

# Con Job (an Institute story)

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: A telepath digs into the crime that led to Scott's arrest.

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 are 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."

Copyright - 2012 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to [wrestlr@iname.com](mailto:wrestlr@iname.com)

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories)
  - <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)
-

# **Con Job (an Institute story)**

**by Wrestlr**

# Part 1

Once upon time, if you told people you heard voices in your head, a doctor would diagnose you as schizophrenic, put you on heavy medications, and lock you away in a hospital. Nowadays, they test you first to see whether you're psychic.

Either way, though, the end result's the same. If you turn out to be schizophrenic, they ship you off to a cozy mental institution to keep you from hurting yourself or others. If you turn out to be psychic, they ship you off to the Institute. Either way, the life you knew is over.

A "Talent." That's what they call it when you hear voices because you have a psychic power instead of schizophrenia. "Getting recruited." That's the euphemism for getting yourself carted off to the Institute, like you volunteered or something. For me, it happened three years ago when I was fifteen, a sophomore in high school. I went to a backwater school in a small backwater town. We'd never had anyone develop a psychic ability before, though I'm pretty sure we had lots of schizophrenics around. I'd been getting headaches for weeks, killer headaches where I heard people chattering away in my head. I couldn't quite make out what they were saying--just a bunch of chaotic jabbering. I thought I was going crazy or starting to have migraines, or both. I never once thought I was becoming psychic.

One day at school, I skipped my second period class and went to the guidance counselor, since my school was too small to have a nurse on staff. I told him I was having headaches and hearing voices. I expected him to send me home, but instead he told me to sit in the staff conference room no one ever used. I didn't know whether it was the privacy, the dim light coming through the closed blinds of the single

window or, hell, maybe even the density of the cinderblock walls, but I immediately felt better. The voices got quieter. I said so. That didn't seem to please the counselor, but I didn't care. I was just happy to have the noise in my head dialed from ten down to six. I put my head down on the conference table and waited through the headache until I dozed a little.

A couple of hours later, the door opened again, and this guy came in. He was wearing this trying-hard-not-to-look-like-a-uniform shirt with a little stylized lower-case *i* on it, like a company logo or something. I didn't much care. All I knew was, as long as I looked at him, focused on him, the voices went away. I'd figure out later that he was a telepath like me, and he'd done something in my head to make me feel calm, but right then, all I knew was I wanted to give him my undivided attention. He made the diagnosis in seconds, 'cause apparently I was just on the cusp of developing full-blown mind-reading abilities. Less than half an hour later I was on my way to the Institute. It wasn't that far away, but it might as well have been on another planet.

People with psychic powers are sent to the Institute "for their own safety," which is the same reason they give for carting schizophrenics off to an asylum. That's a polite way of saying no one wants Talents or schizophrenics around. My getting recruited was a big scandal in our town, nearly as big as when Scott got arrested for robbery and murder. Two detectives showed up at school and took him away in handcuffs. The rumor was that he was robbed a gas station north of town and shot the clerk. That happened near the end of my freshman year. The press made a big stink about the crime, especially since Scott had a string of minor juvie convictions. I couldn't believe that he'd risk his future for the few hundred dollars he got in the robbery. I was shocked when he pleaded guilty, and then the ambitious district attorney pushed to have him tried as an adult even though he was seventeen. After his

conviction, Scott was sent off to state prison. That happened six months before my recruitment eclipsed his crime on the local scandal scale.

I liked Scott from the moment I was met him. A senior, he was older than me, and we had a Phys Ed class together my freshman year in high school. He was a little taller than average; he had wavy blond hair, bright blue eyes, and dimples when he smiled. He was the star of all the school sports teams. Me, I was a fair-enough athlete, not good enough to play on the varsity teams maybe, but respectable enough to do well in Phys Ed class and get picked early for teams. I'd definitely have hated to be one of those guys picked last that everybody bullied, and I was glad I was higher than them in the pecking order.

After that first time I spotted Scott naked in the showers, I knew I wanted to know him better. He had a generous, uncut dick and big balls. I fantasized about him, what it would be like to see that dick hard, jack him off, watch him shoot his load, suck on his hard dick, maybe even fuck him in his ass. In my after-school jack-off sessions that year, I shot many loads thinking about him. I didn't tell Scott or anyone else about that, though. In Phys Ed class, we were friendly without really being friends. I seldom saw him during the rest of the day because we were in different grades and had different schedules.

Then I got recruited. Three years passed. I was eighteen now. From time to time I still thought about Scott. He seemed like a childhood crush now, since I really only knew him casually and not for very long. He'd been my idol for nearly a year, and images of him naked in the showers lingered in my mind, like a half-forgotten hint of what could have been. He was still the physical standard against whom I measured everybody else.

I sat with the other trainees in my Advanced Telepathic Strategies in Criminal Justice class there at the Institute, in the large room they'd set aside for our use that day. Today was a practical training exercise, the instructors told us. The Institute was trucking in a bus-load of prisoners. Our job as trainees was to go in cold, knowing nothing about their cases or convictions, and determine the details of the crime that led to their incarceration. What we reported would be compared to the actual facts to determine how effective we were. Officially, the Institute brought in criminals from one of the local state prisons because, after all, this was a criminal justice class: "real world experience," blah-blah-blah. Unofficially, we knew prisoners were a ready pool of test subjects who could be carted in for use as test subjects without anyone caring. Normal people didn't like the idea of telepaths even being around, much less poking around in their heads. But Normals didn't care about prisoners being brought in instead.

At first I wasn't sure it was Scott. He looked different. He'd gained weight and height; his body was beefier and more muscular than I remembered, with a defined chest inside the tight white T-shirt he wore under his orange prison coveralls.

The prisoners shuffled in. They were handcuffed and shackled, since officially the Institute was not supposed to be a secure incarceration facility, even though we had more security than most prisons--all for the "protection" of us Talents, of course, though the instructors got evasive when somebody asked whether "protection" meant *us from the Normals outside*, or *the Normals from us Talents*.

The prisoners looked uncertain; no one had told them why they were being packed onto a bus or where they were going. Had they been told in advance, they'd have complained to some prisoners' rights advocate and gotten the whole trip scuttled. But I was betting some of them might've

figured it out if they had seen the little *i* logos on the signs outside the complex.

We trainees weren't supposed to let on what we were there to do. We were supposed to pick a prisoner, engage him in a couple of minutes of conversation, discern the details of his crime from his mind, and walk away. In twenty minutes, the prisoners would be back on the bus to the state pen, and we Talents would be halfway through reporting our findings to the instructors for this glorified classroom assignment. This was supposed to prepare us for possible rewarding careers in law enforcement, where the police would trot us in to talk to alleged perpetrators, and we'd determine in minutes what used to take detectives weeks to do. Ever since telepathy was recognized as a reliable law enforcement tool, like fingerprinting or DNA evidence, law enforcement agencies had been clamoring for more telepaths to get certified for criminal justice work so their testimony could be given in court--all quietly and covertly of course, since no police force wanted to be associated with Talents publicly.

When I first saw him, I just stared. Was it really him? He was one of the last ones to enter. The go-getter trainees had all pounced on the first subjects the moment they started filing in, so I didn't have much competition. I walked over and said, "Hey, Scott, is that you?" A quick telepathic touch had confirmed he really was Scott even before I reached him, but I believed in going through the social motions to put people at ease.

"Yeah?" he said, eyeing me suspiciously. He was probably around twenty-one or so now, and his voice had deepened too. Being in an unfamiliar situation had him deploying an *I'm cooler than you* attitude to keep from exposing how nervous he was. The attitude might have worked on somebody who couldn't read his thoughts.

But he relaxed a degree when he sort-of recognized me. Hey, I was eighteen now--I'd changed too in the more than three and a half years since he last saw me. He said, "Oh. Hi. I thought you looked familiar. How's it going?"

I half-shrugged. "Same shit, different day. Good to see you again. Let's have a seat over here and talk."

We sat down at one of the small table-and-two-chairs arrangements. He probably thought I was going to interview him about prison life or something, which I guess wasn't far off the mark.

I wove a little thread of fascination around his thoughts. Sifting through his mind would be easier if he was focused solely on me, not distracted by whatever was going on around us. Scott met and held my gaze as he found himself suddenly very interested in everything I had to say.

"Just relax," I assured him. "Look into my eyes, Scott." *That's it*, I thought into his head, *just let me in*. My thoughts entered his just below the level of consciousness, so he wasn't aware of my presence in his mind.

I wound the fascination tighter through his thoughts, coupled with a nice, relaxing drowsiness. Not enough to put him to sleep, but enough to take the edge off his nervousness. After a few moments of my little mental massage, he was too groggy to worry about anything.

"So, Scott, we're just going to talk a couple of minutes. No big deal, right?"

"Okay ... Right ..." He blinked and yawned. "Sorry ... Tired ... all of a sudden ..."

"You're looking good," I said, still trying to put him at ease.

"Thanks. I ... I use'ta pump a lot of iron in the joint ... Ain't no pussy ... Didn't want other guys fuckin' with me ... Fucking warden stopped us ... 'cause the cons got too strong for the guards."

Okay, maybe I'd overdone the drowsiness. I eased back on it and let his mind rouse up a little. Besides, seeing Scott again and having his mind so receptive to my commands was giving me a major boner. I needed to keep my composure since there were other people around. Plus, I didn't want Scott to pick up on how aroused I was.

Scott cleared his throat, and tried to change the subject. "So, how was school?" he asked. Which probably seemed like a safe subject to him, since that was what we had in common. "I wasn't much of a student. Did you graduate?" He hadn't finished high school, of course; the police had hauled him off to jail just a few weeks shy of graduation.

"No, I got sent here shortly after you left. I've got another year of training to go.

"Uh, what is 'here' exactly?" Meaning, this place.

"This is the Institute."

"Oh," he said, stifling another yawn. The name took a moment to register, then, "Oh! I heard about ... I mean ... So, uhm, you're one of those freaks ..."

"Yeah, though we prefer to be called Talents. Mine's telepathy."

"Like in comic books? Mind-reading and stuff? Sorry about calling you a freak ... Didn't mean to insult you. I just never ..."

"It's okay. No worries. When you're this relaxed, sometimes you speak a little too freely." And while I was poking around in his head, the minor tweak to change his opinion of Talents was easy, and probably no one would ever notice. He didn't have much negativity toward Talents anyway so I didn't have to change much.

Scott scratched the side of his head, still moving a little slowly and woozily. "Mind-reading ... I bet that's kind of cool."

"It can be a headache sometimes"--literally--"but yeah, it's cool too."

"Are you reading my mind now?"

"Yeah. Is that all right?"

He shrugged, playing it nonchalant. "Can't stop you, can I?" But he grinned too. I was deeper inside his mind, digging into his memories now to get my assignment finished and not paying close attention to his active thoughts, but he really did seem to find it amusing.

Searching an unfamiliar mind can take time. For this exercise we only had a few minutes to locate a specific incident in a lifetime of memories. Our instructors had taught us that sometimes asking the right question helped expose what we were looking for--ask, and the other person can't help but think about the answer. It's like when somebody says *don't think about a pink elephant* and suddenly all you can think about is a pink elephant, what it would look like, what other elephants looked like, maybe where you were the last time you saw an elephant. I asked Scott: "So ... prison must've been a big change from high school ...?"

"Oh, man ..." Scott hung his head and shook it. "I was *such* a fucking idiot. That whole time of my life--so fucked up. I made the biggest mistake ever, and all for nothing--" He blushed, afraid he had

accidentally exposed a secret.

But just because I was reading his thoughts didn't mean I knew how to interpret all the pieces or how to fit them together. Not yet anyway.

Memories unfolded, one in particular. Which was weird, because it didn't seem related to Scott's crime at all. I dug deeper to find the connection and began to realize what all this meant.

"Uhm, Scott, would you mind if I called one of the instructors over?"

He shrugged again, trying to keep up his *nothing can touch me* act in spite of the lingering grogginess in his head. "Sure, whatever."

I waved at one of the instructors to get his attention--hey, no way was I going to mind-shout this across a room full of telepaths. But I needed the instructor to back me up. I wasn't certified yet, couldn't provide testimony that could be introduced into court; but the instructors were and could. Once I showed them what I'd learned, they'd be able to initiate the next steps. I called the instructor over not because of what I found in Scott's memories, but because of what I *didn't* find.

Let me back up. What I *did* find in Scott's memories, so clear he remembered it like yesterday, was a camping trip. His "stepfather" had taken Scott and his friend Jimmy camping for a little male bonding. Scott had forgotten which number this stepfather was, and his mother hadn't always been that diligent about officially marrying the men she declared to be his latest. Still, Scott kind of liked this one and was sad when his mother ejected the stepfather from their lives a few months after the camping trip.

Scott and Jimmy had played football together. I didn't remember Jimmy well, but Scott sure did.

Scott, his stepfather de jour, and Jimmy had spent hours hiking into the wilderness. With the sun nearly set, they finally stopped and set up their camp. Suddenly the day's exertions crashed in on Scott, and he couldn't stop yawning. After a quick supper, his stepfather announced they should all get some sleep. He disappeared into his tent and left Scott and Jimmy to climb into the other.

"Hey, Scotty-boy, this is what I call being alone. Sure different from being back home, right?" Jimmy said quietly as they peeled off their clothing, down to their briefs. Scott was sort of going steady with Jimmy's sister Janie, a year younger, but what he liked most about Janie was how much she looked like Jimmy, acted like him, and reminded Scott of her brother. Scott shook the thought out of his head and climbed into his own sleeping bag.

The night around their tent was silent except for the soft sighing of the wind and the rustle of a tree limb. Scott fell asleep immediately.

At some point, a noise woke him. Jimmy's sleeping bag was empty. Scott climbed out of his own and pushed back the tent flap. The moon painted the campsite silver, enough light that Scott could see his stepfather's tent, the brush around the edge of the clearing--and, over next to the mostly extinguished embers of their campfire, Jimmy.

Jimmy's cock jutted out over the top of his briefs, rigid, its pale skin glowing in the moonlight as Jimmy worked his fist over it slowly, grasping its thick base and pulling the skin down toward the big glans. Jimmy turned and stared at Scott. Scott climbed out of the tent. His own cock continued hardening in his briefs. Jimmy walked slowly over to Scott, his hand maintaining a steady rhythm on his stiff tool.

Jimmy's voice was quiet, husky with arousal. "Scotty-boy, see what I

got? Show me yours. Come on, buddy."

Scott's mouth felt suddenly dry. He felt ... aroused, scared, love, too many things at once he couldn't separate or identify. He loved Jimmy and wanted him more than anything he'd ever wanted before. Scott's cock immediately jumped. He eased down the front of his briefs to display his rising erection to Jimmy in the moonlight.

Less than two feet separated them, an uncrossable distance. Jimmy, always so manipulative, seemed so sure about what he was doing, what he wanted, surer than Scott. He looked at Jimmy, seeing in a new way the body he had watched so many times before in the locker room and showers. Scott wanted to reach out and touch his buddy, his chest, his cock, but he couldn't make himself. All he could do was look and stroke himself, as Jimmy did the same thing from his side of the divide.

Jimmy reached his other hand out, glancing off the slick tip of Scott's penis. First one finger, then two, then his palm closed over the pulsing tool. Scott yielded his cock to the embrace of Jimmy's hand and sighed. Suddenly he understood what was wrong with Janie: she wasn't Jimmy. He wanted Jimmy. Wanted to touch him, kiss him, make him cum.

Before Scott could reach for Jimmy's erection, his orgasm erupted, turning the world into clenched muscles, tightening balls, and the surge of pleasure burning through every nerve.

"Fuck, yeah. That's it. Cum for me, Scotty-boy," Jimmy hissed confidently as he stroked Scott and himself. As Scott's orgasm faded, Jimmy's began, and Scott watched, fascinated, as his buddy threw back his head and groaned and shuddered through the first climax Scott had ever seen in real life other than his own.

When he was done, Jimmy stepped back, not looking at Scott. Jimmy

wiped his hands on a nearby bush and tucked away his cock.

"Get some sleep, guys," his stepfather's sleep-hazed voice growled from inside his tent. Mortified, Scott dove back into his sleeping bag.

Every time I probed for the memories of the robbery, I stumbled into this one instead. Why was this memory about a camping trip standing in for the one of the robbery? What was the connection? The only way he could no memories of the crime at all was if ...

That's what I *didn't* find. I leaned in and said, "You didn't do it, did you?"

"Do ... what?" Scott said, still groggy and blinking, pretending ignorance to buy time to figure out what I meant. But inside his head, his cobwebbed thoughts tumbled over more memories, and from them I understood why I'd kept running into the camping memory instead.

Minds don't always present information clearly or directly. Their logic isn't always *concise statement A plus B produces answer C*. I'd been probing for the memory of *what* happened. Scott's mind kept presenting the camping memory instead to answer *why* it happened.

Scott had been on a date with Janie that night instead. Scott kept telling himself Janie was Jimmy-like enough that he could love her, would come to love her, but she wasn't Jimmy. The next day, after the news of the robbery-turned-homicide stunned the town, the police arrested Scott. A fuzzy security video recording showed a youth of Scott's general build going into the gas station. Scott was sure Jimmy was the youth on the tape--they were the same height and same general build--but the police were certain it was Scott. Janie refused to corroborate his story, and instead gave Jimmy an alibi. Privately, she begged Scott not to tell anyone Jimmy had done it, promising him her love, sex, a hundred things. Scott loved Jimmy, wanted to keep him out of jail and, using

logic that probably only made sense to a scared kid who wasn't nearly as grown-up as he pretended, agreed to say nothing. By not defending his innocence, Scott let everyone believe he was guilty. Being a good-looking kid with a friendly smile had always gotten him leniency, until now. The district attorney painted Scott as a Jekyll and Hyde: star athlete by day, robber and killer by night. Scott was naive enough to believe in justice; he believed that the judge would realize the man in the video was not Scott, that Jimmy would man up and confess. Neither happened. Tried as an adult, Scott went to jail for a crime he didn't commit to protect the friend he loved, only to have Janie dump him the moment he was sentenced and Jimmy was safe. Then, four months later, shortly after turning eighteen, Jimmy was arrested for another robbery and sent to a different prison, so Scott's sacrifice had only earned his friend a few additional months of freedom, at the cost of his own future.

Prison. The Institute. Lives change. What's important is how we deal with the changes and what we do next. My life gave me a Talent, and the Institute gave me the training to use it. The assignment was to determine the details that led to the prisoner's--Scott's--incarceration, and I'd done that. I'd waded one of the instructors over and now, in order for Scott's life to change again, I had to show him what I'd learned.

## Part 2

I sat in the visitation cubicle. Family and friends from my life before the Institute almost never came to visit me. I'd been especially surprised when I'd learned Scott was the one who'd asked to see me.

The door opened, the "time remaining" counter next to it displayed fifteen minutes, and in walked Scott.

"Hi," he said sheepishly.

I'd heard from the instructor that Scott's conviction had been overturned based on what I'd uncovered. That also earned me high marks in the Advanced Telepathic Strategies in Criminal Justice class. Those events had been months ago.

The cubicle was private, just the two of us, though I suspected the Institute was monitoring us.

Scott and I made small talk, but kept lapsing into uncomfortable silences. Like all Normal visitors, he had been fitted with an anti-telepathy cap to wear around me; its micro-electronics kept me out of his thoughts. I couldn't learn what he was thinking or why he was here the easy way.

"I can't get over how great you look." I told him. "Seriously, how have you been?"

"Under-loved and under-fucked, same as usual. But I'm back to working out. Feel that muscle."

"Like a rock," I confirmed as I squeezed the bicep he flexed for me.

He looked like he had been poured into that tee-shirt and jeans. I kept staring at him. He was perfect, not only the handsome face and big dick but now his body was even more terrific than before. I sneaked a peek at his big crotch bulge, and he caught me. He didn't say anything, just smirked.

"I had a job interview this morning. Manual labor shit, but that's all I'm good for. I won't get the job, though. When they check out my record, they never call me."

Even though he'd been cleared of the robbery-homicide, he still had a string of prior juvenile offenses.

"Keep at it. You'll find something soon. You deserve a second chance."

"Thanks." He nodded sheepishly. "I hated adding to Jimmy's sentence, but it was time for justice. He did the crime, and he let me go to prison for it. That's not what real friends do. I don't know what I was thinking when ... No, I guess I do know. I won't make that mistake again." He took a deep, serious breath and looked at me. "You kept my secret, didn't you."

The secret: how much he had loved Jimmy. I'd shown the instructors the memories of *what* happened, how Scott had taken the rap to protect his friend, but I hadn't shown them the campsite memory or the *why* part. Some regrets are nobody else's business. I nodded. "Of course."

Scott nodded again too. "I knew you would."

He glanced away. "Listen, you mind if I--?" He pulled off the anti-telepathy cap. "This fucking thing is making my scalp itch. They said I have keep it on but ... I mean, you've already been inside my head, right?" He chuckled nervously and added, "Ain't nothing going on in

there half the time anyway."

Was this an invitation?

*Look into my eyes, I whispered into his thoughts. Focus on me. Everything else falls away.*

He looked around. We weren't in the visitor cubicle now. We stood in an empty gray void. "What happened? What is this place?"

"We're talking mind-to-mind now. We can speak freely here. This space can be anything you imagine it to be."

In this mental plane, Scott wasn't wearing the tee-shirt or jeans from the "real world." Here, he wore his old high school football jersey and practice shorts because that was how he always pictured himself, as the star football player. At least his self-image wasn't in a convict's orange jumpsuit.

Me? I wore my Institute uniform here too. I'd long ago embraced who and what I was.

"Really? Anything?" Scott looked off to one side, and the void responded to him with a blur of colors, blues and greens. "Cool!" He gestured at it, like a painter slapping colors across a canvas, which was kind of pointless since the mind-scape responded to thoughts. But his "body" here and his "gesture" were mental constructs anyway, so maybe this was how he felt comfortable interacting with the environment.

While he was distracted by playing around with the mind-scape, I slipped deeper into his mind. Tipping his libido in the direction I wanted it to go, just for insurance, took only the gentlest of nudges. He already wanted to go there too.

He gestured again and something like a brush appeared, and another. The overhead turned sky blue. Scott was envisioning something from his memories and the mind-scape was responding, making the setting appear around us. I recognized this wilderness clearing from his camping memory, though this time it was lit by sunlight instead of moonlight. He grinned, pleased to have figured out how to manifest his memories in the plane around us.

The air turned warmer as the sunlight shone down on us. As Scott shrugged off his football jersey, he said, "I wanted to come see you as soon as I got out. I wanted to say thanks. They made me fill out a visitor application. It took months to get processed. If the process for prison was as tough as this place, it's no wonder I didn't get many visitors!"

I laughed because he meant it as a joke.

He flexed his torso in the sun.

Scott looked at me and grinned. "So we can do and say anything here and no one except us will ever know?"

"That's right. It'll be real for us, but no one else will know."

"You wanna fool around with me, don't you? I've seen the way you've been checking me out. And back when you read my mind the first time ..." His grin was almost a leer.

So the fucker had noticed how turned-on I'd gotten that first time I went into his head? Well, no use denying it. Telepathy works both ways sometimes, and sometimes the mind being read can pick up things from the mind doing the reading. He'd know I was lying if I denied it.

The mental me blushed. "I haven't done much with guys before." Other than swapping handjobs and blowjobs a few times, I remembered. Scott's smile officially became a leer, and I realized he was seeing my memories of sex. I blushed deeper, from having confessed my near-virgin status and from having accidentally shown Scott the confirmation.

That seemed to amuse him. "Listen, I learned about man-sex in the joint. Like they say, the only difference is a guy's got a handle to turn him over with. Let's get naked. I'll show you everything. Wanna see my body?"

"I sure do!"

He pulled off his shoes and peeled down his practice shorts. He stood before me in his socks and jockstrap, displaying revealing his smooth, ripped torso to me. He had small, rosy nipples, an innie bellybutton, and nearly an eight-pack of abs.

"Feel my thigh."

I knelt and clutched his thigh. "Like steel."

"The only muscle that's harder is my dick." He brushed his cotton-clad crotch in my face.

"Prove it," I teased.

"If you want it, you gotta take it out."

So Scott liked to think he was in charge, huh? Well, it wouldn't hurt anything to let him think that.

Hooking my fingers in the waistband, I tugged down his jockstrap and

out flopped his big, uncut dick and plump balls. I inhaled his musky crotch.

"Get naked too, dude," Scott said, and I loved how husky desire made his voice sound.

Scott shucked his socks as he watched me shed my Institute uniform.

He sprawled on a blanket spread across green grass. When he first recreated the campsite around us, I wondered why he chose that memory, then decided it didn't matter. Did he want a do-over, a chance to get it right? That seemed too complex for the uncomplicated lust radiating from his thoughts. Sometimes answers are simple: Maybe Scott wanted to be the experienced one this time.

He pulled me down on top of him and sighed, "You were a good-looking kid back in high school. You're even better-looking now."

I rubbed his muscles, my hands worshipping his body the way I'd done so many times before in my fantasies. I touched his stiffening cock. The crimson crown poked out of the foreskin cowl. He reached for my cock, which was already hard. We jacked each other. I grabbed and held his wrist because I didn't want to shoot off right away. This might have been the mental plane, but an orgasm was still an orgasm.

He turned around into a sixty-nine position. Gripping my cock, he licked and sucked on my balls. I did the same to him, clutching his cock while licking his balls and tasting the sweat when I sucked on them.

He spat out my balls, so I spat out his balls. I watched him hold my cock while he licked the sensitive mushroom crown. I licked his tangy bullet-shaped cockhead. He darted his tongue into my pee-hole. I tongued his wide slit and tasted the oozing salty goo.

"Suck that big dick," he rasped.

When he wrapped his pouty lips around my dick, I fastened my mouth around his dickhead. He bobbed his head up and down on my dick. I sucked on his crown.

He came up for air. "Watch the teeth. Cover them with your lips."

I did the best I could, but even here in our imagination-powered mind-space his dick was massive when hard. I know my teeth grazed the skin, but he didn't complain anymore. He let go of my shaft and deep-throated my dick. I tried to do the same to him, but I choked on just the first half of his dick.

He took his mouth off my cock. "I'm cumming!" he shouted.

His cum-drops pelted my face, and some landed in my hair. He shuddered and dove at my dick, devouring it. I felt how much he wanted to make me cum, and that did the trick. My balls fired the first of my load and my cock squirted it into his mouth. He captured my cum in his mouth, swallowing quickly.

He looked at me and grinned. "You've got a nice butt," he said.

The next thing I knew, the ex-con had maneuvered me onto my belly. I watched him over my shoulder.

"I'm gonna taste that hot ass," he growled.

I'd never heard of such a thing before. But there it was bright and sexy in his mind. Scott spread my butt cheeks and dove in with his tongue. He lapped at my butt crack. He stuck his tongue up my virgin asshole and tongue-fucked me. I wiggled as he slurped away and even bit my butt

cheeks, leaving faint teeth marks. He poked a finger up my buttock, then a second finger and a third one, and finger-fucked me.

This was a delicious feeling, and I wanted more. I wanted Scott to stick his big dick up my ass. Then I wanted to fuck his ass, just like I'd imagined back in high school. I clutched my butt muscles around his fingers.

"Want me to fuck you in your cherry butt, don't you?"

"Oh, yeah, Scott. Do whatever you want to me."

"Tell me what *you* want."

"I want you to shut up and fuck me."

"Tell me you're my punk."

"I'm your punk, Scott. I'm anything you want me to be." I was willing to say, and do, whatever I needed to get what I wanted. I was even willing to nudge his mind again, though things were definitely going the way I wanted already. To cinch the deal, all I had to do was show him how willing I was, and that was easy because it was true. I buried my face in the blanket and propped my butt up in the air.

"You want it bad; I can tell. Plenty of guys in the joint wanted my big dick. But I only fucked macho guys like myself, macho guys like you. Tell me how much you want my big dick."

"Oh, man, I've wanted to touch it, suck it, and fuck it ever since I first saw you naked in the showers in gym class."

"Back then I didn't even know that you could dick a guy in the butt. I

poked plenty of pussies, but it cost a lot to take them out on dates, and sometimes they didn't put out. But I wised up in the joint. I like butt even better than pussy. It's tighter. Your butt is the tightest one I ever felt."

Mounting me, he rubbed his hot, oozing dick into my crack. He punched his dickhead into my asshole.

"Oh, fucking hell, Scott--it hurts!"

"Relax your ass. Push back. That's it. Let it go in."

I saw in his memories how good getting fucked could feel, and I wanted to feel that way. I pushed back. His big dick snaked up my virgin butthole. I suspected my mental asshole stretched to accommodate his big dick easier than my real-world ass would have, but I didn't care. When his cock was completely inside, his silky blond pubes tickled my ass cheeks. My ass ring stretched around his dick. He prodded slow and deep at first. The pain vanished, replaced by the most pleasurable sensation I ever felt. Yeah, this was how Scott knew getting butt-fucked was supposed to feel. I moaned, "Fuck me, Scott. Fuck my ass."

He covered my body with his while he humped me. I felt his sweat drip onto my neck. He grunted while he hammered my asshole.

I got into being fucked, like it was what I was born to do. Scott liked how into it, how into him, I was.

"You like my big dick inside you, don't ya?"

"Shut up and keep fucking me."

"Beg me for it."

"Please, Scott, please shut up."

He swatted my ass cheek. "Not that, smart-ass. Beg me for the other thing."

"Please keep fucking me."

He picked up the pace and really tore up my ass. I reached into his mind and amped up his arousal.

"Fuck--so fucking--gonna shoot--gonna cum! Fuck!" he bellowed. He slammed his cock deep into me, held it there, and shuddered and shuddered and shuddered.

Scott collapsed on top of me. He clutched my shoulder with one hand, curled the other arm around my chest, and held us tightly together until I felt his big cock soften enough to slide out of my asshole.

My own dick was super-hard and throbbing when I shrugged off the ex-con. I reared up and then straddled his legs. I wanted to lick his asshole the way he'd licked mine, but there was no time. I was already at the brink of shooting my wad, and I wanted to fuck him first. My big dick was leaking like a sieve.

Scott yowled, "Go for it. Fuck me, man. Show me what a stud you are."

I envisioned throwing the fuck of a lifetime into the ex-con. The cum was boiling in my nuts.

I couldn't believe how easily my big dick slid into him, like a knife going into warm butter. There's something to be said for fucking in the mind like this. Being fucked by Scott and now fucking him was more than I could stand. I barely managed a few strokes of my cock in and out of his

ass. My balls erupted, and I felt the cum rush up my shaft and squirt inside him. He clenched his butt muscles around my dick and drained my balls.

"Oh, man," Scott groaned. We were back in the Institute visitor cubicle, back in the real world. Time passes differently at the speed of thought-- what seemed like nearly an hour in the mid-scape had taken only a few minutes in the real world.

The two-minute notice light was already on, announcing our visit was nearly ended.

I had a sticky wet spot in the crotch of my uniform pants. Scott had a similar problem in his jeans. He grinned at me and whispered, in case we were being monitored, "Holy fucking hell ... Is mind-sex always that great?"

"You had me too worked up to concentrate. I've been wanting to fuck with you since high school."

The notice sign changed over to the one-minute warning. In one minute, the door would open: a security guard would escort Scott to the exit and back to his new life outside, while I returned to mine here at the Institute.

We stood up, and he reached for that discarded telepathy-blocking cap and clutched in his hand.

"Listen, buddy, I wanna come back to see you if that's okay, but it's gonna take a while to get another visitation request approved ..."

Lives change. What's important is what we do with the opportunities that result.

I said, "Maybe there's another way. You're looking for a job, right?"

"Yeah?"

I reached into Scott's mind and emblazoned a name and phone number so he wouldn't forget it. "Give this guy a call tomorrow afternoon. He sometimes has openings for support staffers for the Institute--grounds maintenance or facilities work, stuff like that. It won't be anything fancy, but it'll be a job. Call him in the afternoon so I can talk to him first tomorrow morning. I don't know if he has any openings and I can't make promises, but if you're working here, we could probably see each other sometimes." I couldn't resist a smirk. "Maybe we could even have 'real world' sex sometime too."

"You'd do that for me? You'd help me get a job?"

I rubbed the wet spot in my crotch and winked at him. "My motives might not be entirely un-selfish."

"Oh, man. I owe you so much." He clutched me into a hug so tightly I could barely breathe, just as the notice sign switched to zero and the door clicked open.

---