

Wild Card

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Stan's twin roommates are telepaths with a secret, and he's about to find out. 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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by *Wrestlr*

Toward the end of my second year of training at the Institute, I was assigned to room with twin brothers, T.C. and Tye. We were on the same training squad and had become good friends, so it worked out. Their eighteenth birthdays rolled around, so of course the three of us had to sneak past security and head into town to a club. They were still too young to drink alcohol legally--but since the twins were telepaths, I quickly discovered the benefits of having mind-talkers around: we got into the club without anyone noticing the Institute logos on our clothes, and the bartenders served us alcohol without asking for identification. Me?--My name is Stan. Since I was a year older and had more experience with drinking booze, I was the one in charge and the official Designated Expert On All Things Alcohol; I guided them through the evening, got them good and hammered, and snuck us all back into the Institute and into our dorm without getting caught. I'm not sure how we managed it, since I was only slightly less drunk than they were, but we did.

These guys were identical twins, and I do mean identical, down to their short, dark haircuts and nearly indistinguishable builds. I had lived with them for months and could only tell the difference if I took a

close look at them. That night, T.C. staggered into our room and collapsed on his bed. Tye was weaving too but he tried to act like he was still sober enough to help his brother undress.

"Can I help?" I offered, since doing so seemed like part of my Designated Expert On All Things Alcohol role. Tye was the serious twin; had he been sober, he would have been able to take care of the situation, but he was nearly as drunk as T.C. and seemed at risk of toppling over at any moment. Plus, T.C. was alternating between brushing Tye's hands away and being uncooperative dead weight, not far from passing out.

Tye, leaning over his brother and struggling to pull the shirt off his muscular chest, looked blearily at me and sighed. "Yeah, Stan. Can't do it alone."

T.C. groaned as I started helping with his shirt, and he opened his eyes to grin up at his brother. Suddenly, I was amazed by a crystal-clear image in my head: somebody's point-of-view perspective of moving in on Tye's face for a kiss. *Fucking hell!* I'd lived with them long enough to know T.C.'s version of telepathy was largely imagistic--pictures and mental images and shit--from those few times when their telepathy bled out and I caught random fragments. I had zero doubt in my mind that this was T.C.'s way of saying he wanted to plant a sloppy kiss on Tye's mouth. My jaw dropped because, man, was I shocked!

"Don't, you idiot," Tye groused. "You're fucking drunk."

Fucking hell! --I had a boner too! I'd never thought much about guys sexually before, but some erotic charge in that impression of T.C. kissing Tye had my cock wide awake and aching to play.

Fortunately, neither brother seemed to realize I'd caught that incriminating image. If they'd been sober, they'd have realized there was no way I could have missed it!

T.C. made some little groaning noise and tried to squirm against his bed. Tye and I struggled together to get T.C.'s shoes, socks, and pants off. My Talent?--I'm a telekinetic, but being nearly as drunk as the twins, I knew better than to try lifting or moving T.C.'s body with my Talent--hell, I might have accidentally wrenched his arm or rocketed his shoe across the room or something. So we had to do this the normal way.

Inside my jeans, my rock-hard dick pressed against my zipper. I was surprised to see T.C.'s pale blue briefs were tented out in a similar erection. Part of me felt like I should pull down his underwear because he wanted to be naked, but I pulled back. How the hell did I know he wanted that? Oh, right--I figured it out after a second. Hell, like every other recruit at the Institute, I'd had basic training in blocking out telepaths, but T.C. was leaking mental impressions point-blank, stronger than I could keep out.

Tye didn't seem to notice. Now that we had T.C. stripped to his underwear for bed, Tye staggered back a step and began wiggling out of his own shirt. Then when he got one shoe off and tried for the other shoe, he toppled toward the bed. I caught him with my telekinesis, risking just enough juice to stop him from falling hard onto his nearly naked brother, and instead Tye settled lightly, half on T.C. and half on the mattress alongside him. While I stood over them, Tye unbuttoned his jeans. After wrestling his pants to his mid-thigh, he managed to shove them most of the way to his ankles. I hesitated a moment before pulling Tye's pants off over his feet. He murmured, "Thank you," quietly.

The twins were now lying alongside each other, naked except for their briefs. T.C. started squirming drunkenly, trying to turn himself toward Tye. "Go to sleep, you idiot," Tye muttered. He rolled toward T.C. far more successfully and let his body go slack over his brother's, his weight pinning T.C. to the bed. Moving Tye to his own bunk never occurred to me, like somehow I realized he was perfectly content where he was, on the same narrow bed with his brother.

I wobbled to my side of the room. While I stripped off my shirt, which proved trickier than I expected, T.C. resumed squirming. "Go to sleep," Tye mumbled again, "or I'll make you go to sleep."

"No ... I ... make you ...," T.C. slurred.

I looked over at them as I kicked off my shoes. Watching telepaths do shit telepathically isn't as exciting as people might think. Mostly, mind-talkers just seem to be standing there when they're having a conversation or punching each other in the brain or whatever. I had no clue whether T.C. zonked Tye out, or whether Tye got T.C., or maybe they put each other to sleep, or they just passed out naturally. All I saw was them both sigh as their bodies went slack almost in unison.

Somehow I got my pants off. I was happy the twins were asleep and couldn't see the boner in my boxers. I flopped face-down on my bed. The overhead light was still on, but getting out of bed to turn it off seemed like major trouble; so, rolling over and groaning, I risked a little telekinesis and on my third try managed to flip the switch without knocking it out of the wall--which was a major victory considering how drunk I was. The room plunged into darkness, but my eyes adjusted. I could still see my roommates in the moonlight that filtered through the mostly closed curtains.

I had seen them in their underwear or completely naked more times than I could remember over the past several months, but I had never seen them like this. They were definitely asleep, but something about their bodies fascinated me. I didn't have anything against men who had sex with other men, and I knew that kind of thing went on at the Institute a lot--but I'd never been much interested in guys sexually, myself. That night, though, I couldn't stop looking at the nearly naked twins. Where I'm really tall, like six foot four, the twins were average height and evenly matched. Their bodies were built almost identically: thick, lean muscle, and almost completely hairless except for tufts under their arms and their pubes.

Were they dreaming? What were they dreaming? Were they dreaming about kissing each other? Touching each other? More? I rubbed my prick through my underwear, and it felt good. I stared at their bodies, hard and compact from their love of playing soccer and gym workouts. I eased down the front of my boxers and put my hand around my cock. I'd never before touched myself while they were in the same room with me, but--*fucking hell*--that felt sooo good! I stroked my dick. I was so horny I didn't care whether I woke the twins or not. I tried to think of my usual jack-off fantasies, but somehow--I knew it was probably was just a residual broadcast from that kiss image or something, since being drunk obviously fucked with both their telepathy and my training for blocking it out--but somehow all I kept seeing in my mind were their bodies. What would kissing them be like? What would the hard muscles of their chests feel like? And their butts? And their hands on my body, and their mouths as one licked my ball sack and the other swallowed my cock--

I climaxed, sudden and hard, and shot cum all over my stomach. *Fucking hell!*

I couldn't keep my eyes off the sleeping twins as I wiped up my sperm. My cock stayed hard, inspired by the incredible sight of them, and I would have jacked off a second time once more, but I was exhausted by then, so I closed my eyes and collapsed into a deep slumber.

The next day, everything was back to normal, aside from the twins experiencing that other rite of passage called the first hangover, and we resumed our lives at the Institute. Our training wasn't all learning to use our Talents--we had classes and studies too. Although the brothers were identical in looks, their personalities differed greatly. I was a serious student, and spent a lot of time with Tye hitting the books late into the night in our room. T.C. was the fun-loving one and was constantly out playing soccer with his friends or doing other social activities. I accompanied him sometimes when I was in a social mood and wanted to have fun because I liked his wild personality.

But now that T.C. had discovered alcohol, he was constantly sneaking away from the Institute and coming back late to the dorm, always completely plastered. During those times, Tye would again take control, undressing his brother and fending off what appeared to be amorous advances while I watched. Sure, they tried to act like T.C. was just joking around, but I was definitely beginning to think there was a lot more to their relationship than they'd ever shown. They never said much during these sessions, and I got the feeling they were arguing telepathically, which made me feel a little shut out, but I was just happy they didn't accidentally broadcast any sexual images at me again like they'd done that first night. Still, T.C.'s behavior was often so bluntly seduction-oriented that Tye would blush with embarrassment because as he knew I was watching. I didn't offer to help strip the hunky T.C. again and instead kept my distance; Tye was sober--he could handle it. But sometimes just watching them struggle with getting T.C. undressed and into bed brought back the memory of what happened that first night when we'd all gotten drunk together, and that made my dick stiff inside my pants. I just hoped neither of those two telepaths picked up on what I was remembering or my arousal.

Finally, after maybe a month of this behavior, the twins had it out one evening while I tried to study and pretend I wasn't there.

"You're turning into a damned drunk!" Tye snarled at T.C. "Your training is suffering, and you're going to flunk your classes. If you get held back during the next evaluations, they might pull you from our squad and reassign you! And that's not even counting how you coming home drunk and being hung over all the next morning makes me feel. You're not even trying to prevent dumping all that hangover shit into my head, and I'm sick of it! You hear me? I. Am. Sick. Of. It."

"Go fuck yourself," T.C. shouted back. "Go ahead and be Mister Serious Student. Since I know everything you learn, why shouldn't I be entitled to some fun? At least one of us should be enjoying his life. Fun is something your perfect life doesn't seem to have much of--you know that?"

I buried my face in my textbook and tried to ignore their argument. I liked them both and I was upset by their anger, because they usually got along perfectly. I'd have preferred to sneak out and give them some privacy, but they were between me and the door. No way was I getting any closer to them than I had to!

"Go fuck yourself. I'm going out!" T.C. shouted, his handsome face blazing red. He stormed out and slammed the door behind him.

Tye stood there with his fists clenched, obviously too pissed to go after his brother. He made an effort to regain his composure. "He's made his decision. I just hope he can handle whatever trouble he gets into," Tye sighed, looking resigned and totally crestfallen, as if their argument had wounded him deeply.

I could tell he was fighting hard to keep from showing how badly he was hurting. I kept getting these impressions of emotional pain, almost like an electrical shock, that told me how much he was

struggling to keep his telepathy under control. And, man, the last thing I wanted was to be around a telepath who was losing control. Still, I felt like I needed to be a buddy and do something, so I took the risk and walked over and embraced him, a spontaneous gesture of affection and consolation. I could immediately feel how much he appreciated it, both in the way his mental slippages changed and in the way he hugged me back with his powerful arms, tightly, practically clinging to me. I hate to admit it but I got another hard-on when Tye squeezed me, even in such a serious situation, and I had to make sure I kept my hips back far enough to prevent my erection from poking him. *Fucking hell*, I'd have been mortified if he noticed I was sportin' wood!

I tried to reassure him: "Hey, bud, it's not that bad. T.C.'s just cutting loose. We're young and gotta have some fun some time. I know he's getting drunk a lot, but he'll come to his senses."

Still, I could sense how upset Tye continued to be, which felt kind of like having a blowtorch just a little too close to my face. Tye looked at me skeptically, like he understood I was trying to make him feel better but just couldn't quite believe me. I wasn't sure I believed myself either.

"I'll go find him and talk to him," I said, mostly to give myself an exit strategy. I needed to get out of there before Tye picked up on my arousal or lost control of his telepathy or both. "Maybe he'll listen to me. You stay here in case he comes back."

"Thanks. You're a good friend, Stan," Tye sighed as he wiped something that might have been a tear from the corner of his eye.

Naturally I found T.C. at the club we'd first gone to, though me getting in on my own was tougher because I wasn't a telepath and had to rely on my kinda iffy fake ID. T.C. was not drunk, at least not yet--he had a drink in front of him, but he seemed content to nurse it. He was as upset as his brother. I sat down with him. For the next couple of hours, he talked about their relationship, of how when they were kids Tye was always the good one, and he was always the one in trouble. Tye had covered for him whenever he had broken some rule, and T.C. had relied on him for that. T.C. liked to be more adventurous, always taking wild risks, and he shared the experiences with Tye, and Tye had loved that. They'd found a balance that worked for them. But now T.C. knew he had gone too far; the words they'd spoken out loud had been only part of their argument--they'd been having a furious mind-to-mind quarrel too, saying shit to each other that I couldn't "hear." T.C. wouldn't tell me much of what they'd argued about, calling it *private stuff*, but he told me some of the insults he'd slammed at his brother. Now he was afraid that, after all that stuff he'd said, Tye would abandon him.

"I gotta treat him better; he's the best, and I'm such a loser," T.C. finally blurted out. He had only had that one drink and was nursing a second, but even that much alcohol had affected his emotions and his telepathy, and I could tell he was starting to leak his thoughts again. I needed to get him out of there before he really lost control and started broadcasting; he'd probably turn the whole club into some sort of maudlin weep-o-rama. Nothing would alert the Normals to the presence of a couple of Talents in their midst like an uncontrollable urge to cry their eyes out. They'd probably freak and call the Institute to report us, and then we'd be facing a butt-load of infractions: sneaking out, underage drinking, public intoxication--I stopped counting after ticking off at least twenty rules we'd broken just by being there.

I put my hand on T.C.'s broad shoulder and told him he was far from a loser. He was handsome and athletic, and everyone wanted to be him. He was a nice guy, most of the time, a decent roommate, and his evaluation scores were good enough. I assured him that Tye would forgive him, that in fact his brother was back at our dorm room right that moment waiting to forgive him.

"Come on--let's go back to the Institute, and you can apologize to him," I suggested.

Half an hour later, T.C. and I had slipped back in past Institute security and we were back in our dorm room. T.C. and Tye didn't say a word to each other, at least not aloud. They just took one look at each other and slammed together into a big ol' mutual *I was an ass, can you forgive me* hug. Since they weren't talking with their mouths, I was pretty sure they were having themselves a telepathic apology-fest.

Frankly, I was kind of glad I couldn't hear whatever they were saying to each other, because all that blubbery soap-opera shit would've made me uncomfortable. I started to leave to give them some privacy, when one of them snuffled, "Thanks, Stan--you're a great friend," and they both pulled me into a three-way hug that felt kind of weird at first. The twins were holding on to each other as if they never wanted to let each other go, and now they'd me pulled into the mix, and I felt kind of like I was intruding on their intense make-up moment. But they didn't let me go, and I made myself relax into the hug because I didn't want my discomfort to make them uncomfortable, not at this critical point in their reconciliation.

After a few minutes I gently extracted myself; they held on for a moment as if they didn't want to let me go, but they closed in on each other as I pulled myself away. They kept hugging each other tightly. I had the distinct impression they really wanted to be doing more than just hugging, like kiss each other or something more. I excused myself and said I was going to bed, because the hour was late by then. I stripped quickly to my underwear and crawled into my bed. I was worried that their sniffing and emotional shit might keep me awake. But I guess their drama had exhausted me because somehow I was asleep practically the moment I laid down.

The next morning, when I awoke, T.C. and Tye were sleeping in the same bunk. I didn't think anything of it--they did that sometimes. I guessed, after the intensity of their reconciliation the night before, they just didn't want to let each other go.

That night, T.C. stayed in and studied with us for a few hours, and I could tell that made Tye happy--and that making Tye happy made T.C. happy. As lights-out time approached, T.C. pulled the deck of cards and we started playing a few hands of poker. We were all three pretty evenly matched as poker-players, as long as the twins didn't gang up on me by cheating telepathically, which I sometimes suspected them of doing.

After a few hands, I noticed the twins were being quieter than usual, like they were having a mental conversation I wasn't privy to. "You know it's rude to talk amongst yourselves, right?" I mock-scolded.

T.C. seemed surprised that I called them on it. "Oh, uh--I'm just trying to convince Tye of something."

"And I'm considering it," Tye said, "but that doesn't mean I think it's a good idea."

When I asked what they were talking about, they said in unison: "Nothing." Well, okay.

I went to refill our glasses--safely nonalcoholic stuff tonight--from our mini-refrigerator, and when I turned back, I caught T.C. pulling back from Tye as if from a quick kiss. *Fucking hell*. Tye blushed hard, which was practically a confession. T.C. just grinned, like he was revealing some big secret or challenging me. I just raised an eyebrow, since this just seemed to confirm what I'd suspected about

their relationship since the night of their eighteenth birthday. I shook my head and chuckled, "Whatever, you freaks."

T.C. shot Tye a look that said, *See?--Told you so*. Or maybe he said it mentally and I just picked up on it.

We kept playing cards, and I noticed the twins were more openly affectionate with each other. They went from one sneaking a quick kiss on the other's cheek between hands to, well, kinda-sorta making out now and then as we played. These definitely weren't chaste, brotherly kisses. These were deep, searching lover kisses. That sort of behavior should have made me feel weird but it didn't. In fact, watching them got me kind of horny. Hey, maybe I wasn't into guys, but that kind of passion gets intense, and arousal can be contagious. I had to be careful not to let them catch sight of the three-quarters erection poking in my pants.

T.C. broke away from kissing Tye and grinned sidelong at me. "See?" he said to Tye, "I told you Stan'd be okay with it."

"Yeah, but you're 'helping' him so that's hardly a fair assessment," Tye said to his twin. Tye turned to me and said, "T.C. thinks we should be more open with you about ... well, you know, our relationship, 'cause we're more than just brothers. That's one of the things we've been arguing about all week. So tonight ... this is our way of trying out a compromise."

T.C. added, "Talents aren't traditional, so why do we have to fit the traditional social rules? Why shouldn't we have non-traditional relationships if we want?"

I nodded because I'd heard that argument advanced before for all kinds of things. But hearing T.C. say it seemed kind of odd because usually Tye was the smart and politically savvy twin. T.C. was more of an *if it feels good, do it* kind of guy. Obviously they'd discussed this a lot between themselves, and T.C. was probably parroting things Tye might have said in order to persuade his brother.

T.C. turned to me. "You're okay with it, aren't you, Stan?"

I thought about it. Did I really care what they did together? Part of me was a little curious about this new side of them. "Yeah, whatever, you freaks," I smiled. That phrase had practically become my mantra for the evening. All I knew was I felt kind of tired and agreeable. I was having a good time--*we* were having a good time together.

Somehow, our game of poker turned into a game of strip poker--don't ask me how--and the next thing I knew, all three of us were shirtless. I'd also lost my shoes and socks; I was down to my pants and boxers. T.C. and Tye were both down to their briefs. I was pretty sure T.C. had a hard-on, though I made sure I didn't look at his crotch directly because I didn't want them thinking I was a fag or something. When I lost the next round and had to lose my pants, I found the question of whether they saw my constant boner through my boxers just ... Well, that didn't seem to matter somehow. Was this more of T.C.'s "helping"? Did that matter? I felt too relaxed and buzzed to really care. I did, though, keep my hand "casually" in my lap so that my hand and forearm would keep the twins from getting a good look at my crotch.

All three of us were in our underwear at that point. When we played the next round, somebody was going to lose his skivvies and be left naked. Would it be me? Did I want that to happen? There'd be no hiding my erection if I had to get naked. I knew I had a longer-than-average dick--I definitely had

nothing to be ashamed of in the dick department--but no other male had ever seen my erection before. Did I want them to see? Did I want to show it to them?

T.C. must have been thinking along the same lines, because he smiled at me and said, "You know, Stan, you don't have to keep hiding that big ol' boner of yours. So what if we see? We're roommates, after all. No big deal, right?"

I had this intense impression of me leaning back and pulling down the front of my underwear and letting my large cock waggle out in the air for the twins to see. A little flush of naughtiness ran through me. I wasn't willing to go that far, but I decided there was no harm in moving my concealing hand away so they could see my erection through my boxers. No harm in letting them see it. My roommates had seen me naked lots of times before, had seen my dick soft lots of times. Did I want them to see me hard? Yeah, I decided, I was kind of curious how they would react to my big, stiff dick. The whole idea of them seeing me aroused and horny should have embarrassed me, but instead it made my skin tingle with strange excitement. My dick got even more rigid. I didn't pull down my underwear or lean back, but I moved my hand away to give them a clearer view and said, "Yeah, no big deal."

T.C. stared openly at it. "Oh, fuck, dude," he said appreciatively. "That's a big dick. Look, Tye--Stan's packing some major meat!"

What man doesn't like that kind of validation? I felt a rush of pride when he said that, and I was curious about what the twins had in the dick department. How did their sizes compare to mine? Did I want to see their dicks hard? Yeah, I admitted to myself, I was kind of curious about their dicks and whether they were identical twins even down there. Would we go further than just being naked? Would they want to see me touch my dick? Would we jack off together? Or would they want to touch it--maybe lick it or ...? Would I want to touch theirs, see if theirs felt the same as mine, or maybe ...?

I had this impression of me leaning forward, my face closer and closer to T.C.'s crotch, as he eased down the front of his briefs and let his erection come out to say howdy. I would just be moving closer to get a closer look, right? No big deal--just getting a closer look. So close I could kiss it--

And before I could really digest what was happening, something snapped and that image abruptly disappeared from my head. I blinked. I hadn't acted on it yet, but would I have? Tye glowered angrily at his brother as if T.C. had gone too far. Had Tye stepped in and broken whatever telepathic compulsion T.C. was trying to put on me? Maybe. I felt bewildered by the whole thing, because I'd considered myself one hundred percent uninterested in sex with guys, but I had to admit I was curious about the twins. To be completely honest with myself, I knew T.C. hadn't planted the idea, not entirely--he had only stoked a curiosity that I'd had for a while now. But how far was I willing to go? Did I want this to go further than just a little harmless flirtation and exhibition? Just one more round of cards, and someone would be naked, and then what would happen?

Just as I thought the next round was about to begin, Tye settled the matter. "I think we'll call it a three-way tie," he said, scooping up the cards and putting them aside. "Time for bed, right?"

I nodded. Everything still felt kind of distant and abstract to me, like I was there in the moment and not there at the same time. I stood up and walked over to my bed and sat down on the edge of the narrow mattress. The lights went out, and the only illumination left was moonlight streaming through the windows, which was more than sufficient for me to see the brothers move to T.C.'s bottom bunk. I couldn't tell which twin was which in the semi-darkness, but I saw both pairs of underwear come off.

I saw naked butts. I saw a glimpse, quick but undeniable, of one's stiff rod. I saw both of them crawl onto the mattress, and I saw them kissing. I heard one and then the other groan as their bodies moved together. Just watching them made my erection throb against the thin cotton of my boxers.

Tye looked over at me and whispered to T.C., "Are you going to zonk him out tonight, or shall I?"

Fucking hell, no wonder I'd slept so well every night since we moved in together. No wonder I'd never woken up to catch them doing this sort of stuff before.

T.C. looked over at me. "Let's let him watch if he wants to. Or maybe ..."

"T.C. ..." Tye warned.

"Oh, hush, Tye." I saw T.C.'s big, white-toothed grin. "With that boner he's been sporting all night, he'd obviously like to join us. He's been thinking about it all night, and you know it. How about it, Stan? I bet your balls could use some relief. Want to come join us? Want to get that big ol' dick of yours sucked? Tye tells me I'm pretty good at sucking cock."

My head filled with a jumble of images. The feeling of curling up next to someone under warm blankets, the way my ex-girlfriend's tits looked the first time I saw them: this was T.C.'s way of fishing around in my head for something. Then he found it and one image replaced all the others: the distinct impression of tight, wet lips sliding so sweetly down my dick. The moment I felt it, any residual objections I might have had just buckled. All I wanted was more. I heard myself moan. I knew the sensation was just in my head, but it felt plenty real ... and really persuasive. I'd been so horny all night, and now this feeling--memory, whatever--on my dick was too much for me to withstand.

T.C. was waiting for my answer, so I said the only thing I could think of, the obvious choice: "Yes."

That distracted way I'd been feeling, like I was half-daydreaming, seemed to get stronger. I had this image in my head of myself standing up and walking over to the twins. So I stood up and crossed the small room. Now that I'd made my decision, T.C.'s telepathy was making me do this, I knew, but it seemed like exactly what I wanted to do too. I was naked in the image, my erection pointing the way forward, so I shucked my boxers and my hard-on bobbed out in front of me as I reached T.C.'s bunk.

My roommates were locked together, one atop the other. The moonlight fell directly on them, like a searchlight in the darkness. The twin on top--I couldn't tell which--pushed his brother's legs up, pressed his fat dick inside the other's twin on bottom's butt with practiced ease. Soon, as they moved together and I watched. The wet slapping sounds of a lubed cock sliding inside another body filled the air, filled my head, while the two brothers grunted in a matched, steady rhythm. I was no stranger to sex, but everything I'd ever done before was mostly about the need to get off. I don't think I'd ever felt as much passion during sex as the twins were showing, right there, right in front of me. *Fucking hell!*--This was one of the hottest things I'd ever seen, even if it did involve two guys! I found myself wanting nothing more than for them to reach out and pull me into their fuck-pile.

The identical twins humped away in the moonlight--the sight fascinated me. Their bodies were indistinguishable, as if a mirror was fucking a mirror. They screwed face to face, the bottom twin on his back with his legs held up and wrapped around his brother's waist, his heels digging in to help force his brother's cock deeper into his asshole. They grunted in unison and slobbered kisses over each other's faces, totally immersed in their love-making, as if they had forgotten I was there.

Do it, one of them whispered in my head, and I saw this image of myself putting my hand on an ass. Unable to stop myself, I reached out and touched the fucking twin's smooth butt cheek, first with just my finger tips on the silky skin, feeling the hard muscle underneath flex like a coiled spring as he thrust. I touched it more confidently, with my whole hand. I'd slapped other guy's asses before, but touching this naked butt sexually felt completely different. This ass fascinated me. It felt firm, and smooth, and ... somehow I wanted to touch it more. Squeeze it. Explore it.

"See?" T.C.'s voice addressed his brother from somewhere in the pile of twins. "All I'm doing is just making Stan feel nice and calm. I'm not making him do anything he doesn't want. In fact, I think maybe he really wants to try something new."

In the semi-darkness I couldn't tell which twin was which. The fucking one on top--probably Tye--looked over his shoulder at me and smiled and nodded silently, giving me permission I hadn't realized I was waiting for. I moved in closer, kneeling on the edge of the bed behind Tye. I let my fingers explore the crack between his hard ass cheeks. He continued to gaze back at me in the moonlight while I ran my fingers into his crevice and found his butthole. It was hairless and warm and inviting as I worked one finger into the puckered asshole. Tye grunted and arched his hips back to accept my invading finger, probably withdrawing his swollen prick from his underneath brother's butt almost completely. Tye groaned; he threw his head back, spread his legs wider, as he pushed back against my penetrating digit. I pressed my finger deeper into that impossibly warm and moist opening, and followed Tye's ass as it pulled back and drove down to fuck T.C. with repeated hard thrusts.

We found a rhythm that kept him fucking into his brother's ass on the in-strokes and then pushing his own ass back onto my finger with his out-strokes. I couldn't believe I was finger-fucking a guy's ass, Tye's ass, while he fucked T.C.'s butt.

The fucked twin underneath moaned louder as his ass was penetrated harder. He tossed his head and opened his eyes to see me on the bed behind his brother. He grinned, and it was the grin I'd seen many times on T.C., the wilder twin. He reached out and grasped my free arm, pulling me on top of Tye, trying to use my weight to push his brother's dick even deeper into his hungry ass.

"Yeah--Fuck me good--Both of you!" T.C. muttered, pushing his hips and insatiable butt into his brother.

I managed to pull away and sat back to get better leverage. I squeezed a second finger into Tye's pliant hole, which he accepted with a grunt. I reveled in the tightness and the heat that enveloped my fingers--I'd never felt anything like it. I'd heard asses were tighter than pussies, and I wondered what that clamping heat would feel like around my dick. What would fucking an ass feel like? Tye's ass felt like it was on fire, clenching my two fingers, and at the same time it felt so intimate. I couldn't believe the feeling; this was the first ass I had ever fingered, and I wanted to stay inside it forever.

The brothers moved, changing position. The bottom twin rolled over and pushed up onto his hands and knees. Doggy-style. Okay. The top one knelt between his brother's spread knees and pushed his dick back into his brother's upturned ass. I knelt behind the top twin. My erection fit along the groove of his ass, not entering the hole but sliding up and down along the crevice. I remembered the heat and the squeeze. What would his ass feel like if I stuck my dick into it? The twins moved together. I moved against them, my dick-shaft sliding along that ass-crevice. The three of us found a way to move that had us sliding together. Should I stick my dick inside the top twin--Tye's--butt? All I'd need to do was pull back my hips a little, aim my cock-head down at the hole, then push and I'd be

inside. Then I'd know what fucking his ass felt like. Did he want me to stick it in? Would he let me? Would it feel as good as a pussy around my cock?

Or a mouth? No, I wanted my cock in someone's mouth instead. Yes, I needed to feel a mouth on my dick. I climbed off the twins and the bed. I stood beside the mattress. Leaning forward brought my cock closer to their faces where they could both reach it. Bottom twin went underneath to lick my balls. Top twin wrapped his index finger and thumb around my shaft. I thought he might start stroke it, but he used his grip to guide my cock toward his lips. He kissed my dick-head and got it in his mouth, managed to swallow a couple of inches of shaft. I turned to give him easier access. The angle was awkward, but his mouth felt great. Meanwhile Top never stopped plugging his brother's ass, and Bottom's butt took it all, happily.

Top Tye yielded my cock, and Bottom T.C.'s mouth took over. T.C. worked his way down my length. He was damned good at suck-jobs!--I groaned my appreciation. Tye bent his torso upward; his arm across my shoulder pulled me to him, and we kissed and I let him insert his tongue. I tasted my own cock on the first man's tongue ever in my mouth. The communal sensations of the kiss up here and butt-fuck down there and cock-suck over here brought me--us--to the brink. *Fucking hell*, I wanted this feeling of being on the edge of heaven to last forever. Then Tye's tongue found some intimate new area in my mouth, and T.C.'s tongue did the same little flickery trick along the underside of my cock-head, and I could no longer hold back my orgasm. I tried to warn them but sensed they already knew, as I surrendered to my orgasm and began to shoot my sperm. T.C.'s tongue hit my balls and lapped at them as I came, which made me shout, loud and primal, as I spurted my gobs of cream at their bodies.

I collapsed on top of the entwined twins, toppling us all clumsily onto the mattress. The twins moved, repositioning themselves. One--probably T.C.?--was on his back now, legs in the air; the other--Tye?--was between those legs and preparing to reinsert his cock in his brother's ass. Still panting from my climax, I slipped my hand along their shifting bodies and found T.C.'s erection. It felt good in my hand--exactly like my own dick and yet completely different. I stroked him, marveling at the way its heft felt so much like mine. Tye's mouth found my lips again and we kissed. If I reached far enough with my other hand, could I find Tye's ass?--Yes, and I poked a finger into his hole, which accepted my digit hungrily. One of my hands finger-fucked Tye, while my other hand jerked off T.C., while Tye and I kissed, while Tye fucked T.C. *Fucking hell*, what we were doing was all so complex and yet so simple, and all of it felt so fucking good.

"Gah!" T.C.'s prick in my jacking hand exploded slick jism; I felt it coat my fingers as he shuddered and orgasmed. I could practically feel what he was feeling. I kept working his dick, at the same time that my finger-fucking hand kept pressing fingers into the heat of Tye's twitching asshole. The serious brother broke his mouth away from mine to gasp and then groan. His body stiffened and jerked as he spewed cum up inside T.C.'s hole with spasmodic thrusts.

We crumbled into one pile of bodies on the narrow bunk. I nearly fell off, but managed to hold on to the brothers. I felt too blissfully lazy and spent to move. Their bodies felt so warm and alive and comforting as we sprawled there together, the final drops of cum leaking out of our softening dicks, our breathing settling down, our bodies resting from the humping. Somehow I knew they were feeling exactly the same way I was. I smiled down into T.C.'s eyes, the moonlight reflecting off his orbs, and he pulled my face to his for our first kiss--the second man I'd ever kissed. Above me, Tye nuzzled my sweaty neck and smooched it.

"Thanks, Stan. That was so fucking hot," Tye murmured, as I lay over his brother's still-sweaty body. Tye pushed his face against T.C.'s and mine and kissed me, kissed his brother, kissed us both at the same time.

"Which of you ...?" I began. In the near-darkness, I suddenly not so sure who was who.

"T.C. usually likes to get drilled, but this time I let him do me," the one underneath grinned up at me. *Fucking hell!*--It was Tye who had been getting fucked, and T.C. who'd been doing the fucking! I'd had them reversed!

My cock was still semi-hard. My hand found one of the twins' cocks, and it was half-erect too. I heard them kissing and figured they weren't finished yet. I watched, fascinated, as they kissed, and I squeezed that twin-cock and it stiffened. Would we do more? Would one of the twins let me fuck his ass? Would they want to fuck mine? I felt like a whole new sexual wilderness had been opened up for me to explore, and I had two beautiful guides here who could show me everything. I wasn't gay, but I decided I definitely wouldn't mind doing more gay sex stuff with T.C. and Tye, if it all felt this good.

Glad to hear it ..., Tye's voice said in my head, and I felt his telepathy take control. I had this image in my mind and a compulsion--suddenly all I wanted to do was suck my first cock, Tye's cock, as we moved and his returning erection obligingly approached my mouth. ... *Because now it's my turn.*
