

# Wild Talents

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Three friends, two of whom have telepathic talents, set off on a road trip. 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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## Chapter 1: Mitch

Mitch never much liked the small town where he grew up: too quiet, and everyone knew everyone else's business. He never much liked his family either. Four older brothers, and not one of them understood a thing about him. His father, the family despot, ran the household like a military dictatorship; his brothers seemed to thrive on it, growing taller, more arrogant, and tougher every day. Mitch's mother died years ago, and without her there to balance his father's tyranny, home and the whole town felt like a prison to Mitch. The best he could hope from his father and brothers was to be left alone.

Mitch hungered for companionship and understanding, but through the years he turned more and more to his friends and the basketball team for that. At times he felt that he was living with a house full of strangers, and that the only family he really had were the group of friends he had been hanging out with since he was ten years old, especially Ron and Scotty. They were so much like him, and in so many ways. Those two were the closest things Mitch had to brothers--real brothers, not the arrogant assholes he lived with--and everyone in

the town knew that the three were practically inseparable. Mitch considered himself the smart one and the instigator. Ron was the most handsome and the most mischievous. Scotty was the most muscular, the best athlete. They had shared a deep friendship since before they could remember, so naturally they shared even their deepest secrets. When a distant cousin in another city was discovered to be a Talent, Mitch even told Ron and Scotty, disregarding his father's insistence that this family shame was a big secret never to be mentioned to anyone, ever.

The other guys in their crowd had steady dates and bragged nonstop about their sexual adventures, though Mitch suspected most of that was made-up bullshit. Mitch, Ron, and Scotty did not date much--though Scotty did date a bit. They found that they were much happier spending time with each other, rather than going through the phony games of girlfriends and the drama that always seemed to come along with them. A buddy was a buddy no matter what. They found all the fun and excitement they needed with each other, playing basketball, zipping around town on their bicycles, exploring the nearby woods. About the only thing that Mitch did alone was jerk off, though in a house with multiple brothers he never had the privacy to indulge in that necessary release as much as he wanted.

Mitch took great comfort from the release that playing with his body gave him. No other experience came close, especially when he was really feeling oppressed by the world and his family. In those times when Mitch was alone with his pleasure-giving cock in hand, he felt that he could tackle just about anything. His dick: he was really proud of his longer-, thicker-than-average dick. He studied himself naked in the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door every day after his shower. When he was younger, he had seen his father and older brothers naked and wished with all his might that his dick would someday be as big as theirs. The growth over the years had been too slow to notice but inevitable, until one morning when he awoke from a vague dream about his basketball coach. Reaching down to feel for an uncertain ache, he discovered that he had a hard-on, a particularly needy and tingly one. He had had hard-ons before, had been jacking off occasionally for a year or two but had not been able to cum yet and did not understand what the big deal was. But this time his dick was harder than it had ever been. Mitch could still remember that morning when, with great excitement, he jumped out of bed and stood in front of the full-length mirror and saw that, somehow over the years without him realizing, his cock had really grown to look enormous. *Yes!* Mitch pumped on his dick the way he had seen guys do it in porno flicks, and less than twenty strokes later--*Ah, fuck!*--something different happened in his cock and balls, and he felt that world-exploding pleasure burst through him for the first time. For those few seconds, everything went away except for the overwhelming ecstasy. Gasping in its aftermath, he felt soothed. That blissful pleasure from his cock had made everything feel all right.

As soon as he had an opportunity to swipe a tape measure from the tool box in the garage and get some privacy, Mitch measured his erection. His cock stood proudly at just past eight inches, which according to a bit of Internet research, was longer than most other guys' dicks--well, not counting the guys in porn videos, of course, but Mitch realized a bigger-than-most dick was probably required for starring in porn anyway, so video guys did not count.

The secret of his larger-than-average cock finally gave Mitch a sense of equality around his brothers--and even gave him the self-confidence he needed to stand up to his father once in a rare while.

Mitch's other secret was that sometimes, if he concentrated a certain way and thought it hard enough--*You don't see me; I'm not here; You don't see me; I'm not here*--his father, in one of his moods, would storm right by Mitch and find another target, or one of his brothers would pass by without seeming to notice him, no teasing, no whack on the arm. Sometimes it worked, like a mantra or an incantation, sometimes not, but it worked often enough that Mitch thought it might be magic, or more.

And then, that morning just the week before, Mitch had been walking past the bedroom his two oldest brothers shared. The door was closed, but somehow Mitch knew his brother Kenny was in there. Somehow he knew Kenny was excited and jerking off. Mitch could practically feel waves of sexual energy coming through the door. How did Kenny jack off? Did he do it on the bed like Mitch did? Same grip? Was his dick as big as Mitch's?

Curiosity overrode his caution; Mitch turned the knob slowly, eased the door open a silent crack. Kenny lay on his back on his bed, shirt pulled up to his ribs, pants and underwear pushed down to his knees.

Maybe that secret of his would work here, if he concentrated on his mantra hard enough. *Don't see me--don't see me*, Mitch thought as hard as he could because, more and more lately, thinking it seemed to help him evade his brothers' notice. In a house with four testosterone-fueled brothers and an authoritarian father, evading notice had become practically a survival tactic for Mitch. Now, though, if his brother caught him peeping, Kenny would smack the hell out of him, Mitch feared, maybe more. His brothers usually stopped short of beating the shit out of each other or him, but this intrusion would definitely be an offense that warranted sterner punishment. *Don't see me--I'm not here--don't see me*.

Kenny never took his eyes off his cock, which stood straight up from his crotch. Mitch watched as Kenny jacked it a few strokes with one hand, then a few strokes with the other. Doing it that way had never occurred to Mitch. Kenny spat in his palm, then smeared the saliva around the head of his cock. Mitch had never thought of using spit for lube either--he usually did it dry or with lotion for lube--and he decided he would try spit as soon as he got the opportunity.

Kenny's body shuddered with pleasure as he began stroking again. *You don't see me--I'm not here*, Mitch recited in his head, but indeed Kenny did not seem to realize he was there, had never looked away from his cock, the center of his universe. Mitch widened the door further. Somehow he knew Kenny would not realize he was there. Emboldened, Mitch crept into the room, eased the door shut behind him.

"Oh," Kenny moaned quietly, which spooked Mitch for a moment, but Kenny stayed lost in his masturbation fantasy and whispered, "Fuck, yeah!"

His brother was thinking of some chick, a blond, boob-job-sized tits. Mitch was uncertain how he knew what Kenny was thinking, but he was sure he knew. This was a woman from a porn vid that Kenny had seen; she was on her hands and knees, and Kenny himself instead of the porn actor was the one fucking her from behind, feeling the heat and clench of her pussy muscles along his cock.

Which, Mitch noted smugly, seemed about half an inch shorter than Mitch's own.

Mitch knelt by the side of the bed and watched Kenny pleasure himself. Kenny's cock was thick, red with arousal, and his hands worked it with a familiar efficiency. Kenny was not trying to make the fantasy last, Mitch understood, but instead wanted to reach his orgasm quickly, before someone discovered him. *Too late for that*, Mitch thought with a smirk, only to feel whatever hold he had on Kenny threaten to slip for just a moment. *Don't see me--don't see me*, he thought frantically, trying to regain it.

Mitch felt something in Kenny flare up, bright and intense. Mitch did not realize what was happening until Kenny gasped, "Fuck, yeah! Fuck!" Orgasm?--Yes. Kenny was getting his nut. Mitch could practically feel Kenny's nervous system flaring up with sensation, like slow lightning running through him. The first rope of cum jumped out of Kenny's cock-head, as his body spammed. Kenny gasped again, and a second rope, a third, leapt out of his dick. More and more cum oozed out as Kenny's body shook. "Oh, fuck," he sighed

finally, then all of his muscles relaxed. His hand slipped away from his still-throbbing cock. "Mm."

Kenny felt drowsy, and Mitch nudged his mind further in that direction. Yeah, a post-orgasm nap. All those hormones and brain chemicals released by a good cum made a nap easy. Kenny's thoughts slowly went quiet. His eyes closed, and he dozed. Bolder now, Mitch reached out and touched the puddled cum on Kenny's bared stomach, felt how warm and slick the liquid felt. He wrapped his fingers around Kenny's semi-hard dick. His brother would have kicked his ass had he realized Mitch was here, touching him like this, but Mitch could make sure Kenny stayed unaware.

Mitch became aware of his own hard-on. He had been so focused on Kenny that he had not paid attention to himself. He needed to jack off, and quickly, but Kenny would not stay asleep long. Mitch let go of Kenny's cock and slipped away from the bed, back to the door. He exited quietly. Kenny would be waking up in moments. But by then, Mitch was safely out the door and heading into the bathroom, where the door had a lock that worked and he could jerk himself to quick release in privacy.

In the week that followed, Mitch had to learn *not* to hear what everyone around him was thinking. After somehow sensing what Kenny had been thinking, Mitch seemed to know what a number of people were thinking just by being near them. School was the worst, with so many other people thinking so many different things, like voices jabbering simultaneously in the background, but home was bad too, with his father and brothers thinking loud variations of the same things all the time.

Still, just remembering that day he watched Kenny gave Mitch an aching hard-on now. He shared his bedroom with his third brother, but tonight his brother was out on a date. Mitch was alone in the bedroom, had plenty of time to indulge in what was becoming his favorite hobby. In his underwear, he lay back on the bed and already felt his anticipating cock begin to rise. He wished for a way to get away from this house once and for all. He wrapped his hand around his erection and just held it, liking the feeling of anticipation. He wondered whether Ron and Scotty did that when they beat their meat. How did they stroke? Did jacking off make them feel as great as it did him? They had all seen each other naked in the locker room thousands of times, more times than he could count, and they had compared notes with a laugh about how their balls were hanging. Mitch knew that, soft, his cock seemed just a little longer than theirs were. Erect, though, how would they all match up in a contest? His cock gave another jump at the thought. He could see it all now. He and his two best buddies, sharing the common joy of a really good jerk-off. Mitch squeezed his cock, took a long, hard pull at it. This past week had been fucking rough--on top of the noise in his head, he had had trouble in one of his classes, and last night he had another fight with his dad. He needed relief badly. Looking down, he saw that first drop of juice at the end of his cock-slit, precious since it announced he would be ready to cum soon. The old curiosity came back to him again. What did a dick taste like? Big as his prick was, he just could not reach it with his tongue, so he was left to wonder. What would Ron's taste like? And Scotty's? Stories he read online never agreed; they variously suggested cum tasted bitter or salty or sweet, a range he found unhelpful. Those questions would have to remain unanswered for now, but Mitch wanted to find a way to discover the answers for himself.

Again, he teased the head of his hard-on and began to stroke his throbbing toy in earnest. Immediately, the week's tensions faded, and his mood began to improve. Being horny made him eager, made him want to do things, but orgasm was even better. Every time, jerking off had the same magical effect; it could turn a nightmare week into a promising new day.

Pressing his head back against his pillow, he closed his other fist tightly around the shaft too and began to pull at his dick with slow, steady two-handed strokes. The sweet, familiar feeling made him sigh. He closed his eyes and thought of his friends. Would Ron's dick feel just as hard in his hand? Would Scotty's cream a

really big load? His imagination created pictures of his two buddies, naked, standing at attention, hands behind their backs, surrendering their exposed hard-ons for his examination. Mitch felt his arousal spike at the thought, and he began to beat his meat faster, harder. His imagination galloped. He could practically see them in the room with him, could almost feel their cocks in his stroking hands, Ron to his left, Scotty to his right. Mitch pulled his dick hard and fast now, reaching under with one hand to bounce his balls around a little; they felt supercharged and ready to explode at any second. Mitch moaned as he felt himself climbing to the point of no return. Would Ron moan too? Scotty? He imagined their voices as Ron and Scotty gasped and groaned while he stroked their erections, pushing them both toward a massive climax. Mitch decided his jerk-offs were getting better all the time, especially when he thought of his buddies like this. How come? He felt himself about to shoot and fought to hold on just a little longer. He wanted to make these great sensations running all up and down his dick last forever--wanted to keep himself just on the cusp of orgasm, without falling over. But then his imagination gave him the image of Ron's cock spitting cum, Scotty's too, and Mitch's hand went flying, and his body and brain lit up with buzzing sensation. His last thought was to squeeze his nuts again, and suddenly he was there. Red flashes erupted inside his clamped-shut eyelids, and his body blazed, and he rode a wave of bliss as he felt his balls emptying their tremendous charge. "Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" Like a warm shower, the white fountain of cum splattered on his belly.

"Awww, yeah!" Now Mitch's sigh was one of tremendous relief, as all his cares were washed away by the orgasmic flood. He was always amazed by how just a few short minutes of pulling on his joint could have him feeling so blissful and content and confident. He wiped up his mess, tucked his softening prick back into his underwear. Fully relaxed now, he fell asleep, only to find that his slumbering fantasies were just the same as his jerk-off ones. They featured his two closest buddies, and sometimes his dad or one or two of his brothers. But always the dream was the same: They played with each other's dicks, they orgasmed together, and they became much more compatible because of what they had shared.

When morning arrived, Mitch awoke with a start. Was that the answer? Was his constant restlessness because he needed the intimate companionship of other guys?--As intimate as any companions could get? At first, the thought both thrilled and frightened him. He knew, yes, that he wanted it, but people had names for guys like that, and none of them were good. Even if he was willing to risk the humiliation and aversion by all his other friends and family, could he face the danger that Ron and Scotty would also be repulsed by just the mention of the subject? He could try to do more than listen to their thoughts, maybe try to get inside their minds and see what they were thinking, like he had done with Kenny, but what if that did not work?--or worse, backfired? The idea of touching their bodies intimately was so appealing, so arousing, but was it worth the possibility of losing their friendship forever? He depended on those guys. On the other hand, if Ron and Scotty *did* go for it, then the three of them might discover a richer relationship in a whole new world of sexual thrills that they never knew existed.

Mitch rushed down to an early breakfast so he could beat his brothers to the table. He desperately needed the time to be alone with his thoughts. This would not be an easy decision. Even if he chose to take the risk and approach Ron and Scotty, he had to decide on just the right way.

That afternoon was basketball practice, and all three were on the team. Being such close buddies, they always hung out together as they showered and dressed, and then they walked home together. If his nerve held out until the end of the day, Mitch decided, their private time on the walk home might be a great opportunity to start the ball rolling. If his nerve held out.

Most of the school day went by in a nervous haze. Mitch found himself unable to concentrate on almost anything except what he hoped would happen after basketball practice. He worked through various scenarios in his daydreams, but all he really knew was that he had to find a way make his fantasies come true. If he

could just manage the courage to start this, Mitch was sure he would figure out a way to get them to agree to the end result he craved. He was always the instigator, so why not now too? He had done it with them a dozen times before, even if it was only during his masturbation fantasies.

Mitch expected that he would also be too nervous to do anything halfway decent at practice, and he was amazed when the coach patted him on the shoulder and told him this had been one of his best practices ever. Mitch told himself that all that extra adrenaline of anticipation must be the reason. Just thinking about what might be happening soon had given him the spark to bounce that ball all over the court and to net almost double his usual total. He was glad he wore a jock-strap, because this afternoon his hard-on was a dick to be reckoned with. He was grateful that his erection was tightly under wraps, to save him the embarrassment of having the whole team see his unexplainable stiffy.

But keeping his wood trapped in his jock was damned painful. His swollen prick begged to be free of the confining fabric, and its hardness threatened to break right through his shorts at any moment. But the moment practice ended, with the first step of his plan immediately ahead of him, fear made Mitch's erection vanish. The sudden limpness left him almost relieved; ten minutes more of that hard-on, and he probably would have strangled himself. Mitch rushed to the showers ahead of his buddies and zipped through the process of soaping himself, thinking he might have a better chance of success if he smelled nice and clean. *What the hell!* he berated himself. They were all guys and could stand a little sweat. He admitted to himself that he was terrified of rejection, and he worried that even a little thing like sweat-stink might become the one reason they turned him down.

He left the shower and hurried back to his locker. He watched his naked teammates stroll into the steamy showers, heard them laugh and jostle each other into the spray. Guys flicked towels at each other's asses on the way back to their lockers, and no one thought anything of it. Even when a guy grabbed another's ass, they still thought everything was all in fun. *Good, wholesome fun*, the coach might say. But would they still call it good fun if that grab lasted a little longer?--or if something else touched those asses? Looking at his teammate's faces, Mitch could not tell what any one guy in particular liked for his masturbation fantasies. He tried to listen in on one or two's thoughts, but he could not focus on just the one--the background yammer of so many other minds in the locker room turned every attempt into a noisy din that threatened to give Mitch a headache. But he just could not believe that he was the only dude in the whole school who had come up with the idea of making it with another guy. He knew at least one other guy in this bunch must have the same kind of dreams as him and must share the same needs. He needed to find just one besides himself who wanted the hand on the ass to linger just a moment longer, wanted it to lead to something more. If not Ron and Scotty, maybe one of his other teammates? Who might be interested? If only he could decide on some way to find out!

*That dick looks like it might swell up really big, and that one really looks delicious*, Mitch thought--then he immediately chided himself. What was he thinking? *Big? Delicious?* That sounded like he actually wanted to suck someone off!

At that moment, as he pulled on his underwear with all his study teammates horsing around in front of him in the shower room, Mitch realized that he was probably gay. Not just curious about sex, but actually, really, and truly gay. *Gay, queer, homosexual*. Were all those terms supposed to describe him too? So many conflicting thoughts went through his head. *Fag, cock-sucker, fudge-packer*. He admitted to himself that, yes, he probably was gay. Now that these ideas were all collectively bubbling to the surface in his mind, the sum total of his new, unique sense of manhood nearly overwhelmed him. But he rejected the idea that being a gay guy made him a sissy. In fact, he felt even manlier than he ever had before. Guys in porn videos he had downloaded strutted and sucked cock and took it up the ass without being sissies. They seemed manly, and

Mitch felt manly too. The feeling came from the satisfaction of knowing that he had finally found an identity where everything in his head would fit together like a puzzle. But the configuration was still all in his head and churning around in his balls. Gay. He needed to say the word out loud, to tell someone, in order to make his new identity concrete. His cock was beginning to stir again; Mitch decided to pull on his pants before someone spotted it.

While almost all his teammates looked good enough to fuck, like being in a candy store and not knowing which flavor to pick, Mitch decided to stick with his plan. He should approach Ron or Scotty first, singly or together, no matter how good any other teammate looked. Mitch just could not trust his plan to unfold the way he wanted it to, at least not yet. First, he needed to see if he could actually succeed with his closest buddies. After all, he acknowledged a good chance that they might beat the shit out of him. So why he was not really scared? Even though, as he pulled on his T-shirt, he had turned his back on all that succulent teammate meat, his own cock had again turned into an iron pipe in his pants. Nothing seemed to bring it down. And the swollen tip of his dick felt so good rubbing against the fabric of his underwear. The tingle went from the cock-head all the way to the base. How come underwear had never felt so good before? Even the brush of his T-shirt against his nipples felt good. All his senses were coming alive and his cock gave a jump. Mitch had been concentrating so hard on his own thoughts of fucking with one of the guys that he had forgotten they were even there, and now he felt like he was close to cumming right there in the locker room--

A fist nudged his arm. Not a hard punch, but the contact snapped Mitch back to reality. His buddy Ron, still wet from the shower and wearing nothing but a towel around his waist. "Earth to Mitch. I've been standing here for, like, five minutes while you're off in another world."

"Ron, you don't know how right you are."

"What does that mean?"

"I'm still working on that one myself." Mitch chuckled nervously, because just the touch of his friend's hand on his arm had his cock throbbing again in his pants. The locker room was almost deserted except for Mitch and Ron and a couple of other guys, and Mitch did not even think to ask where Scotty was.

"Okay, if that's the way you want it." Ron pulled his clothes out of his locker and sat down on a bench. The side of his towel fell open. While the front still covered Ron's cock and balls, Mitch had a view of a strip of intimate bare skin from Ron's waist to his knee, and something about that skin today made his breath catch.

Mitch jerked his gaze away from that skin to find Ron was still talking about something or other as he sorted his T-shirt from the wad of clothing. "But," Ron continued as he began to wrestle the shirt over his head, "if you have something you wanna talk about, you know I'll be willing to listen."

Ron always got dressed from the top down--shirt, then underwear, pants, socks, and finally shoes--because when they were kids he had read a western story that said cowboys always got dressed from the top down, starting each morning by putting on their Stetsons; Ron, fancying himself growing up to be a cowboy, adopted the practice and somehow had stuck with it. Mitch smiled, knowing no one but him, Scotty, and Ron would ever know each other well enough to understand how they came to develop their various quirks.

But right then, Ron was looking at him, seemed to be waiting for a response. Mitch nodded. "Sure, Ron. Thanks."

Ron was a good-looking guy; just about all the girls thought so. He stood up and whipped off his towel, reached for his underwear. Mitch decided that, even limp, Ron's cock looked kind of terrific. Mitch's hands

itched from the desire to reach right in there and grab onto Ron's swinging stuff. He was staring so intently that Ron flashed Mitch a questioning look, for the first time sensing that there was something new in the air, something that Ron did not understand.

"Uh ... What's up with you today, Mitch?"

"Just trying to work something out."

"You think you can do it by yourself?"

"Not likely. I've just been thinking about what great pals you and Scotty and I are. Between guys like us, it just seems that there could be something a little more. You know what I mean?"

"Not exactly. Listen, I'm getting tired of these word-games."

"Sorry, Ron. I didn't mean to sound like a jerk. I just, uh, don't know how to say what's on my mind."

"Why don't you just spit it out?"

Again Mitch was grateful for the close relationship between himself and his buddy. He hoped that, even if Ron turned down his sexual advances, maybe Ron would still want to be his friend. But was Mitch really willing to risk everything?

Ron looked up at him once more and cocked an eyebrow. His buddy's stare fascinated Mitch; his expression was strange and mysteriously exciting, and Mitch could not quite decipher it. Regardless, he knew he would have to break the tension that was passing back and forth between them. Ron, always impatient and sometimes inconsiderate, would not be willing to wait much longer for an answer. Maybe, Mitch decided, he could risk opening his mind just a little, just to see if he could catch a quick flash of what Ron was thinking, some clue to help him know whether to proceed and how.

Mitch patted Ron on the shoulder, and then let his hand linger there for a meaningful extra second. If Ron caught the emphasis in the touch, he did not jump. The two of them had been buddies so long that something as small as a touch was hardly unusual. Mitch opened his mind and reached his thoughts toward Ron and felt--

--felt Ron's mind reaching toward his.

*What the hell!*

Mitch's jaw dropped. He thought at Ron, *Did you just--?*

And Ron thought back, *You can do it too--?*

*Yes!* they thought in unison, then, *Holy fucking shit!*

The two looked at each other, wide-eyed, and grinned with wonder and disbelief and a new understanding.

Mitch felt Ron brush against his mind, as if probing for what Mitch had been trying to say, and he knew Ron would understand what he saw in Mitch. Even Ron's eyes were glittering--wild and adventurous. Mitch pushed his own thoughts toward Ron. He felt amped up on adrenaline, his breathing jittery, and sweating a little. From what he saw in Ron's head, he knew he was right to trust his friend; Ron seemed to want many of



the same things. *Take it slow--nice and easy*, Mitch kept telling himself over and over. *Whatever this is, don't blow it now.*

Mitch slid through Ron's thoughts, and he felt Ron flit through his own. Memories came out of nowhere--some he recognized as his own, which must have been Ron's doing, and some he didn't recognize, which much have been images he stumbled upon in Ron's mind. The imagination picture of Ron naked and jacking off--well, now Ron understood what Mitch wanted. A moment later, Mitch found an image of himself naked and hard in Ron's head, along with a sense of intense curiosity, and Mitch smirked when he realized Ron had not imagined Mitch's erection being nearly as large as the real thing. What would Ron say when he saw it in the flesh?

Suddenly--*yank!*--Mitch found himself back in his own head.

"Ow," Ron muttered, rubbing his forehead and frowning at the pain, already passing. "That never happened before." They grinned at each other. "But it was really cool."

Mitch nodded. He head felt a little achy, maybe over-exerted, but he felt the relief of the knot in his belly relaxing a little.

Ron said, "Wanna practice this ... *whatever it is* some more? Let's go to my house." Both of his parents worked and would not be home for over two hours. They would have time alone to--

Mitch realized something. "Where's Scotty?"

Ron cocked that handsome grin. "Oh, I think he remembered something he needed to do. Don't worry about him." Mitch wondered for a moment whether Ron had said something to Scotty--or done something to him, like the way Mitch used his mantra to avoid being seen. Could the mantra be used to make someone decide he needed to be somewhere else or do something else? Mitch decided to follow up on that thought later, because he agreed with what Ron said next. "I think just the two of us should experiment with *this* by ourselves first, in private."

Once they were finished dressing and their lockers were squared away, Mitch and Ron left the locker room and rushed down the hallway. Without warning, Ron grabbed Mitch's arm and tugged him toward a door--a seldom-used storage room, Mitch recalled. As he pulled Mitch inside, Ron said, "If we're gonna do this, I think we should try something in real life first. Just to see if we like it."

Ron pushed Mitch back up against one wall and pressed himself in close. Mitch tried not to flinch. Ron moved in closer and closer, then gingerly put his hand around Mitch's neck. Now there was a questioning look in Ron's eyes, but he still said nothing. He pushed his head forward until his lips met Mitch's. Just a small kiss. Mitch put his hands on Ron's arms, pulled him closer. Mitch pushed his thoughts at Ron, and found Ron's mind waiting to meet him. The sensation of rightness, the *yes-yes-yes* racing through both of their minds, gave them the courage to continue. The kiss deepened. Ron's body melted against Mitch's. Their tongues met.

Ron pulled back and smiled, nervously, glancing quickly away, and Mitch tightened his hold on Ron's arms just a little, unwilling to let him go. Everything was unfolding just as Mitch had hoped, except in a completely different way. The pressure of Ron's body against his felt so perfect. Ron's presence in his head was unexpected but welcome. Mitch's cock had gotten hard at some point, which he realized when Ron ground their crotches together. That hardness in Ron's pants--he was erect too!

The reality was exactly the opposite of how Mitch had imagined this situation would unfold, since he had planned to be the one in charge, yet everything felt exactly right, even the tingle that ran from the top of his head all the way down to his balls. Mitch felt hot and cold at the same time. This was actually going to happen. He could not believe his good luck, and just then he saw something that was the final incentive he could possibly need. Images flashed through Ron's thoughts: actions, sexual actions, things he wanted to try, things he wanted to do to Mitch, things he wanted Mitch to do to him. Ron's cocky grin said he was sending those images intentionally.

Mitch ran his hand down Ron's torso, to his groin. Ron had a needy hard-on. In addition, it felt nice and thick, getting thicker as Mitch squeezed it through Ron's jeans. Mitch wanted to get his hands on Ron's body. Without waiting for the extra second that might let him lose his nerve, Mitch pulled at Ron's pants, unbuttoning the waist, unzipping the fly.

"Yeah, that's the way," Ron crooned. "Go for it."

Mitch thought Ron's voice sounded tremendously calm, much too calm to be believed. Mitch could not stop trembling as he tried to work his friend's jeans down. Mitch reached into Ron's underwear, found his excited cock; his fingers moved up along the base of Ron's shaft. The thing was already big, but it continued to grow, as Mitch began to run his fingers carefully along the underside of it. Mitch discovered that he had guessed right about his friend's size; Ron's cock seemed a good seven inches, maybe a bit more. That dick felt too great, too nice and meaty, to even think of stopping now, but Mitch had to be sure. "You want me to stop?"

Ron frowned, and his thoughts did a curling thing. "Don't ask me that."

"Why not?"

"If you ask me to say something, I'll have to tell you to get your hands off me."

"Is that what you want?" Mitch faltered, because Ron's thoughts instead definitely seemed to be pulling him in, pushing this action forward.

"No. But I'd have to say it."

Now that he was sure, Mitch did not waste any more precious time with words. He grabbed the hem of Ron's T-shirt and started lifting. *If we're gonna do this*, he sent into Ron's mind, *we're gonna do it naked*.

Ron pulled back. Mitch felt a rush of panic, expecting rejection, but Ron simply took two steps, flicked the door lock, and then returned, shedding his shoes as he came. Mitch's breath strained, hoarse wheezes, as he stripped himself. His ears told him that Ron's lungpower was in pretty much the same condition. Ron's mind seemed a mess of nervous arousal.

They had seen each other's bodies a thousand times, but never before with erections, and never while their minds were touching like this. They had been *nude* together many times, Mitch realized, but now they were *naked*, their bodies, their most intimate parts, their most intimate thoughts open for the other's inspection. Even though he was not sure what to do next, everything felt so very important to Mitch, as if his life--their lives--were changing and about to change even more. He felt excited, aroused, a hundred things too balled together to identify. He pushed down his underwear, finally, and let his hard-on swing free in the air. Ron stared straight down at it and gulped. Mitch grinned, knowing Ron was indeed surprised by how much Mitch's real-life size exceeded Ron's fantasy guess; Ron had not expected that his friend was so well-hung, and he definitely admired Mitch's massive dick.

Ron looked up and met Mitch's stare. His mind offered Mitch a series of images for what Ron wanted to do next. Mitch grinned and nodded.

Wanting a closer look at Ron's dick, Mitch knelt. Ron stepped closer. The tip of Ron's rod dripped just a little, and Mitch licked his lips. He longed to taste it, but he had to pull his eyes away from his friend's cock before he lost control and creamed himself too soon.

*I like this, Mitch thought to Ron. It's the way we should be.*

Ron thought back, *Yeah--it feels right, doesn't it?*

Mitch stared at his friend's equipment again. This was the closest he had ever been to Ron's dick, and that dick was hard, hard for him! Mitch could actually see Ron's heartbeat making the veins pulse in his organ. *Man, that's one hell of a beautiful dick.*

*Thank you. Go ahead and touch it.*

Mitch snickered. He had not been expecting Ron to hear his thought; this was all so new. His stomach jittered. *Let's do it together.*

Ron's gaze landed on a number of exercise mats stacked against the rear wall. He pulled one down to the floor and stretched out on it. Mitch joined him. Ron seemed to know what to do; he turned until they lay with their heads at each other's crotches. Mitch knew the position from countless downloaded videos but had never done it--had never done anything with a guy. Had Ron? Mitch was about to peek into Ron's memories when Ron's dick gave a jump and reminded Mitch of the wonder right in front of him: his buddy's erection.

Mitch coiled his fingers around Ron's dick. His heart pounded painfully in his chest as he felt Ron's hand wrap around his prick, exactly duplicating what Mitch was doing. He did not see it happen because he could not force his eyes away from Ron's crotch. This was like watching himself in a mirror as he jerked off, and yet it was something completely different, more thrilling. Again Mitch's heart jumped as Ron started to tug at his cock. Mitch was surprised, but pleased, that his pal was taking such a big step without being coaxed into it.

Mitch stroked Ron. Ron stroked Mitch. Then Ron slid his other hand in to play with Mitch's balls, hefting them in their sack, tugging gently on them. Mitch answered by doing the same to Ron's testicles. Mitch kneaded the balls together in the palm of his hand. This felt good when Mitch did it to himself; would Ron like it too? He tugged harder at Ron's dick, and Ron groaned his approval.

The images from Ron's mind--mingled bits of porn and fantasies--were intoxicating. Mitch wondered whether Ron was trying to push those ideas into his head, but he decided to try a few of them anyway. He bent his head toward his buddy's crotch, and he paid close attention to Ron's reactions: the way Ron shuddered with excitement when he felt Mitch's breath on his dick, the way he jumped when Mitch's lips first brushed the tip of his cock-head. He found he liked causing Ron's body to react, liked to feeling of being the one in charge of making Ron quiver and shake; this in-charge feeling was something Mitch had never experienced before, at least not in this way, and he did not know quite what to do with it. The feeling aroused Mitch, made his dick and balls tingle--almost too much. He wanted to act cool and not blow his whole manly image by emptying his nuts just when the fun was starting, so he tried to concentrate on Ron's hard-on instead of his own. But in spite of all his best intentions, he felt himself dangerously close to orgasming.

Ron gasped, "Suck it, Mitch. Really suck it."

Mitch was not completely sure how. He had seen sucking done in porn videos, and the act seemed simple enough: open the mouth, fit it over the cock, move forward and back. But sometimes suckers in videos gagged and retched, and sometimes their faces went red and they seemed to be choking. Mitch decided to go slowly. He put his lips around Ron's cock-head, making him moan, and he slid his mouth an inch down the shaft. The flavor was odd, like freshly showered skin and soap with something musky mixed in too. Mitch wanted to swallow the whole thing, including his friend's balls, but then his gag reflex threatened to kick in, and Mitch decided Ron had just too much meat to get all of it down his throat. Mitch hoped Ron would settle for having Mitch take in half of it and use his hand to work over what was left of the shaft. Ron moaned and pressed his face into Mitch's crotch, and Mitch decided he must be doing a good job. Arousal and pleasure colored the pulses coming from Ron's mind.

Ron nuzzled Mitch's crotch and then took an inch or so of Mitch's cock into his mouth too. Mitch's eyes widened at the intense sensation of warmth and wetness around his cock-head. Ron could not take much of Mitch's big dick, but for Mitch, just knowing his cock was penetrating Ron's handsome face was enough of a rush to nearly push him into climax. Mitch fought to control his arousal, to hold back his orgasm. Ron moaned around Mitch's cock, and Mitch loved the additional sensation. He did the same around Ron's. Mitch snorted a laugh, amazed at how greedy he was for Ron's cock--and how greedy Ron was for his too. Now that Mitch had it in his mouth, he wanted as much of it as he could get. What should he do with his teeth? What should he do with his tongue? The reaction-impressions he saw in Ron's thoughts provided feedback and Mitch tried to figure out ways to make the experience feel better for his friend.

Mitch felt something sputter to life in Ron's head, and he realized something similar was now unavoidable in his own body too. *Gonna cum*, they warned each other simultaneously.

But Mitch ignored the warning and stayed clamped to Ron's cock as it slid along his tongue. Ron did not back away either. Who began to orgasm first did not matter, because one's orgasm pulled the other's into full bloom and they were cumming together. A new flavor--not pleasant at all, bitter--burst across Mitch's tongue, and he realized this must be Ron's cum he was tasting. But he did not have time to take in the specifics because his orgasm made his eyes clamp shut and his body shudder as it took over his entire being.

Soon, too soon, Mitch's body went slack and he fell back. Ron did too, panting, "Fuck! ... That was so good!"

The taste of Ron's load was still in Mitch's mouth. Spitting it out seemed rude, and where would he spit anyway? He forced himself to swallow. *Bleeh*. Mitch felt Ron's mind probing around that thought, maybe comparing their impressions of how the other tasted, but Mitch did not want to think about that, not yet anyway.

Ron rolled away, bounced to his feet, reached for his T-shirt. Mitch worried that something was wrong; was Ron having regrets, running away, about to kick his ass? But Ron said, "Hurry up and get dressed. We're going to my house so we can do this again!"

Again? "Fuck, yeah," Mitch whispered.

They ran most of the way to Ron's house, usually a half-hour walk but far faster today. One would run on ahead while the other hung back, testing--*Can you hear me, what am I thinking?*--the limits of their mind-speaking. Their thoughts could touch at distances of up to nearly a block. Within that space, they could tell what the other was thinking, and saying it back made it more real, made all of *this* more real to them.

When they reached Ron's house, they had about an hour remaining before one of his parents returned. Ron

ran up the stairs to his bedroom, Mitch following closely. There, clothes were shed, and naked bodies smacked into an embrace and fell onto the bed.

Each's horniness in their connected minds fed the other's, arousal spiraling impossibly higher. Their cocks were so hard they hurt, begging for relief. Mitch had one overwhelming desire. While Ron's cock had tasted so good earlier, Mitch wanted to try more, something that would cement this new stage of their friendship. He wanted to try it, while they still had the hard-ons and the opportunity. Mitch said, "Will you let me fuck you?"

"An hour ago, I'd have punched you for saying that. But as horny as I am, I'm willing to try just about anything." Ron retrieved a bottle of the lotion he used for jacking off, passed it to Mitch, rolled onto his back on the bed, lifted his legs in the air. "I saw on the Internet," he explained, "that this way makes it easier the first time."

Mitch, caught in an intensity that he could not fully understand, crawled between Ron's legs. He covered his cock with lotion. That slickness always felt good when he was jerking off, and logic suggested it would help a dick as big as his slide into Ron's ass. Mitch squirted more lotion on his finger and reached down between Ron's legs in search of his asshole. Fucking was something else Mitch had never done, and he felt a sudden uncertainty that he tried to mask as tenderness, though he realized Ron probably knew the truth and felt equally apprehensive. He worked the finger and lotion around Ron's ass, tried to push into the tight bud. In porn vids, that seemed to be all that was needed: squirt lube on a finger, stick it between a guy's butt cheeks, and then stick the dick in there. Those guys were experienced professionals, though, so Mitch worried that Ron would need more preparation first. Maybe he would need to use more lotion. Ron's ass cheeks were round and smooth and hard with muscle, but the flesh quivered lightly against his hand. Ron tried to push his ass against Mitch's finger, and finally Mitch got the idea of what his friend was looking for. He could not stop himself now; he had to learn everything he could about Ron's body.

Ron was quivering and moaning, pressing his ass even more against Mitch's finger, grinding against it. "Stop teasing me," Ron panted. "I don't want to shoot until you ..." Instead of words, images told Mitch what Ron wanted: Ron wanted Mitch's cock inside him.

Mitch had never fucked before, but like sucking an hour before, the mechanics seemed simple. The only way to learn was to try, he decided. All that was left now was to scoot his hips closer, take his lotion-slicked cock in hand, and push it home into Ron's puckered asshole. But something seemed amiss. Ron's ass seemed clamped shut. How was Mitch supposed to get his dick inside? "Help me, Ron."

"Tell me what you need; I'll do it."

"Move back to me, Ron. Move back. That's it." As he was coaxing his friend to grind his asshole back at him, Mitch pushed forward with his stiff dick. This was trickier than it looked on videos, where the big-dicked porn stars just poked their penises right in and sank all the way to the base. Mitch was aiming blindly, in a way that just was not working. "Come on, Ron. Spread your cheeks. I can't get my cock in."

"Okay, Mitch. Make it fast. I can't wait to feel that stiff dick in me."

Both boys were surprised at how intense their emotions felt--passion, arousal, a dozen things too mixed-together to identify. But neither felt fear or reluctance. Everything that remained was some flavor of pure lust.

Mitch felt along the crack of Ron's ass again until his finger found the tight hole. Ron gasped as he felt the lotion-slick digit press into his vaginal spot; even this slim intrusion into his ass needed some adjusting on his part. Mitch felt Ron's mind light up with multiple thoughts: the physical discomfort of being penetrated,

the thrill of experiencing real sex for the first time, curiosity about how getting fucked would feel, a small amount of shame at being the one getting fucked, but a desire to do this with Mitch, for Mitch. Ron gritted his teeth. Mitch worked his finger around in a slow circle. Could he reach into Ron's mind and make this better for him? Ron had hinted that he had influenced their friend Scotty, so could Mitch do the same for Ron? Mitch probed deeper into Ron's head, sliding past the thinking parts, until he found an area that reacted mostly to the physical stimulation, the part that seemed to interpret impulses as pain. Mitch worried at it a moment, found a way to quiet it. Ron sighed and relaxed.

"You ready for something bigger?" Mitch asked.

"Yeah, I'm ready now, Mitch."

"Let me hear you say it."

Ron hesitated. "Fuck me. Fuck me, Mitch."

That was the go-ahead signal Mitch could not ignore. He reared back just a little so that he could get his dick pointed in the right direction. He pushed forward, felt his cock-head press at Ron's sphincter. Where was instinct when he needed it, Mitch wondered. Or was that the answer?--Forget what he had seen in videos and just do what instinct demanded? With a grunt, Mitch suddenly lunged all the way forward. He groaned again, heavily, as he felt the first wild sensation of his cock-head piercing through Ron's asshole. Ron's eyes went wide, and he yelped: "Aaaaah!"

"Does it hurt, Ron? I don't want to hurt you." But Mitch could not, would not, stop now, not when he and Ron had come this far together. Mitch tried to find that pain-processing spot in Ron's head again, to calm it, but his thoughts kept slipping.

"Don't stop, Mitch," Ron grunted, huffing through the pain. "Keep going. I can take it. The pain's supposed to fade soon. Let's do this!"

One more deep breath and one more heavy lunge, and Mitch felt his shaft start to slide right in, moving easily on the greasy slickness of the lotion.

Ron grimaced and sucked in a breath and moaned loudly: "Whooooah!"

Mitch fumbled in Ron's mind again for that place that processed pain, and this time he found it, lit up like a beacon. As he pushed more of his cock into Ron's ass, Mitch probed the place and worked at it quickly, muting it down to almost nothing. He wanted Ron to feel no pain, only pleasure. He bent forward and said to his friend, "Ron, I'm going to fuck you so good. I'm going to fuck you right up a wall. Fuck you until we both cream a river. You want that, too?"

"Yeah, Mitch," Ron panted. "I want that. More than anything." Now Ron's eyes rolled, and he seemed to be enjoying the sensations. "More. Gimme more of your meat. Fuck my ass, Mitch. Fuck me."

"It doesn't hurt?"

"It did. Now it feels great. Keep going."

Knowing he could tweak his friend's mind was a rush that Mitch filed for further consideration later. Right then, he needed to push his cock in deeper, because getting more of his dick into Ron's ass, fucking that ass,

was the most important thing in the world. Mitch wanted to stay like this forever, but he wanted, needed, to fuck, and fucking involved motion--in and out. So, okay: motion. Mitch pulled back, until only the tip and a bit of shaft remained gripped in his friend's ass. He pushed down once more, sliding in, pulled halfway back, and then went down again. Clumsy at first, too stop-and-start, he figured out quickly that the good sensations felt even better when he kept moving, found a steady pace.

Soon he felt he was fucking like a champ. Being close friends who were able to tell what the other was thinking offered unexpected advantages: They needed little time to find a compatible rhythm. Asshole and cock were moving back and forth as if they had been doing this together for years.

Mitch decided to try varying his strokes. Ron had been straining his face up to watch Mitch fuck him, but suddenly he threw his head back and arched his body off the bed. Mitch felt Ron's mind flare up with a lightning jolt of pleasure. "Fuck!" Ron declared. "Do that again!"

What exactly *had* he done?--Mitch tried to remember. He had been pumping his hips just like he had done for the last minute or two, and then he had tried ... *The prostrate!* he realized--his dick must have found Ron's prostate. Mitch had heard about that from videos. He tried to replicate the thrust. No, that did not seem to make Ron's nervous system light up. Maybe this angle? No? Or this one? Mitch tried to remember exactly where the prostate was; they had studied that in biology class a while back. *Let's see*, Mitch assessed, *Ron's on his back, and the prostate is in front of the rectum, so it's above my dick, so if I--*

"Fuck!" Ron swore as another burst of pleasure went off inside him.

*Found it!* Mitch congratulated himself with a smirk.

Ron's cock bounced against his stomach; he grabbed it and stroked it. "Oh, man, I gotta cum!" In just a few seconds, Ron's body was bucking and his mouth was a silent *O* of ecstasy and his mind--*I'm cumming!*--was abuzz with an orgasm that obliterated all thoughts. His load of sperm spurted out onto his chest and belly and hand. Mitch had never felt anything like the chain of sensations Ron's climax initiated, and the clamping of Ron's ass-ring around Mitch's cock-shaft sent electricity down into Mitch's balls, through his body, and he felt his own climax begin. He threw his head back and hollered his bliss at the ceiling. He knew he should pull out his cock out, but instinct overcame him and instead he drove his cock all the way into Ron's ass and held it there as he shot and shot and shot.

When his balls were spent and his whole body went limp, Mitch fell onto the bed alongside Ron. He was starting to register the full impact of the new step they had taken in their lives, and it overwhelmed him. Mitch pushed his head in and nibbled at Ron's neck, which made Ron chuckle drowsily. The intensity of his ejaculation and all the happy brain chemicals released by a good orgasm had Ron falling asleep. Mitch could see it happening in Ron's mind, the way certain parts were fading down, and he yawned, suddenly aware that Ron's descent into sleep was pulling at him too. *Maybe just a short nap*, he told himself ...

But suddenly something awakened him. Groggy, Mitch needed a moment to process it, and then he realized. That sound was the garage door opening--one of Ron's parents was home! Mitch stumbled off the bed, adrenaline snapping him fully awake now. He shook Ron's arm. "Wake up!--Somebody's home!"

"Fuck!" Ron swore, rolling to the floor and fumble-scrambling for his clothes.

Later, as he began his walk the few blocks farther to his house, Mitch wished they had had time to take a shower. He feared his father and brothers would be able to smell the sex on him, though Ron assured him otherwise. They knew their friendship was going to be completely different now, because of the sex and the

mind-talking, and both would take some getting used to.

Mitch walked slowly, so he and Ron could stay in mental contact for as long as possible. Mitch brought up the obvious question: *What about Scotty?*

Ron responded, *Listen, we took to this easily, so we'll be able to make it easy for Scotty too. I bet we can persuade him.*

Mitch was not sure whether Ron meant the sex or the mind-talking. He chose to assume the sex. *I dunno. Scotty won't always say what he really thinks. He might be willing but think he has to say no--or he might say yes even though he doesn't want to.*

Ron sent back, *Then maybe we'll have to work him into it, a little at a time, kind of natural-like, before he knows what's happening. With both of us working on him, how can he say no?*

Again Ron's thoughts held a hint of pushing Scotty to agree. Mitch was not sure he liked that idea. He sent back a thought with a warning tone: *Scotty won't go for something he ain't prepared to do.*

*We could arrange it like a little surprise. You know. Let him kind of find us at it. Like he caught us in the act. Then when he sees what we're into, he can make up his mind if he wants to join in or not.*

That plan seemed more promising to Mitch. *Yeah. I guess that might work. Either way, we'll have to make sure he knows he's still our friend, whether he joins in or not.*

*Sure. We've been friends too long for this to get in the way. Besides, if he wants to miss out on all of this--* Ron's thoughts carried mashed-together impressions of the mind-talking, the sex, and Mitch's large penis, and Mitch felt himself blushing--*well, that's his problem.*

Mitch felt himself reaching the limit of their range. His connection to Ron's thoughts faltered. *But we gotta play it cool, Ron. Promise me. Play it cool.*

*We will. Just promise me this won't be the last time.* Another impression of them naked together in Ron's bedroom and Mitch's erection.

*No way, man. I enjoyed it too much. I want as much of your ass as I can.*

*Know what, Mitch? How about next time we can turn it around, and I fuck you. Only fair, right? I'll show you how good it--*

*I'd like that,* Mitch thought, but distance had already broken the connection to Ron's mind.

## Chapter 2: Scotty

Ron called Scotty and raised the idea of a weekend camping trip, just the three of them. Scotty's family owned a two-room cabin on a plot of land beside a mountain lake, and Scotty had a car. This late in the year, the lake would be too cold for much besides maybe a little fishing; but if the fish weren't biting, the three of them could easily find something else to do. Friday was two days away; right after school they could make the two-hour drive and get to the cabin around sunset.

Scotty liked the idea, and he knew Ron's father and Mitch's would say yes. All three fathers were always



encouraging them to spend more time playing sports or hunting or fishing. A weekend away for a little fishing seemed perfect. Excited now, Scotty and Ron talked on the phone for nearly an hour as they planned their weekend. The world for them was getting brighter every minute.

Ron had not said why the camping idea struck at the last minute, but Scotty knew doing stuff like that was about the only time Mitch's asshole father seemed to approve of him, and Mitch was always looking for ways to get his dad's approval. Ron and Scotty helped as much as they could, because they knew Mitch's father made his life hell sometimes. Maybe a weekend break was exactly what all three of them needed.

Naturally, the next two days passed in a blur. He thought Mitch and Ron seemed more excited than he was, and Scotty almost decided those two were planning something in secret and not telling him. Those sly glances Mitch and Ron kept flashing each other when they thought Scotty was not looking--what else could they mean?

Finally, Friday afternoon arrived. Scotty had a full tank of gas, and his buddies had already loaded their stuff into his car the night before. As soon as classes let out, they all jumped into Scotty's ancient, beaten-up car, which they had long ago nicknamed Mister Rust Bucket, and set off. Naturally Mitch asked, "You sure this old heap will make to the lake," like he did every time they started a long trip in Mitch's vehicle, a recurring joke.

Scotty mock-scolded, "Don't say things like that. You'll hurt his feelings." He patted the dashboard. "There, there, Rusty. He didn't mean it."

The sun was already setting when they reached the cabin, and the temperature was already beginning to drop, chilly but not yet cold. On the trip up, they had decided on one last campfire, so Scotty took charge of unloading their gear and flipping on the electricity breakers in the fuse box, while Ron and Mitch began gathering wood and starting a blaze in the fire pit. Since they had not brought much stuff, Scotty considered himself to have gotten the better part of that bargain.

Mitch was a decent cook, and the meal of hamburgers and roasted potatoes he whipped up over the fire pit tasted great. They talked about past basketball games, recent pranks, events in mutual friends' dating lives, and they stared into the dancing flames.

The moon continued its post-dark climb as they sat by the fire. Mitch and Ron seemed to be absorbed in their own thoughts, with the occasional stare or expression back and forth between themselves that Scotty could not completely read. Well, whatever was going on between them, best he let them work it out on their own.

With all the other lights off, the cabin took on a mysterious air in the dark. Scotty's mind kept wandering as he watched the flames, and now and then some brief fantasy made his cock jump with excitement. He decided he was horny. If he were to sneak off into the woods, maybe under the pretense of taking a leak, would they even notice if he was gone just a little longer than needed for a piss? Would they give him his privacy?--Or would they come sneaking after him, spy on him as he stroked himself? Or would they want to come closer, maybe join in--?

That last thought shocked him. The idea of him jacking off in the woods with his buddies seemed shocking but also strangely thrilling. He had never had such a thought before about his friends. Scotty had loaded his phone with plenty of downloaded porn, but as horny as he felt just then, he knew he would not need it. Embarrassed at his fantasy and his arousal, Scotty glanced at Mitch and Ron. Mitch was oblivious, staring at the fire. Ron had been looking at Scotty as if he suspected something--no, how could he?--but looked away

quickly.

Scotty's mind raced ahead with possibilities. He could excuse himself to go piss. He could say he wanted to take a walk, or make a call to his folks, or--or--Fuck!--He was so horny that just sitting here and thinking about jacking off had his cock hard and about to cum! Was that even possible? Scotty felt as though he might find out in moments.

Ron stretched and stood up. "I'm going to take a shower."

Mitch stood up too. "I better go with you and stand guard. Never know when some wild animal might come along and attack your ass."

That seemed odd to Scotty. Sure, they had seen each other naked in the showers before, and sure, wild animals lived in the woods along the lake, but why would Mitch want to invite himself along to Ron's shower? Scotty decided to make a joke of it: "But, Mitch, who's going to protect Ron's ass from you?"

All three laughed. They had made gay jokes at each others' expenses a fair amount over the years, but tonight something seemed forced about Mitch and Ron's laughter, something that made Scotty wonder if he had stumbled too close to a truth. But Scotty pushed the thought away: *Mitch and Ron?--No fucking way.*

"Well," Scotty said, looking another direction, "you know where the towels are."

The shower was a semi-enclosed space Scotty and his father had built around behind the cabin a few years ago. The water was powered by a well pump, and the water heater would provide maybe twenty minutes of hot water. The towels and their shower kits were in the cabin, so Scotty followed Ron and Mitch inside. The cabin's two rooms did not leave much space, but they had never bothered much with privacy among themselves. Ron and Mitch stood in the center of the main room as they stripped and wrapped towels around their waists. While they were in the process of doing this, Scotty was startled to find himself checking out his buddies' nude bodies: Mitch's chest, Ron's ass, Ron's dick, Mitch's dick. He had seen them bare-ass naked hundreds of times before, but tonight their athletic bodies took on a whole new tone. Not wanting them to catch him staring, Scotty tried to turn away. Whenever his friends were looking away from him, though, Scotty found himself sneaking peeks at them. Smooth chests. Trim, muscular hips. Something about their physical development thrilled Scotty, made his skin prickle. More and more, his eyes uncontrollably traveled down to their groins. He had stolen peeks before in the locker room after basketball practice, comparing his physical development to his friends' and his teammates', but tonight Scotty just could not rein in his curiosity about the other guys' equipment, almost as if something was making him take special notice. Right now he could tell that his two best buddies really stacked up close in the dick department. Mitch looked to have the bigger dick, but Ron had a bigger pair of balls. What would their dicks look like hard? Would Mitch's get even bigger? Or Ron's? How would theirs compare to Scotty's own?

Mitch's voice snapped Scotty out of his daydream: "We'll see you in a couple of minutes."

*Shit!* Scotty thought. Had Mitch caught him staring at their cocks? Scotty decided to try to joke it off. "Okay. But if you two get scared out there all by yourselves, you know where to find me." He knew he sounded grouchy, but he wanted them to leave already; he needed to jack off a quick load and planned to do it while they were in the shower. If they did not leave soon, one of them was sure to notice the hard-on he was trying to conceal in his lap.

"Don't worry," Ron grinned. "If *you* get scared all by yourself in here, there's always room in the shower for one more."

Scotty had to look away. "Might be a tight fit."

Ron cracked his handsome grin. "We're all *real* good buddies, ain't we?"

"Enough with the gay jokes, Ron," Scotty warned, "or I'll decide you mean it."

Ron looked shocked. "Gosh, we wouldn't want that, would we!"

"Okay, you dick-heads, get the hell out of here and go take your showers before I decide to kick both your asses."

"Now who's making the gay jokes?"

"Out!"

Mitch made a sudden grab for Scotty's crotch, but Ron caught Mitch in the middle and bent him forward. Laughing, Ron got behind Mitch and pretended he was ass-fucking Mitch right there. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" Ron faux-moaned.

Scotty continued laughing too, until he caught sight of something harder than it should have been under Mitch's towel, and maybe evidence of a hard-on under Ron's as well. Scotty suddenly found himself fantasizing about sinking to his knees, right then and there in front of them, and reaching for their stiff cocks, and opening his mouth ...

Scotty broke out of his daydream with a start. Where the hell had that idea come from?--And why did it feel so much like something he was almost compelled to really do? No, it must have been his imagination. What else would it be? Still, he stopped laughing and became deadly serious. The little pretend-fucking game was disturbing him in a way he did not understand. "That's enough, you guys!"

Ron pulled back. "Hey, what crawled up your ass? We were only fooling around."

"Well, fool around with each other, if you think it's so funny," Scotty growled, making an extra effort to resist the almost overwhelming urge to look at Ron's crotch. "If you don't get out there and get your showers, I'm gonna beat you to it and use up all the hot water."

"Okay, okay--message received, loud and clear."

Ron and Mitch chased each other out of the cabin.

Maybe this weekend was not such a good idea after all, Scotty wondered. He threw himself onto the ancient couch under the front window. Now he felt too spooked to be horny. His cock had gone completely soft, and he resisted the urge to scratch it. What the hell had gotten into Ron and Mitch? And what was getting into him too? A lot of his thoughts tonight did not make much sense. Why was he so curious about what was going on out there in the shower? What could possibly be going on anyhow?--Some washing and the usual horseplay, probably, just like after every basketball practice, but why was he wondering if maybe Ron and Mitch were playing a different kind of game? All the other times they had come up here to the lake, they had each showered singly, but tonight Ron and Mitch had made no secret of their intent to shower together. *No*, Scotty corrected himself, *not together, just at the same time. Big difference.*

Somehow tonight Scotty found himself practically consumed by fantasies of things he had never wanted to do before. *Fuck*, he thought, *maybe all that shit will go away once I jack off. I'm too horny--that's it--and I*

*just need to pop a load and take the edge off and everything will go back to normal.*

The window over Scotty's head faced out the front of the cabin. He could not see the shower area around back, but he heard the water come on, heard Mitch and Ron hooting about something, probably the chilly temperature, before the hot water made the long trip from the heater to the shower. Scotty looked up and he could see the sky, pitch-black and clear, the barest crescent of a moon, the sparkle of about a million stars. Everything out there looked so peaceful and tranquil. Scotty wished he could quiet these new thoughts, restore his own tranquility. He just needed to jack off, pump out a load of cum, take the edge off these damned hormones that had him so horny and on edge. He just needed to ...

A calm, quiet night. Quiet outside. Quiet inside. He just needed ...

Scotty's cock stretched and thickened in his pants. Something in his head seemed to calm down. His cock quivered, his erection back to full strength and achingly hard now, and his thoughts were calm and quiet, all worry forgotten. Tonight was a great night for a moonlight ... what? Somehow the thought just slipped away before it got completed. He just ...

Scotty found himself standing on the front porch, pulling off his T-shirt, dropping it, then stepping off. He calmly walked the little graveled path that led around the house and back toward the shower stall. He felt eager, but peaceful, not anxious at all. No need for anxiety; just be calm. He very much wanted, needed, to join his friends. He stopped just before the corner, pulled off his right shoe, then the sock, repeated the process for his left shoe and sock. The smooth gravel felt good under his feet. The cool night air felt good caressing his chest and back. Yes, a calm, quiet night. No worries. Just perfect acceptance. He just needed to let whatever was about to happen ... just happen.

Another step, then another. His erection seemed to be stretched out wrong for some reason. Cramped. Needed more room. Scotty paused, opened the front of his jeans, and slipped his pants down and off. Better. Much better. A breeze teased around his bare legs. He reached into the front of his briefs to adjust his hard-on and scratch at his balls. That felt good. He scratched a moment more, and then absent-mindedly took a little tug at his dick. The chilly night air felt good, made his prick grow harder, throb more. Suddenly, Scotty found himself imagining himself, Ron, and Mitch naked together, naked and hard, found himself wondering which of them had the biggest dick when they were all three hard and jacking. Which of them would cum first. Shoot the biggest load.

What was happening to him? Looking down, he saw that his briefs were really bulging now. He had a throbbing hard-on, and he did not even know why. He could hear the water, but he could not hear Ron or Mitch. Could not see them either--he had to round the privacy wall before he could see them, but surely he should be able to hear them? Scotty realized his pole had risen when he had been thinking about his two naked buddies; maybe it had risen *because* he was thinking of them. The realization scared him for a moment, but then that terrific calmness oozed through him again, gentle as the night wind and the starlight, and he realized something else: nothing was worth worrying about. Mitch and Scotty were his two best friends, and they had all been looking at each other ever since they were children. So what was stopping Scotty from just walking around the wall and getting a good look if he wanted? What harm could it do? Why, he could even take off his briefs and climb right into the shower with them, and neither Ron nor Mitch would push him away or say anything about it. This seemed the most natural decision in the world. Curiosity and calmness filled him, defined him, consumed him. Should he take off his briefs, or just walk the rest of the way as he was? He felt a little shy, but then came the thought that he had no reason to stand there modestly in his briefs while Ron and Mitch were romping naked in the shower.

Scotty slipped his briefs down and tossed them aside. There. He felt more natural. His naked body felt good in the nippy breeze. He liked the way the chill prickled his bare skin. He loved the idea of being naked out here in the country with his two best friends. The most natural thing in the world. He smiled and walked the rest of the path with his hard cock leading the way and his balls swinging in the breeze.

By the time he rounded the privacy wall, Scotty's eyes had adjusted to the dark. He was surprised by what he saw: Ron had Mitch bent all the way over at the waist, and Mitch had his hands braced low down along the plywood shower wall. Ron grunted quietly, and Mitch moaned. He could hear Ron talking, but not out loud. Scotty heard Ron's voice not in his ears but in his head.

*You really want it bad, Mitch. I'm fucking you good. Just stay relaxed and let me fuck you deep and hard.*

Scotty's cock hardened further, so hard its throbs were just short of painful. He almost came right where he was standing, as he saw Ron's hips push his erection deeper into his buddy's ass. Ron grunted again, and then gave one heavy push.

Then Mitch groaned, a low animal sound coming all the way from his belly. His eyes were half-closed, as if he were dazed with lust. Somehow waves of sensation seemed to be rolling off of Mitch, and Scotty could almost feel Mitch being penetrated by Ron's chunk of meat, as if it were invading Scotty's own asshole, and he felt his asshole clinch in sympathy. His prick jumped again, begging to be stroked, but Scotty's arms were too relaxed, and he could not reach his hard-on to do it. He stood and watched, fascinated, as Ron's length of meat plowed in and out of Mitch's asshole.

Ron turned his head and smiled at Scotty. *Look who decided to join us, Ron's voice gloated in Scotty's head. Come on in, Scotty. There's still plenty of hot water left.*

Scotty stepped up. The rough lumber of the slatted shower floor replaced the gravel under his feet. Another step, and he was right there beside Ron and Mitch, at the edge of the spray, close enough for the heat from the water to chase away the chill of the night air.

Ron's face was pressed closely against Mitch's neck. *Don't tense up, Mitch. Relax. Just the way you taught me. I've got my dick in you now. Just take it easy. Feels great, doesn't it? You just settle down, and I'll give you a nice ride.*

Mitch made a mewling sound.

*That's right. I'll take good care of you. I'm going to fuck you so good. Tell me what you want. Say it out loud.*

"Fuck me," Mitch murmured.

*Louder. Say it louder.*

Mitch called out, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Scotty watched Ron's hips pump at Mitch's butt. Ron held on to Mitch's shoulders to anchor himself and fucked away, making his balls swing and smack wetly against Mitch's body with each thrust: *whap-whap-whap!* Though he knew he should, Scotty could not look away, did not want to look away. He would never have believed he would be watching his two best buddies fucking in the moonlight, but now the sight and sounds of them doing just that were far too erotic. Scotty wanted to touch his own cock, wanted to fist it until he shot his cum all over them, but somehow his arms would not obey. Instead, he stood there and watched

their bodies move together.

Something in the back of his mind nagged at Scotty. What had happened to them?--And what was happening to him now? He felt confused for a moment before his peaceful calm reached and overwhelmed that last little uncertainty too. No need to figure it out now. He could worry about everything later, when it would all make sense. Too much was going on, and he did not want to miss a single moment of the action. Scotty felt as if he were trapped in some sort of web of sexual haze. He wanted to be more than an observer. The sex seemed more than just the act he was seeing; it felt like something bigger, something they formed together. Scotty wanted to be as much a part of the much larger something as Mitch and Ron were.

Scotty wondered about what he was seeing. Whenever he read a story online where a man fucked a woman in the ass, whenever heard the jokes and insults guys shouted at each other in the locker room, he had imagined that the one on the receiving end of a stiff dick always got the worst of the deal. Buttholes were small. Dicks were thick. Butt-fucking had to hurt, right? He thought Mitch should be feeling some pain, or at least complaining about that dick up his butt. But no, Mitch's eyes were half-closed as though he was in another world of pleasure; he was grinning and seemed to be having a good time with Ron's dick in his ass.

Mitch eyes--something about their dazed emptiness made Scotty curious. "What's with Mitch?" Scotty asked.

*Fuck-trance*, Ron replied, as if he were pulling the words right out of Scotty's memories. He knew the phase. He had encountered it in a favorite erotic story he found online and read often when he was horny and needed to get off quickly, and he had always liked the phrase. Just saying it in his head sometimes when he was fantasizing and jerking at his dick was so erotic; he had always wondered how a fuck-trance would feel, imagining it to be a state in which he was so turned-on that every other concern was obliterated, where nothing would register other than how horny he was and how much he needed to fuck. Somehow Ron seemed to know exactly how arousing the phrase was for Scotty. Ron's voice in Scotty's head curled around that thought and said, *Mitch needs to get fucked. He's in a fuck-trance. Fuck-trance. Fuck-trance. Fuck-trance.*

Yes, Scotty thought, *Mitch's in a fuck-trance. I'm in a fuck-trance too. I need to fuck. I need to fuck Mitch.*

Yes, of course. Everything made sense now--so perfectly obvious!

Ron stepped back, pulling his cock out of Mitch's ass, stepped aside. Scotty felt dazed, unable to focus, his eyelids drooping. Ron's face swam closer, examining Scotty's expression. "Damn," Ron breathed. "That's about the sexiest thing I've ever seen!"

*Fuck-trance. I need to fuck Mitch*, Scotty thought again. *Mitch needs to be fucked. He needs me to fuck him.* Scotty moved closer to Mitch's ass, a nice ass, firm and round and ready to be fucked. Ron reached in, smeared some sort of slick liquid all over Scotty's stiff dick. Yes, Ron had loosened Mitch up, and now Scotty was going to fuck him. Scotty put his hand around his rigid cock-shaft. He eased the head around in Mitch's crack until he found the hole. Scotty had fucked girls a couple of times, something he had never told Ron or Mitch because he knew they had not and he did not want to make them jealous. The ass was supposed to feel tighter than the pussy, but he decided fucking an ass could not be much different from fucking a girl, right? He could do this. He would give Mitch a really nice fuck.

Mitch's hole was snug, but Scotty's need felt relentless. Buttholes were shaped differently than pussies; with the girls, Scotty's dick had slid right in. But the ass was a ring of muscle, and even loosened, Mitch's was still tight, tricky to penetrate. After a few false starts, Scotty had his cock-head and an inch of shaft pressed into

Mitch's ass. That was too much to process all at one time, so Scotty was glad for the quietness that kept wiping away his worries. He could not back out now--he had to give Mitch a good fucking. Wanting to give Mitch the fucking he needed and wanting to put on a good show for Ron, Scotty pulled back until only the head of his cock was locked in Mitch's asshole.

Scotty pushed his cock into Mitch's ass again, working another couple of inches inside. He felt like he could shoot at any second, and he badly wanted to cum. But neither of his friends seemed ready yet, and he did not want to drop his load before they did. Lasting was going to be tough, because his balls were riding up and his gun felt like it was ready to go off. Nothing ever before--not his hand, not the girls--had ever felt as good around his cock as Mitch's wet, warm ass. Scotty realized he had begun fucking without consciously making it happen, and his cock was plowing deeper into his buddy's butt. Scotty wondered if Mitch could take the whole thing, and so he pushed extra-deep, until his pubes mashed against Mitch's ass cheeks. Scotty watched with awe as his prick slid out, was swallowed whole again, slid out, and then sank back into that butt.

In his effort to keep from shooting, Scotty looked up at Ron and found Ron was watching him. *Cum*, Ron's voice said in Scotty's head, a simple message that tripped a switch inside Scotty. His climax was spiraling higher now, unavoidable, and suddenly his cock jerked like a rifle kick as his load began spurting into the depths of Mitch's butt. Shot after shot after shot, and Scotty's eyes were clamped shut, his world became a dark burn of ecstasy.

Coming down, Scotty staggered. His limbs felt rubbery. His cock popped out of Mitch's ass. He had fucked an ass, Mitch's ass, Scotty realized, and he had enjoyed it. His mind had started to clear, briefly, but now somehow he knew more was coming and already everything was going foggy-headed again. *I'm in a fuck-trance*, Scotty thought. *I need to fuck. I need to get fucked. I need Ron to fuck me.*

Scotty stepped up alongside Mitch, leaned forward like Mitch, and pressed his hands against the shower wall like Mitch, stuck his ass backward like Mitch. Something wet slithered back and forth along his ass crack: Ron's tongue. That should have seemed gross, Scotty realized, but it felt great, so he sighed and pushed his ass back harder against Ron's mouth. Scotty's cock, spent just a few moments before, began again to stiffen.

A finger, slick, probed at his hole. *Relax*. Okay, Scotty could try to do that. The finger penetrated up to the second knuckle. Not unpleasant, but mostly what Scotty felt was anticipation. Of what? Of more, he decided. He wanted more up his ass. More of that finger. More than just a finger. Ron. He wanted Ron's cock up his ass. Just thinking that felt scandalous and dirty and fun, and Scotty giggled.

"Scotty, you're such an easy one," Ron chuckled out loud. "Trust me, Mitch, when you snap out of your fuck-trance, you're gonna be real glad I did this my way."

*Fuck-trance*, Scotty thought. *I'm in a fuck-trance. Ron's been fucked before. Mitch just got fucked. It's my turn. I need to get fucked too. I need Ron to fuck me.*

Then he felt the fuck begin: Ron's cock-head pressed up against Scotty's hole. Pressure. A jab of pain, then the sensation became not pain exactly but an uncomfortable feeling of more pressure. He felt his hole being forced open. Why was he feeling no pain? He seemed to be feeling a blankness where pain should be. His ass felt full, stretched and full. Something slid into his ass, slid deeper into him, paused, slid deeper, pulled back a little, then slid in again. Fucked. He was getting fucked. *I'm in a fuck-trance. Ron is fucking me.* Scotty sighed and surrendered himself to Ron's ministrations in his ass.

The quick slide in. The long, slow slide out. His ass tingled and shot sparks through his body. Something

deeper inside him answered those sparks by adding electric jolts. Being fucked felt great. Better than he could ever have imagined. No wonder girls liked getting dicked. How had he not known about this before? Why had he and his friends never done this together before? The idea of Ron's cock inside his ass should have been gross, disgusting, repellant, but the reality of Ron being inside his body and whispering encouragements inside his mind felt so incredibly intimate, so comforting. Scotty smiled and let himself relax into his friend's care. He knew Ron would take extra-special care of him, would make everything feel really good. All Scotty had to do was let himself enjoy it.

Ron said something to Mitch that Scotty was too distracted to catch. Mitch got down on the floor and slid under Scotty. Scotty felt Mitch's hair brush his stomach, which made his torso shiver. Mitch licked at Scotty's reawakened cock-head, which felt good enough to divert Scotty's attention from the pleasure in his ass to the pleasure around his rod. Mitch's mouth opened and he swallowed most of Scotty's cock easily.

Scotty gasped as new sensations jittered along his cock. No one, not even the girls he fucked, had ever sucked his dick before. Mitch seemed a little clumsy, but Scotty could not be sure. Maybe all blow-jobs were supposed to be like this? Mitch's warm, wet mouth felt great, though, the way he darted his tongue around the shaft and then licked the head before swallowing Scotty's pole back down.

A noise from behind and Ron's hands squeezing his hips brought Scotty's attention back to his butt. Ron was getting ready to cum, Scotty realized--had to be!--and Scotty was ready for him to cum, even if it meant the fuck-trance and the terrific feeling in his ass would end. Ron groaned and hissed. His hips slammed forward against Scotty's body. "Ahh! Fuck!" Yes, Ron was definitely cumming, probably spraying down Scotty's intestines with his cum, and Scotty realized that idea was not gross after all; no, he wanted it, wanted Ron's load inside him badly. The thought was so sexy and dirty and exciting that Scotty lost control and began to cum too, spurting his second load into Mitch's mouth. Mitch, jacking himself furiously as he swallowed Scotty's swimmers, moaned around the prick in his throat as he began to orgasm as well.

## Chapter 3: Ron

When I couldn't ignore the daylight any longer and began to wake up, the cold had me trying to burrow deeper under the blanket--unsuccessfully, since the narrow bed in the cabin's second room didn't offer a lot of space for three bodies. And somebody was lying on top of the blanket, dammit, which limited my ability to pull, burrow, and generally hog the covers.

My whole brain hurt, like a sore muscle. I must have pushed my mind-trick too hard last night, but damn, it had sure been fun! After the shower, I'd led Mitch and Scotty into the cabin, and we must have each cum four times before we were done--I know *I* came four times. I don't know when we finally were too exhausted to continue and had to sleep, but it was somewhere in the a.m. hours. I was so spent that even now, waking up, my usual morning wood was only three-quarters hard.

I knew Mitch was going to be pissed at me. Ever since we found out we could both do this mind-trick just a few days ago, he'd been telling me all about how we should and shouldn't use it--he had all these weird hang-ups about it. His telepathy seemed to be best for reading thoughts, tweaking perceptions and emotions, and going for distance. Mine was shorter in the range department, but I was a lot better at manipulating thoughts and making people do what I wanted.

Telepathy. That's a Talent. There, I said it. Mitch and me, we're Talents.



I knew Mitch was going to be pissed off at what I'd done with him and Scotty last night. Mitch didn't mind when I took charge and made him do things he wanted to do anyway, but he would no doubt have a lot to say about me making Scotty join us, rather than giving him a choice and letting him work through his curiosity on his own like we had. But Scotty was super-straight, not gay like Mitch and me; I didn't want to run the risk of Scotty saying no before he at least tried guy-on-guy sex with us. Right then I didn't care what Mitch thought. I just wanted to ignore the sunshine coming through the window, get warm again, and stay asleep a little longer. I'd face Mitch when my headache was gone.

Somebody groaned, and I turned my head. Well, looked like I wouldn't be getting shit from Mitch after all, because Scotty was acting on his curiosity just fine and all on his own this time.

Mitch lay beside me, on top of the blanket. Scotty hunched on elbows and knees over him, face in Mitch's crotch, using Mitch's erection for a bit of impromptu cock-sucking practice. Right about then, Mitch was busy coping with the sperm-jets that were gushing out of his cock and into Scotty's mouth. Scotty's blow was probably awkward as hell--no one gets good at oral sex overnight, or after only five or seven tries, whatever Scotty's count was up to by now--but his suck got the job done, and Mitch was sure enjoying the results.

Chill air be damned, I had to get in on this. I rolled out from under the blanket and between Scotty's legs. I pressed my face to his ass crack. By now my cock was steel-hard again.

"No," he came off Mitch's still-hard cock to growl over his shoulder at me. "Ass is real sore."

*Hair of the dog, best cure*, I thought into his mind, so subtly he probably thought the idea was occurring to him on his own.

Scotty shrugged and went back to licking Mitch's cock, but he lifted his ass and spread his knees, which gave me easier access to his crack. I took that as an invitation, and my tongue slid toward his hole. His abused hole tasted like sweat and something funky. I licked at his hole, his taint, the back of his swaying ball sack. I couldn't reach Scotty's erection with my tongue, but I knew it was there, swaying in the air just on the other side of his scrotum. After I teased his balls a moment, I slid my tongue back up to his asshole again.

Ass-licking was something I'd seen a lot in pretty much every gay porn video but had zero interest in doing until Mitch and I tried it. Now, just a few days after that first time, I couldn't believe how good it felt or how often I was doing it. Mitch and Scotty would probably have been satisfied with doing nothing more than hand-jobs and blow-jobs, maybe with the occasional butt-fuck, but I wanted to try more. I wanted to push some boundaries and try all the things I'd seen in videos and discover all the things that made my body feel good. Lapping away at an asshole wasn't my favorite thing, not by a long shot, but getting their asses licked affected Mitch and Scotty the same way: it felt good and it distracted the hell out of them, so I could slip into their minds unnoticed.

That's what I was doing to Scotty now, licking his asshole, sending little flickers of pleasure along his nerves, and poking around in his head until I found that fantasy I'd stumbled across last night, the one he really got off on. I located it readily, because it was one of his favorites and shone brightly in his jack-off memories. I eased my thoughts around Scotty's and teased him with the phrase: *Fuck-trance*.

*Fuck-trance?* his mind echoed, already quieting in anticipation.

*No.* That came from Mitch, butting in and trying to push me out of Scotty's thoughts. *Let him be.*

I know Mitch hates when I don't do what he tells me, but the temptation was too great. *You sure? I thought*

*back to him. You seemed to enjoy last night too.*

Mitch's eyes widened as he realized I was up to something. *No! Ron, I'm serious. Stop.*

Too late. *Fuck-trance*, I repeated in Scotty's mind, and I grabbed the fantasy and unfurled it and wrapped it around Scotty's thoughts. And not just Scotty's--I ran it up along the linkage Mitch had in Scotty's mind and swooped the trance fantasy around Mitch's thoughts too. Fucker had no clue what I was up to until too late.

*No!* Mitch thought, but Scotty's mind was already sinking into that blank daydream-y fuck-trance state, nice and smooth, and he was pulling Mitch's mind down too. Scotty's thoughts curled up into the trance fantasy, forcing Mitch's mind into the same state. Sometimes Mitch wasn't as sharp as he thought he was, and he never expected me to use his connection with Scotty's mind against him.

*Fuck-trance*, Scotty purred happily.

*Fuck ... trance ...*, Mitch confirmed too.

*Good boys!*

Knowing I was the one who in charge? Knowing I was the one who was going to make my buddies cum and feel such intense pleasure? That was kind of a rush, and I liked it, liked it a lot!

Scotty just settled in, ready to let me take care of everything. Mitch struggled but couldn't find a way out of the trap, not yet. He'd find his way out eventually--or maybe sooner, if his mental muscles were developing as quickly as mine. But for now, I had two obedient puppets naked and still horny and ready to do whatever I wanted.

What I wanted first was Mitch on his back with his legs in the air and me between them. "Lie back and relax," I told Mitch out loud.

Lube, lube, lube. In order for this to work, I needed to make sure lube was liberally applied to all of the holes and cocks involved, which took a little time. That chore done, I tried to guide my cock to Mitch's entrance smoothly, but I was still kind of new at fucking and the mechanics felt a little clumsy. I bent forward and pushed my cock into him, then eased my hips back and up until his sphincter gripped just my cock-head and an inch or so of shaft.

Scotty let me guide him. He got behind me, scooted in close, and began inserting his cock up my ass. I sucked in a breath as his cock pierced into me. I'd seen a porn video in which three guys fucked like this, and I wanted to try it. Somehow I was going to find a way to make this work.

A conga-line fuck, though, proved more difficult than I expected. I couldn't quite figure out how to move into Mitch's ass without Scotty's cock popping out of mine. Finally I gave up on the idea, at least for now; I'd have to check the Internet later for pro-tips so I could try again.

Meanwhile, Mitch still had his legs in the air, so I decided to go for a standard fuck instead. I ran my hand across Mitch's torso, enjoying how his muscles twitched under my touch. I had him stroke his cock a few times as I tickled my fingers along his ball sack as I tried to get Mitch to relax a bit more, but part of my exploration was purely for my own enjoyment, to see what sounds, movements, and expressions I could tease out of him. Pre-cum beaded at the head of his cock, and he shuddered.

I pushed my cock into Mitch again. He pressed his head back and began to buck his hips toward me in need. I ran my hand up to his chest. He shuddered again, smiling at the sensation. I felt his body relax slightly around my cock. He was ready to get fucked. *Fuck-trance*, I thought at Mitch and Scotty.

*Fuck-trance!* Scotty responded eagerly, kneeling beside us, jacking himself slowly and grinning as he watched me impale Mitch. For a straight boy, Scotty sure didn't seem to mind gay sex as long as he was fuck-tranced.

*Fuck ... trance ...*, Mitch replied.

I worked my cock deeper. The sight of my dick disappearing into Mitch's body, hungry and demanding, had Scotty over there hovering near the brink of orgasm. I had to agree: this view of our buddy Mitch, naked and needy and fucking his hips back against my groin, was incredibly erotic. The feeling of his buttocks, hot and slick and impossibly tight around me, made me let out a long, hoarse groan. I had to force myself to go slowly, because my body was screaming for more--more motion, more slide, more sensation. I shifted my grip on Mitch's thighs and slowly continued to rock my hips, thrusting my cock in and out. Pacing myself was hard--I kept reminding myself to go slowly, be gentle, make this so good for Mitch.

But Scotty, jacking off beside us, was much closer to the edge of cumming than I realized. When I reached out, ran my hand up to Scotty's chest, circling my thumb lightly over his nipple, brown and peaked, he shuddered and gasped. I'd accidentally triggered his orgasm. He threw his head back and threw his hips forward. His hand froze on his cock. He shuddered again; his body bucked and he yelped, and the first rope of hot liquid flew from his cock and landed on Mitch's chest and arm.

Suddenly Mitch was rocking his hips to meet my thrusts. And when I looked down at him, he moaned loudly--Mitch's head was writhing back against the bed again, exposing the smooth column of his neck, his hands clutching desperately at the blanket, body working wantonly against me. He looked euphoric. The inside of his head was lighting up with pleasure. I didn't hold back now. I fucked him harder, and it still didn't seem to be enough--Mitch was moaning, the most delicious sounds I had ever heard. I loved knowing I was the one giving him this bliss. I dug my fingers into his hips, lifting him up a little more and slammed in deeper. Mitch gurgled a cry so loud it could have been heard in the next county, and I knew I'd found the right angle.

I wasn't going to last much longer, but I wanted to get Mitch there first. Without breaking my rhythm, I reached into Scotty's head and gave him his instructions. Scotty bend his head into Mitch's crotch, swallowing half of Mitch's neglected cock; Scotty held his head still, let the thrusting--Mitch's and mine--move Mitch's cock in and out of his mouth.

Suddenly Mitch's whole body tightened--and then he was cumming, arching his back, making the most amazing noises. Most of his load went into Scotty's mouth, but some escaped and ran down his shaft.

No way could I hold myself back after watching that, and suddenly my body took over, driving into Mitch, deep and hard, and I was pulled dick-first into waves of orgasm that rolled through my whole body.

When I came back to myself, Mitch was scowling at me. He had finally broken free of the fuck-trance. I knew I'd be getting a lecture from him later. I decided, though, that this fuck had been worth it. Definitely worth it.

I released my hold on Scotty, and he slowly awakened from his own fuck-trance. I hoped that my two best friends were as happy as I was, though Mitch looked kind of pissed and he'd have to get over that. After all,

Mitch had agreed from the start to the whole idea of getting Scotty involved, and using Scotty's fuck-trance fantasy twice now was really a dream come true for Scotty, even if Mitch and I were guys instead of chicks. If we played things my way, we had nothing to worry about, and so much more to enjoy. We were on the way to achieving what Mitch and I had been dreaming of separately for so long. The fantastic triple cum, plus the satisfaction that I was the one to bring so much happiness about, made my legs suddenly buckle, and I fell alongside Mitch on the blanket.

Scotty was straight but he sure didn't seem to mind doing gay stuff with Mitch and me. I took a quick peek into his thoughts: Scotty by now has roused from his fuck-trance but he couldn't figure out just what he was feeling. He felt relaxed, exhilarated, and confused all at the same time. His asshole was itching more than ever now, and he finally understood its condition. Even though he probably would have denied the desire to get fucked, the truth was that he had liked it last night and wanted it--a lot. He was trying to think of a way to ask to get fucked again just as soon as we all recharged our sexual batteries. In fact, just the thought of something going into his ass had Scotty's cock starting to stir already.

Mitch's cock was the longest. Mine, at about seven inches, was in the middle. Scotty's was approximately six but was the thickest; his cock was impressively *wide*.

Scotty was the one who said, "That ... was incredible."

Mitch put aside his annoyance at me, slapped on a smile for Scotty, and replied, "Yeah."

"Why didn't you guys tell me this was going on? The sex--that stuff in my head--wow! Just how much did I miss? How long have you two--?"

I chimed in with, "Only a few days. We didn't know how to tell you about it. You can be pretty stuffy sometimes."

"Oh, fuck you! I am *not* stuffy."

Mitch: "Yeah, you kinda are, sometimes."

Scotty: "Oh, whatever. So you just figured that seeing is believing."

I couldn't help smirking. "It worked, didn't it?"

Scotty thought about that for a second, then nodded. "No argument there."

Scotty looked first at Mitch, and then at me, as if he might be seeing us for the first time. Before this, he really had never thought about us sexually; now he was not only *thinking* about sex with his two good-looking best friends, but he'd been *having* sex with us--and was expecting to have sex with us again soon. Lots of sex, before the weekend was over. In fact, he was wondering if he could make us get hard and have sex again right now.

I shook my head. "Be patient. Let's rest a little and get some breakfast--"

"Lunch," Mitch interrupted.

"Fine--lunch. We've got all weekend, and there's nobody to interrupt us."

Scotty blushed, realizing I'd been inside his head again and had seen what he was thinking.

I poked at Mitch. "You said Scotty would be the one to veto the whole deal. Turns out he's hornier than both of us together."

"Naw, he ain't," Mitch yawned, as if just a few days of more experience made him some big expert. "It's just newer to him than it is to us. He'll catch up quick."

Eventually we managed to get to the other room, where one corner had a stove and a mini-refrigerator and a small table, making it "the kitchen." We had sandwich fixings, so that's what we made. Besides, sandwiches were quick and easy, and all three of us knew we'd be doing something else just as soon as we refueled. In spite of the chilly air, and the lake cabin was always chilly even during the day this time of year--we hadn't bothered to get dressed, not when we were just gonna need to be naked soon anyway, and we hadn't bothered to get cleaned up yet either. Maybe we'd head back to the shower after lunch. Yeah, that thought had my dick waking up. But first, the sight of food had my stomach waking up, and that became the priority.

"Something I want to ask you." This was Scotty, talking around a mouthful. We were sitting around the tiny table. "You said the first time you found out about each other being telepaths was at school, right?"

Mitch replied, "Yeah?" He was talking out loud for Scotty's benefit, and also because both of us had pretty much exhausted our telepathy in the last twenty-four hours. I guess new Talents need time to build up their endurance.

"Well, they have Talent scanners installed all over the place. Weren't you worried about tripping one?"

Mitch went pale. "Oh, crap."

*Crap* was right. The school would have to report the matter to the Institute, and the Institute would send someone to investigate. They were called "recruiters," but basically it meant someone would be coming to haul us off to the Institute for "training" or whatever. How could Mitch and I have been so stupid?

Mitch swallowed hard and looked at me. "Scotty's right. We're so completely fucked. They're gonna come get us any day now, and then everyone will know." I remembered what Mitch had said about some cousin of his getting taken to the Institute, and how his father declared that to be a big family shame. His father was going to shit himself when his own son got picked up and hauled away. Hell, my parents were going to shit themselves too.

Scotty asked, "Scared to have everyone know you're a Talent?"

Mitch shrugged. "Guess I am. Or at least I was. Not much I can do about that now."

I put down the remainder of my sandwich. "They'll probably be waiting for us when we get back. Or when we show up at school on Monday."

Scotty said, "Maybe the scanners didn't pick up anything. Maybe they don't know about you yet?"

I couldn't fault Scotty for trying to lighten the mood, but he was a Normal. Worrying about the Institute had taken on a new level of importance for me in the last few days--probably for Scotty too, though we hadn't discussed it.

Mitch considered what Scotty had said. "Yeah, maybe you're right. If they knew, they should have sent someone already. Maybe they don't know it was us, and all we have to do is never give them a reason to find

out. We just gotta be sharper than they are. Stay one step ahead of them all the time."

I shook my head. "You know that's not the way things are going to happen, right? You know what the law says; we studied it last year in civics class. They won't stop looking--"

"Come on, Ron. Everything will be okay." But then Mitch's smile faltered as he admitted the facts to himself. "Fuck. Compared to the shit I deal with from my dad and brothers, the Institute's got to be better. So what if they pick us up? The Institute's not a prison, right? As long as the three of us are together, we can get through anything."

Scotty didn't contradict Mitch, but everyone knew Scotty had tested out at pretty much flat zero on all the latency scales. That meant he had no possibility of ever becoming anything but a baseline Normal. The Institute wouldn't be interested in him, not at all. Mitch and I would get taken away. Scotty would be left behind. Left to deal with the gossip and rumors and the loss of his two best friends, while Mitch and I had to deal with whatever the Institute was like. There was a lot of gossip and rumors about that too, and I guess nobody but the Talents they'd "recruited" knew for sure.

Mitch tried to smile. "Well, the worst is over now. I know what I am, so I might as well relax and enjoy it."

Scotty asked, "Where do we go from here?"

I said, "Let's get through the weekend first. Discover all the things we never knew about each other. Have as much fun as we can with each other. I'm pretty sure all the other questions will answer themselves in the next few days."

Scotty popped the last of his sandwich into his mouth. "You know what I've been thinking while we've been sitting here? I know it's a long shot, but ... Naw, maybe I shouldn't say it."

Mitch naturally asked, "What? No secrets between us, remember?" Besides, we all knew Mitch and I could pick the idea out of Scotty's head, if we wanted to. But right then, we didn't; we were still resting our mental muscles.

"This is going to sound weird. I know you two don't have too much cash saved, but I've got some ..."

Yes, we all knew Scotty's family had some money--enough to afford this lake property and the cabin and gasoline for Scotty gas-guzzling car, anyway. No news there.

"If you don't tell us soon," Mitch said, "I might have to choke the words out of you with a mouthful of my dick."

"You can do that later, but let me tell you first. My mom taught me it's not polite to talk with my mouth full." Scotty's joke wasn't that funny, but Mitch and I smiled anyway; I think we both needed to break the tension. "They'll be waiting for us at school, probably. That's where the scanners are installed, right? When we get home tomorrow night, what would you say to packing some clothes and hitting the road? Instead of going to school on Monday, we'll just leave. Down south, or up north, east, west. I guess it doesn't matter much."

"We're going to run away from home?" Mitch asked. We all knew he had thought about it a lot the last few years, since he wasn't happy with his father and brothers, but we also knew he wouldn't do it alone. But was Scotty suggesting all three of us go together?

"More like a road trip," Scotty stressed. "Find a place where nobody knows us. We can get jobs. If you two can keep your heads down about the telepathy stuff, we can stay off the Institute's radar."

Mitch looked at me. "I always wanted to go up north. Really rough it in those big forests. Live off the land."

Since when did I become the voice of reason? "There really aren't too many places left where you can rough it in the wild."

"Suppose you're right." Mitch sounded disappointed. "Even out here, you can only go so far before you're right on top of another cabin. And if the Institute comes looking for us, it'd be just a matter of time before they find out about this place and come looking here. We'd have to find some other place really off the beaten path."

Scotty perked up. "Then you think it's a good idea?"

I considered for a moment. "Maybe. Let's all think about it a while and discuss it more later. Right now, I have an even better idea."

Scotty smirked at me. "Oh? I bet I can guess what it is." As he pushed back from the table, he dropped his hand to his crotch and began to play with his semi-hard dick. He stretched his legs out and spread them. "I bet it has something to do with this."

I wasn't going to let Scotty steer the conversation so easily. "Maybe. But what if it has to do with your ass instead? You wanna get fucked?"

"Not yet."

I smirked at Mitch. "Big bad Scotty the stud: he's brave enough to plan a road trip but not brave enough to get a dick up his ass again."

Scotty huffed. "I'll get to it. Just give me a chance. I never could get into anything as quick as you guys. I want to try everything you two have done, but all this--everything--it's a lot to take in all at once. Go slow is all I'm saying. You know, maybe just jack off together, swap blow-jobs, give me some time to get used to it all. Maybe I can watch you two fuck again or something. And maybe stay out of my head for a while, okay? I need to know I'm the one doing this stuff and working through this stuff on my own, without either of you influencing me, okay?"

As much as I wanted my stiffening dick rammed into Scotty's asshole again, I realized I had to be patient with him. I had to think about the long game. Scotty was balanced between his old life where gay sex was bad and Talents were worse, versus his new reality of knowing his two best friends were Talents and he enjoyed having gay sex with them. If we tried to push Scotty too hard, though, things might backfire and he might go back the other way. I didn't want to lose him. Mitch probably didn't either; plus he had been telling me all along that Scotty needed to make up his own mind.

Scotty seemed tense but also super-excited; his cock was stiff now. "I've got an idea, but I don't know if you'll go for it ..."

Mitch of course had to be the one to ask: "What is it?"

"I want to watch you two fuck, but first I see you two wrestle--you know--winner gets to choose who fucks

and who gets fucked."

Mitch grinned at me. "That's it? Hell, I'll kick Ron's ass, and then I'll fuck it!" He stood up and flexed his arms and showed off his biceps.

I rolled my eyes and thought at him: *Yeah, right*. I stood up and puffed out my chest and worked my arms through a bit of a gun show too. We had similar builds. Whenever we wrestled around, we were pretty evenly matched. I was probably a bit stronger, but Mitch was a little faster.

"That's not what I mean," Scotty interrupted, still parked in his chair. Mitch and I looked down at him. "I want you two to wrestle mentally. I want you to do it with your telepathy. See who's stronger and can dominate the other. Whoever gets control of the other first wins and gets to choose whether he fucks the loser or gets fucked by him, but the winner has to stay in control of the loser the whole time. Okay?"

Mitch and I had never really gone head to head in a telepathic way. I narrowed my eyes, considering him carefully. I had the feeling my telepathy was stronger, but I wasn't sure. Hell, I'd never even thought about how to fight against another telepath with my mind. That's probably the sort of thing they teach at the Institute, but Mitch and I were figuring all this out on our own. Either this fight would be over in moments, or it would take forever. I never back down from a challenge, though. I'd figure out what to do somehow. "Okay, I'm in."

Mitch sneered. "You got control of me last night 'cause you caught me by surprise. This time I'm ready for you. Bring it on, Ron! Hope you like the taste of my cock, 'cause you're going down--on me!"

With that, Mitch formed his thoughts into a lance-thing and heaved it at my mind, but I was expecting him to attack first--on the basketball court he has always been an *offense over defense* kind of guy. I thought of raising my mental "arms" to block him, and I slammed his push away. That seemed to surprise him, and it kind of surprised me too. Now that I'd seen him throw his thoughts at me like a spear, I knew how he'd done it--and now that he'd seen me block, he'd soon figure out how I'd done that too.

"Damn!" Scotty whispered. He probably couldn't tell exactly what was going on, but he could see our expressions, and even a Normal like Scotty could probably feel the mental energy flying around between Mitch and me. Maybe it felt to him like a really big static charge in the air.

But I'd think about that later. Right then, I was going at Mitch like a jack-hammer, trying to crack my way into his head. I don't know how he was doing it, but he had his thoughts formed into some sort of barrier that I couldn't seem to power my way through. As long as I kept on the offensive, though, he was forced to stay defensive, which was never his best play. If I just kept up the pressure, maybe I'd wear him down--before I wore myself down.

Mitch's eyes flickered, which was the only warning I had before he came at me. Like an egg speed-hatching, his mind opened and he thrust his thoughts at me, hard and fast. I managed to deflect his jab, but just barely; if I hadn't seen his eye twitch, he might have caught me completely off-guard. I played it hard too: angle under his thrust and smack it just hard enough to knock it aside, then push my own drive at Mitch's head. He realized what I was doing, but too late and he'd invested too much of his attention into his attack--he'd kept only a little in reserve to defend himself. I punched through what little barrier he had left like a soap bubble.

I was in Mitch's thoughts, but I was a long way from being in control. This time he knew I was there and why, and his thoughts twisted around me like a labyrinth made of angry snakes. If I could find his memories of *fuck-trance*, I could win this. He kept diverting me, hiding the memories I wanted to use against him.



Being inside a mind that didn't want me there was tricky; one misstep would let him push me out.

"Damn, that's hot." Scotty. Dammit, I'd forgotten about him. His voice distracted me and I automatically glanced over to see him leaning back in his chair, stroking his erection. *Fuck!* But he had distracted Mitch too.

I managed to swing away from Mitch's latest push and I got a good hold on his thoughts, and I yanked them in the direction I needed them to go. If I could just find a way to subdue him, I'd win this. Just because I had a grip on his thoughts, though, didn't stop them from wriggling. And then, there it was. The memory of *fuck-trance*. I don't know how he'd hidden it, but there it was. Even if I still couldn't find the parts of his mind that I'd used yesterday to put him in a fuck-trance, now I could do the next best thing.

Mitch was shoving me hard, and I was starting to lose my hold on him. I was tiring, and maybe so was he. I put all my strength into one last drive into the fuck-trance memory. If I couldn't dominate him into a fresh trance, maybe I could at least distract him with the memory of being in one last night.

Just as Mitch finally managed to bulldoze me nearly out of his head, I reached the memory and gave it some juice, and the memory of last night's fuck-trance exploded all through his mind, vivid as fireworks.

"So fucking hot." Back in the outside world, that was Scotty talking again, a breathless whisper. He'd stood up, was standing close to me and to Mitch, watching something go quiet in Mitch's eyes. I'd worry about Scotty later--right then, Mitch's mind was vulnerable, and I had to push all the way back in and take control. Getting back inside was easier this time because his resistance was faltering. I found what I needed, and within seconds I had his resistance virtually all shut down; I had his mind officially entranced again and under my control. I won!

And I was holding him too. An inconsequential part of his mind still resisted, but I had everything that mattered, and in another moment I'd have all of him, even that twisty resisting part, dominated and obedient. Mitch's gaze looked glassy, dazed, one of the sexiest things I'd ever seen. There!--Now he was completely under my control!

"Aw, fuck, Ron!--You got him! That was so fucking hot," Scotty said again. He stepped back and looked at me. "Well, go ahead. You won. I wanna watch you and him fuck."

I could have snuck into Scotty's mind and flipped him into a fuck-trance too, and part of me wanted to do just that. I could even have made him think it was his idea. But I'd told him I wouldn't, and I kept my word. Putting on a show with Mitch under my control, though, was a nice enough prize.

I was already naked. Mitch too. I was hard. He wasn't. But most importantly: I was in charge, and he wasn't.

"Talk to me," I ordered Mitch out loud, for Scotty's benefit. If Scotty wanted a show, I'd give him a fucking command performance. I waved my erection back and forth. "Tell me what you think of my cock."

"It's beautiful."

"You gotta do better than that. That's the kind of silly crap you'd say to a girl. Get on your knees, and open your mouth."

Blank-eyed, Mitch obediently knelt and opened wide to receive my dick.

## Chapter 4: Mitch

They all awoke with the sharp sunlight glaring in their eyes: Mitch first, then Ron and Scotty once Mitch began to stir. Sunday morning, after a long, exhausting Saturday night of more sex-play. Mitch glanced out the window; somewhere near midday already, and they still had done none of the fishing they had promised their fathers they would. They had to come back with a few fish at the very least, or they would face uncomfortable questions about what they had been doing all weekend.

"Come on, you guys," Mitch sleepy-mumbled. "Rise and shine. Either of you know what time it is? We've got to do at least a little fishing before the weekend is over."

"Too fucking cold," Scotty grouched. "Let's just tell them it was too fucking cold and the fish weren't biting."

Mitch shook his head. "And then what will we tell them we did instead? Spent the whole weekend playing cards?"

Scotty snickered. "Yesterday we were talking about leaving home tomorrow. Now you're worried about what our folks will think? Are we scrapping the plan if they ground us? Are our dads gonna say, "Sorry, Institute, you can't take our boys 'cause they're grounded for a week"? Bet the recruiters will *love* that!"

Mitch rolled his eyes. "Come on, guys. You know what I mean."

Ron yawned. "Yeah, I suppose we better make a show of it."

They pulled on clothing against the lingering morning chill and, rather than take turns using the outdoor john behind the cabin, ran to the edge of the woods to take a shoulder-to-shoulder piss against a tree, feeling a weird satisfaction that their piss was running down the same tree trunk.

After a quick breakfast, the boys gathered up their fishing gear and set out for the lake. Aside from the chill, the day seemed to be off to a good start, though. After a minor disagreement over the best location to catch the mountains of fish that they were going to take home, they settled alongside the water and set up their poles. Yes, they agreed, they were going to catch fifty fish--no, a hundred!--in spite of the cold, and their dads would be so proud!

Mitch did not bring up their plan to leave home, though he mulled the idea while they sat on the lake bank. He decided they would have plenty of time to talk it over later in the day, after they had caught plenty of fish.

Exactly who got an erection first, Mitch was not sure. As he re-baited his fishing hook, he became aware of the increasingly sexual charge to his friends' thoughts. After he cast his line back out into the water, Mitch turned and saw Ron had pulled his erection out through the fly of his pants and was stroking it, while Scotty massaged a large lump in his own crotch and stared at Ron's cock.

Both of them looked at Mitch and grinned. *We're all thinking about the same thing*, Ron mind-purred, nodding at Mitch's groin, *and it ain't fishing*.

That was the last time Mitch thought about fishing. They fell into each others' crotches, fully clothed except for their dicks out in the chilly air--Mitch sucking Ron, Ron sucking Scotty, Scotty doing the same to Mitch.

Every time that Mitch pushed his face down on Ron's rod, Ron groaned. Mitch felt Scotty's thoughts twitch with the pleasure that the vibrations in Ron's throat and tongue were sending up his prick. Scotty started

answering with groans of his own, and Mitch immediately loved the way that felt on his cock. Scotty also began trying out little tricks with his tongue; now that he had surrendered completely to the experience and stopped holding back, the same competitive nature that made him such a great athlete was driving Scotty to get more skilled and more confident at cock-sucking with every mouth-stroke.

Minutes later, one of those new little things Scotty tried with his tongue shoved Mitch over the edge faster than he expected. Mitch gasped and opened his eyes wide as he started to shoot into Scotty's mouth. His whole body, not just his balls, seemed to be emptying itself into Scotty. Mitch sensed that his friends were about to climax too. He tasted Ron's load gushing into his mouth and felt Ron's mind blaze with orgasm, and then Scotty was cumming too, both of them cumming as hard as Mitch had.

Even after Mitch finally finished shooting, being buried balls-deep in Scotty's mouth was such a pleasure that he did not want to pull himself out, not even as his cock started to go soft.

Finally, Scotty pulled his lips off Mitch's cock. "Damn," Scotty grinned. "I don't know about you guys, but sucking cock is hard work. I worked up an appetite."

Ron pulled his phone out of his pants pocket. "Wow!--It's 2:30 already. We just fucked practically the whole day away. We have to start home soon."

"And we haven't caught a single fish."

"And just what do we tell our folks? That we were too busy sucking cock to check our lines?"

Mitch shook his head. "No, I don't think that'll go over too well."

Ron rolled his eyes. "If we're still leaving home tomorrow to get away from the Institute, I'm not sure that's a big concern. We're still going, even if they ground us, right?"

"Sure, but I don't want to piss them off right before we disappear. That wouldn't be right."

Scotty grinned. "Don't worry, guys. I've got the perfect solution. There's a fish stand at the foot of the mountain, and a diner too. Let's go get packed. We'll hit the diner for a late lunch, and then we'll pick up a mess of fish on our way home. Our folks won't know the difference."

After getting their clothes fastened and straightened, they loaded the last of their stuff into Mister Rust Bucket and drove down to the truck stop diner at the foot of the mountain. The parking lot had more trucks and cars than Mitch would have expected, and they had to park some distance from the door. As they walked toward the diner, Mitch thought back. Had just a few days passed since that day in the locker room? Already he felt as if a century had gone by. Even his walk was different now. He strode with his head held high and his shoulders proudly back. He noticed with a grin that Ron and Scotty had also picked up this very same gait, as if copying him.

They took a booth by a window in the back. The waitress brought them burgers and heaps of fries. While to everyone else in the diner they might have seemed to be eating in silence, they were discussing their plans telepathically. Mitch and Ron fired ideas back and forth, but they were always mindful to include Scotty, sending their thoughts into his head, reading his thoughts too so he could have input into their plans. They were careful to keep their broadcast thoughts reined in closely, so they would appear like three good friends sharing a quiet meal, not a group of Talents flaunting their telepathy in public. They did not want the other diners to realize what they were. But anyway, the three of them would be long gone from this diner soon

enough.

The plan. Mitch, always the organized leader, was interested in determining the details: Where would they go, where would they stay. He had some ideas, but he did not want to go through with any course of action until they had planned it out and knew what to expect. What about money--how would they pay for gas and food? What if they did not like being away from home? What if they did not find a place where the guys felt the same way they did about Talents or sex? If they could not find a spot with more guys who were into guys like themselves, which seemed unlikely, then they always had each other no matter where they went.

Mitch was having second thoughts. He could sense Ron's anxiousness for him to endorse the plan. The idea had been Scotty's, but Mitch was the one who had been considering leaving home for a long time now. Of the three of them, he was the one who had thought the most about what they would be getting into, what they would need, where they could go, what resources they could draw upon. Ron and Scotty certainly would not run away without Mitch--and not just because plans always seemed to fall apart when Mitch was not there to help hold everything together. Mitch also sensed Ron's certainty that all three of them had become inseparable in a completely new way, as friends, lovers, and rebels against the Institute. Mitch was not so sure Scotty felt fully the same way; certainly Scotty loved Mitch and Ron, and he enjoyed the sex they shared, but would he still feel the same once they were out in the world among other people and around girls again? Were Mitch and Ron wrong to sweep Scotty up in this mess, even though he claimed he wanted to come along? Scotty was not a Talent; the Institute would have no interest in him; and Scotty could always go back to his life if he wanted, any time he wanted. Mitch needed to mull these and other factors carefully before he completely gave his approval to the escape plan.

While Ron and Scotty mentally debated some finer point of the plan, Mitch looked around the diner. He noticed the scruffy man a few tables away, over Ron's shoulder. The man kept staring at them as he chewed, looking away, staring again, watching them carefully. Something about the man seemed suspicious, but Mitch decided not to try reading his mind; they did not want to reveal their Talents. Besides, Mitch did not have much experience reading minds other than Ron's and Scotty's--what if he did something to tip the man off that they were Talents? While the man seemed like some type of pervert, he was not doing anything except watching them. *Probably just some nosy local*, Mitch decided, *probably harmless. No need to tell the guys and get them upset.*

"Why so quiet, Mitch?" Ron asked out loud, snapping Mitch back to their conversation as Scotty went to the cashier to pay the bill.

"Just thinking. And you?"

"Oh, we've been thinking too. While you've been off daydreaming, Scotty and I have been working through our next steps. We've got a great plan. We're gonna find us a little place in the middle of nowhere. Maybe build a town and have only Talents and gay guys living there. And we'll all share a great big orgy at the end of every day."

Mitch smirked. "Your own private playground. I can see why I make most of our plans instead of you. You've got some imagination."

"Maybe, but would it be such a bad idea for the three of us to get far away from here and see what else the world has to offer for guys like us?"

"Not a bad idea at all, I guess. I'm not sure about the 'middle of nowhere' part, but it's not a bad idea."

"Glad to hear it, because Scotty says he has some money saved up, and we can pool our camping gear. Be a shame to leave you behind, even if you're a real dick sometimes."

"You just can't stop thinking about my dick, huh?" Mitch teased.

"Fuck you. There's more to you than just your dick, you ass," Ron said, grinning. "You were our best friend in the world even before the mind-tricks and the cock-sucking. You know we can't do this without you."

Hearing things said out loud made them seem more real. Mitch frowned a moment, then smiled, his decision made. "I guess that's my answer then."

Ron's rush of enthusiasm made his thoughts glow brightly. "You mean we go?"

"Sure," Mitch shrugged with a grin. "Why the hell not? School's a real pain lately. Scotty's the only one that enjoys it, and that's mostly for the sports."

"Hot damn! Oh!--And I can keep a chronicle of everything that happens to us along the way. Like those journals all the great explorers kept. Someday the whole world is going to want to read about this great adventure we're starting and everything that happens to us along the way."

"Maybe 'starting' isn't too accurate. 'Bringing along' is probably more accurate. We started it that day in the locker room when our minds--" Mitch stopped, suddenly aware that he had almost blurted something about them being telepaths and Talents out loud, in public, where anybody could overhear. He glanced around. No one seemed to be paying any attention to them--even the pervert-guy from earlier was gone--so Mitch relaxed.

"Damn! I should be writing this all down," Ron muttered. "This would be a fantabulous way to start Chapter One."

"'Fantabulous,' huh?" Mitch teased as they stood up and walked to the door of the diner. "Is that a real word? You been reading the dictionary, Ron? You turning all poetic on us?"

"Fuck you. Maybe I'll be a writer someday. You think the world will be ready for a big gay love story by the time I'm ready to write it?"

Mitch pushed open the door. "I think somebody already beat you to the 'big gay love story' part--the world already has *Brokeback Mountain* and pretty much every James Franco movie ever."

"No, I mean a gay love story featuring three guys."

Mitch snickered and shook his head as they headed across the parking lot toward Scotty's car. "You'll probably write it, all right, but I don't think the world will ever be ready for any story that involves you."

As they cut through a row of vehicles, between an overgrown minivan and a panel truck, someone stepped in front of them, blocking their path. Mitch stopped, and Ron barely managed to avoid colliding with him.

"Howdy," the stranger said cheerfully. "Ya boys're going my way. Can I get a lift to the next town?"

Mitch recognized the stranger as the staring pervert from the diner. *No, not a perv*, he told himself, *just a nosy local*, though he did not know why he thought that. Something was off about the stranger's intense smile, his rough appearance, the jittery way Mitch felt when he looked at the man. What was wrong? A gut feeling?

Why did he feel so nervous? Just a harmless stranger. No need to be nervous.

"Sorry. We don't give rides to people we don't know," Ron growled over Mitch's left shoulder.

"Well, then," the man fawned. "Name's Viper. Nice'ta meet ya. Now we're all friends, right?"

No, something was off. Mitch couldn't identify what, but something was not right. Something was definitely wrong.

"Your momma really named you 'Viper'?" Scotty snickered.

"Naw. Viper's my work name. I'm a bounty hunter by trade."

"Bounty hunter?" Scotty sounded impressed. "For real? I never met a real bounty hunter before."

Viper ignored him, focusing instead on Mitch and Ron. "Now, how 'bout that ride?"

Mitch shivered. What was making him so nervous? The stranger--Viper--was just a harmless coot. *Maybe just a quick peek in his thoughts*, Mitch decided. Then he'd know for sure whether he had any reason to be skittish. Surely he could manage a quick peek without Viper knowing what he was doing--

The moment Mitch touched Viper's thoughts, something yanked at his head. He had never felt anything like it: dizzying, disorienting--something pulling and twisting his telepathy. And he could not break away. He could not disengage or draw back.

"Mitch!" Ron gasped behind-beside him. "What's he--"

*Sleep.*

That whatever-it-was, not a word exactly but a concept, came out of nowhere and hammered into Mitch's mind, loud, the way his military father gave orders that demanded obedience. A powerful feeling of weariness, drowsiness, threatening to drown his thoughts. An overwhelming need to close his eyes and let go.

*Sleep.*

The concept again punched hard into his head, making him groggy, drowsy, sleepy. So hard to resist, but Mitch tried to fight it anyway. What was happening here? Why did his mind feel like his telepathy was spiraling out and being twisted into something else? Why could he not pull back or shut it off?

"Mitch ...," Ron whined, a plea for help.

"I ain't got much by myself," Viper was saying, sounding like he was concentrating on something else, "but I got enough to take down a coupla untrained newly manifested Talents. The Institute didn't want me 'cause I can't read minds worth shit--"

The Institute? Just the word made Mitch panic, and he struggled to regain control of his telepathy, to push back the grogginess that was starting to make thinking so very, very difficult.

"--but I can sense telepaths, and when they ain't got no training, I can twist their shit around and use it like it's my own. You two newbies"--Viper laughed--"are like shootin' fish in a barrel. The Institute'll pay me a real nice finder's fee for bringing the two of ya in."

Mitch heard something heavy, a body, slump against the metal fender of the minivan, and he knew Scotty was out.

"And then there were two," Viper hissed through his smile.

*Sleep.*

"Ron, we can ..." But Mitch could not concentrate, could not finish. His mind reeled. His mouth just would not work right.

*Sleep.*

That was Ron's mind-voice too, Mitch realized. "Ron!--What ..."

"Yer buddy ain't home no more. He's taking a little nap and all his Talent is dancin' to Viper's tune now. Give it up, boy. Ya know ya can't win."

*Sleep, Ron and Viper ordered in Mitch's head together. Sleep.*

Mitch snapped awake. He had not been aware of passing out, but he had. He was awake now, lying in the empty back of some ancient panel van. Plywood floor. No seats behind the driver and front passenger seats. Windows in the front and back, but none along the sides. Where the fuck were they?

Mitch tried to sit up. He was naked--where the fuck were his clothes? And his hands--handcuffed in front of him. He pulled at the chain connecting the cuffs. Too thick and solid. He knew for a certainty that he would never be able to break them.

The van was bouncing, speeding down a rough patch of road. A bump caused the van to jump on worn shock absorbers, and the body beside Mitch grunted quietly. Ron. Naked. Handcuffed too. Ron seemed to still be unconscious, but Mitch saw his eyelids flicker, knew his friend was faking.

Mitch dared not reach out with his telepathy, not after that had happened earlier. Eyes and ears would have to do. Where was Scotty? Where were they? Why were they naked and handcuffed? How long had they been unconscious? Mitch could see little out the windshield or the two back windows from this angle. The trees looked like those around the diner. Okay, so they had not been out long, maybe just a few minutes, and had not gotten far yet. From the way the driver was speeding and not bothering to dodge potholes or rough patches, he surely seemed to be trying to get them somewhere in a hurry.

"I know yer awake back there," came a voice, Viper's, from the driver's seat. A metal mesh, too fine to reach their hands through, separated the boys in the cargo area from the front seats. "And don't get any bright ideas about tryin' to mind-zap me neither, or else--"

Sudden images from Viper filled Mitch's mind. He saw the van jerk to the right, felt the sickening, jolting rush over uneven ground as the speeding vehicle skidded sideways, out of control, felt the bone-shattering slam of metal against a tree trunk, just feet from where Mitch and Ron lay, and the inferno of pain exploded everywhere, and then cold blackness.

What the fuck? Mitch blinked as the world returned to its true self. Was that warning based on Viper's sick fantasy, or a memory of something that had happened to one of his other bounties? Either way, Mitch decided, no telepathy.

Ron's mind-voice whispered, *He's bluffing--trying to scare us. He's trying to get us somewhere in a hurry--can't split his attention between the road and using our minds against us. If we hit him hard, we can take him.*

Mitch considered this for a second, remembering the image of impact, then shook his head *no*. The risk was too great.

Ron scowled but did not argue.

Viper continued yelling over his shoulder at them, half-watching the road. "We could'a done this the easy way. We could'a gotten in yer car, real nice and friendly-like, and I'da influenced ya to drive us right to the nearest Institute outpost and turn yerselves in--hell, ya'da even thought it was *yer* idea, like doing yer civic duty or something! But noooo, ya fuck-heads just had'ta make things difficult. Now I gotta collect my bounty the hard way."

*What would Scotty do*, Mitch wondered while Viper ranted at them. Scotty was the best athlete, used to dealing quickly with opposing players. Where was Scotty anyway? Mitch considered asking Ron, but Ron was busy studying the rear doors of the van--pointlessly, Mitch thought, because they were likely locked, and anyway the van was moving too fast for them to jump out. No, Viper had them naked and helpless for a reason: to keep them cowed, vulnerable, and too humiliated to attempt an escape.

"I've got to pee," Mitch tried, calling to the driver over the growl of the overtaxed engine, hoping Viper might slow down, pull off to the side of the road, open the back, let them out. Not much of a plan, but all he could think of. If they got out of the van, maybe Ron and Mitch could take him, or run, or--

Viper just laughed. "Hold it in, boy. We'll be there in half an hour. If you gotta go before then, well, maybe there's an empty drink bottle back there somewhere ya can piss in!"

Damn!

Why was Ron so fascinated by the rear doors? No, not fascinated, Mitch realized. He sensed a thin tendril of thoughts running from Ron's head to--no, through--the doors. Ron was up to something, but what?

"Hold on," Ron warned, quietly enough that only Mitch heard him over the engine noise.

At first he thought Ron meant *wait*, but then he realized Ron meant *anchor yourself*. But to what? The back of the van was an empty open space except for them and a few items of trash like burger wrappers and plastic drink bottles by one tire well.

Another engine *vroom*-ed alongside and past the van. Mitch caught a glimpse of a car roof through the windshield, cutting dangerously close in front of the van. Viper spat, "What the fuck--?" And then Mitch heard tires screech, the car ahead swerved at them, in front of them--too close!--and the nose of the van tipped down as the brakes caught, and the van jerked to the side as Viper twisted the steering wheel hard to the right. The van bounced over the shoulder, and Mitch and Ron were tossed back and forth inside the cargo area, as the tires left the road and contended with bumpier ground. "Fuck!" Viper swore again as the van bucked and swayed and somehow managed to stay upright.

Mitch saw the tree trunk coming through the windshield and he had half a second to flatten himself against the plywood floor before the crash of metal and glass against wood. Airbags at the front of the van. The windshield cracked. The van came to an abrupt halt, but Mitch and Ron kept traveling as the velocity flung them against the metal mesh behind the driver's seat.



Shaking, ears ringing, not thinking too clearly yet, Mitch raised himself off the floor and looked around. Ron looked back and nodded curtly. They were okay. Viper--Mitch thought at first he was dead, collapsed against the steering wheel and the airbag--no, his mind flickered, so just unconscious, but he would not stay that way long.

Ron was already at the back of the van, on his back, kicking with both legs at one door. Mitch joined him, slamming his bare feet against the metal door, as hard as he could, which somehow hurt less than Mitch expected. Must have been the leftover adrenaline rush from the crash, he decided. The door jumped but held. This was their one way out, so Ron and Mitch kicked again, and again, and again.

Somebody pounded twice on the door from the outside: a warning. Ron pulled back, so Mitch did too. Something hit the door hard; the blade of a crowbar punched into the gap between the doors. The tool moved, and metal protested. Somebody grunted hard outside the door. Mitch shook his head to clear it. The latch popped louder than a firecracker, making Mitch flinch, as the door swung open hard.

Scotty stood there, crowbar in hand. "Come on!" he yelled. "Move! He won't be out long!"

Mitch and Ron followed Scotty, and the three of them scrambled out of the van and up the ravine to the road where Mister Rust Bucket sat idling on the shoulder. Scotty threw open the back seat door on the driver side, then yanked open the front door and hopped into the driver seat. Ron ducked into the back seat, and slid across, making room as Mitch followed him in.

Doors slammed. Tires squealed. They were off and picking up speed down the road.

Scotty had not yet said anything about them being naked and handcuffed, which Mitch decided spared them some embarrassment. Instead Mitch asked, "How'd you find us?"

Scotty glanced at him in the rearview mirror. "I woke up in the parking lot, and you guys weren't there, so I figured you'd gone this way. That Viper guy mentioned the Institute, and the nearest city big enough to have an Institute recruiting office is this way. I knew you didn't have much of a head start on me, and when I got closer, I felt Ron reaching out"--which Mitch realized was what Ron had been doing when Mitch thought he was staring at the van door--"and I knew I was on the right track. I tried to make him pull over. I didn't expect him to run off the road, but it all worked out, and I got you out! You guys owe me big time! I definitely saved your asses today and that makes me the M.V.P. You can pay me back with blow-jobs after we get someplace safe."

Mitch remembered the way the front of the van accorded around that tree trunk, a front wheel nearly horizontal. They had nearly been killed. That van would not be going anywhere anytime soon, but they still needed to put distance between themselves and anyone Viper might summon for help. Scotty steered down turn after turn. None of them knew this area, and Rust Bucket's ancient navigation system was shot, but Scotty thought taking random back country roads would make them harder to track.

"Fuck!" Ron swore. "That bastard took our phones--we can't look up a G.P.S. map!"

"He didn't take mine. Here." Scotty waved his phone over his shoulder as he steered around a bend. "Look up a map site. Tell me where the fuck I'm going."

Ron fumbled at the phone with his still-cuffed hands. "Okay. Okay. Let's see where we are ... Around the next curve, there's left turn; take it."

"Left turn--aye-aye, captain!" Scotty gave Ron a mock-salute and a grin in the rearview mirror. Then Scotty frowned. "Uh, why are you two holding your hands like that?"

Ron held up his cuffed wrists and tugged at the chain holding them together. "Because we're handcuffed. Duh."

"Handcuffed?" Scotty looked at them oddly in the mirror. "What are you talking about? You're not handcuffed. Did you hit your head in the crash?"

Was Scotty being serious? To Mitch he seemed so. But obviously they were handcuffed. Heavy silver-chrome handcuffs like the ones Mitch remembered from those old television cop shows his father liked. Why could Scotty not see--

With his head still feeling shaken up from the crash, Mitch knew he was taking a risk, but he slid his thoughts into Scotty's head anyway. Just a light contact; not enough to distract Scotty from his driving, but enough that Mitch could see what Scotty saw. And when Scotty flicked his eyes off the road and at the rearview mirror again, he saw ...

Mitch saw Ron sitting in the back seat, fully clothed, his wrists held together but no handcuffs. Scotty tilted his head slightly, and Mitch saw the shoulder of his own T-shirt.

Not naked? Not handcuffed? No wonder kicking the van door and running up the incline hurt less than he had expected, thinking he was barefooted. "Fucking shit!" Mitch swore as he broke contact with Scotty's mind.

"What?" Ron asked.

"Give me a minute." Now that Mitch knew Viper had done something to them, made them believe they were naked and handcuffed, probably to discourage escape attempts, he just had to find a way to undo it. He squeezed his eyes shut, searched through his thoughts--and found a *something* that was not quite right. He wasn't sure how even to conceptualize what he was sensing. He had so much to learn about his own Talent and what it could do, Mitch realized anew, if somebody with as little power as Viper could do something like this to him. Mitch concentrated on it: a small little thing, easily snapped. Was the fix as simple as this?

Mitch opened his eyes and looked down at himself. Pants, the hem of his T-shirt. His wrists separated easily.

"How the fuck did you do that?" Ron gaped as Mitch's hands came apart.

"It's easy. Let me show you," Mitch said as he slid into Ron's mind and found that same *something*. Snap.

A moment later, Ron blinked at himself and muttered, "That bastard! That fucking bastard!"

Since Viper truly had taken Mitch's and Ron's phones and wallets from their pockets, the boys had new reasons not to go back home. Viper would know where they lived; he could report them to the Institute or he might even stake out their houses himself. Either way, home was definitely out. Their families were safer without them there.

Ten miles turned into fifty, and they finally had a direction. They passed from one town to another, with wide stretches of farmland or forest filling the gaps whenever they were leaving this forgettable little burg and heading toward the next. They stopped and swapped license plates with another car before they crossed the state line. Since the tags were both from the same state, maybe the owner of the other vehicle would not

notice and report the swap, they reasoned, and the police would not pull Mister Rust Bucket over if its tag did not match the number their parents were sure to give the authorities when the boys did not return home as scheduled. They congratulated themselves on their smart thinking as they hit the road again. They were hoping to reach a mid-sized city a couple of hundred miles away by midnight.

Scotty stopped at an automated teller machine as they passed through another small town and withdrew the maximum it would allow from his savings. The money problem thus was temporarily solved. They had enough cash for gas and food to last several days, even enough for cheap hotel stays, so they would not have to sleep in the car.

They talked about their plan. Now the idea of finding somewhere safe for Talents, somewhere with other gay men, seemed more necessary, more real. Happy as they were with the sex that they had been giving each other, all of them realized that they would be meeting all kinds of guys along the way. Young and older, all colors, and those guys would know a lot of new ways to have sex that the three of them had not even thought of yet.

Scotty seemed less keen on the idea of experimenting with other partners. "Can't we just fuck only each other?"

"Be serious, Scotty. We're not getting married to each other, so we don't have to be tied down to fucking with just each other," Ron groused. "You know men aren't wired for monogamy. It's a great big world out there. This whole trip is our big chance to try new things--learn who we are, what we can do, what we want."

Mitch had taken charge of Scotty's phone and was looking up information, so he only half-heartedly rejoined the conversation. "And we've always got each other to come back to."

"You can't promise that," Scotty persisted. "I don't think I want to fuck other guys too. And what if one of us finds somebody else he likes having sex with more?"

Mitch wondered whether Scotty was hinting he might want to go back to being straight and fucking girls, but he did not look up from the phone. "We'll figure that out if and when it happens."

In simple conversation, the possibility of meeting some new stud who might become a boyfriend sounded too far-fetched. They were on the move; one-time hookups only, and then they would be gone. But Mitch understood something serious might happen. If so, they would deal with it. No sense letting the thought hang over them like a dark cloud.

## Chapter 5: Ron

At some point--well after dark, getting late, probably close to midnight, I woke up, sat up. Scotty was still driving, Mitch dozing in the front passenger seat, me in the back, the music player blasting. I noticed that Scotty was driving with only one hand on the wheel; his other was in his lap, lazily rubbing his crotch, as if he was using horniness to keep himself awake. Now that I was awake too, I could practically feel the throbs of arousal rippling out of his thoughts. Scotty's cock was so stiff and needy. His horniness was contagious, and I felt my own cock start to stiffen. I decided we'd been good boys long enough. We were in the middle of nowhere, still at least an hour outside the city; we'd hoped to be there by midnight, but the city would still be waiting for us if we fell a little behind schedule. We deserved a little fun. Time for a play break.

I leaned forward and slipped my seductive whisper into Scotty's head: *Pull over.*

"Mmm," Scotty moaned as he slowed the car and eased it toward the side of the road. Mitch started to rouse as the tires met the gravel shoulder. Here in the ass-end of nowhere, we could see nothing but trees along both sides of the road, and no other headlights or taillights at all.

*Pull it out, I told Scotty.*

Scotty unzipped his jeans. No underwear. The head and half his cock-shaft were exposed to the dashboard glow. "So fucking horny," he hissed. "What about you guys?"

"Right behind you, stud," I said.

Mitch smiled as he realized what was about to happen--he didn't know I'd initiated it, but he was definitely ready to participate.

Now the car seemed to be filled with exposed, stiff dicks being stroked. All three of us beat our meat in time with the music.

I opened my door, stepped out. "What's he doing?" I heard Scotty ask as I stripped off my clothes and tossed them on the seat, but I didn't hear Mitch's reply. I waded naked into the pool of headlights in front of the car and wagged my dick at my friends, who immediately climbed out of the car and peeled away their clothing too. The autumn night was chilly, but tolerable. Scotty went to the trunk to get a blanket. Mitch came to me and embraced me, kissed me.

I raised an eyebrow. *Say, buddy, as long as you're here--*

*How about a blow-job?*

*My thoughts exactly.*

*You can suck me too.*

*Hell, yeah! When Scotty finishes spreading out that blanket, we can sixty-nine!*

Scotty watched Mitch and me lie down head-to-crotch and begin kissing and licking each other's shaft. "Hey, what about me?" he grumped, stroking his hard-on slowly. "I'm horny too."

*You'll get your turn, came my reply.*

*You can beat off while you watch, Mitch said.*

Scotty complained, "Can't do much else. You sure I can't join in? I'm the M.V.P. I saved your butts, remember?"

From Mitch: *Stop complaining. You've got two good hands. You'll get your turn in a few minutes.*

Me: *Yeah--you'll find some way to keep your dick happy.*

"I thought I gave up jacking off when I started fucking your ass."

*A hand is always good for emergencies.*

Mitch and I began to lick up and down each other's shaft. Scotty was aching to push his prick into someone's

mouth, but he didn't dare interrupt us. He would continue to stroke until Mitch or I gave him the go-ahead by join in. And eavesdropping on us broadcasting head-talk dirty to each other was a real turn-on too for Scotty.

Mitch to me: *Gonna suck you now.*

*Then get down there and suck me, fucker. I'll match you suck for suck.*

*Don't have to tell me twice.*

Our two mouths opened wide, and two throats soon became packed with long, hot meat. I took the lead in using various kisses and tongue-flicks on Mitch's sensitive meat, and Mitch quickly followed suit on mine. Our breaths and slurping noises were loud in the quiet night chill.

"Take it easy, you two," Scotty grumped. "Save some for me."

Me: *Jealous?*

Scotty: "Fuck you. Fuck you both.

Mitch and me in unison: *Maybe later--which made us all laugh a little.*

I pressed my crotch harder into Mitch's face, as Mitch's tongue worked double-time along the shaft of my dick. I forced my mouth all the way down Mitch's shaft, swallowing and humming around the stalk once my nose nestled against Mitch's belly.

Suddenly, too soon, Mitch's body spasmed and crashed his cock against my mouth as he shuddered to a blazing orgasm. That pushed me to my climax point, and seconds later I began my own cum. I almost bit Mitch's cock as my teeth clamped together from the force. But Mitch's fate was worse: my cock dislodged from his mouth, and my cum spilled out all over his face.

Both our cocks were still spurting as Scotty finally decided to take the initiative. "My turn." He pulled my shoulder away from Mitch. "I saved your asses, and now I want my reward."

Me: *So what do you want, Mister M.V.P.?*

"Blow me, Ron. That's what I want. And stay out of my head--none of that funny stuff this time. I just want a blow-job."

*Aren't you gonna give me a chance to catch my breath?*

"Later, after I shoot a load of cum down your throat."

*Can't turn down an offer like that.*

"I said stay out of my head, fucker!"

Okay, no fuck-trance needed for Scotty this time. Maybe he was making progress, though I thought taking absolute control of him with a fuck-trance was a lot of fun.

Scotty stood in the pool of light from his rusty car's headlights, and I knelt in front of him on the blanket. He offered me his erection, and I opened wide, and he practically punched a hole in the back of my head in his

haste to shove his thick cock deep in my throat. Scotty was ramming in and out of my mouth before I even had the chance to get used to the size of his cock. I came off his rod, gagging, and I changed tactics and went after his overheated balls. My sucking at the succulent globes made Scotty moan and press his crotch into my face. While I licked, I reached under the tasty tidbits and ran my finger back and forth across his taint, then up and down his butt slit. Scotty didn't object, so I moved my fingertip in to find his love-hole. Then I paid Scotty back for that face-pounding by jamming my finger right into his hole, up to my second knuckle. Scotty yipped so loud the night bugs stopped their faint buzzing for a moment.

"Your tongue, man," Scotty groaned. "Stick your tongue up there."

I'd licked Scotty's ass last night, or this morning, or both--all the sex was kind of a blur--and he obviously remembered and enjoyed it, so I decided why not? I pulled my finger out of his butt. *Turn around. Bend over and put your hands on your knees.*

"Stay out of my head!" Scotty snapped, but he did as I said.

I spread Scotty's cheeks with both hands and eyed his puckered hole in the headlights. The smooth crack looked too good to be true, and I couldn't resist diving in tongue-first. With one smooth motion, I lapped across Scotty's butthole and again and again, and he instantly threw back his head and went incoherent, moaning stuff like, "Aww, fuck, that's--Fuck!--So--Fuck!--Awwh!" I knew he was trying to tell me how great it felt, and I told him I understood by lapping harder at his bunghole and using a finger to help out around the rim of it. Driving Scotty to the brink of bliss was easy; every time his thoughts lit up about how good something felt, I did that more and then improvised a little for variety.

I caught sight of Mitch, hard again, standing nearby, watching us, stroking himself, swaggering a little closer for a better look, stroking himself more.

I liked the idea of performing for an audience, especially when that audience was Mitch. Again and again, I used only my long, wet tongue, not my mind, to do wild and wonderful things to Scotty's asshole, and Scotty kept calling out his appreciation. My spit-slick finger went into his sphincter; my digit wasn't as big as a hard cock, but it was nice and slippery and it could bend to find all the best spots. Scotty moaned as my wet finger turned and twisted in his anal channel while my tongue flicked around the outside of his hole. I reached my other hand under and between his legs to fist the fat cock that was in need of attention. He pressed his ass back against my hand and face. I used the chance to get my finger in a little further--I was going to get Scotty's ass red-hot and then I was going to fuck it! No way was he going to keep me out of his ass! And once his guard was down, he wasn't going to keep me out of his mind either. We both knew he wanted it, even if he said he didn't.

Mitch stood in front of Scotty and presented him with a hard prick. Scotty twisted his torso around a little more and swallowed about a third of Mitch's long erection. After a few tries, Scotty had Mitch's cock down his throat as far as it would reach, and I had Scotty's asshole filled with two fingers as deep as they would go, and I had his dick humming nicely with my hand-strokes. Scotty's head was sparking all over the place with arousal, Mitch's too, as they go closer to their inevitable orgasms. Scotty's cock was throbbing so hard in my hand as if it was going to burst. I kept working his ass with my fingers and tongue. My jaw was starting to ache, and so was the root of my tongue.

Wouldn't be much longer anyway. Scotty's nuts were so tight and high that he was going to shoot in less than a minute. Mitch wasn't far behind. I slipped my thoughts into their minds, so quietly I doubt either of them noticed. No fuck-trance this time, but I was going to make sure they came soon and came hard. Then, once

they were all worn out and cooperative after cumming, I'd make them beg me to fuck them--I've have my choice of both their asses! Big-dicked Mitch and buff jock Scotty, both begging to be my sluts. Yes, a few little sneaky tweaks, and I had them both gasping and racing toward orgasm. Would they cum at the same time?

Scotty's ass couldn't go any higher against my face and hand, and his cock couldn't get any harder. His mind was ablaze with sensations, and his balls were badly aching. Mitch whimpered happily as Scotty swallowed his pipe in one long gulp and moaned along the whole length of it with his hungry mouth once more. Mitch sucked in a tight, hard breath, trying to stay in control, trying to make it last. Fat chance, Mitch!--Not with me sneaking around in your head.

I did a couple of tricks I'd figured out inside Mitch's mind, and he felt his balls begin to jump even as his body heaved and writhed against Scotty's face. Orgasm lit up his mind. One spurt after another of hot cream exploded through his cock and down Scotty's throat, and Scotty gulped hard. I did the same thing to Scotty, and suddenly he clamped his eyes shut, seeing stars before his closed lids as his climax began and his cum spurted out, coating my pumping fingers around his cock. A little tweak, and the experience of their orgasms stretched out, lasting longer. Instead of cresting and coming down, they both kept right on orgasming. Both of them were cumming long and hard, their nuts squeezing like crazy to shoot out every last drop of sperm.

It was over then, and Mitch pulled his still-throbbing cock out of mouth Scotty's mouth, and Scotty sank exhausted to his hands and knees on the blanket. Mitch fell to his knees too, both of them spent and gasping the fresh night air. I wove my thoughts inside of Scotty's head, and he was so distracted and exhausted he never even realized. His expression went blank. My thoughts diffused through Mitch's head too, and his mind came under my control without even knowing I was in there. There! Two willing slave-puppets for me to play with! I waved my hard-on at them and announced, "Okay, guys, whose ass do I fuck first?"

We didn't make it to the city by midnight after all.

After a couple of good, healthy orgasms, and probably closer to two in the morning, we were somewhere between the outer suburbs and the city itself. I was exhausted from fucking them, making them want to get fucked, making them forget afterward that I'd taken hold of them, and I slept most of this last leg of the trip. I woke up to Mitch using Scotty's phone to navigate. He said he had something to show us, a destination in mind, something he'd planned to do if he had ever run away from his old man and his asshole brothers. Now he wanted to share it with us. Okay, whatever--typical Mitch cryptic talk. I was too mind-tired to peek in his mind to see what he had planned.

We stopped at an all-night burger place for food and a restroom break. Scotty went to the counter to order, while Mitch and I hit the restroom. Only one urinal, and I got there first. I pissed, and Mitch waited his turn. He was doing something at the sink, then running water. I finished, zipped, and walked over, in time to see him drop Scotty's phone into the sink. On purpose. He'd partially plugged the drain with a wadded paper towel and had the sink half full of water--more than enough water to cover and short out Scotty's phone. The screen flashed, and it went dead.

Mitch explained without me having to ask. Scotty's parents had been calling and texting for the last couple of hours, since we were long overdue, and Mitch's asshole dad had tried Scotty's phone once too. Soon somebody would try tracking the phone's chip--if it wasn't Scotty's parents, it would be cops or the Institute. Now that we were nearly to this place where we could stay the night, Mitch said, we didn't need the phone anymore. Time to get rid of it. He dropped the phone on the floor and stomped it to crack the case for good measure. On television, people always seem to know which chip to remove to prevent tracking, but neither

Mitch nor I had a clue. Shorting and smashing would have to do. Mitch dropped the pieces into the trash can and buried the phone wreckage under some paper towels.

Mitch was right. The phone had to go. Scotty would be majorly pissed when he found out his precious phone was history, so we decided not to tell him for a while.

The coffee was mediocre, but the food was great, and we wolfed everything down. Then Mitch directed us to a place that he said had cheap rooms. He had, he said, looked it up months ago, when he was planning where he'd go if he ever ran away. We couldn't stay at a regular hotel--the authorities would look there if someone put out missing persons reports on us, and hotels might enter Scotty's I.D. into a database that authorities could find. Since this other place wasn't a regular hotel, Mitch said, it would be the last place anyone would look for us. Exactly what we needed. We'd come a pretty long way. This mid-sized city was near the larger city we had decided would be our first destination, and we'd reach it tomorrow, but we had to think long-term, had to make our money last.

Mitch made us park several blocks away and walk to this place. That way, he said, anyone who identified Mister Rust Bucket wouldn't know where we were. Five blocks later, well, the place sure didn't look like any hotel I'd ever seen. For one thing, it looked like a warehouse. The simple sign out front had none of the neon and flashy stuff I'd have expected from a hotel, just the name of the place.

Exhaustion made Scotty grumpy, and his question came out like a whine: "Mitch, what's a bathhouse?"

Mitch was already opening the front door and didn't answer. We sauntered into the nearly dark front office, and the desk clerk, a skinny blond guy in his late twenties, called out a friendly greeting. "Hey, guys. I haven't seen you in here before. You members?"

"No, we need to start a membership," Mitch said. None of us had ever rented a hotel room before--or a bathhouse room, or whatever--and he was trying to act cool, like he did this every day. "Can we get one membership and share it?"

The clerk grinned. Man, there should be a law against being that chipper that late at night. "Trying to save dough, huh?"

"Something like that."

"Sure, I can set you up with one membership. Members can bring guests, so the other two can get in on guest passes."

"Can we get a room too?"

"You got it. Just one room? I think you should know there's only a single bed in there. Won't be much room for three of you. You want more than one room?"

"We'll be fine. One room is fine."

The clerk nodded. "You're easy to please. We don't get many guys your age. You guys must be brothers or something." Which seemed like an odd thing to say since Mitch and Scotty and I don't look at all like brothers. We're good-looking in different ways, but we don't look at all like each other. Was he serious?

"Most guys who come in here with together wouldn't dare share the same bed. Guess brothers like you guys ain't afraid of being called queer."



Mitch's jaw stiffened for a moment, then he said, "What's there to be afraid of?"

The clerk nodded again. "You're so right. Long as you know you ain't a fag, that's all that matters." I would have sworn he winked at Mitch. Was this guy just making conversation, or was he being serious? Trying to provoke us? Just joking? I was way too tired to figure this shit out.

Mitch took a second to decide and then said simply, "Yep."

The clerk passed over three clipboards and pens. "Just fill these out."

Mitch took the clipboards, passed them around, and we each started filling out the short form.

Mitch sent to us: *Use a fake name, guys.*

I rolled my eyes. *No shit, Mitch!*

Scotty hadn't said a word yet, but I could tell he wasn't happy. I still wasn't sure whether the clerk was joking, but it didn't matter. Though his comments weren't meant as insults to us personally, the words still hit home for Scotty, and for Mitch and me too, and they hurt. *Queer*, the clerk had said, and *fag*. The guy didn't know how close to the mark he was. He was trying to be friendly, but maybe he had no liking for guys who liked other guys? What would he have said if he knew two of us were also Talents? Would he freak out and call the cops?

While the three of us had terrific sex, I could tell from Scotty's frown and the way he chewed at his bottom lip that he now questioned whether he could handle the name-calling and finger-pointing behind our backs. As a team, and in private, we were proving we could handle pretty much anything life threw at us. But out here where the whole world could see and judge us, well, how was Scotty going to deal with all the prejudice? How were Mitch and I going to deal too? We'd never see this clerk again after we left here, so why did we care what he thought?

At least we didn't have to think everything out on the spot. Our brains were too sleep-fogged from the late hour, having fucked all day, driven all night--and fucked half the night too--for us to come up with anything worthwhile. Scotty looked at Mitch, pleading silently him to hurry this up so we could get some shut-eye. Mitch nodded slightly at Scotty, acknowledging.

"Now," the clerk said, "will that be cash or charge? And I'll need to see your I.D. too."

"Cash," Mitch said, and held out his hand to Scotty. Scotty dug his I.D. card and some cash out of his wallet and passed everything to Mitch.

The only I.D. we had was Scotty's, since that bounty hunter asshole had taken mine and Mitch's. But if we didn't want anyone to know who and where we were--?

*Got it covered*, Mitch thought to me.

He handed his clipboard and Scotty's I.D. to the clerk. Mitch looked intently at the clerk. I felt Mitch's telepathy buzz, but I was too head-tired from controlling him and Scotty earlier to have the energy to investigate what he was doing.

The clerk checked the I.D. against the form and entered information into the ancient computer. "Mark ... Peters ... Five ... oh ... seven ... Maple Drive ..."

None of us was named *Mark*, and none of us lived on a *Maple Drive*.

The clerk handed the I.D. card back to Mitch. Mitch passed the next clipboard to the clerk--with Scotty's I.D. once more.

"Mike ... Peters ..." More typing. Then the third clipboard. "Maurice ... Peters ..." The clerk looked up at me. "You don't look like a Maurice."

"He gets that a lot," Mitch muttered, still frowning at the clerk.

*Maurice?* I was going to murder Mitch for that!

I figured out what he was doing. Somehow Mitch had learned to do what that bounty hunter did to us, and he was doing it to the clerk, making him see whatever Mitch wanted on those forms and the I.D. No matter what the clerk's eyes actually saw, his mind believed whatever Mitch told him he saw, backed up by a powerful desire not to believe anything to the contrary.

"That'll be twenty for the membership, fifteen apiece for the entry fee, so sixty five total. Since it's your first visit and you're all really cute, I'll throw in the room for free--no charge." Another wink, this time aimed at me.

Mitch thanked him and counted off some bills, passed them to the clerk.

A printer sputtered. The clerk handed Mitch something. "Here's your membership card, Mark." He reached under the counter and came up with a stack of three folded towels. Three keys on short accordion lanyards, the kind that go around your wrist, on top of that. He pushed the stack toward Mitch. "Locker room's through there. No clothes, drugs, alcohol, weapons, phones, or cameras allowed beyond the locker room. Leave everything in your lockers--clothes, wallet, everything. The management is not responsible for any loss or theft. You need anything, ask for me. Name's Thomas. Have fun, guys!"

The lock buzzed, and the door popped open a crack.

"Thanks," Mitch winked back as he scooped up the towels and keys.

Towels? Locker room? What the hell?

Beyond the door, sure enough, was a bargain-basement version of a locker room. A narrow space with blocks of tiny square lockers against the left wall, a few ancient benches by the right, and another door at the far end.

I looked at Mitch. He shrugged, started taking off his T-shirt, and said, "A bathhouse is a place men go to have sex with each other, and they have rooms with beds for guys who want some privacy. We can have some fun and try a bunch of new things at the same time."

"Mitch, you should have asked us about this. I know we talked about doing it with other guys, but--"

"You know what?" Scotty interrupted. "I don't care. You got us a room, right? I been driving all fucking night while you guys slept. As long as there's a bed I can crash in, I'm good. You two can stand around talking, fucking, whatever, all night long if you want, long as you do it somewhere else and I get some shut-eye."

We started stripping. None of us was wearing underwear, so our dicks were swinging free the moment our pants went down. Clothing went into lockers. Key lanyards went around wrists. Scotty wrapped a towel

modestly around his waist. Mitch threw his over his shoulder brazenly. I considered for a moment, then decided to wear my towel around my waist too, at least until I scoped out the place.

We passed a shower area where an older guy was kneeling before a black bodybuilder and blowing him. Holy crap!--Guys were having sex with other guys right out in the open like that? And then we passed a dark room with wall-mounted televisions showing gay porn, with ten or fifteen guys having what looked like an orgy! Mitch was practically crackling with excitement, but Scotty reminded us, "Where's our room?"

We found the door number. The room was maybe ten by ten, with a pathetic little mattress barely large enough for one person to sleep on. But I suppose not a lot of sleeping went on in a place like this. That didn't stop Scotty from declaring, "Wake me in the morning," and falling face-first onto mattress. He was asleep before his body stopped bouncing.

Mitch and I eased out, shut the door. His exposed cock was half-hard, anticipating. His eagerness was contagious. If he wanted to do this, I could do it too. At least I could have a look around, maybe more. Just the thought of the sex we were about to have was stiffening my joint under my towel. His thoughts touched mine and we made a pact: This was for the three of us. The three of us weren't married to each other--no need to be faithful, or monogamous, or monotonous. I'd pushed for an experience like this, they'd both agreed, and now for Mitch and me it was about to happen. We agreed--we'd go our separate ways, look around, and take a shot at whatever came our way; we'd do whatever and whoever we wanted, no jealousy, and the only rule was we each had to learn something new to bring back to make our sex life together better for all three of us.

Time to explore. I started off in the shower area we'd passed. I felt grungy after a day on the road and the sex we'd had earlier, and a shower sounded good. Besides, locker rooms and showers were familiar turf. I'd start there and work my way out.

No sign of the older guy and the bodybuilder we'd seen a few minutes before. I had the shower room to myself. I tossed my towel over a bench and stepped under the warm spray. Ah, paradise! I just leaned my head against the wall and let the water drench me.

"Hey," said a voice as the shower next to me turned on. "My shift just ended. Can I join you? You looking for a friend, Maurice?"

Thomas, the guy from the front desk, except he wasn't wearing his staff T-shirt now. Naked, wet, smiling at me. And calling me *Maurice*. I was going to kill Mitch for that.

"Hi," I replied because I couldn't think of anything else to say. "Uh, hi, Thomas."

"You remembered my name. Cool. Most people don't. And you're not really a Maurice either, are you?"

How'd he know? Had whatever Mitch did worn off? "I'm Ron," I confessed.

"Hi, Ron. That suits you better than Maurice. You're not from around here. How'd you guys end up at this place? Just happened to be driving by and decided to stop and check it out?"

I chuckled, embarrassed. "Yeah, something like that."

"You did look kind of surprised when you came in. Guess you didn't expect to find a place like this. Especially when you're a long way from home."

"Yeah. Mitch didn't tell us anything about this in advance."

"Mitch--that's the one who did most of the talking? Are you like him?"

I picked up an image of Mitch from Thomas' surface thoughts, but somehow I couldn't seem to get onto his head; I just skated across surface thoughts; something kept me from getting beneath them. *Like him?*--Did he mean gay or a telepath? Both questions had the same answer, but I hoped like hell he was talking about us being *queers* and *fags*. Even if he didn't like queers and fags, that seemed easier to deal with. If he worked in a place like this, he could at least tolerate queers, but a couple of Talents might be a different matter. "Yeah," I confessed.

"What about your other friend?"

Scotty. "He's ... We're not sure yet."

"That Mitch, he's pretty new at it, isn't he?"

Being gay or being a Talent? Still the same answer, but please-please-please be talking about being gay. "Uhm, yeah."

"Thought so. I could tell what he wanted me to see when he kept handing me the I.D. card, but I could also see through it to what was real."

I froze, except for a little choking sound. "You knew he's a telepath?"

"Well, yeah. What did *you* think we were talking about?"

"Being gay."

"Well, that too, obviously. That's okay. I get it. You don't have to tell me your story. None of my business. We get a lot of guys who come by to check out the place. They swear up and down they're not gay. Then they sign up for long-term memberships and show up every week; probably tell their wives it's poker night with the guys. Sometimes we get newly manifested Talents in here who are on the run from the Institute recruiters too. They're looking for a place to hide out for the night that's off the grid, and somehow they got the idea from some Internet site to try a bathhouse because it's a place that has beds but isn't a hotel, since most hotels got scanners. They think they can handle being in a gay bathhouse for a night, but sometimes it's too much. Too much sex. Too much gay. Sometimes they freak out. Happens often enough that my last boyfriend--*ex*-boyfriend--who has a little bit of telepathic *oomph* helped me learn some mental defenses, just in case. You might meet him later; his name's Marcus. He's good with defense shit. That's why your friend's little trick didn't work as well as he planned, but I didn't know your story or whether the gay bathhouse thing would be an issue."

I remembered him saying *queer* and *fag* earlier. I'd been really tired, so maybe I'd misunderstood? Maybe he was joking or trying to put a few junior newbies at ease by reassuring them they weren't gay just because they came to a place like this? "Well, I'm gay," I said, "and I'm a Talent." Having the words hover in the air like that felt weird, but also right, like things falling into place. "To tell you the truth, we're so new to this queer stuff, we were beginning to think we were the only gay guys in this part of the country."

"Then you'll be glad to see that you're not alone. I think all of us have felt that way at one time, regardless of what it's about. At least you guys have each other."

"Oh, we're not ..." What? Boyfriends? Lovers? Except I felt like we were, no matter what Mitch said. Even though I wanted us to fuck other guys to get some experience, I knew we'd always be connected, always come back to each other. But how the fuck did I explain that to someone who wasn't Mitch or Scotty? "We just share ... Uhm ..." I decided to shut up before I embarrassed myself more.

"Cool. I didn't mean to rush you. Just wanted to let you know I think you're cute. I like your body. And I think it's hot that you're a telepath. I, uhm, kind of have a thing for telepaths."

From the way he was grinning at me, I knew where this was going, and I didn't have to read his mind to know. "None of us ever did nothing like this, except with each other."

"Cool. You can sample things when you're ready."

Now that we were making small-talk, I finally started to get over my nervousness, and I really looked at Thomas. He was gray-eyed, blond, and not bad-looking at all. In fact, seeing him naked and wet, I decided he was cuter than I'd first thought. Tall. Nice smile. A little skinny, maybe, but his lean muscles looked good. He had a quiet confidence around him that I liked too, like a guy who knew what he wanted and was used to getting it, without being swagger-y; his confidence seemed more genuine than the friendliness he had shown at the front desk.

And from the boner he was sporting, he definitely didn't mind me looking him up and down. Thomas was hung like a horse. Much more cock to him than either Scotty or me, probably long enough to match Mitch's, and about as thick as Mitch's too. Thomas' hand reached down to scratch his balls, making his meat bob. A hard-on like his was a pretty awesome sight. That cock could easily rip my asshole open, but I felt comfortable around Thomas--he seemed like a nice guy who had plenty of experience--so I decided his big dick looked very appealing. My mouth and asshole started to twitch just at the sight of it. This time, when I looked back up at his face, Thomas and I both were wearing shit-eating grins.

Thomas' ball-scratching turned into something different as his hand wrapped around his tool and started rubbing it. I watched him play with himself, his hand moving slowly up and down along the shaft. I felt all my shyness fading as I watched. My own dick was now at peak hardness too. I wondered how his cock would feel in my hand, and how his hand would feel on my cock--or better yet, how his grinning mouth would feel on my cock.

"So, Ron, how about we get to know each other better? Why don't you ask me for what you want?"

"Suck my cock," I declared. Purely by habit, I went into his mind to back up my request with a little compulsion to do what I said--and ran smack into his mental walls.

"Stay out of my head, Ron. That's not part of the offer. And I said *ask*, not *demand*."

I could have tried busting through his defenses, but I decided to play nice. I pulled back my thoughts. "Would you suck my cock?"

"Say please."

Dammit, he was going to make me beg for it? Or maybe he was trying to show me that dominance didn't always involve using telepathy. Either way--fine--I was too horny to argue. We'd play it his way. "Please suck my cock, Thomas."

That damned grin of his. "Such a cute young guy like you?--How could I refuse?" He sank to his knees. "Fuck, yeah, that's a beautiful cock, Ron. Do you want me to taste it?" Thomas sputtered through the shower spray, eyes on the prize that reared up in his face.

"Yes. Taste my cock, Thomas. Please."

"Since you asked nicely ..." Thomas placed his hands on my waist, and I thrust my hips forward a little, grinning as my cock banged against his nose, just before he snatched it by the head with his hungry lips and enveloped the first quarter of my shaft in moist heat.

"Oh, yeah," I murmured as his velvet-smooth lips slid further down my rod.

Thomas moaned as he began to suckle on the knob between his lips. His wet suction vacuumed at my sensitive cock-head as he transferred one hand to the base of my shank and his other hand crawled up my flat stomach. The kneeling blond began to feed my bone into his mouth, gulping, slobbering, pushing his face down on it, swallowing inch after inch.

Thomas had some skill!--More than Mitch or Scotty, that's for sure! I had to laugh, amazed at how greedy he was for cock. Now that he had it in his mouth, he obviously wanted as much of it as he could get, and I wasn't saying no. Not only was he gulping three-quarters of my length, but his tongue danced wildly under and around what he'd managed to swallow! Mitch and Scotty and I had sucked a lot of cock recently, but Thomas obviously had years of cock-sucking experience on us. And then the hand he had been running up my stomach reached my nipple and--*ow!*--the way he pinched it hurt and felt terrific at same time. I'd paid some attention to Scotty's and Mitch's nips, and they to mine, but only as a sidebar to cock-sucking or fucking. What Thomas was doing to my nipple was practically a sex act all by itself. Man, the things he was making me feel with his tongue and fingers!--I could barely concentrate enough to memorize what he was doing. I definitely wanted to do those things to Scotty and Mitch later!

And Thomas was just beginning. Moaning and snuffling under the shower spray, he began to bob up and down along my rod, opening up his pink lips wider than I thought possible, and using his velvety tongue to swab and lick at my shank and the bulbed crown. He was bringing me quickly to the brink of orgasm--

And then he stopped. He let go of my cock and nipple and instead chastely kissed my thigh.

"Why'd you ...?" I bleated.

"Slow down. No need to cum so soon. We're gonna make it last." Well, I didn't argue. He stood up and said, "Your turn." While my cock cooled down, I got down on my knees under the shower spray and proceeded to do to him everything I'd just learned. His big cock in my mouth made reciprocating difficult, but I did my best. Thomas sure seemed to appreciate my efforts. "You're doing great," he assured me, and I must have been, because he was shuddering and obviously getting close to cumming after just a few minutes.

But he didn't cum. He pushed me back off his dick, and we swapped places again. Five or six times we swapped, going to the edge of orgasm, then backing off, until my balls were so backed-up they felt ready to explode.

Thomas pulled off of me and stood up, only instead of letting me take a turn sucking his dick, he turned off the water, tossed my towel at me, and declared, "Dry off. We're going to the orgy room. For a telepath like you, that place will be better than any drug you can imagine."

The orgy room smelled like pot and sweat and sperm and was only dimly lit, but I could see that everyone in there was stark naked--not towel or stitch of clothing to be seen. Must have been nearly thirty guys in there, and most of them sported hard-ons, in a variety of sizes. The guys seemed mostly older, ranging from one or two just a little older than me to several in their thirties and forties. They were there for one thing--to get off--and they weren't hiding that.

Thomas was right: the sex-thoughts rolling off those guys hit me hard. My skin tingled. My cock throbbed. I was practically drowning under all that lust pouring into my head. I needed a couple of minutes to look around, get my bearings, find a way to handle the flood of feelings. Fortunately, the other guys were so engrossed in what they were doing that no one noticed Thomas or me just standing there.

Thomas saw I was struggling. "You're gonna be fine. Focus on me. Stay close, and focus on me."

I pushed my telepathy toward his mind, instead of letting it just *be* pushed by all of the other incoming thoughts. I felt the cool blankness of his mental defenses and--somehow I felt clearer, like grounding an electric charge, as if having something to pour my thoughts against distracted me from everything else, even if I couldn't get into his mind. His mental walls felt smooth and solid as ice, buttressed by an interior strength, and I wondered if I could build something like that around my own mind for when I needed it. I sure did have a lot to learn about my Talent. Now, instead of being overwhelmed, I felt merely overstimulated. I could give this orgy room a try. I could look around and really see what was happening, instead of being at the mercy of feeling it.

Couples and trios all over the place. On the furniture, against the walls, and all over the floor. I saw a gray-haired man who looked like he might have been a stockbroker if he had clothes on; he was presently lying on the floor, on his back, with his legs spread. A multi-pierced guy my age knelt over him, feasting on the man's cock.

Right beside them was another couple that looked like a sandwich as they sixty-nined on their sides.

Over a carpet-covered bench, one blond dude hunkered on his hands and one knee, his other leg straight and anchoring him to the floor, as another guy leaned in behind him and munched on his balls. The muncher's head was thrown way back, and his mouth hung slack-jawed, waiting to be filled with the stiff dick that a third guy was rapidly lowering to him.

While I watched, a middle-aged construction worker type walked up to a mid-twenties punk, grabbed him by the dick, and led him over to another carpet-covered bench, where the punk promptly lay down on his belly and spread his ass cheeks, an invitation to fuck.

Two slim thirty-ish guys leaned against the wall and kissed. They were joined by a muscular guy who knelt and, instead of choosing between the first guy's long, slender cock and the other's short, wide one, simply grabbed onto them both and began stroking. The two men didn't seem to mind. As they continued their kiss, one of them reached down to caress the stroker's head.

One guy lying on the floor seemed to be stoned out of his mind. His eyes were closed, and he lay on his back beating his meat. Two other guys with aching hard-ons stood over him, jacking off, obviously about ready to shoot. Then they looked to each other for a signal, and both aimed their cocks right at the guy's face as they shot. I heard their moans all the way across the room as the sensation of two gushers of cum poured through the waves of sex-thoughts buffeting me.

All these and more. Which studs would I join first? I picked a pair of nearby guys almost at random and

started toward them--but Thomas' hand closed on my bare shoulder. *Wait*, he thought, out front where he knew I'd pick up on it. *You will ask my permission before you join anyone, and you will ask my permission before you cum. You can use your telepathy in order to ask me, and only for that. Keep that telepathy of yours in contact with me at all times, but do not enter my mind or anyone else's for any reason. Do I make myself clear?*

Ordering me around?--Normally I'd have been pissed, but something about Thomas' casual dominance comforted me. He made taking-charge seem so natural and so right. I said, *Yes*, and then hastened to add, *sir*, because I knew he expected that.

*Good boy. Have you decided where to start?*

I nodded and told him and asked for permission. He glanced at the guys I'd chosen and nodded his approval without hesitation.

I walked over to the pair. The thirty-something who looked like a marathon runner smiled, happy to see a good-looking young guy like me joining them, and the other, a gorgeous olive-skinned hunk with bleached-blond hair, held out his hand, and I took it easily and let him pull me toward his thick hard-on.

A few minutes later: *Thomas, may I cum, sir?*

*Yes.*

Ahh!--My balls finally got rid of their backlog.

On and on. I saw nothing but bodies moving all over the place, doing just about every kind of sex I'd ever imagined men could do with each other. I even saw several things that I'd never even known about. This stop on our trip was turning out to be a revelation. Obviously the orgy room was the place to be this time of night.

As a few men left and more guys kept arriving, in twos and threes, the party tempo rose. They all seemed to be regulars, judging from the rapid manner in which they charged right into the crowd with their dicks held high. I joined a pair, or a trio. They came. Once or twice I came too, but always I moved on to the next set of men, and the next. Thomas almost always gave me permission, though he steered me away from one domineering man he called *too hardcore*. The flood of sexual energy would have overpowered me if not for Thomas, and even so it still had me so buzzed that my cock never went soft, not even after the times I came.

I finally spotted Mitch. He was on his back on one of the carpet-covered benches. The grey-haired man I'd seen in the shower room when we first arrived hunched between his upheld legs, feeding a long, thin cock into Mitch's ass. Mitch had his head turned so he could suck another guy, and he had an arm outstretched in either direction to stroke the dicks of two others. Four at once?--Go, Mitch! He seemed to love drowning in his new role as their sex slave. His mind had been overpowered; his thoughts were a big mess at the mercy of the horniness radiating off everyone around us. That would have been me too, I realized, if Thomas hadn't offered me a lifeline. Mitch was too busy and too sex-dazed to notice me watching him work. Judging from the way a new guy took the place of the one he had just sucked to climax, Mitch was going to be occupied for a while. I was definitely going to tease him for the next days about letting himself be turned into a sex-crazed slut!

More and more guys for me to join too. I came--I don't know; at least four times? Six? More? My balls were empty, so my last couple of orgasms were dry, and my cock was starting to protest from all the friction, and my jaw ached. The time had to be closing in on dawn, though the dim orgy room had no windows;



impossible to tell. Everything that was happening to me, around me, became a blur. I was tiring fast. In spite of Thomas' help, I could feel myself slipping into an overwhelmed state, like Mitch. I could hear Thomas' thoughts trying to call to me, but I couldn't pull myself back--didn't want to pull myself back. I wanted to let go. I was reaching for another hard-on and opening my mouth when I felt myself submerge lost in a sex-daze, and I loved it. Was this what a fuck-trance felt like? No wonder Scotty loved it! Being overwhelmed felt so intense I could see myself starting to crave it, like a drug. Men and more men, all that virility, and me soaking it in. But I was nearing my end-point.

A pair of hands on my arm and shoulder pulled me back from a pair of cocks I was sucking and stroking. "My turn to have him, guys," a voice behind me said. When I roused from my sex-trance enough to look around, I found Thomas hovering over me, and all I knew was this: I was ready for him now.

I lay on my back with my legs over his shoulders. Plenty of lube allowed Thomas' big, long cock to slide slowly in and out of my sore, reamed-out asshole. In spite of the ass-pain, I wanted this, wanted it badly. Now that I was focused on him again, my head felt clearer, and I wanted his cock in my ass. He fucked me slowly, long strokes, his cock doing a lot of really great-feeling things up inside my ass that Mitch's similarly sized appendage hadn't hit in all the times we'd fucked. I tried to pay attention, because I wanted to make sure I could guide Mitch through doing all those things later, but I kept slipping, fading, then coming back again.

"Stay with me, Ron," Thomas said.

"Yes ... sir ..."

I liked having Thomas so close to me, liked having his face hovering over me. It felt ... comforting and somehow right. Like I'd always heard falling in love should feel, though we'd just met and I couldn't possibly be in love with him, not yet. Thomas bent down to reach my mouth. We kissed. He was good at that too--better than Mitch or Scotty. Man, there's a lot to be said for an experienced lover. I was right to have Mitch and Scotty and I try new guys--no way would we learn this kind of stuff this fast on our own! I followed Thomas' lead, and our two tongues danced against each other. I reached my hands to his chest to explore and do to him some of the things I'd learned about nipple-play tonight. I was determined to show him I'd learned to do them well.

Thomas guided me through a change in position; now I was on my hands and knees on the carpeted bench as he fed his cock into my ass. I looked around for Mitch and didn't see him. No clue what time it was--early morning--after dawn, maybe? The crowd had started to thin out. I didn't see Mitch, but Scotty was awake and had joined us. I saw him on the other side of the room, sitting on a bench against the wall, between the punk-looking kid and the olive-skinned bleach-blond dude. Scotty had his towel clinched tightly around his waist--he was the only guy in the room with a stitch of clothes on. The three of them were sharing a joint; the tip glowed red as Scotty sucked in the smoke. I knew how much Scotty liked pot, though as a serious athlete he didn't indulge in it too often. One of the guys said something and they all laughed.

Then Thomas' cock did something extra-specially nice in my ass that snapped me back to our sex, and I gasped. I arched my back and would have cum, except that Thomas froze and stayed still until my balls eased off. The smell of pot and sweat and cum, the blaze of sex still filling the space and me too made the whole room reel, but Thomas kept me anchored. I'd learned a lot of about sex tonight, and I already felt more mature and manly for it. I felt like I knew exactly what was expected of me. I loved the feeling of his body against mine, in mine, the way his mind felt when I touched it. I felt like I belonged here. I liked the idea of belonging to Thomas. I leaned closer to his face. "I'm really starting to like you."

He chuckled and shook his head. "It's the atmosphere in here. You aren't thinking clearly."

"No, I mean it. I think you're--Ah!" I gasped as he gave a little hip-jab that introduced his cock to my prostate again. "Fuck! May I cum, sir?"

"No." This was the first time Thomas had really refused me, though his playful grin told me he had more in store. He slid his oversized cock out of my ass. "Turn over."

Back to me on my back with Thomas holding my legs high and spread as he slow-fucked me. My erection kept thumping against my stomach, and I didn't dare touch my cock, but even those little taps were pushing me closer and closer to cumming. I looked around for a distraction, needed to think about something other than shooting. What I saw was Scotty, still sitting on that bench and sucking on a joint--it must have been a new one because it was longer than the one I saw before. His erection poked up unmistakably against the front of his towel--pot always did get Scotty horned-up--and the punk dude was kneeling between Scotty's spread knees and was in the process of reaching up and opening the towel knot. The other guy, the bleach-blond, played with Scotty's nipples, then leaned in to lick and kiss the closest one. Well, it looked like Scotty was learning something to bring back to Mitch and me too!

Scotty blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling. Emboldened, the punk dude pulled open the flaps of Scotty's towel like he was unwrapping a birthday gift, leaving Scotty fully exposed, naked now. Scotty's stiff cock bobbed up in the air as the punk eased his mouth toward it. Knowing I was watching Scotty surrender his body to be used by the first men other than Mitch or me, knowing how horny pot made him, knowing he'd soon be cumming down that punk's throat--all that made me want to reach out my mind and--*fuck-trance*--reach out and--

"Ow!" I barked when Thomas slapped my thigh. My head cleared a bit as I glared at him.

*Whatever you were thinking, don't. Stay with me.*

*Yes, sir!*

Now I focused on moving in tune with Thomas' deep cock-strokes in my ass. "I'm getting close," he hissed.

"Not yet," I responded, my turn to refuse him. "Fuck me deeper. Harder. More, Thomas. More!"

Thomas grabbed my ankles and pushed them up, then toward my head. Now my body was bent nearly in half, and that big dick of his could not possibly go deeper inside my ass than it was now. The constant downward pressure made me feel as if I would burst, but I kept right on moving along with Thomas as best I could. I felt like I was being pounded into a sexual heaven where only the sensation of getting fucked mattered. I could tell Thomas was reaching his own limit, and I wanted him to cum--I wanted us to cum together.

"Come on, Thomas; fuck my ass."

And he moved even faster, and faster and faster. His cock in my tender butt felt like it was moving with lightning speed, sending little shocks of pleasure through me. I wrapped my hand around my dick; I wouldn't need many strokes to bust.

*May I cum, sir?*

*First, come into my head, Ron. I want to feel what you feel, and I want you to feel what I feel. You may come into my head to share that experience with me, but only for that purpose. Understand?*

*Yes, sir.*

I felt Thomas' mental wall ease down, an act of trust. I could have done anything I wanted--gone through his memories, taken control of his thoughts--and for a split second I considered doing some mischief because that's always been who I am. But I needed to cum badly, and I didn't have more than a few seconds, and I liked Thomas too much to break my word.

*Now, kid, now!*

*Yes, sir, Thomas!*

Both our orgasms began, his first, and our cocks began to shoot, his in my ass, mine barely managing to pump the last few drops my spent balls had managed to build up out onto my dick-head. Everything got more intense, spiraling higher and brighter, as everything seized up and nothing existed but the pleasure, his, mine, without regard to where who came from or who experienced it. Sharing intensified everything. Upward, stronger, still stronger, cresting, then cycling down, panting, fading, our bodies going limp, orgasm ending, us coming back to the real world. And not a second too soon, because I was just about ready to collapse--no, Thomas was ready to collapse--those were his feelings. Every muscle in his body was sex-loose and aching, and he longed to lie down and sleep. My feelings were the heavy fucked-out limpness in my arms and legs, the sore ass, the aching back, the need to stretch my bent-upward legs. I slid my thoughts out of Thomas' head as he began to pull his softening cock out of my ass. I was already missing the way his dick filled me.

Sleep sounded good to me too. Aside from naps in the car, I'd been awake all night. Maybe I'd just shut my eyes for a moment--

Thomas slapped my cheek sharply but not too hard. "Ow," I protested.

"Before you pass out on me, kid," Thomas murmured, "there's something really important you need to do. You need to talk to Big Marcus." His mental walls were back, but I picked up a mental image of the black bodybuilder. "Then come find me afterward."

Why the hell did Thomas want me to talk to Big Marcus, especially at a time like this? I couldn't tell, but I said, *Yes, sir!*

## **Chapter 6: Scotty**

Scotty woke up on the narrow bed in their bathhouse room. He had slept a while earlier, then gone to investigate the noises that turned out to be a full-blown gay orgy. After sharing some of that punk guy's pot that made him horny, letting himself get talked into receiving a blow-job, more pot, reciprocating with a blow-job, and then still more pot that made him sleepy, he had returned here for a nap while Mitch and Ron continued through the orgy. No sign of them now--they must have found other places to sleep, unless they were still somewhere sucking and fucking. How long did orgies last, anyway? Scotty had not even known that bathhouses existed or that gay orgies were possible before last night. Now, he had learned a few new tricks that he wanted to demonstrate on Mitch and Ron. But Scotty had learned something else too, something about himself that worried him: While he was being sucked by that other guy and while he was reciprocating the suck, he had not given a second thought to where his friends were or what they were doing.

Scotty waited until his post-nap erection faded, then tightened his towel protectively around his waist. He needed to piss, badly, and a shower to wash off the pot smoke and sex-stink would be welcome too. He found the restroom and emptied his bladder at a urinal. Beside the row of urinals sat an ancient bathtub. Scotty wondered for a moment why a restroom would have a bathtub beside the urinals; then he decided, after everything he saw earlier, this was a question he did not want to have answered.

As Scotty left the restroom, he saw the punk-looking guy who had given him such good weed and such a good blow-job. The punk, naked except for the towel slung casually across one shoulder, was leaving--that door led to the locker room, and then beyond to the regular world. "Hey," Scotty called after him, "you got any weed I can buy off you?" Indeed he did, and Scotty followed the punk into the locker area.

The black bodybuilder that Scotty had seen earlier was in the locker area already, almost fully dressed. Scotty was nervous for a moment about someone watching him buy pot from the punk--what if the bodybuilder was a cop? But, "That's Big Marcus," the punk reassured him, as if knowing why Scotty seemed spooked. "He's cool."

When Scotty had been busy getting high and watching the gay orgy go on around him earlier, he had enviously noticed multiple reasons why Big Marcus would be called *Big*.

They agreed on a price as Scotty retrieved the cash from his locker. While the punk, still somewhat high, fumbled with his own locker and pulled out a backpack, Scotty turned to find Big Marcus looking at him intently. Scotty had been an athlete long enough to recognize macho dominance tactics, and he had been trained from an early age not to let himself be viewed as a push-over. He straightened his shoulders and met the man's gaze. Marcus' eyes were dark brown, unremarkable, except something about them fascinated Scotty, made staring into them easy. Scotty found he did not want to look away.

Marcus put his hands on Scotty's shoulders, guided him backward, pushed him down. Scotty sat on a bench. The bodybuilder peered at him and shook his head. "Man, those amateurs really did a number on you. Like bulls in a china shop. I wasn't gonna risk getting involved, but seeing you up-close ... Least they ain't done no permanent damage yet."

The punk asked, "You got enough mojo to fix him?"

Scotty sat quietly. Why were they talking about him as if he were not there? And why could he not seem to think clearly? Must be the residual pot.

"Not all of it, but I think I can help some. Least the mess they made makes it easier for me to get inside his head. The mind's a resilient thing. I can slap a bandage on some of the worst parts, but he'll have to repair the rest on his own in a few days, if they leave him be. Now hush and let me do my work." Marcus sucked on his lower lip for a moment. His fingertips touched Scotty's scalp. To Scotty he said, "Shh. Don't worry, boy--you won't feel a thing."

Scotty blinked. The punk and Big Marcus were gone. Had time passed? What just happened? His towel was still intact. He had a bag of pot in his hands. Wait--the punk and Big Marcus were gone? Scotty jumped to his locker. He fumbled with his key, jerked it open. He counted quickly. No, his cash was all there, minus the price he and the punk had agreed upon. The punk had taken only the money he was owed--Scotty sighed his relief--and the punk had added a pack of rolling papers into the bag as a bonus.

After stashing the pot in his locker, Scotty headed back inside to the showers. He heard water running. Mitch, having emerged from wherever he had slept, leaned headfirst against the wall under a shower spray. Mitch

had seen him naked thousands of times before--Mitch was familiar--so Scotty's nervousness faded. He flourished off his towel, tossed it across a bench, and chose the shower head two down from his friend.

"Oh, man," Mitch moaned from under the spray, head hanging, "I really lost it last night." Scotty turned himself to get every part wet, and he waited. "I just ...," Mitch continued. "So much sex ... I just got lost in it. Maybe the Institute is right--maybe being a Talent is as dangerous to us as it is to everyone else. Maybe I do need training. 'Cause last night, I lost control. I couldn't shut anything out. I came so many fucking times last night!--I probably won't be able to get it up for at least a week."

Scotty did not know what to say, so he said nothing. He concentrated on soaping his arms.

He looked over to see Mitch peering at him. "Why can't I hear your thoughts?" Mitch said. Then his eyebrow rose and he grinned. "Barriers? You've learned to put up mental defenses! You'll have to show me later how you did that." Scotty was not aware of anything being different about himself, and he did not know how to respond.

Before Scotty could reply--"Hi, guys"--Ron shuffled in, looking still half-asleep and yawning. He was naked, followed by that desk clerk, also naked, that Scotty remembered from the night before. What was his name?--Tommy?--Tony?--Terry? No matter. Ron and the clerk seemed pretty tight earlier. Scotty had been higher on more pot than he had ever smoked in one sitting before, had been loose and relaxed enough to allow that punk-looking guy, who really loved sucking cock, to give him the longest, most sensual blow-job he had ever experienced; and Scotty had not given a fuck where his friends were or what they were doing; but later, once the blow-job was over, Scotty had watched Ron and the clerk fucking and felt somehow jealous in spite of the pleasure he himself had just experienced. He watched them now, their casual ease with each other as they moved under a showerhead together, Ron's soft expression when he and the clerk began soaping each other's chest and arms. Scotty blinked when he realized he had seen that expression on many friends' and teammates' faces: *In love?* Ron looked like he was in love. *Already?--With a guy he's known for less than a day?--Can't be,* Scotty told himself, shaking his head under the water spray.

But he knew what he was seeing, and the jealousy was back. What did this clerk have that Scotty did not? The clerk was skinny, lacked Scotty's muscles; not as cute as Scotty either, he thought--so if Ron wanted a nice body, why not stick with Scotty instead of going with the clerk? The clerk's cock hung long, longer than Scotty's, maybe as long as Mitch's, but surely Ron was not *that* cock-crazy?--If Ron wanted a big cock, why not choose Mitch's? Scotty could not understand why Ron, after all his seemingly contradictory talk of them sticking together as a team but doing a bunch of one-time sex with other guys, was so obviously attaching himself to someone who was not one of them. The clerk did something while soaping Ron's ribs, and Ron giggled like he had been tickled and tried to pull away but did not try very hard. They ended up embracing, grinning like puppies, kissing under the water in a way that seemed somehow far too intimate. Scotty had to look away, embarrassed, for fear that Mitch or Ron would detect the from-nowhere stab of betrayal that gashed through him.

"Knock it off, you two," Mitch grouched. "It's too early in the morning, and we need to get on the road."

"Early?" This from the clerk--Teddy?--Tyler? "It's past noon."

Added Ron, "And I have an idea for where we can stop when we get to the city."

Later, dressed, the boys shuffled out the front door into early afternoon sunshine. The clerk checked to make sure the door locked behind them. Ron and the clerk were mind-talking, virtually ignoring Mitch and Scotty,

much to their annoyance. Ron and the clerk must have been shutting out Mitch's attempts at telepathic eavesdropping, because Mitch held his mouth in that lips-pressed-together way he always did when he was irritated.

Ron looked at the clerk with obvious affection, must have been begging him to come along. The clerk looked at Ron and shook his head with an expression Scotty interpreted as wistful regret. The clerk gave them a ride to where they had parked Scotty's car, saving them the walk, for which they were grateful. While Scotty started Mister Rust Bucket's engine--sometimes an iffy task that required a couple of attempts--Ron leaned his head in the clerk's car window, kissing him a last time. Scotty heard the clerk say, "No promises. But yeah, once you have some training, definitely come look me up." If Ron replied out loud, the sound was lost as Mitch hollered for Ron to get in the car so they could leave.

After a detour into the drive-through window of a taco joint, they left the city limits. Mitch and Ron spent the first hour of the drive congratulating each other about all the sex they had had and discussing what they had learned from last night's orgy. Scotty did not add much, tried not to listen to them, claiming he needed to concentrate on his driving, but he felt oddly uncertain about what he had experienced. He had accepted a long, lazy blow-job, and had later reciprocated with a clumsy, fumbling suck, but he had had none of the serial fucking and sucking he had watched Mitch and Ron enjoy. Scotty had slept through the first half of the orgy, but in the time that he had been there, he had still seen Mitch and Ron cum far more times than he could count. *How are their dicks not rubbed raw?* Scotty wondered.

Shortly thereafter, conversation lulled. Mitch nodded out on the front seat, leaving Scotty to do both the driving and the navigating. Ron stretched out in the back seat; when Scotty checked on him in the rearview mirror some time later, Ron had slipped into his own private slumber-land too.

Scotty did not mind that they were getting more much-needed sleep while he drove. He had gotten more shut-eye last night--*this morning*, he corrected himself--than they, and he felt very much wide awake. The weekend, and especially the last twelve hours, had given him much to mull as he drove. Driving always helped him figure things out.

Part of him had been excited to watch Mitch and Ron fuck and suck and get fucked and get sucked so many times during the orgy. But part of him also felt jealous, wishing his friends had been doing those things with and to him, instead of complete strangers. Scotty figured he had better get this worked out in his head before he said anything to his friends.

And then there was Big Marcus. What had he done to Scotty? Were the defenses Mitch mentioned Big Marcus' doing? He had said he was doing something for Scotty's good, but Scotty did not feel anything different about himself, could not sense anything that had been done to him--but would he? What had Marcus meant about damage, and Mitch and Ron, and their lack of training?

While Scotty drove and tried to work through his confusion, Mitch began to dream. Scotty knew because Mitch was somehow broadcasting what he dreamed. Scotty saw the images in his head, like a memory or a fantasy. Mitch dreamed that he was down on all fours, with his ass held high. As far as he could see, a long line of athletic guys with tremendous hard-ons stood waiting, eager to get into his mouth or ass. His dick got rock-hard in his dream. His real-world cock hardened in his pants. *So much*, Scotty thought, *for Mitch not being able to get it up for a week*. Mitch's hand moved to his crotch, and he tugged at his cock through the fabric now and then as he slept.

A day or two ago, being hit by dream images like this would have swamped him, Scotty realized, which

would have been dangerous since he was driving a few miles over the speed limit on the highway. But now, all he saw were the images like something he remembered or imagined, not something that replaced the real world. Still, Scotty's cock stiffened in his pants too, and he debated pulling off to the shoulder for a quick jerk-off. Instead, he poked Mitch's leg.

"Whuzz?" Mitch murmured groggily, blinking, looking at the road ahead.

"You were talking in your sleep," Scotty said, which he considered partly true.

"Mmnnh," Mitch groaned, shifted in his seat, and settled back to sleep. But his dream had ended, and Scotty drove in peace.

Until a few minutes later when Ron began to dream.

In the back seat, Ron dreamed of the clerk from the bathhouse. The guy had erect dicks, dozens of them, sticking out all over his body, and Ron could not decide which one to suck on first.

This time, the onslaught of images smashing into Scotty made him gasp, and the car swerved a bit before Scotty recovered control of himself and the steering wheel. His still-hard cock jolted painfully in his pants. The images seemed too strong and too real, almost real enough to block out Scotty's view of the road in front of them. Was Ron just having an especially vivid dream, or was his telepathy getting stronger? Scotty thought back over the last few days. Definitely getting stronger, he decided, each time Ron used it, like a muscle developing and increasing its capability. Maybe this was what Big Marcus meant.

"Ron!" Scotty called to his friend in the back seat. "Ron, wake up!"

Ron's eyes were closed tightly. Scotty looked at him in the rearview mirror. Ron's hand twitched next to his crotch. He was not broadcasting his dream constantly; the images assailed Scotty in waves, as if the telepathic part of Ron was only sporadically connecting to the dreaming parts, like the way Scotty remembered the family dog kicking its leg every now and then when it dreamed of running.

Another barrage, and Scotty got lost for several seconds in the image of sucking a cock growing out of the clerk's elbow, so real Scotty could taste the salty pre-cum and see nothing but the clerk's arm and the cocks. The vision faded just as the car tire was about to run off onto the shoulder, and Scotty jerked the wheel back into the lane. Fortunately the road was almost deserted.

Scotty slowed, then pulled over, hoping either to wake Ron or at least get the car to a safe point before the next dream-tide came.

Mitch sat up and blinked. "Fuck, I was having the strangest dream."

"That guy from the bathhouse? Body covered in dicks?"

"Yeah! How'd you know?"

"That's not your dream. It's Ron's." Scotty brought the car to a full stop. "You see what he's doing?"

"Yeah," Mitch said, distracted. He had turned to look into the back seat, was perhaps looking into Ron's mind.

"Look, you're both driving me nuts with these sex dreams. Why don't you climb in the back seat and help him out. We both know what he's dreaming of, and you've been having the same kind of dreams. Maybe popping

a load will dial you both down for a little while."

Mitch smirked. "You gonna be able to keep your eyes on the road?"

"Don't worry about me. You two have a good time. Just try to keep him from blasting out to the whole world while you play, okay?"

Mitch looked back at their friend. "Man, Ron's really deep asleep."

"Then wake him up, dummy."

"I guess I'll have to do it the old-fashioned way."

"Whatever. Just get on with it."

Mitch pulled off his T-shirt, unzipped his pants, and pushed them to his ankles. Once his feet were free, he climbed into the back as Scotty had suggested. Scotty opened his pants, lifted his hips off the seat, and slid his pants to his mid-thigh, freeing his cock, because he knew what was coming, knew he would not be able to stop it, and wanted to be ready. This way he would not cum inside his pants. Nothing worse than a big sticky wet spot in his pants. He turned the rearview mirror so he could see better. *Might as well enjoy the show*, he thought.

*Pervert*, Mitch sent back, and Scotty blushed, having not intended for Mitch to catch his thought.

Ron was sleeping with his back leaning against the door, his head tilted face up, mouth cracked open. Mitch took advantage of that by sliding his finger between Ron's lips. Ron's mouth closed around Mitch's finger and he sucked as Mitch slid it back and forth like a penis.

Then Mitch pushed his finger in farther, and Ron work up gagging and sputtering. "You fucking bastard!" Ron barked, while Mitch laughed.

"What's the matter? Didn't it taste as good as the one you were dreaming about?"

"I'll teach you not to wake me up like that!"

Ron and Mitch wrestled in the back seat, rolled and pushed, squirming against each other and tickling each other. The only way Scotty could tell them apart was by which body parts in the squirming mass were clothed and which were bare skin. Then Ron's T-shirt went flying, and a shoe, then another. "Now you're really gonna learn a lesson," Ron swore. Telepathy flared--Scotty could not identify whose, perhaps both's, and he gasped. Mitch's body seemed to be on top and Mitch looked angry, but Scotty knew better. That pissed expression was all part of Mitch's act.

Ron resurfaced, and tossed his pants into the front passenger seat. Now he was on top of Mitch, slapping a hand on either side of his friend's skull and holding his head still. "Mitch, you fucker!--I swear I'm gonna--!"

"Oooh, is that supposed to be a threat?"

"You're about to find out, you giant ass! Now lick my asshole!"

In the confines of the back seat, Ron managed to get his butt into Mitch's face. At once he began to lower his cheeks down onto his friend's waiting face. Mitch snickered as Ron fumbled through trying to press his butt



closer to Mitch's face.

"Lick my asshole, dammit!"

Scotty could not see Mitch's head underneath Ron's ass, but from all their sex-play this past weekend he remembered well what Ron's asshole looked like close-up--or at least, what it had looked before the clerk's monster cock probably wrecked it for eternity. Scotty saw Mitch's busy arms move; Mitch was not trying to get free but instead gripped Ron's ass cheeks, spreading them.

Ron ground his ass against Mitch's face mercilessly, grabbing the hair on his head and yanking at it with a growled demand whenever he felt that Mitch was not lapping hard enough, deep enough. But Ron did not have to do that often, because Mitch seemed to be working hard to please him. Probably, Scotty realized, Mitch knew damn well that in a few minutes he would get his turn, and he wanted to make sure Ron owed him a great ass-licking.

What Scotty expected was happening. Even these new mental defenses he supposedly had were not able to hold back the point-blank bursts. Accompanied by the sound of Mitch tongue-washing his friend's ass came the wildly erotic sensations Ron could not seem to stop broadcasting. Scotty gasped as the waves, steadier now, washed through him, and his cock stiffened and throbbed. With his buddies going at each other like that and with himself lost in the sex-feelings, everything felt right, but nothing felt like Scotty.

He tried to fight back the sensations Ron was sending. He popped open the car door and staggered out, needing some distance. Yes, distance made these waves easier to resist. His cock bobbed as he hobbled, shackled by his half-lowered pants, toward the front of the idling car.

Why did they need other guys? Scotty had little interest in other men. He only wanted sex with Mitch and Ron. The three of them could easily give each other all the sexual thrills they could possibly need. How could he convince Mitch and Ron to keep the play among just the three of them? Maybe this desire to sample other men was temporary; maybe once Mitch and Ron had some experience, they would naturally come back to an arrangement that closed around just the three of them? Scotty remembered the way Mitch and Ron threw themselves into guy after guy during the orgy, topping, bottoming, sucking, fucking, and more that he had never imagined before. Would they be willing to give that all up just because Scotty asked? Probably not, he admitted to himself. He knew they would not stay together if they kept having sex with other men--last night at the bathhouse had proved it--they would be pulled in too many directions. Scotty had already seen it happening with Ron and that clerk. Just a matter of time. Promising each other they would stay together had been easier before, when Mitch and Ron had not yet known what they were missing.

The next wave of sexual pleasure that breached his mind caused Scotty's legs to give way, and he sank to the graveled shoulder. His pants bunched around his knees prevented injury, but Scotty did not care.

"Aw, yeah! Suck it, man; suck it," he heard Ron cry.

Scotty grabbed his stiff rod and stroked it--fast, efficient strokes. He felt the world begin to shudder as Ron started another one of his crashing orgasms. Scotty gasped. His body lurched forward, and he began to cum hard himself, spurting his sperm across the gravel.

He knelt there, panting. The intensity of the orgasm that had overcame him both thrilled and scared him. The sensations felt great, better than anything he had ever felt when masturbating, and they made everything bad go away, at least temporarily, but he had begun to worry about how he might begin to crave them, become addicted to them, like a drug or worse.

Scotty did not want other men. The only guys he wanted to have sex with were Mitch and Ron, and in the last few hours even that had begun to turn scary as their telepathy made the sex more and more intense, easier to get lost in, harder to come back from. Why did his buddies want sex with strangers who did not know or understand them? What would happen if they got involved with others who wanted different things, pulled the three friends in different directions, and what would happen if Scotty found himself all alone? But if things kept getting more intense emotionally and mentally, did Scotty want to remain part of it himself?--Did he need to pull back to preserve himself, to hold on to something that was Scotty himself and not what his friends said he should be? What would happen if Big Marcus was right and the combination of sex and telepathy caused Mitch or Ron to burn out something in him, like an overloaded electrical circuit?--The thought made him nervous.

Scotty would have to answer these questions soon, because they would be entering the big city shortly. This morning in the showers Ron had told them about a place in the city, a combination hotel and apartment building that was clothing-optional and catered to gay men. And damn it all, Mitch had agreed with Ron that staying there for the night or two was a great idea. Scotty supposed he would have to get used to being outvoted two to one.

Scotty wiped the cum off his hand on a patch of grass. The situation in the car seemed to have quieted down. Scotty stood up, pulled his pants up. Time to get back on the road.

Scotty had half made up his mind to drive right past the exit where he was supposed to turn off. Night was coming down on them pretty fast now and he was really tired, if he accidentally-on-purpose missed the turn, they would have no choice but to go on, find someplace else to stay the night, someplace that was bound to have fewer gay men--and be safer for all of them.

"Hey, slow down, or you'll miss the turn," Ron snapped from the back seat.

Scotty flicked his eyes at them in the mirror. Mitch and Ron--shirts still off but pants on--had been sitting in the back seat, intently mind-debating something for the last several miles without involving Scotty in the discussion. Whatever argument they seemed to be having, Ron seemed to be winning. Mitch had a faraway expression--similar, Scotty thought as he glanced in the rearview mirror, to when Ron had won at the mind-wrestling back at the cabin. Maybe they had been testing their telepathy against each other's again? If so, Scotty had not felt the backwash that he normally did. Scotty could not decide whether he was annoyed at being left out or happy to have been excluded. He had been hoping they were not paying attention to the exit signs. He sighed and tried for an innocent-sounding tone. "What turn?"

"Don't be a jerk. The next exit is the one we take to get to the hotel I told you about."

"It's still early. Why don't we drive on a little further?"

"What are you talking about, Scotty? I thought we decided ..."

"I know what's bugging him," Mitch taunted, rejoining the conversation. "He must be turning straight again, and he's afraid to stay at a gay hotel. He's afraid they'll try to have sex with him and bust his gay cherry ... again." Mitch and Ron laughed. Sometimes, like now, Ron seemed to bring out the worst in Mitch.

"Is that it?" Ron grinned, though his voice sounded accusatory. "That gay cherry's long gone, Scotty-boy. When I saw you at the orgy, you had your cock down a guy's throat and later you had a mouthful of cock yourself."

Ever since Big Marcus had done something to his head, Scotty felt more like himself--the Scotty from before this weekend, at least--and he knew Mitch and Ron were having more difficulty reading his thoughts. They had said nothing about that so far, aside from a few snippy comments like these, but sometime soon one or both of them would decide to barge into Scotty's mind to investigate. Right now, driving kept him safe from their intrusions, mostly, since they knew not to distract him. Their wisecracks were just that, though maybe not far off the mark, Scotty thought. Best to laugh it off if he could, before Ron's mean streak kicked in.

Scotty shook his head and tried to smile and a light tone. "That was different. I was fucking stoned. You know how horny pot makes me. Couldn't help myself."

"Fuck that!" Ron spat back, his aggressive side threatening to turn the conversation into an argument. "You wouldn't have done it if you really didn't want to. You just keep it all bottled up inside of you."

"No, I--" Scotty took a deep breath. He decided to be serious and just tell them what he thought, while driving kept him more or less safe from their telepathic intrusions. "Look, guys, I just don't want the three of us to get broken up."

Mitch clasped his hands over his heart and rolled moonstruck eyes at the sky. "Listen to that. He sounds like he's in love." Yeah, Ron really brought out Mitch's pissy side sometimes.

"In love with you and me," Ron groaned, mimicking Mitch's skyward expression, "except he's not really gay like us." Ron looked at Scotty in the mirror. "Listen, I thought we had an agreement. We're going to try everything that comes our way, right?"

"That was okay with me before," Scotty tried, unsure how to persuade them. "But now, everything's ..."

Ron's voice turned serious. "All right, Scotty, I'll lay it out plain and simple for you. Mitch and I have been talking about this, and we want to keep trying other guys. We like it, and we're having fun. Either you go along with the agreement, or we'll put you on a bus for home."

"You can't do that, Ron. Tell him, Mitch. Rusty is my car, and besides--"

"Like hell I can't," Ron snapped. "You're not a telepath. The Institute wouldn't be interested in you. The only reason we brought you along was because you're our friend. But you've been holding us back from the very beginning, and maybe we'll do better without you."

"I won't go back, Ron. Please, Mitch--tell him."

No," Mitch said, scowling, "Ron's right, Scotty. That's the way it is. You have to go along to come along. Understand?"

"I--" Scotty shut his mouth, stunned. He knew he would never be able to persuade them. Ron had a vicious side and he liked to push boundaries, see how much he could get away with. Somehow he had talked Mitch into backing him, and the two of them were quite capable of doing anything they said. Scotty opened his mouth, then shut it again. What should he say? The alternative was to leave his friends behind, and they might need him again, like earlier when that bounty hunter had found them. Scotty could not--would not--abandon them. Was all of them having sex with other guys a price he was willing to pay? He loved Mitch and Ron. Was their friendship worth it? Were the three of them together more important than Scotty by himself? He thought for a moment and decided. "Okay."

Ron leaned closer. "Yeah? No more arguments, then?"

Scotty nodded. "No more."

Well, if those two wanted him to be a wild fucker, then that was exactly what, and who, he was going to be. *I'll show them!* Scotty decided, no longer caring whether they picked up on his thoughts or not. He would have sex with so many men that Mitch and Ron would not see him for days and days. They would be so jealous. He would have so much sex with other guys that he would learn to like it. And maybe he would find some great male lover that he could keep all to himself, and then maybe *he* would leave Mitch and Ron. Maybe never come back. That would sure show them! That would make them sorry for having busted up their threesome. If he ran off and never came back, that would serve them right!

*That's the exit*, Ron mind-barked, loud in Scotty's head. *Take it, man.*

"Okay, okay," Scotty winced. "You don't have to yell."

They were heading into the downtown area now, no going back. Not that Scotty would. He had given them his word, so now he was resigned to his course of action. Soon they would find new guys and have sex with them. Only, Scotty's reasons would be different. And if he needed it, he had that large bag of pot; he could get super-stoned, and that pot-induced horniness would make sex with other men easier.

Finding the hotel took over an hour of Scotty carefully driving through city streets while Ron tried to remember the directions he apparently had not memorized as well as he believed. Mitch wore his best friendly face when asking people in the street for it by name, but he inevitably received snickers and often the wrong directions. They finally found it, close to midnight, then parked Mister Rust Bucket in a garage two blocks down. The parking garage was expensive; still, they could afford it for one night, Scotty decided, because finding a parking spot on the car-lined streets would have taken hours more.

All through the walk to the hotel, with a *no telepathy in public* rule agreed upon to keep people from calling the Institute on them, Ron kept pointing to good-looking guys nearby and wondering if they were gay. Some of the men they passed cruised them right back--in public!--to Scotty's shock. He saw Ron's eyes roam greedily as he openly appraised the nearby men and declared all the cutest ones definitely had to be gay.

Scotty frowned. "The whole city can't be gay!"

"Who knows? We've passed lots of good-looking guys. If they're not gay, maybe we can convert them, like we did you, Scotty."

Scotty frowned and said nothing. Maybe his friend meant it as a joke, but Scotty wondered how much truth Ron had just revealed. No, he decided; he still felt like himself and he still liked women, so they had not "converted" him--more like they had opened up a whole new sidebar world of a different kind of sex that existed for Scotty alongside of being straight.

The building was older than he expected. The hotel lobby showed age, but seemed well-maintained. The sharply dressed clerk at the front desk greeted them cheerfully. "Three young men traveling alone, this time of night--you must be the boys Big Marcus told us to expect. He called and made a reservation for you."

Mitch stepped up--probably, Scotty thought, ready to work this clerk like he had the guy at the bathhouse desk yesterday. The clerk refused the I.D. card when Mitch tried to hand it over: "Big Marcus mentioned your ... *special* situation. We won't be creating a record of your visit." He refused money too: "A short stay has

already been paid for, complements of Big Marcus." Scotty wondered whether he should be suspicious of all this, but the clerk seemed so persuasive. And neither Ron nor Mitch seemed worried.

"You'll be wanting one large room, of course."

Mitch nodded. "Yeah."

"As Big Marcus must have told you, beyond that door this hotel is clothing-optional, which is one of our major draws." The clerk grinned at Mitch. "For our regular guests, their rooms are on the first through third floors. Big Marcus made a special request for us to give you a room on the fourth floor. That's normally devoted to apartments, but--well, I think you'll find the residents there more *simpatico*, if you know what I mean, to your *special situation*." He tapped his temple with two fingertips.

*You know what we are?* Ron sent, breaking the *no telepathy in public* rule.

The clerk smiled. "Of course. We consider ourselves something of a haven for those who enjoy male company and a waystation for Talents trying to evade the long arm of the Institute. That's why Big Marcus recommended us to you. You can't stay here long, of course--you're too strong and the Institute will detect you if you're here more than a couple of days, but in that time we'll be happy to accommodate you. We don't have anyone near your levels, of course, mostly low-level Talents of little interest to the authorities, but we are quite discreet anyway. I think you'll find yourselves among peers." He slid a key card with their room number across the counter to Mitch and smiled again. "And you'll also find complementary condoms and lubricant in your room."

The ancient elevator slowly carried them to the fourth floor. Along the way, Mitch and Ron mind-jabbered about how great being able to just speak right out with their minds would be; here they did not have to worry about anyone knowing what they were. Their thoughts whizzed by so quickly, Scotty could not keep up.

The elevator door opened to a long, well-lit hallway. Their first impression: "Guys, there's no doors to the rooms!" Ron stage-whispered. Not a door to be seen. This had to be an open invitation to whatever stud might come along and see something that he wanted, Mitch and Ron decided, further proof of how enlightened and progressive this hotel, this whole big city, was. The idea of a lack of privacy, though, made Scotty nervous.

Scotty checked the key card Mitch had handed him--but it wasn't a key card; it was a simple paper card with a room number on it. Numbers were posted on the door frames. They started down the hall in search of their room.

They passed rooms in which naked guys read or watched videos. A room where two pairs of feet stuck off the edge of a bed; the motions clearly showed the feet were attached to bodies fucking. In another room a naked golden-skinned man just a couple of years older than they stretched into a yoga pose that accentuated his long, lean muscles. "Yum!" Mitch whispered, looking in at him. The man's perfectly proportioned body impressed Scotty too, and his long-ish cock, though soft, looked like it--

The man turned his head toward them, smiled, and nodded a greeting, and Scotty felt himself blush, embarrassed to have been caught staring.

Their room was across the hall from the yoga man's. Mitch flipped on the light; he and Ron headed for the bed and fell across it. Scotty changed course into the bathroom, which had the first door they had seen on this floor, and he shut it behind himself. Privacy at last! He needed very badly to be alone for a few minutes, and

he hoped neither of his friends would eavesdrop on his thoughts. In the car, he had decided to be a really promiscuous fucker, just to get revenge on them. Now the plan worried him: He would be fucking a whole lot of guys that he did not know or even care for. Taking a dick in his mouth or up his ass from one of his friends, someone closer than a brother, was one thing, but fucking and getting fucked by a whole line of strange cocks? Or maybe he should go the other way: be really selective about which guys he chose to have sex with, select only the best ones, but really fuck the hell out of them when he did. After all, a clothing-optional rule did not mean he had to drop his pants every time a dick walked in the door, right? Yeah, being selective might work better, since a hotel with no doors meant everyone knew everyone's business; Mitch and Scotty would doubtlessly hear within minutes that Scotty and some guy were doing bed-gymnastics with the gusto of Olympic athletes.

"You okay in there?" Mitch's voice, accompanied by a soft knock on the bathroom door.

"Yeah, just taking a shit," Scotty called back, using the least-sexy bathroom act he could think of to keep Mitch from invading his brief privacy.

Finally Scotty knew he could stall no longer. He made a show of flushing the toilet, turned on the sink, and rinsed his hands. He splashed a little water on his face, gazed at himself in the mirror for a long moment.

Scotty opened the bathroom door to find Mitch and Ron. He half-expected them to be *clothing optional* by now, maybe even fucking, but they were still fully dressed. They were also leaving. Mitch told him, "Ron and I are going to find something to eat. Want us to bring you back something?"

"Naw," Scotty replied, feeling hurt that they expected him to stay behind. "I'm not hungry."

Alone in the room, Scotty sat on the bed and considered what he would do. He had more money with him than Mitch or Ron, and more money in the bank too, though withdrawing it would be a red flag for anyone looking for them. With money, he could really teach them a lesson if the going got tough--he could take his money, his car, and just leave them right here alone in this big, expensive city.

"Who needs them, anyway?" he said to his reflection in the mirror on the closet door. The thought made him feel big and courageous. So now if his sex plan backfired, he had a fallback, though he still needed to work out where he would go with his money, car, and clothes. Back home?--A possibility. He missed his parents, the family dog, the home he had grown up in, basketball practice, even school. They had only been gone for a couple of days; hardly a blip on the schedule. Scotty could fit himself back into his old life easily. Nothing would be the same without Mitch or Ron, but Scotty would cope; he would find new friends, better ones. Or maybe he would go somewhere else?--Some completely new place where he could make a life on his own. That idea sounded more exciting but also scarier. Well, no need to be like Mitch and plan everything to the *nth* degree; some things he could work out later.

Happy now to have a plan, he lay down on the big bed. Making his brave dreams, wondering how he could keep them private from his mind-snooping friends, Scotty began to play with his cock through his pants, massaging, stroking, squeezing. Just the idea of being courageous enough to go out into the world alone excited him emotionally, though physically his cock only responded halfway and stalled.

Scotty wondered whether he had time to jerk himself off. Mitch and Ron would be gone a while. When they got back, they were sure to go at least one round of sex and sucking and fucking before they all got some shut-eye. Scotty wondered whether he should shoot a good load now and beg off later, or save it for sex with his buddies so they would not get suspicious.

No, what he really needed, he decided, a nice, hot shower. Something to relax him and take away the sweat, road grime, and tension of the day. He had expected to be feel scared, alone in the big hotel room in the middle of a strange city, with Mitch and Ron nowhere nearby. But instead Scotty was feeling somewhat elated, nervous but in a hopeful way. He gave his cock a few more gropes through his pants, and it hardened. Clothing optional? Well, okay, he decided. Just like being in the locker room, right?--No big deal. He kicked off his shoes, stood up. T-shirt up and off over his head. Pants down and stepped out of. No big deal. He could do this. His hard-on bounced in the air as he walked to the bathroom.

He left the bathroom door open. All the rooms on the floor were open just like his, so an intruder could just as easily walk into some other room as his. He was as safe as if the door were locked and bolted, and anyway his friends would be back pretty soon. Besides, so what if someone walked in and saw him naked?--Guys saw each other naked all the time in locker rooms, and just looking was not the same as touching or fucking. He could always say no, and he was physically strong enough to fight off anyone who failed to take the hint. Nothing to worry about at all. He was as much a man as anyone.

Scotty turned on the water. Waiting for it to warm, he looked at himself in the mirror, turned his face, examining various angles. He considered his reflection; he thought himself good-looking, and the girls at school seemed to think so too, as did Mitch and Ron. Tonight he confirmed that his skin was clear, his hair looked okay. He could use a shave; he had not shaved all weekend--no time, with all the sex-play--and though his stubble did not grow quickly yet, it had accumulated over the days. And he noted that someone had stocked the bathroom counter with the accoutrements likely to be needed by three young guys traveling without much gear: soap, shampoo, toothpaste and three packaged toothbrushes, plastic-wrapped disposable razors, shaving cream, a strip of condoms, a small bottle of lube. Were their needs that obvious? Scotty shook his head and chuckled.

He stepped into the shower. The water felt great; just what he needed. Scotty leaned and let the water sluice off of him. Then he turned his body a different way and let the heat penetrate other body parts for a while.

He was not aware that someone else was in the bathroom room while he saw a shadow against the shower curtain. Scotty called over the water, "That you, Mitch? Ron?"

An unfamiliar male voice replied, "No, my name's David. Will I do?"

Scotty sucked in a nervous breath. "I'm not alone."

"You mean there's someone in there with you?"

"No--I mean, my friends--they'll be back soon."

"Doubt it. I saw them get snared by Spider and go into his room--or her room--whatever; it seems to change from time to time. That's as far as they got. And if I know Spider, which I do, they'll be gone for a while."

"Those bastards!"

David chuckled. "Hey, not their fault. Spider doesn't have much juice, but when he--she--weaves his web, he gets what he wants. And everybody wants to meet the new telepaths we heard were coming to stay a while. I'm betting that's you and your friends." Another chuckle. "Listen, why don't you come out of there, before you get all wrinkled like a prune."

This David sounded friendly enough, and anyway he was just a guy, right? Scotty turned off the water and

pushed the shower curtain back with a firm flourish, displaying his naked wet body to his visitor. Scotty intended the sudden reveal of his naked body to shock his visitor, a jock-ish way of saying, *Here I am, nothing to hide*, but his visitor was naked too, and Scotty found he himself the one taken aback.

David was the well-built man they had seen doing yoga across the hall. Nude, his all-over golden coloring made him look Latin, and his body had the trim muscles of a natural athlete; he had the casual *bon homme* and confident smile of a jock too. Scotty relaxed a bit. He always felt more comfortable around athletes like himself. David's relaxed attitude made him feel as if he was back home with the basketball team.

"Hand me a towel?" Scotty asked, since David was leaning his bare ass against the bathroom counter between Scotty and the stack of folded towels.

"Sure, as long as you only use it to dry yourself. Be a shame to cover a gorgeous dick like that."

"Uh ... Thanks?"

Scotty tried to smile and took the towel that David passed him. As he worked the thirsty terrycloth across his wet chest and down his stomach, he took a good look at the visitor. Scotty had been impressed earlier when he glimpsed David through the doorway doing yoga poses, but this close, seeing him clearly, Scotty decided that David was more than just good-looking. His body was lean, muscular, the body of someone who took great care of himself. And his cock, while not as big as Mitch's--but whose was?--seemed a respectable size. Big balls in a low-hanging sack. Mitch had been correct: David was positively beautiful, for a guy.

Scotty ran the towel alongside his cock. From the hungry way David was looking at his meat, Scotty decided the man must have come here looking for some action. But was Scotty ready to give him some? *Won't that show Mitch and Ron*, Scotty gloated, imagining how they might come back and find he had scored with one of the residents before they did--and the one Mitch had thought was so hot, at that!

Scotty saw David's cock twitch. "I'll stay keep you company a while, if that's okay?" David said, his voice low and lust-husky in a way that made Scotty's balls tingle. "Keep you from getting lonely, since you're new in town."

David moved closer. Confronted with the fact of sex with him, Scotty felt his resolve crack. Suddenly nervous, defensive, he struggled for a joke to break the tension. "Uh, is that what you call it?--Keeping guys company?"

"Well, I could have just come right out and said, 'Let's fuck,' but some people think that's rude." David quirked an eyebrow and smiled like a hungry wolf. "A sexy kid like you? Who wouldn't want to fuck you? And a telepath too?--So fucking hot."

"I'm not a kid," Scotty said, puffing up his chest to seem as manly as possible, "and I'm not a telepath."

David seemed surprised--and then disappointed. "I thought ...?"

"My two *friends* are telepaths. I'm just a guy. Normal."

"Oh. Me too--a Normal, I mean. I just like having sex with telepaths. There's nothing better than having someone in your head when you cum. I guess it's kind of a fetish. I just assumed you ..."

"Sorry."



"Don't be. I do Normal guys too sometimes. You're really cute. Let's fuck anyway."

Scotty found something about David's forthrightness extremely exciting, but he had no desire to let the guy fuck him. This time Scotty would be the man and do the fucking. He would show Mitch and Ron that he was just willing to try out other men as they were. They would be back any second now, in spite of what David had said, and they would walk in and catch Scotty fucking David, and they would know. He would show them! He was going to fuck this sexy guy. Give it to him right up the old shit-chute, and right where they were, in the bathroom. It seemed so much sexier that way--less formal and less planned than going to the bed. Scotty liked the idea of having Mitch and Ron catch him doing something that seemed spontaneous. That would show them.

Scotty said, "Okay, man. I got just what you came here looking for, and I'm gonna give it to you, nice and hard."

From the way David's face lit up, Scotty knew his tone, almost growling and incredibly manly, had been exactly right, and his confidence rose. His cock began to rise too.

"You think you can fuck me, kid?" David said quietly. "You sure got some balls; I'll say that for you. I usually do the fucking--been a long time since I took it up the ass. You got a damn nice dick, though. Tell you what: you can fuck me first, if I get to fuck you next."

Scotty smirked. A next time? Beyond proving himself to Mitch and Ron, Scotty was not sure he wanted a next time with David. Besides, when they left the hotel in a day or two, Scotty would never have to see David again. If Scotty did not want a next time, all he had to do was stall for a day or two. But for now: "Sure. Pass me that bottle of lube," Scotty growled, "and bend over the counter."

The visitor did as Scotty ordered, planting his elbows on the counter, and spreading his legs wider. This was it, Scotty realized, his chance to have sex with a man without Mitch or Ron influencing him. Now Scotty would be the one in charge, and he would learn whether he could go through with his plan to fuck around, or whether Mitch and Ron were the only guys he wanted to fuck. David was attractive, even if he was a stranger. Maybe a hot, willing ass was just what Scotty needed. Fucking this guy would be a great experiment--might even feel good too. Either way, Scotty was going to have some certainty when he was through with David. And afterward, he never had to see the guy's face again. He and his friends would not be staying in this hotel for long.

David pushed his back toward Scotty. He waited patiently, letting Scotty take his time and touch wherever he wanted. But to Scotty this still did not feel like fucking Mitch or Ron. They were his best friends, and he loved them like brothers; he knew every inch of them before he ever touched. And during the sex, they had both told him how to go about whatever they wanted, either with their minds or their voices. Now Scotty was expected to play that role, and he was not entirely sure how to take charge, but now he had to carry out the act, if only to prove he could.

Big and well-muscled as the yoga man was, he did not tell Scotty to hurry up, or demand that Scotty touch him somewhere else. David was taking the submissive role, but doing so did not make him seem weak. He stayed bent over the counter as Scotty had ordered, and allowed everything. Scotty ran his hands over David's solid back. He kissed David's shoulder blade. He reached around and toyed with David's nipple. Scotty was pleased to find that even a guy from a big city could simply be still and accept whatever was done to him. Suddenly, Scotty's own often-passive role with Mitch and Ron did not seem quite so embarrassing. He was finding he liked being in charge--knowing he was in control gave him a flush of excitement--but maybe being

controlled was not so bad either. Maybe Scotty would be able to handle the obedient role they usually expected him to play a whole lot better as long as he could also play the controlling role from time to time.

Scotty felt so strong and powerful. So much more manly now than even if it were Mitch or Ron he was about to fuck. David was a couple of years older, far more experienced and worldly, and he had one gorgeous ass. Scotty ran his hands over the sides of David's unfamiliar body, and his fingers tingled at the feel of David's hard muscle and smooth skin.

Scotty knelt behind David's spread legs and pressed his palms against the hard-muscles of David's ass. David had the lightest down of hair back there, and feeling it reminded Scotty that he was about to fuck a man, not a girl, no matter whether he closed his eyes and fantasized about the things he had done with females so far. A man--a real man! He reached around and groped for David's cock, which he found hard and pulsing. Knowing he had given this man a hard-on--well, that excited Scotty too. His hand gripped the proof of how much David wanted him. Was what Mitch and Ron felt when they were in charge? This sense of power: exhilarating! Scotty gave David's cock a stroke or two, and his own cock jumped with excitement as he explored David's erection: a nice seven-incher, not as large as Mitch's, thankfully, but larger than Scotty's, maybe about the size of Ron's. Scotty hoped maybe he could sample that dick some other time, maybe get David into a great sixty-nine. That thought shocked Scotty. What was he saying? Another time? Was he becoming just like his friends, willing to suck and fuck with just any man that came along? Scotty shook his head to dismiss that idea.

Still, knowing he had a more experienced, more muscular, better-hung man bent over and submitting to whatever Scotty wanted to do to him was such a rush! He would worry about everything else later, after this experiment was finished. David's hard-on throbbed, and the feel of another man's cock in his hand knocked all other thoughts out of Scotty's head, except for getting into that nice, hard ass just as quickly as possible.

"How long you think my buddies will be gone?"

David replied. "Maybe all night. Spider's got a telepathic angle, so they'll have lots to talk about. And Spider's a real horny motherfucker too, if they decide they want to do more than talk."

"So we've got plenty of time?"

"Yup. And just so you know, I like a nice, long fuck."

Somehow that struck Scotty as being funny, and he snickered. The confirmation that Mitch and Ron would not be back soon disappointed him at first, but then Scotty felt pleased; now he could afford to take his time, play with David's body and ass some more. He rubbed his palms all over the guy's ass, and just knowing what he was about to do made him feel hornier and hornier. Yeah, this had to be what Mitch and Ron felt, he decided. Being in control felt almost as good as dominating a basketball game. No wonder Ron liked mind-zapping him so much.

Scotty leaned forward, bent his head around David's shoulder, pulled David's face around, and kissed him. Scotty plunged his tongue into the man's mouth before David had a chance to do it to him. *Yeah*, Scotty thought, *being in charge rocks!* Kissing a guy was new to him--he had kissed Mitch and Ron, but did that count?--and Scotty found he did not mind it so much. A mouth was a mouth, and kissing a guy felt a lot like kissing a girl where the mouth part was concerned, except that David kissed back more aggressively than any girl Scotty had experienced. Scotty broke the kiss, sucked in a breath of air, and went back for more kissing. Just a week ago, back home, he would never have dreamed he would ever kiss a guy, and yet here he was:

hundreds of miles from where he grew up, in a big city, with his tongue in another guy's throat. He wanted to think he was willing to try anything now, but he knew that was not the case, not yet--he still had limits, even if he was pushing at them right this very moment.

David broke the kiss to gasp for breath. "Fuck, you're a good kisser! If you fuck half as good as you kiss, I have to might kidnap you and keep you all to myself while you're here."

"I don't think my friends would go for that," Scotty laughed, though he felt oddly flattered that a guy--a guy!--thought he was a good kisser, "but they weren't here now and what they don't know won't hurt them."

Scotty wondered whether his buddies would mind if he decided to have sex with another man for a while; would they think this was a great idea, or would they be jealous and possessive? They had already seen him get a blow-job at the bathhouse--was that really less than a day ago?--and they would probably encourage him to go further, do more. He was not happy about that part. He wanted them to be jealous. More, he wanted David to think that his friends would be jealous.

"Get ready," Scotty told David. "I'm gonna fuck your ass. Gonna fuck the shit out of you!"

"I've been ready ever you told me to bend over," David smirked. "But it's been a while. Better work on my ass first--don't just stick it in. And use plenty of lube."

Scotty barely remembered Mitch talking to him like that, and the shower back at the cabin where just a few days ago his friends had first taught him about ass-fucking. Now he was reliving the past, but in his own private way. David braced his palms against the counter and spread his legs further apart, like he was going to be frisked, which made Scotty giggle--why would someone need to frisk a naked man?

Scotty moved close to David's back and took a second to rub his hard dick-head across the guy's ass cheeks. He got a wiggle of anticipation out of David, who hissed, "Lick my ass, man!"

"Gonna fuck you! Gonna fuck you!" Scotty said the words more to himself than to David. He needed to remind himself that he was in control. Maybe David was telling him to lick his ass, but Scotty was the one who decided what to do; Scotty was the one in control. He knelt, David's ass now directly in front of his face. Scotty found himself wishing Mitch and Ron would walk into the bathroom right then and see what he was about to do. They both would have to respect him then! Maybe they would even stop treating him like some kid they had to drag along and show how to do everything, even though they could not possibly know that much more about sex than he did. He was the one who had already fucked a couple of girls, right?--He had plenty of experience!

Scotty stared at the ass pressed toward him, just inches away from his face. He still could not believe that he was actually going to fuck this man. Scotty realized suddenly that his cock was hard, had been hard since he told David to turn around, stood hard and ready to fuck the hole in front of him, even though it was a man's ass. Scotty did not dare touch his cock for fear he would climax immediately. He needed to see this fuck all the way through to the end.

"Come on," David grumbled. "Quit stalling and lick my ass."

"What the hell," Scotty muttered to himself. He would have plenty of time for reflection later, after he did the deed. He put a hand on each of David's ass cheeks, parted them to expose the hole better. Though Scotty had seen David doing yoga poses earlier, the man's hole and crack looked pristine--no trace of sweat or funk. Good. Scotty was not sure whether he would be able to go through with this if he encountered ass-funk.

He bent forward and pressed his face into David's ass crack, just like he had done to Mitch and Ron. He stuck out his tongue and licked.

"Damn!" David spat out. "Fuck, your stubble feels good on my ass."

Scotty took another swipe at David's hole with his tongue. He was doing it!--He was licking ass! David gasped and grunted as Scotty licked more confidently, pressing his tongue more firmly across the pucker and the crack, then probing right at the center of David's hole.

David moaned, "Yeah, stud. Eat my fuck-hole!"

Scotty felt more confident, went at his task with more enthusiasm. While this might have been easier with Mitch or Ron forcing him, telling him exactly what to do and what felt good, Scotty found that he was quite capable on his own, judging by the sounds David made. Scotty closed his eyes, tried to focus on the task of licking and tongue-drilling. *Lick now, worry later*, he told himself. He pulled David's ass cheeks farther apart to get better access.

Scotty's mind was full of chaotic, conflicting emotions. David was a stud, muscular, masculine, all-man; and now he was bent over and letting Scotty eat his ass, and moaning like Scotty was doing a really good job of it. No sense holding back now, Scotty decided. He went after David's ass with gusto, determined to drive the man crazy with pleasure.

David's thighs trembled and he shoved his butt harder against Scotty's face and lapping tongue. David mewled like a horny slut, with little grunts: "Yeah! Ungh! Yeah! So good! More!"

Scotty slobbered all over David's ass-slot, not caring about anything except making David moan more and louder. Let the guys in neighboring rooms here! Let the whole floor hear! The neighbors would tell Mitch and Ron, and then they would be so jealous. His tongue in David's ass was just a prelude to a deep ass-pounding, and Scotty's cock throbbed at the thought. Scotty tried tongue-flicks that fluttered, twisted, and stabbed at David's hole.

Scotty squeezed David's ass cheeks, finding he appreciated the round, muscle-hard feel of them, even though they belonged to a man. David obviously worked hard to keep himself in shape, and Scotty respected that too. David's big, shaven balls dangled down between his open thighs and banged around as he squirmed back and forth under Scotty's tongue assault. Inspired, Scotty suddenly reached between David's legs and grabbed his nut sack, used his grip to pull David back against his face by the balls, not hard but enough firm hand-pressure to make David understand he was serious. David responded by bending further forward and wiggling his can against Scotty's salivating mouth, all the while gasping, "So good ... So good ..."

Soon David bucked and twisted his head back toward Scotty. "You got my fuck-hole nice and wet. Use your finger--get it loose for that dick."

Scotty wet his index finger and pushed it into David's ass lips. Mitch's ass and Ron's were tight. A lot of lube was required. Would David's squeeze as tightly? Scotty had fucked a couple of girls, and their cunts were loose compared to his friends' asses; would a guy like David who lived in a gay clothing-optional hotel be loose like a cunt? Looser?

Scotty's spit-wet finger slid into David's ass, which seemed tight enough. He was uncertain about this part, not remembering too clearly what he and his friends had done when finger met ass. *Poke, poke, poke*. In and out. Was that all he was supposed to do? He had fingered girls, and they liked the in-and-out, but they also

liked other things. Maybe a little up-and-down? No change from David. Guys were built differently from girls; guys did not have a clitoris. What did guys have? A prostate? Where was it? Scotty tried to remember his biology lessons--school seemed so long ago--and then tried to remember where that special spot inside his own ass was, where a dick in his butt felt the best, and where his own fuck-strokes had made Mitch and Ron moan the loudest. Maybe press down a little? He felt something rounded and hard. "*Fuck!*" David burst breathlessly. Success! Gloating, Scotty went after that spot mercilessly.

David's eyes seemed unfocused and his mouth hung open as he groaned in pleasure. He looked crazed and dazed at the same time. *Fuck, yeah*, Scotty congratulated himself. *This must be what a fuck-trance looks like. I've practically got him in a fuck-trance, and I'm not even a telepath! Mitch and Ron ain't got nothing on me!*

"I want your cock," David announced over his shoulder. "Put your cock up my ass. Do it now. Fuck me now! Give me your cock!"

Right now Scotty wanted to fuck David's ass more than anything else he could think of. "Lube. I need some lube." Where the fuck has the lube gone?

David fumbled on the counter, and after a moment he passed back the small bottle.

Scotty finger-worked what seemed like a generous amount of lubricant into David's buttock, then slicked his cock with plenty more.

"Would you *please* stop playing around back there," David ordered, scowling, "and just fuck me already?"

Scotty knew now that the guy really wanted it. "Okay, you asked for it!" He knew he sounded kind of rough, but he had to let the guy know he was in charge. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard," Scotty declared. "Ready?" Scotty's belly kept fluttering nervously. He moaned as he slid the tip of his dick up and down over David's asshole.

"Sure." David sounded offhand, as if growing bored that this was taking so long.

*Well, fuck that*, Scotty thought. What did he care whether the guy's ass was or was not sufficiently lube-slick yet? He knew sometimes getting fucked hurt, especially at first. Deep inside, Scotty admitted maybe he wanted to hurt the guy a little. Wanted to make David feel some pain, just a bit, because of his impatience, or because of what Mitch and Ron were forcing Scotty to do. And if David got hurt more than just a little, then that was their fault, not Scotty's.

Scotty knew that he better hurry. His balls were churning and he could easily cum without even getting the tip of his cock into the guy. But his hands shook so much that he could not seem to guide his dick in there.

"Shit!"

"Having trouble?"

"No. Uh ... no."

David looked over his shoulder. "You *have* fucked a guy before, right?"

"Sure. My friends and I--we--lots of times." Scotty did not want David to feel all superior just because he had more experience. Scotty needed David to think he was confident and manly.

"How about I do that for you?"

"Uh, sure, I guess," Scotty said, not quite knowing what David meant or what he offered to do.

David grabbed Scotty by the wrist and pulled him into the bedroom area, pushed him down on the bed, face-up. David stepped up onto the mattress, straddled Scotty's hips, lowered himself. Scotty's cock was not as long as Mitch's but was thicker, much thicker. Would David be able to stretch his ass around it? Scotty watched as David reached back and took a firm grip on Scotty's slick dick. He felt David tilt his cock, and then David slowly lowered himself. A series of sensations hit Scotty: Cock-head against asshole, pushing into asshole, starting to penetrate asshole. David's sphincter seemed to envelop Scotty's dick like a tight little mouth. Scotty gasped as the lubed tip of his meat pushed through the ring and his shaft began to stretch the hole. This felt terrific, hotter than a furnace, and he wanted to plunge all the way inside. He pushed his hips at David's ass.

"Shit, man!" David admonished. "Take it easy! Let me do the work, okay?"

Being scolded brought out a sadistic feeling in Scotty--he would show David!--and he forced his dick straight ahead, without even thinking what he would be doing to the guy's ass by ramming into it so hard.

"*Shit!*" David yelled and glowered down at Scotty.

Scotty's turn to smirk: "Glad you like it."

David ignored him and instead focused on pressing Scotty's body down with his hands and lowering his ass onto Scotty's hips. David's eyes were clamped shut, and he whispered what sounded to Scotty like nonsense syllables.

David ground his butt cheeks against Scotty's pubes. Scotty grinned sarcastically. "Nice and full now?"

David did not seem to notice. "Fuck, yeah," he whispered intently. "Big, thick dick! Fuck, yeah!"

With his cock fully inside David's body, Scotty felt confident and arrogant as a son-of-a-bitch. He felt like the strongest stud that ever lived. And his cock felt like the biggest and best cock ever. Bigger and better than Mitch's dick could ever be, even. Fuck Mitch! Fuck Ron too!

David lifted, moved his ass up, gliding along the length of Scotty's dick. "Nice dick. Fucking nice, big dick. Let's go, kid! Fuck the shit out of me!"

*Kid?* Scotty was no kid. He was only a couple of years younger than David himself. Well, he would show David he was a man, not a kid. Then David's asshole did this clampy-massaging thing around Scotty's cock, and the zap of pleasure up through his nervous system made Scotty forget all about the insult.

"Been a long time since I fucked a Normal," David gasped. "Long time since I got fucked too."

Scotty pushed in and thrilled to the grunt of pain coming out of David's mouth as the last of his supercharged dick slid all the way home in David's ass again. "Nice tight ass," Scotty moaned. He reached for David's nipples. At the bathhouse, one of the guys had played with Scotty's nipples, pinching and pulling and twisting a little, and that felt kind of good, so he decided to try the same things on David's tits. "Nipples," Scotty corrected himself. "Girls have tits; guys have nipples."

David looked down and asked, "What's that," reminding Scotty that he was not alone.

"Nothing. Shut up and let's fuck!"

When David began to move, Scotty could not speak any more. All his strength was drawn to his hands on David's chest, and his hips and overheating dick working against David's ass. He pushed harder, and David moaned, not in pain but finding real pleasure in the fuck now. David arched his spine, threw back his head, eyes shut, biting his lip, and worked his body up and down, masturbating Scotty's cock with his ass. David's erection stood straight out over Scotty's stomach, occasionally smacking Scotty's abs when David slammed his ass down on Scotty's groin.

"Fuck me hard, kid. Fuck my ass."

Scotty ignored the *kid* remark again and focused on their bodies moving together.

"Fuck my ass. Fuck me so hard I can't walk for a week."

"Uhhh-ugh," Scotty replied, as whatever smart-ass comment he started to make got drowned out by another quivery zap of sensation from David's snapping sphincter.

Their voices were chains of grunts and groans and moans coming from deep inside their throats. David's body rode up and down on Scotty's cock, from that cock being buried all the way in, to just the head being inside, the ass-ring gripping Scotty's cock just behind the flared crown. Scotty felt he was fucking like a champ. No way would David be able to tell Scotty was still new to butt-sex with guys. Once he had gotten past the problem of getting his cock inserted, Scotty figured out how to move with David's body as if he had been doing this every night for years, letting David's muscular legs and torso do most of the work. The way they moved together seemed like a dance, clumsy bodies but beautiful sensation. Scotty felt like the star attraction, definitely the M.V.P. And he knew that he was doing a great job because David was moaning louder and louder, and the bed was squeaking louder and louder too.

The fuck seemed to last an hour but only minutes must have passed. Hands on David's hips, Scotty pumped at that ass as fast as he could manage. The heat. The clamping pressure. Scotty hoped the more experienced man was suitably impressed with his cock-action because he knew he could not last much longer. Scotty grabbed David's erection and stroked it. He wanted David to cum first, wanted to show David that he had more stamina. David's cock felt so hard and scalding hot in Scotty's hand.

Lust climbed through Scotty, and nothing was more important than his cock in David's ass and David's cock in his hand. Scotty enjoyed the rush. He was fucking a great-looking guy, but even more than just the great feel of his cock in that asshole, he liked the sensation of power over another person. He had taken a man, more worldly and experienced than himself, and with each heavy lunge of his cock into that great asshole, he was reducing that man to a quivering mass of moaning flesh. When he felt the first warning tingles of his orgasm begin, Scotty knew his cum was going to be a fast one, and the best one he ever had.

David beat him to the climax. He gurgled something incoherent, and hot wetness squirted out of his cock, coating Scotty's fingers, dripping on his stomach. Scotty was too far gone too, and began shooting into David's butt. Scotty's body bent upward like a bow, eyes pressed shut, firing his load as deep as he could reach into that ass, every muscle tensed, and then--"Ahh, fuck!"--every muscle went limp, body falling back on the bed, panting, too spent to move.

David dropped heavily onto the bed beside him, not touching him, just there, a couple of inches between them. "Thanks, kid. You were pretty good, I guess, for a Normal."

Right That *kid* insult again and the telepathy fetish that Scotty could not fulfill. His doubts provided other failings: *Pretty good for a beginner, pretty good for having no idea what to do.* Was this the sort of placating

thing adults said to each other after they had mediocre sex? Scotty suddenly realized: *That really was mediocre sex*. Sure, David was beautiful, for a guy, and the friction of that ass on Scotty's penis felt good and made him cum, and David came too, but something had definitely been missing, was still missing. He did not feel bonded with David. With Mitch and Ron, Scotty felt a connection--they had years of shared experiences and affection--but David was just some guy, a convenient body Scotty had used for an experiment. And the experiment had told Scotty just what he needed to know; David bore no blame if Scotty did not like the results.

*Worry about that later*, Scotty told himself. Right then, he had just cum, and he saw no reason to spoil whatever he could still enjoy of the afterglow. He closed his eyes and savored how drained he felt.

Scotty dreamed that he was fucking David in the shower. He knew he was dreaming, and he knew he was fucking David's fine ass. Mitch and Ron returned from wherever and caught them, just as he had hoped. Both of his friends cheered to see what a great fucker Scotty had become. Crowded in the bathroom doorway, they opened their jeans and pulled their hard cocks out as they watched Scotty nail David's ass in the shower. Mitch's cock and Ron's popped out, hard and throbbing, and they beat their meat gleefully with their gazes glued on Scotty's inspiring performance. Scotty fucked with impressive skill. His wish had come true: Mitch and Ron had found him in the driver's seat for a change. Now he would show them that they were not the only ones who could go out and grab the world by the balls. Scotty grinned as his friends beat their hard-ons; for once *they* were the ones unable to resist the force of *Scotty's* fuck. He looked down at David, bent forward, taking Scotty's cock up his ass. David was pretty far gone in lust, his eyes dazed, mouth gasping under the shower spray. Scotty knew that all David wanted was to cum and to be filled with his cum.

*Cum, cum, cum*, Mitch and Ron were cheer-chanting, like this was a basketball game and Scotty was about to make the winning shot. Scotty lost control of his weapon, spiraled into orgasm, and he slammed his dick into David's butt with a last heavy lunge. His hips smacked hard against David's ass. He came hard in David's ass, shooting every cum-burst into David's firm, round butt, shooting, shooting--.

Scotty opened his eyes. The early stages of dawn were beginning beyond the crack in the curtains. Morning? Scotty was not in the shower; he lay face-down on the bedspread. He was shirtless but wore his jeans. His crotch and stomach felt sticky--he had cum in his sleep, his cock pressed happily between his body and the bed, the final tingling dick-pulses and ripples of his orgasm just now ending. Just a dream, a wet dream whose powerful afterglow left his body feeling limp and pleasantly languid, a big load of cum emptied into his pants. He yawned and looked around, groggily. David was gone. Ron slept beside him, on his back, mouth cracked open, naked, a morning hard-on in full force. Beyond him, Mitch lay on the far edge of the bed, equally naked, on his side, his back to them.

Scotty's bladder demanded relief. He eased himself off the bed, crept into the bathroom, passing the chair. Memories came back slowly. After David had left, Scotty had pulled on his pants, somehow once again nervous about other residents seeing him naked, maybe using of the lack of doors to take sexual advantage of him while he slept. Before he turned off the light, he slid the chair into the path from the door to the bed as an early warning system: anyone sneaking into the room at night would trip over the chair, which would wake Scotty.

Except Mitch and Ron had come back sometime during the night and crawled into bed without waking him. So much for his makeshift warning system.

Scotty pissed, then took off his pants, cleaned away the spunk from his wet dream. No way could he wear these pants again, not with the embarrassing huge cum stain in the front. If Mitch and Ron saw, they would



tease him about it all day. He ran water on the stain, hoped maybe to wash enough of it away, but his pants would still be unwearable for hours until the fabric dried. Scotty hated wearing wet clothing. He hung his pants over a towel rack. He would tell Mitch and Ron he spilled something on himself; they would believe that. Had they brought in a backpack with more clothes when they checked in?--Scotty tried to remember, but he thought not. Well, he decided, maybe he would just have to go along with the clothing optional policy after all, at least until his pants were wearable again. No problem, he told himself; no need for shame if he was proud of his body, right? Who cares who saw him? Just like being in the locker room, right? Would not be so bad as long as not too many other residents were around.

Scotty looked at his naked body in the mirror. David had sure seemed to like his looks the night before. He remembered the way David's body had felt while they fucked, all hard muscles and tight skin, and that clenching pressure of David's ass around his cock. Scotty's dick lurched, and in spite of having cum minutes before, he wondered if he had time for a quick jack-off before--

Ron staggered into the bathroom. "Morning," he slurred, as he sidled up to the toilet and began to piss. "Why's the chair in the way out there?"

Scotty did not answer but yielded the bathroom to the pissing, farting creature that was Ron first thing in the morning. He pushed the chair back to its normal position.

"Ohhhhh!"

Scotty looked up. Mitch was awake too. Having decided the demands of his morning wood outweighed a full bladder, Mitch was stretched out on the bed, on his back, stroking his erection. Scotty wondered what having a cock that big must feel like.

"Can't keep your hands off your favorite toy, can you?" Scotty mock-scolded, trying for a smile.

"Me? You're the bad boy who started fucking as soon as we left last night."

"You knew about that?"

"The whole floor knew about it--and we didn't have to be telepaths either. Next time, if you don't want anyone to know, don't keep moaning like a bull in heat and making the bed squeak like it's an earthquake."

Scotty blushed and looked away.

"Of course, Ron and I got to eavesdrop a little more directly, since we could pick up on what you two were feeling. Hey, don't look at me like that. What do you expect? We're only human. Now, you want to come over here and give me a hand? Or a mouth? Or some of that ass?"

Scotty felt Mitch's telepathy caress the outside of his mind. Scotty immediately thought of walls, trying to block Mitch out. Shit, Mitch was getting to be as bad as Ron! "Stay the fuck out of my head, Mitch."

Mitch shrugged and kept stroking his cock. *Have it your way. But is that what you really want?*

Mitch's thoughts eased across the outside of Scotty's mind, a light, seductive touch, and Scotty was tempted to give in, to let Mitch in. But: "Stay out of my head, Mitch. Just jack off if you're going to, and leave me out of this."

Mitch grinned and tilted his oversized cock this way, then that, showing off its length. *You sure that's what*

*you want, Scotty?* Another mind-caress. Yeah, Scotty decided, Ron was definitely being a bad influence on Mitch.

Mitch was trying to seduce him, Scotty knew, and trying to make him lower his new defenses. If Scotty continued to say no, would Mitch accept that answer? Or would he lose patience and just punch his way into Scotty's mind. And what would happen when Ron came out of the bathroom and they ganged up on him?-- How long could Scotty hold out against both of them?

Last night had proven that male sex meant something different for Scotty. For Mitch and Ron, sex with guys meant *I'm horny and I want to use your body to get off*. For Scotty, sex with Mitch and Ron meant *We're closer than brothers and I want to give you the gift of feeling good*. On a physical level, Scotty enjoyed the sex with Mitch and Ron, but last night had proven to him that he was not wired for sex with other guys in general, and he did not want to let Mitch or Ron change him. But would his friends accept that?

Standing there naked, with Mitch's gaze raking up and down his body, Scotty felt physically vulnerable. A week ago, Mitch would never have looked at him with such open lust. Or did he, and Scotty just never saw it?

He felt mentally vulnerable too. A week ago, Mitch would never have been able to go into his head and make Scotty do whatever he wanted. No, strike that--Mitch would have been able to do it; he just had not. Just because Mitch had not done something yet did not mean he would never do it.

Scotty realized: He disliked being afraid of his friends and what they might do with their telepathy. He loved Mitch and Ron--they'd grown up together--and he wanted to believe they were the same great guys he had known all along; but the more they used their new Talents to do just whatever they wanted without concern for his desires, the more he felt afraid that he would cease to be himself and become just a meat-puppet for them to use. Surely Mitch and Ron would not go that far, would they? What if they did without meaning to?

*Meat-puppet?--Nice image. But that's more Ron's thing than mine. You don't have to be afraid of me. C'mere and I'll prove it.*

Scotty felt compelled to take a step toward the bed, Mitch, and Mitch's hard-on; he barely resisted it. "Don't, Mitch."

*But Scotty, you know how much you like it. You know how good my dick feels in your hand. Don't you want to stroke it? Maybe taste it? Not even just a little? Just a little? What do you say, Scotty? Maybe just a little?* The mind-caress seemed firmer, as if Mitch was preparing to use more effort to crack into Scotty's mind. Mitch had always hated being refused.

In spite of his fears, Scotty felt his balls tingle. After this past weekend, some part of him had come to associate his friends' mind-touches with the promise of sex and orgasm. They were horny guys, after all, and Mitch's erection was proof of his arousal. Besides, Scotty was more than a little flattered that Mitch found him attractive and wanted to have sex with him. Maybe just this once--

No, Scotty needed to stay resolute. More forcefully: "I said no, Mitch."

*C'mon, don't be like that. You know you want to. Maybe just a little? You know how good it'll feel, for both of us. You know--*

"Mitch, drop it. I said no. And keep your telepathy out of my head."

Ron's voice, calling over the sound of the running shower: "Keep it down out there, you two."

Had he shouted that last part, Scotty wondered. Surely not? But Mitch stared at him with a surprised expression, open-mouthed, and a raised eyebrow. Maybe Scotty *had* shouted.

"Just ...," Scotty started, "jack off if you're going to, and leave me out of it."

Mitch nodded, avoided looking at Scotty. *I bet Ron is horny.* He stood up, and his lengthy erection swung in the air. *I need a shower anyway. Invitation's still open, if you change your mind.* Then Mitch disappeared into the bathroom, followed by the rustle of the shower curtain.

In a few moments they would be having sex, Scotty knew, and they were likely to broadcast arousal to every mind in range. If he stayed in proximity, that would probably overload his mind with lust again, like before on the road. Scotty needed to get out of there, but with his pants wet and hanging in the bathroom, he had no clothes and could not leave the hotel. Since Scotty was more muscular than his friends, their pants would not fit him. Too, he had no place to go and knew no one else here. Not altogether true, he realized. He knew David, though he had hoped to avoid the man, following the embarrassment of their sex last night.

Scotty walked to the room across the hall. Was he really thinking this through properly, he worried. Was that vague damage Big Marcus mentioned affecting his judgment? Scotty did not feel damaged; what he felt was a need to avoid the loss of self that lately accompanied Ron's broadcasting whenever he was horny. Was David's room far enough away? What other option did Scotty have? He took a deep breath to steel himself, then knocked quietly on the door frame, as if David's room had a door. "Uh, hi."

David stood at a closet. He was surprised to see Scotty. Scotty was surprised to see David wearing a pair of socks and a T-shirt but no pants. He had thought *clothing optional* meant no clothing ever.

"Hi," David said, his tone uninterpretable. "I was just about to leave and go get food, and then I have to go to work."

"Work?"

"Yeah. Some of us have jobs."

"Oh." Well, of course. Life in the big city must be expensive, and living here would not be free. Still, Scotty's stomach twisted at the word *food*, demanding breakfast. "Can I come too?"

David narrowed his eyes. "Look, you're a cute kid, but last night was--"

"I know," Scotty said, though not really. "I just mean, I'm new around here and I don't know any good places to eat yet." That sounded plausible.

David studied him, then nodded, relenting. "Well ... Okay. But you can't go out like that. Go get dressed and--"

"Can I borrow some clothes too? Mine got kind of messed up, and my friends and I are having an argument and ..." *Shut up, shut up, shut up*, Scotty chastised himself, ashamed at how much personal mess he had just revealed.

David sighed. Scotty prepared for him to refuse, after hearing all the drama packed into Scotty's last statement, but David said, "Here," and tossed Scotty a folded sweatshirt and a pair of sweatpants from the

closet. David was wider through the shoulders, and Scotty was taller, but sweats would adjust enough to fit. As David turned away and reached for a pair of pants for himself, Scotty wriggled his head and arms into the shirt, trying to figure out a way to sneak past the sex-broadcast that must be in full force by now to get his shoes and money. Which did Scotty dread least?--The Mitch-and-Ron-fucking-like-bunnies feelings that might overcome him if he got near the shower, or asking David to borrow shoes and cash? Asking seemed as though it would push David too far.

Scotty's head popped through the neck-hole. Ron and Mitch stood in the doorway, naked, not dripping wet, but not completely dry. "There you are, Scotty," Ron scolded. "Mitch and I want to talk about what you just--"

Scotty doubted talking was what they had in mind. Mitch had that glassy-eyed look again, and Scotty feared Ron was firmly in charge.

Ron noticed David on the other side of the room. Since David had not out on his pants yet, Ron's eyes zeroed in on his swinging dick. "Well, hello there. We're Scotty's friends. Don't bother getting dressed on our account."

"Uh, hi," David said, seeming displeased at the prospect of Scotty's drama following him across the hall and into David's space.

"You're hot," Ron said. "In fact, I wanna see more ..." *Strip. Show me everything you got.*

Scotty had heard the echo of Ron's command, but it must have been a shout in David's mind. David stood frozen. His cock was in the early stages of stiffening. He spoke slowly. "Show ... Okay ..." David dropped the folded pants, lifted his arms, lifted his T-shirt, lifted it off his head, dropped it onto the floor. He stood there, displaying his body, naked except for his socks, to Ron. "Fuck, man, you're strong," David cooed appreciatively. His cock was almost fully hard, and Scotty knew Ron was about to give it, and David's telepathy fetish, a good workout. "So strong ..."

"That's a real nice cock," Ron hissed as he concentrated and took another step into the suddenly too-small room. "Scotty and us--we share everything. I bet you'd like to share too, wouldn't you." *Get on the bed.*

Scotty said, "Ron, don't ...," as David climbed onto the bed, slid himself into its center, but Scotty found himself unable to do or say more. He was transfixed, unable to move.

His interruption had, however, brought Ron's attention to him. *That's enough out of you,* ordered a voice in Scotty's head, sounding mostly like Ron's but Mitch's too. If Ron had control of Mitch and was using his telepathy as well, how long could Scotty hold out? *I'm tired of your bitching. Sit down, shut up, and don't move. It's my turn to have some fun with your friend, and you're gonna watch. When I'm through, we'll deal with you and this rebellious streak of yours once and for all.*

As if pushed by an invisible hand, Scotty found himself compelled to sit on the chair. His arms found the arm rests--and stayed there. Scotty found himself unable to speak, unable to make his hands or feet move from where they rested.

*Gonna fuck your ass so hard,* Ron was purring to David as he put his knee on the bed and leaned forward.

"No ...," David's voice cracked. "I'll fuck you ... but ... m'ass ... off-limits ..."

Ron's mind-voice sounded amused. *Scotty got a piece of your ass. What's so special about him?*

"Juss ... happened ... Don't usual ... get fucked ... Hurts ..."

*Poor guy. I know what will get your mind off the pain: more fucking.*

"Spider!" David called out. "Spider ... Hel--"

David's voice cut off when Ron ordered, *No more talking. Stop fighting me.* These were not just instructions--they were powerful compulsions. David would be unable to resist. Scotty could feel Ron's gloating. Though a Normal, David had experience dealing with telepaths, probably knew how to resist them. But to Ron?--Ron loved a challenge, if he knew he was likely to win. The idea that he would have to force David to fall under his control really seemed to appeal to Ron, made him push into David's mind even more forcefully. Scotty could feel that from the way the echoes of Ron's mind-orders were getting louder, clearer, in his own head.

Over the last several days, Mitch and especially Ron had become much stronger every time they used their telepathy. Just how much stronger would they become? And then how much of the old Scotty would be left?

Ron had gotten up behind David. Ron's dick had been hard since he had spotted David. Now, with his hands and thoughts, Ron guided David onto his hands and knees. David must have stopped fighting Ron; he did not appear to resist at all. Or maybe Ron had found a way to override any struggle.

Mitch stood passively in the doorway, arms limp at his sides, cock limp too. His glassy expression told Scotty that trying to appeal to him for aid was hopeless; whatever was going on inside Mitch's head, he was not conscious enough to register Scotty's silent appeals--and if Mitch did pick up Scotty's thoughts, Ron was sure to intervene. Whatever Ron had done to Mitch was not a fuck-trance, but it seemed close.

Obviously Ron had learned a lot over the course of their adventure--too much. From Scotty, Ron had gotten the idea of *fuck-trance*, a way to overcome all resistance by keeping a guy's mind focused on sex and empty of everything else. From that bounty hunter, Ron had learned that he could go into another telepath's mind and find a way to use the guy's Talent to bolster his own. And from the bounty hunter and Mitch, Ron had learned how to make the mind believe something so strongly that it simply refused to acknowledge any evidence to the contrary.

Knowing nothing was really wrong with his voice or his arms or legs, though, did not seem to help Scotty break Ron's command to *sit down, shut up, don't move.* He simply could not seem to think of how to speak, could shake the absolute conviction that, no matter how hard he concentrated, his limbs simply would not move. As a basketball player, Scotty practiced a fine level of control over his arms, whether dribbling or shooting for the basket--aim, force, speed, if he thought it, his body obeyed. But now: nothing. Not even a twitch. How did Mitch say he broke the bounty hunter's mind-spell? Something about finding the part within his mind that did not belong and snapping it? That might be easy for a telepath, but Scotty was not accustomed to thinking of his mind as a thing with parts, and he was unsure how to even start searching.

"Nnnnnuh ..."

David's voice brought Scotty's attention back to the bed. Ron, on his knees, knelt behind David on all fours. Ron had a hand and a small bottle of lube resting in the small of David's back as he guided his cock into David's asshole. Ron frowned, concentrating. David pushed his ass back, moved it in a faint circle. Scotty wondered whether Ron was making David do that little trick Mitch had showed them, how the grinding motions of a man's ass would surely help open up that tight hole.

"Nrrh," David moaned. "Too much ... Too ... Stop ..."

Ron's hips moved forward. He looked up at Mitch and Scotty and grinned. "Okay, fuckers, here we go."

The force of what Ron broadcast smacked into Scotty's mind almost like a physical blow. He felt David pushing backward, and Ron pushing in, and Scotty gasped as he felt--as if it were happening to him--the sharp pain of Ron's swollen cock-shaft starting to slip into David's recently fucked asshole. Everything would be all right, Scotty told himself, once he--David--they--whatever--got past the pain of entry. The pleasure would come soon, once the waking-up nerves got over their distress.

Ron thrust again, and another stab of pain made Scotty wince, and his hand came off the arm rest. So he could move!--The unconscious flinch proved it. But when he consciously tried, his hand stayed limp. *Dammit!* Scotty swore, not caring whether Ron heard.

David might not have liked to get fucked, but he knew *how* to get fucked, knew how move so he derived some pleasure from the act, and Ron was manipulating him through that. The fuck looked clumsy to Scotty; Ron had none of the style or grace Scotty had seen in downloaded porn videos, and Ron was concentrating too hard to spare much attention for improving how his body moved with David's. But the hard mind-pressure radiating off Ron had begun to pick up flecks of enjoyment, as David got used to the intrusion and began to find pleasure in it and as Ron's cock began to register the blissful pressure and slide, in and out of David's ass-clamp. Scotty felt he was simultaneously fucking and being fucked, his cock feeling what Ron's dick felt inside David, and his ass burning as David's did from Ron's invading meat.

A fiery flash, almost agony, shot through Scotty as Ron pushed in hard, burying his cock finally all the way in David's used hole. Scotty could feel Ron manipulating David, making him relax, preventing his muscles from tightening up too much, to help David through the pain. That reassured Scotty that, while Ron could be cruel, at least some of his friend's capacity for kindness remained.

The relaxation commands took too hard a hold on David's mind, and his arms buckled, his shoulders sagging toward the mattress, tilting his ass still higher into the air to meet Ron's thrust-and-pull motion. David stopped moving his own body, and now Ron was doing all the work. Ron moved himself a little more slowly--Scotty could feel the horniness Ron radiated, and the desire to push his meat in David's ass full force with every stroke, but instead Ron was moving less aggressively, as if holding back to let David adjust to each one. Scotty sensed Ron's satisfaction as his new, decelerated strokes led to David's ass muscles relaxing, which made his fuck-work much easier. Ron was able to slide in, slow and steady, all the way to his balls every time.

*That's it. Open up. Relax. Let me in.*

The pain was gone and Scotty felt their combined pleasure. Nothing left but the stroking and the resulting pleasure, which would soon start to build as orgasm approached--still some time off, but getting closer. The sensations were seductive, and Scotty wanted to relax himself into them completely, fall back into them, lose himself. In spite of having had no choice, he was starting to like the physical part of what he experienced. Or maybe Ron's last orders to *relax* and *let me in* was not intended for David at all, but for Scotty himself? Scotty felt himself sinking, almost too submerged to care.

Ron had David on his back, legs over Ron's shoulders and Ron's cock deep in his ass. Ron had a grip on David's erection and stroked him hard and fast, in time with Ron's fuck-strokes in David's ass. Scotty could feel Ron's glee at having complete control over the situation, over David and Mitch and Scott, all three of

them. The sex-sensations that Ron was blasting into Scotty's head had him at the cusp of cumming. His cock was hard and he longed to stroke it, but he still could not move his arms. He could only sit and ride the spiraling arousal as his cock throbbed in the air. From the look of his hard-on, Mitch was in similar straits.

Scotty's balls rode up, gathering force. David moaned in bliss, beyond any pain now, and approaching his climax.

*See how much you like it when I'm in charge, rang Ron's voice in Scotty's head. That voice was still part Ron and part Mitch, too loud, too strong, too much to resist. Like a yell, it punched its way into his head. You like how good this feels, don't you.*

Yes, Scotty thought back helplessly, because part of him did like it. Part of him craved it, and part of him feared it, but the fear part kept going quiet--Ron's doing?--and Scotty's dick kept throbbing, and he needed to cum soon.

*You know how deep I am in your head, don't you?*

Yes, Scotty thought back.

*No more complaints. No more rebellion. You're gonna go along with everything I say, aren't you.*

Yes.

*Good. Work with me now. We're going to make you a nice, obedient friend.*

Scotty was not sure how to do that, but his body jolted as if Ron's hand on David's cock was teasing his rod too, as if Ron's cock drilling into David's ass was hitting Scotty's prostate. Whatever Scotty had been thinking about slipped away. Ron was broadcasting harder now. Louder. More forcefully. Scotty felt spiraled out of his own head, somehow, and he felt--sensed--

He knew--

Others. There were others down the hall. Scotty could feel them getting pulled into Ron's telepathic quagmire. The telekinetic with barely enough juice to affect a coin toss. The mute twins whose telepathy connected only to each other but not to anyone else. The pyrotic who could warm objects by a few degrees. The emotion-reader. They all felt the fuck like a floodlight in their heads and were helpless against the psychic onslaught Ron was unleashing. And near the far end of the hall, something dark that preferred to stay unseen. Something surrounded by lines and threads. Something awakened by Ron's broadcasting, which was so loud now the Institute's scanners in nearby schools, churches, malls, and other public gathering places must surely be registering it. Spider?--Was that Spider? David had tried earlier to yell to Spider for help, before Ron silenced him. Scotty tried to call to the dark mind in the middle of the threads, in hopes that this was Spider and he or she could help. Scotty was no telepath, but with all the telepathic energy Ron was radiating, maybe Scotty's thoughts could be heard, if Spider were listening? As Scotty tried to reach out, something began to stretch toward him--no, toward Mitch and Ron.

Ron had now yet noticed. His growing orgasm had brought his mind back to his body and the point where it intersected David's at the hole he fucked. David gurgled something incoherent, and that sound made Ron's intensity climb higher. Ron still had not developed much style, but his body was strong and he delivered powerful cock-strokes, in and out, fast, hard, and he matched them with a clamped grip on David's cock. His tempo was gaining force with each stroke.

Scotty perceived somehow, rather than saw, threads of something, not black exactly but dark, slowly creep in at the edges of the room. Thin. Barely there, and not there at the same time. Scotty perceived them through his awareness of what was on the periphery of Ron's senses--Ron was throwing around too much telepathic energy. Would he burn himself out?

Scotty pulled hard at his muscles, trying to fight the intense feelings that felt like they were burning him inside. He wanted to move his arms, his feet, if he could only figure out how Mitch had broken the mind-spell back when the bounty hunter had done it. Scotty had saved his friends' asses--he was the M.V.P!--and he tried to reach out to Mitch; if Scotty could not break the spell himself, maybe he could wake up Mitch and Mitch could do it? Sometimes even the M.V.P. had to pass the ball when he could not find a shot. Scotty thought he felt Mitch's mind stir against whatever Ron had done to him, but he could not be sure.

Ron fucked David harder, faster, buffeting Scotty and probably everyone nearby as though their fuck was a hurricane. Scotty's balls and cock ached, and still he could not cum. He felt each crushing thrust of Ron's hard, hard dick. He felt each twist of Ron's hand on David's cock. The sensations were overwhelming. Scotty stopped pleading with Mitch, stopped calling for help, because his attention was being sucked elsewhere, irresistibly. He knew he should continue to fight, but everything was being replaced by the fuck. Now all Scotty cared about was the incredible pleasure of cock and ass that rushed through him, like the force from a high-pressure hose. If those threads were forming something, a net or a web, Scotty no longer cared. If the threads were sharp and maybe somehow venomous, Scotty could pay attention. The pleasure Ron blasted pushed away everything.

*Cum, cum together*, the Ron-Mitch voice ordered. David's cock erupted. Mitch's cock began to spurt. And Scotty's balls burst as sperm rocketed out of him in a fiery bliss that finished the job of burning away everything else.

In mid-orgasm, distracted, Ron looked up from David's body and realized too late. The threads and their venom struck deep into his mind, and the sudden, shocked energy Ron released hit Scotty so hard that for a moment his vision nearly went black, and then his whole world did go black.

Sometime later, when Scotty opened his eyes, everything was white. White and bright. Very bright. He was sitting cross-legged somewhere. Too bright to see the walls. Everything was silent, too silent. This room did not really exist, he understood, not in the physical world. This was in his head, a metaphor his mind was using to make sense of something taking place. Two other bodies sat cross-legged with him. Familiar bodies. But one was aware, and the other ... somehow wasn't. Scotty looked at the aware one and said, "Hi, Mitch. What happened?"

Scotty was naked. Mitch was naked too. Ron, the other unaware one there with them, also naked. Mitch's head was surrounded by a ball, wider than his shoulders, of bright white light, so bright Scotty could barely see his face. Was this some metaphor for Mitch's telepathy? A similar, larger ball surrounded Ron's head, but it seemed inert somehow. Unconscious? Or simply prevented from waking up? What was going on here?

"I'd say things got a little out of control," Mitch replied. His voice was sluggish, muted, like he was stoned and not fully awake himself.

"This isn't the time for your wisecracks, Mitch. Give me a straight answer, please."

"No wisecracks. Never again."

"Where are we? What is this place?" This had to be some sort of mental place. They had to be talking in their



minds, but it felt and sounded like talking with their voices always did.

Mitch shrugged. "We're still in the hotel. We're ... I think we're sleeping, or something close to it. Our bodies are sleeping, at least. So our minds can heal. All this"--he made a faint gesture around them--"is to distract us, like a dream or something."

Sleeping? That made sense, explained why Scotty felt so quiet and groggy himself. He peered against the glare. He could see two or three dark tendrils, not black or gray exactly, barely visible in the whiteness. They stretched from some distant point in the background, and disappeared into the back of Mitch's head. Several more, a larger number anyway, and thicker, sank into the back of Ron's head. Were similar tendrils going in the back of his own head, Scotty wondered, but could not seem to turn around to look.

"Ron lost it. He got a little intoxicated by using his Talent--"

"More than a little, Mitch. Felt like he was frying my mind from the inside."

"Yeah. He really lost it. Spider says that happens sometimes. Newly manifested Talents do too much too soon, and they burn themselves out or do damage to those around them. Spider is trying to heal us, I think, the worst of it, at least." He paused as if listening to something faint that only he could hear. "Don't worry, Scotty--you'll be fine. Spider says minds are resilient, and those psi-shields Marcus showed you how to do deflected the worst of it. You might have some weird dreams or nightmares for a while, like a light case of post-traumatic stress, but those'll fade. All you need is some time and your mind will heal itself."

Scotty peered at Ron, who sat unknowing.

"Ron didn't mean to, I guess," Mitch said, "but he's always been a joker and kind of manipulative, and the temptation was too much ... Anyway, he's going to stay asleep for a while, until Spider can get his Talent turned way, way down. He'll need to get some training. His power will start coming back gradually over time. By then maybe he'll know how to deal with it, won't make the same mistakes again."

"Oh," Scotty said, because he could think of nothing else to say.

"Scotty, do you know what that means?"

"Uh, no? Tell me?"

"The Institute, Scotty. Ron and I will have to turn ourselves in. It's the only way."

Scotty said, "Oh."

"We need training. Ron and me--we're too strong. We can't just go out in the Normal world. What Ron nearly did today is only the part of the damage he could do--or me--if we lose control. And the Institute is the only place Talents as strong as us can get the training we need."

"But Big Marcus, or Spider--"

"Neither of them is strong enough. Spider caught Ron by surprise and barely got him. Since you and I were pretty much out of it, Spider was able to nail us too. If Ron had been ready, Spider wouldn't have stood a chance. And after what Ron did, the hotel probably blipped up on the Institute's to-do list. Probably didn't have enough time to zero in on its location, but they'll find it soon enough, now that they know to look. The residents are already packing up. They'll be moving out shortly, going into hiding somewhere else."

"What about me? Am I supposed to go with them?"

"No, Scotty. You need to go home. The Institute won't care about you once Ron and I turn ourselves in. Your parents are probably worried sick about you. And if my dad or Ron's folks want to know what happened to us, you might want to clean up the story a little. Like, maybe, not tell them about all the sex we had."

"Yeah, the sex was kind of weird. I don't regret doing it with you or Ron, but I think maybe butt-sex with guys isn't for me."

"Yeah," Mitch seemed to smile through the glare. "I kind of figured that. But it was good, the three of us, what we had, right?"

"Yeah. I'd do it all again ... except maybe the part where Ron lost it."

Mitch snickered. "Yeah, except that part."

Scotty shook his head. "So much has changed, and in less than a week."

"Less than a week since you found out. A little longer for Ron and me."

"But I'm still the M.V.P., right?"

"You'll always be the M.V.P., Scotty."

"I think you still owe me a blow-job from, you know, the last time I saved your asses. I wish ..." Scotty stopped, trying to think of how to continue.

Mitch seemed to know; he nodded. "It's private here. Just you and me--and Ron too, but he's ... Spider knocked him deeper than us, for his own safety. Anyway, Spider isn't watching you or me right now. If ... you know ... you wanna ... collect one last time for the road?"

Scotty blushed under the long, hard stare that Mitch was giving him. He was tired and somehow distracted, but he also felt more self-confident than he had ever been before. Enough to take on even Mitch. He and Mitch has always loved each other as friends, but Scotty wanted to show Mitch he was more than just a horny boy demanding blow-jobs; he wanted to show Mitch the man he felt he was becoming.

Scotty spread his arms, displaying himself to Mitch. "You like what you see? I'm hot, aren't I? All the girls back at school think so."

"You're a real stud, Scotty," Mitch agreed with no sarcasm. "I've always thought you were hot, and not just your body. Whoever you end up with will be very lucky."

"Well, today only, I'll be happy to give you one last sample of the goods, before our road trip ends. That is, of course, if you have the balls."

"Oh, I've got the balls, all right!"

"Then watch out, Mitch, because I'm going to plug your butt. You can be a real arrogant ass sometimes, so I'm gonna show you what your ass is for!"

Mitch stayed where he was as Scotty leaned forward and crawled the short distance between them. Scotty's

cock was hardening, slowly, not fully hard yet but getting there. Previously Mitch had mostly done the fucking during their sex, but Scotty's hard-on came from deciding he was going to be the one giving dick to Mitch's ass this time. Scotty half-expected his friend to protest or try to reassert his leadership position, but Mitch simply sat as if spellbound by Scotty's new virility, and he did not move as Scotty approached.

Scotty had grabbed Mitch around the torso, and they rolled, play-wrestling, though Mitch yielded too easily, grinning groggily. Scotty's cock was fully stiff now. Scotty guided Mitch into the position he wanted, an arm around Mitch's waist, bending him over, guiding him down onto his back. Mitch's ankles seemed to fit naturally over Scotty's shoulders. Mitch had offered a blow-job, but Scotty decided he wanted more. Mitch seemed to brace himself, but Scotty did not give him the benefit of any preparation. Mental "bodies" were constructs and needed no lubricant, Scotty reasoned; this was not the real world, so all he had to do was think and make it happen, right? Time to test that theory. Scotty leaned forward, pressed; his cock went right into Mitch's asshole, and Mitch hollered, not in pain from being pierced dry, but from the pleasure of Scotty's erection riding directly into his prostate. "Fuck, yeah!" Mitch swore. "Fuck me, Scotty!"

Scotty loved the way arousal shaded Mitch's voice; knowing that Mitch was submitting to the ass-fucking, knowing Scotty himself was the reason for Mitch's husky tone and his pleasure-cry gave Scotty a sense of incredible power. He felt proud and virile. Was this what Ron had felt? Was this how he got started? Scotty decided to worry about that later and concentrate on the now, on the pleasure of Mitch's hole around his cock, and the pleasure that Scotty's fuck was going to give both of them. He liked feeling dominant and strong, and he refused to hide it.

Grunting with smug satisfaction, Scotty pushed the rest of his dick into Mitch's butt. Mitch growled in bliss; Scotty imagined Mitch was overwhelmed by Scotty's new strength, unable to do more than submit to him. This feeling was a new thrill, and Scotty decided he could enjoy it, as long as he remembered submission had to be agreed to and given, not taken by force. That was what Ron had ignored. And what Mitch and Scotty were doing in this mental place was different from the way the physical world anyway; things worked easier here--want it and it happened, even without lube and twenty minutes of slobbery foreplay. Doing it next to their inert friend Ron felt a little weird but oddly thrilling too.

"Relax your ass," Scotty mock-snarled, trying to sound tough and domineering. He spanked Mitch's thigh for emphasis. Something about Mitch's ass shifted, and allowed Scotty's cock to slip into the hole even easier.

"Oh, wow!" Mitch laughed. "I don't believe it."

"Just what don't you believe?"

"That you're the one with your cock up my ass, and I'm the one getting fucked. I've usually been the one *doing* the fucking."

Scotty laughed too. "Fuck you, Mitch."

"That's the idea, stud. Give me your dick! Fuck my ass, Mister M.V.P.!"

The mental version of Mitch's ass accepted Scotty's cock easily. Once he was sure Mitch was really submitting to what was happening to him and was not going to try to turn the tables somehow, Scotty was able to relax. His dick had room to move easily in and out of Mitch's hole now, and Mitch shuddered in pleasure. Scotty watched Mitch's face, the way his eyes clamped shut and the way his mouth kept making little sounds of passion. The feel of Mitch's ass around his dick, the strength of Mitch's muscles where their bodies pressed together, knowing Mitch's ass and body were his to fuck gave Scotty the most intense rush he

had ever known. His body was alive and singing.

"Fuck!" they swore in unison on Scotty's in-strokes. "Fuck!"

Mitch's body heaved under Scotty's. "How'm I doing?" Scotty asked.

"Urk!" Mitch yelped with a grin, which was answer enough to Scotty's question. Scotty had proven his point, and now he needed to make sure Mitch never forgot it--or Scotty--by giving him a screwing that he would remember for the rest of his life.

"Urgh-k-kuh," from Mitch.

Scotty did not need Mitch's assurances any longer. He latched onto Mitch's nipples and gently pulled and twisted, making Mitch hiss in pleasure. He fucked Mitch slow and deep, then fast and shallow, then slow and deep again. Mitch made incoherent sounds. Knowing he had fucked his friend into an almost mindless state of bliss, not a fuck-trance but damn nice anyway, aroused Scotty too much, too fast. He felt himself climbing toward his orgasm. He grabbed hold of his friend's dick and started to pump it furiously.

Mitch opened his eyes and managed, "I'm gonna shoot soon if you don't slow down. I wanna make it last."

"Me too."

But instead of slowing down, Scotty began to fuck harder, deeper, wanting to hit all the best spots that made Mitch go wild, and each push-pull of his cock in Mitch's squeezing hole tugged Scotty inevitably toward the sharp edge of orgasm, too soon.

Mitch's cock began to throb in Scotty's hand, and then cum erupted from it, and Mitch groaned some primal sound. Then Scotty too was there. He felt himself start to explode, but he thrust deeply into Mitch's asshole, even as his body locked up and shuddered through his climax, and his balls emptied themselves in spurt after spurt, and orgasm shattered his consciousness.

Awareness returned slowly. Scotty found himself fully clothed; behind the wheel of Mister Rust Bucket. He was driving along a stretch of highway, with Ron dozing in the passenger seat beside him and Mitch napping in the back. Somehow he knew they had been on the road for a couple of hours already, though he did not remember getting in the car, or what time they had left. A mileage sign indicated that in another hour they would be reaching another city. Already, the way they had come--the path back to the hotel, even the name of it, the look of it, the city where it was located--were fading from his memory. Likely Mitch's and Ron's memories were also fading. This seemed to Scotty a necessary security tactic, tracks being covered, so that no one from the Institute would be able to pick the hotel's location from his mind.

Mitch knew exactly where to go, every street, every turn. After he realized he somehow knew the route, he stopped questioning. Whoever planted the knowledge in his mind wanted to make sure they reached their end point.

"Maybe the Institute won't be so bad," Mitch said from the back seat. He had awakened a few blocks away from their destination. "It's more like the Army than a prison, right? Once the basic training is over, they let the Talents have leave now and then, like when my cousin came home to visit a few times. We'll come back and see you, Scotty, as much as we can. I promise."

"I'll hold you to that," Scotty said, looking at Mitch in the rearview mirror. But would the Mitch and Ron who

came back to visit after training be anything like the Mitch and Ron who had been his friends for so many years growing up? Would the Scotty they found be the same as the one they remembered, or even the one who sat behind the steering wheel right then? Change was inevitable and unpredictable. Two weeks ago, having Talents for best friends, having sex with men, leaving home, all of it would have been unfathomable to that Scotty, whose life seemed a thousand years ago.

Scotty pulled up to the Institute recruitment field office, a small local outpost for the people who went out to "recruit" or "retrieve" or "capture" new Talents. He guided Rusty into the empty parking spot for visitors, right outside the front door. After so much effort in running from the Institute, driving right to it felt iffy, and part of Scotty hoped Mitch would change his mind and tell him to keep driving. But Ron, who still slept in the passenger seat, was a time bomb until he got trained. Mitch too. More inevitable changes to handle. Holding on to the way things had been would never work. Scotty understood he could no longer pretend he was still his small-town self living his insular life, using the way things had always been between them to keep change and the world away. Things never stayed still. Sex and control had been the ways Mitch and Ron tried to deal with their emerging selves. Well, all right--Scotty would have to find his own way. He knew he could no longer pretend to be living in a world without goodbye.

Ron woke when Mitch's telepathy touched his mind and broke the fragile lock that had kept him slumbering. Ron yawned and blinked and looked around, but he seemed to understand where they were and why. No words were spoken. Ron seemed to accept what needed to happen.

The three friends group-hugged one last time on the curb outside the front door. Scotty considered kissing them--after all the sex they had shared, something more than a hug seemed warranted, but a kiss would have felt too final. Instead, after another promise from Mitch to visit, Scotty gave back only a smile and a promise to be waiting. Was this, he wondered, the sort of placating thing adults said to each other when they said goodbye?

Ron said nothing and looked at the door. Then he hugged his friends to him again and said, "I'm such a fucking asshole."

Scotty felt vindicated, a bit: some part of the old Ron *had* remained, underneath. Maybe changes were not always absolute. "True," he smiled, "but you're *our* asshole."

Farewells were inevitable. Scotty stepped back. He waved. They waved.

Scotty turned the key in Mister Rust Bucket, which started on the second try. He put the car in gear and pulled away from the curb. The traffic light turned red and he stopped. Scotty turned the rearview mirror so he could watch as his friends opened the office door, paused, then disappeared inside into whatever awaited them. He watched another few seconds after the door closed.

Ahead, the traffic light cycled to green. Scotty did not look back again. He eased the car forward and began his long drive home.

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