "Coach" since one of the guys thought McAllister looked like his old coach from high school, from before he was recruited and brought to the Institute.

Coach was Andrew's boss--he ran the gym, and he ran it strictly according to policy and procedure. Clearly Coach didn't like walking in and finding a member of his staff getting butt-fucked by one of the trainees.

"Andrew, what the fuck is going on here," McAllister hollered. "I expect shit from a punk like Boyd"--gesturing at me--"but I

expect better, a helluva lot better, from you." Andrew cringed under Coach's crimson-faced tirade.

Coach was just a staffer, a Normal without a Talent, which meant he wore the standard cap filled with microelectronics that blocked telepaths like Andrew out of his head. Andrew didn't need to read Coach's mind; Coach was vivid-red with rage, and he was shouting pretty much exactly what was on his mind--no telepathy needed.

Coach had a lot to say, and he yelled it as loudly as he could, berating Andrew left and right. Andrew shrank back against the lockers and looked like he wanted to disappear. Coach--a very angry Coach--

held Andrew's career and his future with the Institute in his hands. A bad report from Coach could get Andrew busted down to junior trainee again, and he'd have to work his way up all over again. Andrew would never again get a perfect job like this--he'd never again get a job that let him ogle cute young men and steal their underwear.

Coach ignored me, concentrating instead on yelling at Andrew. I felt sorry for Andrew, cause Coach had him too intimidated to stand up for himself.

That meant distracting Coach fell to me. I knew Andrew was smart as hell--all he needed was a moment to think of a way out of this. All I had to do was buy him

that moment.

Coach had his back to me because he was focusing all his attention on berating Andrew for various moral and policy failures. So I stepped up behind McAllistar and plucked the anti-telepathy cap off his head. Coach spun my way and turned even more purple, if that was possible, and grabbed at his cap. I sidestepped, ready to play a little keep-away.

Andrew, smart guy, saw his opening and did something I hadn't expected. He frowned at McAllistar.

"Urk--!" Coach froze.

Andrew pushed himself away from the lockers. "You got more ammo left in that weapon of yours?" he asked, looking at my dick, then at Coach.

I got the idea, and I liked it. My dick was already stiffening again. I nodded, trying not to blow my bad-ass image by looking too eager.

"Strip," Andrew said, and McAllistar unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off. McAllistar was a good-looking, dark-haired dude, probably in his young thirties. His torso was slim, all sleek muscles, with a little patch of hair between his pecs. McAllistar pulled off his shoes and socks, then dropped his shorts. He wore a jockstrap, but not for

long--he dropped that too. His erection was long and slim, just like the rest of him.

"Got more of those condoms?" Andrew asked me.

"Fuck, yeah!" I said. I dug in my gym bag and retrieved the whole box and showed it to Andrew.

He laughed. "You come prepared."

Andrew ordered McAllistar down on his hands and knees, and Coach dropped to the tile locker room floor. Andrew knelt in front of McAllistar and told him, "Suck it," and fed McAllister his big dick. I pulled out a condom and rolled it on.

McAllistar's ass was tight--fucking hell, it was tight--and hot. I pushed more of my cock up his butt. His ass was tighter than Andrew's, and the heat and the way it clamped around my dick felt intense. I slid into his hole until finally I had my big dick buried to the hilt and my pubes crushed against his butt cheeks. My hips knew exactly what to do, slowly pulling my dick out, and pushing it back again. McAllistar moaned loudly.

Each time, my hips pumped a little faster and a little harder. I'd already cum twice, but I felt like I was ready to blow my load again. McAllistar was nearly as big an asshole as I was, and I wanted nothing more than to jizz up his ass.

"He's really fighting me," Andrew laughed. "I like it when they try to fight, cause they always lose."

Pretty soon, McAllistar's mouth had Andrew whimpering in ecstasy, so he must have been pretty good. Andrew's noises aroused me even more.

I fucked McAllistar doggie-style. My sweat-soaked chest slid over his muscular back. I leaned into him, making him support our combined weight as I pummeled his ass. I couldn't believe I was buttfucking Coach-fucking-McAllistar! I reached around and kneaded his pecs while I fucked him. I tweaked his nipples and rubbed every inch of his sleek torso. I worked my hands down over his abs and

squeezed his bouncing cock. He was steel-hard and oozing pre-cum. I stroked him while I used his butt as my personal fuck-hole. Knowing he was under Andrew's telepathic control and being made to submit to my cock made the fucking even sweeter!

"Ungh! Gonna cum!" Andrew gasped. He pulled out of McAllistar's mouth and pumped away at his cock. "Here it comes!" he announced and geysered burst after burst of jizz across McAllistar's back. Some of Andrew's cum even splattered against my stomach.

Suddenly I was ready to cum too. I jerked my cock out of McAllistar's ass and yanked off the condom. I jacked it quickly,

really putting on a show for Andrew, and my cock started squirting out my load. I thought I'd pass out from the physical intensity of my third orgasm.

When at last my nuts were empty, I crashed to the floor beside Andrew--close but not too close because I didn't want my anti-Talent to shut down his hold on McAllistar--and lay there panting.

"Get dressed," Andrew told McAllistar.

I noticed McAllistar pulled on his shorts without his jockstrap, which lay abandoned on the floor. Andrew's doing?

"He won't remember a thing," Andrew grinned at me. "He won't have a fucking

clue why his ass and jaw are so sore."

I nodded, since I couldn't make words yet.

At some point, Andrew got up, got dressed. He walked over to where I still lay naked on the floor, knelt, and grinned down at me. Fuck, he was so cute.

"I want some more of that big dick of yours," he said. "You got plans after your workout tomorrow?"

How could I say no to such a cutie? I had plans myself for Andrew and his wild side, lots of plans. But right then, panting, spent after the three orgasms of my official de-virginizing, all I could do was grin and say, "You know where to find me."

Andrew claimed my boxers and Coach's jockstrap and stuffed them into his pocket. "Souvenirs," he said, and winked, and left me there exhausted on the tile floor.

The next day in the locker room, some of the guys started giving Andrew shit. They were all over him, asking if he was gay and took it up the ass, shit like that.

I'd just gotten back from my shower, and I was still naked. I puffed up my chest threateningly and growled at the guys, "Andrew's cool. Back off, or you'll answer to me."

The guys scowled, but because of my anti-Talent and fists they didn't dare challenge me. They slunk off out of the locker room.

Andrew gave me a grateful smile. It seemed we had an arrangement. I'd cover his ass, and he'd let me fuck it.

Nobody was left in the locker room but Andrew, me, and Jackson, this tight-bodied telekinetic who was over at his locker. He had his back to us as he pulled on his pants. I smirked at Andrew and tilted my head toward Jackson.

Andrew's smile widened, and he nodded. Andrew frowned his mind-whammy frown.

Jackson froze.

Yeah, I thought as I strolled over to Jackson, Andrew's got a wild streak, all

right, and I'm just the guy to help him explore it.

Andrew's story continues in [Serviceing Andrew](#)
